THE Post-Boy Robb'd of his MAIL:

OR,

The PACQUET *Broke Open.*

Consisting of

LETTERS

OF

LOVE and GALLANTRY,

AND ALL

Miscellaneous Subjects:

In which are Discover'd

The *Vertues, Vices, Follies, Humours* and *Intrigues* of *MANKIND.*

WITH

REMARKS on Each LETTER.

Both VOLUMES in One.

The Second Edition.

With the ADDITION of many New and Ingenious Letters, never before Published.

LONDON:

Printed by *B. Mills*, for *John Sprint*, at the *Bell* in *Little-Britain.* 1706.

THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
TO
HENRY CARTWRIGHT, *Esq;* Captain in the Honourable Col. GODFREY's Regiment, *&c.*

SIR,

THO' *the ill Choice too many* Author *have made of* Patrons, *has brought an* Imputation *on* Dedications, *yet, in Justice, that can never reach those which are directed to* Men *of* real Merit. *This secures me against all* Apprehensions *in this Address to Capt.* Cartwright, *whose* Personal, *as well as* Public Desert, *are too well known, to leave me any* Scruple *or* Pain. *No, I must avow the* Satisfaction *I have to reflect, that since it has been my* hard Fate *to be an* Author *in an* Age, *when* Learning *and* Sense *have so very little* Interest *in the* World, *that they are sure to be a Clogg to his* Courtship *of* Fortune, *who has any share of them (whose Smiles were never more lavish'd on* Fools *and* pert Pretenders*) I am yet so happy, as to be able to select a* Patron *without* Exception.

Business, *that generally sowers* Men's Tempers *into* ill Nature, Selfishness, *and* Avarice, *has no force to corrupt the* Openness *and* Generosity *of yours.* Men *of small* Capacity *are wholly taken up with their* little Negotiations, *and have no room for any* Thoughts, *either* Noble, *or* Beneficial *to their* Friends, *or to the* Public. Wit, good Sense *and* Arts *beget their Aversion, as Strangers, or rather* Enemys *to their* Interest, *tho' the wisest States-men ever esteem'd their* Encouragement, *their* Glory *and* Advantage.

I think, I may say without Partiality, that no Nation *has produc'd* Greater Men *in all* Arts *and* Sciences, *than* England; *and yet* *arce any* Nation, *that has made any figure* *n them, has given so* little Encouragement *o the* Masters *of them.* *'Tis true, we have seen many* little Pretenders, *by the* Advantage *of a* good Acquaintance, *a* natural Assurance, *and* Forwardness, *raise themselves, and their Fortunes; But the* Instances *are extreamly few of* Men *of* real Merit, *who have been able to get the* least Preferment, *but are forc'd to dragg out a* wretched Life *betwixt a* servile Dependance, *and* grinding Want. Spencer *and* Butler *starv'd* *with all their Excellence,* Milton *was behold-* *g to a* School *for his* Subsistance, *tho' they have all been* immortal Honours *to their* Country, *and at once its* Glory, *and* Disgrace; *while* Poets, *whose* Works one wou'd not wrap up a wholesome Drug

in,

in, *as* Ben Johnson *expresses it*, *have got* large Preferments, *if not* Estates *for their* Families. *And the Odness of the* Matter *is, that they have ow'd their* Prosperity *to the very Things to which they owe their* Contempt; *and while they engross'd the* Favour *of the* Great Vulgar *and the* Small, *have made themselves the more obvious to the* despis'd *by all the* Learned, *and* Wise.

If our Great Men *had so just a Taste of* good Sense *and* Hearts *as large as yours, the Cause of* these Complaints *wou'd cease. And indeed, the* Muses *have ever found the* Soldier *their* best Defence, *as* Alexander, Scipio, *and* Cæsar (*to name no more) may prove.*

I know, that from the general Mode *of* Epistles *of this Nature*, *your* Panegyrick *will here be expected*; *but I know at the same time*, *that you had rather* do *good Things, than* listen *to their Recital*, *your* agreeable Conversation, *your* Capacity *for* Business, *and the* Ease *and* Facility, *with which, you dispatch it, with all those* Qualities *of a* useful Subject, *and* true Friend, *particularly those* Eminent Services *you have done Her* MAJESTY *and the* Public, *in delivering them from* Abuses *destructive of their* Interest, *are* Things *that afford* Matter *enough for a* Panegyrist's Pen; *but I design to* distinguish *this* Dedication *from those* vulgar Ones, *which are so common*, *not only by my* Patron, *but by my* Method.

I shall therefore only add a Word or two of the Present I make you. This Book *is built on the Foundation of the Ingenious* Pallavicini, *an* Italian Author *of* Reputation; *the most* valuable, *and most* innocent part *of whose Book you'll find in this: And I have Reason to hope, that it may afford your leisure Hours an* Amusement, *not altogether unentertaining, since it gives a* view *of the* various Manners, Follies, *and* Vices, *of the active Part of* Mankind. *The first* Impression *had such Success, as encourag'd the* Booksellers *to venture on a second; in which I have cast out many of the least entertaining* Letters; *and wou'd more, had I been at my* Liberty; *and have added several new ones, which I hope will make amends for those which remain.* Nature, *which is justly drawn, I hope, will recommend the whole so far, as to give you a tolerable Opinion of the* Author, *which he proposes, as the* Chief Reward *of his* Trouble. *For that is the particular* Ambition *of*

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

C. G.

THE

THE PREFACE.

NOT to delay the Visitors in the Porch too long, I shall in a very few words dispatch what I have to say of the following Work. It consists of two Parts, which were very well receiv'd on their first Impression, and being much and long enquir'd after, the present Publishers thought fit to undertake it. In the first Volume (which is corrected in this Edition) the Letters were inserted chiefly to furnish the Reflections and Discourse upon them, and therefore the Reader is not to expect the fine turns of Wit, or politeness of Language, (since there is always Propriety) which may be found in Letters written by Men of the best Sense, for that had been unnatural; and no Adventitious Beauty can recompence the Loss of Nature. A *Usurer*, a *Fop*, a *Coxcomb*, a *Mechanick*, &c. have not the Stile of an *Etheridge*, or a *Dryden*, a *Temple*, or a *Lock*; nor the Wit of a *VVycherly*. For here as in Comedy, *Ferry* shou'd not speak like *Manly*, but every one in the Dialect, and Language fitting his Character. The Design being to lay open the secret Rogueries and Villanies of Mankind, and that with the greatest Variety that cou'd be. It was thought that Number, and Brevity, provided they included but Roguery, wou'd answer that End. Five Lines in some furnishing a useful Sub'ect for Moral Reflections; which it is hop'd are in no place so dull as to merit Contempt, nor yet so light, as to offend the *truly Pious*, of which peculiar Care has been taken in this Edition.

I confess if it had been in my Election some Letters shou'd have been left out, but considering the Additions; the Reflections; and those of the Second Volume, it is hop'd that the Entertainment will not be disagreeable to the Reader.

There is no need of saying much here as to the Second Volume, against which I have never met any Objection. Yet I must repeat what has been said about

bout the first Book of the Second Volume, because the Manner of the *Asiatics* being not very common it may surprize a Vulgar Critic. There are in these Letters frequent Metaphors, and Allegories, and an Abundance of Exclamations, and Interrogations, which give a surprizing Life, and variety to the Stile. A *Metaphor*, is, as *Vossius* and all other Rhetoricians agree, a *Translation of a Word from its proper to another Signification, with Beauty and Advantage.* Wherefore to use that of *Ennius* condemn'd by *Cicero*, in his Third Book *de Oratore*, —— *Cœli ingentes Fornices* is vicious, A Similitude and Analogy of the Things being necessary to be observ'd, and the comparing the Heavn's to an Arch or Vault, lessens the Idea it shou'd magnifie, we find these frequently in our ignorant Poetasters, who love sonorous Words without knowing the Beauty or Defects of them as *yon Azure Roof*; *yon Azure Vault*, &c. This being the Virtue of a *Metaphor*, it must also hold in an *Allegory*, which is but a Conjunction of several *Metaphors*. In this it is thought our Traveller has seldom err'd, his *Metaphors* being neither so numerous nor yet so disproportionable, as those found in the celebrated *Mahmut*. The Morals and Reflections (except in the Narrations, where a number of them wou'd have been preposterous) may be thought too thick and frequent for some weak Stomachs to digest, who are better pleas'd to have one Moral Reflection, and uncommon Thought spun out into twenty synonimous Expressions: Too much substance in *Sense* being to them like too strong a Diet to a sickly Stomach.

These Letters of the first Book of the Second Part, by their uncommon Manner, oblig'd me to say thus much, but the rest of the Book needs no Directions to the Readers Judgment, since they are either Witty, Amorous, or Satyric; and what I am pretty secure, a good Judge must pass a favourable Sentence upon.

THE

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ERRATA

ERRATA.

PAge 297. *l.* 42, dele *Parenthesis*, and for *Virgin*'s, read *Virgin*. Betwixt *l.* 42 and 43, add this *Verse*,

(*Less precious Things we hope will make them kind.*)

The *Reader* is desir'd to Correct the other less considerable Faults with his Pen.

ERRATA.

PAge 123. Line *ult.* for *Fealosies*, read *Fealosy*. p. 221. l. 22. for *Isle*, r. *Isle*. p. 292. l. 1. for *Fractions*, r. *Factions*. l. *ult.* for *him*, r. *them*. p. 293. l. 6. for *Fractions*, r. *Factions*. p. 294. l. 2. after *Hope*, *dele* the *Point*. l. 19. for *is a*, r. *makes them*. and for *Voluntier*, r. *Volumtiers*. l. 38. for *Freaks*, r. *Books*. p. 297. l. 37. for *the*, r. *this*. l. 42. dele *Parenthesis*, and for *Virgin's*, r. *Virgin*. Betwixt l. 42 and 43, add this *Verse*,

(*Less precious Things we hope will make them kind.*)

p. 300. l. 4. for *Security*, r. *Seniority*. l. 27. after *Sailors*, add a *Full-point*. line 32. for *of*, read *to*. l. *Antepenult.* for *Town*, r. *Home*. p. 301. l. 14. for *of*, r. *for*. l. 17. after *Labours*, make the *Full-point* only a *Comma*. p. 304. l. 18. for *to*, r. *tho*. p. 305. l. 26. for *Reliquis*, r. *Religion*. p. 306. l. 18. for *having*, r. *bearing*. p. 311. l. 26. for *Baits*, r. *Barters*. p. 312. l. 7. for *foile*, r. *Foible*. l. 10. after *allows*, add *me*. p. 313. l. 5. after *yet*, dele *I*. p. 315. l. 10. for *live*, r. *Love*. p. 317. l. 1. for *hide*, r. *binder*. p. 318. l. 15. after *have*, add *Charms to wound*; *my Heart has*. l. 21. for *come*, r. *one*. l. 32. after *Is*, add *like*. p. 328. l. 22. after *am*, add *in*. p. 330. l. 8. for *that*, r. *your*, and for *twin'd*, r. *turn'd*. p. 331. l. *Antepenult.* dele *Sundry*. p. 342. l. *penult*, dele *nor*. p. 343. l. 8. for *that*, r. *what* l. 29. for *refus'd*, r. *Introduc'd*.

The *Reader* is desir'd to Correct the other less considerable Faults with his Pen.

THE POST-BOY *Rob'd of his* MAIL;

OR,

The Pacquet broke Open.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

VOLUME I.

SIR,

I Know very well that you have often advis'd me against the hurry and extravagance of the Town, and I know that your Advice was the result of not only your Friendship for me, but also of your real Sentiments, that is, of *Reason*: Nay, I'm extreamly sensible how often you have silenc'd me, when I have ventur'd to engage with you on this Subject, and that you prov'd beyond Controversie, That the Preference ought to be given to a *Sedate* and *Thoughtful* Life: Yet when I'm absent from you, I know not how it comes to pass, whether by my Forgetfulness of your Arguments, or my Inclinations to Converse, and Company, the Force and Vigor of your Reasons vanish (for the Words in which they were couch'd, I'm sure, I still retain) which makes me flatter my Desires, that it was rather the Awe of him that spoke, than the Matter of the Discourse that perverted (for so now I call it) my Opinion. Back'd with these Considerations, methinks I may own that I am relaps'd from those Resolutions you left me, and that I fancy I have some Difficulties in Dispute, which you have not yet decided; this makes me begin to imagine, that you are in the wrong

to despise Conversation so much, since without doubt it polishes that imperfect Model of a fine Gentleman; which Books but begin, and generally leave very rough, and unfinish'd. Conversation does not only give us a better Taste in Reading, but also improves our Thoughts to a good practicable Habit, and our Words and Discourse to a greater Elegance than all the stiff and laborious Trifles of the plodding Academics; and I must tell you, Friend, that you your self wou'd never have been Master of all that Fineness of Sense, if you had not in your Youth been much conversant with the better Part of Mankind.

Nay, I must proceed farther, and own, that the lighter Sallies of Youth appear not so criminal to me, as your nicer Reason represents them; 'tis true, I have not forgot what you us'd to urge against them, *viz.* 'That however diverting they might seem to those 'engag'd in a fond Attachment to 'em, yet that their 'apparent Folly render'd them not only ridiculous, 'but odious to the more considering part of the World, 'and that it was impossible they cou'd give real Satisfa-'ction and Pleasure to a reasonable Man, being com-'monly the Effect of a hot-headed Rashness, begot by 'the prevailing Fumes of the Bottle, when *Reason* has 'bid 'em good Night, and thoughtless Accident as-'sum'd the direction of all their Actions. Yet my Friend, you must pardon me, if I tell you, That as Fables of *Cocks* and *Bulls*, *&c.* seem but an odd sort of Divinity, or Philosophy, to employ the Thoughts of a Man of Sense, which yet have always had such a Valuation with the Learned for their Morals, that it has given a Life to *Esop*, almost thrice as long as that of *Methusalah*; so tho' the Extravagances of witty Youth may seem but odd Lessons of Wisdom, yet I am sure there is not one without its excellent Moral, if that be but improved by a judicious Reflection. By this you'll find, I include not the Adventures of ev'ry noisy Fop, or Bully, but of the Youths of true Wit; of which, Sir, I can say with some assurance, my Conversation is compos'd; whose worst Extravagancies come not short of the practical Precepts of your old Friends the *Lacedemonians*, in making their Slaves drunk for the instruction of their Youth, who, by that sight, cou'd gain but one half of the Knowledge that was requir'd, to make them understand all the Inconveniences of Drunkenness; they saw indeed what a ridiculous Figure the poor intoxicated Wretches made, but they knew not but that it gave them a sufficient

Pleasure

Pleasure to recompence that Appearance of Folly, which was often put upon the Noblest Actions of the Wisest of Men; they might have heard that the *Abderites* thought *Democritus* mad, when he was employed in the Search of Nature in the Dissection of Animals, 'till *Hypocrates* convinc'd them, by the Authority of his Word, of the contrary; besides, many a Man wou'd run the Risque of looking like a Fool for an Hour or two, to enjoy a Pleasure for twice the Time; especially an unexperienc'd Pleasure, which is always magnify'd by Imagination. But if they had been permitted to be drunk themselves, the Pain and Sickness that attended it, would have instructed them, that it was none of the most desirable of Pleasures; the other Punishments that are the Consequences of this Vice, which wou'd have deter'd them from it, were wanting; that is, the Spending of Estates, which brings the boon Companion to Contempt and Infamy; for the Slaves of *Sparta* were made drunk at the Publick Charge.

But not to dwell too much upon the Vindication of the worst of our Crimes, and which we our selves condemn, and are very seldom guilty of, I will by sending you a *Relation of one of our Frolicks*, convince you, that we make a better Use of our Extravagances, than you do imagine; and that they proceed from Choice, not Accident: For while your *Virtuosi* are poring over the Unaccountable Secrets of *Dame NATURE*, we are busie in searching into full as intricate a Subject; The Humours and Nature of Men, while they are conversing with Labour and Study, with the *Mineral*, *Vegetable*, and *Animal* Kingdoms, our Pleasure leads us in Chase of the Secrets of the *Rational World*: Their Studies may have the Face of more *harmless Innocence*; but I'm sure, our Delights are more profitable, and more to the *Purpose of Living*. They are like our Travellers who ramble abroad to see Foreign Countries, before they know any Thing of their own; for your great *Naturalist* will seldom arrive to any Knowledge in Man, and in Conversation, and in the Affairs of the World wou'd merit that Name in its worst Sense. Mankind walks in a Mist, and cannot be seen at a little Distance; you must keep close to it, or you lose Sight on't, at least 'till you have got a Competent Knowledge, to secure your self from the Assaults which are continually offer'd to the *Innocent*, that is, the *Ignorant* Part. No Man almost is what he appears to be; we are all *Janus*'s, and have two or more Faces

in all our Actions, as well as Designs, as you'll find by what I send you, which is part of those *Letters, which our Club in a Frolick made bold to borrow of the Post.* Perhaps, you'll condemn our Frolick of a Fault in prying into the *Secrets* of our Neighbours, and in doing them some Damage in detaining those Letters from them, which perhaps requir'd a speedy Dispatch, a Minute being many times critical and irreparable; as to the first, my Friend, I must answer you, 'tis but a Vulgar Error that makes that a Crime; for ev'ry Man ought to live so, as not to be asham'd of his most *secret Actions*, and deserves to be expos'd when he deserts that Justice or Wisdom, which he stickles so much for in the Action of others, without regard to them in his own.. As to the second, I must inform you, that what Letters we found of that Nature, that had an *Honest End* in the speed they requir'd, we took Care to send as directed; the others I now by Common Consent make publick, to save them the Trouble of Writing again on the same Subject, if they have not by their *Impatience prevented our Civility.*

But before I present you with the *Letters*, it will not be altogether undiverting, to give you an Account of the *Whole Matter* in the very Manner it fell out; and like a State Historian, give you the Causes as well as the Matter of Fact.

You may remember the *Weather* was lately very wet, and transform'd the *Summer* into an Excentric *Winter*, which made very much for the Advantage of *Hackney-Coach-Men*, and *Vintners*, obliging us to retreat to the *Hospitable Bottle*, when the *Inclemency of the Weather* had driven us from all the Divertisements of the Season. Among others that chose to wash their In-sides, with better Liquor than Heav'n wash'd their Out-sides, our CLUB, tho' prorogu'd 'till next Winter, made an Extraordinary Sessions.

'And here it will not be improper, to give you some 'Account of *what Number our* CLUB *is compos'd:* The 'Muses are Nine, and therefore, we have equall'd 'that Number in the Members of our Society; add-'ing a Tenth to compleat the Kingdom of WIT, 'having still One as *President*, or *APOLLO* of the 'Rest; but his Dignity, like the rest of Human Con-'ditions, is but short and transitory; for He is ev'ry 'Night succeeded by a *New Election*, for our State 'being jealous of her Liberties, will allow no longer 'Time, for fear Ambition shou'd creep even into our 'Breasts,

'Breasts, and so aiming at Tyranny, disturb our Re-
'pose and Tranquility. This is the *Admirable Policy*
'*of our Common-Wealth*, not inferiour in my Opinion,
'to any of the mighty Republicks of Old, or the les-
'ser busie Ones of a fresher Date. Now have I a
'strange Fancy, that you won't be satisfy'd, unless you
'know the Names of our Members too; and there-
'fore, I'll save you the Labour, and my self the Ex-
'pence of a Letter upon that Subject. These are they,
'Mr. *Temple*, Mr. *Church*, Mr. *Chappel*, Mr. *Grave*,
'Mr. *Brook*, Mr. *River*, Mr. *Fountain*, Mr. *Sumner*,
'Mr. *Winter*, and your very humble Servant *Timothy*.
'Thus in a full House we met by the same Cause and
'Occasion I have mentioned already.

But our Delight being not down-right Drinking, like some of those walking *Tunns* of good Fellows, that are never in their Kingdom, but when the *Pint* Bumpers are chased about the Table without Intermission; as if their Pleasures consisted in nothing else but to see *whose Cask was best hoop'd*, or held most; nor the Rambling and Impertinent Discourse of sensel ss Rakehells, and politick Citts, when they Roar, or *Chirp over a Bottle*; there was a Motion therefore made concerning some *Adventure*, which might afford us Business during this Sitting, but not yet coming to a Resolution, Mr. *Chappel* pulls a Letter out of his Pocket, which he said he had just receiv'd by a Mistake, as the *Contents discover'd*; it being sent to another of the same Name, who often frequenting the same *Coffee-House*, gave Occasion to the deceiving of the Porter. This other Gentleman, to whom the Letter belong'd of Right, was known to all our Company, and had in the Esteem of the World, the Reputation of a Man of great Severity of Life, both as to Justice in his Dealings, and Chastity, which indeed his Age wou'd endeavour to perswade, unless the *Lewdness of his Mind out-liv'd that of his Body*; but this Letter discover'd him to be a *Secret Sinner* against both. It was from a *Young Girl of a small Fortune*, who being committed to his Charge by Will, he had not only cheated her of the greatest Part of it, but very earnestly solicited her to yield her *tender budding Beauties to his shrivel'd Embraces*, building his Assurance of Success on her Necessities, which he had brought upon her, by depriving her of the Means of Redress in keeping her to so small an Allowance, that she cou'd not procure Money enough to purchase Friends, or Justice against

him. Her Parents had given her a Vertuous Education in their Lives Time, or at least so well instilled good Principles into her, that they were not easily corrupted by the Importunities of this Old Man, whose *seeming Piety* had gain'd the Tutillage of her from her deluded Parents, who, it seems, were too *simply* good to examine farther than the outward Appearance, which sometimes in *Religious Pretenders* ought to be understood, like *Dreams*, by Contraries. The Letter I'll defer till we come to the rest, where you shall be sure to meet with it, only I shall here give you some Reflections we made upon it, which gave Rise to the *Frolick* I have mentioned.

As soon as we had perus'd the Letter three or four Times over, that we might be sure of what we read, Mr. *Chappel* cou'd no longer contain, but propos'd to the Company to relieve the distressed Damsel, that nothing cou'd better deserve the Thoughts of *True Knights of Honour, and Members of Chivalry*. Whether he were serious or no, I won't determine; but Mr. *Temple* was of another Opinion, assuring him the Season of the Weather was not at all proper for Feats of Arms, *Rain being a great Enemy to Noble Atchievements*; for then must the Knight *skulk under a Hedge*, for fear of wetting his Armour, or spoiling his Plume. Mr. *Church* was of the same Opinion, adding, That nothing was more agreeable to the doing of Justice, than Fair Weather. Mr. *Grave* waving all these Jocular Reflections, was for considering *What Use might be made of this Discovery* for the present Advantage of the Company, which he back'd with this Observation, That the *World being a Masquerade*, where borrow'd Vizors so disguised e'ery one, that none knew ev'n his own Acquaintance, if not privy to his Dress; Letters were the pulling off the Mask in a Corner of the Room, to shew one another their Faces. Very well observed, said Mr. *Fountain*, for we are apt to write that in a Letter to a Friend, which we wou'd not have all the World know, either of our Concerns, or Inclinations. Thus, said Mr. *River*, we find *Cicero*, that in Publick had extoll'd *Cæsar* above all the Great Men before his Time, making him not only the *Father*, but the *Soul* of his Country, without which it cou'd no longer live; yet in his Epistles to his Friend *Atticus*, not only rails at him, but declares that his *Royalty* (as he phras'd it) wou'd not be of half a Years Continuance. We need not go so far as Old *Rome* for a Proof of this (pursu'd Mr. *Brook*) for

for 'tis obvious enough to any Man that has convers'd in the World, and given himself the Trouble of diving into Affairs of this Nature, as my Friend here — Hold — (interrupted Mr. *Summer*) if my Transgressions must be known, I had better generously declare 'em my self; you must therefore Gentlemen, know that Dining at the *Mitre* about a Week ago with some Grave Relations, who love to get drunk by Day-light, I had got my Load by four in the Afternoon; that is, as much as I car'd to drink, or cou'd carry off with Honour, and without a Foil; I gave the Old Gentlemen the Slip, and leaving them to *Politicks*, and *Usury*, steer'd my Course to seek out one of you; going down St. *Martins-lane*, there justles me a blundring Fellow in great haste; I unable then to put up such an Insolence, with my trusty Stick laid my Gentleman o'er the Pate, who being stunn'd let fall his *Pacquet of Letters*; (for you must know it was the *Post-Man*;) a sudden Revenge inspir'd me; I clap'd hold of as many as I cou'd, whipt into the next Coach, and made him drive away as if the Devil were in him, to *Jack Brook*'s Lodging, whom I found in his Study reading of *Voiture* of the Second Edition; Prithee *Jack*, said I, cast aside this New *Paradoxical Dogmatist*, and here let us peruse *Nature*; and having here in its proper Place inform'd him of this Adventure, then in comes *Ned Winter*, and puts me to the Fatigue of repeating it again, which done, we apply'd our selves to our Business, and upon Ocular Demonstration, found five of the six Letters to be of some of our Acquaintance: But such a Discovery we made, that it surpriz'd us with several *Effects of Passion*, one laugh'd, the other swore, and the third preach'd. There were *the Saints*, that had the Word of God in their Mouths Mornings, and Evenings, most Religious Frequenters of Pews, and Wearers out of Hassocks, found to be Backsliding Sisters, and that they had the Devil in their Tails. There was this protesting Friend, found a *damn'd Rascal*, that sought nothing but his own Advantage, with the Wife of him he hug'd in his Arms; only caressing *him*, that he might embrace *her*.

For my part, *Gentlemen* (said I) I think 'tis not fair, you shou'd only enjoy the Pleasure your selves, you ought either to produce your Letters for the Good of the Company, or be particular in your Names, and Account of the Matter. No Faith (return'd *Winter*) I made the Rogues have that Justice to write a Line of Advice under each Letter, and

sealing 'em up, send 'em by the *Penny Post* to the Place directed.

I know not (pursu'd *Temple*) whether you'll approve of my Thought or no; but I think we cannot have a more agreeable Entertainment, than such another *Frolick*, *the Posts are now on the Road*, let each Man to his Horse; and Two in a Company go upon the Adventure, and having got our Purchase, meet all at the *Bull-Head*, and divert our selves with the Scene of *Hypocrisie uncas'd*.

Gentlemen, for my part (said *Winter*) I am not extreamly fond of the *Pillory*, *Gallows*, or a swinging *Fine*: Nor do I think, the Pleasure this Adventure may afford us, will recompence the Hazard we run to obtain it, especially since we are not us'd to the *Pad*. I am of your side, (pursu'd *Grave*) for tho' I shou'd not be much displeas'd with the Perusal of them, yet I am not for giving more for Pleasure than 'tis worth, or for Laughing for an Hour, at the Expence of an Age of Sorrow.

But these two Opposers were fain to acquiesce in the Judgment of the Company; and tho' perhaps, I might encline to the Opinion of the few, yet I chose to imitate them in siding with the strongest side. Things being thus concluded in the Affirmative, we immediately adjourn'd, and in the Order above-mentioned, took Horse, *perform'd our Work*, and met at the Place appointed: *River* and my self were the first that entred, and had not toss'd off our sober Pint, but *Brook* and *Winter* came in all over-bespattered with Dirt. Thus by Degrees we found our Company compleat, tho' *Summer* and *Temple*, and *Church* and *Chappel* stay'd some Time after the rest. We gave Order for our Horses to be immediately rub'd down, and cloath'd, and thought it wou'd be safer to retreat to our several Lodgings, and new dress, before we proceeded to our Examination, or an Account of our Adventure, all the *Pacquets* being convey'd to my Chamber, and there to be put into a great Box or two, that we might convey 'em up the Water to *Summer*'s Country House, where with the greater Liberty and Security we might peruse them, and make our *several Remarks*.

By that Time we were all ready, his Barge was waiting for us, and in it with our Purchase we row'd for *Putney* against Tide, which however turn'd for us by that time we got to *Chelsea*. And now we began to

to have Time to run over each his ſeveral Fortune. But the greateſt Part of us met with nothing worth taking Notice of, having done our Work as decently, as if we had ſerv'd a long Apprentiſhip to the *Road*. But poor *Winter* and *Brook* having a little aukwardly perform'd, and left the *Poſt-Boy* his Horſe, were fain to make more ſpeed than they deſir'd, and ſo thro' thick and thin were moſt neatly bedabl'd. And *Temple* and *Summer*, not contenting themſelves with the *Mail* that was coming in, reſolv'd to wait for that which was *outward-bound*, and had like to have ſpoil'd all for their *Works of Supererogation*; for the *firſt Poſt-Boy* being according to Art diſmounted aſide of *Illford* in *Eſſex*, in the Foreſt, they left him to take Care of himſelf, whoſe Horſe was gone on his Errand before him toward *London*. After this, they bethought them, that e'ry Day was *Poſt downward* on that Road, and therefore reſolv'd, flush'd with good Succeſs, to venture to *Chadwell*, and there wait the Coming of the other *Poſt*; but having ſtay'd a good While there to no Purpoſe, they boldly ſet forward on the *Road for* London; they had not rode half a Mile, but they met the *other Boy* with two Gentlemen; however, they ventur'd on them, and whilſt *Summer* remov'd the Mail, *Temple* ſecur'd the Sparks; but one of them whilſt he was buſie with the other, got by him, and made full ſpeed back to *Illford*, which made them immediately ſtrike over into the Foreſt, and away croſſing into *Epping Road*, as faſt as their Horſes cou'd bear them; but not being very perfect in the Way, were oppos'd in their Paſſage with a pretty large Ditch, which was not ſo deep as muddy; *Temple's Horſe jumpt clear over*, but *Summer's* riſing falſe came a little ſhort, and ſo tumbled into the Ditch: This ſcurvy Adventure, coſt them above a quarter of an Hour to diſengage him, and his Horſe, from theſe ill Circumſtances, which they cou'd not very well afford at that Time, not doubting but by this time the Country were in purſuit of them. On which Account being *now mounted again*, and on firm Ground, they redoubled their ſpeed, and ſpight of *two or three other little Accidents*, thy got ſafe to the reſt of us.

Chappel and *Church*, who had taken the *Kentiſh Road*, met with no Diſturbance, but came cleverly off with their Prize by a very remarkable Accident, the *two Poſt-Boys* meeting, juſt as they came up to them, they did their Buſineſs at once, and ſo brought away both the *Mails*, thro' by riding further out of Town than the

the reſt, they made it ſomething the longer before they return'd to the Place of Rendezvous.

Having *laugh'd*, and run over our *ſeveral Adventures*, we got ſafe to *Putney*, by Twelve a Clock at Night: And then being all tir'd enough with the Fatigue of the Day, we retir'd to our Beds. And getting up next Morning very early, we retreated into the *Summer-Houſe in the Middle of the Garden*, and there encloſing our ſelves, with ſome Bottles of good Wine to give us a Whet betwixt Whiles; we began to *Open our ſeveral Pacquets*, and according to Agreement, for our better Diverſion, we mixt them all together on the large *Stone-Table there*.

But before I proceed to the Peruſal of theſe, I'll give that I promis'd you at the Beginning of my Letter, which Mr. *Chappel* receiv'd by a Miſtake of Name: It was ſuperſcrib'd to Mr. *Chappel*, to be left for him at ——'s *Coffee-Houſe*.

Mr. *Chappel*,

I Receiv'd your's yeſterday by your Man *Ralph*, in which I am extreamly troubl'd, to find that you ſtill perſiſt in your Reſolution of my Undoing. But aſſure your ſelf, 'tis not all your Threats ſhall make me yield to your Brutiſh Deſires, and I queſtion not, but God will ſo far vindicate my Innocence, and puniſh your Hypocriſie, as to raiſe me ſome Friend to reſcue me from your Hands. But if you can entertain ſuch an Opinion of my Vertue, to think I wou'd part with it on the Terms you propoſe; Can you imagine, I wou'd make ſo wretched a Choice, as to ſacrifice it to the Arms of an Old Man, when Nature has given me a Face not the moſt contemptible, and one that need not deſpair of more agreeable Conqueſts. Pray now conſult your Glaſs, if you forget your Age, and there you'll ſee what Wondrous Charms there are to win a Fair Lady's Heart. For Shame, for Shame, Mr. *Chappel*, give o'er ſuch vain Thoughts; and now you are juſt dropping into your Grave, think not of adding to the Villanies of your Life, by betraying that Truſt my poor miſtaken Parents ſo entirely repos'd in you, as not only to wrong her of the ſmall Fortune they left her, but alſo, endeavour to rob her of her Honour. 'Tis not your keeping me to ſuch hard Meat will do; for I have now a Proſpect of Relief, and of bringing you to your juſt Puniſhment.

nishment. Your Knaveries to me have made me enquire into those Things, I else shou'd ne'er have thought of; which the more I do, the more I find your Guilt encreas'd; and the more Hopes I have of Satisfaction for the Injuries you have done me. But it is not yet too late to do me Justice; restore me my Fortune, and I promise to forget all that's past, who shall then with some Colour subscribe my self, but not till then,

Your Obliged Servant,

M. CHALYCANE.

'The poor Girl (cry'd *Church*) writes a good sensible Letter to him, but on my Conscience 'twou'd have no more Effect upon him than the last Sermon of *Death and Judgment* had. However (pursu'd *Grave*) let us all add a little wholsom Admonition, and it may have a better Operation with him to find his Roguery discover'd, than a hundred such Letters from her, who he believes has neither the Power to do what she threatens, nor the Will to discover it to a Third Person, that might assist her. For my Part, upon viewing the Hand, I knew it, and therefore desir'd the Management of that Affair my self; assuring them, I would take Care to give him his just Reward, if he persisted in his Villany. Upon which *Chappel* deliver'd me the Letter, and after I was as good as my Word, made the Old Fornicator cry *Peccavi*, and make an Entire Restitution, had the Thanks of the Lady; and I am afraid, she in Return had too great a Share of my Heart.

But now, I'll proceed to my Business in Order; we took the Letters out of the *General Heap*, and read 'em: In the first was,

LETTER

LETTER I.

From a Surly MISANTHROPE, *who speaks ill of all Mankind, and of every Thing; 'twas directed thus, To Mr.* Hawks, *at Mr.* Smith's *House near* Rye, Kent.

DICK,

I Writ to thee last Post to get all Things in Order against my Coming down, that I might have some Ease at Home, who have met with none here in this damn'd Town, which is so thwack'd with Follies, that 'tis enough to make one out of Love with Mankind. I can't stir along the Streets, but I meet with a hundred Things that give me a great Deal of Disturbance; here one recommends this Book to me to read, tho' the Sot never read farther than the Title Page, praising it upon Trust, because a Block-head of his own Acquaintance is the Author; another will needs have me divert my self with that Play, tho' he never understood the Difference betwixt *Ben. Johnson* and *Flecknoe*; a third to appear a Schollar, prefers this System of *Philosophy* to my Study, tho' the Ignorant Booby never read one Syllable of *Logic*. I meet with one, and he pulls his Hat off to me to the Ground, tho' I never saw him but once in a *Coffee-House*, and then he only asked me *What it was a Clock*: Another cries he's my Humble Servant, when I'm sure, the Rogue wou'd not lend me six Pence: A Third wou'd needs borrow a Guinea of me, as if I had been his Friend, or he mine: One asks me to go to this Tavern, and swears there's incomparable Wine, tho' he knows my Palate no more than my Religion; another wou'd hawl me to that Farce, tho' he knows not whether I have Mirth enough to endure a good Comedy: A Third wou'd drag me into this Bawdy-House (tho' one can't lodge out of one in *London*) and vows there's

the

the prettieſt Rogue in the World, when ſhe's a damn'd rotten, pockify'd Whore, with a Tawney Face daub'd over thicker with Paint than her Skeleton Carcaſs with Fleſh, with a flat *African* Noſe, a Wide Mouth, a Pig's Eye, and a Stinking Breath. This old gouty Fellow will needs have me to this Church, becauſe ſuch a Doctor holds forth, without conſulting my Opinion, or the preſent State of my Devotion; which, for all that he knows, is not enough to keep me awake 'till Prayer's done, and from Snoring in the Face, and to the Scandal of the whole Congregation. Thus I'm plagu'd if I ſtir out, and at my Lodging I have nothing to do but to Eat, Sleep, and Read, the firſt I want Stomach to, becauſe I want my Country Recreation to divert me, and to prepare my Appetite; the Second the Ratling and perpetual Hurry of the Town deny me; and the Third is almoſt as bad, for I'm oblig'd to read nothing but *Latin*, ſo that if I were to ſtay here long, I ſhou'd forget my Mother Tongue, in which there is nothing writ now, but *Farces*, *Mercuries*, *Journals*, *Obſervators*, and *Gazets*, except the *Plain Dealer*, and that Play I don't like, becauſe *Manly*'s ſuch a Fool to believe any Man his Friend; for I truſt no Man, nor believe any one, but ſuch as I know will ſin againſt their Intereſt, to lie, or betray me; I make none of my Friends but ſuch as thee, who have a Dependance on me, and who loſe their Lively-hoods by being Fools and Raſcals; being thus therefore fatigu'd abroad, and and tyr'd at Home, I'm reſolv'd for the Country by the next Week. Deliver the Incloſed to Mrs. *Widall*, with all the Privacy you can:

Your Kind Maſter,

J. SMITH.

The Incloſed.

MADAM,

I Met your Husband in Town yeſterday, with whom I drank two Bottles of Wine, and made him drunk; in his Liquor he was wondrous kind (as indeed he is always to me) and told me, he intended to ſtay this

this Month here; this has made me resolve to hasten my Journey to you, that we may all that While enjoy an uninterrupted Course of Love and Joys, which you can best give, and I receive; who am, Madam, your Humble Servant,

J. SMITH.

'I find (said *Temple*) tho' he be so severe upon 'the Men, he has a Fellow-feeling for the Fair Sex; 'Ay, for one of the Country (said *Winter*) for you 'find he abhors a Town-Whore; that's because 'tis 'a simple Sin here (pursued *Chappel*) and he's for 'Dealing in Adultery; his Neighbour's Wife has more 'Charms in her aukward Garb, and her thousand Im'pertinencies, meerly for that Cause, than a young 'Well-bred, and Well-dress'd Fornicatress here in 'Town. He sets up I find, for a Hater of the Fol'lies of the World (continu'd *Grave*) like a great 'many others, and discovers himself guilty of the 'greatest; first of Ignorance of himself, else he might 'find so much of Fool within, not to be so severe 'on the rest of the World, which is fully as ridicu'lous as the Boy in the Fable, that laugh'd at the 'Decrepidness of Old Age, without considering him'self must come to the same, if he liv'd to be Old; 'tis but a Mark of unaccountable Ill-nature, to con'demn those Fooleries, whose Generality gives one 'Reason to imagine that there is something of Ne'cessity in them. The wisest Men of this World 'abound with Follies enough, he therefore that is 'Learned in himself, will have but little Reason to 'laugh at another. Besides, this Gentleman has the 'least Reason to dislike the rest of the World of 'any Man; because he is so plentifully furnished 'himself. First, he ought not to condemn any one 'for want of *Sincerity*, since he cajoles the Man he 'abuses, which is the basest of Treacheries, which '*Ovid* in the first Book of his *Art of Love*, condemns 'in this Distick.

Tuta frequensq; via est per Amici fallere nomen:
Tuta frequensq; licet sit via, Crimen habet.

A Friend by specious Friendship to betray,
Is both a Safe, and Common Way:
Let it be Safe, and Common still for me,
I ne're will thrive by Treachery,

'Nay,

'Nay, it discovers less Wit in Cheating one that 'confides in us, than in over-reaching an Enemy, 'as is well-observ'd in this Distick.

Fallere difficile est Inimicum, Amicus amicum
Fallere sed Magno sine labore potest.

'Tis a Difficult Thing to deceive an Enemy, but for a Friend to deceive a Friend is no such mighty Matter.

'Next, he has no great Share of Morality in in-'juring his Neighbour in the most irreparable Way, 'in which he wrongs those that are not born, by 'palming a spurious Issue of his own upon the Estate, 'and Family of another. Nor is his Wisdom very 'great, to trust a Servant in an Intreigue he would 'have secret, who upon leaving him with Disgust 'may discover all; thus instead of avoiding that com-'mon Abuse of a Friend, he makes his Servant his 'Master. Thus when we set up for Singularity, in-'stead of flying from common Follies, we add only 'greater to the Number we had before; *Old Acasto* 'in the Orphan said very well of these Sparks, *Avoid the Man that's singular, his Brain's unsound, his Spleen o'er-weighs his Wit.* 'Thou hast made it evident (said '*Church*) honest *Grave*, how easie 'tis to find Fault, 'when thou hast already discover'd so many in this 'Man, that sets up I suppose for a Pattern to the 'rest of the World, for so he ought to be that can 'relish nothing but himself; or rather ('replied '*Brook*) how open does he lye to Censure, that gives 'himself the Liberty of censuring all others. Nay, 'he lays himself the more open (continued *River*) 'by making all Mankind his Enemies, as he has de-'clared himself theirs, who else perhaps had let his 'Follies pass in the Heap. A great many that I 'know (said *Fountain*) believe it a great Demon-'stration of Wit to *find Fault*; and I remember, 'reading a Book, writ by one that professes himself 'a severe Critick on others, I found not a few Ab-'surdities in his Performance, but the Bookseller 'instructed by Interest, and zealous for his Property, 'condemn'd me of Ignorance in finding Fault with 'that, which was approved by Mr. *Such a One*, whom 'nothing cou'd please, taking that for an infallible 'Sign of the Goodness of his Copy, which I took

'for

‘ for just the contrary, for those that are so difficult ‘ to be pleas'd, commonly admire the most silly Trifles ‘ of all, as most agreeable to their own Genius, as ‘ has appear'd, whenever they have ventur'd to give ‘ the World a View of their Performances. This ‘ Dislike of e'ry one else (*concluded I*) discovers a ‘ great Deal of Vanity, and Self-Esteem, which is ‘ the Heighth of Folly, according to that Maxim of ‘ *Seneca, He that thinks himself at the Top of the Hill of* ‘ *Wisdom, is indeed in the Abyss of Folly*: And he that ‘ is the wiseſt, knows how little Cause any Man has to ‘ value himself upon his own particular Qualificati- ‘ ons. And whereas this Gentleman admires the ‘ *Plain Dealer* so much, because he imitates his Cha- ‘ racter so ill, I profess, I more admire the good af- ‘ fable Humour of the Author of it, who, tho' he ‘ has so much Wit, never calls any Man's Perfor- ‘ mances dull,

LETTER II.

To a Friend that advis'd him to overcome a Passion, where he had so little Hopes; giving an Account of the present state of his Love; and his Resolves to endeavour at a Compliance with his Friend's Wishes. 'Twas directed to Mr. Ed. James, *at his House near* Harwich, Essex.

My Friend,

I Receiv'd your Letter last Night, in which indeed you discover the *Zeal* of a Friend, but little *Consideration* for the Frailties of a *Lover*. Hast thou never been in Love thy self, that thou shouldst think *Advice* of any Force with those that are so? I confess, indeed, the Arguments you have us'd, carry enough of Truth to prevail with my *Reason*, to banish this fatal Passion from my Heart, if it was in the Power of *Reason* so to do; but alas! it has taken

Reason

Reason captive, and domineers o'er e'ry Faculty of my Soul; and therefore to little Purpose you tell me, there are three Obstacles that obstruct my Happiness in the Embraces of the Divine *BELVIDERA*, *Marriage*, *Modesty*, and *Poverty*. You urge, that being marry'd, I can't make her my Wife; that being *Modest*, and *Diffident in my self*, I can't suppose I can prevail on any other Terms, since 'tis *Assurance*, and *Impudence* that gain the Sex in that Way; and Lastly, That being *Poor*, I ought never to think of *Hope*, since no Advantage can be reap'd from an Intriegue with me. Money (you add) may gain the Fairest, Noblest, most Religious, and most Chaste of all the Sex, but that *Woman* seldom commits a Crime without some Prospect of *Interest*. Ah, my Friend, I wish you had in these enumerated all the Difficulties, I find I should then have Hopes of Success: For, I might presume, she being a Lady of incomparable Sense, and Judgment, and no Bigot, would be persuaded of this Truth, That one Wife was no more than Custom, and National Law, and not of Force enough to make the Embraces of a Married Man criminal in the Face of Heaven, whose Laws are not subservient to those of Men; besides a thousand Arguments more to that purpose. As for my *Modesty*, I confess 'tis a great Fault in *Love*; but *BELVIDERA* strikes such an Awe into me, that I love her with such a profound Veneration, that I fear it approaches too near Idolatry: But yet I have often heard the Charming Angel condemn the forward Confidence of one that admir'd her, (for, ah! there's none that sees her, but must do so; where-e'er she passes the dazled Throng stand still and gaze, as if she were something more than mortal) and when I have told her *Impudence* was the Way to gain the Fair, she has, my Friend, she has *declar'd* that ne'er should take with her. Lastly, *Poverty* wou'd never harm my dear Pretence, for she's not made of vulgar Mould, her Soul is Charming as her Body. *BELVIDERA* has *Wit*, my *Friend*, but not the *Flashy*, *Noisie*, *Tattling* Wit of *Coquets*, which dwells on Sounds, and Words, no, she has solid Parts; knows *Nature*, knows *Reason*, and builds not her Judgment of Things on Vulgar Notions, or Common Practices, like the rest of the Sex; *Her* Soul's above the Contagion of a *Mercenary* Thought; so that if a poor Lover had but *Merit*, she would ne'er oppose the Guilt of Fortune to his Happiness. Had I therefore *Merit* to plead, I should not despair; but alas! I have

none ——— but *Love*, ——— and, ah! *that* every one that sees her may plead without a Lye. My Friend, you are mistaken in calling her *Yielding* a Crime, (kind Heaven makes her yield, to convince the erring World, that 'tis not so, for she can do no *ill*, and her Example would be the strongest Argument.) Prithee, if thou wou'dst leave *Bigottry*, leave it for good and all; and rail not at it in this, or that, and caress it in another thing. It was no Crime, when *Natural Religion* rul'd the World, till *State-Politics*, and *Priest-Craft* made it so. Thus you see *Love* has destroy'd all the Difficulties your Friendship rais'd. You ask me, whether I have ever told her of my Passion? I answer, No; ——— unless my telling Eyes, or Sighs, have betray'd the Secret; for when I've sate wrap'd up in Contemplation of her, she has ask'd me what was the Cause of my Melancholy; I *durst* not tell the *Truth*, my Friend, but ly'd even to my own Prejudice; and hence arises one of the *Difficulties*, greater than you propos'd. ——— *BELVIDERA* has declar'd, she'll ne'r confess it, tho' she lov'd with all the Extreams of Passion; nor dare I discover mine, tho' I love to *Raving*.

I go once, or twice a Week, (for I can't refrain the Sight) and steal a thousand Looks, run o'er her wondrous Beauties with my Eye, and judge of those unseen, by what obliging Custom lays open to our View. ——— Nay, in my fond Imagination, I commit a pleasing Rape upon her; and, ah! methinks, my Friend, methinks I am dying on her Snowy, Panting Bosom, till from my sacred Dream her Tongue awakes me. Her Voice is Harmony, fair *BELVIDERA*, speaks soft as the melting Sighs of Lovers: But I am lost in the ravishing Thoughts of her, till my Paper denies me to tell thee the greater Obstacle, which yet remains; and I am glad, my Friend, I cannot do it, lest if my Love should cast my Honour, thou shou'dst be able to upbraid me, I had once done a Thing I shou'd not. But I will try the Common Medicine of unhappy Lovers, *Absence*; I have not seen her these many Ages, call'd a Fortnight; and, if 'tis possible, will not above this Fortnight longer. These are my present Thoughts; but Oh! I fear the next Minute will condemn my Resolution as a *Falseness*, and make me forswear all Thoughts of *Cure*. I am, my Friend, at least all of me I can call my own,

Thy poor unfortunate Friend,

C. G.

Who-

'Whoever reads this Letter (said *Winter*) may 'easily grant the Writer of it in Love. Then I'll 'declare him a Fool (reply'd *Grave*) that can make 'so serious a Matter of such a Trifle, as Woman. 'Ah, you know not *BELVIDERA*, (said *I*) else, 'with all your Cinic Nature, you'd mollifie into that 'Fool you laugh at. Right, (pursu'd *Chappel*) for 'she is *Beauty* in all its awful Majesty. Features '(added *Brook*) form'd by the considering Hand of 'Providence; And express (pursu'd *Temple*) the Af'fability of her Nature, the Severity of her Princi'ples, the Judgment, and Charms of her Mind. 'Tis 'with regret indeed (said *Fountain*) I see Beauty pos'sess'd by a Fool, and Wit by a Knave. Such a Form '(said *Summer*) would Truth or Wisdom take, if 'they would make themselves visible to Human Eyes. 'I know (concluded *River*) the Writer of this Let'ter thinks her all this, and much more, loving her 'to the Extravagance of Romance. I know him too, 'constant by Nature, secret, humble, and modest, 'and no Fool. May she not thereby be wedded so 'much to mistaken Virtue, as to prefer a Notional 'Chastity, unvalu'd in reality by e'ry one, to the 'secret Relief of the most faithful, secret, and loving 'of Men.

LETTER III.

From a WHORE *to a Young* SPARK *that was forsaking her, on Pretence of Living soberly; with one inclos'd to the same, written to him by a Grave Philosopher, which he lost in a Bawdy-House. It was thus directed, To Mr.* Tims, *to be left for him at the Post-House in* Colchester *in* Essex, *with Care.*

Sweet dear Mr. Littlelet, *Lond. June* 1692.

I Hope, tho' I have not heard of you, that your cruel Resolution of leaving me for ever, continues not still: Whatever Motive you may pretend, I'm sure

it must want the Quality of Good, since it perswades you to an Ingratitude, in forsaking her that loves thee above all thy Sex. Your Scruples of Conscience might have been salv'd without deserting her you have sworn Constancy to, for if the Guilt of our Passion was no longer to be digested by you, the Sin of our Embraces might have been taken away by Marriage, my Dear, Dear Dear *Dicky*, you know I love you so, I should be the faithfullest Wife in the World. But I suspect the Hypocrite that is the Perswader of the Breach of your Vows to me, who, as the enclos'd will discover, chooses the *Evil* in a much worse Degree, than he wou'd draw you from. 'Twas given me by Mrs. *Martha*, who says it was dropt at *Silence*'s; being directed to you, I send it with this short Comment; *viz.* That the Resolution form'd by the Influence of Hypocrisie, and tending to Ingratitude, can never be less criminal, than the Passion, by it you forsake with her who is till Death your

Faithful

E. Johnson.

'This is a good sensible Wench (said *Chappel*) 'those of her Character being generally as ill furnish'd with Wit, and Language, as with Integrity. 'I'm therefore of Opinion (pursued *Temple*) that this 'Letter is not of the Whore's Inditing, but of some 'Male Friend, who has an equal Loss in the Cully, 'for your kept Miss has always her secret Drain, for 'her Affections as well as Money; whilst the Kind 'Keeper is pleas'd with the Fool's Paradice of her 'forc'd Embraces; and a well-acted Dissimulation is 'all he purchases with the Ruin of his Purse, and 'Reputation. There is nothing (added *Grave*) that 'is desirable in a Woman, which is not perverted by 'keeping. Her Youth and Beauty are employed to 'get new Adorers, being secure of her old; her Wit 'to manage her Intrigues, and Cully; she's either 'blind her self (said *Church*) or supposes her sweet 'Dear to be so, when she betrays the Standard of 'her Faith to him, by the Correspondence she keeps 'with *Silence* the Bawd. Which in my Mind (con-'tinued *River*) was a very imprudent Memento, 'when she design'd to cajole her Cully into Matrimony; which, by the Way (added *Brook*) is the 'last

'last Card a Whore plays, being a sure Sign that 'her Charms grow ineffectual by the Commonness 'of her Face. And yet (pursued *Summer*) there is 'such a kind Dotage in the Keepers, that if the 'Whores do but motion it, they seldom have the 'Power to deny 'em. As kind and good Natur'd 'as they are to their Jilting Mistresses, (answer'd '*Fountain*) I have observed, they seldom have much 'Wit, more rarely any Honour, and scarce ever any 'Generosity to any one else. No Faith (said *Foun-*'*tain*) those Sparks have seldom so large a Stock of 'Sense, as would be necessary to set up *Mountebank* 'or *Fortune-Teller*. For my part (said *I*) I look up-'on the Humour of keeping, to be a Punishment due 'to, and proper for the vicious Inclinations, and 'sordid Principles, they are generally guilty of. 'True (concluded *Winter*) for the Fool, and Knave 'are equally punished in it by Diseases, and Poverty. 'But let's see with what powerful Reasons the Phi-'losopher furnishes his Friend against what he can-'not resist himself.

LETTER IV.

This was Directed as the other.

Dear Friend,

YOU tell me you find your Fits of Fondness return so often, and with that Violence, that you fear 'twill be past the Power of all my Philosophy, to make an Absolute Cure upon you; I confess, indeed, as there is no greater Help to a Medicinal Operation, than a good Faith in the Prescriber, so the contrary often obstructs the Skill of the Physitian, yet I perswade my self, my Endeavours will not be entirely fruitless, since you are so sensible of your Error, as to desire a Reformation.

Methinks, a Generous Indignation should break so hated a Chain, since 'tis so prepostrous and base, to

make the Sov'reign of the Mind, *REASON*, the Slave to every Motion of the most inconsiderable Part of our Body. I know you a great Stickler for Liberty and Property, but you ought first to pull down the Domestick Tyranny before you set up for a Patriot; free your Soul from that senseless Dotage on so unclean an Animal as a Woman, and raise it to Contemplation. The Order and Courses of the Heavenly Bodies, the Oeconomy and Wonders of Nature, afford a far more Generous and Satisfactory Pleasure to the Mind.

Certainty is the Essence of Happiness, but the Love of a Whore is more uncertain than the Feast of *Damocles*; for you are not only ignorant how soon you may lose the Blessing, but you are not so much as sure you at all possess it, and are not deluded with a Shadow, instead of a Reality, like the Anti-Feasts of the *Romans*; 'tis to your Money she sacrifices the Enjoyment of her Person, which cannot purchase her real Affection. But suppose, which I can never grant, you were possessed of the Love, as well as the Person of a Whore, how can you imagine to secure them? When all her Acquaintance is with such, whose Interests and Employment, is to alienate her Affections, and persuade her to Prostitution.

Fair Words are no Proof of Fidelity, and she that protests the most to your Face, as soon as your Back is turn'd, shall laugh at you in the Arms of another, for a Credulous Coxcomb. 'Tis true, as you are a Slave to her, so is she to your Money; but what Man of Sense would buy that Satisfaction, at the Price of being known to be a Fool.

But perhaps, you fancy you may debauch so secretly, that you may avoid the Scandal: It must be then in a Cabalistical Way with some *Aerial Demon*; for 'tis impossible with a Woman; her own Vanity and Antipathy to Secrecy, shall soon divulge your Disgrace.

Forsake therefore, the False, Hypocritical Sex; which, if you give your self to hard Study, you will not very much require. Poets, by the usual Hyperboles of their Art, have to an Extravagance beyond Reality, magnify'd the Pleasures of Love; you must not therefore read them, for they will not extinguish, but add Fuel to that Fire, which finds but too much Matter within us. Philosophy, both Natural and Moral, will afford you more substantial Satisfaction, which, if you stick close to, will banish all these Chimera's,

mera's, which now disturb your Repose, and make you laugh with your Friend at the Fool, that next falls into your Jilting *Sylvia*'s Snare.

I am Yours to Command,

THEO. PHIL.

'This Letter (said *Winter*) shews us, That the '*Cunning Jade* had some Reason to wheedle her *Cully*, 'since it inform'd her his Love for her was still 'alive, and strugling in his *Bosom*, and in short, only 'wanted her Letter to gain the Field; for if we 'once admit a *Parley* in such a Case, 'tis only to 'yield upon the *First Appearance* of *Recruits* on the 'Enemies side. Nay (pursu'd *Chappel*) her Letter 'convinces she's no *Novice* in her Trade, but under-'stands the *Art of Wheedling* as well as any of them. 'But cou'd one imagine (interrupted *Temple*) this 'Man, so well read in the *Folly*, and who can so well 'advise, shou'd not be able to save his *own Stake*. So 'much easi r 'tis to be wise in the *Theory*, than the '*Practice*. I know the Man (pursu'd *Summer*) and 'he has the Reputation of a *Cynic*, and *Woman-Hater*, 'which makes me apt to think this some Sham up-'on him. That's not at all likely (return'd *Grave*) 'for how should a *Whore* forge his Hand so well as 'to deceive him, who, doubtless, is well acquainted 'with it, without a Familiarity with him; which still 'gains the Point. The *World* may more easily be 'deceiv'd, than this Proof (continu'd *Fountain*) for 'that judges by *Appearances*, and therefore most com-'monly *Erroneously*. But he (added *Church*) that 'builds his *Wit*, *Honesty*, or *Courage*, on the Opinion 'of the World, may be really a *Fool*, *Knave*, or '*Coward*. True (said *Brook*) for 'tis not the *Opinion* '*of the World* that can make that Lady a *Whore*, be-'cause she has a *Free Conversation*, or that *Whore* an 'Honest Woman, because she borrows the Face of 'one, to enjoy the *Pleasure of Sin* without the *Infa-'my*. Nor, can the *Opinion of the World* make this 'Man *Rich*, because he makes a *Splendid Figure*, at 'the Expence of his *Credit*, and other Men's *Purses*: 'Nor that Usurer *poor*, because all the *Cloaths* on his 'Back are not worth a *Guinea*: Right (*pursu'd I*) 'nor can the *Opinion of the World* make this Man a '*Coward*, because he is not for *Flinging away* his Life

as often, as any of his Company wants either *Sense* or *Manners*: Nor that *Bully* a Man of *Courage*, because he'll *Damn* and *Tilt* on ev'ry Word that's misunderstood. The First may be *Brave* in the Field in his *Country's Cause*, in the Visible Face of *Death* and *Destruction*; whilst the other *skulks* behind a Hedge for Fear of a *Cannon-Ball*, or, stays at Home to gain the Reputation of a *Stout Man*, upon easier Terms; since his *Skill* in his Weapon affords him a *Greater Security*, than in the Proof of his *Body* against a *Bullet*. To come a little nearer our Purpose (concluded *River*) the *Opinion of the World* can't make this Man a Philosopher, or Lover of Wisdom, who has only the *Language*, but not the *Life* of one; or at least I can say this, that *Philosophers* are like *Physicians*, *Giants* for Relief of others, but *Pigmies* in their own Distress. And so much for the *Philosopher*: And now let's call a New Cause.

LETTER V.

From a Married Man to a Young Lady, to persuade her to yield her self up to his Embraces. ------- *'Twas Directed under a false Cover, To Mr.* FISTED, *an Apothecary, at his House in* -------- *near* Dowgate, London. *The Inclos'd to the Fair Hands of the Charming Mistress* DIANA EASYT. *These.*

Charming CYNTHIA, *Exeter, June* 1692.

I Never thought Absence a Cure for a true Passion, but, I have found, it adds to the Violence of my Wishes, and sooner shou'd all Business be neglected, and all Things else, the inferiour Concerns of my Life forgot, than the least of that Flame suppress'd, which has so Desirable a Cause. I sigh, and languish

guish each Moment for you; and the busie Fools I deal with, take an ill Omen from these Dubious Symptoms, fancying them the Effect of some Losses in Trade, which weakens my Credit with them, and makes them very cautious in their Bargains, never reflecting that ev'n in this Age, a Man may be in Love, to Distraction, with One so Beautiful as you. Ah! my Adorable *Cynthia!* How long will you suffer me to be thus wretched, when you have it in your Power to make me the Happiest Man alive? You sometimes flatter me with Hope, but still your Actions bid me despair; for if you lov'd, how cou'd you be Cautious? Because my mistaken Friends marry'd me to one I was born to hate, must that deprive me of her, I was created and destin'd to love with an immortal and inviolable Faith? You tell me indeed, you pity me from your Soul, and that you wish Fortune had left any Way to my Happiness, without trampling on your Honour. Ah! *Cynthia*! let not Empty Words and Senseless Custom betray you to Ingratitude. *Honour* and *Gratitude* are inseparable, and 'tis a Vulgar Error to think you can injure the first by complying with the Sacred Dictates of the latter. But to secure your Reputation to the Eye of the World, *that always mis-judging Censurer*, that shall equally be my Care, since our Mutual Happiness depends on it. Secrecy will enhance our Joys, which are still greatest when they are stole from the View of the World: Ambition indeed loves Noise, and Spectators, but the Philosopher's Love is never more Gay and Taking, than in a sweet Retreat. Ah! too Charming *Cynthia*, why do you confess the Sincerity and Violence of my Passion merits a Return, unless you wou'd indulge that Thought, till it had master'd that Prejudice against my Happiness, begot by a Hated, nay, a Heathenish *Custom?* For this Confinement to one Wife, my *Cynthia* is grounded, not on the Law of God, or Reason, but Old *Rome*, which with other Idolatrous Superstitions crept into those Christians, which lived under the Awe of that Empire, those of *Ethiopia*, and *Africa*, to this Day preserve their Christian Liberty of Plurality of Wives, which indeed is more agreeable to Reason. Try, my Lovely Charmer, how much stronger the Bonds of Love are, than those of Wedlock, the first are too strong to be dissolv'd by Ages, the last too weak to hold a Day or Hour. But, Oh! I'm too much in Love to study

Argu-

Arguments, to remove thy Trifling Doubts; my Love makes all Things evident to me; and if you cou'd but love, you wou'd have no more Scruples. I have writ to thee, my Dear *Cynthia*, ev'ry Post, and will continue to do so, 'till I return to *London*, which will be in Ten Days at fartheſt, when I hope to find thee more indulgent to my Love. Ah! give a Looſe to that ſweet Compaſſion, thy ſoft and tender Nature abounds with; for thou art an Angel within, as well as without, which will then permit me to breathe out my Languiſhing Soul into thy Beauteous Boſom, who am

Your Faithful Lover,

W. L. R.

'How powerful is the Corruption of *Humane Na-*
'*ture* (ſaid *Grave*) which can pervert *Reaſon*, its on-
'ly *Guide*, and make it plead ſo much againſt its
'*Duty*! Or, rather (return'd *Chappel*) what a *Proteus*
'and *Camelion* is *Reaſon*, that changes its *Shape* and
'*Colour*, almoſt in every Man? True (continu'd
'*Brook*) for there is no *Villany*, but the Actor of it
'will ſet out a thouſand *Reaſons* in its Juſtification,
'if *ſucceſsful*: Nor is there any *Folly* (purſu'd *Temple*)
'that may not have as many produc'd to advance it
'into the *Claſs of Wiſdom*. There's no *Impiety* (added
'*Summer*) that *Reaſon* will not ſanctifie, and *no Opi-*
'*nion* it will not render abſurd; and the contrary,
'as *Intereſt* and *Power* perſwades, and indeed, the laſt
'Reaſon of Kings, is the General *Guide* and *Director*
'of Reaſon, that is, *Force* and *Succeſs*. The *Paſſion*,
'I confeſs (ſaid *Church*) that prevails, ranges all the
'*Forces of Reaſon* on its ſide, ſo that *Reaſon* ſeems
'rather the *Mercenary Servant* of the *Paſſions*, than
'their *Guide*. Here is another Proof (interrupted
'*Winter*) of the *Truth* of what you all ſeem to aſſert;
''tis a Letter from an *Old Man* to a young marry'd
'Lady, to perſwade her to love him. He queſtions
'not her Age, I hope (purſu'd *River*) that is none
'of the beſt Arguments to prevail with a Young
'Woman, I'm ſure. That you ſhall ſee (anſwered
'*Fountain*) upon the Peruſal of the Letter, for you
'know, *Cicero* ſays, *There's nothing ſo Ridiculous and*
'*Abſurd, but may be render'd probable by Argument or*
'*Reaſon*. But Words (*concluded I*) are but very in-
efficacious

‘ efficacious Proofs ; here your Remote Arguments
‘ of *Witnesses, Trial,* &c. are more home in this Point,
‘ than those drawn from the Topics.

LETTER VI.

Twas Directed to Madam JUSTED, *at her House in* Bishopsgate-street, *near the Sign of* -------, London.

Dear Madam, *Salisbury,* June 1692.

I got safe to *Salisbury*, where I have been drunk already with drinking nothing but your Health : Adad, I wish thy naughty Husband, who, I hear, is going for *Holland*, may be drowned in a Bowl of Punch, or dismember'd at *Snicker-snee*; for I'm desperately in Love with thee, as I have often told thee: Oh! those pretty, black, languishing, dying Eyes! By my Faith, you little Chit, you are in the wrong to despise me for my Old Age; for an Old Man can be silent, when a Young Coxcomb will be prating of your Favours in ev'ry Coffee-House and Tavern. You may play the Wag with an Old Man with Safety, but a Young One will, Ten to One, give you an ugly Disease for all your Kindness: A young Man will pick your Husband's Pocket, but I'll rather drain my own. Lewdness and Interest provoke the Address of a Young Fellow, but an Old Man never has any Motive but Love ; young Fellows are fickle, Old Men constant ; besides, a Young Fellow would rob thee of thy very Cloathes, when I would give thee better. All these Ways a Young Rogue may damage thee, and thy Husband, but I can do it no Way: So that there's no Cause, my Delicious, Little, Pretty, Spicy, Soft, Melting Rogue you, why you shou'd deny me. I'll not stir from hence, 'till I hear from you, and if it be with any Crumbs of Comfort, I'll take Coach immediately for

for *London*, and defer my Country Voyage 'till the next Age, for by my Knighthood, I love thee most infinitely, who, am, you little Chit you,

Your Faithful Lover,

G. Colts.

'This is a pleasanter *Lover* (said *River*) than the 'former, and he minces not the Matter a Jot Faith. 'He has enumerated a goodly Company of *Arguments* '(pursu'd *Fountain*) to raise his *Merit*: But none 'so powerful (*reply'd I*) as the Promise of his *Purse*. 'Right (continu'd *Temple*) that is so *Eloquent* an Ar-'gument, that it seldom fails with the *Fair*. You 'might have said (answer'd *Church*) which never 'fails; the whole Sex are *Danaes*, they'll all spread 'their Laps for the *Golden Shower*. Nay, Faith '(said *Brook*) they are no more guilty of that than 'our selves, who can ill resist where that perswades. 'His *Gold* is young, and witty (pursu'd *Summer*) and 'then no Matter for the *Impotence*, and *Impertinence* 'of his Person. *Interest*, indeed (said *Chappel*) is the 'General Bond of *Love* and *Friendship*; take away the 'Prospect of *Advantage*, and *Amity* soon grows cold. 'But how preposterous (said *Grave*) is *Man*, that 'at an *Age*, when *Death*, and *Rottenness* has laid one 'Hand upon *him*, his *Thoughts* can be employ'd up-'on the *Dalliances of Love*, as if he cou'd, in the '*Embraces of Youth*, secure himself against the *Arrest* '*of Death*, which is a Creditor, from whom no Place 'can plead a *Priviledge*, or *Rescue*. If it be a *De-'fect* in our *Nature* (concluded *Winter*) 'tis as much 'beyond Remedy as *Crookedness*, which, though we 'may boulster up, to hide it from the Eyes of o-'thers, it will still remain; besides, these preposte-'rous *Passions* carry their own *Punishment*, *Shame* and '*Ridicule*.

LETTER.

LETTER VII.

From a Young Lady to her She-Friend, discloſing her Whole Breaſt, as to Marriage, Cloaths, and Characters of ſuch and ſuch Pretty Gentlemen, who have diſcover'd ſome Tender Affection for her. Directed to Madam ISABELLA BRIGHT, *at* Maidſton *in* Kent.

My Dear, Lond. *June* 1692.

I Have been ſo fatigu'd with the impertinent Addreſſes of the Men, that I cou'd not find Time to write to thee, my Love, laſt Poſt. I wonder, whether you are of the ſame Mind you were when you wrote your laſt Letter, my Dear, ſuch a mighty Friend to Marriage. 'Tis true, I would marry my ſelf, but not yet; 'tis Time enough when I come to be a ſtale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with ſome grave Country Juſtice, where I may rule the Family, and the Peace too. I ſhall grow weary of the Town, I fancy, in five or ſix Years Time; but as yet the Gaiety, and Gallantries of Love are, my Dear, very taking. You counſel me againſt the Danger of loſing my Reputation by thoſe Freedoms I grant, but you are miſtaken, my Love, for the only Way to loſe that, is to be too ſolicitous about it: Scandals in the Country are Pieces of innocent Divertiſements here, and one may as well pretend to live without fine Cloaths, as without an Intriegue; I have half a Score on my Hands at this Time, and I love 'em all alike, keep 'em in ſuſpence, and dally, and play with them, give one a favourable Look, and another a Smile, a third my Hand to kiſs; but then to keep them at their due Diſtance, the next Time I ſee them, I frown on the firſt, rail at the next, and wonder at the Sawcineſs of the third, if he preſume to attempt the

ſame

ſame Freedom again. Ah, my Dear, you know not how pleaſant a Sight 'tis to ſee this Beau cringe, and ſcrew his Body into an hundred Forms, in hopes to make you ſigh by Sympathy; that Wit cracking his Brain to write taking *Billet-Deux* to you, or Anagrams on your Name, beſide Elogies after the New Mode; but Wits are the moſt dangerous Company a Woman can keep, they are commonly vain-glorious, and brag of more than they obtain. That that vexes me moſt, my Mother is ſo covetous, ſhe will let me have New Cloaths but twice a Year; ſo that I'm plagu'd to turn and twine them, that I may not be known by them: Fine Cloaths have a wonderful Charm with the Men, and one had as good be ugly as ill-dreſs'd. But, my Dear, I'll give you a Catalogue of my Lovers. I have a Young Doctor of Phyſick that makes honourable Addreſſes to me for Matrimony, but I think not that an equal Match, unleſs I could poiſon him as eaſily as he can me. On the ſame Pretence, I have a Young Counſellor of the *Temple*, furniſhed with more Law, than Senſe, and wou'd, I believe, make a good Cuckold, but I'm not diſpos'd that Way as yet; beſides, he may have Quirks enough in Law to chouſe me out of my Jointure. I have alſo a Young Doctor of Divinity, that ſeems to have a Month's Mind to me, and tells me, he thinks me fairer than a New Syſtem, or a Good Benefice; but I'd rather have all his Sermons Apocryphal, than that he ſhould explain the Text, ſo as to make me a ſpiritual Madam. I have a Young Merchant too, new ſet up for himſelf, finer than a *Covent-Garden-Beau*, and more demure than your Chamber-maid; he courts me not by *Billet-Deux*, but Bills of Exchange, and Cuſtom-Houſe. But I have no Mind to venture my ſelf on Bottom-*aree*. So much for my Matrimonial Pretenders. I have of another Sort, who are all for Love, and abominate the Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of the Prieſts to get Money, and deſtroy the Free-born Joys of Love. Among theſe, is a Young Lord, newly arriv'd to his Honour and Eſtate, and wants another Qualification, of keeping a Miſtreſs with greater Grandeur, than ever he will his Wife: I receive his Lordſhip with the Air of Quality, ſeem pleas'd with his No-Jeſt, and bluſh at his Addreſſes, but never give him any Encouragement of a Favourable Reception, on ſo Scandalous a Motion; but he's obſtinate, and to ſay Truth, he's not better ſtock'd with

Eſtate,

Estate, and Folly, than with Beauty; he's very handsom, dresses well, dances with an Admirable Grace, and I should like his Company at a Ball, in a Box in the Play-House, in the *Mall*, or *Hyde-Park*, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss, for he really makes a good Figure. But after all, my Dear, my Lord is really my Aversion, he's not at all fit for an Intriegue. Next, I have a *Beau* of *Tom. Urwin*'s Coffee-House, a Man of War, he swears much, fights little, prays less, and is an irreconcilable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony: I never admit him, unless when I have no other Company; he's a very nauseous Fop. Next, I have a Courtier, fully as finical, but he's monstrously in Love, and protests, if it were not for the Scandal, he loves me so much, he cou'd marry me; he's damn'd a thousand Fathom, if there be any one of the Maids of Honour comparable to me. Among the rest, I have an Ingenious Younger Brother to a Certain Knight of your Acquaintance, that dresses neatly, but free from Foppery; that has a Genteel Air, but not Affected; with a Face that's Handsom, but yet Manly; a Voice soft and melting, and a Tongue that would deceive a Vestal Virgin, that was sure to dye for yielding. This Man, I must confess, my Dear, has such an Ascendant over me, that I wish he were not so wild; and I fear, I have heard him say too much for my Satisfaction and Content; but I endeavour to divert these Thoughts, by my own Natural Gaiety, and the Abundance of Noise and Fools I'm daily conversant with. My Paper won't hold more, my Dear, so I am

Thy Loving Bed-Fellow,

A. Langly.

'This Lady has *Wit* enough (says *Temple*) to make 'me wish to be one of her *Fools* too. 'Tis Pity (an-'swer'd *Church*) so much *Wit* should be lost in so 'much *Coquetry*, as she expresses of her self. *Pride* 'and *Vanity* make her affect *Addresses*, and *Company* '(said *Summer*) brings her to a *Volubility* and *Pert-'ness* in Discourse, and that passes down for *Wit* in 'a Woman. The Truth on't is (pursu'd *Chappel*) 'she's one of the *Female Atheists*, whose Wit lies most 'in *Ridicule* of the Severer *Vertues*, great *Church-goers*, 'but little *Prayers*. Her *Devotion* (added *Brook*)

'is

'is an *Inviting Glance*, in Return of a Bow from 'some of her *Church-Admirers*, and all she minds there, 'is the *Song of Solomon*, which she perverts to a Car-'nal Sense. The *Town* and *Conversation* (pursu'd '*Winter*) corrupts the Noblest Pieces of *Nature*. But 'she's like to pay for't, I find (said *Fountain*) for 'she seems to be in Love, and then all these Freaks 'turn into *Prostitution*, and *perpetual Filting*. True '(*said I*) for when once a Woman of Wit's debauch'd, 'she's a perfect *Messalina*. And whatever Woman of 'Wit (added *River*) gives her self these *Liberties*, 'seldom fails of losing her *Honour*. Right (conclu-'ded *Grave*) like *Flies* they buz about the *Gaudy* '*Light*, 'till they burn themselves in the *Flame* they 'have imprudently dallied with.

LETTRR VIII.

From a Dwarf to a Tall Lady, with whom he was in Love. 'Twas directed to Madam CAREW, *at Mr.* Barral's, *in the* Pall-Mall, London.

MADAM, Oxford, *June* 1692.

'TIS not Absence, which your Cruelty has commanded, that can efface that Lovely Image your Eyes have form'd in my Faithful Bosom. I have, 'tis true, but to no Purpose, retir'd to *Oxford*, to see if Books, and Learned Men would bring me any Relief, but I find, Philosophy is of no Power to root out a Passion that is once admitted, whatever it may to defend us from an Invasion. I tell you, Madam, *Love* in my Breast is with greater Difficulty remov'd, than Foreign Aids out of the Distressed Kingdom they are call'd in to assist; Love has subdu'd me all, and I'm entirely a Slave. Despise not my Stature, Madam, for tho' my Body be dwarfish, my Soul is greater than that of the *six-foot-high Lover*; it actuates this little World with more free Agility, and my Perceptions, and Operations of Mind, are

less

less confin'd and clogg'd; there is a nearer Correspondence betwixt my *Heart*, the Seat of Life and Love, and the other subservient Parts of my Body. In short, I can imagine no Advantage the Big Men have over me, unless it be the Damming up the Nobler Part of Man, the Soul, with a greater Quantity of heavy and lumpish Clay, which renders its Passions and Vertues less perfect; Wit, Courage and Love, being all more languid in them than us. Big Men are very often Cowards, and very seldom witty and ingenious. I confine these Observations, Madam, to the Men, since the Composition, and Matter of a Woman, is of a Finer and more Delicate Mould, nearer-a-kin to the Essence of her Soul; and I venerate that Quality in your self, Madam, it rendring you more like to Heaven, since I lift up my Longing Eyes to both, tho' my Prayers soar no higher than your self, the Glorious Image of the Bright Empyreal; besides, the Difference of your Stature would demonstrate your Authority and Rule over me; for I desire eternally to be your Slave. Oh! that your Compassion, and Justice would let me sacrifice my Person on the Fair Altar of your Lovely Bosom, as I have already my Heart on those of your Eyes. If Love be Merit, none deserves you more; and sure, whatever we may the other, the Heav'n of Woman is gain'd by Merit. Your Rigour makes me bold and vain, it forces me to boast, that as I deserve you better than any Man, so that none shall bear you from me, whilst there's a Soul within the Despised Body of

Your Faithful Slave,

Rob. Petite.

'The little Gentleman (said *Chappel*) seems to be 'extreamly in *Love*, tho' his Descant upon *Tall Men*, 'methinks, is not so proper a *Topic* to a Lady that 'lies under the same Circumstance, lest she shou'd 'turn it to her self. But he has taken Care of that, '(answer'd *Temple*) by a handsome Applying the *Defect* in Man to a *Perfection* in Woman. The Truth 'on't is (said *Summer*) his *Little Body* seems to be 'well fill'd with *Spirit*. And by his *Indignation*, one 'would think (pursu'd *Brook*) that he had the Cha-'racter *Statius* gives of *Tydeus*, in his Mind, *Major in*

« *exiguo regnabat corpore Virtus*; that is, *The greater* « *Soul, the lesser Body fill'd.* I can never blame that « Assurance he expresses (*said I*) since it is not the « Effect of *Vanity*, but *Necessity*; for a Woman that « slights a Lover for his *Modesty*, is generally won « by the contrary *Quality*. Right (continu'd *Winter*) « and a Man that is too sensible of his own *Defects*, « will never gain the Lady he pretends to. He may « well pretend (said *Grave*) to merit her, when the « *Depraved Appetite* of Woman is such, that she will « not bilk the *Variety* and *Extravagance* of her Plea- « sure, if an *Hobgoblin* were the Object, had he but « some *Imperfect Shape* of Man, or the *most Deform'd* « *Disguise* of Body, to hide the *Terror of the Spirit.* « You have always a good Word for the *Fair Sex* « (said *Church*) but I can't think your *Reflection* just, « since, without Doubt, it reaches not all that *Soft* « *Comfort* of Mankind. That's granted (answer'd « *Fountain*) but still the Merits of *Form*, or *Fancy*, pre- « vails with the Sex, more than those of *Wit* and « *Parts.* But (concluded *River*) we labouring under « the *same Error*, can't condemn them without inclu- « ding our selves. However, I wish the Merits of « the *Mind* of this little Gentleman may prevail; tho' « I confess, a little Husband seems to have been ta- « ken out of the Side of a tall Wife, and not she out « of his.

LETTER IX.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, relating what several great Things his Money had effected for him. 'Twas directed to Mr. Norris, *Merchant*, London.

Dear Sir, Amsterdam, *June* 1692.

SInce I left you, and *England*, I have expended all that Money I return'd over hither by you, and therefore, desire you to do me the same Kindness again; the other Thousand Pound may chance to gain my

my Point, if, as I intend, I apply it wholly to that Use; what I have spent already, has convinc'd me, that Money will do any Thing; as a Proof of which, I here send you a little of my great Experience in this Affair. Upon my first Arrival, I brought over some prohibited Goods, and had the ill Fortune to have 'em found out by the Tide-Waiters, but less than Half the Value into their own Pockets, secur'd them from the Publick; so that their Oath and Trust were not Proof against Gold. Next, coming to quarter at a Merchant's House, to whom I had Letters of Recommendation, I found, he had a Wife, beautiful, young, and chaste, as she was generally thought, but, by Gold, I gain'd Admittance to her Bed, where being caught by the Husband, Gold soften'd his Indignation, and gave me a more secure, and free Access to her: But weary of that, I posted to some Neighbouring Courts, upon the Negotiation you wrote of, and there I found, Gold open the Secrets of Princes, debauch the Honour of Ladies, the Religion of Devotees, and the Integrity of Servants, oblig'd to their Masters for their very Life, and Bread. Meeting with some Controversies in my Dealings, I found always the Judge on my Side, as well as the Advocate; for I open'd the Justice of my Cause in a Golden Shower: Wanting Revenge, and the Heart to venture my self in a Duel, I, for my Gold, found those that made no more of a Murder, than I do of cutting my Nails. In short, Money has made me Beautiful, tho' I'm Deform'd; Honest, tho' a Knave; Stout, tho' a Coward; Virtuous, tho' an Atheist; and yet I'm as good as the rest of the World, who have no more of either, than the outside; and he that can best disguise his Failings, is the best Man; *Interest* is the God of this World, who will be sacrific'd to by Hypocrisie, for Plain-Dealing will never gain its Favour. Fail not therefore to send me the Money I write for; Money, that purchases Honours, Trusts, Friendships, Beauty, Love and Courage; send me this Divine *Elixir*, and assure your self of the Success of our Mutual Profit and Interest, who am

Yours to Command,

J. Paison.

'Tis a strange Thing to me (said *River*) whence *Gold* has this *Bewitching Power*. It shews (said *Grave*) the *Meanness* of our *Being*, that is subject to such an *Inanimate Creature*; That has (assum'd *Winter*) all its *Noblest Faculties*, its *Virtues*, and all its greater, as well as lesser *Movements*, dependant on dead *Metal*. 'Tis indeed the *Blind Guide* of the World (said *Church*) and that *Goddess* of Human Kind, *FORTUNE*. Well observ'd (pursu'd *Fountain*) for if we are successless at *Court*, at *Law*, in *Love*, or any other Affair, we cry out, *We have no Fortune*. That is (interrupted *Temple*) we have no *MONEY*. True (continu'd *Chappel*) for if you want not that, the Designs of Court are unravell'd, that oppos'd your Rise. The Lawyer's Mouth (*added I*) and the Judges Eyes are open'd to see your Cause plainer, and the Cruel Nymph proves more easie, and tractable. The Mystery of *MONEY* (concluded *Summer*) I find is *great*, its *Power* is not known to *its self*, nor the *Reason* of it to *Mankind*, who is sensible of its *Dominion*, but not the *Justice*, or *Cause* of it.

LETTER X.

From a Black to a Fair Woman, with whom he is in Love. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Mary, *at Madam* BRENT'S *House in the* Pall-Mall, London.

Mrs. Mary, *Epsom*, June 1692.

I Have been very uneasie since I saw you last, for fear some other shou'd possess your Heart, before I have prevail'd against the Prejudices you have conceiv'd against my Colour. If I am black, so is the Night, which delights you with pleasant Dreams, and to whose Confidence you commit the secretest of your Actions, and the most transporting of your Love; Night is conscious of all your Desires; Night sees

ſees you unveil thoſe killing Beauties which you hide by Day. I will not prefer my Colour to White, becauſe you are ſo, elſe I cou'd tell you, that the Spouſe in the *Canticles* was black, and the Sun had look'd too much upon her; ſhe was *Black, and yet Beautiful.* Add to this, that I can ne'er betray your Thefts of Love by fooliſh Bluſhes, my Colour is conſtant as my Heart, which is not of ſo changeable a Nature, as the White Men. Beſides, Believe me, I am of a ſofter Make within, and more ſenſible of Love, as well as my Body is without, than the White Men; they are too rough hewn for thoſe tender Arms, too unconſtant to poſſeſs ſuch Beauties, and too proud to value the Favour. Let not Prejudice plead againſt me, and you'll find Jett not leſs amiable than Ivory. Try me, and you'll find my Words, and my Heart agree; make me happy, and I'll always adore you, who am

Your Faithful Slave,

George.

'How prompt is *Nature* (ſaid *Grave*) to what is *unlawful*! I can ſee no Reaſon (anſwer'd *Chappel*) for 'that Exclamation. Nor I (ſaid *Brook*) ſince whatever the Cauſe of our *Different Colour* be, I'm ſure 'we're all of *Human Race.* Right (purſu'd *Temple*) 'and therefore 'tis but *Fancy*, and *Cuſtom* that make 'People think the Conjunction of *White* and *Black*, 'unnatural, or unlawful. If it be *Fancy* (ſaid *River*) 'tis my *Fancy*, that *Nature* has ſet that *Viſible Bar* 'betwixt our Embraces. The Woman (reply'd *VVinter*) for a Wager, is of another *Fancy.* The more '(added *Church*) becauſe 'tis thought *unnatural.* Prithee (aſſum'd *Fountain*) have a more Favourable 'Opinion of the *Sex*: Or he never deſerves (*ſaid I*) 'to have any Favour from it. I'm ſure (concluded '*Summer*) I'll keep at Peace with it in *Thought, VVord* 'and *Deed*, unleſs I could find a more reaſonable, and 'more ſafe Cauſe of War.

LETTER XI.

From a Young Spark, discovering the Debaucheries of the Town. 'Twas directed to Mr. TOMLINS, *at his House near* Dover, Kent.

Dear Rogue, London, *June* 1692.

YOU desire to know how I spend my Time, now you have fled from the Arms of a Friend, to those of a Wife; I won't remark the Disadvantage of the Change, but I'll only let you know how I now live, and that will make you long for the Joys you have voluntarily banish'd your self from. The Night, whilst you in Conjugal Fear are confin'd to your Spouse's Arms, I'm carousing it with half a Dozen Friends over a Brisk Bottle, which has no Deceit, but gives us fresh Vigor, and elevates our Thoughts above the Brutish, Drowsie World; sometimes perhaps, for Variety, we admit a Docil, Super-errogatory Harlot, lewd for our Diversion, not serious Embraces; who for an honest *George*, and her Dose of Liquor, and a little Victuals to her Empty Stomach, shall give a present View of all the Mysteries of the Kingdom of mighty Lust. Having supply'd the Want of the Sun's cheering Influence, by no less cheering Wine, all the Night, I retire to Bed, to sleep away that Time, the rest of senseless Men trudge up and down, to circumvent one another. From Bed, I retreat to *Sylvia*'s Neat Abode, where I revel in her Arms 'till Play-Time, where, if it be a dull One, I pursue some wand'ring Game in the Pit, or Gallery, with whom I frolick, and play, 'till our usual Time of Rendezvous at the Tavern. Sometimes I'm in pursuit of Maiden-heads, and try all under Fifteen; to this, I bow with an Awful Respect, to gratifie her Pride; to that, I swear

a hundred Foolish, Passionate Oaths, to salve her unseasonable Scruples; a Third I gain'd with Presents; a Fourth, by Rallying to humour her Caprice, that likes no Love but that of Cat's, Scratching and fighting; With the silent, and languishing, I bill like a Cooing Turtle; with the Coquet, and Buxom, I frisk, talk loud, and laugh; and so with all gain my Point, and walk at large; whilst thou, poor Wretch, art confin'd. These are some Part of the Pleasures I take, whilst you, like a Mill-Horse, plod on in your daily drudging Round, to Day a Wife, and to Morrow the same, and so on; 'till Fate, the kind Dissolver of the Cares of a Married Life, deliver her, or you; which I wish thee with all my Heart, who am

Thy Friend and Servant,

Ed. Watson.

'What a Thoughtless Life (said *Winter*) is here? '*Hurry* and *Noise* supply the Place (pursu'd *Grave*) 'of *Thought* and *Divertisement*. If the *Italian* Proverb 'be true (said *Church*) that *He's a Fool that's not me-* '*lancholy once, or twice a Day*; this Gentleman (as-'sum'd *Summer*) must be something more. True '(pursu'd *River*) for he never intends to think 'till 'either his *Health*, or his *Purse* deny him any far-'ther Use of this Sort of Life. And then (added '*Temple*) Thought comes too late. Or, is of *small* '*Duration* (continu'd *Fountain*) and *little Force*. The '*Pleasures* of Youth (said *Chappel*) are not to be con-'demn'd, any more than avoided, provided they be 'us'd with *Moderation*. I agree with you (pursu'd '*Brook*) but when they once transgress the mean, 'they degenerate into *Vice* and *Folly*. I'm sure then '(*concluded I*) they are of more *General Power* than 'their Contraries, *Virtue* and *Wisdom*.

LETTER XII.

From a Severe Melancholy Philosopher to his Jovial Friend. Directed to Mr: HOOKE, *to be Left for him at the* Nag's-Head-Tavern *in* Newgate-street, London.

SIR,

I Receiv'd your rallying Letter, but wonder what Pleasure you can find in that Mirth, all your Words and Actions abound with; Laughing, methinks, is such an Assinine Quality, that Men of Sense shou'd be asham'd of too great a Use of it, lest they shou'd be thought to border too much upon the Nature of that Beast. I can never think *Democritus* a Wise Man, that had so ill a Notion of the Affairs of this World, to think they merited nothing but a foolish Laughter; which was only to condemn one Folly with another. *Heraclitus* certainly had a much better Idea of the desperate Condition of Humane Life, when he gave himself over to Tears for the Daily Miseries 'twas subject to. Christ himself was often seen to Cry, but never to Laugh. What a Melancholy Prospect does each Part of this World afford? The Elements, the Seasons of the Year are subject to strange Vicissitudes, the Affairs of Man much more: The strongest and best design'd Policies, can scarce produce a few Years publick Peace, or Success to any Nation. We find, that the *Roman* Empire, which was of such Strength to subdue the Greatest, and most Formidable Empires of the Earth, is now no more but an Empty Name, less than the Ghost of the Departed Power. In the Time of *Galienus*, when it seem'd to feel the greatest Convulsions, *Sapores*, King of *Persia* having taken the Emperor *Valerianus* Prisoner; *Bellosus*, who stil'd him-

himself King of Kings, writing to *Sapores*, upon his Victory, says, That if he thought the *Roman* Empire cou'd be overcome, he shou'd rejoice in his Success; firmly believing it shou'd be Eternal, as the rest of this Letter testifies; but we have liv'd to see it no more thought of as a Terror, but a Prey to all Nations, so fading is the Glory of the World. I tell thee, Friend, thou art a Stranger to Thought, thou cou'dst not laugh else, whilst Death was besieging thy Brittle Carcass on every Side, with the irresistable Artillery of a thousand Accidents. Oh, leave that Lewd, Thoughtless Town, and come, and join Sorrows with thy Friend; sigh out the Remainder of thy Days, for the many Trifling Merriments thou hast lost thy self in. Believe me, this is not only a Duty, but a Pleasure. Sorrow is natural to a Man, he has a Taste of it when he first springs from his Mother's Womb, and is therefore more agreeable to his Constitution; the Soul seems to be at Ease when 'tis cloath'd in its Native Dress of Tears and Sadness, and is not weary, as 'tis when it has been entertain'd with Mirth and Laughter. How can you be so much pleas'd in the Tempest of the World, where Sickness, Poverty, Disgrace and Death, toss thy little Bark with such impetuous Fury? 'Tis ten to one, if one, or all of 'em, do not prevail; retire therefore to me, and to this sad Contemplation; Sorrow's our Portion, and our Satisfaction; I wish thee, therefore, not like the Friends of this World, Joy, but Multiplicity of Sorrow, who am

Thy Real Friend,

D. Holton.

'Here's a Dismal Letter indeed (said *Chappel*) 'enough to make a Man fall asleep to read it. He 'would have us (pursu'd *Temple*) all like the Son 'of the Emperor *Philip*, that succeeded *Gordianus*, 'who was never seen to smile. He's one of our 'Modern Cinics (added *Brook*) who thinks *Wisdom*, 'and *Devotion* lies in *Ill-Nature* and *Pale-Faces*. 'Tis 'true (said *Summer*) 'tis visible that all *Humane Things* 'are subject to change, but for that Reason must I 'vex and cry to no purpose? But (added *River*) 'he obliges us to a *Certainty*, and *Constancy* of *Sorrow*, 'whilst every Thing else is upon the swift Whirl of

'Fate, and alters every Moment. Right (purſu'd 'Fountain) the *Viciſſitude of Things*, methinks, ſhou'd 'rather perſwade us to a *Viciſſitude of Temper*, and to 'mix *Serioufneſs* and *Mirth* in our Lives: According 'ing to the Advice of *Solomon* (ſaid *Church*) and the 'Practice of the *Italians*. He is like the reſt of the 'World, ſpight of his Philoſophy (purſu'd *Winter*) 'ſo unreaſonable as to cenſure all that are not of 'his Mind; which proceeds (added *Grave*) from the 'Defect of his *Conſtitution*, and *Complexion*. True '(*concluded I*) becauſe that enclines him to *Melan*-'*choly*, he would have *Nature* inverted, that all *Con*-'*traries* might meet in his *Humour*.

LETTER XIII.

From a Poor Gentleman to his Rich Old Friend that is ſick. Directed to Mr. LOID, *at his Houſe in* Graveſ-End, *in* Kent.

Honour'd Sir, London, *June* 1692.

WE have once been very intimate Friends, 'till Fortune was pleas'd to divide us, you ſhe mounted up to the Topmoſt Spoke of her Revolving Wheel (and Death I find has a Mind to ſave you from falling from it) me ſhe caſt down to the Bottom, and no Wonder, therefore, that we cou'd not hear, and converſe with one another at ſuch a Diſtance: But now, Death is going to lay you a Degree lower, than Fortune has me; I hope, ſince you can no longer uſe the Benefits of Fortune, you'll part with a ſmall Pittance to him, you once profeſs'd to Love. I ſhall value that more, than your Heir ſhall all you'll leave him. Therefore, ſince Wealth cannot be convey'd to the next Life, but By Bills of Exchange, 'tis beſt to take the Sureſt Way, and ſend by God (I mean his Friends, the poor)

Poor) and not by the Devil leaving more to them, who have too much already. This Advice will be profitable to both of us, to you hereafter, and to me at present, who am

Your Friend and Servant,

C. G.

'The Maxim of *Periander* (said I) *To thy Friends* 'be the same in Prosperity, and Adversity; is of very 'little Force in our Days, whatever it was then. 'It had then (answer'd *Grave*) the Fate of all good 'Precepts, a great many Admirers but few Obser- 'vers. True (pursu'd *Winter*) the Example of *Ti-* 'mon may prove that. Nay, I was always of Opi- 'nion (said *Church*) that it was only a Vulgar Error, 'that Vices were more numerous now than in Days 'of Old. The looser Writers of those Ages (as- 'sum'd *River*) as *Catullus*, *Petronius Arbiter*, &c. evince 'the Truth of that; nay, that if there be any Dif- 'ference (pursu'd *Fountain*) the Advantage is on our 'side. Our Writer of this Letter (said *Temple*) 'wou'd have found Fortune cou'd have divided him 'from his Friend, in the Days of the Philosophers 'and Prophets, as well as now. He deserves Re- 'lief, tho' (reply'd *Chappel*) from him, since he was 'so Civil, as never to ask it of him, 'till he found 'his Friend cou'd have no farther Use of it him- 'self; but it is ten to one (answer'd *Brook*) whether 'he gains it or no. True (concluded *Summer*) for 'they that misuse their *Wealth* in their *Lives*, seldom 'mend their *Management* at their *Death*, *Custom* hav- 'ing perswaded them of the *Wisdom*, *Justice*, and '*Generosity* of their *Actions*, tho' contrary to all 'three.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From a Young Lady, who resolv'd ever to continue a Maid, with her Reasons for it. Directed to Mrs. DOROTHY WOOD, *at Mr.* Tompson's, *near* Holbourn-Bars, London.

Dear Madam, Cheshire, *June* 1692.

YOU send me Word, that you now begin to think of Marriage, lest you shou'd be look'd on as an Old Maid; that is the Reason I'll never marry, because I wou'd be one of those few wise Ones, that merit that Name, who have never been polluted with the Embraces of Mankind. I fear the Troops of Virgins will not be very numerous in the next World, any more than in this. Chastity is so rare a Gift among us, that we think it a greater Scandal, than Prostitution; and the Daughter of *Jephtha* deplor'd not that State more heartily, than the Women of this Age wou'd in the same Circumstances. I love the Vertue that is not common, and wou'd be one of the Heroines of my Sex, which I can never be in the Vulgar Way of Wife; my Temper is too impatient of Controul, and I had rather be a Slave to my own Will, than to that of another. Besides, I have a Fancy, that there is a real Preference of a Virgin-state to that of Marriage, if the Example of Christ may prove it, and the Words of St. *Paul*; which makes me very uneasie to hear the Successors of the Apostle, the Clergy, vilifying that Seraphic Vertue, rendring all that affect it odious under scandalous Names. I must needs say, I am so much a Papist (tho' in nothing else) as to think Celibacy more conducing to the Service of God, than a Marry'd State: There is less of Flesh, and

and Blood, and less of Intereſt mingled with the Service of Heav'n. The common Objection is nothing in my Mind, that 'tis better to marry than burn, ſince 'tis certain, 'tis better that none ſhou'd be admitted to the Clergy, but ſuch as cou'd live chaſtely, and have no other Spouſe but Chriſt; and 'tis hard if out of ſo many Millions as compoſe a Nation, there ſhou'd not be found enough to officiate without Bribe of a Wife: But I digreſs, tho' not much from the purpoſe, ſince I have by it only ſhew'd my Value for the State I chooſe. I fancy, I ſhall enter Eternity uncorrupted, as the Angels themſelves, with any Carnal Impurity: In ſhort, 'tis a Noble Ambition to emulate the Perfection of Heaven, and its glorious Inhabitants. Quit thy Fooliſh Thoughts of Matrimony, my Dear, and leave the Town, that Enemy to Chaſte Reſolves, and let us lead a ſingle and pious Life together, the Envy of our Sex; we have both Youth, and Beauty, which will ſhew our Deſign the Effect of Conſideration, not Neceſſity. I am, my Dear,

Thy Faithful, Humble Servant,

Phillis Evans.

'Her Letter (ſaid *Church*) ſhews ſhe has Senſe; 'Ay, and *Youth*, and *Beauty* (purſu'd *Winter*) if you 'believe her. Notwithſtanding, ſhe wou'd have us 'think her *Averſion* to Marriage grounded on her 'Love to *Chaſtity* (ſaid *Summer*) yet *Nature* breaks 'out, and diſcovers the main Cauſe to be the *Gra*-'*tifying* her own *Humour*, which delights in *Freedom* 'from Controul. I am of Opinion (added *Grave*) 'that few take to any Vertue for the ſake of that 'Vertue, but to pleaſe the Caprice of the moſt pre-'dominant *Folly*, or *Vice*. Nay, here is, we find (ſaid '*Temple*) the Affectation of *Singularity*, which has no 'little Charm with her. Right (purſu'd *Brook*) for 'ſhe has not a Mind to go to Heav'n like the reſt 'of her Sex. We may rail at *Fleſh* (ſaid *Chappel*) 'but the Beſt of our *Actions* reliſh of it, and our *Paſ*-'*ſions* have a great ſhare in our moſt *Religious Choices*. 'We may as well pretend (*added I*) to live without '*Food*, as live in a *Body* without the *Effects* of it.

'For

'For my part (said *Fountain*) I'm almost of her Opinion, that 'tis more convenient, if not better, to have a *single*, than *marry'd Clergy*. So am not I (concluded *River*) Nature will have *Vent*, and a *Black Gown* is no Proof against *Temptation*.'

LETTER XV.

From a Philosopher, broaching New Notions, that Birds, and Beasts may be more Excellent Creatures than Man. Directed to Mr. SHARP, *at his Chambers in the* Inner-Temple, London.

Honour'd Sir, Oxford, *June* 1692.

I Receiv'd yours dated *Tuesday* last, in which, you desire to know my Sentiment about the Birds and Beasts. The Motive of your Curiosity, you tell me, was some Dispute you lately happen'd into about the Reason of Brutes. Sir, I'm not desirous to set up for the Leader of a New Sect (tho' this is no new Opinion) yet for your private Satisfaction, I'll give you my present Opinion, with Liberty, tho' of retracting upon better Proof. I desire my Letter may be private, at least my Name.

I must freely therefore confess, that I know not whether that Preference we commonly give to Human Kind, above all other Sublunary Beings, be really just or no; because upon a serious Consideration, I cannot see any Advantage Man has above them; for if we conclude the other Creatures made for Man, because he, when he has the Advantage of Power, or Stratagem over them, turns them to his Use; the same will prove, that Man was made for the Service of Birds and Beasts; if we eat them dead, they do the same by us, when they can catch us in the same Condition: If some Beasts are employ'd for the Service

Service of Man by Man; most Creatures beside, (nay, and they too) live by the Sweat of Man's Brow. They neither plow, sow, reap, nor manure the Earth; but like Lords of the Soil, reap the Benefits of Human Toil; so that it may be a Sort of Impiety, or Rebellion to kill them, for-al't I know.

Some, I know, urge, that no Creature is fram'd for Society but Man. Which I deny, as is obvious to ev'ry one that has consider'd the Kingdom of Bees, the Troops of Birds, especially Ravens, who observe all the Effects of Conversation, Government, and Policy; *Cicero* and *Pliny* report, that the Cranes observe a Regular, and Successive Order in their Flight, which must be the Effect of the Word of Command. I have seen two talk together a little, and presently one of 'em separate, and pass to the next, and so on, 'till at last they have given a *General Raa*, and taken their Flight to some Adjacent Field, or perhaps farther. The very Sheep understand their several Tones of Bleat, and move accordingly. 'Tis true, the Language of most Beasts is not so numerous, as ours, nor is that of *Hebrew* so stock'd with Words, as the more Western Tongues.

Again, I am more than half of Opinion, that as they have the Use of Reason, so they have Immortality of Soul: For it seems to me irrational, to think, God Almighty cou'd make so many Millions of Beings only for a Moment's Time, and after that never to be any more; methinks, all the Works of an Eternal Being shou'd continue to Eternity, it wou'd else insinuate, that the Creation of those Things, being the Effect of his Power, and Wisdom, had not Participation enough of the Power that created them, to make 'em immortal. I'm sure as that Text of Scripture, which says, *Who feedest the Ravens, that call upon thee!* Proves not only a Language of Birds, but the highest Work of Reason, Prayer, and Contemplation, so do these following more than intimate, that there is no such material Difference betwixt us, and our Fellow-Creatures. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. 3. v. 18. *I said in my Heart concerning the Estate of the Sons of Men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves were Beasts.* Ver. 19. — *For that which befalleth the Sons of Men, befalleth Beasts*, even one *Thing befalleth them*; as *the One dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one Breath; so that a Man has no Preheminence above a Beast, for all is Vanity.* Ver. 20. All *go to* one Place, *all are of Dust, and all return to*

Dust

Dust again. These are my Extempore Thoughts of the Matter, but I will now give my self to a more serious Consideration of it; I will only add, that I am apt to think *Pythagoras* having been in *Judea*, and instructed in the Law, might from this draw his Opinion of the *Metempsycosis*. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

C. D.

‘ Our Philosopher (*said I*) has forgot what *Philo-*
‘ *stratus* tells of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, and others of *Py-*
‘ *thagoras*, that they understood the Language of the
‘ Birds. The same (answer'd *Church*) is reported of
‘ some others of the Antient Philosophers, whose *Mo-*
‘ *ral Precepts* could not teach their Followers not to
‘ lye, and to love Truth better, than the Magnify-
‘ ing their *Founder* by Falsities. I rather (pursu'd
‘ *Temple*) approve his Method in sticking only to
‘ *Reason* and *Experience*, letting weaker Tradition shift
‘ for it self. But as for what he proves (said *Brook*)
‘ about the Language of *Birds*, and *Beasts*, methinks,
‘ he might have spar'd his Labour, for what Advan-
‘ tage has Mankind by Conversation? Right (pur-
‘ su'd *River*) unless *Cheats*, *Rapine*, *Perjuries*, *Plagues*,
‘ *Wars*, and *Famine*, and *Desolation*, the Effects of So-
‘ ciety, be *Benefits*? Which made the Wiseft, and most
‘ Holy of Mankind (added *Fountain*) the Philoso-
‘ phers and Fathers, withdraw themselves from that,
‘ to *Solitudes* and *Desarts*. The *Birds* and *Beasts* (said
‘ *Winter*) keep up to the *Holy Dictates* and *Laws* of
‘ *Nature*, which Man in all Things deviates so much
‘ from. True (return'd *Chappel*) what think you
‘ then, if these are the Progeny of the *Golden Age*,
‘ transform'd to secure them from the greater Bestia-
‘ lities of *Humane Race*? The *Birds* indeed (said
‘ *Summer*) might be thought to be that innocent
‘ Race, metamorphos'd, that they might soar above
‘ that Earth they excell'd, and nearer that Heav'n
‘ they serv'd. I know not what to make of this your
‘ New System (concluded *Grave*) but I'm sure the
‘ Argument from *Reason*, which the Philosopher makes
‘ use of to prove the Immortality of *Birds* and *Beasts*,
‘ will

'will never hold more for them, than for ev'ry
'*Leaf* of *Grass*, or *Sand* of the *Sea*, which are equally
'the Work of an ETERNAL BEING.

LETTER XVI.

From an Admirer of Platonic *Love. 'Twas directed to Madam* FIELD, *to be left at Mr.* William's *House, near* Deal, *in* Kent.

Honour'd Madam, London, *June* 1692.

'TIS with a great Deal of Regret, I have been thus long kept in this Busie, Senslefs Town, so far from the Happy Conversation of a Lady of your Perfections; but, Madam, as our Souls, I'm confident, meet when we sleep, and enjoy each other, so when we awake, methinks, we shou'd employ our Thoughts about each other, when we are not contemplating Vertue, which I envy you; for the Hurry and Noise of this Place, deprives me of those sedate Thoughts, your agreeable Converse, and the Calm of a Country Retreat, us'd to inspire.

The mistaken World condemns your Sex for want of Judgment, and of being govern'd by the blind Dictamens of your Unruly and Criminal Passions; but I, that have the Honour to know you, Dear Lady, find their ill-natur'd Error, in fixing the Crime of a few on the whole Sex; but let these Self-Esteemers shew me two of the Philosophers regular, as You, in their Affections and Lives, except the Divine *Plato.*

Ah, Madam, how happy are we in so pure and undefil'd a Love, by which Souls mingle ev'ry Minute in the highest Extasie of Union, without the impeding Help (if I may use that seeming Contradiction) of our Bodies! Immortal must our Flame be, since the Immortal Part of us is only interested in it. The Cause of Inconstancy in *Common Love*, is

the *Body*, which being of so changeable a Nature, 'tis impossible it shou'd retain any Thing long, which has the least Dependance upon it: But the *Soul*, that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection it has once made Choice of. Wonder not at the Expression, Madam, for our Loves are the Effects of Choice, not Fancy; *Vertue* and *Wit* engage *us*, but Beauty and Vice *them*; both frail and fading, as the Joys they bring.

But ours, Madam, is the *Love of Angels*, sacred Sympathy unites our Souls, and mutual Virtues cement our Holy Vows, not only 'till Death, but even to the next Life of Glory; for it being a Native of Heav'n, it cannot lose its Being by returning thither, but rather improve it to a greater Degree than it cou'd attain here, oppos'd by the Cloggs of Gross, Material Bodies; for, like Fruits transplanted from a warm to a colder Climate, 'tis less perfect here, tho' it still retain its Form, Taste, and other Excellencies of its Heav'nly Nature, tho' not in so Exalted a Degree.

Uninterrupted Joy is the Product of our Passion, (if it merit so gross a Name) without any Mixture of Pain; 'tis like the *Vestal Fire*, burning without Material Fuel; whereas the other dies, and is soon extinguish'd, if depriv'd of its Fuel, Beauty; and the Auxiliary *Bellows* of Strifes and petty Squabbles, so small, and so unhappy is their Pleasure, that they can't arrive at, or relish it, unless they first, and often taste of Pain. Satiety attends their Success, and Quarrels serve for Exercise, to gain them a fresh Appetite. 'Twou'd be Endless to run thro' all the Advantages we have above them, and impertinent to you, who are so sensible of them. Nor, need I caution you, how to preserve the Empire you have obtain'd over your Body, since you know the Body is a *true Coward*; where it has the Mastery, being a Tyrant; but where 'tis over-power'd, easily kept in servile Awe. I shall therefore, only now subscribe my self,

MADAM,

Your Admirer, and Zealous Lover,

A. James.

My

' My Life on't (said *Chappel*) this is seme Anti-
' quated Batchelor, whose Sins of his Youth have
' made him abominate Matrimony. Or, rather (in-
' terrupted *Brook*) disabled him from Matrimonial
' Performances; and therefore prudently (pursu'd
' *Temple*) hides his Bodily Defect under the Mask
' of *Platonic* Love. And she some superanuated Ma-
' tron (said *River*) that has been neglected in a Car-
' nal Way, even by her own Coach-man. Right (as-
' sum'd *Grave*) a Woman never forgets the Flesh,
' 'till her Skin's turn'd into Buckram by Age. Nor
' then neither (added *Winter*) if she can make it sub-
' til, and smooth to some younger Brother by her
' Fortune. This Lady therefore (said *Summer*) must
' be poor, as well as old, she wou'd never else take
' up with empty Alms of Passions, meer Words. 'Tis
' well (*said I*) she can make a Vertue of Necessity,
' and fly to the Spirit, when she can't make use of
' the Flesh. *Platonic* Love (said *Church*) if we may
' judge by the Founder's Words, is not without its
' secret Hautgoust of the Flesh; I'm sure *Plato* seems
' to relish the Kiss of *Agatho*, with all the Fire of
' the most Amourous Debauchee. Right (conclu-
' ded *Fountain*) 'tis only a demure Bawd to secret
' Whoring; they being the greatest Friends to the
' Flesh in a Corner, who espouse the Spirit so much
' in the Face of the World.

LETTER XVII.

From a poor Scholar, in Answer to one that invited him to London, *complaining of the small Regard that's had to Learning there. 'Twas directed to Mr.* JACKSON, *to be left for him at* Man's *Coffee-House, near* White-Hall, London.

Honour'd Sir, Cambridge, *June* 1692.

YOU press me in your Letter, to forsake this Sacred Retreat of Learning, and come to *London* again. I confess, your Conversation is a mighty Bribe, to draw me to that Hive of *Noise* and *Nonsense*, *Ignorance* and *Villany*. But your Command (for so is your Request to me) I should not be Proof against, had I not too fresh an Experience of the Servile Condition a Man of my little Circumstances must be in there; whereas my small Fellowship affords me Ease and Content here, in Conversing with Men of *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Honesty*; who, for many a Year have not forsook this blessed Abode of the Muses, for all the Baits of Interest and Preferment, but content, sate down with unenvy'd Arts and Sciences, whilst the rest of the Mad World were scrambling for Riches and Dominion. 'Tis true, they are not very Learned in the Practice of the World, nor desire to be so; having no other Insight into Man, but what their Books afford them; and chiefly for that Reason I covet their Company, that I might forget what I know of Human Kind, and return to the first Innocent, tho' false *Idea* I had of it, before I was made sensible of my Error at so dear a Rate as *Experience*. The Practical Knowledge of *Man* may be

be curious indeed; but I'm sure 'tis a filthy Curiosity, that obliges us perpetually to pore in Excrement, and Corruption with little, or no Advantage. For what am I the better, for knowing that a Fool in a gay Coat, shall be set at the upper End of the Master's Table, whilst a Man of *Sense* shall be put off with a Scrap, at the lower End of the Servants? Or, that a bold, tatling *Ignorant*, shall pass among the greatest part for a *Scholar*, whilst a modest *Scholar* shall be censur'd for a Dunce? Or, what Advantage have I, by knowing that this young Spark, that owes the little Embellishments of his Mind, which he has, to my Care and Industry at the University, shall be asham'd to be seen in my Company, because I've not a daub'd lac'd Coat, or Waistcoat, for fear of Scandal to his Fops, and Beaux's, that now pervert with Ease, what I with such Pain had been so long Establishing.

I can't sit spunging at a Tavern with a Pack of Knights and Squires, and for my Club be oblig'd to laugh at, or praise their insipid Raileries, and think my self honour'd in their Conversation. Nor, can I with a Parasitical Face, creep to this Lord's Table, 'till I'm affronted by the very Footmen. In short, I can't make my self the Juck-pudding of the Company, to make a Set of Sots laugh 'till their Eyes are liquor'd like their Throats; and because Fortune has made me poor, fling away the Blessings of Nature, and make my self a Fool to save the Charges of my Club. To conclude, *Sir*, I can do nothing that's taking with the Town, and therefore, I desire you'd hold me excus'd, if I keep from it. Who am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

J. Bowls.

'This Spark (said *Grave*) has Judgment, as well 'as Wit, contenting himself with his present Condi- 'tion, rather than hazard a Certainty, for an Un- 'certainty. Nay (pursu'd *Winter*) a Man of *Wit* 'and *Learning*, pursues a Certainty of *Poverty* in the 'World, whilst he puts in for the Prize of Fortune with 'Fools and Knaves. True (added *Church*) for *Learn-* '*ing* like *Honesty*, is very much extoll'd, but very 'poor. Villany and Ignorance (continu'd *Summer*) 'gain *Wealth*; and *Honesty* and *Learning* starve. But 'if Fools and Knaves (said *Brook*) have a momentary 'Reign, the Man of Sense triumphs over them to 'After-Ages. I like his Expression (said *Temple*) 'of *Scrambling* for *Riches* and *Dominion*; for in the 'World, Men like Sir *Bartholomew Coake* in *Bart'l'mew* '*Fair*, scramble for the *Gilded* Ginger-Bread and Ap- 'ples *Fortune* throws among 'em; without regard to 'the Order and Decency of their *Habit*, *Quality*, *Age*, 'or *Station*. Here a *Judge* casts off his *Formal Gra-* '*vity* to sooth a Great *Court-Lady*, to make an Inte- 'rest for the *Great Seals*. Right (pursu'd *River*) and 'there a *Precise Doctor* throws aside his *Sanctified* '*Grimaces*, to flatter a supple *Favourite* for a *Bishoprick*, 'And that *Ancient Lord* (added *Chappel*) lets fall his '*Paternal Coronet*, whilst he's scrambling for the Prize 'with an up-start petty *Fogger*. But the Medly of Man- 'kind (said *Fountain*) is endless; and the Dance in 'the *Rehearsal* gives the best Idea of it of any thing 'I've seen, and therefore by the Criticks Leave, I 'think, that Dunce better writ, than an hundred of their 'ineffectual Precepts. The Anatomy therefore of 'Man (*concluded I*) both as to *Mind* and *Body*, is a '*Filthy Curiosity*, as he observes; where one must be- 'smeer one's self with Blood to trace the Intricate 'Meanders of each Nerve, and Motion, and all the 'Private Kingdom of Veins, and Arteries; by 'which the Mind, as well as Body, moves, and sub- 'sists.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

From a mighty Affecter of Similes to his Mistress. 'Twas directed to Mrs. MARY REDING, *at my Lady*-----S *House near St.* James's, London.

Thou more Charming than Fame,

YOU may as soon think to make a Spaniel not fawn upon you by kicking him, a Bully not truckle to you by thrashing him, or a Fool not caress you for exposing him, as me not to admire you for scorning me, and admiring you, adore you, and adoring you, love you, as much beyond measure, as a Gyants Coat is for a Pigmy; a large *Benefice* for an ignorant *Blockhead*; a good round Pension for an Informer; a general Applause for a damn'd dull Farce; a Judge's Robe for a Knavish Pettifogger; a Title of Honour for an *Alsatian* Spunger; or a General's Commission for a Page that was scarce ever a Mile from his Ladies back stairs. For I can no more refrain loving you with more ardour than a Quaker holds forth; or a Shopkeeper puts off his worst Wares for his best, than a Green-sickness Girl Chalk and Oatmeal; a damn'd Jilt, a free bleeding Cully; a Usurer, a young Heir apparent. Nor would I have you conjecture, by my Faith, that I shall prove a lazy Lover, for assure your self, I'll be as gamesome as a Sparrow; as Amorous as an *Indian Bore* (and that without the help of *Cantharides*, or an old Letcher in a flogging Bawdy-house. I'll be as playful as a Kitten, or my Ladies young Lap-dog, or pretty Misses in the Nursery, or---or--or--or-----By my Faith, now I think on't, I'll tell you a story. You must know that it was once the Custom among the Matrons of Antiquity, as often as they spy'd a Candle in a Chimny Corner, to say, *God give us light everlasting*, among the rest, there happened a venerable old Gentlewoman of a certain Village to come into her Neighbour House, and spying a brave toasting fire Nose high (the Nocturnal

Elucubrations of the good Man of the House) that she might not be thought to fall short of the exemplar piety of the rest of her Acquaintance, cry'd out, *God send us fire everlasting*. Now, that I may save you the labour of guessing, I'll tell you the meaning of it my self, therefore thou must know, thou more charming than a Simile, more diverting than a Hecatomb of pretty Stories, and sweeter than my own Stile. You must know, I say, thou Lilly of the Vallies (and O that I was in the Valley of thy Lillies, but thereby hangs a Tale) you must understand, I say once more my *Phillis*, my *Amarillis*, my *Dido*, my *Andromache*, my *Cleopatra*, you must know, I say finally, and understand and conceive, that I wish we may have fire Everlasting, I mean the fire of Love. But to conclude where I would have no end, I subscribe my self thy very

Faithful humble Servant,

Richard Maise.

'We were all pleas'd with the *Extravagance* of the 'Humour (tho' none of us knew at what the Letter 'aim'd. This is the *Product* of some *unfledg'd* Student '(said I) of the *Universities*, or *Inns of Court*, or some '*raw Callow Citt* (said *River*) who not content with be-'ing a *proficient* in his *Trade*, sets up for a *singularity* of '*Wit*. I rather think (*pursued Chappel*) 'tis some *young* '*Author*, who is more in love with himself than his *Mi-'stress*, and therefore thinks the *highest Complement* he 'can make her, is to tell her, she's *sweeter* than his '*own Stile*. Let him be what he will, I am sure (said '*Grave*) he's a *Coxcomb*, if he could pen that Letter 'with any *Opinion* of a *serious* Performance, and if he 'have no more *judgment* in his Works, he's but a meer '*Simile-monger* at best, and his Wit lies in a *Habit*, and 'Jingle without any design. O (*said Fountain*) there 'are abundance of our *Modern Authors*, who labour with 'Mr. *Bay*'s distemper of forgetting the Plot or Design 'of what they write. And yet (*said Temple*) their *Idle* 'productions shall sell among the best: But with the 'same Fate (pursued *Church*) with some of the *French* 'Scribblers mention'd by *Boileau*, who, tho' they were 'mightily admir'd and bought up at first, yet they have 'liv'd to see themselves and their works forgot. This 'Letter (said *Brook*) shews that the *force of Affectation* 'draws a Veil before the *Judgment*, which else would 'govern *Fancy* according to *Sense* and *Reason*. True

'(*said*

'(*said Summer*) Similes indeed, as Mr. *Dryden* obſerves, 'are the Products of a *Luxuriant Fancy*, but this Au-'thor ſeems like *Weeds*, to be wholly over-run with it. 'This is the more pardonable *Affectation* (concluded '*Winter*) becauſe the ſhorter; but ſome will continue 'the Extravagance to the Extent of a Volume, with-'out any ſatisfaction to the Mind of the Reader, who 'can never be content with a *meer laughter* at Folly for 'ſo long a time.

LETTER XIX.

From a Gentleman of the Univerſity to his Friend in Town, to know whether he ought, according to the Rules of Honour, fight a Man for a certain Affront receiv'd. It was directed thus, ------ *To Mr.* RIVER, *to be left at the Widows Coffee-houſe without* Temple-Bar, *deliver with care and ſpeed,* London.

'HOW! to me? (ſaid *River*, and would have ſnatch'd 'away the Letter) hold there, ſweet Sir (ſaid '*Temple*, putting him by) none of us muſt be exempt 'from the Law we have impoſed upon the reſt of the 'Nation; all that's here is publick prize, and all ſecrets 'muſt out. Gad, for all that I know, I may have two 'or three here my ſelf, ſo that I oblige you to no other 'Rule than what I'll ſubmit to. I'll not be the only 'Exception (ſaid *River*, and ſmil'd) to ſo general a 'Rule.

Dear RIVER, *Christ. Oxon, June,* 1692.

OUR mutual Friendship makes me trouble thee with the least Accidents of my Life, else methinks I shou'd wrong you in robbing you of the share you challenge in all I do or suffer; this has made me acquaint you with an Adventure I met with to'ther day at my Uncles, where I found a certain Man of the Blade of *London*, with whom falling into dispute about King *Charles* the First, being pretty well vers'd in *Rushworth's Collections*, he presum'd to tell me, I was *Impertinent*: I resented the Affront then, but the Company appeas'd me, and indeed I thought my Uncle's House no proper place to quarrel with his Acquaintance in: I therefore defer'd it till I met him at *Oxford*, whither I understood he design'd in a few days. I desire you therefore (who, I know, are perfectly skill'd in all the points of Honour, and in e'ry thing that is the Duty of a Gentleman) to send me your Opinion, whether I ought to fight him, or let it die: I know you wou'd not have me engage in a ridiculous Quarrel, nor suffer any thing that may injure my Reputation. You have the Authority of a Father, or what's more, of a Friend over me: I therefore desire your immediate Answer; who am,

Your real faithful Friend,

C. RICHARDSON.

‘ Had I receiv'd this in private, I shou'd have commu-
‘ nicated it to you (said *River*) for 'tis from a pretty
‘ ingenious Youth I value and esteem, as he indeed de-
‘ serves, and whom I desire shou'd have as tender a va-
‘ lue as he ought for his Reputation, without a ridiculous
‘ Niceness; and (as he says) I wou'd have him avoid
‘ the Extreams of Cowardize and Bullying. But I'll
‘ first have your Opinions before I write an Answer.
‘ To me (said *Temple*) upon a serious Reflection, the
‘ whole business seems very ridiculous to put ones self
‘ upon an equal (nay, perhaps a much greater)
‘ hazard with the Man, that has injur'd me; whereas
‘ in reason, I ought to punish his Offence with hazard
‘ to him alone that was guilty, else I only add an Inju-
‘ ry to my self, to that I have receiv'd from another;
‘ and in this I think the *Spaniard* and *Italian* more ratio-
‘ nal, for a rascally Offence (and such is e'ery design'd
‘ Affront, as much below a Man of honour to give
‘ as

'as to take) ought to be punisht by a Rascal, not a 'Gentleman, that pretends to any thing above a Hang-'man. For this Custom and Notion of Honour, sets 'up a private Tribunal of Life and Death in ev'ry 'Man's Bosom, who, when he's satisfy'd of anothers 'Offence, as he has been the Judge, will be the Exe-'cutioner, and that, as if fond of Ignominy, with the 'risque of his own Life. But how can that (said I) 'be the Arbitration of Courage (for so is Tilting 'esteem'd) where a Coward that is perfect in his 'Sword, shall, ten to one, kill the stoutest Hero; or 'an Arbitration of the Justice of a Cause, where the 'Decision lies upon the Skill of the Parties Engag'd; 'and where the Injur'd may fall, and the Injurer tri-'umph in a second Offence of a far higher Nature than 'the first, and that with the consent of the party 'wrong'd? If your Friend (said *Winter*) be not ex-'pert at his Weapon (a College improving a Man in 'Books, not Swords) 'tis not courage, but madness, 'tho' he receiv'd the Affront, to venture a Tilt with 'him, whose Trade it has been; that being to run up-'on certain Death without any prospect of Advantage, 'contributing more to his Enemy's than his own satis-'faction. In such a Case (said *Chappel*) I think a Man 'had better imitate a Doctor of Physick of my Acquain-'tance, who meeting one that had a Pique against him 'on the Back-stairs at *White-Hall*, with a great deal of 'Patience, let him give him the Lye; a Lord that 'follow'd him, ask'd him why he took the Lye? No, 'my Lord, said he, he wou'd indeed have fasten'd it 'upon me, but I wou'd not take it. The Doctor (said '*Summer*) was in the right on't, I think, being better 'skill'd doubtless, in *Recipes*, than *Ters* and *Quart*; for 'a Man in those Circumstances may with as much Ho-'nour (if Honour be not repugnant to Reason and 'common Sense) refuse the Combate, as avoid en-'gaging with half a dozen Men at a time, the odds 'in this being greater. If I have a right Notion of 'Honour (said *Church*) it consists as much in not offer-'ing, as not suffering a base Action: But drawing up-'on a naked Man, is the meanest and basest of Actions, 'and to draw on him that is not skill'd in a Sword, 'which then can be no defence to him, is to draw upon 'one unarm'd. Nay, more than that, (said *Brook*) a 'Man of Honour ought not only to be free from Villa-'ny, but also from the suspicion of it, which he can 'never be, if he takes those measures for the satisfaction 'of his Honour, by which in reality, he may deserve

'rather

‘ rather the Name of a Bravo, than that of a Hero; ‘ for engaging with a Man less skill'd than my self, is ‘ not a Jot better than assassinating him, which I take ‘ to be the Office of a Coward, and a Ruffian, not of a ‘ Man of Honour and Courage: And yet this is un- ‘ avoidable in Duelling; so that I think 'tis far from be- ‘ ing a proper Umpire of Honour or Courage. Come, ‘ come (said *Fountain*) you may talk as you please of ‘ the Reason of the thing, but I'm sure Custom will ‘ over-weigh all your Reasons, and decide the business ‘ against you. 'Tis true, faith (said *Grave*) *Custom*, ‘ that senseless Refuge of non-pluss'd Fools, will carry ‘ it, and the Men of Reason must either be born down ‘ the Tide of that, or be piss'd on by e'ry Jackanapes; ‘ but if there were but half so many Men of Sense as ‘ there are Fools, there wou'd be no such wretched ‘ Plea, for the most irrational of our Actions; for as ‘ *Knaves* have the greatest share of managing, if not ‘ making Laws, so have *Fools* in forming Customs. But ‘ methinks now Tilting is become the Practice of Play- ‘ ers, and Citts upon their scandalous Quarrels; 'tis ‘ time for Gentlemen to leave it off, as the Ladies for- ‘ merly left off Mants, because e'ry Chamber-maid ‘ got into them.

‘ But as for your Friend, *River*, I think the first occa- ‘ casion being over, and the cause of Quarrelling so tri- ‘ fling, his skill in Fencing (I suppose) not extraordi- ‘ nary, he may e'en drown the Memory of it in the Oce- ‘ an of *Aristotle*, or the World of *Descartes*, or the Mo- ‘ rals of *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*; let him give himself to ‘ thinking whilst he may, and he'll meet with occa- ‘ sions enough to shew his Courage, when he comes to ‘ share in the thoughtless Broils of this Town. Upon ‘ the whole, Gentlemen (concluded *River*) I find my ‘ Friend must keep his Dudgeon still in its Case; and ‘ I agree with you, tho' I have known one *Dear Ca-* ‘ *ressing*, Drinking Friend cut anothers Throat, upon ‘ as slight a Matter.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

From an Author to his Friend, that had condemn'd some of his Performances; It was Directed to Mr. ROBERTS, *at the Sign of the Three* Tobacco-Pipes *in* Drury-Lane.

Dear Jack, *Tunbridge* June 1692.

I Must confess I wonder'd at your late Strangeness, in not Coming to see me, when I was nearer the Towr, but I could not think it the consequence of your guilt, as I am now apt to believe it was, being inform'd that you are very free in your Censures of my last Play. I can scarce imagine you can betray your Folly so much as to condemn that, which I am sure merits your Praise: I think without vanity, I may say so, since the Town by the success of my attempts that way, has allowed my Judgment in writing: My Reputation is too well setled for the Malice of my Enemies to destroy, I know some are not a little disquieted at the Fame I have got, but I value not their Efforts. I would have you keep me your Friend, as I yet am, tho

Injured, W. M.

'This is but a concise product of Vanity, (said *Chappel*) the epidemic distemper of Authors, most of whose 'Happiness consists in having a good esteem of their 'own Performances, from the *Laureat* to the *Penny-Chronicler.* I know the Hand and the Author too, '(pursu'd *Fountain*) and can assure you, his Discourse 'always agrees with this Letter, especially since some 'Success he has met with in a Dialogue of his Wri'ting, hath nothing but Affectation and Vanity. I must

'say

'say this (said *Winter*) in his Vindication (for his Hand
'and Stile must discover him to all this Company, I'm
'sure) that his Vanity is excusable, since he meets
'with so many Flatterers, that it is hard for him to
'think he has not a great deal of Desert. True (said
'*Church*) the modestest Man in the World cannot be
'so good proof against *Self-esteem*, as not to entertain
'a favourable Opinion of himself, when the World
'applauds his Performance. Nay, I know a Gentle-
'man (said *Temple*) that pretends to, and has I be-
'lieve, as much Modesty as any Author, who tho he
'will never speak in commendation of himself, shall
'yet with no little ardour and disturbance undertake
'a Defence of what he writes, if any one in his com-
'pany chance to cavil at it. Vanity (said *Brook*) is so
'general a failing, that I am of opinion, 'tis essen-
'tial to our Nature; every Man being infected with
'it as well as Authors, only some have the advantage
'of hiding it better than others. I confess (said I) we
'seem ev'n in our condemnation of this Author, to dis-
'cover our selves tainted with the same we accuse in
'him, and that without the Temptation of the defe-
'rence the Town shews to his Parts. We discover
'no more (pursued *Summer*) than the Conversation of
'the World does tolerate, which always makes bold
'with the absent; the Follies of all Men, except
'those of the present Company, afford wonder, and
'laughter, but those are plac'd too nigh to be distin-
'guish'd. They that can only see their own Defects
'(said *River*) I fancy not unlike the Pur-blind that can
'only read when the Book almost touches the Eye.
'I'm very confident (concluded *Grave*) we shew no
'great Arrogance or Self-esteem, in venturing to cen-
'sure what is obvious to Common-sense, as the intole-
'rable Vanity of this Letter is, the over-looking such
'gross Follies, in my opinion, gives a greater proof of
'our Ignorance, than Good-nature or Wisdom.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

From a Country Fellow, giving an Account of London *to his Cousin in the Country. It was directed to* Thomas Stiles *at Master* Tompson's *House, near* Taunton *in* Sommerset-shire.

Cousin TOM, *Lond. June*, 1692.

HOping you are all well, as cham at this present Writing, thanks be to God: These are to let you know, that cham got zafe to *London* Zity, where the Volk walk up and down e'ry day, thicker than at *Taunton* Vair, every Door is a Zhop, zo that one wou'd strange that they cou'd live by one another, and yet they all go viner than the Justices Zon, and their Wives and Daughters, than the Daughters of the last Mayor of *Wells*; the Streets are all hung as thick as e'er they can thwack with Zigns, the worst ov'e 'em viner than Master *Kilderin*'s at the *George* a Horse-back. Then there's zuch a din Night and Day, that the noise *John Tabour* the Drummer of the Train'd-Bonds made, when he beat a Point of War last *Whitzand-ale*, at Gonmer *Zoules*'s, was nothing to't. You may zooner hear zoftly *Dick* the Miller make love to *Joan Black Are* just by the Binn, Voor all the Clapper, than hear one another speak here, tho we stoud close together; nay, by all the Vlesh o've my Bones, if *Zimon* the Cleark of our Parish were to give out a Zalm in one of the groet Streets here, with as tearing a voice as he does on a *Zunday* at Evening Prayer, after he has din'd at the Parson's on good Beef and Pudding, and Turkies, and Chickens, and such special Vare, with a bouncing Grace-cup of Humming-stout, at a little distance, you'd zwear he did but whisper. Chave vound my Londlords house at last, with much ado, but they zaid when Cha was come thither, that he was gone to the Change, Chad a mind

mind to zee that zame place, zoo che went with my Londlords Mon, who zhew'd me the woy, 'twas a hugeous vine place indeed, with a Steeple higher than any in *Zummerset-shire*; but O Zoes, when Chad enter'd it, the Men stood thicker than they do at the choozing Knights of the Zheer; and there was zuch a buz, that if all the Bees in our Garden, nay, in all our Parish zould zwarm at a time, they cou'd not make zuch a humming; we justl'd about zo from one to another, that in the throng Chad like to a bin loft; therevore Che got my Londlords Man to zhew the woy back to his Masters House; after my Londlord came home, Che paid him zome Rent, and you may tell *Zicily* Chave put off her two Brass Half Crowns, and twice as many ov'e my own. These *Londoners* think themzelves woundy cunning, but chave chooc'd half a duzzen o've e'm, vor all they gurn like your Masters Mare, when the worson Jade has a mind to play zome plaguy trick, to zee my Dress and Talk. My Londlord made me raize my Rent, or a wou'd not zeal a new Leaze; but cha done him as good a turn, vor Chave'got twice as good in lieu of the Rent, because Chad witt to do't, in that he did not understond, and zo we were both pleaz'd; he in squeezing me, and che in over-reaching him. He zent his Mon to zhew me the Town, and the virst place we came into was a *Coffee-house*, where volk give a penny for a spoonvul of whot Broth, like the Liquer in a Tanning Vat; but then vor that penny you zitt down among Gentlevolk cheek-by-joul: There were a groet many wize Men in that *Coffee-house*, where che was, and che took 'em vor Magistrates, they talk'd zo o've Kings and Princes, and governing o've the Nation; but my Londlords Mon told me, they were nothing but Zhop-keepers, and Tradesmen; one, zaid he, is a Turner, another a Joiner, the third a Carpenter, and zo nam'd half a score zuch Trades as we ha' in the Country: Odds zoes, che zaid, zure they have zome other way of teaching their Trades than we ha', vor a great many o've zuch with us cou'd zcarce zay Boh to a Gouze; vrom thence we went to the Play, which is indeed a groet deal better than a Mumming, or any zuch thing; but there was zuch a chattering about one that che cou'd not hear what they zaid that were upon the Stage, so that che wish'd chad my Eighteen-pence again: vor che did not think the Zight worth the Mony: Chave zeen a groet many other Zights; but upon the whole, cham o'th' mind, thou hadst better keep whaure thee art, vor cham zure, thee cout not lye,

zwear,

zwear, nor steal, and Gadsbodikings, unless thou canst do twon o've 'em, thee mayst e'en blow thy Nails here. Cham thy loving Uncle,

OBADIAH WHEATSHEAR.

'*Winter* happened to read this, but cou'd make no-
'thing of it. But *Chappel* being of that Country, gave
'it a more natural Air on a second perusal, which fur-
'nish'd us with a great deal of Mirth; and after that
'was over, I know not (said *Temple*) what has engag'd
'your Laughter, Gentlemen, if it be the good grace
'of *Chappel* in his mimicking the Boors of his Country,
'I agree with you; but if it be the fancy'd Folly of the
'Writer, I am much of another Opinion: For the Odd-
'ness of the Language is not so self-ridiculous as Cu-
'stom persuades. Nay, the truth on't is (pursu'd *Win-*
'*ter*) were his Language a little refin'd, the Fellow
'might pass for a Wit here in Town, he's so well stor'd
'with Similes. No faith (return'd *Church*) he wou'd
'pass but for a Fool here; for his Similes are natural,
'and to the purpose; whereas the Wits using them
'not for Illustration, but meer Trappings, never mind
'their Impertinence. Nature is as free without doubt
'(said I) of her gift of Wit to the Peasants, as to the
'loftier part of Mankind, only they want the artificial
'Advantages of Education and Conversation. There's
'nothing more evident from History, the greatest *Au-*
'*thomodoulet*, or Chief Minister of State of *Persia*, was
'a Shepherd, and the Emperor *Justin* a Labourer. We
'grant it endless (interrupted *Fountain*) to run through
'History, for all the proofs that affords of this; since
'e'ry day, we may observe in the Yeomanrys of the most
'barbarous Corners of the Nation good Natural Parts,
'which for want of a more generous Knowledge, are di-
'rected by the general Instinct of Self-interest. Thus
'far the Writer of this Letter (said *Summer*) is arriv'd
'as you'll find by his Brass Half Crowns, &c. And to say,
'truth, I never knew it, but the Country Gray-Coat
'was in Bargain, in Affairs they understood, too hard
'for the Citt. True (said *Grave*) but they may thank
'their Self-opinion, and their Fancy, that because the
'Clown is ignorant, he must be silly and honest. For
'my part (pursu'd *River*) I can't think ignorance the
'Mother of Honesty, any more than of Devotion, yet
'the Country, by the fine Ideas the Poets have given
'of it, carries the Bell of Ignorance and Integrity

‘ from the Town. But (answer'd *Chappel*) *Cowley*, one ‘ of the greatest Admirers of it, was at last convinc'd ‘ of his Error, when he found how e'ery one of them ‘ cheated, and abus'd him in his Hay, and such other ‘ things he was not so well skill'd in. All that I shall ‘ observe (concluded *Brook*) is, That like the rest of ‘ Mankind, his appearance and reality, are not very ‘ well acquainted, having the Face of *Simplicity*, but ‘ the Heart of a *Knave*.

LETTER XXII.

From a Lover to a Lady who had fled from his Adresses in the Country: It was directed to Madam PRICE *in* Medstone *in* Kent, *with care deliver.*

MADAM, Lond. *June the* 1692.

YOu need not have fled from me, since your Command had been sufficient, to have deliver'd you from the sight of so great a Wretch as I am, and damn'd me to a perpetual Absence, tho' you had continu'd in Town. 'Tis true, I live, but by seeing you, but it is worse than Death, to see you at the expence of your Ease and Satisfaction. The vain appearance of Hope, which I flatter'd my self you once gave me, presented me with such an Idea of coming Happiness, that I cou'd not relish any thing of the other Delights and Pleasures of Life. Then, dear Madam, what must be the Torture I now endure, by being convinc'd of the the Loss of all those transporting Joys in your Indignation? But alas, you neither will, nor can be sensible of this, unless you lov'd to that degree as does your

Unhappy Slave,

C. Smithson.

‘ Alas poor *Damon* (said *Temple*) there is too much ‘ Submission and Respect in this Letter to prevail, if ‘ thy

thy Mistress be of the common Mould of her Sex. and too much Sense too (pursu'd *Church*) for most Women love their like, and hate a Man that can either write *English*, or spell. True (said *Brook*) that makes so many senseless *Irish-men*, and other Foreigners prevail, tho' the refuse of their own Country. What Man of Sense then (pursu'd I) wou'd dote on such a Trifle as that Sex; which tho', it damn'd Mankind for the sake of tasting of the Tree of Knowledge of *Good* and *Evil*, can yet no better distinguish betwixt them. For my part (answer'd *Winter*) I am of Opinion, that we are pretty equal with them, for our Love ending in our own Satisfaction, we as little consult the Merit of the Party belov'd, as they do. Prithee, Love's but a specious Name (reply'd *River*) a Chymera we build up, and no more in Nature, than the Monster in the Tempests; both Cubs of the Poet's Brain. True (said *Summer*) and we carry on the Humour and Character of it in our *Billet doux* and Addresses, only to gain our Ends. I'm of opinion (answer'd *Fountain*) that this Letter is the Result of his real Sentiments, and that he is some raw young Spark newly come from the University, full of the Poetical Notions of the Joys of Love. And has never found (interrupted *Chappel*) by Experience, how much the Practice falls short of the Theory, and Fruition of Expectation. Which makes it evident (concluded *Grave*) that the Soul is capable of framing greater Joys, in the Imagination, than any *Nature* has been capable of providing for the Body,

LETTER XXIII.

From One that design'd to supplant his Relation, to his Friend and Confident. ----- *'Twas directed thus, to Mr.* JAWL, *at his Chambers in* Clifford's-Inn, London; *with Care and Speed.*

Dear DICK, *Surrey*, June 1692.

MY Nephew designs for Town very suddenly; he seems to stagger in his Resolutions, as if he suspected my Intentions. The Writings I hope, are ready, and drawn as I directed, unless he seals, part with never a Farthing; get what you can of him, that you may be the Easier to thy Faithful Friend,

OB. SWEEPSTAKES.

'A short and pithy piece of Villany this, (said *Brook*) 'Nature and Honesty, make trukle to Interest, without much formality. 'Tis the Sum of the General 'Practice (answered *Chappel*) Money being *Health*, '*Beauty*, *Courage*, *Vertue*, and every thing else, nothing 'being a Crime that fills the Purse, and nothing a 'Vertue that empties it. Yet ev'n Villany is alleviated (reply'd *River*) by Circumstances; for to break 'the Laws of Just and Right, for a trivial Matter, is 'unpardonable, and discovers a Love ev'n of the Guilt, 'but a mighty prospect of Advantage, might be supposed to make us only forget it. True (pursued *Temple*) we hear *Cæsar* with Pleasure rather than Anger, 'repeating the Verse of *Euripides*, which was to this 'Sense:

If Right may be violated, it may for Empire,
But in all things else be a lover of Vertue.

'For at that time the Roman Empire presented a 'Noble Motive to his Ambition; but to see such con- 'tending for it, when torn to pieces by the inundations 'of *Barbarians* in the time of *Valentinian*, raises our in- 'dignation when we read 'em. Right (added *Church*) 'for whatever the Antient might deserve, I'm sure 'those wretched Remains of the Majesty of *Rome*, cou'd 'not merit so many Treasons and Murders, to pur- 'chase them. Less still (said *Fountain*) does such a tri- 'fle, as a poor Country Estate deserve Damnation, both 'here, and hereafter. And this Estate (pursued *Win- 'ter*) perhaps is not above forty or fifty pound a Year, 'which costs so many Bribes, Lyes, Forgeries, and 'Perjuries. 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but the *Quality* '(said I) that allures us; we naturally covet what is 'not our due; the Fool is pleas'd to be call'd a Wit, 'the Knave affects the Title of an honest Fellow, the 'Upstart is fond of Deference and Respect, the Cow- 'ard fain wou'd be fear'd and the Ugly lov'd, the Pre- 'cise wou'd be thought Saints, and the Ignorant 'Learn'd. But 'tis strange, (return'd *Grave*) that for- 'did interest shou'd have so Universal a Charm as to en- 'gage most Men to forget those Bonds of Nature 'which the irrational Animals are most obedient to. 'But since 'tis not so strange as true (concluded *Summer*) 'e'ry Man should stand on his guard, never trust a Re- 'lation, or any other, any farther than Reason, and 'his own apparent Interest allow.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

From a Jealous Wife to her Husband in Town. 'Twas Directed to Mr. SMITH, *to be left for him at the* Sun *Coffee-house in the* Strand; London. *With Care.*

Mr. Smith,

I Wonder what detains you in *London* thus long, I'm very sure the Business you went about, might have been finish'd in one Quarter of the Time; but I suppose you Delay your Return, to be the longer out of my hated Company with your Harlots. Well, well, Mr. *Smith*, you must pretend no more to the Name of a Gentleman, when you came a Wooing to me, you swore a Thousand Oaths, 'twas for Love of my Person, and not my Money, but you have not only broke all them, but your Marriage Vow too. I receiv'd a Hypocritical Letter from you t'other Day, but I found it seal'd with another Body's Seal. In short, Mr. *Smith*, either reform, or I protest I'll not live with you, and if you return not quickly, I'll come to Town, and rout you out of your Holes. What, tho' I am a little Older than you, I am Amiable enough in other Eyes, and if I were so minded, I could revenge my self in another Way, but I scorn the Thought on't, and only wish you could be as Constant, and Vertuous as my self, who am

Your Faithful, tho' Injur'd Wife,

M. Smith.

This

'This Gentleman (said *Winter*) is Wiv'd, or I'm mi-
'staken. He had his Choice (answer'd *Brook*) you
'find by this Letter. True (said I) Money, and Age.
'Tis fit therefore (pursu'd *River*) he has his Punish-
'ment for perverting the End of Matrimony; that is
'(added *Summer*) a Scold, and Jealous. She that's
'Jealous (said *Fountain*) must be a Scold. But (said
'*Chappel*) I cannot understand, why one of our Poets
'calls Jealousie the Jaundice of the Soul, that Distem-
'per holding no Analogy with it; that renders the
'Body heavy, weak, and drowsie. Right, but Jea-
'lousie (pursu'd *Temple*) makes the Mind active, stir-
'ring, and perpetually in Motion. He scarce deserves
'pity (said *Church*) since he cou'd expect no other when
'he marry'd, and he that sees a Danger, and will not
'avoid it, deserves to perish in it; and truly (conclud-
'ed *Grave*) the speedy Way to Ruine, is such a Wife,
'who affords no Ease at Home, but condems her Hus-
'band to Torments there, or the Fate of the *Jews* abroad,
'*rambling*. But here is another has a Mind to venture
'into the Noose. Here's Love in Abundance, what-
'ever there is of Wit.

LETTER XXV.

From a young Lady, that had been betray'd by Love, to the Embraces of a Young Gallant, who had got her with Child, to whom she sends this Letter, to desire him to save her Honour, and by some Means help her to something that may cause Abortion. 'Twas Directed to Mr. RICHARDS, *at his Chamber in the* ------- Temple, London.

My dear false one, *Pomfret,* 1692.

WHY did you betray me by so many Vows, and Sighs, to believe you lov'd me? Or, Why did you pursue my Ruin because I lov'd you? Is Mankind

so strange a Creature, that we cannot love him without Ruin, nor hate him without the Imputation of Hypocrisie, and Cruelty? Sure you have bewitch'd me, to make me still love him, that I perceive has not only undone me, but contemns me, for what he treacherously betray'd my easie Heart to grant! Ah, if you have no Love, shew some Regard to my Misfortune, of which your self are Author, and send me some Medicine to procure Abortion, that so, at least by adding a fresh Crime to my former, I may secure my Reputation, tho' I have lost my Innocence. Your own Safety is concern'd in this, as well as my Happiness, for you may be sure my Brother will never forgive the Injurer of the Honour of his Family. I can no more at present for Crying, to find what a Condition my Fond Credulity has brought me to, I am, False Man, Cruel, Unkind, Dear Man,

Thy unhappy,

E. R.

'Well, did *Periander* say (cry'd *Grave*) that *Consideration was all in all?* True (*continu'd* Winter) for that 'would redeem *Mankind* from all its *Follies*, if he 'weigh'd but the *Inconveniences* of all his *Actions*. This 'poor Lady (*said* Church) indeed, perhaps, would 'have sav'd her self a lasting trouble by that means. 'She is one of the Million of *daily Examples* (said *River*) 'of the *forsaken*, *believing Sex*. *Consideration* (said '*Brook*) would have told her, that *Man* generally seeks 'that with *Earnestness*, which he quits with Ease, when 'once *obtain'd*. And that (pursu'd I) in *Ambition* as 'well as *Love*: Thus *Diocleſian*, that waded through 'Blood to *Empire*, when he was in the *sectrest Enjoyment* of it, forsook it. So *violent* (said *Summer*) and '*inconsiderate* are all our *Passions*, and so *changeable* our '*Desires*. However equal the *Folly*, and *Crime* may be, '(said *Temple*) in the *wanton Dalliances of Love*, I'm sure 'the *Woman* goes away with the *Shame*, as well as *Pain*. 'Tis pity (said *Fountain*) that there is that *Ignominy* attends the propagation of our kind, that those whom 'Heav'n has made *fruitful*, should be oblig'd to desire 'its *Curse*, *Barrenness*, for that Blessing, as this Lady 'does. As for her, (concluded *Chappel*) I find by the 'Letter her *Honour* may be salv'd, and her *Child* sav'd, 'since there's a *violent Brother* in the Case, who commonly makes the *inconstant Man* pay his *Liberty* for his '*Frolick*.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

From a Lady, who consents to a Debauch, upon Condition that her Husband agreed to't. 'Twas Directed to Mr. WEALBY, *at his House near* Brumly, *in* Kent.

SIR, *London,* June 1692.

YOU have so importun'd me with Letters, and Addresses; that in my own Defence I must send you an Answer, in which is my final Resolve: I am not so cruel to neglect his Sufferings, which I have caus'd, or to slight a Man, that I have reason to think, values me; I shall, therefore, do any thing to satisfie your Passion, that I can do without Prejudice to my Husband, but if he consent, there can be no Injury done him. Perhaps, this propo al is not so extravagant as it may seem, for Money is his God, and his Love to: So that if I am worth the purchasing, I dare say, he'l scarce overvalue me. This Sir, I hope, will free me from your Addresses, or else satisfie your Desires, which I wish with all my Heart, who am

Yours to command,

B. Rock.

'This is one of the Oddest Sort of *conditional Consents* to a *Debauch* (said *Temple*) I ever met with in my 'Life. Nay, if she will yield (said *Winter*) to her '*Lover*, with the Consent, of her *Husband*, he has 'cause enough to believe She won't long resist without 'it. For my part (said *Chappel*) I rather take it for a '*Banter*, than her *real meaning*. The Truth on't is 'answer'd *Summer*) 'tis not very reasonable to think 'the *Husband* will ever consent to his own *Cuckoldom*, 'O! you're under a great Mistake (replied *Fountain*) 'for

"for there's many a Man will put his *Horns* in his *Pock-*
"*ets*, if they are but *Silver-gilt*. Nay, the *Air* of the
"*Letter* (obtain'd *Church*) seems to intimate the *Hus-*
"*band*'s Consent already contain'd. Right (pursu'd
"*Brook*) on the Condition aforesaid, Money will do
"all Things. The *City of London* (said I) has not been
"barren of Examples of this Nature, to my Know-
"ledge. In short, (said *River*) the *Letter* is so cunning-
"ly worded, that she comes off with Credit if the *Gal-*
"*lant* be stingy, and gains her Point if the *Money* be
"forth-coming. Nay, where *Vice* is to be manag'd
"with *dexterity* (concluded *Grave*) commend me to a
"*Woman*, especially when she has either *Pleasure*, or
"Profit in it.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Citizen to one in the Country, who had his Bastard to maintain. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. GOSTED *at her House near* Rumford, *in* Essex.

Dear Mrs. Gosted,

HAVE a little Patience, I protest, as soon as I can get a little Money, without my Wife's knowing it, I'll send it you: I have sent you Twenty Shillings by the *Rumford* Coachman, I would not have it known for the World: I hope the Child is well, you need not fear your Money, I'll omit no Opportunity of getting it up, and that with all the Speed I can: Come, come, 'twas a Delicious Slip of Nature, and if Grace be wanting, and such a tempting Creature opportune, come, there is none, tho' more Precise than my self, but would do the same. Therefore, good Mistriss *Gosted*, have a care of my little Bantling; it may chance to be my Heir if I outlive my Wife, for 'tis a finer Boy than any she has had by me. Dear Mistress

Gosted.

Gosted, I have sent you a Dozen of Gloves for a Present. I am

Yours to Command,

D. Rab.

'Here's a *Hen-peckt Slave* (said *Temple*) has ventur'd 'upon *Adultery*, tho' he can't purloin (added *Chappel*) 'enough from his *Lady-wife* to pay for the keeping of 'his *Bastard*. How *epidemic* and *powerful* is *Lust* (said '*Grave*) against which no station almost can secure us. 'The *Divine* steals Time (pursu'd *Winter*) from the '*Apocalyps*, to reveal his *frailty* to a *Whore*. The '*Lawyer* (continu'd *Church*) that cheats in his *Study*, is 'bubbl'd in a *Bawdy-house*. The *Philosopher* (added '*Fountain*) retires from the *Disquisition* of the *Mine-*'*ral Kingdoms*, to find out the *Way* of a *Young Man* 'with a *Maid*. Which is a *difficult search* (said *Ri-*'*ver*) if we believe *Solomon*. The very *busie trading* '*Citt* (assum'd I) can find his leisure hours from *Op-*'*pression*, for this *Peccadillo*. The *Poor*, (said *Summer*) 'and the *Rich* fall within the Observation. And the '*Tyrants* of their *Families* (concluded *Brook*) as well as 'the *Obedient Husbands*, of this *Spark's Kidney*.

LETTER XXVIII.

From a Lawyer to the Knight of the Post, about a Cause he was to swear in, with Instructions in the Case. This Letter was wrote in Characters, but the Company at last decipher'd it:

'Twas Directed to Major Bince, *to be left for him at the* Hand Coffee-house *in* White-Fryers.

Dear Major, Wiltshire, *June* 1692.

BE sure you be not out of the Way by the first Day of the next Term, for then the Cause comes on; I have told you what you are to swear, be sure you remember

member all the Circumstances, and Directions I gave you, use your self to assert it in the mean Time in Company, and by their Objections you may find how to strengthen your Evidence on the Day of Trial. If you, and your Creature do the Work effectually, I'll add ten Guineas to what we have agreed for; if we baffle the Plaintiff this Bout, I know his Abilities so well, that he can never be able to bring it about again, and when I have him at my Mercy, never fear, I'll secure him from ever attempting it. I have sent a Token to you by my Man *Dick*, who left *Croom* a fortnight since, so I suppose you have receiv'd it. Let me hear from you, if you want my Advice in any thing of the Matter, who am

Your Faithful Friend,

W. H.

'Here's a pure piece of *Knavery*, (*cry'd out Rivers*) 'the Law that is ordain'd for the *security* of our *Property*, is manag'd by the Sons of *Belial* to the *ruin* of 'Hundreds. 'Tis as dangerous (*said I*) to venture to 'engage with a *Lawyer* in a Suit of Law, as with a 'Fencing-master in a Duel; *Death*, and *Ruin*'s the Consequence. The Fable of the *Dog* and the *Sheep* (*pursu'd Brook*) is his parallel, the *Vultures*, *Kites*, and 'Wolves, all give in evidence against the *defenceless Sheep*. 'So that our Estates are upon a ticklish point (*said Church*) for if there can be no Law against a *Knavish Lawyer*, they'll be our own no longer, than till they 'can get a *Finger* in them. True (*continued Fountain*) 'he that has the *Power*, and the *Will* to do an *Injury*, 'will easily find an occasion. This Spark is perfect in 'his *Trade* (*said Chappel*) for he has given him the 'Receipt of a Lyar, to tell his Story so often over, 'that at last he asserts it as if he really believ'd it himself. In short (*said Grave*) the whole Affair is a 'Juggle, and he that pretends to get by the Law, must 'be none but a *Lawyer*; for let the *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* have never so good a *Cause*, the *Counsels* run away 'with the *Bone* from both. Their numerous Volumes 'of Interpretations of *Statutes*, and *Precedents*, &c. '(*said Temple*) have only served to confound the whole, 'and make it as doubtful as the *true Religion*. As the

'old

'*old Man* that consulted *three Lawyers* on a point in *Law*, 'found it (*pursu'd Summer*) you have earn'd your *Fees*, '*said he*, for you have encreased my *Ignorance*, and I am 'farther to seek now, than I was at first. But methinks '(*concluded Winter*) a *Lawyer* that is a *Knave*, and pro-'phanes the *Sanctuary* of the wrong'd, deserves *Death* 'and *Torments* without Mercy, and is far more injurious 'to the *Common-wealth*, than a *whole Band of Robbers*.

LETTER XXIX.

From a Lady in the Country to another in London; *giving an Account of a Dream she had. 'Twas Directed to Madam* LOCK, *at her House in* Charle's-street, Westminster.

Dear Madam,

I Was extreamly surpriz'd to hear the News of your Daughters Marriage to Mr. *Softstead*, for the very very Night before I had this Dream, methought I was walking out into the Meadow just above my Cousin *Johnson*'s-House, all alone, and of a sudden I heard a great deal of Music, but cou'd see no Body, though methought I heard a great many Men and Women. After that methought my dead Husband was alive, and brought me Home a whole Cargo of Diamonds, Rubies, and precious Stones, I was so o're joy'd at the Treasure, that I awak'd, and your Son arriv'd here, and told me his Sister was to be Marry'd that very day; but having Company here, I could not come, but I hope my Dream may presage her

her Wealth, and Content, my Dreams are always ominous. Little Betty is very bad of an Ague, this *Kentish* Air does not agree with her, and I begin to be weary of the Country; and wish for your good Company, whom am,

Your humble Servant,

Ruth Fall.

'Now can't I for my Life (said *Summer*) find what 'Analogy this Dream has to the *Wedding*. Full as much 'answer'd *Temple*) as most *Dreams* have that pass for 'Omens. Right (pursu'd *Fountain*) for what likeness 'has a *Tree* to *Empire*, yet the Dream of *Astyages*, was 'so interpreted to him. I am of Opinion (said *Chappel*) 'that most of those *Prognostic Dreams* we find in History, were made after the Event like the Prophecies 'of these latter days. I'm not of your Opinion (answer'd *River*) for 'tis certain that Dreams of old were 'the Informations of Heaven, for when *Saul* came to 'the Witch of *Endor*, he complain'd that God neither 'spoke to him by *Dreams*, nor, &c. *Fancy*, the Queen of 'Dreams (said I) rules most of the *World*, more than '*Reality* when awake, so that I know not, whether they 'may not be as material a part of our *Lives*, as that 'which is transacted when awake. *Job* seems to have 'as great a *Concern* (pursu'd *Winter*) for it, and puts it 'in balance with the other, *Cap.* 7. *Ver.* 17. I'm sure '(said *Grave*) there is so great a share of our *Lives* 'spent in *sleep*, that we must desire it should be as *sedate*, 'and *quiet* as may be. Nay (pursu'd *Brook*) the *Visionary Bliss*, and *Happiness*, and *Treasure of Dreams*, for 'that reason, are as desirable then, as the *real ones* when 'waking. Nay, the *Truth* on't is (concluded *Church*) if 'there be so great an *uncertainty* in our *Knowledge*, of our 'being asleep or awake, that it was worth the Disquisition of so great a Philosopher as *Des Cartes*, with so 'solemn a Face of *Seriosity*, I know not, whether there 'be so material a *Distinction* betwixt our Dreams, and 'being awake, as the generality of the *World* imagines.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

From a Prisoner almost starv'd; to his Cruel Creditor. 'Twas directed to Alderman STAGE, *at his House near* Dover, *in* Kent.

SIR, *Wood-street-Compter,* 1692.

I Know not but this may be the last Time I shall be able to trouble you; I have had nothing but the Common Basket to live upon this Half Year, and we are so numerous, that that is not sufficient to find us Subsistance. You know, I never was Extravagant, and that you are my only Creditor that confine me to this Hated Place; if I were at Liberty, I wou'd with all my Heart, give all that I can earn, more than what will keep me alive, toward the Satisfaction of your self, for the Rest will stay 'till you are discharg'd, my Death can do you no good, but my Life and Liberty may. I desire your speedy Answer, for else it may come too late, Sickness and Imprisonment will soon make an End of me, and then you'll lose all your Money. I am

Your Unfortunate Debtor,

James Trueheft.

'This is one of the most *Barbarous Customs* (said 'Church) in the *World*, and which scarce any other 'Nation is guilty of, to permit such as are not able to 'pay to be kept in *Prison*. 'Tis *Foolish* and *Preposterous* '(said *Temple*) as well as *Barbarous*, for instead of the 'Creditor's getting the *Debt*, it only makes sure that 'he shall never have it. How much better is the 'Custom of *France* (said *River*) where the *Debtor's Goods*, and

« and *Books* are seiz'd upon, and *Two Parts* divided a
« mong his *Creditors*, and a *Third* left him to begin
« again. A *Debtor* here in *England* (says *Brook*) is in
« a *worse Condition* than a *Felon*, who by *Burning* in the
« *Hand* may come off with *Life* and *Liberty*, or at
« worst, after a Time to prepare himself by *Death*,
« freed from a *Goal*. Right (pursu'd *Fountain*) but a
« *Debtor* is for his Life confin'd to a *Loathsome Prison*,
« and the *Tyranny* of *Profligate Rascals*, that will fleece
« the poor *Unfortunates* of ev'n that *wretched Remain-*
« *der* that's left them. We punish *Poverty* (said *Grave*)
« as if 'twere a *Crime*, and honour *Wealth* as if 'twere
« *Vertue*. And if a *Prince* by an *Act of Indulgence*
« (said I) attempt the Relief of the most *Necessitous*,
« their very *Necessity* shall be the only Cause they shall
« not have the Benefit of it. True (added *Chappel*)
« for the *Fees* of the *Merciless Goalers* must be got, tho'
« Hundreds of the *Wretches* can't raise the *Tenth Part*
« of 'em. And then these *Acts* are generally per-
« verted; (said *Summer*) for the *Men* of the *Law*,
« who have the *Regulation* of 'em, pare 'em monstrously
« to gratifie the *spightful Creditors*. *Malice*, *Revenge*,
« *Cruelty* and *Pride* (concluded *Winter*) dispose our
« *Actions* in this, as well as other *Affairs* of the World.
« We are made up of various *Nations*, which I think,
« makes us delight in such *Cruelty* to one *another*.

LETTER XXXI.

From a Superstitious Old Gentleman to a Clergy-Man, about Disposing of some Estate to a Pious Use. 'Twas directed to Dr. B----, *at his House in* Watling-street, London.

Reverend Dr. *Epsom*, June 1692.

SInce I left *London* I find my self worse, and these *Epsom*-Waters are of no Effect, the Time of the Lord is coming I find, and if it be his Blessed Will to take

take me away, his Will be done, only I desire, that you wou'd dispose of the two Thousand Pounds I ordered my *Goldsmith* to pay you if I dye, to some Pious Use. That as I have receiv'd plentifully from the Lord, I may return it in some measure to him in good Deeds. I commend my self to your good Prayers, and those of all your Congregation. I wou'd not have my undutiful Daughter *Betty* have one Farthing of it; if she want it she may thank her self, 'tis fit she be punish'd for her Disobedience. Pray send me your wholsome Admonitions, that it may wean my Thoughts from this World, and prepare me for a better. I have always been an Honourer of the Clergy, a Lover of my King and Country, and therefore, I hope, the Lord will have Mercy on my Soul, which I commend to your Prayers, who am

SIR,

Your Faithful Humble Servant,

J. Grevil.

'To read the Beginning of this Letter (said *Grave*) 'one wou'd think this Man is in *Perfect Peace* with 'the World, who is so ready, and willing to appear 'before the *Dreadful Tribunal* of GOD; and yet we 'find before he reaches half Way of this short Let'ter, his *Rancour* breaks out against *his own Child*, for 'so trivial a Fault too (continu'd *Temple*) as the fol'lowing her own *Inclinations*, which doubtless he had 'indulg'd 'till then himself. For all his *Piety* (said I) 'he can dye in *Hatred* and *Anger* against *his own* '*Child*; yet *blaspheme* GOD (pursu'd *River*) with a 'Boast of his *Innocence*; but you find he reckons not 'his *Duty* to his Children any Part of his *Justifica*'*tion*; thinking the Perfection of *Christian Life* consists 'in Honouring the *Clergy*, his *King*, and *Country*, 'without Regard to any *Private Duties*. Oh! for all 'the Breach of those (answer'd *Summer* (like others 'of his City Tribe, he'll attone by giving largely to 'GOD, who had given largely to him; as if it were 'not giving to GOD (said *Fountain*) to relieve the 'Necessities of his own *Flesh* and *Blood*. No, no, the 'Force of *Bigotry* and *Superstition* (reply'd *White*) 'have prevail'd on the contrary. The Clergy, like 'Father *Dominic* in the *Spanish* Friar, concluding, that

‘ they that are so charitably given can have no pri-
‘ vate Transgressions to be redress'd. *Bigotry* (said
‘ *Chappel*) is a *Devotion* form'd by the Passions of
‘ Mankind, and is hood-wink'd by Fancy, beyond the
‘ *Light of Religion* to direct, and in Matters of this
‘ Nature 'tis very like *Hypocrisie*, setting up *Publick*
‘ *Monuments* of Man's Righteousness, at the Expence
‘ of his *Private Obligation*. Well may our silly City
‘ be guilty of this (said *Brook*) when I find so Wise
‘ a Man as *Xenophon* under the same *Dilemma*, giv-
‘ ing the Greatest Part of what he had got in his
‘ *Asiatic* Expedition to *Megnbyzus*, Priest of *Diana*, to
‘ make an Image of that *Goddess*; and afterward, in
‘ his Retirement at *Scilluns*, by the Advice of the
‘ Oracle, and the Priest laid out in a Purchase of
‘ Land, to be Consecrated to that Goddess. I know
‘ not (concluded *Church*) we talk against *Bigotry* in
‘ Religion, but we discover it in all our *Actions*, and
‘ e'ry Motion of our *Understanding*, not to the Dictates
‘ of the Clergy only, but to the Opinion of others,
‘ for if some reputed Wit either condemn or praise
‘ any Thing, his *Judgment* makes it run the same Fate
‘ where e're it goes. I plead not for *Bigotry* by this,
‘ but only shew that 'tis a Vice in our Nation, and
‘ therefore easier found Fault with than mended.

LETTER XXXII.

From a Usurer to his Son, to take Care of getting in the Interest of his Moneys, &c. 'Twas directed to Mr. WELY, *the Younger, next Door to the Sign of the* Cock, *in* Sice-Lane, London.

DICK, *From* Epping-Forest, *June* 1692.

I Charge you on my Blessing to lay out no Money on Cloaths, you have had that Suit but a Year and half, and I can make a Suit serve me Ten Years, go to Mr. *Pendal*, at *Gray's-Inn*, Mr. *Gamell*, at his Lodging

Lodging in the *Strand*, and to Mr. *Port* in *Soho-square*, and tell 'em, If I have not Forbearance paid down immediately, I'll take the Forfeiture of my Mortgages. I charge you hearken no more to the Shams of the *Lace-Man*, but arrest him immediately, and bring an Execution on his Body and Goods, for I have a Judgment; I shall lose Two hundred Pounds before it has got me twice its Value else. Be quick in your Dispatch, and make Haste into the Country, for the Town is chargeable now you cannot dine at Home. Good *Dick*, make haste to

Your Poor Old Father,

R. Gold.

'This Man (said *Church*) is another of the City 'Tribe. True (pursu'd *Temple*) and Gold is his 'God, as well as *Name*. Fool (answer'd *Grave*) is 'his true *Name*, for he's not so much a Philosopher 'as the Dunghil-Cock in *Æsop*, who wou'd not give 'himself the needless Trouble of Preserving that he 'cou'd make no Use of. But Man (said *Winter*) 'pursues what he shou'd avoid, and avoids what he 'shou'd pursue. Right (assum'd I) none else wou'd 'for a Wretched Debauch, and a Bottle, bring him'self into the Clutches of these Misers, their Sta'tutes (added *River*) their Banks, and Warrants. 'Man (said *Church*) is certainly a very stupid Kind 'of Animal, that all the Examples of Follies punish'd 'in the Fore-Fathers, shou'd not correct the Poste'rity to more Sense. True (continu'd *Fountain*) but 'like People on a full Carreer on the Ice, all slide 'directly into the same Hole, they saw their Com'panions sink into just before them. So many flut'tering Beaux (said *Summer*) being reduc'd to greazy '*Alsatian* Sharpers, one wou'd think, shou'd make the 'rest better Husbands. No, no (concluded *Brook*) 'this *Blindness* and *Folly* is necessary for the Circula'tion of *Estates*, as *Trade* is for that of *Money*, *Nature* 'turns *Private Vices* into *Publick Advantages*.

LETTER XXXIII.

Of Courtship from a Quaker: *Directed to* TABITHA, *the Daughter of* William Goyle, *at his House near* Chelmsford, *in* Essex.

Tabitha,

I Have told thee that the Spirit mov'd me to take thee to my Bosom, and make thee turn thy Vessel to me; that I might raise up Seed to the Lord, and his Holy One; yea, verily when I see thee, my Heart does yearn like the Daughters of *Sion*, when they lost their Beloved. Have a Care, *Tabitha*, let not the wicked Spirit enter thy Tabernacle, and so defile the Vessel of thy Body, which was made for the Godly, Ha-a-um —— *Tabitha*, Friend *William*, thy Father according to the Flesh, is full of the Spirit, and when he begot thee, he begot a Daughter to *Sion*, as stately as the City of *Jerusalem*, and as pleasant as the Mountains of *Gilead*; thy Breath as sweet as the Cedars of *Olybanum*, thy Belly is like the Downs, where the Lambs of the Lord shou'd skip, and frisk, and play. Ah! *Tabitha*, my Spirit is mightily troubl'd within me, and the Outward Man cannot rest, 'till *Tabitha* receive him in the Way of the Godly on her Bosom, which is softer than the Lillies of the Vallies. The Third Day of the Seventh Month I will come to see thee. Who am

Thy Friend,

Eliachim Snush.

Certainly

'Certainly, a Quaker in Love (*said I*) is like a 'Monkey sick. The Figure, I confess (said *Brook*) 'must needs be very odd. In their most serious 'Actions (said *Winter*) one wou'd think 'em mad; 'what then (interrupted *Temple*) must their Foolish-'ness be? The Truth on't is (said *Summer*) they 'never look like Men, but in their Shops. Why so '(interrupted *Fountain*) because there they cheat with 'a Face of Gravity? No other Reason can I per-'ceive (said *Chappel.*) They are proud (said *River*) 'in the Habit of Humility, Professors of Patience in 'Injuries, but the most Violent Revengers of what 'they think so. And, preposterous (added *Church*) 'even in their Affectation of Humility; in a Rich, 'Plain, Silk Mant and Petticoat, condemning the 'Country Virgin in her Bone-lace Coif. In his Con-'versation, (concluded *Grave*) a Hypocrite, in Re-'ligion a Madman; but in his Love, most certainly 'a Fool.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Mrs. BRITTAIGN *to her Correspondent in the Country. 'Twas Directed to Mrs.* GRUMMET, *a Milliner in* Canterbury, *in* Kent.

Mrs. Grummet,

WInter now coming on, the Town will fill both from beyond Sea, and the Nobility out of the Country: Pray see to send me up some Delicate, Fresh Country Lasses, let them be very Pretty, Well-shap'd and Limb'd, no matter how Mean, a Good Dress, and a little Instructions, will make 'em Ladies: I have had those off from a Common in Rags, who have rais'd their Fortunes under me, and

been Companions for Knights, and Lords, nay, and marry'd some of them too after they done me good Service; let them be very Young, just Fit for Man, then they'll be most Tractable, and best Form'd into a Gentile Habit and Air.

Your Friend,

Brittaign.

'Subscrib'd (said *Church*) like a Bawd of Quality. As indeed she is (pursu'd *Temple*) for it cost her no less in Intelligence of this Nature all over the Nation, than Four Hundred Pounds a Year. At her House (continu'd *River*) you need never want fresh Faces, as long as you have Money, nor fresh Lasses neither (said *Winter*) at this Rate. But e'ry good Thing when 'tis perverted to a Trade (said *Brook*) is soon corrupted, and so is this; for the same Woman shall be sold to Twenty Lords, Knights, and Squires, for a Maid. Each paying (said *Summer*) the Price of her Virginity? Ev'n so (answer'd *Fountain*) Cheats in all Traffic you know *Summer*. Nay, to say Truth on't, (said *Chappel*) this Lady by the Assistance of the *Indian* Women can help a Man to Beauty, and Quality; nor is any Man's Wife safe (*said I*) that is handsome, so many Shapes do her Agents take to insinuate into their Companies, and delude 'em into Opportunities, and as *Almabide* says, *Opportunity, half of our Sex are undone by thee.* *Bawds*, I think (concluded *Grave*) deserve Death more than any Animal beside, they are the Corruption of Families, and rob a Man not only of his Wive's, and Daughter's Affections, but Vertue, Honour and Reputation.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

From a Young Heir newly come to a great Estate, to one of his Comrades here in Town. 'Twas Directed to Mr. SNOW, *to be Left for him at* Richard's *Coffee-House, near* Temple-Bar.

Dear JACK,

MY old Dad has thought good to quit this World in Search of a Better, tho' 'twere a long While first. 'Tis a Folly to grieve for't, and an Hypocrisie, since he was a Morose Gentleman while he liv'd, and kept his Money as if 'twere not to be touch'd, but dying, left it all to me, near Twenty Thousand Pounds *Jack*; the Shining Dirt, I find, wou'd not keep him alive that lov'd it so well; so, Faith, I'm resolv'd not to be so fond of that, as of Good Wine, an Honest Fellow, and an Obedient, Balmy Girl. As soon as the Ceremonious Formalities of the Funeral are over, and Affairs settled in a Good Posture, I'm for Delicious *London*, where I intend to wound the Ladies tender Hearts in my Glass Chariot, and Carouse, and Frolick with my Friends, whilst Youth lasts; Old Age, or Death I find, will over-take us in Time; 'tis therefore, good to make sure of the Present Joys; the Possession of thy Friendship is not the least of them to

Thy Friend,

Du. Charleton.

'Here's one of the Race of Fools (said *Grave*) 'who thinks Happiness consists in Drinking and Who-'ring. And so he will think (pursu'd *Winter*) 'till 'the *Pox* and *Poverty* convince him, he's in as great 'an Error as his Parcimonious Father was; in Living 'miserable (*pursu'd I*) to leave such a Blockhead an 'Estate. We are of such an odd Composure (said '*Temple*) that we can't perswade our selves to ob-'serve a Moderation in either *Plenty* or *VVant*. Right, 'and most Men are *Phrygians* (added *Church*) never 'wise, 'till it be too late to reap any Benefit of their 'Wisdom. 'Tis the Fate of *Misers*, I think (said '*Summer*) always to have Sons, that hate them, and 'spend that with Profuseness in Vice, which they got 'by Oppression, Extortion and Niggardliness. And 'I'm out in my Politics (added *Fountain*) if this Jo-'vial Spark don't live to do Penance for his Un-'dutifulness to his Parent: So goes on the Circle of 'Things (said *Chappel*) Sin begets Sin; and Sin 'produces Punishments; and the Son of a Knave '(pursu'd *River*) is commonly ruin'd by Fools, and 'Knaves. Which shews Justice in Providence (con-'cluded *Brook*) to punish the Offence by the Means 'twas committed.

LETTER XXXVI.

From a Father, on the Death of his Son, to his Friend. 'Twas Directed to Mr. MOORE, Woollen-Draper, *at his House in* Watling-street, London.

Mr. Moore, Abington, *June* 1692.

I Write to you upon a more doleful Subject, than the last Time, for poor *Ned* dy'd yesterday of a Feaver: 'Twas the best Natur'd, and most Dutiful Child ever unhappy Father lost, but I hope, I shall not long survive him; he was my Delight, and my Safe-

Safe-guard, he manag'd all my Affairs with that Care and Faithfulness, that he was the Love and Admiration of all that knew him, he was Temperate, and Studious, never loving Idleness, nor any Vice. 'Tis true, he was too good for this Wicked World, and for me his Unhappy Father; I had just built him a pretty Apartment against his Wedding-Day, which as I sent you Word, wou'd be soon: But alas! he is wedded to his Grave; but my Comfort is, a happy Eternity will celebrate his Nuptials. Dear Sir, send me Fourscore Yards of your finest black Cloth for Mourning by the first Opportunity to *Abington*. I can write no more, my Grief is so great. But I am yours whilst in this Life,

John Summer.

'Here's that, that's rare (said *Summer*) Filial 'Duty, and Paternal Love meeting together. A 'Tender Father (pursu'd *Fountain*) and yet a De-'serving Son. Your Character of him (*said I*) is 'true, for *Jack Summer* was known to us all. Na-'ture, that all the World about in other Families '(said *Temple*) seem'd to be compos'd of preposte-'rous Jarrings, seem'd here to discover her Primitive 'Beauty. True, (pursu'd *River*) where the Son 'enquir'd not into the Father's Years; nor the Fa-'ther (added *Chappel*) impertinently troubl'd him-'self about the Son's Actions. How agreeable to 'Reason has he liv'd, and what a Triumph has he 'gain'd (said *Grave*) whose Memory's embalm'd, 'with the Tears of him that begot him! And whose 'Vertue (continu'd *Winter*) is confess'd, the Support 'of the Life of him that gave him Life. 'Tis Pity 'such an Example (said *River*) should be ravish'd 'from the Prevaricating World. The Prince of this 'World (concluded *Brook*) saw, that the Force of 'one such Example wou'd in Time reform Mankind, 'and so banish the Supports of his Empire, Strife 'and Destruction.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

From a Pleasant Gentleman to his Mistress, to satisfie her he lov'd her; Directed to Madam WHITE, *at her House in* Abby-street, *near* Westminster.

MADAM,

I Protest I can't tell what you wou'd have me do, I have swore to you a Thousand Times, that I love; if you expect any Heroic Madness to confirm it, I profess, I am not ambitious of that Honour; Hanging, and Drowning, and Stabbing, are in my Mind no more Proofs of Love, than Courage, being opposite to the End of both, Courage being the Supporting of Misery, and the Utmost Effects of Fortune, without sinking under them, and the End of Love, is to enjoy the Object belov'd; but in the Arms of the Living Fair One, for as for the *Elysian Fields*, 'tis too Chymerical, and Spiritual a Happiness for a Man of Sense, and Flesh and Blood to depend on. Let me therefore, *Madam*, meet with the Death of a Happy Lover on your White and Soft Bosom, and then if I be'n't the Arrantest Cooing Turtle, and most Faithful, Fond, Doting Lover in the World, discard me for a Lying, Perjur'd Son of a Whore. Gad, Sweet Lady, I think, my Proposal is fair, and I hope, will work upon your Obstinacy, so far as not again to require any Test of the Sincerity of my Passion, so that at my Return you will be ready with Open Arms to receive,

MADAM,

Your Faithful, Humble Servant,

C. North.

'If this Spark be in Love (said *River*) the Passion 'is more Jocund, and Gay than usual. He's like some 'Men (pursu'd *Chappel*) who dispatch a great Deal of 'Business Playing, and without any Concern; whilst 'others (assum'd *Fountain*) are poring perpetually 'over less. So you fancy (said *Temple*) that one 'Man can be really much in Love, and yet merry, 'and gay: And that (assum'd *Summer*) when his Mi-'stress doubts of his Affection; whilst another (pur-'su'd *Brook*) for so it must be, to run on the Paral-'lel, shows all the Marks of Despair in his Face, 'Actions and Discourse. For my Part (said *Church*) 'there is such an Air of Indifference in his Letter, 'I think, he can't be possess'd with the most Violent 'of Passions. An Amouret perhaps (*said I*) a Tran-'sient Gliding Flame, that can be extinguish'd in the 'next Puddle he comes to. The General Lust (said '*Grave*) after the whole Sex, for that a great many 'of our Beaux take for Love, whenever Desire is 'rouz'd by a Beautiful Object. But I can never 'yield (concluded *Winter*) that a Real Passion can 'admit of those Pleasantries, which this Writer, as 'well as the Author of Letters, and Poems, Amo-'rous and Gallant are so very fond of.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From a Jew *to a* Christian, *recriminating upon him. 'Twas Directed to Mr.* FARBY, *Tobacconist in* Broad-street, London.

SIR, *Norwich*, June 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter last Week, but the Contents of it being so impertinent, I once thought to give you no Answer, but left you should take my Silence for a Confession of my Guilt; I shall, in short, tell you,

you, that you not only accuse me wrongfully, but also rail without any Pretext to Sense, or Reason. *First*, You are under a Neglectful or Wilful Mistake, in saying, I twice charg'd to you the same Hogshead of *Spanish* Tobacco; whereas if you consult but your own Books, you'll find I have charg'd you with no more than I ought; I having furnish'd you with two Hogsheads since I was last clear'd; one on the 25th of *May*, and another on the 1st of this present Month. Then for all your Nonsensical Abuse of my Religion, 'tis like the other gross Actions of your Life, the Effect of Brutal Instinct, without consulting the Faculties of a Man; else you would have remembred that I was of the Race of *Abraham*, whom you Christians confess the Progenitor of your *Messias*, and therefore merited a better Treatment from you; you might also remember, that you Christians confess us to have been once the peculiar People of God, and I can see no Reason we have not to think our selves so still, unless we will suppose, he can either forget his Promises to *Abraham*, or that he can be changeable, as Man is: Finally, If your Religion teach you better Morals than ours (which I deny, even from the Mouth of *Jesus*, who when he laid down the Chief Precept of his Law of, *Do as you would be done by*, added, *For this is the Law and the Prophets*) the greater Shame you are so far behind us in Practice, who cheat not one another as you do, or cut one anothers Throats, for we know not what. We are not undutiful to our Parents, nor negligent of our Children, to gratifie the Pride, and Revenge of our selves, or Second Wives; but if I should run the Parallel, as far as I might, 'twou'd easily be seen, who are the People of God, since you must grant the Tree is known by the Fruit. I shall return home in a few Days, and then shall convince you of the Injury you have done

Ephraim Ben Ezra.

'The *Jew* in my Mind (said *Brook*) has recrimi-
'nated with a great Deal of Reason. We have
'(said *Winter*) a Sort of Sordid Animals among us,
'who think themselves very happy and excellent by
'being Christians, tho' they lead Lives more lewd
'and knavish, than the worst of *Heathens*; And have
'no more Morals in their Dealings (pursu'd *Church*)
'than

'than the *Bannians*. It may be doubted indeed (said '*Grave*) whether these People are animated with 'any other Soul than that of a Beast, they are so 'wholly led by Sense. They discover so little of 'Thought, I must confess (added *Temple*) in their 'Actions, that one might almost believe it without 'Heresie; True (assum'd *River*) for the Soul of Man 'is a Cogitative Essence. You wrong 'em (*said I*) 'for they are very Thoughtful to circumvent the 'Ignorant. So are Dogs (answer'd *Fountain*) thought-'ful, as their Dreams will convince; But (inter-'rupted *Chappel*) their Knaveries are so Natural, 'that there is no Necessity to suppose them capable 'of a Rational Thought, any more than a Cat that 'watches, and feigns her self asleep to catch her 'Mice. For my part (concluded *Summer*) I think 'if Morality be justly observ'd, there will no Man, 'of what Religion soever, be Damn'd for contro-'verted doubtful Points.

LETTER XXXIX.

From an Old Woman in Love with a Young Man. 'Twas Directed to Mr. SCUTHBOROUGH, *to be Left for him at* Hypolito's *in* Bridget-street, *near the Theatre Royal,* London.

Dear Mr. Scuthborough, *Oxfordshire, June* 1692.

YOUR repeated Letters to my Daughter, tho' she has assur'd you of her Pre-engagement, convince me that you are not insensible of Love, but I have often told you of your Fruitless Endeavours there, and how much you were her Aversion; I have also told you, there was another Lady in the World, who would receive your Address with a more Favourable Ear, and said enough, I thought, to make you under-

understand whom I meant, if my Eyes had not been sufficient to have betray'd the Secret to you. I am unwilling to think my Age, or Fortune so contemptible, as to be slighted by you; and therefore, I hope, this Confession of my Love will be look'd upon as a modest Assurance in my own Deserts, and not an Over-Fondness of you; tho' in granting I love you, I grant you worthy of that Fondness. I hope you are a Man of Honour, to make no Use of this to my Prejudice. Remember, that Youth is the Seat of Deceit, and fickle Inconstancy, its Wishes and Desires are rambling, no more to be bounded than a Torrent, and Inundation, but Age (I mean Maturity, past which, I presume, you can't suppose me) is more fixt, as well as more violent in Love, continues pleas'd with its Choice, and neither desires, nor thinks of any Change. If Youth has more of the sparkling Gaudiness of Beauty, it has also the less Care, as well as Skill to please. And I think, without Vanity, my Face has not lost all its Charms, when my Heart admits of New Fires. In short, pray let us see you here, as soon as your Occasions will permit; I intend for the Town in the Winter, who am

Your Humble Servant,

Eugenia Allson.

'This Letter is writ (said *Chappel*) with the Soul 'of a Woman, in which Passion, and Pride are so 'mingled, that it discovers not a little Cunning. Cun-'ning (said *Winter*) in Folly! Yes, (return'd I) 'there may be a great Deal of Cunning us'd in com-'passing that which perhaps may be a Folly. True, '(pursu'd *Temple*) for 'tis no better than Folly, for a 'Woman that is old, to think to divert a Passion from 'a Young Lady to her self. And yet, you see, she 'aims at it in this Letter (interrupted *River*) with 'a great Deal of Art. Right (continu'd *Summer*) 'by first presenting him with Despair of the desired 'Object. And then (added *Fountain*) presenting with 'an Object of Interest, which is commonly taking 'with a Man that is disappointed of his Love. And 'lastly (said *Church*) by proposing the Difference be-

twixt

‘ twixt the two, with the Advantage to the latter.
‘ Woman (concluded *Grave*) is exorbitant, and irre-
‘ gular in her Lusts and Desires, but regular, and
‘ skilful to gratifie them.

LETTER XL.

From an Irish-Man to his Creditor. Directed to Mr. RUSSEL, *a Peruke-Maker in* Drury-Lane, London.

Dear Joy, *Tunbridge*, June 1692.

BY my Shoulwasion Ee was in hopes before nu indeed to have pleas'd thee sweet Faash of thee, bee St. *Patric*, with some Money for the two last Periwigs, but bee Chreest, and St. *Patric*, Ee was indeed disappointed of mee Bills of *Exchange*, from mee Steward in *Ireland*, Dear Joy, but bee me Shoulwasion, Ee will turn him out of his Plaash indeed when Ee return home. Mee good Lady, your Weef, indeed, can tell you the Truth of these, for Ee have shew'd her a Letter of it, which came bee me veree good Friend indeed, Teague *Mack Allon*, that was Mashor-General, bee mee Shoulwashion, when Ee was Under-Marshal of *France*, and bee Chreest, mee good Friend, he is a very good Pay-Master, if thee can'st but get him to bee thee Customer. Chreest bless thee sweet Faash indeed, commend me to thee sweet Spouse, she is a very good Woman, bee mee Shoulwasion, Dear Joy. Thee may'st direct to me, at a Housh, bee Chreest, about the meedle of a Street in *Tunbridge*, mee Landlord's Daughter, be Chreest, and St. *Patric*, marry'd the Miller's Son of a Village within a Mile of this Place; his Great Grandmother was a Gentlewoman, be me Shoulwasion, and sold Wine at the Wells; and his Grandfather bee theei Mother's side was call'd *Honest Dick*, and wore Leather-Breeks indeed; and Ee remember,

ber, when Ee was in *Ereland*, Dear Joy, Ee was us'd to reede a Hunting in Leather-Breeches, and Leather-Boots too. Ee am, bee mee Shoulwasion,

Thee veree Humble Servant,

Teague O Donnel.

Bee Chreeft, and St. *Patric*, Ee had forget; the beft Thing for your Cold is Bonniclabbar, and the beft Thing in the World for the Gout is Bonniclabar; and indeed, Dear Joy, Bonniclabar is good for ev'ry Thing.

'I love not National Reflections (faid *Temple.*) 'But the Dulnefs (purfu'd *Winter*) of this Nation 'is fo really, and literally true, and general, that —— 'Twou'd be a Lye (interrupted *Brook*) to call them 'any Thing but Fools. Bragging Lyars (added '*Chappel*) and Cowards. To this you might (faid '*River*) have added Superftitious Bigots. And yet '(continu'd *Summer*) Ignorance makes 'em not De-'vout. True (purfu'd *Church*) for they generally 'live by Fornication and Adultery; And the Spoils '(added *Fountain*) of Believing-Tradefmen. Well '(faid *Grave*) I grant you, for the Generality of 'the Original *Irifh*, your Character agrees with them, 'both as Fools, and Cowards; but I muft needs fay, 'thofe who have had the Advantage of a Foreign 'Education, and of a Gentleman's Birth, want not 'Bravery, tho' they are feldom over-ftockt with Senfe. '*Ireland* indeed (*concluded I*) has the Fate of *Boetia*, 'a Fertile Soil, but barren Heads, to which Subje-'ction, and the Confequences of it, have added. But 'we have Follies enough of our own, that render 'us not much behind them, tho' Self-Efteem blind 'our Eyes.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

From a Widow to a Lady, who advis'd her against a Second Marriage. 'Twas directed to Madam LOE, *at her House near* Rochester, Kent.

Dear Madam, *London*, June 1692.

I Received your Kind Letter, in which, indeed, you discover a great Deal of Zeal for my Happiness; I must grant, I was once of your Mind, tho' I have at present far other Sentiments. I know your Observation to be true, that these second Matches have very often ill luck, but yet there's no General Rule without an Exception; and I have known some to this, and seen second Husbands kinder than the first. Besides, the ill Success of these Matches proceeds commonly from the Indiscretion of the Lady, who understands not how to choose well. Fluttering *Beaux*, and impudent Rakehells generally take with our Sex, who have no Merit, but what's due to their own Braggs. But I have made Choice of one, whose Modesty is his only Fault; which secures me of that, which you urge with a great Deal of Ardour, *viz.* that I shou'd remember how long I have been my own Mistress, and then consider how pleasant it must be to submit to the Will of another. But the Modest Man is seldom an Usurper; and if he claim no more than his Due, I shall never think my Liberty infring'd; that's only to be fear'd from an Assuming Conceited Coxcomb, that thinks nothing a Fault but Modesty. You say 'tis too great a Blessing to meet with two good Husbands; and that I, having far'd so well at first, should have a Care of wrecking my Content in a second Adventure; but I must tell you, where the *Halcyon's Sense* and *Modesty*, have built their Nests,

there's no great fear of a Storm. For my part, I never set up for the superstitious Niceties of the *Ephesian Matron*, and therefore need not fear a punishment like hers, of Shame, and Infamy: If I continued a Widow thus long. 'Twas but to meet with a Choice agreeable to my Reason, her violent Resolutions were not proof against the Assaults of the most inferior, and commonly the worst qualified of Men; but I was always of Opinion, that no Woman ought to pretend to that, which their After-frailty would discover to be so ill grounded. My Children are all provided for, by the Care of their Father, and I know no reason why I should not also provide for my self, and gratifie my Desires, when I find my self overcome by a prudent Passion. In return of your good Advice, I wish you may soon meet with as good a Husband as I am confident Mr. *Hall* will prove, Madam, to

Your Humble Servant,

Elizabeth Moon.

'To see the Strength of *Desire* (said *Grave*) in 'this Woman, which turns all Difficulties into Ad'vantages. True (pursu'd *Winter*) and musters all 'the Reasons she can, to put a specious Gloss upon 'her Failing. And to represent that a happy Cer'tainty (added *Church*) which she desires should be 'so. I know not (said *Brook*) but she discovers a 'great Deal of Sense, and a Generous Temper in 'what she writes. And I am sure (pursu'd *Temple*) 'she has taken the best Road to Happiness, if she 'place it in Marriage, in Choosing a *Modest Man*, and 'a *Man of Sense*. Very true (added *River*) for the 'Gentlemen of the contrary Kidney think all Re'wards of the highest Vertue, their Due. And are 'therefore (continu'd *Fountain*) negligent, and un'concern'd for ev'ry Thing but themselves. But 'there is (said *Summer*) a Modest Diffidence in Ver'tue, that thinks ev'ry Thing above its Desert. If 'the Ladies (*said I*) would follow this Method, 'they would seldom buy Repentance so dear, as they 'generally do, by preferring the Forward Boldness 'of a Fool, to the Humble Modesty of a Man of 'Sense. But (concluded *Chappel*) 'tis hard to di'stinguish, especially in Sense, Love rendring all 'Things

Things as they ought to be in the Object belov'd; and there is no Vertue, but a Hypocrite can frame a Vizor like it.

LETTER XLII.

From a Gentleman to his Wife's Mother-in-Law, who had been a True Step-Mother to her. 'Twas directed to Mrs. NICHOLSON, *in* Grace-church-street, London.

MADAM, *Essex*, June 1692.

FInding that you return'd a Denial to my Wife's Letter, I thought my self oblig'd to let you know, that tho' you had not so much Regard to the only Daughter of your Deceased Husband, as to lend her Ten Pounds 'till *Lady-Day*, to deliver her from the greatest Necessities (tho' her Father left you a Legacy of One Hundred Pounds, a better Husband than Father; besides your Jointure, and the House-wifly Elucubrations of your own Industry, to the Tune of five Times that Sum) yet I am so good a Christian to return you Good for Evil, and therefore resolve to immortalize your Name, and thus force from your Gratitude a Present of twice the Value she desir'd only to borrow, for a Dedication I suddenly design you. I have a Book in the Press of *The Folly of Cuckolds, and the good-natur'd Tricks of Stepmothers, and the Delights of Hypocrisie*. These Subjects being so adapted to your several Qualifications, I design you as a Patron of it, and in the Epistle I'll vindicate you, as well as Matter of Fact will bear, from those odious Imputations your Enemies lay on you; for, who that knows your *tender compassionate Nature* can believe you, cou'd whip the only Child you ever had to Death, when 'twas but eighteen Months old. This therefore, as well as the

rest that follows, must be a Notorious Defamation; *viz.* That upon your Second Husband's Death, you wisely convey'd away several Pieces of Plate, which else would have come to his unhappy Orphans. But were this true, I can't see where the Crime lies, since without Doubt, you only did it to keep those precious Reliques of the dead Man you lov'd, always in your Sight, as a Melancholy *Memento* of Mortality, that you might not forget your Second Love, nor admit the Addresses of a Third; else you could never have had the Heart to have held out against the Onsets of my Wife's Father, 'till he had engag'd to turn all his Children out of Doors as soon as he married you; and that, sweet Lady, was the Effect of Wisdom, which Love is too great an Enemy to. But I suppose, 'twill not be worth my While to clear you of the next Point, since it will not be much resented by the World, that you should be so Providential a Lady, as upon my Wife's Father's Death, to keep your Room warm with two Pair of Hangings, and would not gratifie the prying Executor (tho' by the Way he was but a Coxcomb for not forcing you to't) to let him see your Chamber, to convince him that you had nothing there but your Due; that you had hid Pewter under the Faggots in the Garret, and a great many more such odious Calumnies, too long to be repeated here.

Perhaps, I may not be able to clear you of all these Imputations, yet I'll warrant you, I'll do you this Kindness, that your Name shall be known from the Sheriffs to the Porter, and from my fine Lady Mayoress, to the little Tite Oyster-Wench, in her Lawful and Virtuous Occupation at the Tavern-Door. Oh! how will you be esteem'd as a Pattern of the best Mother-in-laws, so Tender, and Loving of your Fond Husband's Off-spring, that you'd not part with Ten Pounds to keep 'em in this Wicked World, tho' you were sure of your Money again! *Garagantua* himself, nor any of the Terrible Race of the Hobgoblins, shall be more rever'd by Children, than your Name: For to shew you, that my Zeal for the Exaltation of your Honour and Glory, is not confined to the Narrow Compass of a Nuncupatory Epistle, I'll bring you acquainted with the Beaux of the Pit, in a Comedy I'm writing, and with the *Religious Multitude*, in a Ballad just now in the Mint, to the Celebrated Tune of *Chevy Chase*, by which you may be sure no County of this spacious Land, nor Village, or Fair, but shall

shall hear the Glories of your Faith, and Nature, sounded with the Vocal Harmony of Male and Female Ballad-Singers. But that you may have no Cause of Offence, I'll use you as we Authors do our Patrons, take your *Silence* for *Consent*, and without any more ado, print your Name at the Front of my Epistle. Madam, you can't imagine how happy a Thing 'tis to oblige us Scribblers, for we have a rare Art of Immortalizing our Friends, as well as Enemies, tho' in a different Manner. Perhaps, you'll be so modest now (*for I know you abound in all sorts of Vertues*) as to wish you had comply'd with my Wife, and prevented this Honour; but Madam, I'm confident a Lady of your Admirable Qualifications, can't but delight to see them expos'd to the World in their proper Colours, which must not be pleasant to you alone, but also to your whole Parish, that must be proud of such a Parishioner. But I have been so Tedious, that I must here conclude, because my Paper will not let me say any more, unless I have Recourse to an Endorsement; I'll leave off therefore betwixt Necessity and Desire, and make my Exit like Prince *Volcius* in the *Rehearsal*, with one Boot on, and another off; who am,

Your Extreamly-oblig'd Son-in-Law,

R. Illford.

'Here's a True Character (*said I*) of one of those 'prodigious Monsters in Nature, a *Stepmother*. True, '(added *Brook*) all the old Stories reviv'd, and their 'ill Qualities, combin'd in one. Strange preposterous 'Humour (said *Grave*) in Man, that for the sake of 'being thought a Fond, Doting Husband, should me-'rit the Name of a Knave, Fool, and Cuckold! Right '(pursu'd *Winter*) and forget all the Bonds of Nature 'for one that discovers so little Value for him, to hate 'his Children. True (said *River*) and so endeavour'd 'to extinguish his Name, and Family. A just Reward '(pursu'd *Fountain*) on him, that could be such a 'Fool, To clap his Reason (interrupted *Chappel*) 'under his Wife's Smock. The Gentleman (said '*Summer*) has ingeniously rally'd her, without incur-'ring the Law. But all he'll get by't (answer'd '*Church*) is but a greater Certainty of her Hate. 'Which I think (concluded *Temple*) was no great

'Matter, since he was sure of that before, by her 'Denial; and Women of her Kidney seldom relent, 'or grow better; the Curse of Hypocrisie, and Cruel'ty, pursuing them to final Impenitence.

LETTER XLIII.

From a Proud Man to his Friend. 'Twas Directed to Mr. WALTERS, *near the* Blew Ball *in* Airs-street, *in* Picadilly, London.

Honour'd Sir, *York,* June 1692.

I Hope I have better deserv'd from you, than for you to think I keep such mechanic Company as you write about; a Man of my Quality, who has had an Education answerable, ought to be allow'd to know his Distances to keep with all the inferior sort. I look upon a Gentleman to be as good as a Lord, or indeed better, since the King may give Nobility, but not Gentility; Valour may gain Titles, but Merit, and Vertue only that of a Gentleman. And as Vertue gains the Name of a Gentleman, so methinks little mechanic Conversation ought to lose it. Here abundance of the sordid Gentry shall sit check by jowl, over a Glass of *Stout*, with Farmers. Assure thy self, I know my Quality better, than to yield in the least Nicety. I advise you to avoid the Bouncing Captain, he's certainly one of the Vainest, proudest Men under the *copes of Heaven*, finical, and phantastical to boot, preserve thy Friendship unsully'd *for* him only that deserves it.

H. Marshal.

This

‘ This Gentleman (said *Summer*) like Old *Rome*, ‘ will suffer none to be proud but himself. Right ‘ (said *Winter*) for the Learned and Ingenious *Cicero* ‘ himself glories in the Destruction of *Carthage* and ‘ *Corinth*, those proud Cities. Tho' much inferior ‘ (added *Church*) to *Rome*, in that Qualification. ‘ The Niceties of Birth and Quality, methinks, (said ‘ *Grave*) might be numbred among the Vulgar Er- ‘ rors. True (said *River*) there is no more real ‘ Excellence due to them, than there is to a Player, ‘ that acts a King on the Stage, but is no better ‘ than the rest within the Scenes: So the Grave, ‘ when we withdraw, after the Farce of this Life, ‘ will equal all Men. So that 'tis a Folly (added ‘ *Fountain*) to be proud of that which lasts but so ‘ short a Time. But as it is absolutely Necessary ‘ (answer'd *Temple*) that the other Players should ‘ shew him that respect on the Stage, as if he were ‘ really more Excellent than them. So (assum'd ‘ *Brook*) on the Stage of the World, 'tis as Necessary ‘ for the Order, and Oeconomy of the Universe, ‘ that there should be a Difference observ'd of Qua- ‘ lity and Dignity. Nay, (pursu'd *Chappel*) I'm of ‘ Opinion, that there is a real Distinction here, as ‘ well as above in Heav'n. I must confess (conclu- ‘ ded I) it seems not irrational, that there is a Dif- ‘ ference of Excellence of Souls, but I very much ‘ question that of Quality.

LETTER XLIV.

From a Poetaster that wou'd foolishly rhime on ev'ry Thing, to his Friend in Town: Directed to the Mæcenas *of the Age, Mr.* THOMAS PATSHAL, *Apprentice to Mr.* ---------- *a Mercer in* Pater-noster-Row, London.

Witty Sir,

BElieve me, tho' I am a Poet, I don't feign my Affection; for ------

To feign Affection's base,
The Fool that does it is an Ass.

Fiction I confess is the Life of Poetry,

We feign Amours, we feign Adventures,
As City Scriveners do Indentures;
We for the Fair do feign Grimaces,
And for the Ugly, a thousand Graces,
Tho' they've no Noses to their Faces.

But Sir, as I said before, I scorn to feign Affection, I relish your Appetite, your Judgment, and your Wit *Monceur*, with all my Heart:

The Heart is the Seat of Life,
Then why should we give that to our Wife?
No, let a Friend enjoy mine,
Whilst I lay it a Soak in good red Wine.

Well,

Well, I protest, I never think of you, but I'm inspir'd by the Muses from their Sacred Hill,

A Hill that is two horned,
And ne'er will be suborned,
To side with Fools, and Knaves,
They may still blow their Nails,
And rub their Tails;
They still will be but Slaves;
A Poet's born, and not made by Art,
Who e'er wou'd be a Poet so, he is not worth one Fart.

But Sir, to stint these Effluviums of the sacred Heliconian Raptures, I must tell you, that I want your Charming Conversation, as the Bee does the Flow'ry Meads, *Crura Thymo Plena*,

The Meads, the flowry Meads, all crown'd with gawdy (Flowers,
The Bees suck Honey, and the Nymphs deck Bowers.

Now methinks, I wish you and I were in the Sacred *Elizian* Fields, with the Great Bards of *Yore*.

How wou'd the Groves, how wou'd the Thickets ring a
Whilst thou and I did our past Actions sing-a!
Destructive Chaos *wou'd to Peace incline-a,*
And Europe *list'n, as well as* Greece *and* China;
All Glorious Nature from her wond'rous Bed,
Would raise her Bright Astonish'd Head
To hear our wondrous Songs, wou'd gaze and stare
Like Country Clown at Shew of Barth'l'mew Fair.

Well, but I profess, my *Mæcenas*, I can't live no longer without thee, but that thou knoweſt Love is a Tyrant that will separate the Dearest Friends; my kind indulgent Mistress will not part with me, 'till she has certain Advice by the Extraordinary Conveyance, of the near Approach of her Husband. I made these following Verses from *Horace* to her t'other Day; I design'd it for a Serenade, but she was satisfy'd with my Intentions; 'tis part of that Ode of *Horace, Extremum Tenaim si biberes* Lyce. Ode 10. lib. 3.

I begin with the Second Stanza, because the First was nothing to my Purpose, my *Lyce* being kind, you know. None of the Translations I have met with (from whom I must confess to you I took the Sense) come near mine. But here it is,

Dear

Dear Bud, I prithee prick thy Ears up,
And hearken how the Tempest bears up.
Hark! how the Winds break out in Clusters:
Hark! how old Bully Boreas *blusters;*
Hark! how thy rotten Chamber totters,
As if 'twould tumble all to shatters;
The silent Trees may too in one sort,
Be said to all to hold sad Consort.

« Sad Consort indeed (interrupted *Temple*) Prethee, « no more of this wretched Stuff. Nay, prithee (an- « swer'd *I*) let's have an End of the Letter, for I find, « there are not many more Verses. Well, well, pro- « ceed (*said all.*)

My Dear *Mæcenas*, if ever I was inspir'd, 'twas certainly, when I wrote these Verses; Description is the Life of Poetry, and he that excels in that, must be the Best Poet; and if I may judge of my own, I think it far excels this of *Spencer*'s; which I have seen quoted for an Excellence,

The Joyous Birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their Notes unto the Voice attemper'd sweet,
Th' Angelical soft trembling Voices made,
To th' Instruments divine Respondence meet;
With the base Murmurs of the Waters fall,
The VVaters fall with Difference discreet:
Now soft, now loud, unto the Wind did call,
The gentle warbling Winds low answered to all.
He makes the warbling Wind, &c.

Which is obsolete as Trunk-Hose, but to make the silent Trees keep sad Consort. —— The Trees you know, Sir, are certain mute Animals, and to make them keep sad Consort is surprizing, and new. I'll tell you what Mr. *VVatts* said, he said, I had better have made my Trees have kept Time to my Musical Tempest, I laugh'd, and told him we were not all born Poets. I told him, I improv'd *Horace*, who only call'd it *murmur'd betwixt the Beautiful Buildings.* I have no Room left, I would else have sent you the rest of my Serenade in Design or Posse,

VVho am, Dear Sir, and Sweetest Mæcenas,
Your most Humble Servant,
Nicholas Enas.

Sure

'Sure (said *Church*) since the *Crispinus* of *Horace*, 'and the *Eumolpus* of *Petronius Arbiter*, there never 'was such a Monster? Yes, indeed (replied *Winter*) 'most of our Modern Authors, especially of this Gen'tleman's Class, are Eternal Versifiers. True (pur'su'd *Brook*) from their Mistresses Commode to the 'Shadow of her Shoe-Tye; and from their Friend 'in Indentures (added *River*) to their Patron-Ma'ster absolute of the Shop, there's nothing can es'cape a Stanza, or Distich. The Muses, as well as 'other Ladies of Pleasure (continu'd *Chappel*) breed 'Vermin, and they are your City-Wits. This Spark '(said *Summer*) is not the only Man that has set up for 'a Son of *Horace*'s, meerly by the help of those 'wretched Translations, we are oblig'd to some of 'the University for, and turn'd him (concluded '*Grave*) into Ridicule when they meant the con'trary. But I think such scoundrel Interlopers in 'Wit, ought to be us'd more severely than the more 'honest Interlopers into the *East-India*, and *Guinee* 'Companies Properties.

In the Midst of this Letter, we heard a very great Knocking at the Court-yard-gate, and upon the Opening of it, a great Noise in the House, which did not a little surprize us, for fear it had been some in Pursuit of us, having got Intelligence either from our Inn, whither they might have dogg'd us, or from the Water-Men, who might have over-heard some of our Discourse in the Boat, which made us presently to send *Summer* out to see what the Matter was, and to gain us Time to dispose of our Letters into a more secret Part of the Summer-House, which we did with all the Speed imaginable, shuffling them all into our Box, and placing that among the Gardiner's Tools, and Utensils under the Summer-House; after which, placing the Bottle and Glasses, regularly in the Midst of us, we were resolv'd to expect our Fate, as *Epicure* did Death, that is, each Man with his Glass in his Hand. We had not drank above two Rounds, when *Summer* sent his Valet to us, to inform us, that it was my Lord ——— come to pay him a Visit; and a little after he gave his Lordship the Slip, and came to us, to let us know he was afraid he should not get rid of his Lordship 'till after Dinner, unless *Grave* came

came in to his Rescue, with his starch'd and surly Morals, to which his Honour was a Mortal Foe. *Grave* therefore, by Common Consent, was deputed for the Delivery of *Summer*, from the Obsession of Quality, and restore us to our pleasant Enquiries; he obey'd, and we in the mean Time fetch'd our Cargo, and began to sort 'em again, separating those we had read, from those we had not; and by that Time we had done that, and taken one Glass apiece, *Summer* and *Grave* came to us, having dispatch'd his Lordship to Dinner to some of his Brother Peers.

We were all desirous to know the Adventure, before we proceeded; which *Summer* gave us in these few Words, My Lord (*you know Gentlemen*) is one that values himself so much upon his Quality and Wit, that he can bear no Disrespect to either; and he esteems it a Disrespect to his Quality, if your whole Behaviour be not as Solemn, and Ceremonious, as an Audience of an Ambassador, or an Interview of two Princes; and to his Wit, if you oppose the Absurdest Thing he says; this being his Honour's Genius, *Grave* here, whose Face would perswade one he were a *Surly*, or *Manly*, personates a rough, uneasie Temper, contradicts all my Lord said, scarce allow'd him a Bow, never laugh'd at his Jest, nor admir'd his Dress, or Liveries. My Lord grew presently uneasie, and tho' he at first pretended to dine with me, made his Excuse, that he was oblig'd to dine with my Lord ——— and like Sir *Fopling*, cries, *Hey, Page, my Coach*; whither with a great deal of Ceremony, I attend him, whilst *Grave* makes a Stop at the Parlor Door, and bids his Lordships plainly *Good by*; his Lordship return'd him no Answer, but ask'd me what ill-bred Clown I kept Company with? I told him a Country Cousin, that was not yet polish'd enough for his Lordship's Conversation; and so with an hundred senseless Bows and Cringes, we parted, my Lord into his Coach, and I to my Friend *Grave* here; and having given Order for Delaying of Dinner 'till two or three a Clock, We came, you see Gentlemen, to this Honourable Bench; let us therefore proceed.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

From a Servant, giving an Account to his Mistress of all his Master's Failings in his Absence from her. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. SMITHIES, *in* Canterbury, *near the Market,* Kent. *With Care.*

Honour'd Madam, *London,* June 1692.

SInce my last, I have not much variety to send you, my Master keeping on in the old Course; the Evening he spends at the Park, in pursuit of one Whore, or another; or at the *Spring-Garden*, after Citizens Wives: All Night he spends in Drinking at the Tavern. The other Day we took a Walk into *Red-Lion-Fields*, and he order'd me to stay at the End of *King-street*, or to go Home to his Lodgings, for he should have no Occasion for me. I staid till he was gone a little Way, and keeping him in sight, I saw him meet a Woman, and with her turn'd toward *Maribone*; I follow'd at a Distance, 'till they were hous'd, whither I also went, and finding the Room they were in, I peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and there discover'd him very familiar, with one of the prettiest young Creatures that ever my Eyes beheld. I could not blame my Master, methought. But just as I was peeping, the Drawer came up, and caught me, gave me a Box o'th' Ear, and if I had not run for't, had discover'd me to my Master, by making me his Prisoner, and as he swore, ducking me in the Horse-pond; but trusting to my Heels, I got safe away; tho' my Master since has examin'd me where I was then, the Drawer having given him an Account of my Livery. I hope, Madam, you'll remember your Faithful Servant,

Will. Foot.

'Tis

« 'Tis Pity (said *Summer*) the Master should not be « inform'd of his worthy Servant. Why (reply'd « *Winter*) he's trusty to one Half of his Master. Yes, « yes, (pursu'd *Grave*) to the worst Half, the Wo« man. Nor to her neither (added *Church.*) Right « (assum'd *Brook*) for 'tis to himself he's only true, « betraying his Master for the Advantage he gets by « it. Which we find (said *River*) he'll not forget to « claim; as the End of his Letter shews. If he be a « Rascal (said *Fountain*) I'm sure the Woman is a « Fool, to purchase a Trouble she can't perhaps re« dress. Prithee (pursu'd *Temple*) 'twas the Folly of « her Grandam *Eve*, her Curiosity damn'd us all. « Right (added *Chappel*) 'tis fit therefore, that the « same Crime shou'd be inherent in the Sex, for their « perpetual Punishment. But perhaps (*concluded I*) « this Lady may have her End in it, either in a Pre« tence for the like Extravagance her self, or by that « Means to make him the more submissive to her Will, « when he finds his Failing discover'd to her.

LETTER XLVI.

From One that advises his Friend to Dissimulation in all his Actions. 'Twas Directed to Mr. JOHNSON, *at his Lodging at Mr.* Moudy's *in* Thread-needle-street, London.

SIR, *Rutland*, June 1692.

YOU send me Letter on Letter of Complaint of the Perfidiousness of your Friends, and the Villany of Men, who still deceive you; and I must tell you, Sir, you may thank your self for it. You are for plain-dealing; you love not to say one Thing, and think another; and you reap the Fruit of what you love,

love, that is Ruin, and Contempt in the End. All that I can do is only to advise you to alter your Methods, and live as other Men do; that is, never be what you seem to be. If you would injure a Man, profess a great Deal of Friendship for him, and so he'll not be upon his Guard, and you may strike home. If you'd seem honest, talk much of Religion, but observe but little Morality: And so in all your Actions put on another Face, than what they tend to, and by that Means you may chance to rub through the sharping World. As my Advice is the best Service I can do you, so is this the best Advice I can give you, who am

Yours to Command,

S. Grimault.

'This Gentleman (said *Winter*) is learn'd in Mankind. True (pursu'd *Church*) for Dissimulation is so general, that 'tis become necessary. Right (added *Temple*) for he that knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to live. If you can't live temperately, (said *Summer*) sin at least with Caution; so that if you are not free from Vice, you may at least be so from the Scandal and Punishment of it. Once failing to dissemble (said *Brook*) cost *Claudius*'s Life, as well as the good Emperor *Probus*. 'Twould be Endless to run through all that History presents us with (added *River*) it gave Occasion to *Nero*, to exercise his Cruelty on his Nearest Relations; And (pursu'd *Fountain*) to *Jugurtha*, to destroy the Son of him, that had made him Co-heir in the Kingdom of *Numidia*. It seems not only necessary (*said I*) for Life, but ev'n to afford a Pleasure too; For we shall observe it practic'd very often without any Need. Right (added *Chappel*) for why else should this Fop come a Mile out of his Way to see me, only to tell me a Lye, that he loves, and admires me, when before he has turn'd his Back, he ridicules ev'ry Word, and Action, I said, or did in his Company, and so on. Well therefore (concluded *Grave*) may all the World be said to perform the Part of an Actor, since ev'ry Body represents another, not himself.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Giving an Account of the Resolutions of the Passengers, that had like to have been cast away at Sea. 'Twas Directed to Mr. THOMAS, *at his House in* Eagle-street, *near* Red-Lion-Square, London.

Dear NED,

AFter a hard Passage, we are arriv'd safe at *Harlaem*; whence, I fear, I shall never be able to get your Cousin *Jack* to return again for *England*; not for the Love of the Place, but the Fear of the Sea. We were so near Casting away, that all prepar'd themselves for Certain Death. The Master and Ship's-Crew giving us for gone, the Vessel being leaky, the Tempest strong, and the Pump broke; the general Resolutions of all to lead better Lives, were very loud, and extraordinary; but none was so vehement in their Repentance, as *Jack*; and I think, none sooner forgot his Resolutions when on shoar. After we had in rummiging about, found a new Sucker for the Pump, and by the Carefulness of the Sea-Men, had Hopes of Life, but not out of Fear of Death, we all agreed to go to Church, and give Thanks to God for our Deliverance, as soon as we came on Shoar; tho' instead of the Church, the whole Company run to the Tavern to wash their Insides, as the Sea had their out; from whence *Jack* was soon in pursuit of a Dutch *Bona Roba*; and none remember'd their Resolutions, but to laugh at them, as the Effects of Bigotry and Fear. I intend for *London* again in a Month, if I dispatch my Business with *Min heer Van Stoopsdare*. I am Dear *Ned*,

Thy Loving Friend,

Sam. Mercy.

This

"This shews (said *Grave*) how fickle the Converts "made by Fear are. And how extream some Men "are (added *Winter*) in all their Actions, Right "(pursu'd *Church*) extravagant in their Vows and Re- "solutions when in Danger, as well as in their Breach "of them when safe. Because they promise Impossibi- "lities (continu'd *Summer*) they perform nothing. "The old Proverb has a General Truth in't (said "*Temple*) when the Devil was sick, &c. Well may "we be (said *Brook*) unsincere to Men, when (as- "sum'd *River*) we can dissemble with Heaven. Hea- "ven (*said I*) is a distant, unknown Place, and we "soon lose the Thoughts of it in present Visible "Objects. Right (added *Chappel*) most Men are for "a Bird in the Hand; and suit their Devotion accor- "ding to the present Circumstance. There are (con- "cluded *Fountain*) a great many of that Man's Mind, "who had rather trust God with their Souls, than Man "with their Interests,

LETTER XLVIII.

From a Vain-glorious Man, boasting of some of his Good Actions. 'Twas Directed to Mr. PHILLIPS, *at Mr.* Newmer's *in the Old* Palace-yard, Westminster, London.

SIR, *Dorset,* June 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter, and you have chosen well, when you address'd to me to speak in your Behalf; for I make it my Business to do good to Mankind, especially my Friends. I will therefore speak to the Worthy Squire in your Behalf; if he be deaf, I'll do something for you my self; for, I set apart so

much

much of my Estate to good Uses ev'ry Year; the whole Country knows my Way, and I seldom want those that make Use of my Generous Temper. I am,

SIR,

Yours to Command,

H. Mould.

‘The Vain-glorious Man (said *Grave*) will never ‘want Flatterers; Nor Spungers neither (pursu'd ‘*Temple*) 'tis the most pardonable of Faults (said ‘*Fountain*) what (assum'd *Church*) because it brings ‘Advantage to a great many. Right (added *Brook*) ‘for a Vain-glorious Man, will attempt all the good ‘he can, for the sake of his own Reputation. That ‘is (interrupted *Winter*) if his Vain-glory lye that ‘Way. True (pursu'd *River*) for there are a Sort ‘of Men that are penurious in Action, and yet take ‘a great deal of Pains not to be thought so. Others ‘*added I*) are only vain-glorious of their Wit; which ‘has no Benefit (continu'd *Chappel*) to recompence ‘the Nauseousness of the Fault. There is a lawful ‘Assuming (concluded *Summer*) due to Merit, in ‘what Kind soever; the Great Men have express'd ‘it in their Writings without Fear of Censure, as ‘*Cicero*, *Ovid*, *Pliny* the younger, *&c.* and I never ‘blame *Cicero* for pleasing himself so much in the ‘Delivering his Country from Ruine; it shews a ‘Noble Soul, that's pleas'd in doing Great Actions; ‘and I think a Man ought to take Pleasure, and dis-‘cover it too, in Actions which contribute to the ‘Good of the Publick; or of others of private Capa-‘cities; it shews one is sensible he is not born for ‘himself alone.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

From a Young Student, about an Apparition. Directed to Mr. Molins, *to be left for him at* Jonathan's *Coffee-House near the* Royal-Exchange, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Cambridge*, June 1692.

THere was a strange Thing happen'd last Night in our College, which was this: A very sober young Man sitting up late to study, about One a Clock saw his Candle burn blew, and in a Minute went out. At the same Time he heard a Noise at his Door, like the Snarling of three or four Dogs; presently the Door flew open of its own Accord, and there came in with Flambeaux in their Hands, three or four Boys in a green Livery; after them follow'd a Huntsman with his Horn, and his Pack of Hounds; and after them, a Gentleman on Horseback, who seem'd to pass over his Study, out of the Window, as he supposes, for he sunk quite down out of his Chair for Fear; but he was not come to himself again above two Minutes, when thinking to run into the next Chamber, he was stopt at the Door by a lusty Fellow, that had Horns, and Hair much like the Description we have of the Furies; struggling to get from him, he beat hard against the Door, which rouz'd two of his next Neighbours, who calling to him, and he answering but very faintly, they both came out to him, and found him in a Swoon, but saw nothing; being brought to himself, he gave 'em this Account, and afterward I had the same from his own Mouth. What to think of it I know not, whether it be the Effect of his own Melancholy Imagination, or a real Apparition, but there are four of us

are resolv'd to sit up with him to Night, and then you may expect a better Account of the Matter, from him who is

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, and Obliged Nephew,

R. Molins.

'These Apparitions (said *Chappel*) are wholly unac-
'countable things to me. And to me too (added
'*Fountain.*) That the Dead, or the Devil (said *Tem-*
'*ple*) should have nothing to do, but to play *Jack Pud-*
'*ding* Tricks, is something strange. And that (added
'*Brook*) only to fright Fools and Old Women, without
'any advantage to either the Living or the Dead.
'Right, (pursu'd *Summer*) for the State of the Dead
'being either eternally Happy, or eternally Misera-
'ble, what Ease, or advance of Glory can it be to them,
'to reform some slip of theirs in Mortality? But if
'Oppression (continu'd *Church*) Cheats, and the like,
'were sufficient to make the Dead walk, to make Re-
'stitution, why does not all the Knaves that dye so,
'return, and put an end to their Villanies? That in-
'deed (said *River*) would save many a Law Suit; and
'make many an honest Family happy, (said *Winter*)
'which else are fain to save themselves from starving,
'by the Charity of others, or their own Industry, tho'
'not born nor bred to labour. I must confess (said I)
'that the Proofs Mr. *Glanvil* brings, being from the
'Confession of Old doting Women, and ignorant *Lap-*
'*landers*, seem not very convincing; yet when I hear a
'Learned *Roman* assuring us of Matter of Fact, it al-
'most perswades me to believe it, tho' like him, I am
'to seek the Cause, and Reason of it; I mean *Pliny*
'the Younger, who in his Epistle to *Sura* gives an
'Account of two or three Apparitions. Tho' e'en so
'learned a Man as the Philosopher he mentions,
'might be deceiv'd, since I was acquainted with a
'Doctor of Divinty, who tho' in his Nocturnal Stu-
'dies, he had seen something in the Shape of a Wo-
'man come, and draw open his Curtains, and stare
'upon him, and shuting them again, retire, yet would
'not believe, but that it was the Effect of Fancy
'only.

'only. But the Account that *Pliny* gives of the Ap-
'paritions he mentions (concluded *Grave*) is so very
'circumstantial, that it could not be the Effect of
'Melancholy Thoughts, form'd out of our Fear. To
'omit therefore, the Business of *Curtius Rufus*, which
'might be a Boast of his own, like the *Egeria* of
'*Numa*, I'll proceed to the two more remarkable.

There was (*says he*) in *Athens*, a Noble and Spacious House, which was haunted; for in the Dead of Night there was the Noise of Iron, and if you hearkened a little, you might perceive it to be the Ratling of Chains, first at a Distance, but approaching nearer and nearer; after which appeared an old Man, worn out with Grief and Sadness, with a long Beard hanging down, and Hair all staring, his Legs and Arms were bound with Chains, which he shook: This made the House be deserted. But the Philosopher *Athenodorus* coming to *Athens*, and seeing a Bill on the Door, demands the Rent, which being very small, gave him some suspicion, and then he enquir'd into the Matter, and had it all related to him, which made him the more earnest to take the House. As soon as Evening came, he order'd his Bed to be made in the Fore-part of the House, and his Books, and Pen, and Ink, and Candle, to be placed there, and sends the rest of his Family to their Rest in the inner Part; and taking his Pen in his Hand, he set himself to write with all the Intention imaginable, lest the Account he had heard, should, by the Help of Fear, form those Images in his Mind, if not employ'd. The Noise first began at a Distance, then approach'd nearer; the Ratling of Chains was heard, but he kept still to his Writing; but the Noise approaching by Degrees, and now seeming within the Chamber, he turn'd about, and saw the *Spectre* he had heard describ'd; it seem'd to beck'n him, but he making a Sign with his Hand, bid him stay a little, and then returns to his Writing; but the *Spectre*, upon that, came, and shook his Chains over his Head; upon which, he look'd back once more, and observing it beck'n again, he took up his Light, and follow'd it; it went slowly before him, as if oppress'd by Chains, but in the Garden it suddenly disappear'd: *Athenodorus* with some Herbs and Grass, mark'd the Place; next Day, having inform'd the Magistrates of it, desires them to

order that Place to be dug, where was found the Bones of a Man in Chains, his Flesh being eat off by the Worms; which being taken up, and buried according to Custom, the House was never troubl'd afterward.

'This is something long, but upon so Extraordi-'nary a Subject, 'twill not be amiss to add what 'happen'd ev'n in the same *Pliny*'s own House.

He had a *Freeman* call'd *Marcus*, a Man, as he says, not Unlearned, with whom his Younger Brother lay, in the same Bed, he thought he saw somebody sitting on the Bed, and cutting off his Hair close to the Head. At Day-break he was found to be shav'd, and the Hairs all lay down about him. A little Time after, a Boy sleeping in a Dormitory, among a great many other, saw two in White enter the Window, and cut off all his Hair, which was found in the same Manner the Next Morning.

Here were Evident Proofs of the Matter of Fact. But now to the next.

LETTER

LETTER L.

A Lady to her Confident, giving an Account of her Marriage and Amour in Prose and Verse. 'Twas Directed to Mr. LUREWEL *in* Chester.

My Dar Flavia,

WHen you left me, you left me engag'd in the most agreeable Passion, that ever Woman knew. 'Tis true, Fate, Fancy, or Fantasque, made me *Strephon's*; but I had no sooner committed the Folly, than I repented of its Consequence. I found my self bound to a Man, who had no other Regard to me but the Advantages I brought. You must be sensible, that there is no greater Mortification to a Woman, than to find she ow'd her imagin'd Conquest to any thing but her own Charms; and Marriage is like my Lord *Rochester's* second Bottle, a wonderful revealer of Secrets; it pulls off the Veil, and makes the Man discover what he industriously conceal'd before. *Strephon*, when he had once the Matrimonial Authority, having nothing more to hope, or fear, laid aside disguise, and confess'd the Husband; and I found him, what, if I had taken the least Time to consider, I might have known him to be, a meer Husband, one that loves nothing but himself, and all things else for himself, and in proportion to the Pleasure or Advantage, they bring to his good or bad Taste. Indifference soon follow'd the Nuptial Night, and a cold Neglect succeeded on both sides. This was a State without Trouble or Concern to each, because neither car'd what the other did; and perhaps if I had remain'd so, I might have been easie. But new Amours fir'd him, and sour'd his Indifference into Ill humour; he seldom car'd to be at home, and I was well content that he shou'd be abroad, because it freed us both from Objects, no way agreeable to each other.

Thus far it might be born, but I was destin'd to greater Misfortunes; *Amintor* came in View, and Love immediately succeeded; for to see *Amintor*, is to love him. I flatter'd my self, that I was not indifferent to him—— But why should I indulge my Frailty, to repeat what you know?—— I will only therefore, add a Poetical Transport on the dear Man that wholly possest my Soul. I am the more free in my Expression, because you know, that all our Affairs is bounded by Honour, a Platonick Passion is the lambent flame that warms our Breasts, and that is justify'd by Innocence. But now you must hear

Lucinda's Complaint.

Beneath a Cypress shade Lucinda *sate;*
In plaintive sounds she chid unequal Fate,
And thus complained of her unhappy State.

Ye cruel Stars that ever roll above,
And govern, with your awful Fires, our Love;
Why was I doom'd to faithless Strephon's *Arms,*
And made a Victim to his treacherous Charms?
Strephon's *false Vows and Oaths besiege my Heart;*
And ruinous Pity to my Breast impart.
Thus Pity did my Liberty destroy,
And give that Traytor, odious Right to Joy.
Why did you then Amintor's *Charms display?*
Amintor *just, and witty, young and gay;*
Amintor's *Charms from* Strephon *freed my Mind,*
But ah! my Heart in stronger Bands confin'd!
A thousand Cupids *revel in his Face,*
And in his Air smiles every lovely Grace.
Mellifluous sounds drop from his Hilla *Tongue,*
And all the Muses shine through his Enchanting Song,
Should Venus *see him, she'd admire him more,*
Than e'er she did Adonis *heretofore.*
But if she once cou'd hear his charming Lyre,
She in Excess of Love must needs expire
And fall, like Semele, *pleas'd in th' Ecstatick Fire?*
Cupid *from* Strephon *took a Leaden Dart;*
Which strook, with pity, sure not Love, my Heart:
But Oh! from the Divine Amintor's *Eye*
(Th' Exhaustless store of Love's Artillery)
With Hand unerring sped a Golden Dart,
Pointed with Love, which quite transfixt my Heart.
My Heart thus wounded felt unusual Fires
Warm'd into Wishes, and unknown Desires:

Peace

Peace all the Days uneasie Moments flies,
And sleep is grown a stranger to my Eyes:
No Object but Amintor *now can please;*
Nothing but he can give me Joy, and Ease.

Ye cruel Stars, to end my raging Pain,
Or give me my Indifference again,
Or with my Passion fill the charming Swain.

I know the Men will not allow us to meddle with Poetry more than Government; but when they remember *Sappho*, Mrs. *Behn*, our present Queen, and *Eliza*, they shou'd own their Error; and confess that Love, and Dominion are never so happily touch'd and administred as by Woman. But while I write to you, and on this Subject, I forget the length of my Letter, and defer too long, telling you how much and how entirely I am,

Your Faithful

Lucinda.

'This Letter (said *Cappel*) discovers a great deal of 'Wit and good Sense in *Lucinda*; and a great deal of 'the Woman too (said *River*) True (continued *Grave*) 'giving away her self without thought; and (pursued 'Church) then repenting of her Rashness with a Female 'Levity, pretty usual with the Sex. There is one 'thing (*interrupted I*) which I must take notice of, 'which is the whimsical Fancy of *Platonic* Love, a No'tion introduced by the cunning Hypocrisie of some 'politick Debauchee, who under the specious Pretext 'gains Admittance into the Heart, and then (pursu'd 'Fountain) gaining Opportunity from want of Guard 'in the Fair, against a suppos'd Friend, with ease '(said *Summer*) obtains what a Formal, Carnal Lover 'cou'd never hope. Yet the Verses (interrupted *Win'ter*) discover something beyond a meer *Platonic*, and 'is encouragement enough to an understanding Lover, 'to pursue his point to his own Satisfaction. Grant'ing all this (said *Brook*) it must be allow'd, that her 'Conclusion is just, Love and Government have ap'pear'd best under the Female Direction. I will not 'for thee, but add what was answer'd to *Charles* II. 'asking how it came to pass, that the Nation was bet'ter pleased in a Woman's Government than a Mans? 'That the Reason was, *When a Man Rul'd, Women Go'vern'd; when a VVoman, the Men.*

LETTER

LETTER LI.

Being a Jacobite's Account to the Court of St. Germaines, *of the success of their Designs, in dividing the Juring Church, and engaging so many in their Designs,* &c.

The Cover was Directed to Minheer Van Gaul, *in* Amsterdam; *the enclosed was directed to Mr.* PINACLE, *at St.* Germains.

« WHat have we here (said I) a secret convey-
« ance betwixt *Holland* and St. *Germains*? I am
« surpriz'd (said *Grave*) that any *Dutch* Man should be
« an Enemy to the Common Cause! True (said *River*)
« it is very strange; for whatever their Religion be,
« they generally agree in this, to be true to their Coun-
« try. And so far (pursued *Chappel*) to their Allies.
« But (interrupted *Church*) let us see the Inside, and
« we may better Judge whether the Seed of Rebellion
« and Treachery, which is so plentiful in *England*, has
« spread ev'n to our Neighbours.

« Upon this they open'd the Letter, but found it
« Writ in Cypher, which after some time they made
« shift to unridle in the following Manner.

My dear Brother,

I Gave you formerly a Scheme of bringing an infallible Assistance to our poor abandon'd Master, which I will not suppose you have forgot, since it was the only Way, that all the best Heads of our Party cou'd devise to raise our desperate Cause out of those fatal Ruins, it was bury'd in. All the Plots and Conspiracies of the hotheaded

hotheaded Zealots of our Party were so far from advancing the Cause of our Royal Master, and his Unhappy Father of pious Memory, they only turn'd to both their Disadvantages, and our Ruin. For while the Church of *England*, its Benefic'd and Dignify'd Clergy, thought their Privileges, Immunities, and Rights, secure under the Present Establishment, it was in vain for us to attempt any Thing against it. You found all your projects disappointed, tho' form'd in the most Politic Court, and by the greatest Prince, that ever *Europe* saw; in so much, that the Unfortunate Prince, our Master, laid aside all Thoughts of an Earthly Crown, bent his thoughts, and employ'd all his Time in the Pursuit of a heavenly Diadem; till Death open'd that Heav'n to him which he aim'd at, without Regard to any worldly Consideration.

During the Reign of him, they call the late King, we strugl'd hard to insinuate into the Church Party, that they were likely by their Complyance with the Government to find a Total Subversion of the Church by Law Establish'd, as a just Punishment of their Rebellion against the Lord's Anointed. We desired them to remember what it was that gave them the first Alarm against the late King, only his declaring for Liberty of Conscience, which Declaration being illegal (for we were fain to own that a King might do some things Illegal) only during his Pleasure, might not only be recal'd, but the Dissenters ruin'd for accepting of it; but that now they had got a Liberty of Conscience establish'd by Law, which wou'd in time be the Ruin of the Church, and Bishops. That there were but two ways of retrieving this Misfortune, either by another Restoration, which wou'd at once rescind all Laws made during the Usurpation, as those of *Oliver*; or else by abrogating it under the present Establishment.

The first seem'd too dangerous an Experiment, and the second too difficult plainly to attempt. But Expedients were found out to do that *Gradation*, which cou'd not be effected at once. This was not long consider'd before an eminent Divine of our Party drew the Scheme. There was an Act made after the Restoration, for Uniformity, and excluding all Persons from Employment if they wou'd not take the Sacrament according to the Orders of the Church. This Act had been evaded, and some few Dissenters got into the Parliament, into Offices of Trust, as Mayors, Justices of Peace, &c. It is true, by a just Computation through the whole Kingdom, there are not one to thirty; but this was ground enough to build on to a People Jealousys of what they possess'd,

and

and covetous of more. An Occasional Bill was therefore contriv'd, by which we first hop'd that we shou'd exclude all that cou'd oppose our Designs in a Reign, when we flatter'd our selves the most Extravagant Demands of the Church cou'd meet with no Curb from the Throne.

It must be confess'd, that our Project has not yet answered our end, and that we found too many Church Men engag'd in the Preservation of the present Establishment, to get our Bill through both Houses. Many of the Commons, and most of the Lords, were against it; what the Majority gain'd us in the Lower-House, it lost us in the Upper. This gave us no small Mortification, and rous'd our Resentment to a Point that if we had but carry'd, our dear Master had been fixt on the *English* Throne before this. The last Essay therefore was to tack it to a Money Bill, in which we had a double Prospect, either to carry our Bill if the Lords should dispense with the Solemn Order of their House, or to bring all into Confusion, if not Civil War, if they insisted on the Order they had made some Years before, of passing no tack'd Bill; and this wou'd have gain'd such Advantage to our Master, that with a little help from the most Christian King, he might have come to the Assistance of his own Church Party. But several of our Confederates forsook us, and sneak'd off, and left us so bare, that we lost it by a very great Majority. In short, our Bill was thrown out, and the last Sessions ended of the most glorious Parliament for our purpose that we ever can hope.

This may perhaps give you but a Melancholy Prospect of our Affairs here, but let not your hopes vanish; we have gain'd many considerable Points, that will in time contribute to the success of our Wishes. We have divided the Church, have entirely gain'd the two Universities, have secur'd two thirds of the Clergy, and appear barefac'd Jacobites in the defence of the Church, we esteem Schismatical, and for the Government, we, by refusing to take the Oaths to, Avow to be an Usurpation, *Quos perdere vult Jupiter dementat prius?* Can we have any surer prediction of success to our Cause, when such things pass on its Enemy? Or if they are deny'd to be its Enemys, then 'tis plain our Cause has made a noble Progress, and worthy of the Endeavours of those pious Men, that have labour'd for it.

We have publish'd lately a Memorial, hoping by that to bully the Queen and Ministry into our Measures, since Perswasion will not do; never was the Soul and Force of our Cause so evident as in this Book; the greedy

Zeal

Zeal it was receiv'd with, five thousand being sold in a matter of a Fortnights time after it was known; and it became the Test of a Man's Understanding, as well as Honesty, to speak well or ill of it; nay, not to conclude it unanswerable.

This may give you hopes, since 'tis not impossible but that it may have the Effect design'd, to win more Converts to Tacking in the Ensuing Parliament; and I assure you, most of our side believe that it will give us the Ballance next Sessions; and then we shall once again see good Days under the Rightful Prince of these Nations.

I know not what others may think, but a *French* Power to me is not so formidable a thing; the worst it can do, is but to destroy the present Constitution of our Church; but that wou'd be to do by it as Chymists do with Metals, to refine and improve it; by encreasing the Power of the Clergy, which wou'd extinguish all these Hydra Broods of Fanaticks; The Religion of the Church of *France*, and that of the true Church of England, is not so different, but they may easily unite, as has been admirably demonstrated by Mr. *Lesley* in his *Pontificate* and *Regale*. But I forgot that I am writing a Letter, not a Volume. I shall therefore conclude with my Prayers and Wishes for a speedy success to all our Designs, in which none shall be more Zealous than

Your Loving Brother.

Jehu Pinacle.

'Here's the Mystery of Iniquity reveal'd (said 'Church) no more (reply'd *Summer*) than was known 'to all the rational World before. 'Tis true (pursu'd 'Chappel) it is pretty plain, that these Heats, Animo'sities and Factions, these groundless Jealousies, are 'form'd and promoted by the profess'd Enemies of the 'Government. The Defenders of the Cause, who 'appear in Print, (continu'd *Fountain*) are either pro'fess'd Jacobites, as *Lesley*, &c. or such, as refus'd the 'Oaths to the late King, and so made a Distinction be'twixt the Right of him, and her present Majesty, set'ting aside (said *Winter*) in that very thing, the Act 'of Settlement, which gave the Crown to her Majesty; 'notwithstanding, the *Jure Divino* Right of the sup'pos'd Prince of *Wales*. I wou'd fain have them An'swer one Point, which has been often urg'd (said

'*Grove*

« *Grave*) If Mr. *Lesley*, and the other Non-jurant « Clergy who write for the High-flying Cause, be real- « ly for the present Establishment in Church or State; « why, do they refuse Communion with the Church, « and their Oaths to the Government? And if they « really are not for either (continu'd I) what weight « can their Arguments have with those who are for the « Government in Church and State on the Revolution- « Bottom? Or, what pretences to Honour, Conscience « or Honesty, have those Authors (concluded *Brook*) « who can pretend to write for that which their Princi- « ples abhor? or if they do condemn (as indeed most « of their Writings do) the Revolution-Principles, « how can they have Folly and Impudence enough to « appear publickly in Print on such a Subject, under a « Government Establish'd on that Bottom?

LETTER LII.

From a Gentleman, to a Fop that desir'd to know how he should Salute, and Complement his Mistress: 'Twas Directed to Mr. TIPPIN, *to be left at* Sarah's *Coffee-house near* Queen-street *in* Cheapside, London.

Poor Lover, *Leicester*, June 1692.

I'M sorry I should just go out of Town as you arriv'd thither on the Account of Matrimony, and Courtship. You tell me you want me, to instruct you how you should Compliment, and entertain your Mistriss, when you wait on her; but I can give you choice Instructions at this distance, in the Matter; which if you follow, you will gain the Reputation with the Lady, of a very accomplish'd Spark; 'tis the newest Mode of Wooing. You must be sure to carry a piece of Crape in your Pocket, to wipe the Dust from your Shoes before you approach her, and to have your Comb ready

to adjust your Whig. If you sit, be sure place your self where you may look in the Glass, and be very diligent in giving the Genteel turn to the Curles of your Perruque, or the Ribbons of your Cravat-string, and seem not to take much notice of your Mistress; admire your own Dress, your own Person, and Parts; for to tell her she's pretty, is to make her proud, and so stand off the longer. If you don't sit, (and indeed Motion is more natural for a Lover, so it be but graceful) you must be continually upon the Trip, often visiting the Glass, asking your Mistress how she likes this Ribbon, that Cut of the Sleeve, this Stocking, that Cravat, and which she thinks becomes you best. This will give her occasion to praise your Shape, your Legg, your Face, or some, or all the parts about you: then strike in, and tell her they are all at her Service, that you are wondrously smitten with her, and so the Suit is over. I wish you good Success, which you can't fail of, if you observe the Directions of,

SIR,

Your Friend and Servant,

R. Arnold.

'A pritty Method (said *Winter*) to win a fair Lady; 'and yet this Method (reply'd *Grave*) shall win more 'fair Ladies than Sense, and Reason. Right, (pursu'd 'Church) this they call an airy modish *Beau*. An ac'complish'd Gentleman (added *Brook*) learned in Dress, 'and Mein. They hate the whining Lover, (said 'Summer) except in a Play, or Romance. They will 'have (added *Temple*) this airy way, as they call it, 'more natural, because (assum'd *Fountain*) more sen'sless; which is (contin'd *River*) doing Business with'out any regard to it, or minding quite another thing. 'I know not (said I) but we are equal with them 'there too. Right, (concluded *Chappel*) for a noisy 'Coquet shall gain a Train of Admirers, with her ugly 'Face, when a modest charming sensible Lady shall 'scarce have enough to keep her from leading Apes in 'Hell.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

From a Husband to his Wife, against Absence. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. ORKNEY, *at Mr.* Lovel's-*House near* Tunbridge *in* Kent.

Dear Love, *London,* June 1692.

I Never was more dissatisfied with Business, than when it hinder'd me from going with thee to *Tunbridge*, especially since you went thither ill; for now I desire to be with thee, that I may see how you gather Strength, and what Advantage you reap from the Waters. You send me word you are troubl'd at my Absence, and that for me you caress my Books, and put them in my place in the Bed; thy desire of me is very pleasing to me, as well as the Satisfaction thou takest in any thing that's mine. On the other side, I often read over thy Letters, as if but just receiv'd; but that fires me the more with a longing for thy Company, which can't but afford a great deal of Delight, when your very Letters yield so much Sweetness and Content. Write therefore often to me, tho' thy Letters give me a Pleasure that's mingled with a great deal of Pain, both for thy Absence, and Health. 'Tis incredible how I long to see thee, which proceeds chiefly from my Love, and next from our seldom being separate; and therefore I desire the time of our present Separation may be as short as possible, who am

Thy Faithful Loving Husband,

S. Orkney.

'Sure this must be Honey-Moon (said *Winter*) 'with this Couple, that they express such a mutual 'Fondness. It may be not (answer'd *Grave*) for Ex-'pressions of Kindness in Absence is often the Co-'ver of other Designs, which each has a Mind to 'conceal. Ay, ay, (added *Summer*) the Mysteries of 'Matrimony are not easily div'd into. If it be pos-'sible (said *Temple*) to have Plain-Dealing, and Sin-'cerity among Mankind, and this be so, 'tis no un-'happy State. Right (added *River*) for that which 'baulks our Happiness, is Want of Confidence in one 'another. The Interest of Married People being 'the same (pursu'd *Church*) methinks it should not 'be impossible to find that there. I am of Opinion '(said *Brook*) that Interest is not the only Hinge, 'on which the Affairs of the World turn. Right '(added *Chappel*) for we have Passions, that will often 'be gratified to the Prejudice of our Interest. And 'these seldom concurring (pursu'd *Fountain*) 'tis no 'Wonder, Wedlock wants so often mutul Confidence, 'without which it can't be a happy State, as you af-'firm. This Letter seems to carry the Air (*con-'cluded I*) of Sincerity, tho' 'tis the most difficult 'Thing in the World, to distinguish betwixt Reality 'and Dissimulation.

LETTER LIV.

In Answer to a Letter of Praise. Directed to Mr. Brook, *to be left at* Nando's *Coffee-house near* Temple-Bar *in* Fleet-Street, London.

How, for me (*said* Brook)! *and would have got it away. Hold there* (said I) *your Vote pass'd but now for a free Communication, without Reserve, and are you already for transgressing your Act, like a Parliament-Man drinking* French *Wine in a Tavern, when he had voted it*

down

down in the House? Prithee (return'd *Summer*) *we are never willing to stand to the Law we prescribe another. But* (*said* Chappel) *'tis more than Arrogant for a Parliament-Man not to be content to break the Law Establish'd by Common Consent in a Tavern; but to bring his Pontac into the very House of Commons, and drink it about there among his Brethren. Right* (pursu'd *River*) *and therefore let him be fin'd, that presumes to infringe our Decree for the Future, for I was oblig'd to lead the Way to you. Agreed* (said all) *proceed therefore. Upon which I read it out to them, but* Brook *stood close by me, ready to snatch it away, if it had been what he suspected, a Letter from a Fair Lady.*

Honour'd Sir, *Oxford,* June 1692.

IN your Letter I receiv'd last from you, you discover'd how much you deserv'd Praise, whilst you prais'd me, by your Wit being able to make so worthless a Subject seem fine; even to him that has the most despicable Opinion of it, that is my self. But this Effect your undeserv'd Praise will have, that I shall endeavour to merit it, and turn your Complement into a Reality, that so I may be able to repay your Bribe. I shall only in the mean Time subscribe my self what I am, without Reserve,

SIR,

Your Obliged Humble Servant,

R. Codrington.

‘ What my Friend *Brook*, are you in for a Com-
‘ plementer (said *Winter*) who was but now so free
‘ in your Censure of it? Prithee (return'd *Brook*)
‘ we are all guilty of the Faults we condemn here
‘ of other Men. Right (said *Chappel*) *Grave* here,
‘ who has so many good Words for the Sex, keeps
‘ a pretty Girl in a Corner; And yet (added *Temple*)
‘ can rail at Hypocrisie. And *Summer* (*pursu'd I*)
‘ can censure the Fondness of the Married; And yet
‘ (continu'd *River*) ne'er suspect his own. Prithee
‘ (answer'd *Grave*) who doubts it, but we have all
‘ our Vices, but we see 'em not in our selves, as we
‘ do

do in another. Right (added *Summer*) they have private Beauties near, which are hid in Deformities afar off, like some sorts of Painting. Be't as 'twill (said *Fountain*) 'tis not civil, to tell us when we like not the Squinting of another, that we are guilty of the same. In short, (concluded *Church*) this I'll say in Vindication of *Brook*, He could scarce say any Thing in Praise of this Gentleman, which he deserves not.

LETTER LV.

From a Chymist that had ruin'd himself by it, to a Gentleman, to persuade him to Chymistry. 'Twas Directed to Mr. Raw, *near* ———

Honour'd Sir,

I Would not have you discourag'd from your Inclinations to the Noble Art of *Chymistry*, by the Persuasions of the Ignorant; certainly, I that have spent so fair an Estate in the Search of Nature by Fire, should know what can be done in this Art. 'Tis demonstrable, even to a very mean Understanding, that the great Hermitic Work may be perform'd; nay, it may be made out, that not one half of the Gold that is used in *Europe*, and transported thence to the *East-Indies*, was e'er dug out of the Mines, or taken up in the Rivers in *Africa*, or *America*. 'Tis true, a Philosopher should not be fond of Wealth, and that makes me not affect Pomp and Splendor, I could else convince the World, that I had not spent all my Time to no purpose. Be not therefore discourag'd, and remember, that the Operations in this kind are

tedious, yet that the Treasure that attends them, more than answers the Expence of Time and Money. I am

Your Friend, and Servant,

R. Simmons.

‘ This has bin a Cheat of so many Ages (said ‘ *Chappel*) That one would think (assum'd *Summer*) ‘ it should be worn Thread-bare by this Time. Oh, ‘ (said *Grave*) it has such a Support, that it is no ‘ Wonder at all. True (pursu'd *Church*) as long as ‘ we are possest with insatiable Desires after Riches, ‘ We shall (added *Winter*) grasp at ev'ry Appearance ‘ of so large a Gain. The Wonder of this is, (*said I*) ‘ that all these Pretenders are poor when they have ‘ such a Treasure in their Power. Oh! (answer'd ‘ *River*) they wou'd have you think, that their Poverty is the Effect of Choice. Right (added ‘ *Temple*) as more agreeable to the Life of a Philosopher. But yet (said *Brook*) the End of their ‘ Philosophy being the Gaining this Art, and the ‘ Use of the Art contradictory to the End of the ‘ Philosopher, it hangs not well together. Nay, farther (concluded *Fountain*) they pretend none but ‘ a Philosopher can obtain it, which is only, we shall ‘ never have it 'till we care not for it, and ought ‘ not to use it; and yet they perswade others to the ‘ Prosecution, by the Hopes of Gain, which I can ‘ imagine to be nothing but the Excellence of Poverty, or the Art of being content with a little, ‘ when a great Deal cannot satisfie.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

From One that had stol'n a Marriage, giving an Account of Honey-Moon, &c. Directed to Mr. ARNWAY, *jun. at the Sign of the* Golden Serpent, *in* Tooly-street, Southwark.

Dear Sam, *Bristol*, June 1692.

YOU us'd to laugh at the Extravagance of my Passion, but now I can laugh too, being possess'd of Dear *Clemene*, whom you thought I could never obtain. She came out of her Father's House to me, with her Trusty Maid, after Ten at Night, when all the Orderly Family was a-bed, and by the Help of a Canonical Man, we were joyn'd at an Uncanonical Hour. We revel'd in each others Arms most part of the Night, before Day she left me blest with the sweetest Joys in Nature; and return'd to her own Bed: And thus by stealth she comes each Night to my Longing Arms, more Beautiful, Gay, and Loving by Enjoyment. I wanton in my Happiness all Night, and borrow of the Day for Rest. Two Months are already past in these Lawful Thefts of Love, and now she begins to find her self with Child, she's infinitely fonder than ever. Her Father will therefore, suddenly be acquainted with it by some Common Friends to both, and that with Success I hope; at least, it will not be in his Power to hinder me from being one of the happiest Men alive in a Wife; which Blessing, I confess, I deserved not, having so often condemn'd, and ridicul'd a Married Life, but to attone, by imparting the Pleasures of it, I'll make a thousand Converts of such as thee, Dear *Sam*, I am in haste, it being now near Ten,

Thy Fortunate Friend,

Jo. Man.

A Happy Man (said *Grave*) content with his present Fortune; And yet perhaps, before the revolving Year comes about, (pursu'd *Winter*) he may sing another Tune. True (added *Church*) for now it bears so much the Face of Whoring, that it makes him pleas'd with it, as if 'twould always be so. They had not yet (said *Fountain*) known the Contradictions of one anothers Humours. Nor had he yet (added *Temple*) known the Insipidness of one Object continually Day and Night to dwell on. We are all violent in the first Transports (said *Summer*) of a New-married Life; But after a little Time Satiety comes on, (added *Chappel*) and then you find no Relish of your best Pleasures; No Novelty (pursu'd *Brook*) in her Embraces, no new Charms in her Face, all Familiar, and Old. But it discovers Want of Judgment (*said I*) to be changeable in our Affections; And (concluded *River*) to imagine the absent Pleasure greater, than the present.

LETTER LVII.

From an Hermaphrodite to a Female Lover. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. KATES, *at her Lodging at the* White Posts *in* Panton-street *near* Leicester-fields, London.

My Lovely Amoret,

CErtainly Jealousie is the Child of Love, for I'm sure I love thee with all the Extravagance in Nature, and yet I'm afraid, left in my Absence, some deluding Man should alienate thy Dear Affections; but have a Care, my *Amoret*, for that Sex is false, and entirely compos'd of Ingratitude; Men seek nothing at the Expence of a thousand Perjuries, and the

the Ruin of the Fair Ones, they swear they love, but a Minute's Satisfaction to their Curiosity, not Lust, or Love; they only aim at the Vanity of Bragging they have lain with this, or that Lady, without any further Regard to them. Believe me, my *Amoret*, to whom Nature has given a share in both Sexes, for I can best judge of their Faults; that Part of me that is Divine Woman, softens, and improves the other, which would else engage me in a thousand Villanies; but I have the Love and Fondness of a Woman, and the Vigor of a Man, by which I bring thee the Pleasure of Love and Enjoyment, without any Hazard to thy Reputation, tho' an Hundred should see me in Bed with thee, but the Contagion of a Man's Embrace brings certain Ruin and Pain to her that yields. You have a Happiness in me that is not common; Nature has made us scarce like all extraordinary Beings, intended only for a Blessing, for such of her Darlings as thee art, my Dear, my *Amoret*, my Angel, my Goddess, for so thou'lt be, 'till polluted by the Infamous Touch of Man; which I'll cease to fear, left that Fear should make me cease to be happy, as to subscribe my self thy Faithful, Loving, and Doting

More.

'I can't conceive (said *Chappel*) the Nature of 'these Amphibious Creatures: Nor before now (pur-'su'd *Temple*) did I believe there were any such. 'They are not the Effect of Nature (answer'd *Win-'ter*) but Accident. Right (added *Grave*) for they 'are not born so, according to the Account *Montaigu* 'gives us. True (pursu'd *Church*) for I never heard 'of any of them, that were so much Men, as to 'get a Child. I must confess my Ignorance in the 'Matter (*said I*) but if I may believe those that 'have better Skill, they are distinctly Man and Wo-'man. All that I can say of the Business (said *Foun-'tain*) is, That if all are like this, 'tis an Animal 'of a very Amorous Nature. It ought (answer'd '*Brook*) since it has both Sexes, to have the Lust of 'both. True (added *Summer*) and therefore Nature 'has furnish'd it with the Means of satisfying both. 'Tis the Emblem of the Hypocritical World, (con-'cluded *River*) the Visible Appearance of Woman 'deceives the Eye, and makes one imagine the Petti-

coat hides no more than it does for the rest of the Sex; which renders its Dalliances indeed very secure, and unsuspected.

LETTER LVIII.

To the Maid that was to manage the Intriegue with the Mistress. Directed to Mrs. BRIDGET DOD, *to be Left at Mr.* DOD'S, *a Joyner in* Thieving-Lane, *near* Westminster-Abbey, London.

Pretty Mrs. Bridget, *Cornwal*, June 1692.

I Have directed this Letter to your Brothers, in whom you say, you can confide. Be careful of my Affair; and you shall find me faithful to my Promise. Five hundred Pounds, Mrs. *Bridget*, will marry thee to a Substantial Country Gentleman; nay, what's more I'll engage to get thee a good Husband into the Bargain, if thou wilt but first provide me a Wife. Mind exactly my Directions, to time your speaking to thy Mistress and mine, of *me* and *Love*. Take her in a Morning, when she has all the Remembrance of pleasing Dreams, with their Impressions on her, before Ill-humour, and Morosenes are awake; or else when she's newly got to Bed, her severer Thoughts being long since gone to rest, tyr'd out with the hard Duty of the Day. Watch her softest Hours, when her Soul's in Tune to join with the Harmony of Love: After her Mind has been employ'd in Romances, Plays, and Novels, then nought but sweet Ideas fill her Soul, and Love can't be denied Admittance, those having so well prepar'd its Way. Send me exact Advice of what Progress you make. I'll be in Town, as soon as I have dispatch'd my Business here. When I return you must so contrive it, that

that I may once more have a private Interview with her; but so, as if it were not design'd by you, the last was extreamly well order'd: But we'll better consult of that when I see you; in the mean Time, Dear Mr. *Bridget*, be not forgetful of

Thy Humble Servant,

P. Wexford.

'The Spark (said *Summer*) is learn'd in Woman-
'kind; and gives not better Rules (continu'd *Temple*)
'to steal upon the Affections of the Mistress, than
'he takes (added *Brook*) to win the Maid to his
'Interest. A good Portion (said *Grave*) and a good
'Husband; with the Appendix (assum'd *Chappel*)
'of Gentility too, is enough (pursu'd *Winter*) to
'make any Waiting Maid in *Christendom* sell a hun-
'dred Mistresses. Nay, almost (said *Fountain*) her
'own Soul, if she has any. Tho' this Gentleman
'(said *Church*) seem to deserve her for his Ingenui-
'ty. He seems indeed very well qualify'd (pursu'd
'*River*) for a Happy Married Man, that is so well
'skill'd in the Nature of Woman, that he can't be
'at a Loss to manage it to his own Content. That
is (*concluded I*) if he know himself as well.

LETTER LIX.

From an Old Maid. Directed to Mr. NICHOLLS, *at the Sign of the* Sugar-Loaf, *in* Tower-street, London.

Dear Mr. Nicholls, *Stains*, June 1692.

I Wonder you should question my Love to you, when I have given you so many Marks of my Sincerity; I say not this, to shew you that I am very fond of you, for I need not have liv'd a Maid to these Years,

if

if I had been so forward to be marry'd; the Men have been wooing me this dozen Years to it. Dear Mr. *Nicholls*, don't fail coming to *Stains* next *Saturday*, that you and I may go to Church together on *Sunday*. You may believe me, I wish we were never to be asunder more: But nothing should have gain'd this Confession from me, but your repeated Assurances of Honouable Love to her, who is without reserve,

SIR,

Yours to Command,

Rebecca Bond.

This poor Lady (said *Chappel*) is in a great Fear of leading Apes in Hell. Right (pursu'd *Brook*) she takes a great Deal of Pains to keep this only Hopes of her Salvation; and (added *Temple*) to convince him of what perhaps he sees too plainly already; *viz.* The Reality of her Love; or Doting (said *VVinter*) nay, if you seem in the least (said *Church*) to doubt the Love of an old Maid, tho' but by Way of Course, she'll be giving you a thousand Nauseous Forc'd Assurances of it. 'Till (added *Fountain*) she is more intolerable, than two or three *Irish* Men making Love to a Coffee-Woman, with a Damn'd Perpetual Noise (pursu'd *Summer*) of singing out of Tune, and a Curs'd Voice, 'till the Besieg'd Damsel (continu'd *River*) is forc'd to give 'em a Glass of Cool Tea, or Usquebaugh to stop their Mouths. *Quisque suos patimur Manes* (said I) we have each our several Faults. And Men as well as Women (concluded *Grave*) are most fond of Pleasure and Riches, when they are past the right Use of 'em.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

From a Doctor of Trinity College, Cambridge, *to a Gentleman, to perswade him to neglect the Vulgar Sollicitudes of a Busie Life, to raise to himself a Name hereafter. 'Twas Directed to Mr.* BENS, *to be Left for him at* Child's *Coffee-House, in* St. Paul's-Church-yard, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Cambridge, June 1692.*

I Want to know how you spend your Time, Whether the Diversions and Business of the Town still monopolize your Thoughts? Prithee bid adieu to the Hurry of the Thoughtless Part of Mankind, that live here only to scrape together a little shining Dirt, with a great Deal of Trouble, and often Injustice, to furnish their Children with Supplies to their Lewdness and Profusion. 'Tis below a Man methinks to live only for the Day of the short of Life. We are immortal in the Rolls of Eternity, and ought, in my Mind, not to let our selves dye here, 'till the Rolls of Fame are shut up in those of Eternity. Fortune has been kind to you in placing you in the happy Mean, tempt her not to destroy the Happiness she has given you. Nature is content with a little. Leave therefore the sordid Care of Gain, to those that will die like the rest of the numerous Millions, that the World never heard of their being in it, whilst you return to your Country House here near your *Alma Mater*, and devote your self to your Studies, where you may form some great Thing, which will be always your own. Your Estate and Moneys, tho' ne'er so much, by the Knaveries of some, in spight of the

Security

Security of the Law, after your Death, may fall into as many Hands, as the Conquest of *Alexander*, with a worse Fate, for none will so much as remember that they once were yours; but the Products of your Learning will be yours for ever. I know the Ability of your Genius, I should not else endeavour to drive you from the Common Road; try only to have as good an Opinion of your own Parts, as ev'ry Body else has, and that will soon prevail with you to comply with the Desires of him, who is

Your Friend, and Humble Servant,

R. Nalson.

'I am of this Gentleman's Mind (said *Church*) 'that the Chase of Honours and Riches, are not worth 'the Time of a Man of Sense. Thus far (answer'd '*Grave*) he's in the right, for the Perfection of Happiness is *Certainty*; But the Glories of Honours and 'Riches (assum'd *Winter*) are supported by such brittle 'Buttresses, that the Arbitrary Whim of a Prince, 'or the more Giddy Humour (added *River*) of the 'Mob casts it down, 'Tis true (*said I*) we pursue 'Happiness, before we consider where to find it; mistaking its Seat (assum'd *Temple*) to be in Dignities and Wealth; because (added *Summer*) they 'are dazling; and (continu'd *Fountain*) under their 'False Glory, conceal their Troubles and Vexations. 'Whereas (said *Chappel*) in Study we find present 'Content, and (concluded *Brook*) Fame hereafter, 'when the Memory of Wealth and Honour is for-'got.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

Of Consolation to One that griev'd very much for the Death of his Wife. 'Twas Directed to Mr. MONSON *in* Bloomsbury-Square, London.

Dear Cousin, *Newcastle,* June 1692.

I Receiv'd your Melancholy Letter, and confess you have had a great Loss in losing a good Wife, that being so rare a Jewel in this Age: You say, you have liv'd with her these Nine and Thirty Years, without any falling out, she always paying you that Deference and Respect due to a Husband, and you her that Love and Indulgence due to a Wife; but methinks it ought to be a great Comfort to you, that you possess'd such a Treasure as this so many Years, when so many Accidents and Distempers threaten our Lives ev'ry Moment. Unhappy, I confess, are the Joys of Love, if they could be extinguish'd by the Death of either, but the Memory of the deceas'd is a Balm for that Sore, and keeps her Image still alive. Besides, you have Children, the more Lively Pictures of her; be fond of them, and be not such a Devotee to Grief, for what can't be recover'd, as to neglect your Duty to your self, and your own Offspring. 'Tis to no purpose to use many Arguments, Grief being the best Cure to it self. But I would not have you ever forget, that you may still remember your Children she bore you. I only desire you to be moderate in your Grief, who am

Your Loving Kinsman,

Jer. Pool.

For

« For my Part (said *Church*) I look upon this to « be but a piece of Ceremony, for I can't think any « Man so fond a Husband, as to extend his Love « beyond the Grave. At least (added *River*) to that « Degree, as really to want these Auxiliary Consola- « tions. I have known some (said *Chippell*) to my « Cost, that have appear'd as much concern'd for « their Wives; who have yet marry'd within a Year « or two, and forgot them so much (added *Temple*) « as to turn her Children out of Door, to make « Room for New Wives. But there is a great Deal « (said *Grave*) owing to the Length of Time they « have liv'd together. True (assum'd *Summer*) for « we are troubl'd at the Loss of a Domestick Dog « we have had any Time; much more (pursu'd *Brook*) « at the Death of one we had so long caress'd in « our Bosom. Besides (*continu'd I*) it presents us « with a near Prospect of Mortality. Right (con- « tinu'd *Fountain*) to have Death make so near an « Approach to us, is Cause enough of Melancholy. « But that's a Melancholy (concluded *Winter*) that « they soon forget in the Arms of another Young « Spouse.

LETTER LXII.

Advising his Friend to turn Quack. 'Twas directed to Mr. STONES, *to be left for him at the* Pye-Coffee-House, *in* Parker's-Lane, *in* Drury-Lane, London.

I'm sorry to hear of thy poor Condition, and have with my Ability comply'd with your Desire, and sent you a Guinea by the Coachman. You have a pregnant Wit, and have been bred a Scholar, methinks you might find some Way of Living, without these

these Necessities you complain of: How many Blockheads set up for Physicians and Divines? Prithee turn Quack in one, or the other Capacity. Tho' the first I think more proper to thy Genius, as well as more Gainful, there being more Fools than Devotees, and ev'ry Fool will take more Care of his Body than Soul, and bleed freelier to the Doctor, than the Parson. 'Tis but getting two or three Books of Physick, to furnish thee with Terms, and half a dozen old Wives Receipts, to sell at thy own Price, and also some easie Tract of Astrology, that may instruct you in the Art of Bantering the credulous, and those that are mad for Futurity, with ambiguous Words, and hard Terms above their Capacity of Understanding; any Scratches will pass for a Scheme, and the Names of the Planets, which you may learn from an Almanack, get you the Reputation of a profound Artist. Let your Bills be worded sillier than *Saffold's*, or his Successor, and all the Fools in Town will come by Sympathy to thee, and so we shall have thee dye an Alderman. This Advice I look upon a hundred Times more worth than the Guinea I send you. The Event will shew how much I am

Thy Real Friend,

S. Gilman.

'Good wholsom Advice this (said *Chappel*). Right, (assum'd *Brook*, and smil'd) for he's to deal in the Health of the People. A Quack (said *Temple*) may be thought of the same Class with Sin, for he has the same Wages, *Death*. But (answer'd *Fountain*) the Death, that's the Wages of Sin, a Man can't live by, as the Parson observ'd. True (assum'd *Summer*) but Death, the Wages of a Quack, brings in a very good Livelihood. These Quacks (said *Grave*) are the Pest and Shame of the Common-Wealth, who, for Five Pounds, can purchase a License to kill and destroy the People. They are rather (*reply'd I*) the Purgatives of the Common-Wealth, clearing it of its Distempers, for they destroy none but Fools. But (pursu'd *Winter*) they are but ineffectual Purgations then, for they leave a great deal of the Disease behind. That (reply'd *River*) is because Fools are of such a spread-

in;

‘ ing Quality, that they have diffus'd themselves thro' ‘ the whole Body Politick, and therefore incurable. ‘ Besides (concluded *Church*) if they made a perfect ‘ Cure, they must poyson themselves too, after they ‘ have lost the Trade of the whole Tribe. But I ‘ am of Opinion, Physick being of so uncertain, and ‘ conjectural a Nature, that the most Learned sel- ‘ dom agree either in the Disease or Cure; The ‘ Publick is not so much to blame, to permit the Igno- ‘ rant to throw in the Blind Lottery, where Learn- ‘ ing is of no great Certainty or Use, except for ‘ Talk, the Effect depending meerly on Chance, or ‘ Nature.

LETTER LXIII.

From a Gentleman in Town, to his Friend in the Country, complaining of the Spungers, that thrust themselves into his Company. 'Twas Directed to Mr. ALFORD *near* Futhringham, *in* Kent,

Dear Sir, *London,* June 1692.

NOT the Knaveries nor Lewdness of the Town, you have so much urg'd against my longer Stay here, has given me this Resolution of retiring into the Country, but the intolerable Plague of Spungers, which like Locusts of *Ægypt*, are blown on me by I know not what Wind. These Vermin will soon eat up my Estate, if greater than 'tis; and whilst I feed them with substantial Meat and Drink, they feed me with Empty Flattery, or Nauseous Jests. I believe, sometimes they think, because I have an Estate, I ought to keep them that have none, but they are mistaken, I am not yet arriv'd to that Christian Perfection of selling all, and giving it to the Poor; or if I were, I should never choose Sots, Buffoons and Bullies,

Bullies, to be Partakers of that Distribution. In short, since I find there is no Remedy to keep free from these Burrs, that stick so close to Quality, and Men of Estates, but by being as impudent as them, (which I can't be) or leaving the Place where they grow, I am resolv'd to marry, and retire to a good peaceable, quiet, Country Life. I know you'll be pleas'd with my Resolution, whatever is the Cause of't, and that was the Reason I gave you this Trouble, who am,

SIR,

Your Servant,

Wanly.

'Spunging is such a slavish low Thing (said *Temple*) 'that a Man of any Spirit can ne'er be guilty of it. 'Right (pursu'd *River*) to sneak to ev'ry Fool for 'a little Meat and Drink, to cringe to ev'ry Me'nial Servant, of those he spunges on; rather than 'endeavour to get a Generous, and Unprecatious 'Living by his own Industry, since Nature is not so 'voracious, as to require more than a Man is able 'to provide. I had rather (said *Chappel*) dine at a 'Three-penny Ordinary, at my own Expence, than 'at a Lord's Table. Spungers indeed (said *Brook*) 'are a Lazy, Slothful Generation, and yet like the 'Devil, they are continually roving about to seek 'whom they may devour. Impudence is their Chief 'Qualification (pursu'd *Church*) and he that is not 'harden'd to all Affronts in Nature, will never live 'by't. True (added *Fountain*) he must be the pati'ent Subject of all the Jests of the Company. Yet '(said *Winter*) they shall drink as much, eat as much, 'and call in as much at a Tavern, as any in the 'Company; but for paying, they are your humble 'Servants. They like Vermin (said *Grave*) suck the 'Venom of Society, and live upon the Superfluities 'of Conversation. They must (*pursu'd I*) flatter 'Fools, and Knaves, and study Jests to tickle the 'Conceit of this *Esquire*, and that overgrown Alder'man. True, (concluded *Summer*) but indifferent 'ones will serve; for one of these depending Wits '(for such many of this Class pass for) coming to a

 'Lord's

‘ Lord's to Dinner, having labour'd his Brain hard all
‘ the Way for a Jest, to pay for his Treat, he seem'd
‘ something dull. *How now Tom?* (says the Lord)
‘ *what's the Matter with you? I'm like a Door* (re-
‘ ply'd the Wit.) *Like a Door* (quoth the Lord)
‘ *pray explain. Why I'm off the Hinges* (return'd the
‘ Wit.) The Lord laugh'd 'till his Sides crack'd,
‘ the Wit smil'd, and got a good Dinner, and a Flask
‘ of good Claret in his Guts; and the damn'd Jest
‘ has plagu'd the Town e'er since. And to say
‘ Truth, he's a Door off the Hinges still, and ever
‘ will be, as well as all of this Kidney.

LETTER LXIV.

From a Country Parson to his Friend in London, *that desir'd him to write an Elegy for nothing, upon the Death of one of his* Relations, *that dy'd, and left him a good Estate. 'Twas Directed thus, To Monsieur* BOLEAU, *Bookseller, at his House in the* Pall-mall, London.

Monsieur,

WITH all the Humility and Submission imaginable, as becomes a *Poor Country Parson*, towards a *London* Gentleman of the Newest Edition. I congratulate the Occasion of your Gentility, not being at all surpriz'd, that the *Largeness of your Mind* bears such Proportion to that of your Estate. But is it possible, you should honour your poor *quondam Drudge*, and *Author* with not only demanding an Elegy from him on your Late, Kind, Deceased Relation, but even to accept it *gratis* too? Well, it had been incredible in any but a Soul so surprizingly great as yours.

yours. Send it? Yes, with all the Passion, the Ferment, the Eagerness, the Salt, the Flame, the Fire of my Soul, I'll send it, ------ it shall come, yea, even now (unless Dinner abruptly calls) before my Pen dare lift it self from the Paper; and I shall therein endeavour, *pedetentim*, to follow those Curious Hints you give me in your last for my Direction. ------ Have at it then this very Minute.

NO, Muse! in vain is all Apology;
You must, you shall produce an Elegy:
Don't hang an A ——, *I tell thee donnot,*
Nor stmp'ring Cry I can't, I wonnot.
'Tis BOLEAU *calls, a Man of Quality,*
Fam'd for Great Soul, and Liberality,
Who late, deny it he that can,
By a strange Chance turn'd Gentleman.
Fortune, no more we'll blame thy Blindness,
Since thou hast shown him so much Kindness:
Thou, and that Blest, that Lovely Creature,
That Miracle of Art and Nature,
Wha last of the Long-winded Dozen, *
Dyd to oblige so kind a Cozen,
For which he vows in Deathless Verse
(Which nothing costs) t'adorn her Herse.
Ah! who, alas, without Anxiety,
Can think o'th' Fall of so much Piety?
Beauteous as BOLEAU's *self, or* Sary,
As my Emilia, *wise, and wary;*
Grave, and resolv'd, and Action slow of,
As is the Great Young Man *you know of.*
And what among 'em all's the best, lye
Full as good-natur'd as —— Jack Wheatly.
Judge if her Worth were not uncommon;
But Man is mortal, so is Woman.
Ah! had not Death with Gall mixt with Honey,
And try'd to bribe our Grief with Money,
Brought cheerful Gold to gild sad Sable,
'T had been intol —— * *intolerable;*
But 'tis that wise Consideration
Claps a Curb-Bridle on our Passion,
And makes us with some Patience bear
This Gain, and Loss, —— *this heavy Cross,*
Of Five good Hundred Pounds a Year.

* A round Number, but it's no Matter for being very exact.

* Here sigh and take Breath.

Vouz avez,

Monsieur Boleau.

Mayn't you clearly ſee by this, what an Awe your New Gentility ſtrikes one with, for I cannot for my Life towre above Doggrel, when I think of you. However, I'll try to forget the Gent. *Boleau*, and remember one Honeſt *Smuggle*, a Poor Trudging Worm of a Bookſeller, my Acquaintance, and ſee what I can do for him.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF Mrs. *Suſannah Boleau.*

HAS Powerful Beauty then forgot her Charms?
Have Piety, and Innocence no Arms?
Is Heaven unjuſt? Are all the Stars unkind?
Or is Death grown, as well as Fortune, blind;
That nothing Excellent muſt long remain,
But all our Vows, and all our Prayers in vain?
This, Lovely Virgin! by thy Loſs we know,
And little leſs, with Grief, than Marble grow.
Thy Piety, while here, was ſo refin'd,
We hardly thought thee leſs than perfect Mind:
And yet thy Outward Form ſo made for Love,
We wonder why the Soul would thence remove.
Thee all who knew, deplore: Thee all lament,
But moſt *Tom. Boleau*'s Mind to Grief is bent;
With real Grief does his own Gain condole;
Heavy it ſits upon his Mighty Soul:

Take

Take all the Droſs, he cries, that Fortune gave,
And Heav'n, ſo you'll reſtore her from the Grave.
Then thinks he ſees again her much lov'd Face,
And ſtarting, runs from her deſir'd Embrace.
O give me Reſt, he cries, then on the Bed,
Diſtract with Cares, he leans his Aking Head.
But ev'n in Dreams her Lovely Face appears,
He wakes, and finds his Cheeks all drown'd with Tears.
What ſhall he do his Eating Griefs to ſhun?
Shall he to Death's Cold Arms for Succour run?
But Lazy Death doth its kind Aid deny;
Nor, ah! muſt he have ſo much Eaſe, to dye.
Yet he'll not live, but like ſad *Biblis* ſtand,
And deluge with his Tears his Native Land.
While Sighs, like Earthquakes, heave his troubled Breaſt,
'Till down he ſinks to find Eternal Reſt.

'This is an Eleemoſinary Eſſay (*ſaid I*) of an Au-
'thor, for his Bookſeller. There's Humour in the
'firſt (purſu'd *Grave*) and the *Sadneſs of Elegy* in the
'laſt. There's enough of all Conſcience (added
'*Brook*) for Love. Right (continu'd *Chappel*) Money
'might have made the Poet enlarge. That inſpires
'the Author (ſaid *Winter*) in his double Capacity,
'*as Poet as well as Prieſt*: So indeed (added *Summer*)
'his Letter declares him. I fear the Bookſeller (ſaid
'*Temple*) was more beholden to Death, than to his
'She-Relation. He would not elſe (added *River*)
'have grudg'd the Paying for her Elegy. Oh, had
'he paid his Author (ſaid *Fountain*) for it, the *Joy*
'*of the Reward* had depriv'd him of the Melancholy,
'and Sorrowful Thoughts his Subject required. Book-
'ſellers Pay (concluded *Church*) is never ſo prodigal,
'as to raiſe an Author above a *Doleful Ditty*.

LETTER LXV.

From a Lover to his Mistress, in Absence. 'Twas Directed to Madam WINTON, *at Mr.* Glassrock's *in St.* Mary-Ax, London.

Oh! my Dear!

'TIS now almost Four Days since I saw thy Face, tho' not so many Nights; for no sooner has sweet Sleep hush'd my Projecting Soul to peaceful Slumbers, but thy lovely Image presents its self to the Embraces of my *Fancy*, as a superabundant Reward of all my Anxious Waking Hours.

But, Oh! 'tis not *Ideas* alone, and empty Shadows of a Distant Bliss, can satisfie my Longings, who have so Violent a Passion for the *Real Substance*.

But why, alas! should I seek, or desire to involve thy sweet Content and Tranquility in my Misfortunes? Why should I hinder what I cannot make, that is, *your Happiness*? 'Tis true, Reason and Justice require, that I should rather perish, than see you any more. But Love comes in, and disdains their Tyrannous Impositions, and will have me perish at your Feet, and I hope, without Violence. I send thee Ten Thousand Kisses. Adieu,

Poor *Charles*.

'Absence in Love (said *Temple*) is like the Death 'of the Body, the Object of Love being like the Soul, 'ravish'd from the Lover. I'm not of your Mind '(reply'd *Grave*) Absence attones for the Thousand 'Impertinences in the Presence of her I love betrays 'me to. And that which is more conducing to our

'Satis-

Satisfaction (purſu'd *Winter*) it gives a greater Reliſh to our Joys when we meet. It keeps thoſe Pleaſures alive (continu'd *Church*) which Fruition and Continual Preſence would deſtroy. For as the incomparable Mr. *Dryden* ſays, *All Objects loſe by too familiar View*, certainly (ſaid *Chappel*) Abſence to him that truly loves, muſt be the greateſt of Torments, as Love is the moſt Violent of Paſſions. As 'tis Excellently deſcrib'd by Old *Chaucer* (purſu'd I) in his Knight's Tale:

His Sheep, his Meat, his Drink, is him bereft,
That lean he waxeth, and dry, as a Shaft,
His Eyes hollow, and griſly to behold;
His Hew pale, and Aſhen to unfold.
And ſolitary he was, ever alone,
And waking all the Night, making moan.

Here indeed (ſaid *Brook*) are all the Effects of a deſperate Paſſion, Natural, and Beautiful, tho' dreſt in ſo antiquated a Phraſe. *Spencer* (purſu'd *Summer*) is of your Mind *Chappel*, when he ſays,

Nought under Heav'n ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The Senſe of Man, and all his Mind poſſeſs,
As Beauty's Loveliest Bait, that doth procure
Great Warriour's Reſt, their Rigor to ſuppreſs,
And mighty Hands forget their Manlineſs.

These Poets (ſaid *River*) drew their Picture from Nature; ſince 'tis evident Love triumphs over our other Paſſions, Ambition it ſelf being forc'd to ſubmit, when once Love oppoſes it. Our Modern *Voiture* (concluded *Fountain*) views Nature then thro' another Glaſs, for he makes it the meaneſt, and moſt indifferent of Paſſions, (and by conſequence Abſence no great Pain) urging, that Paſtorals, becauſe the loweſt of Verſe, are the fitteſt for the Expreſſion of Love.

LETTER LXVI.

From one Friend to another, in Answer to a Letter that upbraided him with a Service done; in Bailing him for Debt, which he had not discharged. 'Twas Directed to Mr. ROLEY, *to be left for him at the* Jamaica *Coffee-House in* Cornhill, London.

SIR,

YOU tell me you found what you expected; but I answer, that I have found what I did not expect; and I know not what you call *Civily putting me in Mind*, for I always took them for Duns; they were not indeed noisy, and might therefore be termed Civil Duns: But your Hectoring Letter rouz'd me to say what I did; nor am I asham'd of the Testimony you can bring, but can, and will justifie it before any equitable Judge; for all Men know, that Doing a Kindness one Minute, and Cutting one's Throat the next, is not very *Cordial*, and any one that knows the least in the Laws of Morality, knows, that such Proceedings abundantly cancel the highest Obligations. You accuse me of want of Justice, in not giving you a Counter-Security; you might have had it when you wou'd, it was your Fault in not asking, for I was always ready to give all Reasonable Satisfaction. If I could get the Money to Morrow, I would pay it. You say these Things always end in Quarrels; if so, 'tis because the Obliger thinks much of what he has done, and requires Impossibilities. But, Sir, what need all this Heat? If I could do this, I would, but it is not in my Power; had you been troubled for this Money, nay, paid it, you could do no more than you have. I can say no more, but that if you can make

any

any reasonable Proposition for your Satisfaction and theirs, I will make it my utmost Endeavours to comply with it; but I can do no more than I can, if you write 'till *Doomsday*; and I'll do what I'm able, if you write never a Word. If you persist to desire any more, I think, I'm the injured Friend, not you. I can say no more, having said enough to satisfie any Reasonable Man, especially one that stiles himself a Friend, as I do also,

Your Friend and Servant,

Godf. Carvel.

'From Suretiship (said *Summer*) Good Lord deliver us. Right (pursu'd *Church*) for if thou art Surety for any one, take Care to pay the Debt. You would then (*said I.*) destroy the Greatest Act of Friendship, who have condemn'd the World for neglecting the Offices of a Friend, and of deserting the Dearest Friend in Distress. Nay, to advance that Maxim (continu'd *Temple*) were to destroy the Chief Hinge of Trade, *Credit.* True (assum'd *River*) for that supplies the Place of a great many Millions of Money. The very Yearly Revenue of *England* having been esteemed Fourscore Millions, to pay which there's not, as has been computed, above Eleven Millions of Cash, all the rest turning upon Credit, which must be wanted before such a small Sum can circulate to so many Offices. If my Friend (said *Chappel*) wanted Money, I'd give him what I cou'd possibly spare, but I'd neither lend him Money, nor be bound for him. True (assum'd *Brook*) for tho' you are a Friend when you lend, or are bound, yet when the Day of Payment comes, and you expect a Return on his side, you are an Enemy; as may appear from this Letter. We always (said *Grave*) prize a Favour more before we obtain it, than after we have receiv'd the Benefit of it. On the other Hand (reply'd *Winter*) there are a great many Men, who over-value their Services, and think, because they did a Friend a Kindness once in Distress, that his whole Life, and all his Endeavours, are not sufficient to make a Tolerable Return, especially in this Case, as this

' Letter

« Letter expresses, if the Friend oblig'd be not in a « Capacity to take off his Security, he is more inve- « terate than the Creditor. Which shews (concluded « *Fountain*) that he did not that Kindness by the Di- « states of Friendship, since upon his Friend's greater « Distress, he's unwilling to run the least Hazard for « him.

LETTER LXVII.

From a Gentleman, who, confessing the Inconstancy of his Temper, desires to know how he may attain a Stability of his Wishes. 'Twas Directed to Dr. M——ly, *to be left for him at the* King's-Head-Tavern, *in* King's-street *near* Guild-Hall, London.

Honour'd Doctor,

YOU know 'tis not long since I left the Town, with all the Earnest Longing in the World for the Country, and yet I find my self quite tyr'd with this irksom Retirement already. I want my Bottle, and my Friend, and all the pleasing Thoughts of *Innocence*, and *Peaceable Quiet* of a Country Life, that engag'd me to seek it, seem now but *Ignorant Brutality*, and a Dead and Unactive *Sloth*. Prithee, Dear Doctor, prescribe me some Medicine for this Uneasie *Distemper* of the *Mind*, for I know you well skill'd in that, as in the *Body*. Has Philosophy no Cure for this Troublesome Inconstancy of my Temper? Is there no Way of making me happy in *Stability*, and rendring that a Pleasure to me to Morrow, which I thought so Yesterday? I have some Hopes there

there may, becauſe I can perſevere in my Eſteem of you, and hope, I ſhall always be able to write my ſelf

Your Real Friend, and
Humble Servant,

T. Kemiſh.

‘ This Diſtemper (ſaid *Grave*) is of a larger Ex-
‘ tent, than this Gentleman. Right, (aſſum'd *Win-*
‘ *ter*) for few Men are able to diſtinguiſh betwixt a
‘ *Real Good*, and a *Real Ill*. Which is the Cauſe of
‘ this Inconſtancy, (continu'd *River*) for they purſue
‘ that for a *Real Good*, which when obtain'd, they
‘ find a *Real Ill*. Or, at leaſt (added *Church*) far
‘ ſhort of the Extravagant *Idea* they had fram'd of it.
‘ The Cauſe of this (*ſaid I*) is that Cloud of Igno-
‘ rance that blinds the Eye of our Mind, *Reaſon*, that
‘ it can't diſtinguiſh better. Alas! (reply'd *Summer*)
‘ we ſeldom conſult our Reaſon in what we either
‘ hope, or fear, for did we conſult Reaſon in our De-
‘ ſires, we ſhould never be inconſtant. This makes
‘ us (purſu'd *Temple*) ſolicite Heaven, with our Vows,
‘ and Prayers for our *Certain Ruin*, inſtead of a *Bleſ-*
‘ *ſing*. And mock God (added *Fountain*) very often
‘ with Thankſgivings for our ſucceſsful Villanies.
‘ Thus (continu'd *Chappel*) we hunt after Wealth, to
‘ encreaſe our own Solicitudes, Fears, and Guilt. And
‘ damn our ſelves both here, and hereafter (conclu-
‘ ded *Brook*) by Ambition, Luſt and Avarice, to be a
‘ Prey to Rogues and Whores.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

To a Member of the Athenian Society. *Directed to Mr.* SALT, *to be Left for him at* Smith's *Coffee-House in the* Stocks-Market, London.

Dear Sir,

YOU have been so long vers'd in answering Questions, that sure none can come amiss to you: I therefore desire you to answer me, For what Reason your Society is silenc'd, since you have so often, and with such supererrogatory Zeal, defended the present Establishment? 'Tis a Mystery to the World, and in answering it, you'll gratifie all your Friends, nay, and all your Enemies too. I hear you are retir'd into the Country, to your beloved *Algebra*; 'tis a Knotty Study, and requires indeed such a Head as yours, but I question whether my Query is not a Degree beyond the most difficult of them. *Kissing goes by Favour*, and I have seen an Ugly Fellow embrac'd by a Pretty Lady, whom he slighted, when a Proper, Handsome, Young Man, with *Lantinus* his Parts, was dying for Love for her, without regard to his Merit, Passion, or Services. My humble Service to your Lady, and tell her I long to hear she's with Child, for certainly when a Muse is pregnant, she must bring forth no less than an *Orpheus*. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your Affectionate Friend, and Servant,

C. Richardson.

'It had been much indeed (said *Grave*) if in our 'Search here, we had not met with some Enqui- 'ries to this Society. —— True (pursu'd *Winter*) 'but

Just here Madam *Summer* enter'd, and would permit us to go no farther, assuring us that Dinner cool'd on the Table. We could not controvert a Fair Lady's Will, especially in her own House; we therefore placing our Things in due Order, retir'd to Dinner, not at all dissatisfied at the Time we had thus spent.

The PACQUET *Broke open.*

IT was so late before we went to Dinner, that before we had half din'd, a whole Company of *Summer*'s Acquaintance came and surpriz'd us; and as soon as the Cloth and Lady was remov'd, engag'd in Drinking. I found there would be hot Work; and therefore I whisper'd *Grave* and *River* to steal away, which in the Hurry of Company we easily did, and unperceiv'd of any but *Chappel*, who unwilling to drink, follow'd after, whither we had retir'd; *viz.* To the Summer-House, to proceed in our Enquiries, for I confess my Impatience of Diversion from it. Being seated, the first we lighted on was;

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

From a Jesuite, who confesses the Errors of his own Order. 'Twas Directed to Father P----'s, *at his Lodgings in* Abble-ville.

« Certainly this Letter) said *Grave*) will contain « the Interests of some Princes, discover'd by this « good Father in the Anti-Chamber of some Great « Personage. And why not in their own Cabinets? « (reply'd *River*) It seems you have but little Expe- « rience of the Manners of these sort of Cattle, es- « pecially of their usual Qualities, of rather coveting « the Privacy with Princes, than Familiarity with « Christ. They stick close to that Saying, *Non eru- « besco Evangelium*; and to that other, *Litera non eru- « bescit*, while not only as People in Holy Orders, « but Pretenders to Learning, with Brazen Fore- « heads, they thrust themselves into all Places.

Most Dear Brother in Christ,

I Am inform'd by your last Letters, that there is no Body that offers to relieve our Tottering Congregation, unless the Almighty Hand of God afford us Aid. Where the Conflagration over-spreads it self, whole Deluges of Tears become least prevalent, and the Threatning Ship-wrack can hardly be repaid with the Pleasure of the Harbour. Behold *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Miserable Statute, whose Golden Head in the Emulation of Superior Man, denoted Cœlestial Original. Nor were the Progresses of our Vertue less set forth in Silver Purity, than in the Strength of Brass and Iron. But at length our Sublimity declining to the Feet, meets with the frail and brittle Substance;

Substance; and that becomes the Occasion of our Ruin, from which we expected our Establishment. Behold our Passions and Affections, which wallowing in the Mud of Worldly Affairs, not plac'd in Heaven as they ought to be, bring forth those Plants, which being eradicated together with our Vertue, our whole Felicity is ne're quite levell'd with the Ground. Our over-greedy Desire of Gain, which makes us so sedulous to creep into the Courts of Princes, demonstrates an insatiable Appetite, no way resembling the Poverty of Christ. Now it appears, that we are the Superiors of Great Men, not the Servants of Christ, And hence it is, that we depress our selves, the higher we endeavour to soar. Our extraordinary Diligence dazles the World in Rearing magnificent Structures, whose Marble Beauty, and Glittering Splendor of Riches, exalt the Trophies of prostrate Humility to Heaven. Woe be to us, who glorying in our Magnificent Piles, confine Vertue within Narrow Limits: So much the more poor in Spirit, by how much the more we delate our Worldly Pomp. We envy secular Persons their Honours, usurp their Estates, and ruminating still gteater Advantages, we decay more and more every Day. In vain is that Hypocrisie, which with a Wry Neck, Down-cast Eyes, and a Set Countenance, always muttering Scraps of Prayers, still shows our Hands fast grasping Crowns, while our Works abolish Holiness, but advance Affections quite contrary to Vertue. Hence it is, my Dear Brother, that we are become contemptible in general, not by Apostolic Will, but by Compulsion of our own Vices. This is not the Way of Saints; nor did they who left us our Precepts, leave us these Footsteps to follow. And how can we expect a Society to last for many Ages, if wandring from the Truth before one Age be at an End, we hasten to the Brinks of Precipices? In *Spain*, where we were brought forth, took Root and blossom'd first, our Vigor is dry'd up, and all our Glories wasted in the Womb, whence we first deriv'd our first Original, threaten us with the Sepulchre, where we must lye wrapt up in the Shrouds of Oblivion. The *Dominican* Order is there prefer'd before ours, and deservedly, we who contemn all other Religious Societies, are by all our selves despis'd. In *Faance*, we have restor'd our Fortune, not recover'd it. In *Germany*, if we do not go backward, 'tis certain we make no Progresses forward: And those same pious Frauds are all to no purpose,

purpose, with which our audacious Brethren abus'd the Favour of the Emperor deceas'd. In *Italy*, banish'd out of the *Venetian* State. In other Parts ejected, rejected, and of little Esteem, but that we enjoy the Benefits of our Contempt. And even here in *England* are we despis'd. What remains, but only that we set up the Trophies of our *Glories* in the *Indies*, and among *Chineses*, where they flourish in those Desarts, that wither in the Gardens of *Europe*? Yet there they also fade and lose the Pomp of their ancient Verdure. In the midst of a Flood of Tears I foretell our *Funeral Obsequies*: For what can we expect but Death at Hand, when the whole Body is in such a languishing Condition, before the Expiration of one Age. Heaven avert those Wickednesses, which call down the Judgments of Heaven upon us, and repel those Calamities, that the Thunder-showers, which are justly to be fear'd, may be in Mercy remov'd.

« Look ye (quoth *Chappel*) here's the Confession of « the good Father, who with an extraordinary Sincerity, has laid open the common Faults of his Order. « He would have done ill (reply'd *Grave*) not to « have made a true Confession, who teaches others to « be exact. And if (reply'd *River*) they did not by « their Precepts daily exhort others to Piety and « Godliness, and live as vertuously and piously themselves! Some do not believe otherwise. Certainly « (*reply'd I*) these good Fathers can never be said to « live otherwise than well, who are no less luxurious « in their Eating and Drinking, than Princes; and « in other Particulars, enjoy all the Pleasures and Delights of Cardinals. I understand ye (said *Grave*) « but we have enough of 'em for this time.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

Against the Vices of the French Court. *'Twas Directed to Mr.* RICHRD BORDFIELD *at the* Three Blackbirds *in* Fanchurch-ſtreet.

Kind Sir,

'TIS neceſſary to have a Friend, to whom a Man may diſcloſe his own Paſſion, for the aſſwaging of his Sorrows; ſo much the more grievous, by how much the more they lye coopt up in the Breaſt. Which enforces me to trouble your Worſhip with this Letter, to evaporate the Humours of this Wound, wherein my pains are met, by making a Relation of 'em to him who will at leaſt be ſo favourable to me, as to have ſome fellow-feeling of my Sufferings. I am at the *French* Court, and that's ſufficient to let you underſtand the Hell that entertains me, and the Devils that torment me. I am within thoſe narrow Encloſures, where the moſt doleful Vexations triumph, protected by the Authority of Great Perſons, who there ſupport 'em to the coſt of thoſe unfortunate Perſons that ſerve 'em. *Good God!* When I reflect upon my being in a Place where Gold hanging down from the Magnificent Cielings, threatens Death with the Fall of it, I well perceive after what manner more ſplendid Grandeurs are the Landmarks of miſerable Precipices. That Splendor, of which another is fond, believing he has found a Sun, is a Lamp that terrifies, denoting the nearneſs of approaching Thunder. In ſhort, all that, which otherwiſe contributes to the pomp of an extraordinary Felicity, being enchanted within the Circle of *figur'd Majeſty*, is transform'd into the eſſential cauſe of all Misfortunes. Unhappy he who is miſ-led into the Society of Men, who are enforc'd by neceſſity to employ themſelves in wickedneſs, imbrew'd with every other the

most Malignant Qualities, to corrupt all People that live near them! It may be said, that he enters into a School of Frauds and Treachery, which they the rather learn, because they see 'em in part more lamentably practis'd upon their own Fortunes. *Perfidious Obligation!* which too severely tyrannizes over a rational Mind, compell'd to act against Humanity, unless it would be worse us'd by Brutes! A Truth too much to be deplor'd, yet which a multitude of Examples preserves from being condemn'd for a Falshood, while persons sublime in Virtue, or in Merit, are seen ready to starve, and evil entreated at this Court, where Beasts are cramm'd with plentiful Tables, and environ'd with numerous Attendants. Buffoons, Flatterers, and other vicions Persons, worse than Beasts, are treated after such a Manner, that their Prosperity is envied; whereas otherwise their Torments might occasion Terrour. How deservedly is this Court resembled to a *steep and craggy Mountain*, to the top of which there is no ascending, but by narrow windings and by-ways, while private Villanies are the only Path which leads Men to the desired Station of Great Men's Favour. Both the crooked Turnings of various Changes and Revolutions of Fortune, made smooth and level by Adulation, Men make it their business here to comply with another's Will, more especially if they find they must be forc'd to lay aside their pitiful Cringes and sordid Condescentions, which are easily avoided by those that see themselves trampled under foot by too much contempt. Sometimes the necessity of screwing a Man's self into the Affection of a private Person, who being a great Prince's Favourite, with a disdainful loftiness stands so stifly upright, that you may sooner reach the Sky with your Fingers, than obtain a *courteous glance* from his disdainful Worship; and indeed, unless you will condescend to lick their Feet, 'tis Impossible to avoid the being trampled under foot by the most sordid here. A Courtier may think his Exaltation may resemble the ascent of Smoak, which is easily blown away, but on the other side accompanied with the necessary consequence of Fire, which burns and consumes. How many hardships must a poor Creature undergo, who resolves to attempt the raising of his Fortunes, by turning *Parasite*, Fidler, Lame, and sometimes Baboon, or Mongrel Cur? He must of necessity stand like a Statute all the day long, in an Antichamber, or move in the Train like an Ox under the Yoke, which drags the Chariot, where the Pride of the Grandee sits complemented

plemented on every side: He must be the Butt of the Affronts of him that keeps him down, or of the Buffooneries of him that pretends to make his Lord merry, with the Scoffs and Frumps which he puts upon him. In short, the life of a Courtier in *France* requires a Soul without rational Spirits, a Heart depriv'd of Sence, or at least feigning to have no feeling of the Stings of malicious Revilers, and taunting Scurrility of Buffoons, and of the Slaughter which envious Maligners make of the Reputation of Men, if it stop there. If a Man's applying himself to such an Exercise did not deserve to be blamed, yet his constancy in abiding insensible, would merit great applause, while he is afflicted in so many parts. Nevertheless, this Truth is necessarily made out in him, who from his Birth has been design'd the Trophy of so cruel a Destiny; or else from his first entrance into the Net, discovers the Penalty ordain'd of an impossibility that the Fault of his Inadvertency should escape. He that withdraws from this Court, gives us occasion to believe some fault committed, the fear of which quite crushes him; or a diffidence in some great Parsonage, by whom he does not think his Services sufficiently rewarded; conceits the one abhorr'd by a noble and generous Soul; the other prejudicial, by reason of the Rigour of him who will not have his faaudulent dealings condemn'd. This is the Chain, with which the wisest Men being fettered, make the practise of Living contradict the Theory of Instruction: So that they remain hanging by the Threads of hope, in such a condition, till those Threads are twisted at length by the various turns of Chance into a Rope, with which being strangled at last, they perish miserably. Such an end of my Service do I also expect, despairing of a better Destiny, since many years of care and carking in this *French* Court, have acquired me no more than the opportunity of admonishing others to beware of those Mischiefs which I my self could not avoid. May Heaven deliver all Men from such a Condition, which the Pains and Torments that attend it, render such as only could be outdone by the Exchange of a perpetual Hell. Compassionate my condition, dear Friend, and forgive the tediousness of these my over long Complaints of this my last Misfortune, but greater perhaps than the rest, which is proper to Courts, not to have any person, in whom a Man may entrust the Secrets of his Breast, nor with whom to exhale the Grief that gnaws his Bowels, when it cannot be sent to be exposed by the Tongue. Be mindful of our Friendship, though you are not in a Condition

to taste the Fruits of it, while I am so miserable to be an Enemy to my self.

« This is Musick for us (quoth *Chappel*) according « to which every one may make his own descant upon « the Book of his Life. 'Twill be a Cromatick Piece « (replied I) composed of mournful Notes, such as « are us'd for Elegies and Funerals. I think (quoth « *River*) the Similitude of Musick so proper, to express « our Condition, that we cannot make use of a better « Comparison; for as Musick makes a Man waste his « Breath to please others, so Courtiers consume and « waste their Lives and Spirits to please the Grandees « that are their Superiors. Add to this (replied *Chappel*) « the necessary imitation of Musick in rising Note by « Note; for as a Man is forc'd to feign with his Voice, « when he comes to the shrill Treble, so Fawning and « Dissimulation are the highest strains with which a « Courtier can advance his Fortunes. But you must « have a care of leaving out the Flats and Sharps (quoth « *River*) which make but bad Musick in a Prince's Ears. « You may as well (quoth *Grave*) leave out the Ascents « of *Fourths*, *Fifths*, and *Sixths*, seeing many Men are « advanc'd in *France* without Merit, or any observance « of Order, meerly according to the pleasure of the « reigning Prince, who is often aptest to favour the « least deserving. More remarkable (quoth *Chappel*) « are the Descents of the *Octave*, that with a deep re- « sounding tone may seem to resemble the Terrors of « the miserable, thrown headlong of a sudden, from a « tow'ring Sublimity, without any fault by them com- « mitted. All goes well (quoth *River*) with the Com- « parison hitherto, since there are no Rests nor sighing « Pauses wanting in this Musick, to him that sings with- « in Book, and keeps before his Eyes the evil Entreat- « ments of the *French* Grandees, and those common « Miseries that take up a spacious Field in the Courts « of the *French* King.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

From a Conceited Scrivener.------ *'Twas Directed to my* L------S------- *in* Sohoe-Square.

Most Illustrious and Excellent Sir,

AS when the Sun is not seen, 'tis an Argument that he is hid by the Clouds, or else it is concluded to be Night, since he is a Planet which is the Fountain of Light; a Luminary, where all Splendours originally lie conceal'd, a Biere that continually carries obscurity, not half dead, but quite extinct, which can never be robb'd of his wonted Value, nor ever defraud the Heaven of his Glory, that issues from his Sphere with a swift, but pompous March; who when beholding himself in the spacious Mirror of the Sea, and fancing himself to be a new *Narcissus*, while he falls enamour'd with his own Reflection, seems to dig his own Grave in the Waves; from whence, to the universal Dammage of the Universe, languishing upon a Scaffold of Darkness, he wou'd be seen to bewail his own Funeral; so your Lordship may assure your self in some measure, that altho' I do not frequently present my self to your Honour, with demonstrations of my Servitude, it does not therefore follow, that the obsequious Devotion of my Affections is decay'd; And with this assurance, obliging your Lordship that I may not be depriv'd of your Favour, I conclude and kiss your Hands.

'Cursed be he (quoth *Chappel*) that taught this 'Coxcomb the way to write. He seems to me like an 'Ass in an Elbow-Chair, with his *from thence*'s and *from* '*hence*'s, reforming the impertinent Inditings of *Cic*'*co de Madria*; or the Writings of *Zuecku*. Sure

‘ (reply'd *River*) he shou'd have learnt from some mo-
‘ dern Spark, who professes himself to be some No-
‘ ble Man's Jester. I rather think (said I) that he
‘ has patch'd together a Rhapsody of Bombast,
‘ robb'd from some *Old Academy of Compliments*, on
‘ purpose to compound a Mishmash of Extravagan-
‘ cies: and perhaps may be one of those who hav-
‘ ing a high Conceit of his Parts, believes himself
‘ as learned as a Master of Art if he can but scribble
‘ over a piece of Paper. I was won't to say (cry'd
‘ *Grave*) of these same Sir *John Lack-Latins*, who have
‘ only the Gowns of Doctors, that they are Men in
‘ so many Bags, out of which there is nothing can
‘ come forth but that which is in it. What says
‘ the Proverb, therefore most applicable to these
‘ sort of People; have a care of Buying a *Pig in a*
‘ *Poke*; that is, beware of being gull'd by the out-
‘ ward shews of these Fop-doodles and Pretenders to
‘ Learning.

‘ At this they all laugh'd, while *Chappel* recall'd
‘ the Curiosity of the Company to listen to a Let-
‘ ter that was written to a Lady, which at first dash
‘ seem'd to be endited by a Person, that had been
‘ scorn'd by his Mistress. If the Gentleman, *said*
‘ *they*, don't write like a Milk-sop; there may be wit
‘ in it — Read on.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

From a Morose Gentleman, exposing the Frailties of Women. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. FLAQUET, *at the* White-Horse, *in* Little-Minories.

Ingrateful,

THE Reproaches which I left behind instead of Complements at my last Parting, are not sufficient: For a Just Anger is not so easily to be appeas'd. My Tongue, the Harbinger of my Wrong'd Affections that denounce the Resentments of my perplexed Heart, must now display it self against thee. I was unquiet in my self, that my Revenge would not permit me also the Use of my Hands. But in regard it is an unbecoming Basenes to strike or hurt a Woman, I thought necessary to comply with my self, and wound thee only with my Pen. If thou art capable of such a Wound, as being all compos'd of Rags of Infamy, and the shatter'd Reliques of Reproaches and Shame. I know thou laugh'st at my deserved Wrath; as being a Woman that never grieves, but when she weeps Drops of Blood; whose usual Tears are the Distillations of Fraud, and the Entertainments of Dissimulation. Nevertheles, I shall rejoyce to publish the Occasion, which having rendet'd thy Sex abominable to me, has enforc'd me to proclaim a Palinode of Reproaches, such as thou wouldst see in the ensuing Lines, wer't thou not as mad, as thou art void of Reason. From thy Ingratitude, the utmost Limit of wicked Habits, I have understood, that Woman has nothing of Humane about her but her Countenance, to lye tho' she never speaks, and to let us find by Experience, that nothing but Fraud and Deceit is to be expected from

one whose Face is deceit it-self. She has this in common with Man, that she is of the same kind, withal appropriating to her self all manner of Bestiality that can be said to be in a living Creature. But as to that which differences Man from other Creatures, she has not a jot of Reason, for that without Wit or Sense she *acts like a Beast*, that never could pretend to Reason. In short she has no agreement with Man, but only in the Declining of *Hic* and *Hæc*; to shew that you Women are only joyn'd with us, to debase our Grandeur, and interrupt our Felicity.

Then again, if we look upon *Sphynix*'s *Panthers*, *Tygers*, and other Savage Monsters, one Woman is sufficient to shew us all those cruel Beasts, and the most bestial Natures living all at once in one Body. In thy Sex there is to be found no other prevailing Power but that of the Will, and that too so overul'd by Passions, that it may be affirm'd as an infallible Maxim, that Woman is altogether void of Judgment. *Hence, how unbridl'd in their Lust!* How irregular in their Fury! there is no *Medium*, by Vertue of which we may infer a Conclusion of their being Humane. Or if their mute Appearances, their *tender Dalliances*, their glozing Manners may give us to believe they have pilfer'd from us some *seeming Signs of Humanity*, their Allurement's ravish'd from the *Syren*; their Frauds, which they practise in imitation of other Beasts, furnish 'em with Tricks and Wiles to accomplish their Treacheries. The *Fourcontrel*, that changes it self into the Colour of a Rock, the more easily to ensnare his Prey, is not so witty as a Woman, that under the Appearance of humane Shape lays her Ginns and Traps to catch poor credulous Man.

And what is the Reason that Lovers, in their Actions, are necessitated to circumscribe their own Being within certain Limits which denote a Privation of the Understanding? Whence comes it to pass that they live without Law? Because they are without Reason: Deserving nevertheless, the more to be pardon'd their Miscarriages, as being mad, and void of Understanding. Certainly from no other cause, but for that they have the Hearts of their beloved Mistresses, by the force of an amorous Translation; fix'd in their own Breasts. And how indeed can it be, that having Hearts no

way

way concern'd with intellectual Life, they should live performing Acts of Reason? Miserable is that Man, who having a Woman to be his Soul, makes his own Substance obnoxious to the Qualities of Bestiality, and the Effects of Folly. 'Tis to be believ'd that she who is always practising from her Birth her natural Property of applying her self to Evil, would be sure to take the worst of the two Urns that were plac'd by the Throne of *Jove*, and empty it all into her Bosom. Whence coming to vary the Dependence of the Intellect and Will according to the many Changes of Obstinacy, while the Woman, sway'd by her own disorderly Customs, betakes her self to the worse, of necessity the Man must approve that only which is contrary to Reason.

The Seeds of Prudence which are sow'd in humane Minds, when they are scatter'd in Woman, are invested with a contrary Nature, so corrupted, that they produce Fruits quite different from the Original. But if the truly wise Person sits enthron'd upon a Four-square Stone, to shew the Reward of unshaken Constancy, which is the immoveable Basis of Eternity due to his Merit; the Female Sex can have no Seat among such Glories as these, a Sex so fickle and inconstant, that Fortune, which causes such Convulsions in the World, is clad in Female Habit, to denote the Resemblance between that Sex and her.

But the granting in Women that Understanding, which makes it not to be deny'd, but that they have a Soul individual from our Species, obliges us to believe according to the Doctrine of *Phythagoras*, that the Understanding is our Geuins, so that Woman may be call'd the Evil *Genius*, in opposition to the *Good Genius*. And if the Title of Evil Genius be appropriated to Devils, ordain'd to disturb our Felicity, and direct us to Precipices, the same may well be appropriated to Women, by whose Misguidance all Men running headlong, behold their Glory and their Grandeur scatter'd in the deep Abysses, where they miserably fall. And that I may not suffer my Discourse to totter upon a weak Foundation, tell me, when it was otherwise known, but that Women were a moving Hell, but too stable a Jurisdiction of Miseries and Misfortunes to continue the Pains and Torments of Men.

In their Youth, if they are amiable, they torment us; if they are deformed, they annoy us; if they love, they tyrannize; if they do not love, they kill us. If they live at a Distance, they pinch up and strengthen our Desires; if Neighbours, they make us sensible of many Sorrows. That which renders 'em acceptable, makes 'em proud: If they have not where-withal to make 'em proud, they prove contemptible. When they are fair, they are cruel; when ugly, lascivious: Whence it comes to pass, that he who courts 'em, languishes: He that desires 'em, weeps, plagu'd with the Importunity of their Persecutions. If they are not inhumane, yet they are both haughty and covetous; and if they do not suck your Veins, they drain your Purses: And tho' they hate to be seen themselves, like Carkasses lying at your Feet, they glory to have Men their Prostrate Suppliants.

In their Old Age, with a greater Prejudice to Reason, they proportion the Perverseness of their Humours to the swift Progressions of Time, which hastens on restraining in the Wrinkles of their Faces, those alluring Garnishments, which perswaded the unwary that they were the Theaters of our Felicity, and the Fertile Field of our Content. As they grow farther in Years, either increasing the Infamies of their Profession, or else defaming more and more the Infamy of their own Desires, they shew the Deformity of their Faces, only wrumpl'd up within their narrow Furrows, to re-inforce and strengthen the wicked Qualities of their aged Wantonness. Being made the Embassadresses of amorous Intreague, they presently display the Profoundness of their Judgments, which being matur'd by time, gave them that honourable Imployment in the Kingdom of Debauchery. They discover by what inveterated Customs they came to purchase the Silver of their hoary Locks, to spend it in the Tribute of Dishonesty, as before they scatter'd profusely the Gold of their Amber Curles. Then for their jugling Tricks, their Illusions and Superstitions, being become Cabinet Ministers in the Kingdom of the Devils, they make appear that extraordinary Merit, which readily advances them as they grow in years to the particular Favour of such a Prince as governs those Dominions.

When together with their youthful Years they have lost those Beauties that give 'em Authority to rend and tear the Hearts of Men, they become adherents to the Furies, that they may be enabled with greater

greater force to procure the Detriment to others. And true it is, that those *Circe*'s, *Medea*'s, *Medusa*'s and *Megera*'s, if they were not Women, were the true Images of those Resemblances which Women wear about 'em. This the Prudence of the Ancient *Romans*, well knew; who seeing a Woman appear in the publick *Piazza*'s before the Tribunals, were affrighted as at the sight of some ominous Prodigy, and presently had recourse to the Oracle for the Remedy against so great a Terror. For that Women, being the worst of Creatures, beyond all the unhappy Auguries of Crows, protend no other to Men but Misery and Disaster.

I have always commended the Comparison of a Woman with a Vine: Which is only to be valu'd for its Fertility, not having any other privilege in the World, but only to be reserv'd for the Flames; from hence it is, that a Woman while she lives, is so given to weep; perhaps, out of those Waters preparing Deluges to extinguish those Ardours, which she knows how to merit. And all this while, this aptness of your Sex to weep, is only to find a Ford of Dissimulation, where the Hardness of others may Shipwrack, or else to bring themselves to the Haven of their Desires. And I believe in Allusion to this Similitude it was, that the *Romans* punish'd their Citizens with Rods of Vine-Twigs, following perchance the Documents of Heaven, which to Men, the Citizens of this World, is never represented in the Act of Punishment with more cruel Scourges, then those of these living Vines; there being no greater torment to us than our being joyn'd to a Woman. Nor can she be deny'd to be a Vine, while clasping and embracing us, as the Vine does Neighbouring Trees, she becomes all Nets and Ropes, which only serve to bind and hamper Mankind. And therefore being a Fellow-sufferer in these Chains, she is enforc'd by necessity to procure her self a Support, that she may not remain depriv'd of all value and esteem. Unfortunate Women, who if they were not sustain'd by Man, would have no support of their own weakness, but would every moment be stumbling like blind People, into a thousand Precipices. This the *Tartarian* Women understood, who lookt upon the most precious Ornament which they could wear upon their Heads, to be *a Dressing in the Shape of a Man's Foot*, to signifie that a Woman being without Brains and void of Wit, has no greater thing to glory in, then her Subjection to Man. With the Ensigns and Marks of this Subjection, as if they had been trampl'd under Feet, they honour'd the most noble Part of themselves; not such Fools as others,

that

that trick up their empty Sculls with the Treasures of a robb'd Sepulchre, laid out in Commodes and Top-knots, or else load 'em with Chains of Pearl, all sparkling with Diamonds and Rubies.

But notwithstanding all this, Ingrateful and Tyrannesses as they are, if they can't obtain the Government over Man by any other means, they found a haughty Command upon the Empire of Fleeting Beauty, to subdue him under the Yoak of their indiscreet Commands. Fickle and Inconstant, they drag at the Tails of their Imperious Wills, those Hearts which by some malignant Influence are oblig'd to be subject to their despiteful Rigor. 'Tis not easie to set Bounds to those Reproaches which Female Wickedness deserves, so much the more wicked, by how much more, being veil'd under Flattering Lies and Hypocritical Sincerity they betray the most *Faithful Affections*. From your Conversation, *Madam*, I have learnt to confess what a Scarcity there is of Accusations, Chidings, Reproaches, Bandings and Upbraiding in the greatest Plenty that a Just Provocation can invent, when a Woman is to be condemn'd. But I shall enlarge my self no farther, not that I have sufficiently satisfy'd my Anger, but because I am unwilling to keep my Thoughts any longer in that Tumult and Hubbub, with which the Remembrance of thy Treacheries disturbs and ruins all my Quiet. I have set down the Reasons why thy *Sex* ought to be abhorr'd, that thou mayst be assur'd of my real Intentions to hate thee. Since with that Peace in my Mind, which thy Ingratitude has left me; and may the Pains be perpetual with which my Torments, tho' but short, are able to upbraid thee.

'At length (said *Chappel*) we are come to the End 'of this long Bill of *your Orator complaining sheweth*, full of 'as many Truths, as there are Accusations against the 'Women. All Men (said *River*) accuse the Women, 'but I meet with no Body that condemns 'em; they 'may be all well enough included in the Parable of 'the Adultress in the Gospel. The Reason's at hand '(*quoth I*) for the Women have an easie Way to bribe 'the Men; so that, like corrupt Judges, they are 'willingly perswaded to falsifie the Sentence. These Men (reply'd *Grave*) are like Cats, that hide 'their Excrements in the Coles. They that are the 'greatest Lovers of Women, hide the Miscarriages 'of their Amours under the Semblance of Wrath.

'Hence

'Hence it comes to pass (reply'd *Chappel*) that some 'Great Men in *Italy*, that boast of more Authori-'ty and Wisdom than others, to avoid the being 'oblig'd to a Rigorous Repentance for the same 'Error, place their Affections upon the other *Sex*. 'Go to, (quoth *River*) let us not enter *Rome*, that 'is, not into a Discourse of Arsey Versey Love.

At the same Instant he cast his Eyes upon a Letter, Directed to Sir William ------ *in* San Marino.

LETTER LXXIII.

Every One believed their Curiosity would receive that Satisfaction which was expected. So they read on -------

To the Illustrious ------

'Here's a Mistake at the Beginning (quoth *Chappel*) 'he should have wrote to the Right Worshipful ------ 'What then (reply'd *River*) you believe this Republic 'to be as proud as the Republic of *Genoua*? ------ 'These plain Gentlemen, that are more concern'd in 'Good Husbandry, than in Ambition, and are more 'desirous of Rain, than *Serenity*. Never deride these 'Gentlemen (*quoth I*) who in their Badges equal the '*Roman* Dictators; the one had Axes carry'd before 'em, and these carry Axes themselves to cut their 'Wood, and lop their Trees as Occasion offers. And 'don't you remember (reply'd *Grave*) certain Kings 'of *Babylon* that carry'd a Plough at the Top of their

'Scepters;

‘ Scepters: So that every one of these Gentlemen ‘ ought to be a King; for you may see 'em holding ‘ Plough-Tails every Day in the Field. I can't for- ‘ get, in Advancement of their Grandeur (reply'd ‘ *Chappel*) that some of the Ancient Emperors rose ‘ from the *Spade to the Scepter*, from *Agriculture* to ‘ *Sovereign Command*: And therefore all the Ministers ‘ of this Republic ought to be acknowledg'd for Em- ‘ perors, seeing 'tis a usual Thing among them to ‘ go from the *Plough to the Council Chamber*. They ‘ would have enlarg'd their Jokes upon this Repub- ‘ lick of Farmers, but finding it a Letter that re- ‘ quir'd great haste, they fall to Reading of it in the ‘ following Words:

Illustrious Sir,

I Understand by a Friend of yours, that you are about to provide your self with a Pacing-Mare for the Recreation of your Youth. I therefore, thought it a Debt of Friendship, to write you some Instructions concerning this Matter, approv'd by Experience, and dictated by Affection, always desirous to assist you. I suppose, that this Desire arises in you from the Seemliness of your Legs, which inclines you to ride in Boots, and walk arm'd with good sharp Spurs. If you have not a Leg so handsomly shap'd, lay aside those Thoughts, for that otherwise your Riding will be but a Shame or a Trouble to you. You must never be tyr'd, and to run leaping into the Saddle is an evident Counter-sign, that you have learnt the Tricks of a good Horse-man.

To make use of a young Colt, resembles the more Graceful Exercise of a young Fantastick, and has some Signs of Grandeur, as being in Imitation of several Persons of Great Worth. But the Danger of being thrown, and least the Horse should get the Mastery of you, as being untamable and high-mettl'd, will not suffer me to perswade you to take that Course; Perpetual Restlessness, continual Neighs, Lofty Prancing and an High Trot, I number among those Qualities in Riding, that pay a greater Tribute to Ambition than Pleasure.

Choose a Race-Nagg, of which you may make use after several Manners to all your Content. A good Ordinary Pace is much to be valu'd for that, if at any Time, for the Change of Motion you desire a wrack-

wracking pace, 'tis easily brought about. Have a care that your Horse be not one of those that are not wont to run away with their Riders, in regard that by riding such sort of Beasts a Man hazards the breaking of his Neck: You must never make use of him in a Tilt-yard, nor to run at the Ring, in regard that the prolonging a Journey of Pleasure is to make happy, by the privation of Inconvenience, those Delights, which never by their good will would be at their Journeys end.

The Qualities of a good Courser, I shall not recommend to you, as not being so well skill'd, because it would require a large Description; and therefore you ought to have no other aim, but only to chuse a good Crupper, and a Horse that ambles neatly, which makes it a Pleasure to ride. Let him not be so fat and fleshy, as that you should be afraid to gallop, for fear of seeing him weep Tears of Sweat; nor let him be so lean, as to look as if his Skin were buried in a Charnel-House: Let him be well proportion'd, and nimble, far from such a sloathfulness, that you must be forc'd to call *Archimedes* to Life, to give him motion, nor so nimble neither, as if he seem'd to fly in the Air upon the Wings of Crows.

Be sure you never make choice of a Pacer that has been in the Service of any great Person; for, besides that, their keeping will be more expensive, you may sometimes meet in 'em the Property of *Beucephalus*, who would be bestrid by no body but *Alexander the Great*. Some Coursers, as if they had suckt in the Ambition of the Persons that rid 'em, together with their high-metal'd fierceness, love a lofty Behaviour, when others are about to back 'em. At least, I have this Prejudice against 'em, that being accustom'd to little labour, they will be denying to give that satisfaction to the desires of the present Enjoyer, which is required from them that are to be truly serviceable to their Wills.

Bear in mind the intention of making the best advantage of your Desires upon all Accidents, in whatsoever manner, or at whatever time the whimsie takes ye, to render 'em more delectable, and agreeable to your humour. Then, that you may have her ready for all Services, remember that she be Young, yet not of such an Age, that for want of being well manag'd, she shall refuse to hold the Bridle in her Mouth; I call that a Disturbance rather than a Pleasure, to be constrain'd to manage a high-metal'd Jade, that knows no Government of Bitt, and to be forc'd to back an

untam'd

untam'd Colt upon the plough'd Lands, when the desire of Riding requires the practical part it self, at that very instant, and the Fruits of that labour.

'Tis also to be consider'd, and well to be observed, what Faults she has, which tho' it be difficult to do, yet Knowlege and Experience acquires an aptitude to correct those Faults, or to escape the Damage. These sort of Cattel are strangely apprehensive of the Mistakes of an ignorant Rider, and generally trayl after 'em an inclination prone to the worst. Be sure therefore never to lend your Beast to any body living, for fear of exposing your self to this hazard, and for fear of being defrauded of your pleasure, by reason that your own Beast being over ridden by another, becomes unfit for your Service. Never trust the Farriers, and such other sneaking Rascals, who are but the Brokers in sort of Horse-matches, and for that robbing for themselves, and mistaking to your loss, are the main points of their juggling Deceits. *Never be fond of the Colour*, for outward appearances are delusive; an outward Beauty always corrupts the Fortune of such Practices, not considering that your Beast ought to be serviceable to every thing but the Eyes. A Body well shap'd, with *all the signs of strength*, with assurance of youth, must be the aim of your Choice, without expecting manifold ways to be deluded in other superfluous Qualities: Much less would I have you to be affected with a *rich Saddle, or a gilded Curb*, for these Ornaments are oft-times design'd to put an high price upon a Hackney Jade, and to make you swallow a bitter Pill under a golden Cover.

Observe that she be free from all *Windgalls*, and *Spavins*, and all other Distempers, which the more conceal'd they lye, the more dangerous they are; and these are usually most frequent where appearances otherwise beautiful allure the Sight. In short, this is a business to be wisely and warily consider'd, for when you ride, you may commit your self into the Power of a Beast, that may *bury ye in a Ditch*, or throw ye into some Quagmire, whence you shall never be able to get out agen. Remember also to moderate your riding, in regard too much riding enfeebles a Man, and brings those Diseases and Infirmities upon him, that deprive him of the choicest part of his substance. Tho' the Beast being vigorous and bold, will carry ye as oft as ye please, yet abstain, and consider that your Judgment ought to be superiour to the *Genius of an Animal*.

Let

Let a *good Switch* serve you instead of a Scepter of Command, in regard that Spurs in the Art of Riding are Toys for sight, and not to gall. Let it be your care to accustom her to understand your Commands, to the end she may exactly perform them; Nor is she to make no distinction between your Jurisdiction, and the Authority of the Groom, to whom, tho' she is to be in submission, yet is he to lay no claim to her Obedience. Through the want of observing this Document, it comes to pass, that some of these Creatures being at the Will and Beck of the Servant, will Kick and Winch at the Master. Lastly, be sure to keep your Beast *mild and gentle*, there lying the Center of that Liberty, of which you are to make your advantage to your content. Upon every motion of your Hand, whenever you ride, make her know how to *turn, gallop, stop, advance*, and retire without bounding or plunging, carrying her Head low; let her also walk as it were blindfold. And thus you must teach her to observe your Commands, of which the Bridle must be your Interpreter.

Dear Friend, if ever you intend to lay out your Money well, you must observe these *Instructions*. For my part, I desire only that the sincerity of my Affections may find that Credit with you which it deserves. However, I expect that your Gentility will give 'em that reception which is their due, and so most affectionately I kiss your Hands.

'He shews himself (quoth *Chappel*) to have great 'Experience in Horsemanship, and therefore of necessity he must have applied himself very young to 'the Profession. No question (replied *River*) but he 'enter'd the tilting place very young, and so might 'have an opportunity to learn those Qualities which he 'describes, as far as the Masters of the Art requir'd 'it from him. In my Opinion (replied *Grave*) he is 'short in one thing, that he does not teach the manner of Riding, by teaching the necessity of keeping 'the Bit firm in the Mouth of the Beast which he rides, 'the time when to make him give a spring forward, to 'try his Metal, the proportion and distance which he 'ought to observe in carrying his Legs, neither so 'close as to make him cut, nor so wide as to render his 'going unsightly. He also should have taught his 'Scholar, when he met with a *capricious Horse*, how to 'make him carry his Tail and his Head, bend his 'Crest, and raise his Crupper. No more, no more, '(said I) for the Lecture by and by will enlarge it self 'beyond the Doctrine of the Letter.

But another Letter, accompanied with a little Box wrapp'd up in a Cloth, set 'em all a Tiptoe. They thought at first they had been Jewels, but that suspicion was soon remov'd by the slightness of the Box's being put up, but the Paper undeceiv'd 'em, and shew'd 'em the substance of the Letter; which was as follows.

LETTER LXXX.

In defence of Cuckolds. 'Twas Directed to Mr. REMFORD, *at his House in* Dover. *This deliver with speed.*

Honoured Sir,

YOUR being in such a Heat against the honest well-meaning Gentleman, that makes his Wife common, affords me an occasion to stand up in his defence. I know I shall be laught at, and perhaps acquire to my self a Title of *the Cuckold's Advocate*; however, this will be my honour, that I shall have Clients generally over all the World, and be in a Post wherein I may be able to serve my Friends. Besides that, contrary to the custom of other Advocates, to flea their Clients, I shall have the Advantage of giving 'em Horns to their Skins. And, to say Truth, I know not by what Law this Dishonour is enacted, only grounded upon the Humour of the Vulgar, and an Imperfection proper to Lovers, that are jealous to the Good which they possess. Love, being always afraid of losing the pleasing Object, has oppos'd this Pretence, as a Rampier, against whoever pretends to usurp it, or at least to communicate it: Now is a Person remarkable for his Learning, or his Quality, to be subjected to the Will of a young witless Boy, or is he to second the Fears of a disarmed Infant? Permit that poorness of Spirit to young Men, who being tyranniz'd over by this Passion, make a Woman their Idol, and that they may have her

inſeparable, ſo as to adhere to no body elſe, chain her up with theſe Fetters of Honour. And let 'em make uſe of that Lye, to prove Retiredneſs neceſſary for a Woman, that ſhe may not aſſume to her ſelf a lawleſs Pride, to refuſe both Bridle and Yoak, but may be reduced by the Terror of Diſgrace, within the Hands of due Subjection.

Moreover, he is a noble and couragious Perſon, who knows how to encline a Woman to his Will, who falls in love with a Woman, but not ſo paſſionately as to break his Neck for her, and omits thoſe vain Ceremonies, which oblige him to depoſite his Reputation in a frail Woman, which the leaſt knock breaks preſently to Pieces. Every time I reflect upon the Truth of this, I cannot but condemn the Folly of him that ſet up this for a Law, and laugh at the Simplicity of him who put it firſt in Execution.

And where was it ever Taught, that the Goods of the Mind had any dependance upon the corporeal Parts, whereas the contrary ſhould rather be true? Fortitude it ſelf, as a Virtue, has no relation to the Strength of the Members, though there be a neceſſity of their being both together. Shall only Honour then be conjoyn'd with the Body, and with an inferiour Body, as is that of a Worm, and to the impriſoning of a Gem ſo precious as that, in the Mire and Dirt of a filthy Moraſſe.

Your Goats, from whoſe natural Properties the Title of Cuckolds was tranſlated to married Men, that ſuffer their Wives to be freely enjoy'd by others, as thoſe Creatures leave their Females at liberty, to copulate with others of different kinds; and receiv'd this Precept from a Tameneſs of Nature, which is practis'd in the Simplicity of Lambs. Incapable of Anger, they deny it to be a true Incentive to Wrath, for them to ſee another uſurp that which is Common, and which being uſurp'd, is far from being loſt. Shall it be judg'd a Diſhonour, to imitate a Mildneſs celebrated by all Authors, and to be like a Creature taken univerſally for the Symbol of Perfection. And why did Nature privilege that Creature, by granting that Virtue only to the Blood of a Goat; but becauſe ſhe would reward the beſt diſpoſition of Creatures with a ſingular Faculty, to make him ſuperior to the moſt precious of her Works?

If any Object, that there is a great difference in the Comparison, by reason of the Tyes of Matrimony, between Man and Woman, whereas there are no such things among Beasts, the points of Dishonour are then reduced to breach of Faith, and the prejudice of interchangeable Obligation: But if that hold true, 'twill be a Dishonour also on the Adulterer's part, who lies with a Woman, in scorn of the conjugal Duty; and then this sort of Reproach would be universal in the World, especially among Riotous Men, seeing there are very few that observe their Words, or maintain the reality of their Promises.

Upon this Consideration, the Divine Law-giver made the Crime equal, as well in reference to the Man as the Woman, the Crime being alike, so long as the Transgression of a Duty which is equal is the same. Men perhaps in this particular imitate your Grandees, who deny submission to the Law, denying to be subject to this Law of Dishonour, as superiour to Women, by whom it was enacted. Wise Men therefore, as they condemn this Opinion, in relation to Princes, so they reject it in the particular of married Men. Hence it follows, that not being under any Obligation, they shew the Law to be vain, in regard that partial or particular Laws never oblige in common Interests. Thus the Lawyers determine it, by whom a Woman is acquitted, tho' married, that meerly for Love surrenders her Body to another. An evident consequence, which removes those rigorous Impositions of Scandal from marry'd Men, who permit that Liberty, since no Man can be absolv'd, to the prejudice of the Party interested. And therefore I would not have you be so rigorous in condemning your Friend, very judicious in not contending always to keep the Keys of his Wive's Lock, for fear her Reputation should run a Gadding. Nor would a Man be willing always to be breaking his Brains to chain up the free Will of his Wife, which, as some Opinions hold, has a free Dispensation from above. By my Faith, I should always chuse to converse with Gentlemen of this Humour, and should profess my self to be their humble Servant. He that has any Sence, is of this Opinion; and he that will live without disturbance, confirms the same by Experience, imitating those great Men, who are the Examplars of a quiet and happy Life. He that cannot bring his Brains to conform to this Opinion, let him forbear marrying: Nor let him be a Slave to the Humour of the blind Vulgar, which when they undertake to be

your

your Guides, lead ye into Precipices. If you are not satisfied with my Reasons, excuse the weakness of my Wit, and the misfortune of a Truth, which cannot be made publick, because all Men are so blind, as not to see it. Excuse my Rashness, in presuming to contradict you, and when you acknowledge this boldness to be an Effect of my Confidence, assure your self, that as I preserve the Memory of your Favour to confide in it, so it is my Care to maintain my Obligations. In conformity to which, being desirous to serve you, I shall attend your farther Commands.

'This Man's Doctrine (said *Chappel*) has many 'Disciples, as being practis'd chiefly in the most 'remarkable Cities. Much good may't do him (re-'plied I) who has a Head that is able to bear the 'weight of his Horns, without complaining.

So they left this Subject, as being too hard, and difficult to be argued, and took a new Field, wherein to expatiate with more Delight.

LETTER LXXXI.

From a Lady that dissuades her Friend from the Love of Men. 'Twas Directed to Madam EMET, *at her House in* Chelsea: *This deliver, with Care and Speed.*

Dear Madam,

YOUR Confidence in entrusting me with your amorous Intrigues, with such a Gentleman, invites me by way of a friendly Revenge, to confide in you, that we may be at Liberty to reprove your Affections. Good God! —— What yearnings of Compassion have accompanied the certainty of this your Misfortune. The Impulses of my Friendship hurried me

to forbode you any other condition, though miserable, than that of a Lover. A Woman bewitch'd to a Man, is a voluntary Prisoner in a kind of Hell, whom the Tyranny of Torments tear and rend with so much the more despightful Torture, by how much the Heart of a Woman is most soft and tender. Our Dalliances avail not, to bend the harden'd haughtiness of an indiscreet Pride. Our enticing Alurements are despised by Petrified Hearts, and impenetrable to the Impressions of amorous Passion. With Souls of Adamant they correspond with our Lives, encount'ring our Affections with peevish and wayward Scorn. And have you admitted the Frauds of an amorous Appearance of an assiduous Courtship, or an affectionate Assignation, which however he avoids? Silly Belief, to which we bow our Understandings! as if our Desires were made pliable by our natural Tenderness. Unhappy she, that subjects her Mind to an humble Salute, to a simpering Lip, opens her Heart to a Glance that represents dissemble Adoration, and authorizes petty Favours to oblige her. Miserable we, in whom the Pleasures we afford are only belov'd! those Delights which Nature has deposited in us, to the end we might not be more shamefully contemn'd by these ingrateful Wretches, who love, who serve, who idolize, but at the very moment that their fleeting Pleasures terminate, put an end to the Ostentation of their Affection, and have no other Aim, but the hopes of Enjoyment, at the Instant that they begin to enjoy. Shall a Woman then submit her self to amorous Cares, torment her self to meet the *Genius* of a Man, grant him the Empire of a Cœlestial Beauty, when at the very point of knitting the Knot of all Contentments, it comes to be unloos'd, and all her Pleasures are precipitated, when you would think 'em Consolidated by Embraces.

If she entertains a Man as a Lover, she embraces a Tyrant; if she receives him as a Husband, he becomes an individual Hangman. The Miscarriages with which they refuse not to give entrance to the satisfaction of their Desires, carry a Trumpet before 'em, which sounding a Retreat to our Reputation, serves only to publish our Ignominy. They ascribe to themselves, as a Glory, wicked Imps as they are, to have triumph'd over us with their Fictions. They openly vaunt, to have set up their Standards in our Fields, and to have ravish'd from us the Ensigns of our Honour. And not content to strut it with these Trophes, they proclaim themselves happy in the opportunities of hum-

humbling the Majesty of our Deserts, characterizd with particular marks of Divinities, which they call haughty superbousness: They think to Register an Act worthy the Memorials of Eternity, when breaking both their Oaths and Promises, they betray us; or when laying aside all Humanity, they use us worse than Brutes. They call *Inconstancy a Virtue*; the change of Affections they dignifie with the Title of *Prudence*, and preach it up for a Resolution proceeding from great Judgment, to treat us with all manner of Scorn and Contempt. He is boasted to be a Man of great Wisdom, who knows how to tyrannize over us with the rigor of his Commands; and he is cried up for a Man of great Honour, who for one fault, and that many times imagin'd only, resolves to murder us.

Can there be any Lady so simple to resign her self to the Indiscretion of a Man, who by the perversenes of such Maxims, gives us but too clearly to understand how corrupt his Sentiments are? And you, dear Friend, will you destroy your own Heart, to make a Sacrifice of it to a Man that shall feign a superlative Love of your Person, till he comes to enjoy you? Undeceive your self, dear Friend, by reflecting upon those Epithetes, with which those Imps are wont to abuse the Dignity of our Sex. Consider, that they are only a Reassumption of those Attributes, which punctually describe their own Customs. Consider whether it be convenient to caress a Tyger, to look upon a Basilisk, and love a Harpye. Lay aside that amorous Heart, observing by the Rule of these Considerations, how much it behoves us to be perfect Rocks, that we may be proof against the painful bitings of those wild Beasts. Avoid their Snares by the flight of Liberty, considering the Nature of those Nets, wherein when once we are taken, we fall into a Fellow-suffering of all Miseries. Let these Perswasions, dear Friend, suffice, to raise within you those Thoughts, by which the Customs of Men will be represented to your Mind, ready to court, obsequious in their Veneration, affectionate in Wantonizing and Dalliance, but so much the more impious to betray us. I should take it for a singular good Fortune, if your Mind, being infertiliz'd with such good Documents as these, should bring forth a Resolution never to save, by which you would reap the Advantage of escaping those Torments, that must attend the continuance of these Amours. Heaven grant you this Felicity, and me the Favour of being any way assistant to your content.

'Would to Heaven (said *River*) that her Desires 'might be fulfilled, that there might not be a loving 'Woman to be found, by which means Mankind no 'longer would be subject to those Precipices into which 'they hurry our Reputations. I don't applaud your 'Wishes (replied I) since Man would be depriv'd of 'one of the chief Contents which he enjoys, in cau-'sing a Lady that loves him to languish.

Chappel, who was in Love himself, was not pleas'd with these Discourses, and therefore interrupted their Prattle, by opening another Letter, which they found written to this purpose.

LETTER LXXXII.

Relating the Qualities of the Venetian *Curtesans. 'Twas Directed to Mr.* BISCOL, *at the* Horse-shoe, *in* Wood-street, London.

Honoured Sir,

I Was lately at *Venice*, where the Curiosity of many Delights detain'd me. I shall not relate the Particulars of a City so much exalted by publick Fame, and celebrated with so many singular Titles over all the World. The great Plenty of Enjoyments entangles every Heart; so that you must of necessity unloosen your Purse-strings, to wid'n the streightness of these Tramels. I was a Novice in the Knowlege of these Delights, but soon grew old, adhering to the Experience of him, that in a few days accustoms himself to a well-grounded Practise. And this is a Point of great Felicity, that your Amours are begun, and ended at the same time, without any long Cares, embitter'd with the Hardships of a tedious Servitude. The great number

ber of Curtesans is the reason that Women, as they deserve, are treated like Beasts, while among many, she is only made choice of that most pleases. 'Tis a Content not a little to be valu'd, that a Man may find of a sudden, when his Appetite serves, a Bank to stop the Fury of his Desires. The Price has its bounds; a Condition which greatly facilitates the putting forward the Key of the Work. There are Wares of all Prizes, and every one may proportion his Expences as he pleases himself; then only greatest, when a Man lays out for a piece of Cloth, that is alike on both sides, and may be turn'd every away without any prejudice to the Nap. The Graces, the Dalliances, the Caresses of these Women are not imitated in any other place. They are Mistresses of the true Art of framing amourous Sweetnesses, having all the Rules of Motion, as well streight as oblique, enough to make their Lovers believe themselves in Heaven, where Motion occasions the delightful Harmony of the Spheres. They suffer no part of their Bodies to lie idle, toiling all their principal Members to multiply Pleasures. You never meet here with the least Hair of the Beard, it being their care to take away all roughness that may offend the Delicacy of such a Pleasure. And their curiosity is admirable in cleansing the Streets, to the end they may not be foul'd, and worn out by frequent Concourse. In a Word, he that loves Sport, let him study to advantage his desires, where his lascivious Itch may transport him, and never complain of his want of Satisfaction, which exceeds as much as can be desir'd.

On the other side, you must be well inform'd of the Frauds, Treacheries, Diseases, which in great abundance overload with continual Vexation, those that suffer themselves to be too far hamper'd in their Intreigues. The Pestilence is Health in respect of their Blains and Bubo's, which they present as the Tokens of their Love, and for Fairings to those that enjoy 'em. They have a Custom to Paint; and let that suffice to inform you what delusive Appearances they are, when they willingly transform themselves into Pictures. Take notice also, how like rotten Sepulchers within-side, they Whiten and Varnish over the outside, to make themselves appear like *Mausoleums*; to the end that being betray'd by the outward Appearance, you may not behold the Terror of that Horridness within.

There

There is no Voraciousness comparable to their rav'nous Avarice; and they pick your Bones with such a softness of Caresses, that Fools, after they have nothing left 'em but their Bones, resign their Marrow to 'em also. They have the true Touchstone to know at first sight a credulous Gull, or a Giddy-headed Fool; and they lose no opportunity to get the Coxcombs into the Cage, who become the sport of any that will riot at their cost. Presently they empty their Chests, pull down the Hangings, hide their Money, bury their fine Cloaths, to introduce the Face of a counterfeit Poverty, on purpose to move Widgions to Compassion. This is the Custom of the Faireft or most Fantastical, who knowing their power to bind a Man, believe they can make a good prize of him, when they have him in their Nets. Others quite of another humour, make a general Sack of the *Jews* Trippery, to cloath themselves and furnish their Houses, for which they pay the Interest of greater Miseries. By that means they set a Value upon the Defect of those Talents, which make a Woman to be esteem'd, in hopes to exact a greater Price, upon the Advantages of their Gaudery. Nor do they fail to make use of Liberality by way of Traffic for greater gain, casting a golden Hook to catch a more considerable Prey; tho' many times they are deceiv'd like the Country Man, who let his Spade fall in the Water, that so it might be turn'd into Gold. Then, let the Tribute of Praise be given to them that deserve it; since it cannot be deny'd, but that there is an excess of graceful Manners, genteel Carriage, and noble Converse, in such as maintain a principal Post in this Science. They have those Qualities, which may be desirable in a Lady of far greater worth, and a fit Match for a Prince. Their Pride is Majestick, but not Superiour, their genteel Demeanor ravishes, and obliges to give, tho' many times they have no Intention to receive. In short, Love may be said to have been born at *Venice*, strengthen'd by the Multitude of most beautiful *Venus*'s, that nourish him in that City. For my part, I know not where a Man can better fix his Scepter, to take possession of pleasing Contentments. He may extend the Dominion of his amorous Joys, for that the Vassalage of Love is there very great; where, tho' not in many, yet in one successively, good Qualities may be enjoy'd in heaps, such as may give our Appetites sufficient cause of Triumph. Excuse the Vehemence of my Affection which has per-

permitted my Pen perhaps to take too long a flight. This Information may serve you to make choice of any pleasure, when you resolve to visit that delicious Paradise, where the Darts of Love make a Nest of Tenderness, but never pierce the Breast to torment it. A Handful of Gold, is a remedy for every Wound, with which those Cœlestial Beauties can afflict the Heart. If you want any other Advertisements to direct you to your pleasures, as I am covetous of your Felicity, I shall not fail in my Duty to serve you, in Conformity to which I most earnestly wait for thee Opportunity.

'The Inditer of this Letter (said *Grave*) has not 'practis'd the Delights of *Rome*: For then he would 'have retracted the high Encomiums which he gives 'to the Enjoyments of *Venice*. His simplicity (said '*River*) will not admit into the Roll of true Delights, those unbeseeming Pleasures, which are 'there made use of. In good Faith (reply'd *Chappel*) 'they play with the same Cards in both Cities, tho' 'the Game be more honourable in *Rome*, by reason 'of the Quality of the Persons that play at it. 'This is a Subject (said I) worn too Thread-bare, 'and too obnoxious to the vulgar Proverb, the more 'you rake in a Dunghil, —— and so saying he broke 'open the following Letter.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

Of Impertinences to the Purpose. 'Twas Directed to Mr. KAFORD, *Merchant in* London.

Honoured Sir, *Padua, June* 1692.

A Snail coming Post t'other day from the King of *Transilvania*, gave an Occasion for several Discourses. He brought along with him a great Portmantua full of Shadows and Chimera's, a Present usually sent to him, who having an empty Scull, builds Castles of imaginary Grandeur in the Air. He had a Box full of smoaky Thoughts, which drew Tears from the Eyes of him, that held his Nose over them. And this was said to be part of the Mind of some Grandee, who was always forming of Engines, to the prejudice of those that liv'd near him. He had in a Girdle certain Drams, which were those, for want of which to make good weight, the Goldsmiths and Apothecaries accomplish their Thieveries. The Courier said, There was a great Cheft of Ounces and Pounds, in reference to other Merchants; but that it was left behind, through the great Concourse of those, who were ambitious to usurp the greatest Part. No otherwise, as he inform'd us, it had befallen a great Load of Violences, Rapines and Cruelty put in practise by Tyrannick Princes; Wares which he had put off in his Journey, being importun'd on every side by Tyrants, or their Ministers. He reserv'd to himself a Bag of Cucumbers for the principal Cities of *Italy*, where are a great number of ignorant Dunces, that are extreamly delighted with their Taste, and therefore have 'em serv'd to their Tables for Sallades. There, he also expected to be a greater gainer by certain Pills made of Wind, as there are many who from Ambition seek both their Nourishment and Physick, puft up with nothing

nothing else but the pleasing Gales of Pride and Ostentation. He had a good Trade among some of our People for salted Eagles, very delightful to those that exercise their Taloons in ravishing Gammeds. Of no less Advantage to him, was a Bag of Wolves Teeth pickled in Vinegar, good against the Corruptions of our Age, being of great use to soften the Cruelty of those, that with a spightful Voraciousness devour all before 'em. He was also very sorry, that he had not kept some invisible Horns for our Countries, excusing himself thro' the necessity that constrain'd him to leave 'em in *Germany*. He had not as yet unty'd a Bundle of Voices, that were bound up very hard with Sin and Cords, which were the Bowels of some that under Distress and Oppression, suffer themselves to be disbowell'd, rather then break out into loud Complaints of their Torments; as being plagu'd by great Personages, and therefore choosing to die in silence. He had some Yards of Linnen Cloth made of the Fibers of Parrots Tongues, which was to make Collar-Bands for some, that with the Ostentation of their Prattle-prattle appear Fortunate; especially in Courts, where Parasites, Comedians, Musicians and others of the same Canaglia, meet with most lucky Hits. He had likewise a piece of Cloth both sides alike, that was wov'n with the Hair of a *Bufalo*'s Nostrils; it was to make Habits of great Value for Flatterers, to wear either side outermost, and to be always serviceable to the Humour of the Prince. Above all, he was in hopes to vend a great number of Basilisks Eye-brows, since he was sure all the Ladies would buy 'em up to make Vails for their own Eyes. In like manner, he thought some Ribs of Grashoppers would be acceptable to many, whose Brains are full of those skipping Animals, to cause a Spring in their own Meadows. Four Teeth of a Flea, were reserv'd for a malicious Inhabitant somewhere, who delighted to bite undiscover'd. They would have had 'em to have been kept in this City, where there was no want of Persons of the same Humour. But he excus'd his refusal, for that they were sent to a particular Person, affirming that he could have sold 'em in several places, and could hardly preserve 'em from the greedy Clutches of the Grandees, whose Custom it is privately to suck the Blood of others. He was very sorry he had not made a good Provision of Eels Marrow, for some that have a Humour to fetch Water out of Stones, and to extract Substance out of nothing.

I would not have exceeded the bounds of Conciseness necessary in a Letter, but I was willing to give your Worship a punctual Account of what the Snail brought with him. Upon your Arrival in this Place, which will be suddenly, when you go to the common Post-Office, you will be better inform'd of the Wonders I have related. In some little Boxes of most accurate Frauds, superfine Knaveries, cloak'd Treacheries, painted Fictions, wicked Hypocrisies, vilanous Customs, he has bundles of great Value which he intends to open in this City, where such Gallantries are in great Esteem. I wish you may not be intoxicated with certain Capricio's and cursed Plagues so neatly interwoven, that their Attractiveness renders 'em desirable. Those are the Grandeurs of Colts, and the Beauties of Women, in which, while we outwardly put our trust the hazard of out Sins and Estates, we plunge our selves into Misfortunes, and procure our own Deaths. Nor be inamour'd of some little Stations, built in the Air, at the Request of him that with a haughty Ostentation vaunts himself in a high Post. Since both the Habitation and the Inhabitant, will unexpectedly become the Sport of the Wind, and the Game will end in an utter downfal. Your prudence has no need of farther warning; and I am oblig'd at length to put an end to this Discourse.

'The greatest Extravagance that I find in this 'Letter (said *Gravé*) is, that the Writer made choice 'of a *Snail for the Post*, at a time, when the wisest 'Men set their Extravagancies a flying as swift as 'Pidgeons. In regard he was to make manifest cer'tain Truths, tho' under disguise (*reply'd the Marquiss*) 'he could not well make use of any other *Courier* 'then a Snail; for that Truth can walk no other 'then a slow Pace in the World, being persecuted as 'it is by the Grandees. For this reason (reply'd '*Chappel*) it behov'd the Inditer of this Letter to 'fain himself a Fool, that not being fit that others 'should discover the Truth; and for Men of Judg'ment, they lye under an Obligation to conceal it, 'for fear of precipitating themselves into the Indig'nation of Tyrant Princes. In conformity to this, 'tis convenient that all honest Men should in Imita'tion of Snails, walk under a *good Shield*, and have a 'Hole to retire into, and preserve themselves from

'thoſe rubs with which they frequently meet, notwith-
'ſtanding the ſlowneſs of their Pace through the Ma-
'turity of their Wiſdom. By Vertue of this Com
'pariſon, meerly (ſaid *River*) 'twould be as conveni-
'ent that all Men ſhould have Horns. 'Twould be
'no great Burthen (ſaid I) to carry ſuch a ſmall
'Proportion; but what ſaid the Philoſophers, *Every*
'*like is not to run upon four Feet*: Which agrees ſo
'much the more directly with my Compariſon; be-
'cauſe a Snail neither runs; and is ſo far from having
'four Feet, that it has none at all. 'Tis fit (ſaid *Chap-*
'*pel*) that a Letter of Impertinences ſhould conclude
'with an Impertinence: And therefore having paid
'the Gentleman his Debt, let us proceed to ſome
'new Matter: And ſo ſaying, he open'd the following
'Letter.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Being an amorous Letter of a Lady. 'Twas Directed to Mr. PARMED, *at his Houſe in* Queen-ſtreet.

My deareſt Life,

I Am confounded when I conſider the Siniſter Fame, which has acquired to our Sex the Frauds of many Women, who with their Treacheries diſcredit the Sincerity of others. I am afraid, that by comparing me with other Women, you judge me a diſſembler in my Affection toward you, which denies me the Felicity of that mutual Exchange from your ſelf, which the Ardor of my Love requires. Good God! Preſerve me, Heav'n, from ſo great Misfortune. I will ſooner not only ceaſe to be a Woman, but to be at all, than prejudice my deſire of being belov'd. If I cannot ſeparate from the degree of Woman, the Imagination of Frauds and Treachery, I will deprive my ſelf of Life, for ever to abandon thoſe Conditions, by which being made

made an unfortunate Lover, I shall become more miserable then the Damned. Beware, my only Joy, of giving away to Ingratitude or Cruelty, under pretence of such a Belief, otherwise unjust, while in the Purity of a faithful Mind, common Failings may easily be discover'd to be quite abolish'd. Your Countenance may convince you, that Treacheries are far remote from her, that adores you; too sacrilegious, when they shall offend the Divinity of that fair Person, for whose sake that Woman must be without a Soul, that presumes to live, and yet despise you. By how much the less frequent, by so much the more valuable is the Love of a Woman, proportionable to the Objects that enhaunce the Price, for want of Number. Whoever loves, can never fancy a Beauty which cannot be belov'd. I deem you unapt to conceive the Vehemency of my Passions, which, by labouring in the Contemplation of your Countenance, turn about my Soul to admire the Perfection of all substantial Beings. Assure your self this Love cannot be Female, that is to say inconstant, which has for the Basis of it a Firmament of Stars; such as are your Cœlestial Beauties. The Affection cannot be corrupted or consum'd, which has for the Seat of it, the Heaven of your Face, and for the Sphere wherein it moves, the Light of your Vertue. Resolve then not to make me despair of my Contentments, while you have Reason to hope for all the Satisfaction you can desire, for imploying the Ornaments of your Mind in loving me. To which, I would oblige you under the pretence of a Debt, with which the Fervency of my Soul engages you to a mutual Correspondence, while it destroys it self in adoring you. But I know a Divine Object cannot be obliged, nor the greatness of your Merit be bound, but with a Duty of Charity agreeable to my Torments. From that it is, that I beg the cure of my Wounds, which as they were inflicted by the Rays of your Beauty, so must they be heal'd by the Excess of your Generosity.

'This Letter (said *Chappel*) requires an Authentick 'Testimony, to confirm the Truth of what the Lady 'writes. Otherwise, it is hard to believe so much 'Love in a Woman. As if the Vice of an unbridl'd 'Passion (reply'd *River*) were not usual in a Woman, 'as well as any other Failing that is proper to the 'Sex. Whoever condems Love (reply'd I) gives us

'Marks

Marks of more irregular Affections; those idle Notes wherewith our Minds compose the Restlessness of our various Thoughts and Wills, not better concerting in any other Sort of Harmony. I understand you (said *Grave*) smiling, and I am well aware, that while you call Love Harmony, you have an Eye upon the Spheres; whose Harmony in Heaven is the most perfect of any other upon Earth.

But Chappel *interrupted their Discourse, by Opening and Reading the following Letter.*

LETTER LXXXV.

Of a Mother, that gives Documents to her Daughter. 'Twas Directed to Mrs. T----, *at the* Crown-*Coffee-House, near the* Blew Cross *in* Venice.

Dear Daughter, *London*, June 1692.

I Have endur'd your Absence, since you departed from this City in the Company of the Gentleman your Servant, with a Reinforcement of lucky Hopes from your Fortunes. I assur'd my self, that the Place where you are, is a very good Place to vend those Wares, which you have to put off. The great Number of your Sex, avails not now to bring down the Price of the Commodity; but by the Multitude of Examples to teach the best Rules, which being well observ'd, you can never go amiss. And therefore, I cannot, but wonder to hear the Affairs of your Shop go ill, knowing you, upon other Occasions to be a Woman of Judgment, so well-bred, and so well-condition'd, that I dou'd not fear, but that all your Imployments wou'd meet with good Fortune. I also lookt upon it as a farther good Omen, that you were

come of a hopeful Stock, from whence your two Sisters, and I your Mother being descended, have acquir'd great Reputation and Applause, for deserving in our Profession; from whence I cou'd never suspect that your Progresses wou'd in the least degenerate. I fear me, these Prejudices arise from your not observing the Precepts of the Art, which ought to be so much the more accurately taken Notice of, in regard the Conditions of this Trade are variously regulated by several others. The Wares which you sell are always the same, and therefore it behoves you to be industrious to supply the Want of that Variety, which is the only Attractive of Human Content. The Methods also which you are to make use of to your Advantage, are likewise still the same without any Alteration: And therefore, 'tis a difficult Thing to satisfie all People; while various Humours covet, some more, some less. Let it be your Care not to be so reserv'd, that others may have Reason to complain of their Bargaining with you, nor so prodigal as to traffic to your Loss. A moderate Post will be more successful for you, it not being convenient for you to be defective in that rigorous Strictness, with which you wou'd have encounter'd a Man upon your first setting up. The making good Measure is no Precept for your Trade; wherein the more pinching you are, the more you will encrease your Gains. Be sure to lay open always two Bundles; the one of which being publickly laid upon the Stall, may serve for ordinary Persons that have but little Money to spend. The other you are not to produce, but after many Intreaties, which assuring you of a Covetous and Impetuous Desire, may secure you your own Price. To great Persons who know the Value of the Ware, and have wherewithal to pay, present your Bundle freely; for that the Profit will be greater, and the Risco less. To vulgar People, or such as have no Judgment, and know not the Price of such Contraband Goods, offer such Cloth as uses to lye upon the Stall for Shew. However, let both the one and the other be well kept, so that whoever trafficks with you, may not be offended with the sight of nothing but Moths and Worms. And therefore, you must always keep your Shop clean and neat, not so much as suffer a Spider's-Web in the Room to accuse you of Slut's Corners, Let no Fools, or Simpletons 'scape you, if you find they have Money in their Pockets, for they are easily drawn in, and coax'd with

good

good Words, so that you may squeeze 'em at your Pleasure. Use 'em tenderly, and have a particular Piece of Dalliance for them, being a sort of Fish, that deserve a Golden Hook. Banish all your Swash-bucklers in fine Cloaths, who carrying all they have about 'em in spruce Habit, a lascivious Countenance, and a lofty Behaviour, display their whole Riches at once within; their Plumes of Feathers are upon the Wing, together with their Brains; and their Purses so light, that they may ride upon the Wind. They are very expensive in Prittle-prattle, that dissolves into Air, but affords no Nourishment to those that hear it. That's no Coin for you, Daughter, who are not to be so Foolish in keeping your Fist close, as if you had lit upon a good Prey, when you have nothing in your Hand. There follows also another Prejudice, that they, taking up so much Room in your Shop, hinder others that would be trading with you in private. Only you may endure such a Piece of impertinent Opportunity in a Person of Quality, who tho' he spends nothing, yet brings Reputation to your Shop. Many Widgeons run to the Net, when they find Persons of Quality fallen into the same Snares. When you meet such Persons, cry up your good Fortune; for Ambition, joyn'd with Lasciviousness, is a greater Provocative to Expence. As to what remains, dismiss every Body with a Chearful Countenance at their going out of your Shop, after they have bought your Commodity; making Choice of them only whom you know you can fleece. You are oblig'd to kind and courteous Expressions, but always the Rules of Interest are to be preferr'd. Humble your self according to the Humour of all your Customers, with amorous and winning Behaviour, but not so as to fall with a slight Push. Let your Friendship persist, as they say, *Usque ad Aras.* This Altar is to be your Bed; to which when you come to conclude your Bargain, then laying aside all Courtesie, stand upon the Rigor of your Contract. Let no Body stir out of your Shop 'till he has paid his Money. For that your Trade will not permit you to trust. You may do well to keep some Body in your Shop, to carry on your Trade in your Absence, that so you may not lose that sort of Pride, which is in some measure requisite to keep up your Calling, by stooping to some abject Forms of Dealing that betray the Poverty of the Shop-keeper. To which purpose, you may keep a brisk Journey-Woman, the sight of whose Looks,

will be as good as a Hook to catch several Chancer customers. But let her not Trade upon her own Account by no means: For that were the way to break, in such a City as this. Every one would be offering her his Stock to Trade withal, so that in a short time she would be able to set up for her self, and get away all your Custom. I remember no more at present that I can add to help forward the good Success of your Trade. The Experience of the Country, and Knowledge of those that Trade, are two Points from whence you may draw Instructions to carry on your own Trade, by treading the Steps of common Custom. In your Shop are bought and sold delightful Commodities; and the variety of Pleasures varies also the Price. The Hook ought to be thrown with much Artifice, and tho' it sometimes returns back empty, you are not therefore to drown your self, by running violently to catch the Fish that does not swallow the Bate willingly. Have a care of holding the Angling-Rod too long in your Hand, for fear of being pull'd to the bottom by some Fish, much stronger than your self, through the Power of Love. Avoid this Rock, the only cause of Shipwrack to those that scowre the Seas of Lasciviousness to find the Haven of Gain. Be sure to hold the Helm strait, but like good Pilots, put it behind your Shoulders, valuing it no otherwise then as a thing which you may easily turn between the Legs, having your Mind fix'd upon other Objects, but more especially upon the Compass of the Purse that guides you to the Light of the Gold, and the North-Star of Interest; that so you may make a fortunate Voyage. If in Conformity to my Counsels and Desires, you advance your Fortunes; I am resolv'd to come and Comfort my decrepit Years, with the sight of your Grandeur. In the mean while Heaven shower down upon you those favourable Influences that may prosper all your Endeavours.

'Most excellent Education of a Mother! (said 'Chappel.) 'Tis the Privilege of our Age (reply'd the 'Count) that wickedness is ingrafted into the Children by the Parents themselves. However, it was 'superfluous to send such Instructions to *Venice* (reply'd *River*) where there are not wanting Masters 'of Vice. You imagine there's a multitude of Masters (said I) knowing that 'tis one of the Pastimes of 'the Grandees, to keep Boys; and almost all of them teach

'teach Abomination. 'Tis very true (reply'd *Chap-*
'*pel*) since the Number of the Jesuits Colleges en-
'crease the Number of the Schools, and such sort
'of Masters are very Common. If you enter under
'the Discipline of those Masters, you must be towring
'among such high Notions, as if you were always
'turning about the Spheres. Certainly you ought to
'fear least your Post should be prepossest; for those
'Ascents are envy'd to all others but themselves,
'tho' wrongfully, in regard the Spheres are in Com-
'mon and for publick Benefit. If you are soaring so
'high, remember the Fall of *Icarus*; for the Wax
'will be melted by the Fire, if not by the Sun, and so
'your downfal will be miserable. Heavens be prais'd
'(reply'd *River*) that Remorse of Conscience leads
'you to Repentance, at least out of fear of deserved
'Punishment.

While they were thus discoursing. Here, cry'd the Baron, here's a Love Letter, having already broken the Seal, and discover'd the Secrets of the Paper, which he held in his Hand. Thereupon they all prepar'd to listen with a willing Attention, while he read on as follows.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Being an amorous Letter to a Lady. 'Twas Directed to Madam REDDRIDGE, *at her House in* Clerkenwell-green.

My Charming Fair one,

OH Heavens! What Torments have I endur'd since your Presence no longer gave Life to the Contents of my Heart. Did you but know, my Dearest, what troubles perplex my Soul, which lives only by you, and with an Obligation still to beg Life from that Image, of which my jealous Affections permit me no Consolation, but in beholding it. Did you believe the Excess of those Sorrows, which I feel through the Loss of my Enjoyments, the real Body of true Delights being transform'd into Shadows form'd by the Imagination, I assure my self you would Compassionate, if not Love me. Ah Dearest, how far different do I find the being sooth'd by your Fondnesses, to be miniardiz'd by your Lips, to be caress'd by your Embraces, and imparadic'd in your Bosom, from feigning to my self the vain *Chimera*'s of a favourable Glance from your absent Eyes, or a flatt'ring Smile from your far distant Lips. And my Torment is so much the more in seeking to please my self with your Effigies, which I carry in my Breast, in regard that being all this while ravish'd with such lovely Appearances only, and under a necessity to comply with those Violences, I run to clasp a Shadow and embrace nothing. Good God! Presently I cry, why cannot I with a rapid Flight convey my self in a Moment to my beloved *Helena*! Might I at least but have the Fortune of *Icarus*, or leave to put on Wings which carrying me to your self, altho' they melte, then, I could not fall; when fix'd in the Heaven of your Bosom. Then, in my amorous Enthusiasms, I might have one of those white Hands to cool my Ardors-

dors with that lovely Snow. There would I depoſite my Kiſſes, I would unbend the Joints, and there lodge my Contents, which tho' confin'd within the Hollow of her Hand, wou'd enlarge my Felicity to the compleat Satisfaction of my Deſires. Behold my Condition, enforc'd to confine within ſo ſmall a part thoſe Enjoyments, that had a free Field in the full Extent of your Body. What a diſadvantageous Paſſage of my Pleaſures is this, from being ſeen every day in the Cradle of the Bed between the Swathing-bands of the Sheets, nouriſh'd with the Milk of your Lilly-white Skin, at preſent ſo hunger-ſtarv'd, that they would take it for a ſingular Favour to lick but one of your Hands. *Deareſt Helena!* a Name, which as it was always accompany'd with extraordinary Beauties, ſo it carries intolerable Flames about it. Could the Times of *Paris* but have boaſted the Poſſeſſion of you; *Venus* would have fix'd upon no other *Helena* but your ſelf, as a Preſent ſuitable to a Deity covetous of beſtowing Beauties, ſuppoſing ſhe had not been prepoſſeſs'd by the Raviſhment of *Jupiter.*

In ſome meaſure is my Heart concern'd to Counterpoiſe with its Ardors the Conflagrations of a Kingdom ſacrific'd to that *Græcian* Beauty, ſince no leſs Tributes are due to the Countenances of the *Helena*'s. Willingly I conſume my ſelf, my Deareſt: For certainly my Aſhes will come to life again under the Rays of you, my all-chearing Sun. I muſt ſolicite my return to ſee you again, and reſeat my ſelf in that ſame Boſom, where between two moſt lovely Teats, the Rivers of Sweetneſs are taſted, then the moſt ſwiftly running, when the hard Bank appears to ſtop them. I will then repeat the reading of my wonted pleaſures in that Book, in the Leaves of which, by turning backward and forward, and by reading the Characters over and over again, I could never yet diſcover any thing elſe but Happineſs. But, no longer my Beloved, will I entertain my ſelf with theſe imaginary *Chimera*'s, which cauſe me to languiſh, not being accompany'd with the Reality of Effects. Nor can I any longer hold my Pen, which deſires to be held by a Hand, where near the Purity of your Snowy whiteneſs, it might better be able to expreſs the Sincerity of my Affection; I muſt therefore follow the Impulſes of my Pen, of a ſuddain quite beſides my ſelf, as being entranc'd in the Contemplation of your Beauty, which makes me conclude with a thouſand Kiſſes and Embraces.

‘ Heaven knows (said *Chappel*) what Pen this Man
‘ had between his Fingers, when he wrote this Let-
‘ ter. In my Opinion, he seems to be one of those
‘ unwary Youngsters, that give themselves up as a
‘ Prey to the Wiles of Curtesans. And who would
‘ not be deluded by their Frauds (reply'd *River*) when
‘ they flatter a Man with a Face that breathes Divi-
‘ nity in the Beauty of it, when they shew you a Para-
‘ dice in their Graces; but when you approach 'em,
‘ turn about their Backs? An Affectation that great-
‘ ly tyrannizes over Lovers, but with all, more strong-
‘ ly Ravishes. 'Tis no wonder, (said I) that their
‘ Artifices make use of that same turning about; for
‘ the force of Magick is principally restrain'd with
‘ the Compass of Circles; and therefore they make
‘ these Circles before those whom they desire to In-
‘ chant, that they may the more easily prevail by their
‘ own proper Violences. For the performance of In-
‘ chantments (reply'd *Grave*) two Things are requisite,
‘ the Wand and the Globe; therefore to compleat
‘ the Inchantment of Love, when a Man holds forth
‘ the Wand and the Globe, of necessity the Women
‘ must comply. How ready is the Tongue (reply'd
‘ *Chappel*) where the Appetite is prone. And so say-
‘ ing, without giving time for the Company to make
‘ any return, he fell a reading the ensuing Letter.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

Being a Letter in Burlesque. 'Twas Directed to Mr. PAFORD, *at the* Three-Pidgeons *in* Thames-street.

Dear Friend,

CRab-fish shall have no longer to do with the Moon. Snails have got Teeth, and Tortoises Wings. All Beasts have laid aside their Brains, and Men have lost 'em. An Ass but t'other Day, eat up the Brains of a great Doctor already putrify'd; so that when he came to Dispute *de Casibus Infirmorum*, he tumbl'd Heels over Head *ad Sepulchra Mortuorum.* Your Worship may creep upon all four to the Heels of *Atlas*, to the end that if it should happen, that he should sink under the Welght of the World, you may thrust your Nose in his Tail, as was done to *Morgante* in the Third of the *Odysses.* You will do well to take with you a great Horn, and if you cannot tell where to get one, go to the Houses in *Germany*, and you may have as many as you please. I give you this Advice, because there is a Proclamation sometime since publish'd, forbidding all Cuckolds to pass the *Stygian* Lake in *Charon's* Boat, but over a Bridge of Horns. Hence it is that the poor old Ferry-man has lain idle a long time, and is like to be starv'd to Death for want of his Fees, while every one brings his own Horn. T'other day with an Astrolobe, I lookt for your Worship's Nativity, which lies in the Quadrature of a Cucumber, in the Sextile of the two Twins, that always go in the Shade. Guard your self from the Horse-flies, and never tire your self to become a Prey to the Gnats, because the Nets are not good, and *Tantalus*, who ought to mend 'em, lies rowling and tumbling up and down to get a Snap at the Apples. The Dragons's Tail is unfortunate to your Worship,

and

and therefore be ſure to ſow in a Circle, when Hartichoaks begin to beard. I deſire your Worſhip to make your Advantage of theſe few Advertiſements, and that you may find the Expected Effects, affording you an Opportunity to command any farther Demonſtrations of my Service, which you ſhall think fit to require.

'This would be a rare Aſtrologer (ſaid *Chappel*) if 'he had but good Luck in his Predictions of Extrava-'gancies. Methinks (ſaid *River*) he ſpeaks Truth 'in ſome Particulars already, whereas your Aſtrolo-'gers never tell any other than Lyes. I am apt to 'believe (*reply'd I*) this Man has ſpent all the beſt 'of his Talent in the Compoſition of this Letter. 'By your Dwelling upon this Subject (ſaid *Grave*) 'there ſeems to be a Sympathy between you and theſe 'Extravagants. Let's ſee the next.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From a Thief in Paris. *'Twas directed to* THOMAS RIVERT, *to be left for him at the Poſt-Houſe in* Harwich, *'till call'd for.*

Dear Brother,

THis is no longer any Country for us. The Thieves, who in *Paris* have too many Rivals, and Sprigs of our Profeſſion, *ſprout* forth there in ſo great Abundance, that it behoves us to ſtand upon our Defence, for *fear of being rob'd our ſelves*, rather than be watching Opportunities to deſpoil others. We muſt obſerve the common Precept, to give way to our Superiors, or elſe we muſt certainly depart, ſince we are much inferior in this Art to the *French* Citizens themſelves; *Experienc'd Locuſts* of the Country, that ceaſe not to devour Foreigners in thoſe Fields where formerly, I know not whether the *Spring or we were moſt merry*, and rejoiced moſt at our Purchaſes. I aſſure you, I can't keep this Poſt aſſign'd me

me by my Companions, for that the Besiegers multiply, and being more ready at Surprizes than my self, frustrate all my Designs. I'm resolv'd to depart, being afraid they will *rob me of my Halter*, which however I shall willingly resign among 'em, to the End I may freely leave 'em that Reward, which they so earnestly labour to gain, by the *Multiplication of their Thefts.* I shall endeavour to find you out when I return for *England*, that we may consult together, as we were won't to do, where to meet with better Fortune.

'Those *French* Citizens are to be excus'd for their 'Robberies (said *Chappel*) if it be true, that there is no 'Fault to be ascrib'd to Natural Qualities or Passions. 'Add to this (reply'd *River*) that the Subjects of a 'Prince who despoils them, are necessitated to exercise 'themselves in *Robbing others*, to repair their Losses, or 'or at least to preserve themselves from sinking under 'their Burthens. I have observ'd (*reply'd I*) that in 'the Cities under the Dominion of this *French* King, the 'Profession of Thieves flourishes in great Reputation, 'and the Exercise of Rapines; so that he may well boast 'that his Vassals are as good as himself. They have be-'fore 'em (said *Grave*) the Examples of their Lord, or 'at least of his Ministers; so that they would be much 'to be blamed, if they did not conform as Subjects to 'the grand Exemplar of their Sovereign.

Grave *had no sooner pronounc'd those Words, but our Comrades* (*viz.* Summer, Temple, Church, Fountain *and* Winter, *whom we had left in the House, carousing with* Summer's *Friends*) *return'd to us again, and asking us what Entertainment we had met with in their Absence, we answer'd 'em with a short Account* of how many we had read, *declaring to 'em withal, That we had been highly pleas'd with the Variety of Humors, Multitude of Follies, and Diversity of Fancies and Capricio's, which had come to our Knowledge in so many and different Letters.*

These Words were hardly out of our Mouths, when *Chappel* falling out into a Fit of Laughter, rais'd the Curiosity of the Company. He had already open'd a Letter, to see the *Secrets* that were contain'd in it. *I laugh*, said he, *at the Novelty of the Titles, which this Fool has invented.* Upon which the whole Company viewing the Paper, they found a *Most Illustrious Sir*, in the Frontispiece of a Piece of Simplicity.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

Of amorous Accidents. 'Twas Directed to the most illustrious Knight, Sir HENRY --- *at his House near* Abbots-Aston *in* Bucks. *Humbly present.*

Most Illustrious Sir,

LET all the Celebrated Labours of *Hercules* give way to the Undertaking, by means whereof I have put a good End to the Amours of a Lady, to which *your Worship was Privy*, as being the Person from whom I cannot conceal the *Secrets of my Heart*. I might now call to mind the Vehemency of my Passion, by which being tormented, you and I together bemoan'd my Pains, to assuage the bitter Sorrows that oppress me. *Those wanton Tricks of the young Boy*, that sporting Wounds, continued some time after your departure; and your Friendship, together with the possession of my Goddess, in the Enjoyment of your Conversation, drew me into greater Snares: For in counterpoise of my Desires, there was the jealous and watchful Eye of her Husband, which pulled down my hopes on the one side, as much as the Scale wherein the Contents of Love had all their Weight, ascended on the other. I could not assure my self of the Correspondence of my Beloved, because I had no convenience to seek it, nor ground to hope it. She was, I know not whether *so Cautious or so Chaste*, that the familiarity between us left no sign of Fertility that could give hope to our Content; which gave me to understand, that only *Stratagem* could afford me that opportunity I wanted.

The

The Summer Season being an Incentive to *mature* my Thoughts to make common the Harvest of my Contents with the Crop which the *most Vile enjoy*; I took the Advantage of the Morning Breezes, to facilitate my Passage to a *happy Opportunity*; I invited the *Husband and the Wife* both together, to a Country-House of mine, not far distant from the City, to entertain 'em with the Delights of the Place; there it was that I had woven my Net to catch this *Venus*, and bind my self close to her, without fearing the Disturbance of any *malicious Vulcan*: Of one large Room I made two, with no other Partition than only that of *Tapestery Hangings*, which also extended their Ornament into the remaining Part; in the space of four Spans above the Ground, I joyned together two Tables pargetted like the Wall, to remove all Suspicion from the jealous Circumspection of the Husband: Contiguous to the counterfeit Partition were two Beds, one of each side, with no other Interval but that of the *Ornament which conceal'd the Fraud*; in the one, I designed the Guests should lye; the other, which was not perceiv'd, I made the Post of my Ambushment, where I was to lye in wait to fulfil the satisfaction of my Desires. After Supper, during which I had Administer'd a *Somniferous Drink*, which assured me I should not be molested by the vigilancy of my Rival, they retir'd to the Entertainments of that Night, which I was to employ in my Pleasures. Silently I convey'd my self to my own Post, not with any thoughts of taking Rest: I listen'd to all their Discourse, which made me but so much the more eager after the forbidden Fruit; while she *vaunting the Fidelity of her Chastity*, and he discovering the *Jealousie of his Affection*, my Mind suggested to me so much the greater Glory from my Enterprize, to triumph over both. The Potion began to work its Effects, tho' but slowly upon the Husband, so that preventing his Wife in undressing himself, he also fell asleep before her, Then lifting up the Curtain of the Tapestry, I enter'd upon the Stage, where I desir'd no Spectators. I put my self in the Middle between the Husband and the Wife, and deem'd it an Undertaking singularly Glorious to enjoy a Lady in the same Bed with her Husband, in derision of the *jealous Watchfulness* of the one, and in scorn of the *profess'd Chastity* of the other.

The

The next Morning I went a Hunting with the Husband, whom I had order'd to be wak'd betimes; and when I return'd, I try'd my Fortune again in the City, laughing at the Jealousie of her Husband, which was such that I could not promise my self to succeed in my undertaking by any other then *delusive Means*. One day discoursing with him, and protesting to be the most cordial Servant he had in the World, I gave him a most devilish false Testimony of my faithful Friendship, by discovering to him a Design, as I pretended, of some Gentlemen to enter his House by Night, and violently to ravish from his Bosom his dearly beloved Wife; so much the more enamour'd of her Beauty, by how much they saw him so chary of her. The next Night, said I, to this, is appointed for the Execution of this Design; which put the good Man into such a *Confusion of Mind*, that he stood still, as if he had been Thunder-struck. Nor could you blame him; for indeed, 'twas no less then the loss of a Treasure that was his *very Heart*, which made him lead a careful Life, for fear left any other should share in his Happiness.

To me therefore, as his *Oracle*, he betakes himself, and begs me that I would be the *propitious Numen*, who as I had made known the threatning Mischief, would also prevent the Danger. I order'd him exact Secresie, so that no body in the House, no not his Wife should know of the Business. But least the Lady might have any Suspicion, I order'd him to undress himself as he was wont to do, and go to Bed to her, but after *she was asleep*, to slip out of the Bed, and to come where I would stay for him, with a Remedy proper to prevent the Danger. Now you must know there are *two Doors to the House*, one to the Street, the other at a good Distance from it, leading into a Garden encompass'd with a Wall. Thither in the Dusk of the Evening I convey'd certain Fellows well arm'd, with one part of which I set the *Husband* there to watch, remaining with the rest to secure the *Street door*, so that we might be certain to secure both Entrances, and they that were assign'd to the Garden Post, had orders not to stir till I gave 'em the Sign. All things being dispos'd according to Agreement, the happy Hour for me approach'd, at what time the *Lady being become the Prey of Sleep*, the good Man came down without his Doublet, but laden with Arms to counterpoise the *Weight of his Fear*. He obey'd my Orders by repairing to the Place appointed, with a Promise not to Budge till I came to relieve him.

No ſooner was he gone to his Poſt, but away went I, with a *dark Lanthorn* in my Hand, enter'd the Chamber, and ſo paſs'd into the Bed where his Lady was, and robb'd him of all that could enrich me with Content, not caring *whether Fidelity were injur'd, or Friendſhip violated.* In the height of Enjoyments, tranſported beyond my ſelf, I let ſlip an *Ay me!* an expreſſive Note of extraordinary pleaſure, that diſcover'd my *Thievery.* The Lady was ſoon ſenſible of the difference of my Voice, which I conceal'd before, either by my ſilence, or falſifying the Tone of it in ſhort Accents. Which now being let looſe to their *natural Tone*, diſcover'd that I was not her Husband; at firſt ſhe began to cry out, as if ſhe had been betray'd, making a *heavy Stir*, according to the *Cuſtom of her Sex*; not able to ſatisfie their Anger or Revenge by force.

I leapt out of the Bed, and putting my ſelf full in the Light, I offer'd my Life to attone her Fury. I held the Lanthorn in one Hand, and my Dagger in the other, with the Point turn'd upon my Breaſt, ſhowing my Reſolution to ſtrike; if ſhe *refus'd me her Compaſſion.* For certain, ſaid I, this Dagger ſhall pierce my Heart, if my Death will be a greater Satisfaction to you than my Love. Then Lady, *make uſe of your Prudence*, and make it not your Glory to publiſh your Failings in your Revenge of my Affection. The Houſe is full of my own Souldiers, from whoſe fury you muſt expect the Slaughter of all that oppoſe my Eſcape, which I value not however, as being Content to fall a Victim to *your Divinity*, if you think your ſelf injur'd by him that Adores you.

So Saying, I made as if I would give my ſelf the *fatal Stab*, when ſhe ſtretching forth her Hand, Hold, *ſaid ſhe*, dear Friend; ſince it behoves me not to carry it to height of Cruelty, the Diſſimulation of that Anger which we Women pretend againſt thoſe that enjoy us by ſtealth.

The Lady, by means of theſe ſo kind and winning *Tenderneſſes*, being become more dear to me then before, I embrac'd her with an *exceſs of Kindneſs*; and to ſatisfie her Curioſity, I related to her the whole manner of my Contrivance, and gave her an Account of the Stratagem that I had practic'd at my Country-Houſe.

Our further Diſcourſes were interrupted by a Noiſe occaſion'd by the Motion of arm'd Men. For that certain Perſons coming to the *little Door in the Garden*, ſuppos'd to be Thieves, put the Guard in an Uproar. And this

this gave credit to all my Fictions, while the Husband thought them, to have been the *Thieves* that were come to rob him of his *Perian Wealth*. And I forsook my Beatitude, to hasten to his Assistance, of which there was no need, for that the Thieves being frighted at the noise of People stirring, ran away of themselves. Thus ended the Comedy, with this Advantage for me, that being become the *good Man's Confident, my Conversation was free from all Suspicion*. On the other side, the prudent Wife found out a thousand Excuses for Opportunities to make me happy in her Company. This was the Issue of my Amours, of which I was willing to give your Worship an Account, to gratifie that common *Itch of Lovers*, who are never so well pleas'd with their *Thieveries*, as when they are publickly known. Ascribe to my Passion the Tediousness of the Letter, and in exchange of Kindness, honour me with a proportionable share of your Commands, which you will find obey'd with all imaginable Compliance.

‘ Behold (said *Fountain*) the end of Friendship in our ‘ Age, wherein our most familiar Acquaintance are ‘ they alone, that chiefly betray our Reputation. I ‘ observe (said *Chappel*) that the Hart is the Symbol ‘ of true Friendship, in regard those Creatures mutu- ‘ ally assist each other in their swimming over the Ri- ‘ ver; whereby is express'd the necessary Condition of ‘ true Friends, which obliges 'em to reciprocal ‘ Assistance of each other in the greatest Dangers.

But as *Cowly* well observes, *There's fewer Friends on Earth than Kings*; and so saying, he read the following Letter.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

Upon the Custom of paying Harlots. 'Twas Directed to Mr. RALPH BANFORD, *at his House in* Uxbridge. *With Care and Speed.*

Honour'd Sir,

I Cannot but enlarge upon a Custom which is chiefly observ'd among the great Men of this World. This is the Custom, I know not by whom introduc'd, *of paying Harlots*, so much to the prejudice of Man, and the Superiority of the Masculine Sex. constrain'd to pay for that, which Woman as his Inferior, is oblig'd to give him freely as a Debt due to his Contentments. For to what end was Woman made, if not to be subservient to our Pleasures? Shall he then suffer a Monster to live in the World under his own shape, that shall render Manhood contemptible, and his chiefest Glories despicable, by acting contrary to Reason and Judgment? Shall he endure the *Insolencies of his Slave*, to the forming of whom while he gave a Rib, he bound her with a Chain of Bondage, as being bought with his own Flesh? Shall he bend under so great a Misfortune as to have enliven'd Infelicity, a *living Tyranny*, and Hell in Epitome, all combin'd together in a *walking Frame*? And when he thinks to enjoy those Pleasures in the Use of her, for which alone she was born, must he be forc'd to pay through the Nose for 'em? Must a Man be forc'd to humble himself with a paltry Servility, even to Adoration, to be subject to Multiplicity of Cares, to weary his Mind in the Government of his Passions, and turmoil his Body with amorous Fatigues, and instead of a Reward for all this, shall he be forc'd to purchase his Refreshments? *Good God!* how blind is this World, and how bewitch'd are unhappy Mortals, who are fain to *buy their own Miseries*, and the worst of Curses which

they incur in common by converſing with Harlots, waſting the choiceſt of their Subſtance, and conſuming their Wealth! This was certainly an Artifice of the Devil, the deadly Enemy of the Contentments of our Sex, among which thoſe of our Laſciviouſneſs being the moſt deſirable, he would embitter 'em with the Expence of that, which is to us more neceſſary and grateful. Can Men in Reaſon envy the Condition of Brutes, and deſire that Authority which advances the Maſculine Sex above the Female in every individual Creature, that whenever his Appetite excites him, has the Gratification of it without bargaining to pay for his Pleaſures. *A poor Lover ſhall be worſt us'd than a Dog*, and if he have no Money ſhall be depriv'd of thoſe Pleaſures, that are not refus'd to a Beaſt. Accurſed Cuſtom, in Conformity to which the amorous Dance is regulated and govern'd by the Chinking of the more *precious Metals*, while there is a Tribute laid upon thoſe Pleaſures, that Nature ſo freely and abundantly affords us! And what Afflictions does not a Lover ſuffer, yet not able to ſatisfie his Deſires through the Covetouſneſs of his Goddeſs, whoſe common Exerciſe it is, to *tear his very Skin from his Fleſh?* There is a Decree of one of the Popes, which prefixes for the Payment of a *Harlot*, no more then will ſuffice her for one days Victuals.

If this Law were obſerv'd, theſe devouring Wolves would not exact ſuch Treaſures, for a thing in it ſelf *both vile and abominable, and rather imagin'd for Delight, then really found to be ſo*, Or at leaſt, as in well regulated Cities, where whatever is ſold, there is but ſo much gain in the Price, ſo there ſhould be no more then ſuch a Gain allow'd in the Price of *Harlot's Fleſh*, which being the worſt of all Fleſh, would be *very cheap* if it were valu'd to its worth. Otherwiſe to ſuffer their Indiſcretion to run at Random, is to multiply the *Number of Whores*, ſince every *covetous Woman*, though naturally not prone to Diſhoneſty, would turn Whore for Gain's ſake; ſo that we ſhould ſee all the Women running a drift in the Sea of Laſciviouſneſs, nor would there be a chaſte Matron left in any of the Cities of *Europe*. I wiſh I might not ſay of the World. Theſe *diſſolute Baggages* live in all manner of Luxury ſplendid in their Furniture, their Cloaths and their Tables, inſomuch that *Vice being made a precious Commodity*, will make uſe of its attractive Violencies to raviſh the Inclinations of every Woman, prone enough to follow it of themſelves. Kind Heaven afford convenient Reme-

dies

dies to these disorders for the Benefit of the Masculine Sex, and the Relief of *poor Lovers.*

'This Fool (said *Summer*) never considers that Men, 'were they not restrain'd with the *Curb of Payment*, 'would run with so much fury to satiate their Appe-'tites, even to the bursting of their Bellies, as we say, 'that they would kill themselves with lying *Scotfree at* '*Rack and Manger.* Besides (said *River*) that some Prin-'ces would lose a part of their Revenues, as having 'a considerable Tribute out of the Gain of the Har-'lots. I know of no Princes (replied I) who have 'any such Tribute, unless it be the *Grand Duke of Flo-'rence*, and the Pope, into whom the sharpness of the 'Climate infus'd that fine spun piece of Policy, to lay 'a Tax upon the Brothel-houses. I remember (said '*Winter*) I have many times Traded with *Brook* in 'the *Streights*; at which the whole Company Laught; 'and to the end there might be no farther Reply, they 'presently fell a reading the following Letter.

LETTER XCI.

From an Advocate to his Friend. 'Twas Directed to Mr. SLIFORD, *at his House in* Canterbury.

SIR,

I Have unplum'd the Bird; I send it your Lordship, together with another of my own, tho' of another sort, to the end you may pull of the Skin. The Suit so tediously by me prolong'd, as it was possible, to the end I might squeeze it as long as there was any thing coming, is now at last sent back by the Gentleman you know of, to yonder Place. I consign the Handling of it to you, as well for the sake of our ancient Friendship, as also, to the end that lighting

upon an Advocate more discreet then I, he may have no Cause to complain of my Extortions. Be mindful also of my Interests, and when you have, *flead off the Skin*, send it me back again if possible that I may try my Wits to pick the Bones of it: And so concluding, I most affectionately kiss your Hands.

‘ See (said *Summer*) how some of these Beasts ‘ of Advocates use their Clients, like Tennis-balls, ‘ sending 'em from Post to Pillar, and tossing them ‘ backward and forward, till they are quite out of ‘ Breath.

‘ Rather (said *River*) till they see their very ‘ Skins hang in Rags about their Bodies. And there- ‘ fore 'twas well said of one, that *Suits were the Hell* ‘ *of this World*; since there cannot be found more ‘ spiteful Devils than some Advocates, who with a ‘ monstrous Cruelty squeeze their Clients till they ‘ press out the Blood. In short (said I) He that ‘ made *Mercury* the God of Sciences, and the God ‘ of Thieves both together, had an Eye only upon ‘ those Men, whose Knowledge only serves 'em to ‘ ravish and steal. This is an evident Truth (re- ‘ plied *Grave*) and therefore needs no other Com- ‘ ments. And so a new Letter was open'd to be ‘ read.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

Containing an Information of Parnassus *against the Modern Men of Learning. 'Twas directed to Sir* Tho.------ *at his House in* Wendover.

SIR,

YOur Worship repeats your Importunities, that I would send you some *News*. I have no way to comply with your Desires, in regard the hurry of the Wars prevent me there of a speedy conveyance: Nor would they afford me an opportunicy, but only to accumulate a company of Lyes, which every body forges, according to their own *Fancies*. I shall therefore only tell ye of an Accident, of which *Parnassus* was not many days ago the Theater; there has been brought out of that Country *Esculapias*, Physician to *Apollo*'s Majesty; he came into this City to cure a Spaniard, who from a very mean Extraction, being rais'd to Preferment, tho' of the greatest importance, was Troubl'd with a *Straightness* of his Breast, not being able to breathe for the swelling of his Ambition, augmented by the Wind of his new Honours.

This *Esculapius* gave us an account in what manner *Apollo* was pleas'd to divert himself with the solemnity of a sumptuous *Banquet*, upon the late arrival of certain Princes at his Court; having several times heard of the Excellency of the *modern Learned men*, who are the Cooks of *Parnassus*, he was desirous to ascertain himself of the Truth upon this opportunity, whereupon he set forth an Order, That every one, with his *particular Viands*, should furnish out the Messes for this Table: Every one willingly Embraced the occasion, to *make known his own Virtue*, wherein every one presum'd, tho' the *meanest Scribler*, a glorious Advantage above the rest; but his Majesty resolved to see the Preparations before the Invitation, that he might not be laugh'd at by such great Personages. He thought with himself, that there were many Fools, who ambitiously thrust themselves into the *Roll of Virtuosi*; so that he imagin'd there

would ſome unlucky Extravagance happen, if, as he foreſaw it was likely to fall out, he did not provide againſt the Inconvenience.

To this purpoſe he was conducted by his *Chamberlain* into a ſpacious Hall, where upon ſeveral Tables the *Diſhes* were ſet in order, that were to be ſerv'd up at this ſplendid Feaſt. At the firſt ſight two *Baſons of Radiſhes* offer'd themſelves, when of a ſudden *Apollo* ſmiling, *I know*, ſaid he, *whoſe Diſh this is*; that though I underſtood not the quality of the Food, this would demonſtrate to me, the poſture, wherein he who has preſented it with his wonted Pride, would have the reſt proceed. *I wonder*, added he, *that the* Spaniards *alwaies bringing this for the laſt courſe, it ſhould be number'd now among the Provocatives to Appetite.*

Your Majeſty is to underſtand, replied the Aſſiſtant, *that this is their Food, which ſerves for all Beginnings of their Feaſts.* There are other Plates preſented by the ſame Nation, which are to be ſerv'd up at the changes of every courſe. Theſe are the *Spaniſh Books*, many in number, but few that have any ſubſtance; they carry like *Radiſhes* a great *Periwig of Leaves*, in a ſurpluſage of ill-compoſed words, but underneath appears nothing but the *Head of a Winter-Radiſh without any Brains.* Or if any one has any thing of a ſharpneſs, that bites, 'tis ſo unſavoury, as not to be eaten without Salt. *Let 'em be ſet upon a Muck-hill*, ſaid Apollo, *and not upon a Table which is to be crowned with ſo many Princes.*

There followed in order, not to give diſguſt in point of Precedency, an *Olla podrida* of Books that come from *Spain*, worthy of great Eſteem, but the confuſion of Learning and *prittle prattle*, buries the good Subſtance in undiſtinguiſhable Miſhmaſh, and many times creates a nauſeating before you taſte 'em. *'Tis good Food*, cried *Apollo, but not fit to appear upon a Table of Delicacies.*

To theſe ſucceeded certain *French Soops*, very delicate indeed, but overcharg'd with the *Broth* of *Vain words*, out of which you fiſh'd ſome Sopps of ordinary Conceits, but you were not ſuffer'd to fiſh in the main Sea, to Pyrate any thing of Value. Nevertheleſs they were not rejected by *Apollo*, as being ſuch things as would pleaſe ſome Men's Appetites. And ſome there were, who having the Art of diving to the bottom, would fiſh up ſomething that pleaſed their Taſte, which others never took any Notice of.

At a little Table apart behind theſe, ſtood a *High German*, who had diſh'd up a great Number of ſeveral ſorts of Pottage, upon which *Apollo*, in a kind of chafe, cried

cried out, *Surely this fellow thinks we are in a Convent of* Franciscans. *With submission to your Majesty*, said the Assistant, *this is a Nation that knows not how to make any thing that is good, and therefore their sole profession is to be drunk. Let him herd with the* Scullions *in the Kitchin*, replied his Majesty, *he'll make a Cook good enough for them.*

So saying, he passed on to view a great Table full of *several Pies*, at what time the Assistant taken notice, that he wonder'd at the Number; *These* (said he) *are Romances of the Learned Italians*; which under the Covert of simple Paste, included the solid Substance of *hidden Wisdom in fabulous Dress*; and this sort of Writing has acquired so great a Reputation, that it is now the business of every *Tuscan Writer*. *Apollo*, curious to penetrate into the nature of these Pies, and to measure their Encomiums and Condemnations by the Rule of Reason, caus'd some to be cut up, but more especially one, which outwardly made a shew, but receiv'd the *principal Credit*, which it had from the Person that presented it, and assigning it for a singular Dainty, exalted it above all the Rest; his Majesty thought to have found some most delicate Ingredient, not knowing the Person to be no less Vain-glorious than Ignorant; but the Meat within it was only Beef, which felt so hard at first, that it might have been easily taken for a piece of an old Bull. The Arrogance of the Person provok'd *Apollo* to that degree, that he caus'd the Pye, Pye-plate and all, to be thrown away, and the Cook to be punish'd, for his Presumption. *Here is another piece of Beef of the same sort*, quoth the Assistant. *Let 'em both*, replied his Majesty, *be given to the Hogs.*

His Majesty was curious to see the *Intrails* of another, which shewing without side the Head, Tail, and Wings, of a Patridge, made him believe that the Fowl within was a precious Bit; but he was much deceiv'd, for the inside contain'd no more than Fish. *How!* cry'd *Apollo, what means this Fellow, to promise us a Bird, and give us Fish? These*, said the Assistant, *are a sort of People, that promise in their Romances* Historical Truth, *and good Sence, to vaunt themselves Men of great Wit.* But after all, are discover'd to be full of Fables and Parabolical Mishmashes, wherein if there be any one particular Truth, it changes both its Substance and its Nature.

There was another which made a great Shew, but with several Lids one above another, of *Episodes* and Fiddle-faddles, so that there was hardly any coming to see what was in it: But at last they made a shift to cut

it up, and found it so full of *Abstruse Conceits*, that *Apollo* order'd it to be made up into Pellets, to feed his Ostridges.

Apollo, by this time cloy'd with so many Pies, the Goodness of which lay all in a Crust, slightly ran over the Rest, when there was one that presented it self to his View, of a more *curious Form* than the Rest, neatly Garnish'd and set out, and having all the signs of good Seasoning end *exactness of Cookery*. Presently he order'd it to be cut up, and found it stuft within with Marrow, and I know not *what sort of Brains*. *These are delicate Morsels indeed*, said his Majesty, *but which are buried in a very great Coffin, considering the smallness of the Quantity*, However, I cannot admire, that having put all the Brains *within side*, he knew not how to make use of 'em *without*. In short, of all that were upon this Table, he made choice for his own of no other than some few small *Jelly-pies* wherein the variety of Sauces, in a small Compass, concluded in a good Savour.

From hence he went to visit the Preparations of the *Butchers Meat*, where he found little satisfaction, for the boil'd Meats were altogether insipid, and so black, as if they had been in *Mourning* for the deceased Merits of the Persons that cook'd 'em. They were so *homely and slovenly* order'd, as if they had been dreft for *Beggars*, all the Products of Ignorance, not fit for the *Grandees of Parnassus*. Among the rest there was a stately Capon, or at least one that had been such, but so cook'd, that *Apollo shrug'd up his Shoulders*, to see the simplicity of the Cook. *This*, said the Assistant, *is a Book of Histories, which according to the Rules of a new Reformer, are oblig'd to make a shew of such a perfect Nakedness, that you are allow'd no Salt for fear they should lose their Unsavorinesse. Away with these Pedants*, said his Majesty. *publishers of new Reformations, they must not think to introduce such Disorders to the publick detriment, because they know not how to season their own VVritings as they should do. Is it seemly, that dry unsavoury Meat, fit only for* Broom-men *and* Chair-menders, *should be brought to the Tables of great Personages and* tow'ring Wits?

After this there was a Duck, I will not say buried, but rather *engulph'd*, under a Mountain of Onions, and certainly he stood in need of his natural *Qua, Qua*, to let you know where he was, otherwise it had been impossible to find him, tho' he lay before their Noses. Such are the *Writings* of those that multiply *Disgressions* and *Repetitions*, and frequently use obscure Sentences, By which means they build up a *heap of Confusions* rather

ther than *Periods*: So that whatever is good in 'em, being utterly buried, they lose that Merit which otherwise they might boast of.

Nor did the *Roast-meat* please *Apollo* any better, of which the greatest part was *Blood-raw*, and the Reason of it was, because they had laid down too much at a time; and moreover, by reason of the disproportion of the Joints: So that some were parched up to that degree, that a Hatchet would not enter 'em. There were several *Sawces* prepar'd for these Dishes, two sorts of which would have been very well approv'd, if the stink of the Steam had not render'd it nauseous at a distance, and that the other at first sight had not appear'd too full of Salt, so that his Majesty was constrained to say, That *surely that same fellow had the* Palate of a Cuckold, *and had season'd it to his Appetite; he can have no Salt in his Brains that has put it all in his Sawcepan.*

While he was continuing his Visitation, he saw a great Steam, which rising from a Platter, hinder'd him from seeing what was in it. Ne're trouble your self, an't please your Majesty, *said the Assistant*, to satisfie your Curiosity, for this Dish is the Composition of a good Wit, but so full of Ambition, that no body can endure to see him, not so much as in his Works. So that with the Steam of that Pride he darkens those Lustrs which otherwise would be able to display his Merit; his Majesty therefore would have this Dish exterminated from his Table, abhorring such a Pride that made a Man stand in his own light.

At the same time there was presented to *Apollo* a certain *Cook*, who by his being in his Drawers, and by his sweating, shew'd himself to have been hard at work. He had once been happy in making some Fritters, which got him great Applause. 'Twas thought too, that he had stolen 'em from some body else, because he never could produce the like in other Works of his of the same Nature. When his Majesty beheld him low of Stature deformed in his Face, and only rich in Ambition, *Surely*, said he, *this is some Bum Bailiff, no Learned Man. Your Majesty is not much out of the way*, quoth the Assistant, *for he is a* publick Spy. He brought a Pye along with him, just ready to go to the Oven, for that having heard but late of *Apollo's Commands*, he had not time to bake it, but only to make it up. He farther told his Majesty, that he came to shew it his Majesty, that he might be assur'd of one *substantial Dish*. Then he began a *Series of Encomiums*, which begot a greater Scorn of his Presumption than Admirati-

ons

ons of his Parts. But the Pye being open'd, was found full of *Trash*, that smelt very rank withal, as being a Composition, consisting of the *Accidents of antient History*, dis-embowell'd, with a small Addition of his own, but nothing good. He had the Honour to be *well-kick'd*, besides, that he was commanded to throw his Pye into the Fire.

From thence he went and took a *slight View of the Preparations of Fruit*, which were all the Offerings of the *Poets*. But they had not the good fate to please him any more then the rest, either because the Vanity of Poetry is all comprehended in *Trifles* of little moment, or because the *usual Poverty attending Poetry*, would not permit 'em to be at more Expences, or else, because that the Poets of our time are not so Excellent, as to appear with Offers of value; *Thistles*, *Fennel*, *Tansey*, and other such like Herbs, which are least pleasing to the Palate, resemble the Works of the Poets, the Substance of which is easily dissolv'd into *little or nothing*. Some *Sparagus* and *Hartichokes*, might be accounted the greatest Dainties in that Course, and were the Presents of some few, that were singular in the Profession.

Just as *Apollo* was going away, after he had made choice of his Dishes, appear'd blind *Britti* with a little Cup, given him by an *Apothecary* in *Venice*, for a *Copy of Verses made upon a Whore of his*; he excus'd his long stay, and laid the fault of it upon his not being able to get a Guide sooner. He told *Apollo*, that having heard of the Proclamation, that had Summon'd all the *Poets to their Duty*, he came also to bring his Mite, as being enroll'd in the Number. His Majesty not without a *Sardonic Smile*, severely rebuk'd his Rashness, for daring to enrol himself among the Learned. Blind *Britti* reply'd, that he was perswaded to it, by seeing so many Princes honour with their Favours, under the *Title of Virtuosi's*, so many Musicians, Comedians, Buffoons, and such like Rascallians; to whom, he thought himself nothing inferior. To which he added, that many crouded themselves into the *Number of Virtuosi*, who could not build any foundation of Merit, but only upon some pieces of *waste Paper, stuft with what they had filch'd out of other Books*, whereas in his *Conceit*, he was a *Poet of himself*, and not by Vertue of Flourishes robb'd from other Men. *Apollo* could not deny this to be true, but he refus'd to countenance his Boldness, and caus'd him to be expell'd *Parnassus*. And so he return'd to meet his Royal Guests.

Esche

Esculapius added no more, believing it sufficient, that he had given a full Accompt of the Marks, which the *Virtuoso's of our Age* had given of themselves. I hope your Lordship will excuse me if I have been too tedious, and look upon it as Penance, which your own Importunity has occasion'd, by repeating your earnest Sollicitations for News, &c.

'The Invention of this Information of *Parnassus*, '(*said Chappel*) is ancient, yet not ill accomodated to 'the Learned, who in the Entertainments of great 'Men, are lookt upon as a *kind of Cooks*, who for the 'reward of a long toiling Service, are fed with Smoak. 'You may add (*said Fountain*) that these nimble Wits, 'like Cooks, delight to be among the Pots and the 'Pipkins, and to be thrusting their Noses into the most '*delicate Sauces*. While they were thus Discoursing, I 'stopt their Mouths by Reading the ensuing LET-'TER.

LETTER XCIII.

From a French Man at Nottingham, *to his Friend in* Paris; *describing* England *in its happy State of Plenty, Wealth, and Liberty.*

It was Directed to Mr. ADELARD, *in the* Rue de Bucherie, Paris.

My dear Friend,

THO' it has been my ill luck to be taken Prisoner, with the other Gentlemen that saw the fatal day of *Hochster*, yet I have since my Arrival in *England*, found so much Satisfaction, that I cannot wish the fatal Cause of it had not been. Imagine what an Imprisonment that must be, when you are confind to a Paradise, and converse with Angels. I know that there is a certain secret Tye, which all or most Men find to their Native Country;

Country; but it has been before observ'd, that every Country where a wise Man is, he looks on to be his own. Mankind indeed is but of one Family, and have all the same Rights. But alas! by the Ambition of some, and the Roguery of others, we find the greatest part of Mankind are debas'd to a Condition inferiour to that of Brutes; for the Common People of a Tyrannick and Despotick State are in this below Brutes, which obtain but one Master; but they are not only Slaves with the Great Ones, but ev'n Slaves to Slaves.

But here it is not so, in *England*, the Meanest Person has as much a Right to maintain, and Laws to maintain it against the Greatest, as the Greatest has against the Meanest. The Prince cannot Oppress the Lowest Subject he has by the Impulse of his own Passion, or his Favourites Interest, Pride, or Pique. The latter can Sue for his own against the King himself. And here only appears to me the only Image of the first Institution of Government, in which the Good of the *Govern'd* is wholy regarded. Where it is Evident, that One is made for Millions, not Millons for One of no superiour Nature, but Frail, Ignorant, Vicious, as any One of those Millions. I wonder that the Advocates of Slavery do not clear that Point, when they make Gods of Princes; to show that Heav'n who has so far Exalted them in Power above others, has also Exalted their Natures, as much by Wisdom and Virtue.

This is strange Language, you'll say, from a *Frenchman*, it is true; but you must consider, that I have now some Months breath'd *English* Air, convers'd with *English* Men, and seen the wonderful benefit of Liberty. Here we see Plenty and Wealth in every Corner, and the humble Cottage on the Plain abounds here not only with the necessaries of Life, but even som times, and that not seldom, with the Conveniencies of it; not to say, Superfluities.

But indeed, Liberty has been always the Mother of Plenty; where Industry reaps the benefit of its Labours, it is always robust and lively, but grows languid and dying, when the Fruit of its Pains is obnoxious to the Arbitrary Will of others.

Thus happy *France*, was once thus free, and her Natives had their Name from their Liberty; for *Franks* signifies *Free*; but by our own Follies and Vices betray'd, we were ripe for Slavery in the time of *Lewis* the XI. who omitted no opportunity of taking hold of e'ry occasion of enslaving our Nation, and fixt the Chain so strong, that we have never been able to shake it off since;

ſince; 'till now it is grown Habitual, and the Vulgar knowing no better, bear the Inſolence of the Gentry, as a Natural Right, and they that of the Nobility and King; becauſe by that means they have Power to Inſult others: So Pride and Vanity is the Foundation of Slavery, and nothing can make us Free but Virtue, which theſe latter Ages ſeldom produces.

I am not ſurpriz'd, that my Country-Men bear a Burthen they have been ſo long us'd to; ſince I find there are in *England* Men, and thoſe Clergymen too, who Write and Diſpute for Slavery, and make uſe of Liberty to Write and Act againſt it; who wou'd fain perſwade Men that they are not Rational Creatures, but the Images of God; Beaſts of Burthen, meer Animals, Joint-ſtools, or Cloſe-ſtools, to be us'd as the Prince pleaſes, without regard to any Religion or Law. But this is ſo fooliſh an Attempt, that while the Authors applaud their whimical Paradoxes, the very loweſt of the People diſcover the Fallacy, Laugh at their Folly, Contemn their Underſtanding, and Abhor their Impiety.

Come my Friend, and ſee the Wonders of this fortunate Iſle. You'll find whole Nations in one Town, and all the boaſted Glory of *Paris*, the Metropolis of ſo many Countries, vaniſhes before one Street of *London*, in Wealth, and Magnificence of Living, in Furniture, Expence of Table; *&c.* All the World pays Tribute to its Wealth, and its Pleaſure. And it may be ſaid, the Queen of Great Brittain is the Queen of Men; while our Grand Monarch is only the Commander of Slaves, who by a ſtrange Infatuation are not only content to be Slaves themſelves, but expend that Blood to make the reſt of Mankind low, which might relieve the Honour of the Gallick Natives, and make them as Happy as Heaven deſign'd them. But Power has always ſo many Advantages to beſtow on its Creatures, that it brings ſuch Numbers to a Dependance on its Benefits, that for their own private Intereſt of Pride or Paſſion, they contribute to the Slavery of the Reſt.

I ſhall not trouble you with more at preſent, not doubting but I have wrote more now than is for my Advantage if it ſhould be known, but cou'd I tranſport my Effects, I wou'd never trouble my ſelf for the Conſequence; nay, cou'd I have the tenth Part of my Income here; I ſhould be better ſatisfy'd, becauſe I find that publick Spirit within me, that I receive as great Pleaſure in ſeeing other People Free, as in finding my

ſelf

self so. I shall therefore conclude with my Wishes, for your being as I am a Prisoner to Liberty; who am,

Your Faithful Friend,

A. E. B.

« This Letter (said I) shows the Charms of Liberty, « when a Man of common Sense, and disintereſt Prin- « ciples Surveys it. True (continu'd *Grave*) for no « Man of Common Sense but must feel, if not know the « Difference betwixt Liberty and Slavery. Yet (pur- « su'd *Winter*) it is amazing that any Men, who enjoys « this Liberty, should endeavour to perswade us from a « Benefit, that is as visible as the Light of the Sun. « This Nation seems to me (said *Chappel*) like the « Nation of the *Israelites* of old, when they enjoy'd the « perfect Liberty by the immediate Favour of Heaven; « and yet (continued *River*) cry out for a King accord- « ing to the Nations about them. That is (said *Church*) « a Tyrant to govern by his Will, and not by Law. « But it is remarkable (said *Fountain*) that those very « Men, who now make a noise of *Jure Divino*, and the « unaccountableness of Princes, when they found them- « selves the least aggrieved by the late King *James*, « threw of all their Passive Principles, and turn'd their « *Jure Divino* King like *Nebuchadnezzar*, a Grazing: « They were not touch'd (pursu'd *Summer*) with all the « Infringments, that Prince made on the Laws and Liber- « ties of the Subject, but only for his invading the Ci- « vil, Authority of the Clergy in the Penal Laws. Right « (concluded *Brook*) for all the same Transgressions « engag'd them in the Interest of *Charles* I. because « he stood by them in their Inquisition, and High-flying « Prerogatives.

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

Sent with the Picture of a Lady.——'Twas directed to Mr. Wansfort *Merchant, in* Briſtol. *This Deliver with Care and Speed.*

Honour'd Sir,

I Send you the Picture of the Lady, who gain'd that Authority over you, as to be the abſolute Miſtreſs of your Affections, while you ſtaid in *London*: Thus you ſee the performance of your Commands, which you laid upon me at your departure. I know not whither you will be ſo faithfully ſerved by the Limner, as I have Endeavour'd to ſerve you my ſelf. The Art deſerves to be excus'd, if it miſtook in drawing into a ſmall Compaſs a Face, wherein Nature her ſelf had Epitomiz'd all Perfection. Thoſe Beauties cannot be contain'd in a ſmall piece of Braſs, for which the whole Compaſs of the Sun's Sphere is too Narrow. That Heaven can never be deſcrib'd without a neceſſity of adding the Motto of Heaven it ſelf, *Pulchriora Latent*; ſince no Pencil can expreſs that Beauty, by which the poſſibility of any greater Beauty is quite Extinguiſh'd. In Pictures the Shadows give Life to the Colours, but how can Shadows here appear in the Face of the Sun. There can be no proper Air provided for this Likeneſs. for that being Angelical, it enjoys no other Sun, but that of Paradiſe. Let your Worſhip but conſider the Tranſcendent Value of her Heart, and your Will, ſhe could not be drawn more artfully, ſince a divine Object ſuits not with the Workmanſhip of a terreſtrial Hand. Excuſe the Painter, who could not outdo himſelf, muchleſs ſurpaſs Nature and Heaven. Accept of my good Will in ſolliciting the finiſhing of the Piece, and gratifying your Deſires, I ſhall ever approve my ſelf to be

Your hearty humble Servant,

Jonathan Holligood.

' While

« While this was reading *Temple*, who was the young-
« est in the Company, and consequently the most en-
« clin'd to Love, Curious, or rather desirous to behold
« this *Celebrated Portraiture*, in great haste untied the
« Bundle, and had lit upon, and open'd the Box by
« that time they had done Reading the Letter; and
« there was a necessity for him to impart to the Com-
« pany a *sight of the Picture*, of which he was almost
« become Jealous, and fain would have appropriated
« to himself. Their Encomiums were the *Hyperboles*
« *of Lovers*, since all other Expressions were *below the*
« *Commendations* which the Face deserv'd. They were
« also short, in regard the Lady who in the Picture
« seem'd alive, and actually to speak, commanded the
« rest to hold their Tongues. And therefore they
« stood all like *stupid Admirers*, I know not whither out
« of a deluded Belief, that she was alive, and there-
« fore thinking themselves Oblig'd to a *modest Reverence*,
« and a reverent Silence; or whither busied in a Tacit
« Devotion, to thank that good Fortune which had
« granted 'em the Favour to behold a Beauty so trans-
« cendant, that tho' in Painting only deserv'd no less
« then the Adoration of all Eyes. All the Company
« stood as *immoveable*, as if they had beed strook with
« Thunder, more especially *Church* and *Winter*, who was
« older then the rest, staring and gaping with Amaze-
« ment upon the *Picture*, till they had star'd so long that
« they could not see to *read any more*; which as it was
« *one reason* why the Company broke up, so there was
« a *second*, because they were weary, and the *late Hour*
« *of the Night* call'd them to Bed.------ And now I think
« 'tis proper to give yon a breathing time, and reserve
« our farther Account till the *next Oppertunity*, by these
« you'll find as I told you, that our *Extravagances* are
« not without their *Morals*. I am

Dear SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

C. G.

The End of the First VOLUME.

THE POST-BOY *Rob'd of his* MAIL:

OR,

The Pacquet broke Open.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

VOLUME II.

SIR,

YOU ſend me Word you have Received my Letter, with the Volume Directed to you, and that you are ſatisfy'd our CLUB have made the beſt Uſe they cou'd of ſo Extravagant a *Frolick.* I am glad you approve our Performance; becauſe I know you a Judge of *Wit* and good *Senſe.* 'Tis as much as we deſire, That the Ingenious ſhould value our Thoughts, and the Severer excuſe our Actions. We never expected to arrive at *Impoſſibilities,* by pleaſing the various and oppoſite Reliſh of all Readers. We are not ſo ignorant of Mankind, to imagine that the Fool, and the Man of Senſe; the Grave, and the Airy; the Preciſe, and thoſe of Looſer Inclinations; Men of Servile Condition, and thoſe of a Generous Education; Old and Young, Men and Women; and, in ſhort, ev'ry Oppoſite, ſhould have all the ſame Taſte, and concur in giving us an univerſal and unanimous Applauſe. This is more than the greateſt *Genius*'s of all Ages could ever compaſs; nay, more than they e'er pretended to, or deſir'd; it being indeed a Scandal, to Write to the Capacity and Guſto of ſome Men. Tho' the Variety of our *FIRST*

VOLUME bid as fair as could be expected, for a general Satisfaction, there being *LETTERS* proportion'd to all Capacities and Tastes: Which gave Occasion to your Friend to make those Objections that are Answer'd in the Preface; which wou'd ne'er have been urg'd by him, if he had consider'd the Nature of the Thing, or had had a True Notion of Wit in all its Parts, and all its various Shapes and Uses.

Our Ambition to Please, therefore, being within much narrower Bounds, we are abundantly satisfy'd that you, and some few more, Unbyass'd, as well as Competent Judges, are favourable to our Attempt, and allow a little for the Flatness, and want of Spirit, in some of so many Reflexions. I grant, 'tis now as common for the worst Performers, to quote My Lord *Rochester*, to this purpose, against Publick Censure, as 'tis for ev'ry School-Boy, (as *Cowley* Observes,) to say with *Scipio*, That he's *ne'er less alone, than when without Company*: Yet you must allow us to shelter our selves under it, from the Impertinence of the *Million*, since *Horace* and *Ben Johnson*, as well as that Witty Lord, have done it; the just Defences of oppressed Sense being no more to be avoided, because Fools pretend to the same; than Devotion and Religion, because Hypocrites and Knaves wou'd arrogate them to themselves.

I know the *Letters* of This *Volume* will give you greater Satisfaction, than those of the Last; because I am pretty well acquainted with your Taste, who love the sprightlier Efforts of Wit, and Serious, tho' sometimes Extravagantly surprizing, Considerations, preferring all things before *Humour*, which is generally inconsistent with the relish of Men of nice Judgments; Fools for the most part, making up the Characters of Humorists, and by Consequence, can, at best, but make us laugh; a Diversion, perhaps, not so agreeable to Men of true Sense, as to the Vulgar.

In short, my Friend, I know not what Satisfaction these *Letters* may give the Publick, but I'm sure they gave us a great deal in their perusal in Writing, when we deliver'd our several Judgments, and Remarks on each Letter, as the Subject, the Wit, or the Language gave Occasion. I shall therefore proceed to give you an Account of the Progress our *Club* made in their Enquires; and if I find equal Encouragement to what the *First Volume* met with, I shall furnish you with the *Whole*, as fast as convenient Speed, and the necessary Delays of the Press, and Transcribing, will permit.

We

We never were more Diligent in the purſuit of an Intrigue, or the Attendance at the Place of Aſſignation, made by the darling Follies of our Youth, the *Fair Sex* I mean, than to meet together to purſue our preſent Affairs. For tho' the Seaſon of the Year allow'd us but a ſhort time of Night to repoſe in; and tho' we had, after our laſt Adjournment, treſpaſs'd a little on that too, yet we were all ſtirring with the firſt approach of Morn, and ſettl'd to our Buſineſs before the Sun got up. Tho' our early Riſing and continu'd Sitting together in the Summer-Houſe, gave us ſome Diſturbance before we had done, as I ſhall inform you in its proper place.

Being ſeated, and having taken each a Glaſs, or two for our Morning's Draught, the firſt thing we took up was a Pacquet of a Dozen Letters, Enclos'd in a Cover, and Directed to Mr. *Bromly* of *Grays-Inn.*

'What have we here, (ſaid *Chappel*, who took it 'up,) a whole Bundle of *Bonds*, *Bills*, and *Judgments*, 'ſent by the Poſt to ſave the Charges of the Clerks 'coming to Town the next Term? If ſo, (ſaid I,) 'twould be as good a Prize for the poor Wretches 'that are fetter'd in 'em, as the *Jews* Money to our 'Predeceſſors, in Robbing the Mails. No Comments, '(interrupted *River*,) till we know the Truth of the 'Matter. Right (aſſum'd *Temple*, who had now 'Broke-open the *Pacquet*;) for you ſee they are all '*Letters*: ſo that I believe they are rather the courſe 'of an Intrigue with ſome poor Lady or other, who 'muſt now be forc'd to redeem the Effects of her fond 'Paſſion at the Expence of her Purſe, to ſatisfie the 'diſcarded Gallant, and ſecure her Reputation. True '(continu'd *Fountain*,) with a Contract under the ſilly 'Creatures own Hand; for which ſhe muſt diſmember 'her Fortune, to get rid of a Raſcal. But let us ſu-'ſpend our Judgments (ſaid *Church*) till we have heard '*Temple* read the Contents of the Cover, which will 'unriddle the Matter.

Which he did, in theſe Words:

LETTER III.

Directed to Mr. Bromly, *of* Grays-Inn, ---- (*as before mention'd.*)

Dear Cousin,

I Have, with much ado, gain'd of Sir *John*, the Originals of those Letters for My Lord, which you desir'd me to endeavour: I have taken Copies of them, for fear any Accident should make these miscarry. Sir *John* values them, as an Inestimable Treasure, and allows but a Month for My Lord's perusal of them. All that he can say of the Writer of them, is, That he is an *Asiatic*, but he is not certain of his particular Country, which he cou'd never gain from him: Whether there were any Religious Superstition that made him keep that Secret, as the *Romans* of old did the true Name of the City of *Rome*, that the Enemy might not have power to Charm their Tutelar Deities from it, or what other Reason soever he had for that Caution. Sir *John* says farther, That he first was acquainted with him at *Amsterdam*; and in some time, being taken with these curious and uncommon Notions, and the sincerity and agreeableness of his Conversation, he contracted an intimate Friendship with him: That he had shewn him Draughts of most of the considerable Fortifications of *Europe*; with an Account of the Power, Interests, and Present State of most of the Princes of it; and that in so compendious a manner, that the Whole exceeded not the bulk of a pretty large Pocket-*Book*. The Character was unknown to him; not like either *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, or that of any other Language he was acquainted with, only by the manner of Writing it from top to bottom, he judg'd it to be *Chinese*. Nor were the Figures of the Fortifications according to our manner of Draughts, tho' he found by his Account of *Maestricht* they gave a perfect Model of them. Sir *John* says farther, That he prevail'd with him to come into *England* with him; where, in less than a Years time, he gain'd the Mastery of our Language, being pretty well acquainted with it before, declaring that he lik'd it better than any of the

the *European* Tongues, it being free from that soft effeminacy which is in the *Italian* and *French*, and not so rough and unpleasant to the Ear, as *Dutch*, *Sclavonic*, and the *Teutonic*. All that Sir *John* adds, is, That he left *England* about Two Years before the late Revolution; and that he has had these *Letters* from him since his Departure; which was not without some seeming regret, Sir *John* having never been out of his company during his Abode, and Travels in this Nation. This is all I can inform you of, and I desire you to communicate it to My Lord, who is so curious in Enquiring into this ingenious Stranger's Condition. Which is all at present, from,

Your Loving Cousin,

Christ. Roberts.

'Now shall we (said *Grave*) have Metaphors, Allegories, Exclamations and Interrogations in abundance. Right (pursu'd *Church*,) for that is the style of the *Asiatic Virtuoso's*. At least (pursu'd *River*,) if we may credit all that goes in our Language for such. It matters not (said I) whether these be the Knight's Productions, which he ingeniously would palm on others for Exotic Fruit, or really what he pretends 'em, provided the Sense be but fine, the Language pleasing, and the Notions surprising. For my part (said *Chappel*) I can't swim with the Tide of Opinion, when it opposes my Reason; nor value that style in one of *Asia*, which I'd condemn in an *European*. Opinion, indeed, (pursu'd *Fountain*,) is the Tyrant of the World: And ought therefore (reply'd *Summer*) to be depos'd by the *Patriots* of *Sense* and *Reason*. Right (assum'd *Temple*,) since 'twou'd have us admire that for Beauty in one, which is generally and justly esteem'd a piece of unpardonable Pedantry and Stiffness in another. 'Tis in vain (continu'd *Brook*) to pretend to stem the Torrent of the Publick with Reason, which always values our home-bred Sense, tho' better, less than Foreign, as well as other Commodities. True, (concluded *Winter*,) unless cook'd by a Stranger, or in a foreign manner. But you see the Knight's Friend is smitten with them, let us therefore consider them.

LETTER II.

To Sir John R-----ts, *at his House near* Bedford, *(to whom all the rest were in the same manner Directed,) giving an Account of a Storm at Sea, and of the Revenge of the* Spaniards.

----*From the wandring* Honan, *to the dearest of his Friends, Sir* John R---bts: *Health of Mind and Body.*

I Am at last past from the threatning Terrors of the Deep, to those at Land, and having escap'd the Violence of a Tempest on the Sea, am now again to steer my little Bark through the equal Storms of Mankind on Shore. The Waves indeed seem'd to exert their utmost fury; and I thought I might conclude, without the imputation of Fear, that I must there have ended all my Travels, and be wreck'd by those impetuous Billows on the unknown Coast of vast Eternity; since the Mariners themselves despair'd and ceas'd to Swear, tho' they had for many years been familiarly acquainted with these formidable Tumults of the Ocean, and by repeated Escapes lost all the Apprehension of them.

Nature indeed seem'd to be in terrible Convulsions, and all the Elements to struggle for the Mastery, with no less fury, than when mingled heretofore in their first *Chaos*, as if they were again falling into the like Confusion.

The angry Surges mounted up to the Sky, and shoulder'd up our Ship too, thither, as if they would have plac'd it in the *Zodiac* with that of *Jason*; but in a moment's time it hurl'd it down almost as swift as thought, as if 'twould fix us in the Sands below th' Abyss of Waters. The very Heav'ns seem'd to descend at once in Rain, and with the Terrestrial mingl'd the

the Etherial Waters. This doubled the Darkness of the Night, till through the horrid Gloom a thousand blazing Globes of Fire were shot, which whiz'd upon the Ocean; and the loud Claps of Thunder drowned all the roaring Waves.

Thus the Winds, the Waves and Thunder joyn'd together, and made the Seamen deaf to Orders. In vain the Master fumes, and Emulates the Storm in Noise; 'tis all swallowed up in the Louder, and ev'ry one is fain to direct himself and his Comrade, and so the Ignorant confound the Skilful.

I tell thee, Friend, my Thoughts, on this Occasion, were all serene and calm; Nor was Death so terrible to me, tho' dress'd in all these Horrors, as to discompose my Mind, which form'd a thousand Reflections on ev'ry Accident that happen'd. The Confusion of our Ships Crew, and fruitless Orders of the Master, presented to my Eye the Image of the SOUL, when by the Tempest of the Passions tost; which drowns the Voice, and safe Directions of its Pilot, *Reason.*

Again: The Storm that batter'd our Vessel on ev'ry side with Death, gave me an *Idea* of the blind, impetuous fury of the lawless Multitude gathered to a Head in some distracted City; and our Ship seem'd like some Wretch, tost to and fro in that wild hurly burly, till he fall a Sacrifice to the public Madness. But here, indeed, I thought my self more safe, since many a shatter'd Ship reaches the Haven, and surmounts the Tempest, when few Men escape the enrag'd People, if once within their Clutches.

The other Passengers were not of my mind; a general Consternation seiz'd 'em; all ran to Prayers, tho' some ne'er pray'd before; and as their Fears encreas'd, their Devotion grew louder; and all the Villanies they had acted privately, they declar'd in Publick.

The Miser vow'd Restitution and Liberality; the Profane, Devotion; and the Lewd, Chastity; This terrible Hurricane of Nature, making all forswear their own Natures and Inclinations. Among the rest, I must not omit one pleasant Adventure.

By me, betwixt the Decks, stood a Gentleman that had long been loud in his Repentance; but at last, giving now all for gone, cry'd out to his Wife within, with near Thirty other Passengers, *My Dear! Oh my Dear, forgive me! for I have been false, very false to thy Bed!* The poor Lady freely forgave him; but wou'd

not be so free in her Confession, whate'er she was guilty of. I find, my Friend, one must be very good, or very bad, not to know Fear in danger. I must confess, I could not but smile, to see how one threatning Moment made them contradict their whole Lives. How much more rational is it, to live still conformable to the Law of Justice and Equity, as if each Hour were our Last? 'Tis a great Error, to place Death at a distance, since great part on't is gone e'en now, and it brushes us as it glides along; all our past Life being in the Arms of Death already, which gradually devours each Day, each Hour, each Minute. *Death* and *Nature* are better acquainted, than to be afraid of each other, where Nature is not perverted; then neither Storms, nor Tempests, nor the Dissolution of the World, can shake its Courage.

But, my Friend, before I quit this Head, give me leave to ask thee, What are all these Tempests and Hurricanes at Sea, as well as Land? And to what Purpose? Are they Necessary for the Preservation, Order and Oeconomy of Nature? Or, Are they the disorder'd Effects of the distemper'd Universe? Or, Are we the Tennis-Balls of the Divine Powers, and toss'd to and fro with these Rackets of the disturb'd Elements, for their Sport? Or, Are they design'd to frighten Mankind to the performance of that Duty he neglects? Certainly such Confusion can neither contribute to, nor be the Effect of Order: Nor can the Just Powers above sport with Humane Miseries: Nor can I think they would always use such fruitless Means which never gain'd their End in the Reformation of the Vices of the World. Is Thunder the Revels and Rejoycings of the Sky, as your Guns and Bonfires are of *Europe?* Or, Is the jarring Collision of different Elements, as of Fire and Water? If the Vapours exhal'd by the Sun be the Fuel of this Fire, are not the Clouds enough to moisten them, so as they shan't take Fire? Or, Are they plac'd above the Clouds? If so, how come they, when fir'd, to fall down to 'em, since Fire rather ascends than descends? Pardon my Freedom; my Nature is curious, and desirous of Knowledge.

Then for the Winds, tell me, my Friend, are they the Besoms of the Earth and Air? Do they cleanse and sweep 'em? Or, rather, raise first what they afterwards carry away? Whence do they spring? from the Cavities of the Earth, or from the middle Regions of the Air, or from both? Are they Creatures that live no longer than they blow? and generated as often? If so,

'tis

'tis ſtrange they arrive to ſuch prodigious force ſo ſoon after their Birth, and periſh ſo ſoon after their robuſt Strength; tho' it verifies, That nothing violent can be permanent. But what is it that generates them? and what the Womb that conceives them? Is the Time of their Generation certain? and how long are they a Bringing-forth? But perhaps they are but the Actions of ſome other *Beings*, as our Breath is ours? One thing ſeems mighty ſtrange, That ſo Inviſible an Eſſence ſhould have ſuch Power over ſolid Beings, as to o'er-turn Houſes, tear up Trees by the Roots, and toſs the Seas as Boys do little Balls. But theſe are Secrets in Nature we cannot know, till we have paſs'd the various Tranſmigrations Fate has allotted us, through the whole Creation, and arrive at the Empire of Peace and Eternal Happineſs, loaded with all the Knowledge of our ſeveral Peregrinations thro' the Univerſe: Where I hope to ſee thee, my Friend, unſully'd with Infidelity to Man, as well as to the Supreme Deity.

I am now ſafely arriv'd at *Cadiz*, in *Spain*; whence I deſign for *Madrid*, *Sevil*, and ſome other Cities of this Country. I have, on my firſt Arrival, found your Character of this People verify'd. They are indeed Revengeful as the *Italian*, and Proud as *Poverty* and *Hypocriſy* can make 'em. Cuſtom, I ſee here, as well as in other places, makes the greateſt Abſurdities paſs for good Reaſon; and becauſe they have always been of this Revengeful Temper, they think it a Folly to be otherwiſe. But their Revenge bears no Proportion to the Injury; for certainly nothing, in the ſtrictneſs of Equity, can merit Death, but the ſpilling of Humane Blood actually, or in the Conſequence. You're happily free from this Folly in your Clime, whatever elſe you labour under, tho' your particular Wiſdom may atone for a great many. Adieu, and love him that loves thee, tho' a Stranger. *Vertue* is confin'd to no Country, but common to all, and can't be but pleas'd with its like where-ever it finds it. Thou ſhalt hear from me again as ſoon as I receive thy Anſwer. I have enclos'd thee a Direction, the length of my Letter leaving no room in it.

Cadiz, *June* 26.

LETTER

'The little Concern the Seamen discover in the 'greatest Storm, (said *River*,) shews, That they that 'allow'd not the Mariners to be rank'd among the 'Living, measur'd their Condition by their own 'Fear, not the Mariners Thoughts. Whatever their 'Thoughts are, (replyed *Summer*,) mine will never 'judge the Benefits of Commerce and Travel worth 'the Hazards and Fatigues it brings. Commerce, '(said *Grave*,) is not for Necessaries, but Luxury; 'And Travel, (pursu'd *Church*,) not for Sense and 'Manners, but Foppery, Diseases, and Follies. A 'love for Travelling, (said I,) is but a Symptom of a 'Sickly, Restless Mind. The Visiting of all Places, 'indeed, (continu'd *Temple*,) as well as the Reading all 'sorts of Books, discovers a Rambling, Inconstant 'Temper. Travellers (pursu'd *Fountain*,) encrease 'their Acquaintance, but have no Friends. But, Gen'tlemen, (said *Chappel*,) omitting your Reflections of 'Travel, what think you of our Traveller? For my 'part, reply'd *Brook*,) I think his Account natural and 'lively, tho' the Stile be peculiar, and uncommon. 'So much the more likely to please, (concluded *Win'ter*;) if it had no Beauty but that, 'twould give a 'value to't equal to the best Performers, according to 'the common way.

But now let's proceed to the Next.

LETTER III.

Directed as the former, in Answer to a Reply to the fore-going Letter *for Travelling, and against the Fear of Death.*

------*From the wandring* Honan, *to the dearest of his Friends: Health of Mind and Body.*

THough I am ignorant of the Springs and Movements of *Fear*, and know not whether or no, upon a Surprize, there pass any Invisible Substance from

from the *Object* or *Occasion*, to the Bosom, that strikes upon the Heart, and forces the regular Motions of it into a more quick and uncertain Vibration; nay, some times, stops all Motion, as a Fall on the Ground does that of a Watch; yet I am sure, the Effects of it are very strange, since Fear alone has convey'd its subtle Power through the untouch'd Body, and drove the Soul from its present Seat; like Lightning, melting the Sword within the intire Scabbord.

An Accident of this kind happen'd in this City of *Madrid*, the Day before I receiv'd your Answer to the Account I sent you of my Voyage hither: A Spanish Don falling down dead at the very presenting of a Pistol at him; which, tho' it gave false-fire, made his timerous Soul fly from its old, to some new Habitation; and sure his Pusillanimity merited none, but that of an Eunuch, or Hare.

Tell me, my Friend, whence *Fear* proceeds. Depends it on the various Mechanisms of Mens Bodies? The invisible Defects of their Organs? Or, Is the Matter, Substance, or what you please to call it, of which Souls are made, so different, that what seems to have the same Essence, should yet be so opposite in Nature? Whence comes it, that this Man, arm'd with Courage only, rushes upon open Danger, unforc'd, and unconcern'd, when that Man can find no Bulwark against Fear within the most inaccessible Fortification; nay, even on the Name of Danger? Are *Courage* and *Fear* the Effects of Education only, or of any Accident before or after Birth? Methinks I wou'd not have *Courage*, which raises us above the Attacks of Fortune, the Child of Chance, or Custom; certainly so divine a Fruit must have a Nobler Stock. Many, I know, are of Opinion, That we are all born Cowards; only ev'ry One, as he's more or less familiariz'd to Danger, becomes more or less daring; as if *Courage*, like a Trade, were gain'd by Use; and a *Hero*, only he that had serv'd his 'Prenticeship in Danger.

I tell thee, Friend, I wou'd fain have Fear the Defect of Reason, did not thy Letter seem to tax thee with it. For what else could give thee such dreadful *Idea's* of the Loss of Life, which is but a gilded Chain, that fetters us to Misery? Or, at best, but an uncertain Scene of fancy'd Goods? Or, were it what you seem to make it, a Real Good, 'twou'd be but a Folly to o'er-rate that Good you have not in your own Possession;

Possession; 'tis in the Hands of Fortune, and fickle Chance; 'tis but a borrow'd Robe, we must, in spite of us, return, whene'er the Lender pleases. Who then would not aim to cloath his Soul in a Diviner Garb, at the Expence of this? KNOWLEDGE, I mean, that fits us for the Company of the Heav'nly Powers above the vast Expanse which contains this Universe, and all its brighter Glories of Stars and Planets?

But perhaps I wrong thee, and thy Friendship makes thee fear for me, not for thy self. It must be so, since I have known thee Brave, True to thy Friend and Word, which are not the Off-spring of a Coward Nature. Whence then cameſt thou to be so learned in this Passion? Was Speculation enough to furnish thee with all that formidable Train of Fantoms, thou haſt with so much labour muster'd up againſt my Travelling?

Thou do'ſt err, my Friend, and do'ſt but ill express thy Love, by shewing so much Solicitude for my avoiding Death. *Death*, alas, is not to be fled from, and thy Wishes are vain, as well as unpleasant to me. 'Tis, I confess, the common Error of Mankind betrays thee to't; each wishing to his Friend, what himself thinks good, without examining whether it be really so or no; or, at least, whether his Friend esteem it so, obtruding the Dish, and Religion he likes upon another, with a very troublesom Civility and Love: This rises from Self-Opinion, a Vice that spreads it self too far among us. Thus, because you think *Death* an Ill, you wish me Life; which I esteem the greater Ill: For I think *Death* a Golden Key, that unlocks one of those Thousand Gates we must pass from the *restless* and *whirling* Abode of *Fortune*, to that Eternal, Constant Mansion of Almighty *Fate*.

Besides, thy Friendship seems to have out-weigh'd thy Reason, when thou blameſt me for exposing my Life to so many Hazards, and dangerous Accidents which Travel brings with it; for unless thou can'ſt prove, my Friend, that keeping at home wou'd better secure, thy Labour is all in vain. Can thy own Native Country protect thee from Attacks of Fate? Tho' he that keeps at home, discovers he had rather extend his Days, than Knowledge, yet can't he guard himself againſt a thousand Accidents, that are big with ten thousand Deaths, each Action he does being capable of killing him. If he eat to preserve Life, how many have been choak'd in the midſt of their Friends at a

Feast

Feast without any help? If you drink with your Acquaintance, converse in the World, a word misplac'd, or mistaken, engages you in a hot-headed Quarrel, or or gains a secret Stab. Conversation is infinitely more dangerous in *Europe*, especially, than all the furious Surges of the tempestuous Ocean. Storms give you warning, and threaten often more than they perform; but Man o'the sudden, and with a Smile destroys you.

In short, my Friend, why should'st thou hug that with so much ardor, which thou must one day leave to be enjoyed by some other, perhaps thy Enemy: Thy Wife, on whom thou doats with so much Fondness, to some ill natur'd senseless Fellow; and thy Estate thou dost Improve with so much Care and Industry, to thy young spend-thrift Son, or to a hundred Knaves or Whores. The fondest Doater must leave the soft darling Bosom of his Mistress, and instead of the twining Circle of her warm-pressing Arms, be coop'd within the cold Embraces of Dirt. All the gay Glories Luxury contrives to lull the Mind from the Thoughts of *Death*, will not keep it at a distance, nor yet rebate the Point of his Dart, when once his unerring Arm shall cast it.

Fear not therefore Death, nor seek to fly from what cannot be avoided; but rather as thou hast hitherto done, Live so, that when he comes, you may embrace like Friends, and not encounter like Foes.

Madrid, *August* 26.

'Our Travellour (said *Church*) has not yet gathered 'Observations enough to raise him above the Tyranny 'of Custom, tho' he seems to explode it, since with 'that he stigmatizes *Fear* as criminal. Right (assumed '*River*) nothing being so but what's Voluntary, and 'in our Disposition. Courage being no more in our 'Power (continued *Temple*) than Wit or Wealth, and 'Honour. But (*interrupted I*) Custom may lessen 'Fear, Study and Conversation improve our parts, and 'Industry encrease our store. That holds only with 'some Men (replied *Brook*,) for some are so fearful that 'no use can embolden 'em; some so dull, no Study or 'Conversation can improve them, and some poor with 'such a fatality, that no pains or industry can encrease 'their Store. One thing I have Observ'd (said *Summer*) that generally the greatest Wits are the greatest Cowards, and that Hero's, at least those that have 'no fear of Death, are not over furnished with Brains.

'There's

« There's a very good reason for that (replied *Chappel*) « for the fool considers not the consequences of Death, « while the man of sense, tho' he want temperance to « live regularly, being a Devote to pleasure, yet sees « a probability of the truth of all the Church-men tell « us. Or at least (assum'd *Winter*) cares not to venture « a certainty for a Whim, on so dangerous an uncer- « tainty. 'Tis ignorance alone (pursu'd *Grave*) and « darkness of a future State, that shocks the courage « of a Man of sense. For my part (concluded *Foun-* « *tain*) all that I can gather from this *Letter*, is, that « we are certain Life trips away on such nimble feet, « that if we use not to day, we often want a to mor- « row.

LETTER IV.

Giving an account of his falling in Love with a Nun *at* Sevil *in* Spain.

The unfortunate Wanderer to his Dearest Friend, Health of Body and Mind.

ABout a week ago I sent thee a Letter from *Madrid*, where I then was, against the fear of Death: I now send this to contradict it all, and to tell thee, my Friend, I am now as fond of Life as any *European Libertine*. Woud'st thou know the mighty cause of this great, this suddain change? I am not a-sham'd to tell thee, 'tis what *Love* has wrought.

I have seen in the *Molucca*'s, a certain Wood that burns, and sparkles in the fire, without consuming, and yet the softest fingers may crumble it to powder. Of this strange Composition is my Heart, unmov'd in all the shocks of danger, in all the storms of Seas, and Fortune: it trembles now, and shivers with the touch of a weak Womans Hand, more than an arrant Coward's in the face of danger.

now

I now repent my Travels, and had'ſt thou but plac'd Love among thoſe dangers, thy care of me furniſh'd thee withal, ſure my Prophetick Soul would have taken the hint, and ſtopt my farther Progreſs. But perhaps, my Friend, I magnify the Ills of Love by my impatience; Deſire delayd, keeping my Soul on the rack. I remember a Learn'd *Arabian* us'd to tell me. *That nothing cou'd be pleaſant without Love, that that made us reliſh Life, and taſte the ſweets of Living; that nothing cou'd be delightful where Love was not, and nought unpleaſant, rough or ſtormy, where e'er that built its Halcyon Neſt.*

He was an experienc'd Man, my Friend, and ſure had paſs'd the pangs I ſuffer now, before he reach'd that Bliſs. Methinks I ſee, within the Scene of Fancy, Ten Thouſand unknown Pleaſures, advance on all the downy feet of happineſs. Imagination is at work, and opens new Worlds of Raptures I ne'er view'd before, ſtrange and uncommon, as that New Star in *Caſſiopeia*, and bright, and glittring too, as that.

But that which daſhes all my hopes, is, that ſhe's a *Nun*: her Parents blinded by Superſtition, or by Intereſt, have ſhut the brighteſt Glory of the World from it; And though Heaven gave her a Perſon fit to cure thoſe Wounds her Eyes have made, yet Bigottry or Avarice have oppos'd its aim, and ſcornfully return that Heavenly Preſent made to Man without enjoying it.

My Friend, I want thy advice, and wiſh thee to guard thy Eyes, and ſo thy repoſe.

Sevil, *September*, 1686.

‘ Ha! ha! (ſaid *Grave*,) I thought the Wiſdom our
‘ *Aſiatic* had gain'd from his Travels, was much the
‘ ſame as our Gentlemens that roam abroad, as well
‘ as his Natural Parts, Travelling and Love are follies
‘ fit for none but an errant Coxcomb. Prithee, *Grave*
‘ (interrupted *Temple*) thou art a ſcandal to our *Society*,
‘ always declaiming againſt the fair Sex; thou wilt get
‘ thee as bad a Reputation (purſu'd *Fountain*) among the
‘ Women, as Mr. *Horner* in the Country Wife. Gad
‘ if he have the ſame advantage of it (reply'd *River*)
‘ we ſhall have cauſe to envy him. For my part (ſaid
‘ *Summer*) I'm reſolv'd not to lie under the ſcandal for
‘ the advantage, and therefore I think our *Traveller*,
‘ if he met with nothing elſe worth his while in all

his

his Travels, is abundantly rewarded with finding the Blessing of Humane Life, *Love*. And for my part (continued *Chappel*) I like this *Letter* much better than the two former, it breathes something of Humanity. Right (assum'd I) for the others wou'd rarify our thoughts to those of Spirits, before we are so. But this shews that the stiff Gravity (pursu'd *Brook*) of a *Philosopher*, is never Natural as long as Youth can feed Desire. Right (added *Church*) for those severer Speculations of Morality, are never truly relish'd, but when Age will no longer permit us to be active. Here's another *Letter* (concluded *Winter*) on the same affair, that shews our Traveller will be no longer passive than needs must, whatever his Age be.

LETTER V.

In Answer to Sir John's, *in Vindication of his Love.*

The injur'd Honan *to Sir* John R----ts *Health.*

I Tell thee Friend I am in Love; and thou instead of giving me Advice, laughs at me for it. I open my wounded Bosom to thee, and thou instead of pouring in Oyl and Balm, washes it with Vinegar and Salt.

Oh! Learn better the Office of a Friend, or I shall think thou art none, for thou must be very ill read indeed in the Laws of Friendship and in Man, if thou can'st think the Sufferings of a Friend a Subject for a Jest.

Hast thou never been in Love thy self? Surely no, else thou must needs have known, that nothing can be more ungrateful to a Lovers Ear, than to have his darling Passion ridicul'd and call'd a Folly, but there thou art under a vast Mistake, for sure 'tis Wisdom, and Vertue to Love an Object of such *Angelic* Frame, a Soul as Beautiful as her Body; she's Fair as Nature, e're

e'er made Woman-kind, and Innocent as Infancy, Wise as *Theano*, the Wife to the great *Pythagoras*.

Ah! my Friend, 'tis well thou never saw'st her, thou coud'st not else guard thy heart from the power of her Eyes and Tongue. And though my passion curs'd her Parent's *Tyranny*, to shut her from the Enjoyments of the World, I oft confest she's only worthy to be a Spouse for Heaven; and Heaven must take pleasure in that Form it made, and joy to view its own bright Glories so perfectly, and in so pure a Mirror.

Tenderness and soft Compassion compose her very Nature, for at the Story of my past Adventures, whilst I my hazzards tell, she sigh's, and pants, as if impending danger threatn'd her sweet self, 'till from her Eyes there fall a Crystal Stream, which with her snowy Hands she strives to cover.

I tell thee, Friend, her melting Sorrows give me wondrous Joy, and I am pleas'd to see her oft in tears on that Occasion, and therefore I oft repeat the hazzards of my Travels, her sighs her heaving Bosom shews she's touch'd with a concern for me, at least it gives me the satisfaction of thinking so.

Just now my Servant, whom I employ'd to Enquire into her Circumstances (for I durst not yet own to the Priest, who carries me to see her, any Passion for her, though he's a Boon Companion; and might perhaps indulge it) informs me that she is *not* yet profess'd, though shortly must be, if not prevented by my Love, which yet I ne'er durst talk of to her, having both the Priest, and another *Nun* always present with us. But yesterday, while the other two were Whispering close, I stole a Letter through the Grate to her, which she conveyed away with that Dexterity, that shew'd the Contents wou'd not displease her. In it I open'd all the mighty Pangs, and Agonies I suffer'd for her, and fraught it with all the Reasons, my earnest Longings prompted to obviate all her Scruples. She blush'd, the charming Votress blush'd, when she received it; and turn'd away her Face to veil *the dear Confession of her Eyes*, I saw her Lovely Hand steal it into her throbbing Bosom. But ah! my Friend, thou canst not guess what Joys, what Raptures, I felt at that Discovery, as if my self had been plac'd there, as indeed I was in *full* Imagination. I cou'd have gaz'd on her for ever, but that I durst not fix my Eyes too long, for fear of being Discover'd.

Thus, thus, Sir *John*, thou seest how much soft Love has chang'd me since I saw thee last. What my own Native *Asia*, with all her Ease, and Luxury cou'd ne'er effect, this bright Maid has done. The Bulwarks of *Philosophy*, with all the Pallizadoes of her Precepts, that us'd to guard me from the Follies and Knaveries of Mankind, are quite blown up, and all the strong, regular Fortifications, rais'd by repeated and judicious Observations are now dismantl'd, and I'm become a naked *Prey* to insulting *Love*, who, like a Tyrant, plunders all my Stores, leaves me not the Ammunition of one just thought, and all the goodly Cannon of severer Wisdom, he has long since and proudly born away.

Oh! My Friend, what is this *LOVE?* Thou that art at Leisure to look into its Nature, tell me what is this *Mighty Rage?* Is it a Power Divine? Is it the *Soul*, the *Essence*, or the *Treasury* of *Pleasure?* That dispenses its Balmy Portions all around to all things else, more or less, as they approach its Nature? Or is it a Distemper of the *Mind?* Bred by a sickly *Phancy*, and increas'd by *Imagination?* That *Despotic Former* of all Goods and Pleasures, which have that Stamp of Happiness and Excellence, only which *Imagination* will bestow? Or is it but a Feavour of the Blood? Sure it can ne'er be a Distemper of the *Mind*; for how cou'd I then breed it? Who never surfeited on Pleasures, nor dissolv'd in ease my Body or my Thoughts, nor was e're inflam'd by loose and wanton Wishes. And yet Love won me at the first Encounter so quick, so fiercely from her resistless Eyes, the little God Shot his Victorious Darts, he storm'd my Heart, and made me all his Prize. What e're it be, I desire not to be free from it my self, and yet I wish thee, if possible, to keep without its Power; though in Revenge for thy Raillery on my Passion, I shou'd wish the contrary: and 'twou'd be but a Friend's Revenge, to wish thee like himself. Adieu.

Sevil, *Octob.* 1686.

'Our Amorous Traveller (ſaid *I*) asks a very 'pertinent Queſtion, which is not uſual for a Lover 'to do, that is, what *Love* is? That is, whether it 'be a God Independent of us, or ſome Diſeaſe of 'the Mind or Body. 'Tis more like a Diſeaſe (an-'ſwered *Winter*) being an Infection taken from the 'Sight of a Woman. 'Tis plain (continued *Church*) '*'tis* no *Deity*, for *'tis* a great Lyar, reſenting a Devil 'ſometimes as an Angel.

'If it be a *Deity* (purſu'd *Grave*) 'tis a Female, be-'cauſe 'tis ſo fickle, ſeldom laſting beyond Enjoyment. 'His Reign ought to be ſhort (anſwered *Brook*) 'tis 'ſo violent and Tyrannick. And yet as ſhort as 'tis '(purſu'd *Summer*) it generally has Jealouſies, Fears, 'Quarrels, and Peace, and War, and Peace again, 'and ends in Confuſion. Though 'tis the Child of 'Eaſe (ſaid *River*) yet it hates Sloth. 'Tis a War-'fare (added *Temple*) and yet hates War. Well Gen-'tlemen (ſaid *Chappel*) you may have what Thoughts 'you pleaſe of Love, but I think it the Union and 'Cement of the Univerſe, the kind Relief of all our 'Ills, converting all to Pleaſure. Love (concluded '*Fountain*) is a perfect Philoſopher, bounding all its 'Treaſure within it ſelf.

LETTER VI.

An Answer to a Letter, concerning a Cabalistical Opinion of Zilphs, *and* Salamanders, *a sort of Aerial Ladies and Gallants, or a Species betwixt Angels and Men. Giving an Account of his Dream of his Mistress, and his Opinion of these Beings.*

The Amorous Honan *to his Friend, Health of Body and Mind.*

WIthin a few days after I had dispatch'd one to you, in answer to the rallying *Letter*, I receiv'd one from you, on a very pleasant subject, which I the better relish'd, having met with some hopes of Success in my Amour, which has calm'd all those Tumults in my Mind that wou'd not let me give ear to any thing that related not to the immediate Concern of my *Love*, and scatter'd all my composed, sedater Thoughts.

I Read your *Letter* several times over, before I went to Bed, and thought much of it, and reason'd on the Subject till I fell asleep. Where your *Zilphs* and *Salamanders* acted pleasant Farces in the Scene of Fancy, perhaps to dispose my sleeping body for what follow'd, which, how much so e'er it were a Dream, gave me real Joys. Methought, the fair *Euthalia* (for that's my Votaresse's Name) lay, with all the yielding Charms of a Willing Fair, upon my panting Bosom. Ten Thousand Blushes dy'd her Heavenly Face, her Eyes all languishing, and her Breasts all bare, within her pretty Heart flutter'd about, as if 'twould leave its seat, at the Approach of the coming Joy, and e'ry real Grace of the true *Euthalia*, set off the Pompous Vision. In short, in the full Height of Rapture, and Enjoyment, when the dear Fantom Clasp'd me closest to her, I wak'd, and found part of my Dream was true.

I had not long pleas'd my ſelf with the Thoughts of this Viſionary-Pleaſure, but your *Zilphs*, came into my Head; and I fanſy'd what had paſt, was the Contrivance of ſome Aerial Lady, to ſteal Immortality from me. If ſo, ſhe was a Politick Intriguer, that took a certain courſe to gain her end, when ſhe cloath'd her ſelf in ſo deſir'd a Form.

Be that as it will, ſhould Sleep ſtill preſent ſuch bright, ſuch charming Viſions, I ne'er ſhould think it the Image of Death; or if I ſhould, muſt think it excell'd all Life, but what the real Poſſeſſion of her gave.

As to your Cabaliſtick Fancy, there are ſome ſpecious Reaſons to amuſe us with a Probability. 'Tis a Science brought to you from the Eaſt; it ows its Riſe to *Aſia*, and its chief Progreſs too. As to the Particular you mention, of the *Zilphs*, *Salamanders*, *Nymphs* and *Gnomes*, Love to Humane Kind, becauſe their Immortality depends on their Enjoyment of a Man or Woman, according to their ſeveral Sexes, which it ſeems they have; 'tis ſtrange that ſhould give Immortality to Spirits, (for ſuch you make 'em,) which gives Mortality to Humane Race. 'Tis alſo odd, that Body ſhould have any Influence at all upon a Spiritual Nature, not link'd to it by ſuch a Chain as is betwixt the Humane Body and Soul.

But perhaps Immortality is Myſtical, and only means the Propagation of their *Species* which, like Leopards, are propagated by the Conjunction of two Animals of different *Species*. But to me 'twould ſeem more adequate, to make the Etherial Colonies all Females; and ſo without Copulation with Mankind, cannot keep up their Kind. But ſtill, how comes a Body to be able to get a Spirit? Unleſs there be no ſuch thing, as any Spirit pure and independent of all Body and Matter? Or, at leaſt, if theſe Aerial People are only more fine and ſubtile Bodies.

As to my own particular Opinion of it, 'tis, That, if it be not true, 'tis a very pretty and diverting Notion, and gives us a Nobler *Idea* of the Great Creator's Works, in placing Inhabitants in the Spaces of the Air. Nor is it incongruous to Reaſon, ſince the ſmalleſt things, a Leaf of the ſmalleſt Tree, has an infinite company of little Dwellers on it, only to be diſcover'd by a Microſcope, which has, in the Leſſer World, *Man*, diſcover'd infinite Colonies of little Creatures, which run into the Pores, as Coneys do into

their Boroughs; the very Blood, which to the Eye seems one continu'd Red Substance, takes its Colour from certain little Globules that swim like little Islands in't, stock'd, perhaps, with other lesser People. Every thing below being thus stock'd with Inhabitants, shall we think the vast Expanse of Air empty, and a desart Place, without any Animals proper to its Nature?

But, my Friend, I am not yet in so serene a Temper, as to be able to discuss this Point. My Mind's not yet at Rest: *Euthalia*'s within the Walls of her Convent, still untouch'd by me; though Propitious to my Passion, giving me a Dear, Obliging Answer to my Letter; yet dress'd in so much Modesty, as shew'd she struggl'd much before she could grant an Answer, and such a one as might not dash my Hopes.

In my Next, I hope to give you an Account of my Happiness, in the Possession of my Fair One: If so, 'twill be the last you'll have from me, whil'st in *Spain*. Adieu; and preserve thy Friendship firm, for him who gives thee all his Heart, and Thoughts that Love has not; that is, all that is in his Power.

Sevil, Novemb. 1686.

« I have often (said I) thought of these Cabalistic « Notions of the *Zilphs*, *Salamander*, &c. With a great « deal of Pleasure. 'Tis a good, sociable Thought; « and now, methinks, we shall not want Company, « where-e'er we are, if we could have but a little more « free Commerce with these Aerial Gentry. The « Sages, indeed, (pursu'd *Temple*,) are to blame, to « give us no better an Account of this Unknown World, « of fine, soft, downy Creatures, that fly with so much « Secrecy to our Embraces, as not to let the very Wife, « (Who, One would think, interpos'd *Grave*,) should « be Jealous enough of her Conjugal Benevolence in « Bed with her Husband, know of the Theft, tho' « lying close by his Side. But of what Kind, I pray, « (interrupted *Brook*,) are these kind, Creatures, Spirits « or Bodies? Oh! doubtless, (answered *Church*) Bodies, « though of a more thin and subtile Nature than ours. « Right (added *Summer*) and these Bodies being so very « Pure and Subtil, pass through solid and gross Bodies « by their Pores like the *Materia striata* of *des Cartes* « in the Loadstones. Well Observ'd (pursu'd *River*) « and by that means they come through a fast Door

or

'or Window, joyning again as ſoon as enter'd, its Life
'and Eſſence, being like the Soul, *All in all, and all in*
'*every part.* As Water pour'd through a Sieve (pur-
'ſu'd *Winter*) paſſeth through the Holes in Drops, but
'being once paſs'd through, joyns again in one Body or
'Flood. What you make 'em (ſaid *Chappel*) like the
'Man *Bergerac* met with in the World in the Sun, who
'was of a Gigantick Bulk, and compos'd of a thou-
'ſand little Gentlemen as big as a Piggs Petty-toe, a
'Number of which made up e'vry Member, who cou'd
'eaſily ſeperate on Occaſion, and paſs one by one
'thorough the ſmalleſt Loophole, and jump then into
'their ſeveral Stations again. Our Traveller (con-
'cluded *Fountain*) ſeems to be more ſerious on the
'Point, and I wiſh he were in the right, if theſe La-
'dies wou'd relieve a poor Cavalier's Neceſſity, when
'the Human Nymph is Cruel.

LETTER VII.

On a Duel, and Revenge, Occaſion'd by a Letter received on the Death of a Young Man Kill'd in a Duel.

The happy Honan, *to his Deareſt Friend, Health and Comfort.*

BElieve me Friend, I ſhare in thy Grief for the Loſs of thy Couzen, 'tis Pity a ſmall Folly ſhou'd be puniſh'd ſo ſeverely in him, and ſo many great Ones eſcape in others; but that is the unaccountable Order of Fate, little Offenders dye, and great Ones reap the Fruit of their Crimes, ſo that 'tis a Madneſs to Deviate from the Paths of Reaſon, and Juſtice for a Trifle; which draws down certain Miſery, when a Step beyond it to ſome bold Villany ſets us in the Enjoyment we aim at, and makes us paſs for Princes, or Favourites,

and gains the Honour of Heroe's. So ſmall follies are moſt contemn'd, whilſt a Fool that's always trifling, paſſes for an Humoriſt and Wit. How many ſpend their days in Whoring with other Mens Wives; yet are careſs'd by the Husbands? But 'tis becauſe they gild the wrong they do 'em with the pretext of Friendſhip; your Couſin ſhou'd firſt have won the Husband to a confidence, before he had attack'd the Wife, and he only wanted ſucceſs becauſe he wou'd not be baſe. He was a hopeful Youth, and had he guarded his wandring Eye from the forbidden fruit, or ſin'd with more Diſcretion, he had been more fortunate. I am to ſeek what to judge of the Lady; only it ſeems ſhe cou'd not truſt her own Virtue, ſince ſhe muſt diſcover his attacks to her Husband, and perhaps hop'd that diſcovery might have turn'd to better account, and rid her of her Husband, not her Lover.

How e'er that was, 'tis a mad fooliſh thing methinks, to make that Death by the Laws of private Honour, which the Publick only fines. Your Nation is not ſo guilty of Revenge as this where now I am, though this is more Reaſonable in it: for here the injur'd run no hazard, but have their illegal Executioners of their private Doom, and kill by Proxy. Whereas you put the injur'd, and the Injurer on an equal Hazard.

I tell thee, Friend, Reaſon is the Weapon of rational Creatures, or ought to be at leaſt of thoſe, who pretend to a greater Familiarity with it. And he that will not follow its Preſcriptions, is ſo only in his own Opinion, but to a wiſe Man as Barbarous, as the *Canibals*, or *Muſcovites*, and in this more; for the firſt have no Quarrel, but the Public; and the latter none but what the greateſt *Knez*, and *Bojares* decide with a Whip on Horſe-back; and yet Men of Courage, and Bravery in War.

Thou that art a Native of *Europe*, and well Vers'd in the Hiſtory of it, canſt better tell than I, whence this Barbarous Cuſtom roſe, and when, for I am ſure 'tis of Modern Date, and tho' received by private Men, thought by the public ſo oppoſite to Humane Society, and Government, that the Laws of all Nations have declar'd againſt it. And that is an unaccountable Point of Honour, my Friend, that the Wiſdom and Policy of the whole World, have thought injurious to its Oeconomy, and Preſervation. Twas indeed begot by private Luſt, gain'd footing among an impolite and unconſidering People, and ſpread it ſelf with their Barbarity ſo far over *Europe*.

The

The *Greeks* and *Romans*, two Nations that made the greateſt figure among the *Europeans* for Courage and Bravery, knew nothing of it, War in Defence of their Country, or for the enlarging its Glory, and Dominion, was all their Standard of active Courage. I know not any part of *Aſia* infected with this Cuſtom: and the *Chineſe*, a Wiſe, and Learned people, are wholly unacquainted with it. Which Nation has not many Years ago, given us a Nobler proof of Courage, and a more generous effect of a private Quarrel, which in ſhort is this. *Cheva* and *Xangu* two *Loytia's*, or Noble Men of an Illuſtrious Houſe, upon a falling out, agreed that the Friends, or each, ſhould fix the Scaling Ladders againſt a Caſtle Wall poſſeſs'd by the Enemy, whilſt they two mounted, and he that firſt, and with moſt Courage Scal'd the Wall, ſhou'd be Judg'd the Conqueror. *Cheva* clapping his Hands on the Wall had 'em by the Defendants Cut off, and endeavouring by his Elbows to ſave his Hold, his Head was divided from his Shoulders. At the ſame time *Xangu* got on the Wall, but after a reſolute defence againſt a Multitude was Slain, and liv'd not to ſee the advantage the public gain'd from their private Quarrel, in winning ſo conſiderable a Poſt from the Enemy of their Country. But this perhaps is a Teſt too bold and dangerous, for theſe Tilting Heroe's to bring their Courage to.

But e'ry Nation, as well as e'ry Man, has its Vice and Folly here in *Spain*, as well as in *Italy*. Jealouſie and Revenge are Epidemic, and tho' I can't blame the ſuſpicious Guard they have o'er their Women, yet I can never approve of their publick Reſentments of their Matrimonial Injuries: for they prefer open Revenge to their own Reputations, and had rather be known Cuckolds, than not thought Jealous and Revengeful. The *Chineſe* are more prudent, who tho' they have a legal Power, o'er the Lives of both the Wife, and Adulterer, yet generally chuſe rather to Sacrifice a private injury to a little pecuniary Mulct, than gratify their Revenge at the Expence of a public Ignominy.

So much for the effect of *Hatred*, now I muſt give thee ſome Account of the Progreſs of my *Love*, and thou may'ſt ſee that I value thee much, ſince thy grief cou'd impart ſuch a concern about it, as to make me run through all theſe Conſiderations againſt the cauſe of it, and forget that ſo long, which rules my very

Soul

Soul. But the Violence of the raging Heats of Desire, being now become more gentle and supportable, by the soft and cooling Breezes of kind Hope, I can have Intervals of Quiet to think upon my Friend. *Euthalia* hears my Sighs my Sighs with Pity, and receives my Flames with Joy, and languishes with an equal Desire. The stormy Clouds of Despair, my Friend, are vanish'd, and all the Heav'n of Love is Calm and Serene, smiling on coming Joy. Expect not many Letters more from me hence; I am for *Asia* by the first Opportunity. The Sea is the surest way of Escaping with my Prize, a Nobler far than *Paris*, once before ravish'd from *Europe*, *Euthalia* is not less fair than *Helena*, yet more Innocent. But *Asia* need fear no War from this willing Rape; the Danger's only mine, which I hope to avoid by an *English* Ship, I hear, is expected in *Cadiz* very suddainly.

Sigh not too much for the unhappy Youth that's Slain, but keep thy self from the same ill Circumstances; and to prevent unlawful Fires, seek some tender She, that's yet her own, and so become like thy wandring Friend; Adieu.

Sevil.

'You see, Gentlemen (said I) what Sentiment our 'Asiatic has of our Point of Honour; and how absurd 'a Thing Reason makes our Tilting to be. He has 'prov'd no more (answer'd *Temple*) than what we for-'merly agreed on, on the same Point, But (inter-'rupted *Grave*) 'tis well this Gentleman was leaving '*Europe*, or that his Letter lay dormant till now, else 'he might have drawn all the Fencing-Masters on his 'Back. Ay, and Bullies too (pursu'd *Fountain*) who 'like not the Doctrine he preaches, of venturing their 'Lives in the Face of certain Danger. He has truly 'observ'd (continu'd *Winter*) that 'tis but a Modern 'Custom; right (assum'd *Church*) for tho' it be now 'the receiv'd Standard of *Courage* and *Honour*, the 'Heroes of Antiquity had no such Test of their Va-'lour. True (added *Brook*) which makes me smile to 'see *Lee* bring in *Hephestion* and *Lysimachus* Tilting, in '*Alexander* the Great's Time, about their Mistress '*Parisatis*; but 'twas the peculiar Quality of that Poet 'to pervert *Characters*, and confound the Customs of 'Nations and Times. 'Tis true, the Ancients were 'not exempt from private Quarrels (said *Sumner*) but

'they

'they were never decided by the Sword in the same 'Manner, that our Duels are, which was the only 'Practice of their *Gladiators*, for the Public Solemnities, 'like our Prizes, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Crassus*, &c. never de-'cided their Private Quarrels by a single Duel, and '*Salinator* very patiently bore the Repartee of *Fabius* '*Maximus*, which wou'd have been enough to have en-'gag'd some of our *Beaux* of Commanders, with Half 'a Score Seconds of a side, tho' the fate of a Cam-'paigne had depended on it, so far their private Pun-'ctilio's prefer'd to the Public Honour and Glory. *Cæ-'sar* in his *Commentaries* (pursu'd *River*) gives us an Ex-'ample of two of his Soldiers, deciding a private Quar-'rel, for the publick Good, not less generous than this 'alledg'd by our Traveller, tho' not so Tragical to the 'Actors in it; for upon Agreement that he that did 'the Bravest Action against the Enemy, shou'd be 'esteem'd Victor, they left the Intrenchments of the 'Camp, fell on the Reer of the Foe, did several Won-'derful Actions, each reliev'd the other oppress'd, and 'made a brave Retreat into the Trenches in the View 'of their Army, and for ever after were good Friends; 'here their Mutual Courage and Anger made the E-'nemy smart for their Falling out. For my part (con-'cluded *Chappel*) as I can't but think him that is afraid 'of his Life in all Circumstances, a Fool, and a Nig-'gard of that he can't long secure by Flight: so I must 'judge them Fools and Prodigals of it, that squander 'it away on e'ry Bawble of a Quarrel, which is now 'so common, that he that's not mad with the Multitude 'is deem'd a Coward, and the Poets themselves, whose 'very Swords are a Jest, put their chief Reason on the 'Point of their Sword, if oppos'd in their Performances. 'Tho' I confess, they know how to time their Martial 'Fury, both as to Person, and Place. But let these 'doughty Bullies of all Sizes, who are for convincing 'the World of their Personal Courage. leave Tilting 'for Whores and foppish Niceties, and march to the 'Wars. *England* wants not Public Enemies, and by 'Consequence they can't want work for their Swords. 'But I believe their Courage, and Reason much of a 'size; built only on the Security of Art, and Assurance.

'Enough of this (said *I*) for here's a Letter will afford 'you a Pleasanter Theme then Death, and Folly if it 'contain no Folly (answer'd *Grave*) I'm sure it must not 'be Endited by Mankind. But pray let's hear it. Which 'I read as follows.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

About the Soul. Whether it be not nearer akin the Body than commonly imagin'd? And whether there may not be Bodily Enjoyments in Heav'n.

The Amorous Honan, *to the Dearest of his Friends: Health of Mind and Body.*

ART thou not tir'd with the many Impertinencies I send thee? Has not the repeated Story of my *Love* made thee weary of my Correspondence? I know the Severity of thy Nature, for that first made me love thee; I have Reason therefore to fear, that my Frailty (to use the Word thou wilt bestow upon my Passion) has weaken'd my Reputation with thee. But my Friend, tho' I ask many Questions, I am not talkative; tho' I enquire into many Secrets, I am no Divulger of such; and tho' since I have been a Slave to *Euthalia*, I have never Wrote to thee, without some Mention of my Love; yet shall I not always be thus troublesome to thee. The racking Pangs, and killing Torments of a hopeless Passion have almost left me, and will quite vanish in the Arms of my *Euthalia*. Then will my Troubled Thoughts be more sedate, and furnish me with something more agreeable to thy Humour, than a Passion thou art insensible of, nay, an utter Enemy to.

I know thou art uneasie when thou art forc'd to read such Trifles (tho' such perhaps are equally the most solid of our Studies; for I have not forgot all those rigid Principles I once embrac'd, tho' I confess, I remember them only as Crminals do those Offences, whose Guilt persues their Consciences.

Believe me, Friend, I look'd through the revers'd Perspective of *Reason*, when I consider'd *Love*, and so di-

diminiſhing the Object, cou'd not diſtinguiſh between *That* and *Luſt*, which commonly uſurps that Name, and diſguiſes it ſelf in his more Beauteous Garb. I ſaw what they had common, but was incapable of judging of their Difference, 'till inform'd by the Dear Eyes of my *Euthalia*. For there are Joys, my Friend, there are *Enthuſiaſtick* Pleaſures in *Love*, which none but *Lovers* know; they are unutterable, and cannot be imparted with all their heightning Circumſtances by Narrow Language; and inexpreſſive Words: They are almoſt too vaſt for *Thought*, and unexperienc'd Fancy, with all her magnifying Arts can never reach 'em. I grant indeed, there's ſome ſmall Alloy in them, which borders upon *Luſt*, but does not terminate there. Enjoyment feeds Deſire in *Love*, but extinguiſhes it in *Luſt*; an Evident Sign of their oppolite Nature, the Life of the firſt being the Bane and Deſtruction of the laſt.

Thou ſeeſt what a mighty Progreſs I have made in *Love*; how well already I am vers'd in its Nature. But this Skill gives me Pain; and the Knowledge I have of the Pleaſures of *Love*, makes me afraid to loſe them, Death ſtares me in the Face, with all his griſly Terrors, and chills my Heart with Fear, that all muſt end there. But yet methinks, the Lovers Joys are ſo well proportion'd to the Human Nature, they ſhou'd ſurvive the Grave. Can the *Soul* ſo vaſtly pleaſed with them here, be wholly inſenſible of them after Death? Shall we think the *Soul* and *Body* ſuch Oppoſites, that the firſt when ſeparated, values not what is wantoned in when joyn'd to the latter? Certainly, whate're the unknown Eſſence of the *Soul* may be, it can't be oppoſite to the Body, to which 'tis join'd by that Divine Power, which delights not in Contradictions, having eſtabliſh'd a Harmony in all Things, ſeparating *Antipathies*, and uniting *Sympathies*, that the juſt Order of the Univerſe might not be diſturb'd in any Part, the jarring Confuſion of blended Contraries ended with *Chaos*.

This makes me think the Soul's but a purer and more ſubtile Body; and that this Mortal Robe of groſſer Fleſh and Blood, is only laid aſide at Death, like an old Garment, unfit for it to wear any longer. If ſo, the Enjoyments of Lovers may be heightned, not loſt for ever. Sure I am, that my Soul is ſo transfus'd into *Euthalia*'s, that Death can never part them.

I now encline to think your Opinion of the Resurrection true; becauſe it ſeems to confirm mine, That the Soul's Nature and the Body's, are nearer a-kin than is commonly thought; and, That our preſent Pleaſures have a greater Intereſt in the Soul, than to be forgot as ſoon as it has left the Body; ſince Happineſs above, as well as here below, ſeems incomplete when they are ſeparate: For if their Re-union added not to the Happineſs of the Bleſs'd, to what Purpoſe ſhould it be? Send me, by the next, thy Thoughts upon this Subject; for thy Mind's at Liberty, and unbyaſs'd by the Weight of any Deſire. I wiſh thy Opinion may jump with mine; yet tho' we are apt to believe what we deſire, and are fond of perſwading others to the ſame; yet I would not have thee flatter me, tho' thy Arguments ſhould deſtroy this future Happineſs I have now built up.

To conclude, My Friend, I wiſh thee like my ſelf, in Love; but with One as Meritorious as *Euthalia*, Untouch'd, Unſully'd both in Thought and Deed. For, believe me, whate'er the *Pythagoreans* may think, (for Love has made me quite ev'n them, when oppoſite to him; ſo ſubject is our Reaſon to our Paſſions!) ſo great a Good as Life cou'd ne'er be given for a Puniſhment. We ſee, all that is *Good*, or judg'd ſo by the *Mind*, is meaſur'd by the Pleaſure it affords; which ſhews, that Happineſs, not Puniſhment, is both the End and the Aim of Life. Be thou therefore Happy, as I am. Farewell.

Sevil,

'Love, I ſee (ſaid *Grave*) that trifling Buſineſs of 'the Idle, has wholly poſſeſs'd the Brain of our *Stoical* '*Pythagorean*. True (aſſum'd *Winter*) and transform'd 'all his ſeverer Notions into the wild *Chimera*'s blind De'ſire builds up. It fares with theſe ſtiff Blades (purſu'd '*Chappel*) when they fall in Love, as with the more 'Robuſt and Healthy Bodies, when they fall into any 'Diſtemper, 'tis generally Mortal. There they differ 'then (interrupted *Brook*) for you find our Traveller's 'Love's Immortal. You mean (aſſum'd *Summer*) he 'wou'd fain have it ſo. But I can't ſee (ſaid *Temple*) 'how he'll reconcile his Opinion of the *Metempſychoſis*, 'which he ſeem'd to eſpouſe, to this Heav'n of conti'nu'd Love. Nor I, (continu'd *River*) unleſs he wou'd 'have his Dear *Euthalia* paſs thorough all the Female

'Beaſts,

'Beasts, as *he* passes through the Male. If so, if she 'happen to be a Cow, a Bitch, or the like (pursu'd '*Church*) he may have many an Honest Dog or Bull 'his Rival before the End of their Journey. Ha! 'Gentlemen (added *Fountain*) when so violent a Pas-'sion as Love prevails, all the calmer Considerations 'of Opinion truckle to it, and Religion changes its 'Camælion Face to what Colour that Spring-Plant 'bestows. Thou speak'st very feelingly (concluded 'I) of this Passion; but our Traveller then should, 'methinks, have chosen *Mahomet's* Paradise; for there 'he could not miss Corporeal Pleasures, perhaps, with 'his *Euthalia* too.

But now let's proceeed.

'What's here (said *Grave*) taking up the next, 'a Letter as long as a Bill in Chancery, or a Volum 'instead of a Letter? Perhaps, the Account of all 'the Raptures (reply'd *Winter*) of the first Night's 'Enjoyment, with the exact Number of the Nymph's 'Sighs, and dying Pangs. The Truth on't is (con-'tinu'd *Church*) young Lovers are like young Debau-'chee's, these live so fast, they seldom live long; and 'those abound so in the Extacy of the first, and a 'few subsequent Nights, that within the Space of 'one revolving Year, they have scarce a Remain of 'Desire left; the Loss of which is the Death of 'Love. Ye're all mistaken, Gentlemen (interrupted '*River*, who had now the Letter in his Hand) for 'tis an Account of a Thing ten Times more terri-'ble, than are all the pleasing Combats, or delight-'ful Tumults of Love, and all its happy Tempests 'of the Soul, in which e'ery one who has Youth, 'desires to be wreck'd; 'tis of Religion. The Knight 'himself has given it this Title following.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

An Account of all the Religions of Asia *and* Europe.

---------- *From the Happy* Honan, *to his Dearest Friend.*

THE last Letter I receiv'd from thee, was just the Minute before my Flight from *Spain* with my *Euthalia*: So that I had no Time to answer it then, at least, to your Satisfaction, in an Account of all the Religions of those Countries I have pass'd thorough; the Ship being ready to set Sail, my Mistress waiting for my Coming, and my self full of Eager Desire and Expectation.

But I have not Room here, to give thee an Account of my Adventures, in carrying off the Noblest Prize *Europe* e'er was Mistress of; and which the proud *Castillian*, with all his Boasts of *American* Treasures, can never parallel. I'll reserve that 'till our safe Arrival in *Asia*, being now at the *Cape of Good Hope*, whither we have had a prosperous Voyage; in which I have comply'd with your Desire, and drawn an Extract of all that I observ'd, worth taking Notice of, in the Religions of the several Nations I have visited.

This Place (call'd by the *Europeans*, the *Cape of Good Hope*) furnishes me with an Observation that I have not before met with: That is, That there are Nations which have no Notions of a Deity, nor any Footsteps of Worship and Adoration. Nature, indeed, has bestow'd a Country on them, Rich in all its Circumstances, a Soil that's pregnant in Metals, as well as all sorts of Fruit. The *Dutch* have a Garden of about a League in Compass, in which grow all the Simples, Trees and Fruit, the whole Universe affords

affords in greater Perfection than in their proper Climes. So that, indeed, the Natives might well take their Countrey for their Paradise, did they but improve it as it might, and then would be more excusable for their Irreligion.

But as to my Account, I shall in it follow the Method of my Travels, without touching on any Thing but what you desire, the Religions of all the Nations that I have seen; and that as concisely as may be, that Subject alone being sufficient to exceed the Bigness of a *Letter*. I shall begin with the Island of *Zeilon*, or *Ceylon*; and so with the Course of the bright Planet, and Storehouse of Light, the Sun; come to your Native Country, and little World of *England*.

(1.) *Zeilon*, as it contains several *Kingdoms*, so it has several *Religions*. For there are *Mahometans Christians*, and *Idolaters*. These Last drink no Wine, no more than the First; and differ not in the main Principles, from most of the Easterly Nations. The *Bramins*, or Priests, are in great Veneration with them; who Believing the *Metempsychosis*, never eat of any thing that has ever had Life; living very regular Lives: But that which is odd in them, is, That they adore that Beast all Day, which they meet first in the Morning. A Worship not less pleasant than extravagant, to have a fresh God for e'ry Day; and might make them at last, perhaps, adore the True One, if they lifted their Thoughts above the Beasts; tho' tis true, that e'ry Creature has a Particle of the Deity in it; and so in varying their Worship from one to another, they may, at least, adore a great many Particles of him. And, indeed, an *Infinite Being*, methinks, should, at least, have One Day given to the Adoration of each of its minutest Particles. But I justifie no Idolaters; because, perhaps, they are not sensible of what I apprehend.

(2.) The Coast of *Coromandel* is furnish'd with various Religions, *Christian*, *Mahometan*, and *Idolatry*. Of the First, there are Two sorts; those of St. *Thomas*, that are of the *Greek* Church, and the *Europian* Christians, the *Portuguese*, I mean. There are besides, *Armenians*, but few of them. The *Idolaters* differ in nothing remarkable from those of *Zeilon*.

(3.) *Bengal* is almost all *Idolatrous*. Adultery, tho' punish'd by Cutting off the Nose, is yet very common; they being, like other Nations, better furnish'd with Precept than Practice. If the Opinion of your *Nymphs* be not here, they yet adore the River *Ganges* with Divine Worship; and are of Opinion, That its Waters are so Holy, that it washes away all the Sins of those that enter it. The Religion of this *River* is spread so far, that the King of *Narsinga* sends to *Ganges* for all the Water he uses in his Purifications.

Water, indeed, seems naturally to have an Affinity to Purgation; and might, perhaps, be of Force enough to cleanse the Soul, if the Spots it receives from Vice, were as easily wash'd off, as the Impurities of the Body. But I can imagine no Reason for the Adoration of a River, unless for its gratifying their Interest, who do it. If so, your *Londoners* have as much reason to be Idolaters of the *Thames*, to which they owe more Wealth, than the Inhabitants of these Parts do to the *Ganges*.

(4.) The Vast and powerful Kingdom of *Pegu*, is almost all Idolatrous. They are Magnificent in their *Pagods*, having some of Beaten Gold. In the *Varella*, or *Temple of the King*, there are Three of Silver; and One of Massy Gold, in the Shape and Proportion of a Man, wearing on his Head a Crown of Precious-Stones; on its Fore-head, a Ruby as big as a Plumb; on each Side, a Pendant of Inestimable Value; a Scarf about its Middle, and a Chain of Diamonds o'er it's Shoulders; besides others of greater Value, of several Compositions. They believe, That the Chief of the Gods, (who has several Gods under him,) is the Author of all the Good that Mankind enjoys; but that he leaves to the *Devil* the disposing of all Evil. And for this Reason, they bear a greater Veneration to the *Devil*, than to God; because the One will do 'em no Harm; and the Other must be appeas'd with Sacrifice, that he may not: All Men naturally taking more care to Appease a Powerful Enemy, than be Grateful to an Obliging Friend. *Monday*'s their *Sabbath*, or at least, their peculiar Day of Devotion. They have Five Principal *Holydays* they call *Sapans*. 1. *Sapan Giacchi*, the Pilgrimage of the King and Queen, in all their Grandeur. 2. *Sapan Carena*, in Honour of the Great Statue mention'd: To which also the Noblemen erect Pyramids of Cane, curiously and richly adorn'd. 3. *Sapan Giaimo Segienon*, in Honour of other Idols. 4. *Sapan Daiche*, when the King and Queen throw Rose-

Water

Water at each other; each of the Nobility having a a Pot of the same, with which they wash themselves, by sprinkling all over: Nor can any pass the Streets, without being wash'd from the Windows. 5. *Sapan Donan*, when a Race is perform'd in the King and Queen's Presence, by Boats, as they pass to *Meccao*; the swiftest gains the Prize. Their Church-men are more Rational, and are call'd *Talapoi:* They live by Alms, and preserve a great Veneration to themselves by their Exemplary Lives. They give the People not only a Sermon, when they come to the Church; but go about themselves to summon them, by the sounding a Brass Basin. They meddle not with Points of Doctrine, (that, indeed, relating not at all to the Good and Happiness of Life, but the contrary;) and believe Good Works more conducive to Eternal Happiness, than *Faith*: The one being absolutely Certain and Necessary; and the other, Dark and Uncertain, and of no apparent Use. This makes them insist on the Points of Morality, which conduce to the Good and Safety of Mankind in all its Parts. They are not therefore, angry at those, who change their Opinions to Christianity, if their Lives be afterwards Pious and Regular. They condemn and preach against the Offerings the Commonalty make to the Devil; endeavouring, though to no purpose, to extinguish this Custom. They go Barefoot; live in Woods and Desarts; eat but once a Day. The Piety of their Lives gains 'em great Honours after their Death: Their Ashes are scatter'd into the Rivers, and their Bones bury'd near the Place where they liv'd.

Certainly, my Friend, thou wilt agree with me, That these Men are Happy; living so exact to the Law of Nature themselves, and persuading others to the same.

(5.) *Siam* is one of the most considerable Kingdoms of the *Indies*, and is all Idolatrous. Here, as well as in other Parts of the *Indies*, the White Elephant they think to contain something in it Divine. Their Clergy, Regular and Exemplary in their Lives, have a kind of *Hierarchy* under a High-Priest, to whom they all pay Obedience; tho' his Authority in Spirituals be supreme, yet is as subject to the King as the rest of the Subjects. The most Learn'd and best Qualify'd are chose Priests, and preach to the People on Festivals, and do Sacrifice to their Idols. 'Tis burning Alive to have to do with Women in the Priesthood; but those that can't contain, may quit it, and

be absolv'd from their Vow of Chastity. Each Temple or Mosque has a Convent of Priests to say their Daily-prayers; which they perform constantly, Morning and Evening. The Revenues of the Temples, the Charity of the People, and the Donations of the Nobility, maintain 'em. There are also Nunneries of Old Religious Women, situate near the Temples, that they may be present at the Offices and Prayers there. A laudable point of Religion, my Friend; and much more reasonable than that of your *Europeans*, who seclude the Young as well as Old from these innocent Pleasures Nature has ordain'd them. 'Tis true, these *Siamite* Devotee's make no Vow, nor have any particular Rule or Discipline; the Public Rites of their Church being sufficient for the last; and the Impotence and Disagreeableness of their Age, supplies the Defect of the first. They believe there is One God that created the Universe; subordinate to whom are several other Gods, by whom the Supreme God governs the World. An Opinion, my Friend, not much differing from that of some of yon Christians; nor, indeed, from Reason. The Soul they believe Immortal: That on its Separation from the Body, it passes to Eternal Happiness or Misery, after various Transmigrations. Good Works, they hold, will save them; particularly their Charity, which reaches to the very Beasts, *buying the Birds on Festivals, only to set 'em at liberty.* The *Metempsychosis* prevailing here, as well as in most of the East: The Reasonableness of it I shall shew in *China.* In their Ceremonies, which are numerous, they use a great many Lights; they Pray for the Dead, and perform their Obsequies with great Solemnity. The more inferior and ignorant People here, invoke the *Devil*; tho' that be a Coruption the Priests endeavour to root out, and no part of their Religion. They dispute not with those of contrary Religions, judging a Good Life will save in All. Nor do they ever quit their Religion, saying, They have receiv'd it by immemorial Tradition, from the Saints now worship'd by them as Deities. The Clergy in *India* it self, are Thirty Thousand. *Numerous, my Friend, but yet Regular.*

6. There is no remarkable Difference betwixt these and those of *Cambodia*, a little Kingdom feudatory to *Siam.* Only One Thing is here worth Observation, That 'tis thought a horrid Sacrilege for the Clergy to intermeddle with Temporal Affairs: And that they have but One Mosque or Temple in the City.

7. *Malacca*

(7.) *Malacca* is Christian, inhabited by *Portuguese*. Their Principles you know, and their Practice is much inferiour to the Idolaters.

(8.) *Patana* is most *Mahometans*: They judge Fornication no Sin; Adultery Capital: The Delinquent may chuse the manner of Death, but a near Relation must be Executioner. The other Religions of this Country are *Siamite*, (of which already;) and *Chinese*, (of which anon.)

9. *Sumatra* is all *Mahometans*, as well as *Java Major* on the Sea Coast; the Inland People being Idolaters, and hold the Transmigration of Souls. The *Mahometans* of both have their several *Lents* and *Fasts*. (But more of the *Mahometans* hereafter.) The *Madurans* are also *Mahometans*.

(10.) The Inhabitants of the Isle of *Baly* are Idolaters, adoring the first Thing they meet in a Morning: And the Women are Oblig'd to burn themselves with the Funeral-flame of their Husbands. A Principle that would be, perhaps, more reasonable, if it extended only to Old Wives; it being a little hard, to oblige the Younger to quit Life, before they are pass'd the Use of it.

(11.) The Great Isle of *Borneo* is partly *Mahometan*, and partly *Idolatrous*. The *Idolaters* of this Island have One Opinion peculiar, *That the Sun and Moon are Husband and Wife*, and that the *Stars* are their *Children*; ascribing to each, Divine Honours, especially to the Sun, whom they Salute, at his first Rising, with great Reverence, and with the Repetition of certain Verses; as if they agreed with your Old *European* Poets, that made that Planet the God of Wit and Poetry.

(12.) The Islanders of *Celebes* profess Three Religions, *Christanity*, *Mahometism*, and *Paganism*: and as within an Age, they were all of the latter; so they were *Canibals*, devouring Men.

(13.) The Inhabitants of *Gilolo* and *Amboina*, are a mixture of *Mahometism* and *Paganism*: They Circumcise, and yet adore the Devil, or rather, some Spirits of the Air: One of the Chief of which they call *Lanithe*, that is, *Air*, who is dependent on One more Powerful than himself, call'd *Lanthilla*; and is inferiour to *Tanlay*, the next in degree to *Lanthilla*. A general Name for their *Dæmon*, is *Nito*; whom they affirm frequently to appear to 'em like a Man: With him they consult, the Spirit in that form giving out his Oracles. They bring him to a Conference, by the sound of a little

Tabor they call *Tysa*, and with lighted Wax-Candles, and Words of Conjuration. The Remainder of the Sacrifice they at these times make him of Meat and Drink, the Congregation Eat and Drink. All their Actions are preceded by consulting the *Devil*, and are of Opinion, that no Ill comes from any other *Being*; and therefore, that they ought to prevent it by Sacrifice to him; which they are very observant of, even in their Houses. And tho' they Circumcise; yet differently from the *Jews* and *Mahometans*, only slitting the Prepuce with a Cane provided for that use. Their Marriages are solemniz'd by a Dance to their *Nito*, and the Agreement of the Parties and their Friends: and dissolv'd, by pouring Water on each other's Feet, to purifie them from all Impurities committed together, and the next Day are free for some other. A Custom, perhaps, as rational as convenient; and practis'd by the wisest Nations, tho' with some other Restrictions.

(14.) *Banda* is *Mahometan*, and have this peculiar Principle, That they think, that those who Pray not for the Dead, shall have no Resurrection; tho' they believe the Resurrection in general. They are so Religious, they never do any thing, till they have Pray'd in the Morning.

(15.) The *Moluques* are partly *Mahometans*; but joyn that with the Adoration of their Gods, from whom most of the Nobility derive themselves. They have no written Law: Polygamy's lawful, and Adultery unpunish'd. One particular Custom or Policy I can't omit, tho' not relating to Religion, that's Observ'd with a great deal: Every Morning, at Break-of-Day, a Drummer goes round the Town, and summons the Men to perform Family-Duty; it being the Publick Interest, that the Inhabitants should multiply. My Friend, What think'st thou, will the Wives of *Europe* judge this a barbarous Custom?

(16.) The *Philipines* are now most Christian, and under the *Spaniards*.

(17.) I cou'd ne'er Observe any great Devotion to any Religion in the *Japanese*, but they hate *Christianity*, an infinite number of *Pagods* they have, each of which has fifteen or twenty Priests belonging to him. They Pray for the Dead, and are divided into several Sects and Opinions, tho' they have no Disputes of Religion; The Sects of the *Ecclesiasticks* are twelve in Number, eleven of 'em eat nothing that has had Life, and make vow of Chastity so strictly to be Observ'd, that the least

least Breach of it is punish'd with the most Cruel Death imaginable, fixing them in the Earth up to the middle in a Road, and all the Vulgar Passengers are to strike him in the Neck with a Wooden Saw, which makes him three or four days Expiring. But, my Friend, think 'em not Chast for this, for tho' they punish them for following the Dictates of Nature with a Woman, yet they allow 'em the use of Men and Boys. Priests worthy so irreligious a Laity. The twelfth Sect may feed on what they please, and Marry; and are reputed the most Holy and Pure of them all. The Chief of them being also the Chief of all the Clergy of *Japan*. Some think the Soul immortal, and that the Body returns to it's first Principle, Dust and Ashes. That the Soul goes to Eternal Happiness or Misery. And at its return into this World, meets with Good or Evil, according to the Merits of its former Life. Others make no Distinction betwixt the Soul of a Man, and that of Beasts, and perhaps may in that be in the right, if at least the Opinion of Transmigration be true, as we shall consider by and by. One thing is remarkable, that they punish Lying with Death.

(18.) The Inhabitants of the Island of *Formosa* believe the World Eternal; and the Immortality of the Soul, on which account they set a Wooden Vessel full of Water in the House of the Deceased, that the Soul may purifie it self in it. They believe Reward and Punishment in the next Life, in proportion to their Good or Evil deeds. That to pass from this World to the next, the Soul must go over a very narrow Bridge, made of Canes, from which the Wicked fall into a nasty Miry place, there to remain for ever; and the Good proceed to a Mansion of Pleasure, much like to your Poets Account of the *Elysian* Fields. *Murder*, *Theft*, *Adultery*, and other Crimes they think no Sins. The only Sins being the covering their Secret Parts at certain times; to wear Silk when they shou'd wear Cotten; not to have destroy'd Children in their Mother's Womb, who can't Lawfully bear a Child till Thirty, or Thirty five years of Age. They adore several Gods, particularly *Tamagisanbach*, and *Sariachsingh*, the former abides in the South presiding, o'er the Generation of Mankind, who receives from him all that's Excellent in Body or Mind. When it Thunders in the East, they say 'tis his Wife *Taxinkpunda* chides him from her abode there, for not sending Rain to the Earth, which on her Scolding he immediately does. The other God dwells in the North, and destroys all the Be-

nefits, bestow'd by the former on Mankind, disfiguring his Face with the small Pox, and incommoding him with other Inconveniency. They Adore and pray to both; one to protect, the other not to injure them. The two Gods of War *Talafula*, and *Tapaliape*, are only invocated by the Men. Contrary to the Customs of the rest of the known World, this *Island* has none but a Female Clergy. These Priestesses they call *Inibs*; whose Worship consists of Prayers, and Sacrifices, the latter of Swine, Rice, *Areca*, some particular Liquor, Deers and Wild Boars Heads. After these Priestesses have fed heartily on these Offerings, they proceed to Prayer, which is long, joyn'd with several distracted Motions of the Eyes, 'till falling to the Ground they make dreadful Cryes, and Shrieks; after this they lye immoveable on the Ground extended. In this Posture they affirm, 'tis that their Gods Communicate their Mind to 'em. After this they get up to the Top of the *Pagod*, and walking from one end to t'other, pray again; then strip stark naked, shew their Privy Parts to their Gods, striking them with their Hands, then call for Water to wash themselves in the Face of the Congregation. Each House has its Oratory, where all that is there spent, is offer'd to the Gods by the Women of the House, upon whose Sickness the *Inibs* perform it with a Hundred Extravagant Ceremonies, for all which they have their Reasons.

(19.) We now, my Friend, come to *China*, which as 'tis a Country of a Vast Extent; so there are various Religions: Idolaters, I confess, make up the greatest part; but they are not so gross as to adore Stocks and Stones, or Images of Gold, &c. as if Gods, but only Reverence them, as the Representations of their Divinities and Saints. They affirm that all Things Visible and Invisible were made by *Heaven*, and in this not much different from you, which they express by the first Letter of their Alphabet. They believe that *Heaven* Governs the World by a Vicegerent, whom they call *Laocon Tzantoy*; for him they have the greatest Veneration, next the Sun, and affirm him to be an increated Spirit. The same they affirm of *Causay*, that has an Absolute Power over all sublunary Things. The Ministers of these three Spirits, they term *Tanquam*, *Teiquam*, and *Tzuiquam*. The First presides over the Air and Rain, the Second over the Generation of Men, and other Animals, the Third over the Sea. Saints they have Canoniz'd by themselves, tho' not honour'd by Divine Worship.

Worſhip. There are ſome of the moſt Ignorant and Vulgar, invoke the Devil, and uſe Incantations. The ſame is done in moſt Countries of *Europe* by the Ignorant either in Fancy or Reality. Some have this Opinion of the Creation, that the Heavens, Earth, and Water were Eternal, being ſo confounded together in a Chaos, that a Divinity only cou'd ſeparate them. How many of your Politer *Europeans* have the ſame Opinion. They ſeem to make two Creations of Mankind, one in *Panzon*, and *Pauſona*, made by the Supreme Deity, of nothing, the Race of *Tanhom* (produc'd by *Panzon*) and his thirteen Brethren, being deſtroy'd after they had liv'd on the Earth for Ninety Thouſand Years, and a ſecond Creation of Man in the Perſon of *Lotzitzien*. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and affirm that Heav'n Communicates its Eternity to it, in Happineſs or Miſery, after Death, according to e'ry ones Merit. They hold a Purgatory to cleanſe the Souls from the Impurities contracted from the Bodies they inform'd, and that they can be reliev'd by the Suffrages of the Living, and have their ſet Times of performing theſe Ceremonies. The *Metempſychoſis* ſpreads very far here, as well as other Parts of *Aſia*. They have ſeveral Orders of Religious. They uſe Beads in their Devotions, and uſe not a few Ceremonies at the Funerals of the Dead. *Polygamy* is Lawful, as 'tis in ſome of your Chriſtian Countrys, as in *Ethiopia*, and the Country of the *Abaſſines*.

Before I proceed, I muſt offer two or three Reaſons in Defence of the *Metempſychoſis*, or Tranſmigration of Souls, an Opinion ſpread farther than any other in the World, in which my ſelf was bred, tho' perhaps I have ſome Doubts of ſome Particulars of it. Knowledge is certainly a Part of the Happineſs to come, that is, to know the Nature of all Things; the ſureſt way, and perhaps the only is by Tranſmigrating through the whole Univerſe of Creatures: after which our Buſineſs with the ſublunary World being over, we may by Degrees paſs above the *Etherial* Heav'ns, better qualified Companions of the Omniſcient Deity, both for Purity and Knowledge. We Obſerve all Knowledge gradual; and it ſeems ſuperfluous to me, to have any Knowledge given us here, if upon Death all Things are immediately made known to us, 'tis true one Life in a Humane Body is too little to know the Nature of Man, but perhaps 'tis obtain'd by many, in which the Phyſicians of *Japan* are ſo perfect, that they'll

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distinguish Distempers by the beating of the Pulse.

(20.) The Kingdom of *Decam*, is in the Governing Part *Mahometan*, differing but very little from those of *Turky* and *Persia*. Tho' there are besides several that the *Europeans* term *Pagans*, of the several sorts we shall speak of in *Guzuratta*.

(21.) *Guzuratta* is plentifully Furnish'd with variety of Religions, my Friend, for besides the *Mahometans*, who are not of the *Persian*, but the *Turkish* Sect, there are several sorts of *Pagans*, who are the Antient Inhabitants of the Country. The first Sect is the *Banian*, with whom Marriage is a part of Religious Ceremony, the Blessing of the *Bramans* being necessary to it. They believe there is but one God, Creator and Preserver of the Universe; yet they adore the *Devil*, because they say God has given him the Government of the World, and Power to do Mischief, and are very zealous in their Devotions. They make corporeal Purifications, a principal part of their Religion, performing them in the Water before Sun-rising, holding in their Hand a straw given them by the *Braman* or *Priest*, to drive away the evil Spirit, he blessing, and exhorting them all the while. These *Bramans* pretend a peculiar Advantage above all other Creatures, being produc'd from the Brain of their God *Brama*, whilst all beside were deriv'd from his more ignoble Parts. This *Brama*, they suppose, to have been the first Man produc'd by the great God of all *Wisthul* or *Etuara*; from a Flower that sprung from his Navel as he was playing with a Leaf, he found on the vast Abyss of Water, before the Creation, with his Toe, having for his diversion transform'd himself into a little Child. The first thing *Brama* did, was to give God thanks for making him a Rational Creature: which Gratitude pleas'd God so well, that he gave him not only Power to Create the World, but also to Govern it being unwilling to trouble himself with it. In the *Brama* therefore lies the Disposition of all things here below. 'Twou'd be too long to tell you of the Rebellion of *Brama*, and his submission, his having five Heads, and of his Lieutenants in the several parts of the Universe, one of them by Name *Derwendre*, governing the eight Worlds Inhabited like ours. They believe a succession of Worlds, that there have been several before, and will be after the Dissolution of this, which has a Million of Ages to come. They have a Notion of the primitive Purity, Decay, and perishing Virtues of Mankind. The Austerity of Life, gains the *Bramans* great Authority, which

which is encreas'd by their Superintendency over the Education of their Children. In all Affairs, they are consulted like *Oracles* by the *Bramans*. They encrease the Superstition of invocating their Saints by the Legends of Miracles they have. They hold the Soul's Immortality, and Transmigration. This makes 'em buy the Birds the *Mahometans* take, to give them their Liberty, and have Hospitals for the lame and sick Beasts. A Charity, I have heard you commend and confirm from your Scripture, saying that the Just Man is merciful to Man and Beast. The *Bramans* in the *Malabres*, have not only the Virginity of all Marry'd Women Consecrated to their getting, but also the first Fruit of their Wombs.

The *Banians* are divided into eighty two principal Sects, too numerous here to particularize, nay e'ry Family almost has its peculiar Ceremony and Worship. But all these are comprehended under four, *Ceurawath Samarah*, *Bisnow*, and *Geogby*.

(22.) The first are precise and bigotted to the *Metempsychosis*, so that the *Bramens* cover their Mouths, lest any Insect shou'd casually be destroy'd that way; and sweep their Houses frequently, for fear of treading on them. They keep neither Fire nor Candle, for the same Reason, and are critically nice in all things, of killing any thing that has Life. These differ from the other *Banians* in their Notion of a God, cutting off his Infinity, and making all things depend on Chance. They believe Fasting and Alms-deeds, the only good Works; and that all things Visible are Animals, and have in themselves the first causes of their Production and Motion. Tho' they hold the Souls, Immortality, they believe not Heav'n nor Hell, but a continual and endless Transmigration from one Body to another. The Abstinence of their *Bramens* is incredible, tho' true, particularly about *August*, when they also assemble, and to the Congreation hold forth on the Lives of their Saints. All this Sect may be admitted to the Priesthood, a Vow of Chastity, and that strict Life being all their Ordination. The Widows of this *Caste* or Sect, burn not themselves in their Husbands Funeral Pile: 'tis so odious to all the rest, that any Communication at all, on any Account, is to be Expiated by a public Penance.

(23.) The next *Samarah*, agree with the former, in not killing or eating any Animal; they believe the World Created, and preserv'd by an unchangeable first *Cause*. This *Cause* they Term *Permisseer*, who having

having three Substitutes, who have their several Offices over the Souls, Life, and Growth of Man, Beasts, and Fruits, and also over the Dead, as to Examine them, and the Instruction of the People, in the Commands of God, of which they have a Book. They believe that *Mais*, the third of the Substitutes, presents the Souls, after they are purify'd by their several Transmigrations, to God, who then receives them into the number of his Servants. This they have peculiar, that they carry their dying People to the Banks of a River, that they may there Expire. The Women of this *Caste* Burn themselves with the greatest Alacrity of any. *Buffiuna*, the second of the Substitutes, having in their Law promis'd her, that has so great an Affection for her Husband, as to burn her self with him, that she shall enjoy him in the other World; or Life seven times as long, and with seven times the Satisfaction. This last, my Friend, wou'd make many of your *Europeans* undergo this fiery Tryal, if I mistake not.

(24.) The *Caste* of *Bisnow*, agree with the other in abstaining from all Animal food, and the destroying of any thing that has Life. Their Devotion to their God *Ramram*, is singing of Hymns in his Honour, and Prayers that he'd bless them and their Families. These Hymns are attended with Dancing and Musick. This God does all himself without Substitutes. Their Wives are not Burnt.

(25.) The Sect of *Geoghy*, have no Propriety, live in Woods, and small Villages, or Ruins of Houses, where they Worship their God *Bruin*, and his servant *Mecis*. They go into the Temples of no other Sect to do their Devotions, nor on any other Occasions. They are a sort of Rambling Hermits, they are given to silence, left they shou'd defile themselves by speaking to other Men, they being Consecrated to their God *Bruin*. They believe this God of theirs, oreated, and preserves, all Things, and can reduce them all again to nothing: A Doctrine, my Friend, you can't condemn. They hold, he's not to be represented nor comprehended; That he is a Light that can't be beheld: They hold not the Transmigration of Souls, but that immediately the Soul is conveyed from the Body to *Bruin*, to live with him Eternally, and be united to that Light.

(26.) The *Rasbontes* are a Branch of the Sect of *Samarah*. They hold the Transmigration, and several other things common to that Sect; this they have

have peculiar, That the Souls of Men go into Birds, whose Flight and Singing they superstitiously observe, believing that they give their Quondam Friends, by these Means, Notice of Good or Evil to befal 'em. These, contrary to all the other *Banians*, eat Flesh, and live by Blood and Rapine.

(27.) Besides the *Banians*, there is a Sect of *Pagans* call'd *Parsis*; Fire is sacred among them. They believe but one God, Preserver of the Universe, immediately acting in all Things; his Servants, whom they venerate, being to give an Account of their several Offices. To seven Servants of God, they allot the Care of several Things; of Men to *Hamasda*: of Cattle, and other living Creatures of the Earth, to *Bahman*: of Fire to *Ardibesh*: of Metals to *Sarywar*; of the Earth to *Epander*: of the Water to *Amwardath*: of the Fruits, and Products of the Trees, &c. to *Ammadath*. But these Servants have no Power over them, but are only to give an Account of their Condition to God. They have besides twenty six other Servants, which they attribute to various Things, as to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Air, Rain, Fire, &c. One to hold the balance before the Judges of Mankind, *Mir*, *Resus*, and *Saros*. Another to keep the Souls in Paradise. One presides o're Military affairs, and is Intercessor for Victory: another gives joy and sadness to Mankind: one governs the Winds; one teaches the Law of God, and inspires good Motions; another bestows Wealth on Man: One gives Understanding and Memory, another superintends Commerce: One is Goodness itself, and so all the rest are Deputies or Governors of one thing or another. They have no Temple, and hold a distinct Principle of all Ill.

(28.) There are yet two other sorts of *Pagans* in this Kingdom, the first called *Indous*, they kill, and eat all things but an Ox and Cow, and as they are Souldiers have few Points of Faith.

(29.) The other are call'd *Jeutives*, who likewise inhabit *Golconda*, they are Ignorant, and have an implicit Faith in the belief of their *Bramins*: which is that at first there was but one God, who took others, that were first Men, into a Participation of his Power, as their Heroic Actions merited: and to these they pray. They believe the Immortality and Transmigration of Souls, and therefore hate Effusion of Blood. Besides all these there is another sort call'd *Theers*, that

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have no Religion at all; not but that they have a Notion of a Deity, but being the Scum of the People, Executioners, Scavengers, &c. they practise no Religion. These are all the most considerable Religions I have Observ'd in the *Indies*. I shall now proceed.

(30.) The *Persians* are *Mahometans*, and hold the *Alcoran* as well as the *Turks*, and *Moguls*; yet I have Observ'd that they are Enemies to each other on Account of difference of Opinion. This difference I learnt by my Conversation with a *Persian Molla*, of a very sensible and generous Temper. And tho', my Friend, Men are naturally fond of the Principle they are brought up in to Bigotry; yet this ingenious *Persian* was above it, and gave me this Account of the difference betwixt these great Propagaters of *Mahometism*.

It consists in different Interpretations of the *Alcoran*, in not having the same *Saints*, nor *Miracles*, nor the same *Mosques* or Ceremonies. Further, the Principles of their Religion differ. They Worship *Aly* the Nephew, and Son-in-Law of *Mahomet*, Husband to his Daughter *Fatima*, and his Sons *Hassan*, and *Hosben*, and *Schich Sofi*, descended in a right line from *Musai Kasim* the Son of *Hossein*. *Sofi* first asserted the Right of *Aly*, and the Usurpation of the *Califate* by *Abubeker*, *Omer*, and *Osman*, the three Father-in-Laws of *Mahomet*: and that God much offended at it, had rais'd, and qualify'd him for the Restoration of the Glory of *Aly*, and as a confirmation publish'd several of *Aly*'s Miracles suppress'd by the Malice of the *Turks*. That the Interpretation of the *Alcoran* was given by *Aly*, which his Successor *Tzrfursaduck* publish'd, which tho' contrary in many Things to *Hanife*, whom the *Turks* follow, yet more rational. For this Reason, the *Persians* curse *Abubeker*, *Omar*, *Osman*, and *Hanife*, as Impostors, and make *Aly*, tho' not God, yet very near him in Excellence, and say, that God design'd the *Alcoran* for *Aly*, tho' by Mistake it fell into the Hands of *Mahomet*. They say, there is but one God, *Mahomet* the Apostle of God, and *Aly* the Coadjutor, or the Lieutenant of God, preferring him even to *Mahomet*. They repute and pray to several of *Aly*'s first Successors, as *Saints*, in Number twelve, to which they add the Institutor of their Sect *Sofi* above-mention'd. To the Sepulchres of all these they go on Pilgrimage, where the Pilgrims have a Certificate given them, that they are True *Persian Mussulmans*. This Certificate saves their Lives against the Anger of their Kings, tho' it

it be for abjuring their Religion. The Commentators they follow are chiefly *Aly* and *Izafurzaduck*, the *Turks* follow *Hanife*; the *Usbeques*, *Tartars*, and *Indians* admit also *Hembils* and *Maleki*. 'Twould fill a Volume to give you all the differences of Interpretations, they being as numerous, as Verses that relate not to Morality, in which I have observ'd most part of the World agree, as well as the *Mahometans*, Differing in their Saints, they must by consequence differ in their *Festivals*, the Memory of the Death of *Hassan*, and *Hossein*, is Celebrated ev'ry Year, with great Solemnity, in *Ispahan*, with the Presence of the King. Among other Solemnities, Men and Boys wound themselves, and spurt the Blood all about their Bodies, in Memory of the Innocent Blood of *Hossein*, spilt by his Enemies: And they think this expiates some of their Sins, and gains certain Salvation if they Die before the Festival is ended. I have observ'd, my Friend, that there are but few Nations, but have provided in their Religion, a Purification for the Sins they commit, expiating with a Trifle the greatest Villanies. Another they have of *Chidder Nabbi*, who with *Elias* they suppose drank of the Water of Immortality; Which Two they suppose still living, one in the Water, t'other on Earth, tho' invisible. They believe none can perish by Water that pray, and vow to *Chidder*, and in *February* is his Feast. After they have treated their Friends, they set a wooden Dish full of Meat for *Chidder*; and if they find any Footstep in the Room, or the Impression of Fingers in the Meal next Morning, 'tis a sign he accepts it. These, and the other Festivals of their particular Saints, are peculiar to *Persia*. All the Fables about whom would be endless to repeat to you; and the manner of their Pilgrimages, several of which they have besides that of *Mecca* and *Medina*, common to all *Mahometans*. *Sofi* instituted a Fast of forty Days very severe, to Die in which is also certain Salvation. Polygamy is Lawful in *Persia*, as well as other Places of *Mahometism*. Nor is the use of Men and Boys punish'd, and indeed, my Friend, why should it be a Crime here, which their Prophet promises them as a Reward of Virtue in Paradise. Nay, Incest it self is tolerated. Give me, my Friend, a Religion that places future Happiness, as the Reward of Works, not Faith; the first agreeing with the Institutes of Nature, and the Necessity of Society; and the last terminating in Words only, an easy Subterfuge for all manner of

Villany,

Villany, making them the Darlings of Heaven, whose Actions discover them the Enemies of Heaven's Noblest Work, Human Kind. The *Persians* place a great Faith in Astrology, thinking the Professors of that Science the Mouths of Fate, and learn'd in the great Volume of the expanded Heav'ns. They contemn all the Ecclesiastick Ceremonies of the *Turks* instituted by *Abubeker*, *Omar*, and *Osman*, and *Hanife*; and tho' they purifie themselves by Water, as well as the *Turks*, yet after another manner. They turn toward the South, when they pray, and are very devout. They have also another Lent, that lasts a Month e'ry Year. They dedicate their Children to their Saints.

Their Opinion of Corporeal Delights in Paradise, with fine Boys and Beautiful Virgins, with always fresh Maiden-heads, with the rest of the Legends of the Alcoran, you know, and are too long to insert here. Their Belief and History of the Alcoran, being the most Childish of any I have yet met with. Their Morality is good, but rather Advice than Precept, and is therefore in less Esteem. There are beside *Mahometans* in *Persia*, *Armenian* Christians, whose Points of Religion you know better than I.

(31.) Besides these there are a sort of *Pagans*, call'd *Kebbers*, who, as far as I cou'd discover, have neither Baptism, nor Circumcision, nor Priests, nor Churches, nor any Books of Devotion; but only have a Veneration for Fire. They believe the Immortality of the Soul; and have a Notion of Hell, and the *Elizian* Fields. When any one dies, they let a Cock out of his House, and if a Fox catch him, they assure themselves of the Happiness of the Deceas'd. If this Trial fail, they have another more certain and infallible. They dress the Dead in their best Cloaths, and adorn'd with all the most valuable Things he has of Jewels, *&c.* set him upright in the Church-yard, and if Crows, Ravens, or any other Ravenous Bird pick out his right Eye, he's held a Saint; if the left, he's held one of the Damn'd, and accordingly bury him with Respect or Contempt. The *Gaurs* are of the same Religion and Nation with the *Parsis* in the *Indies*. And having here done with *Persia*, I shall defer a farther Account, my Friend, 'till my next; having here sent enough for once, tho' the Variety of the Opinions of these several Countries, will, I hope, make amends for the Length of the Narration.

What thinkest thou, my Friend, have not most of them something that may make the true Professors hap-

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py hereafter? Since there is almost none, but direct a Life according to the Laws of Nature? Why should we think that the Deity, that is pleas'd with the wondrous variety of Nature, and Corporeal Things, should be displeas'd with the variety of the Worships of the several Nations of the Universe, it being the Effect of that Difference of Apprehension and Reason he has Imprinted in all Mankind? But my Narrative has been too long to allow me any room for Reflections. Accept of the Endeavours of thy Friend, to contribute to thy Satisfaction; and wish him safe from the Terrors of the Deep, and the Accidents A-shore; for Love has made a Coward of me. The Great and Supreme *God*, that only knows which of all the Religious Endeavours of the Children of his great Family of the World, are most pleasing to him, have thee in his keeping. My next shall Compleat my Account of Religion. Adieu, in haste; the Ship I send this by, being now setting Sail from us to your World, whil'st we proceed to another: Whither, the Joy I have to return, is lessen'd by the distance it sets betwixt our Persons, not Friendship.

'Whate'er the Travellers may tell us (said *Temple*,) 'of the Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and some 'other of the *Indians*, not having any Religion, I can 'never believe it; and attribute it rather to their Ig'norance of their Language, or the Natives Reser'v'dness in discovering of their Principles. Tho' the 'Notion of a God (pursu'd *Brook*,) be not innate; yet 'the Mind is so evidently, and so many ways convin'c'd of it, that I can't think any Nation without some '*Idea* of a Deity. 'Tis strange, indeed, (continu'd '*Grave*,) that only one or two of those numerous Na'tions that fill the vast Continents of *Europe*, *Asia*, '*Africa*, and *America*, should be exempt from that 'which is so amply believ'd all the World over besides. 'The Necessities of Life and Society (said *River*,) 'teach all some Principles of Morality. Nature, in'deed, (assum'd *Winter*,) seems not to be at so low an 'Ebb in the most Barbarous, as to have left them 'without any Sentiments of Morality, at least, any 'that I have Read of. In that Point (added *Church*,) 'I am afraid some of our *Europeans* may set up for 'the first Prize of Barbarity. Right, (continu'd I,) 'for tho' we have the Advantage of Precepts, of 'most of the rest of Mankind, yet are we much 'inferiour ev'n to the Canibals of the *Caribee Islands*, 'in our Practice, in all the Parts of Morality. In

« *Japan*, (pursu'd *Summer*,) Lying is punish'd with « Death: And in almost all *Asia* (assum'd *Fountain*,) « they are faithful to their Friends; and in the Coun- « trey of the *Cafres*, in so remote a Part of *Africa*, « they are faithful Servants, and fair Dealers. For « my part, (concluded *Chappel*,) I think it is a noble « and amazing Prospect, to view the numerous ways « Nature has taught Mankind to adore and honour « its Maker; and to find for each such Reasons, and « such strong Traditions.

« But, Gentlemen, we interrupt the Course of our « History of Religion; which thus is prosecuted in this « Second Letter, according to his Promise.

LETTER X.

To Sir John R-----ts, *at his House near* Bedford, *These. A Continuation of the History of the Religions of* Asia, Europe, *and* Africa.

——The thrice happy Honan, *to the dearest of his Friends: Health of Mind and Body, and Equality of Joy.*

HAving finish'd the remaining Part of my Narrative in my Voyage hither; I find, at my landing at the City of *India*, some Embassadors parting from hence for *France*; in which a Friend of mine going, has engag'd to transmit this from thence into *England* to you. I hope the Seas permitted the Ship I sent my last by, to come safe to *England*, else this will be imperfect, having in that run through all the Opinions of the *East*, as far as the Bounds of *Persia*. I shall now begin with *Cathay*, bordering on *China*.

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(1.) The *Tartars* of this Country, and all others that have not receiv'd *Mahometism*, adore the *Sun*, *Moon*, &c. *Fire*, *Earth*, and *Water*. Which Worship, tho' erroneous, shews a Gratitude for the Benefits they yield to Humane Life. Each Morning, fasting, they offer their Food to these Deities. They believe there is One Supreme God; but worship him not, nor pray to him. Idols they place at the Entrance of their Tents, and to him offer the *primitiæ* of Milk, Meat, Drink; and the Hearts of Beasts; All which, when they have been plac'd before these silken and felt Gods all Night, they eat in the Morning. To the Emperor's Idol they offer a Horse after that; to be rid by none. They are so devoted to the Traditions of their Religion, that a Breach of them is Death, or a Penal Sum of Money, tho' in trifling Matters; as, Touching the Fire with a Knife, medling with young Birds, &c. which are forbid. They set Mares Milk before the Dead; and his Friends eat a Horse, and burn its Bones, for his Soul. The Hide they set upon a Pole, that he mayn't want a Tent in the next World. With him they bury a Horse and Furniture, besides a Mare, a Colt, and his Gold and Silver. They purifie e'ry thing, by passing it between two Fires. Spirits they feed, by casting Mares Milk into the Air, or pouring it on the Ground. Among their Religious Orders, (many of which they have,) there is one, call'd *Sensim*, who eat nothing but Bran steep'd in hot Water. They believe the World was created, and the Transmigration of Souls. They oblige none by force to be of their Religion.

(2.) The other Regions possess'd by the *Tartars*, which spread from *China* along the great Ocean, North-West of *Japan*, to the utmost Bounds of *Asia*, over a vast Continent, round most of the *Caspian-Sea*, and to the Frontiers of *Persia*: some of which are *Idolatrous*, others *Mahometan*; some, but very few, *Christians*, scatter'd up and down. In *Sanchion* there are several Monasteries of Idols, to whom they dedicate their Children; and on Festivals, sacrifice Rams for their Preservation. They eat the Flesh, but preserve the Bones, as holy Reliques. Before the Corps of a Grandee, they set a Table, furnish'd with Provisions; whose Odour, they suppose, refreshes the departed Spirit, and heartens it against the burning of the Body: With which they cast into the Fire the Pictures of his Wives and Servants, to serve him in the other World.

(3.) In *Tangoth*, all that is different, is, Their Idols have many Heads, and their Reliques are wall'd in.

(4.) In *Succuir* they offer Perfumes made of *Rhubarb*.

(5.) In *Candin* they prostitute their Wives, Sisters and Daughters, to Strangers, in honour of their Idols.

(6.) In *Mangi*, the Sick vow to offer their Blood to their Idols, if they recover. To these Idols also they sacrifice Rams with Black Heads; which, with Spic'd Drinks, they eat, with Singing and Dancing. They worship toward the North, and set their Temple-Doors open toward the South. This was all the difference I Observ'd, as to the Religion of all the *Tartars*; except those who were *Mahometans*, who are generally of the Sect of the *Turks*, and hold the Succession of *Abubeker*, *Omar*, and *Osman*; the Interpretation of *Hanife* and *Máleki*.

(7.) The *Circassians* (famous for Beautiful Women, and Ugly Men,) are a medly, of Religions. They Baptize and Circumcise; and are indeed compos'd of both *Christians*, *Mahometans*, *Jews*, and *Idolaters*. As to their Religion (I mean,) they have One thing remarkable, That they never enter their Churches till they resolve to leave off Vice; that is, till after Forty Years of Age: after which time, they rob no more. They seem to adore a Goat's Skin, which, at the Funeral of the Chief Lord of each Village, is set up at its Entrance. The Privities they cut off, and cast against the Wall; and if they stick there, they worship them.

(8.) *Armenia*, *Syria*, *India*, *Ægypt*, *Arabia*, *Anatolia*, and all the rest of *Asia*, and Part of *Europe*, under the dominion of the *Turks*, are *Mahometans*, of the Sect of *Omar*: The difference betwixt which, and those of *Haly*, I have given you in my former, at least, as far as I cou'd learn, when I was in *Persia*, from an honest *Molla*, or Doctor of the Law.

(9.) In *Nova Zembla* they have no Establish'd Religion, as I cou'd learn, but their Adoration of the *Sun*, during the Half-Year of its presence; and the *Moon*, and *North-Star*, in the time of its absence. To these they offer Yearly Sacrifices of Deer; all which they burn, except the Head.

(10.) Among the *Samodies*, every Family, or Tribe, has its Temple, where they Sacrifice. The Eldest is the Priest, adorn'd with Fishes Teeth and Bones, and a White Garland on's Head, In their Divine-Service, instead

instead of Singing, he Howls till he falls down as one dead: Rising again, orders a Sacrifice of Five Deer; then thrusts a Sword half way into his Belly, with several other Illusions, their Religion consisting in nothing but Sorcery and Illusions. With these we may joyn those of *Lapland*, and most of those extreme Northern Countries, which are wholly subject to the Jugling Tricks of their Wizards, and their whole Religion lyes in Incantations. Does it not seem strange, my Friend, that Counties bordering on *Christendom*, should want Instructors in better Principles, since the Christian Priests pretend to so much Piety and Zeal for the Propagating of their Religion. Believe me, Friend, they owe their Ignorance to their Poverty, and the Sterility of their Frozen Countrey. The Priesthood would have convey'd the Light of the Gospel to them, had not Nature deny'd 'em so much the Light of the Sun, that they are destitute of rich Metals to gratifie their Pride. And 'tis evident, 'tis no Zeal for Religion, but Gold, that makes the timorous Pedants pass so many Seas to the New World of *America*, since they can have no Eye of Regard to these in far greater Ignorance nearer home. I shall say nothing of the several Religions of *Europe*, as to their Principles, except the *Mahometans*; an Account of which I shall now give you, tho', perhaps, you are better acquainted with them your self. I know you are perfect in all those that profess the Name of your Great Prophet, *Christ*. I will not therefore say any thing of *Moscovy*, *Livonia*, *Lithuania*, *Poland*, *Transilvania*, *Moldavia*, *Valachia*, *Greece*, *Dalmatia*, *Germany*, *Hungary*, the *Low-Countries*, *France*, *Italy*, *Spain*, and the rest of *Europe*; but end my Account with that of the *Mahometan* Religion, as short and concise as I can.

(11.) The great Repository of the *Mahometans* Religion is the *Alcoran*, as the *Bible* is that of Christianity. 'Tis divided into 124. Chapters, and he promises to him that Reads this Book over a Thousand times, a Woman in his Paradise, whose eye-brows shall be as wide as the Rain-bow; an Extravagant Beauty, my Friend, nor much to be coveted, if all her parts were to be proportionable, unless he was to encrease to a like bigness. But this is not the only absurdity, if we take the *Alcoran* in a literal sense, which the more Learned of that Opinon deny, making the whole but an *Allegory*. Their Law is divided into eight parts or Commandments. 1. That there is but one God

and his Prophet *Mahomet*. 2. Presses the duty of Children to Parents, and defines it. 3. Of the love of Neighbours to each other. 4. Of Times of Prayer in their Temples, and how the *Mahometans* are Oblig'd to pray five times every day. 5. That a Lent of thirty days is to be kept yearly and strictly. 6. Presses Charity, and Alms-deeds to the Poor in a very emphatic manner. 7. Obliges e'ry one to Marry at twenty five years of Age. 8. Against Murder. To those that observe this precept he promises a Paradise, which he either really or allegorically composes of all the effects and concomitants of luxury and ease, and all such things as yield the greatest pleasure, and are of the greatest value with us here; as Precious Stones, purling Brooks, flowry Meads, Beautiful Women, with eternal Maiden-heads, Ganymeds, Gold, &c. For the Transgressors of this Law, he has prepar'd a Hell with seven Gates, where their Liquor and Food shall be Fire, where they shall be bound in Chains, and tormented with scalding Water. He teaches the Resurrection as well as you. The *Alcoran*, besides all this, gives several Judicial and Moral Precepts, as to abstain from Swines Flesh, and that of Beasts that are not kill'd. Directs their Frydays Devotions (that being their Sunday) with a great deal against Adultery, Usury, and indeed all other Vices that pervert our manners, and render us less profitable to our Neighbours, and by consequence to Humane Society; the encrease and preservation of which, was *Mahomet*'s peculiar Aim and Interest. He directs the Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, commends Friendship, is against Cowardice, and forgiving Enemies; and Teaches that none can Dye before their time, and none avoid Death when their time is come. A good precept, or at least a political one to take away the fear of Death; 'Tis a thing no danger can bring before its allotted time, nor defer beyond it. The *Mahometans* also believe that all that Dye in the Wars, go immediately to Paradise: a good Encouragement to fight bravely, when the force of Education perswades that the worst effect of War, Death, is so much better than the best of Peace, Life, and Prosperity here. They are against all Images in Temples, esteeming it Idolatry think it unlawful; to drink Wine. They believe a good life in all Religions will bring Men to Paradise, which wou'd seem to destroy their principle of forcing all to their Religion, did they not affirm that the *Mussulmans* are all in a higher and more Excellent Paradise than th best oa

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the rest of the World. They hold that *Moses*, *Christ*, and *Mahomet* shall at the Resurrection appear with three Banners, and the followers of them, rank themselves under each. They belive Works merit Heaven; and that e'ry Man has two Angels, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. At the first sound of the Trumpet of the Angel *Israphil*, they say, all both Men and Angels shall Die, and revive again at the second, and then Mens Souls shall be weighed in the Scales by the Angel *Michael*. They hold that there is an Iron Bridge o'er which the wicked are convey'd, some into Everlasting Hell, some into Purgatory. They think the Sun at's rising, and the first sight of the New Moon, ought to be reverenc'd. They allow *Polygamy*: hold that one must wash before he enters into their *Mosques*, and after performing any of the necessities of Nature: and that the spots in the Moon were made by the Wing of the Angel *Gabriel*, as he flew along by it. They believe the Devils themselves shall be saved by the *Alcoran*.

They have other Tenents, but too long to be here inserted, unless I design to make a Volume of a Letter. Besides, I am persuaded, you have better means of coming to a greater knowledge of this Religion than my self, since I have heard that the whole *Alcoran* is Translated into your Language. I shall therefore end my *Letter* with a short Account of the Religions of a great part of *Africa*, given me by a Friend that had visited all the following Places: I shall only premise, That I leave out the Kingdoms of *Fez* and *Morocco*, and all the rest that are *Mahometans*; since they differ in very little from the *Turks*, or one another, unless in the greater or less Magnificence of their Ceremonies, or Mosques; and those Countries, as *Æthiopia*, &c. that embrace Christianity; since the several Tenets of the Christians of the whole Universe you have formerly shewn me a Collection of.

(1.) The *Lower Æthiopia* is Idolatrous, except some few *Mahometans*, yet some of them worship but One God. They have a superstitious Observation of particular Days of the Moon. They feast the Dead with Bread, and boil'd Flesh. They put to Death Witches, Thieves, and Adulterers: Allow *Polygamy*; tho' the first Wife be Chief, and the rest her Servants. They are Cloath'd in White, when they pray to the Dead.

(2.) In *Angola* they worship Wooden Idols representing *Negro's*; at whose Feet, on heaps of Elephants Teeth, are set the Skulls of their Enemies slain in War. They esteem Sickness always the Effect of the Anger of their Gods; and their only Medicine to appease them, is, by pouring on their Feet Palm-Wine. Their Dead they wash, new-cloath, and bury with Provisions of Meat, Drink, and Goods; and wet his Grave with Goat's Blood. Divination by Birds they much esteem; and think Life, Death, Plenty and Famine, in the Power of their Priests, which gains 'em great Veneration.

(3.) In *Congo* they seem not much to vary in their Circumstantials, only they worship several Birds, Beasts, Herbs, and Fruit; have several Incantations, *&c.* but among them are a great many Christians.

(4.) In *Loango*, to the North of *Congo*, they are Idolaters, and Circumcise. Each Trades-man appeases his God with something belonging to's Profession; the Husband-man, with Corn; the Weaver, with Cloth, *&c.* They kill Goats, in Honour of their Idols, at the death of their Friends; and celebrare Feasts to their Memory. They'll rather die, than touch any Meat the Priests forbid 'em.

(5.) At *Auzichi*, besides the general Worship of the *Sun*, each Man has his particular Idol.

(6.) In *Guinea* they adore Idols of Straw. They blaspheme God; and, by that, confess they believe One; laying all their Miseries to his Charge, as their Author; and attribute all their Good to their own Industry. On Festivals, their Priests give 'em a Sermon; after which, he sprinkles the young Boys with Water in which a Newt swims. They consecrate to their Idol the first bit of their Food, and the first draught of their Drink. To appease their angry God, they bribe his Priests with Gold. If they paint themselves with Chalk, they think they serve their God devoutly. They consult certain Trees, as Oracles; and the Priest, with his Wives, goes in Procession, and casts Wheat into the Sea, to appease their God, and procure Success for the Fishermen. One thing's Extraordinary pleasant; Here they bury Gods of Straw with their Dead, that they may accompany them in the other World. They hold it a Sin to Spit on the Ground. *Tuesday's* their *Sunday*, and they use Circumcision.

(7.) In *Madagascar* the Sea-Coasts are *Mahometans*; the Inlands, Idolaters; And tho' they believe One God

God created Heaven and Earth, have yet no Days nor Prayers dedicated to 'em. They are Circumcis'd: Holy Polygamy, and the Immortality of the Soul.

And here, my Friend, I'll make an end of this tedious *Letter*, with informing thee, that I am at last possess'd of all the Charms of my *Euthalia*. The rigour of her Vertue, or Religion, kept me from her Embraces till we ariv'd here; where a Priest of her own Faith licens'd us to unite our Bodies, as Love had before our Minds; for so much was due to the Scruples of my Fair One. Of such prevailing force is the Ceremonious and Political Part of Religion, that it most commonly masters Reason, and sometimes the Passions. This persuaded the *Charming Innocent*, That *Enjoyment* was a Crime before, tho' not after the Formal Ceremony of Marriage; as if Words were of more obliging force than Things, or Transitory Vows than Establish'd Love. Desire, Opportunity, nor Importunity, cou'd not beat her from her fancy'd Vertue; and I was fain to be a Martyr to her religious Resolves through all my Voyage. But now, my Friend, the cold Veil of Virgin Modesty is drawn, and all her Charms laid open to my View and Possession: 'tis impossible to tell thee all the pleasing Raptures they gave me. I fansie, sometimes, *Mahomet* not so much to blame, in framing his Paradise of such Joys; since Humane Nature seems unable to bear greater, without a Dissolution.'

Love, my Friend; and be happy in her you love: that you may perceive what a Happiness thy Friend wishes thee, when he wishes thee like himself. I long to hear from thee: omit not therefore the first Opportunity; nor will I let slip any, of conveying my Discourses to thee by *Letter*, and of talking my Mind, sometimes, to the Man I love and value. Adieu.

'Thus we see (said *Temple*) that the World is full 'of Religious Forms and Precepts; and that Na'ture, and the Common Reason of Humane Kind, 'has Taught every Nation the Necessity of some 'Worship, tho' its Forms are Adapted to their 'several *Genii* and Inclinations. Each Nation, in 'deed, (reply'd *Grave*,) abounds with variety of 'those Theorems of Religion, (for such I esteem 'their Actual Worship, which has not an immediate relation

relation to the Good of Society,) but I can find very few that can boast much of the Practice of what they all agree to be so very Necessary. Religion, (continu'd *Fountain*,) tho' such a *Proteus*, to change its shape in ev'ry Country, will yet appear, on a narrow Inspection, to aim at the same; *viz.* the Adoration of some Deity; with a Form of that Adoration, and the Good of Society. The Subject of which (pursu'd *Winter*) being so little known, at least, with any certainty, Hypocrites, Impostors and Knaves, the easier impose upon the *Million* with Pious Pretences, for Real Villanies. Religion (saith *Church*) is scarce more generally receiv'd, than the Despotic Authority of the Priesthood, that dispenses it; and the Laity, for the most part, like the *Africans* mention'd in this *Letter*, think to appease their angry Deity, by bribing his Priests with Golden Offerings. Their Conversing with Sacred Things, (pursu'd *Brook*,) persuades us they should be Holy; and consequently, have an Interest in their Master---- However Barbarous (interrupted *Summer*,) we may think the *Indians*, in Religious Affairs, I am sure, great part of *Christendom* might learn one piece of Polity (if it merit not the Name of Piety) of them; *viz.* To confine the Clergy to Spirituality, and root out that Seed of Ambition in Church-men, which has brought forth to *Europe* so many Crops of Slaughter and Desolation. Whilst the dazling Hope of Preferment (pursu'd *River*) makes 'em, in all Nations, to complement their Interest; and do more than Christ cou'd, in reconciling *God* and *Mammon*: They are all *Origens* then, and so much in love with Temporalities, that Hell it self must be Temporal too. I can't therefore (added *Chappel*,) but admire that wise *Indian* Nation, mention'd by our Traveller, who will not be brib'd by all their bigotted Devoir, (due, perhaps, to Exemplary Piety,) to think it less than unexpiable Sacrilege, for the Clergy to have the least Finger in the least Temporal Affairs, tho' in the Palace of their King. You may turn your Consideration (concluded I) from the Clergy to all of us, and yet find Religion made a Trade: We deal with God like Hucksters in a Market, bidding so much for so much: If God will do this, why then we'll promise Amendment of Life, Acts of Charity, *&c.* as if the necessity of our own Welfare depended not on the Practice of all the Precepts of Religion.

But

‘ But now let's to the Next. What's here, (said ‘ *River*,) a Letter for Retirement, after all his *Progress* ‘ *over the World?* And that very proper too, (answer'd ‘ *Chappel*,) having seen and Experienc'd so great a va- ‘ riety of the Follies and Vices of Mankind: But I'll ‘ read it out, since I'm sure he'll find but few of his ‘ Mind here.

LETTER XI.

For Retirement.

——The happy Honan, *to his dearest Friend: Health of Body and Mind.*

DEmanding of a Learn'd *Arabian*, some Years since, Why he affected Retirement? He answer'd, Because in it he could study to be Good, *Hurry and Noise being no Friends to Contemplation.* He might have added, *Nor to Honesty*: For the securest way to defend our selves from Vice, my Friend, is to flie from it. The Conversation of Mankind is infectious; and he that lives in Business, and Affairs of any Consequence, may indeed, sometimes, be successful, and gain the Prize of *Wealth* and *Honour*, but he can never be *Innocent*; the general Villanies of the World is such, that it puts a Man on a Necessity of sharing in them, if he will not be a Bubble to all Men else.

I have made a long Voyage round the Ocean of Mankind; which is never serene and calm: I have view'd the various Humours, Customs, Manners and Religions of great part of the World, but never cou'd yet discover those Beams of Vertue, that should invite me continually to bask and lye in 'em.

I'll quit it therefore, and retire to some Corner of the World, the most secure from Noise and Ambition; where Nature affords a mean, but easie and wholsome Nourishment; and, where my very distant Neighbours

I'll quit it therefore, and retire to some Corner of the World, the most secure from Noise and Ambition; where Nature affords a mean, but easie and wholsome Nourishment; and, where my very distant Neighbours are not yet corrupted by politer Villany, from their Native Barbarity; of knowing no Laws but those of innate Justice. I tell thee, Friend, in that Divine Retreat, I shall sit aloft; and in the Arms of my *Euthalia*, find Joy and Pleasures enough to fill my Mind: Innocent, and bless'd with Peace and Love, Fate shall find us always ready, tho' not desirous of it.

Your Prophet *Moses* (a Man, indeed, Wise, if not Divine) has given a perfect Draught of Human Happiness, in *Adam* and *Eve*, within the Bounds of one Delicious Garden, Two compos'd it, my Friend; and when the World encreas'd to Four, Envy, Revenge and Murther enter'd, attended with their horrid numerous Train of Vices, which multiply'd with Mankind.

I know thou art a Friend to a tranquil, easie Life, remote from the unruly Billows of the World. The Pleasures, therefore, of Retirement, and the fancy'd Advantages of Converse, be in reality thy Lot; in which always remember thy Friend that values thee. Adieu.

India, 1688. *Your Stile.*

'I am so far from the Opinion of our Traveller, '(said *Chappel*) that I think Society the very Foun-'dation of Nature; since the Love of Communication, 'the Bond and Chain of it, made God create all those 'Myriads of Beings. And 'tis the known Opinion '(assum'd *Brook*) of the best of Philosophers, That 'God has those Moral Qualities they call *Vertues*, 'tho' in a more exalted Manner than Mankind. If 'we will but give our selves the Liberty (pursu'd '*Summer*) to consider Human Nature with a little 'more than ordinary Attention, we shall find it to be 'such, that no one Man is sufficient for his own 'Subsistence, Security and Happiness; but that we 'all stand in need of each other's mutual Assistance. 'Right (continu'd *Temple*) and hence 'tis that those 'mutual Offices arise, that pass reciprocally from 'Man to Man. Of which (assum'd *Grave*) consist 'those Habits of the Mind we call *Vertues*. With-'out these, indeed (continu'd *River*) Life would not

'be

'be Life; for there would be no living, if there were 'no Bond of Charity and Love betwixt Friends, Re-'lations, Country-men and Fellow-Citizens, and be-'twixt all Mankind; if there were no Justice, nor a-'ny of those Vertues that maintain the Union of So-'ciety. True, interrupted *Church*) the very Subsi-'stence and Continuance of that, argues against that 'universal Villany our Traveller casts on Mankind. 'From what you have observ'd (said *Winter*) we 'may gather, That as God, by his Will, has united 'Human Kind by Society, without which it can't 'subsist; so he ordains, That those Vertues be most 'cherish'd and embrac'd by Man, which contri-'bute most to that End; and those Vices most 'avoided, that are most opposite to it. From what 'you have advanc'd, Gentlemen, (said *Fountain*) you 'seem to make Way for the Vertue of Statesmen, 'in spight of the Harangues of the Pulpit, and 'the Poets, against Courts and Politicians; since 'tis 'certain, the chief Care of *Society* passes through 'their Hands. Their Lives, and their Labours, with 'their Pious Endeavours, without Doubt, (conclu-'ded I) if not directed by private By-Ends, are much 'more Meritorious and Sacred, than all the Celebra-'ted Harangues of the Friends of Contemplation.

'But now proceed we to the next.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Of Consolation. *In Answer to one of Sir* John's: *In which he inform'd him of a malicious Process made against him by an Informer.*

Honan *to his disconsolate Friend, Comfort and Deliverance.*

AFter much longing to receive One from thee before I left this Kingdom of *Siam*, I receiv'd yours, sent by the Royal Embassie from *France* to this Court; by which I'm sorry to find, that the Effects of Malice, and the Ills proper to the busie and Ambitious part of Mankind, could find thee out in thy Retirement, and force thee to an Occasion of practising some of that Morality, whose Precepts you so much abound in: But it shews, That the very *Vicinity of Mankind is Dangerous.*

Believe me, Friend, thy *Letter* has given me a near Concern for thee; since I was always of Opinion, That the Tempestuous Ocean was far less dangerous than the Attacks of Villains: Of all which, certainly a profligate Informer is the worst, and most dangerous Creature in any Nation; and therefore, not only banish'd the Empire by the best of the *Roman* Emperors, but also, at this day, driven from all the wiser and more just Courts of *Asia*. But I hope this *Letter* will find these threatning Clouds dispers'd, and the happy Sun-shine of Triumphant Innocence surround thee, and render my Endeavours to comfort thee fruitless, the better way, as coming after the Storm is over, and you safe on Shore.

But, my Friend, why dost thou permit such horrid Scenes of Terror to present themselves before thy Fancy? Methinks 'tis better to take the most pleasant Handle of a dubious Event, at least, to side with Hope.

For

For why ſhould we call in ſupernumerary Ills, and Antedate thoſe Sufferings which we ſhall too ſoon undergo; and by that means deſtroy the Happineſs of the preſent Time, with ſuperfluous Fears of Futurity? I can't perſuade my ſelf, that 'tis any part of Wiſdom, to be miſerable to day, becauſe thou muſt be ſo at one time or other. But I'll conduct thee, by a ſurer Path, to Indifference and Security. Haſt thou a mind to be deliver'd from all Solicitude in this Affair? Imagine the worſt thou fear'ſt, already come to paſs; diſſect the formidable Ill, and lay open to thy view its greateſt Terrors; then thou wilt condemn thy Fear, finding that what, when diſtant, gave thee ſo ſhocking an Apprehenſion, is either little, or of ſmall duration. Death is the Extremity of your Puniſhment. Believe me, Friend, that's not a thing to be ſo much afraid of; ſince it puts us out of a capacity of any more Indignities. Never be diſturb'd therefore at the Threats of thy Enemies; and ſince Innocence is not ſecure againſt the Attempts of Rogues, prepare thy ſelf for the worſt, both as to thy ſuffering, and thy defence againſt it. All thy Enemies can do to thee, is ſmall, if thou can'ſt bear it; or ſhort, if thou can'ſt not. In ſhort, Plunge not thy Mind in this tumultuous Solicitude; ſince thou haſt known before now, That Death, like the Sword of *Damocles*, hangs by a Horſe's Hair over thy Head; and a Million of trivial Accidents may cut that Hair, before the Weight of the Sword break it. Beſides, we die not all at once; Death, like Diſeaſes, grows on us ev'ry Day, ſince 'twas born with us. Each Day we die: For each Day ſome part of our Life is gone; nay, as we increaſe in Stature from our Childhood, Life decreaſes in us; Death firſt robs us of our thoughtleſs Days of Infancy, and then of thoſe of trifling Childhood, and fickle Youth; it ſtill goes on, and never leaves us, till (like one of the *Indian Raſhoutes*) it has rifl'd us of all we have. All our paſt Days are now no more, nay, we even divide this very Day, this very Minute I am writing, with Death; the ravenous Cormorant devours as faſt as Thought.

Thus

Thus having plac'd the worst before your view, you see what a Pigmy 'tis Fear has dress'd up in that Gigantic Form. But, my Friend, better things may happen; and the Villain may perish, where he sought thy ruine. My Mind persages Good to thee; and I have often consider'd thee; and nothing violent attends thy Fate, if my Observations fail me not. However, I wish thee Triumphant over thy Enemies, and Fortunate as well as Good, Adieu.

India, 1688.

'The Pain of Misfortunes are never truly apprehended (said I) but when Experience teaches us: 'The Pangs of Mind which th' unhappy feel, are unknown, and incredible to those that have no *Idea*'s, 'but what Fancy gives 'em, of their Sufferings; the 'height of which they imagine only a bare Privation 'of Pleasure. The Event (pursu'd *Temple*,) shews 'they are Extreme, when nothing but Death can ease 'them, and that only in fancy. *Epicure* (said *Grave*,) 'accuses not only those that fear Death, but those too 'that covet it: For what's more Ridiculous, than to 'have recourse to Death to avoid Death? The truth 'on't is (assum'd *Founta*,) we ought neither to be fond of 'Life, nor yet to hate it. And I think that Saying 'of *Pythagoras* (pursu'd *Winter*) Extremely reasonable, 'That we ought no more than a Sentinel to depart 'from our Post, before we are relieve'd by that Power 'that set us there. Besides, this contempt of Death '(added *Church*,) which the Wretched shew, is the 'effect of Fear, not Courage; for being afraid to 'incur some Pains, some Ignominy, &c. they chuse 'Death, as the lesser Ill and Pain. A Man of Courage, indeed, (continu'd *Brook*,) ought not to flie 'from Danger by the always open retreat of Death; 'but to face the Danger, and part with Life upon the 'Square. Our *Hero*'s, indeed, have not that notionary Honour (said *Summer*) that *Libido Moriendi* mention'd by *Seneca*, of killing themselves like the Old '*Romans*. There are some (assum'd *River*,) that are 'sick of doing and seeing the same things again and 'again; and do not hate Life, but have taken a surfeit of it; Philosophy it self leading us indeed to 'nauseate the wretched Repetitions we Experience. 'Right (conclud'd *Chappel*) too much Thought makes

'*Chappel,*) too much Thought makes it seem superfluous, to run over continually the same things, to Wake, to Sleep, to Eat, to be Angry, &c. there is no end of 'em; but they meet in a wretched Circle; they persue, and are persu'd; Night treads on the heels of Day, and Day on those of Night.

'Come, enough of your Morals, (interrupted I,) and let us proceed to conclude our Traveller's Letters, for this is the last. Prithee read it out (cry'd '*Fountain*) with an audible Voice. 'Tis another Lesson of Morality, (reply'd I) with a Tragical Example to confirm it.

LETTER XIII.

Giving a short Account of the Revolution in Siam.

Honan *to his dearest Friend.*

I Have just time to send thee this very short Account of a very great Revolution in this Kingdom, being just now going to Embark for *China.*

The Greatest, the Best, the Wisest, and the Last of a long Race of Kings, is dead here; but whether fairly by Nature's Hand, or by that of the treacherous *Opra Prichard*, is a Question. His Deportment since the King's Death, would persuade, that he dealt no better with his Master and King, than with his adopted Son; and that he that would cut his way through the Heir's, would not scruple to persue it through the Heart of his Master. He now possesses the Throne of *Siam.* The Foundation of it he has laid in Blood, not Justice: And tho' *Success* may give his Villany the Name of *Vertue*, I'm confident, 'twill be of no long Duration.

The *Barcalon*, Monsieur *Constance*, a faithful Servant to his Master, he has murder'd, in a base and barbarous manner, hanging the Head of the adopted Son

of his King about his Neck, Day and Night, 'till he expir'd in his Tortures. Nor could his Lady escape the Torture and Chains, tho' to no purpose; discovering a Manly Soul in a Beautiful Body, in all her Sufferings. The King's Brothers then fell a Sacrifice to his Ambition, and a Princess of the Blood. No Sex nor Age exempted, any that stood in his way to the Throne. The *Christians*, particularly the *English*, suffer very much in their Goods and Persons.

Bancock and *Morgen*, Two Forts in the Hands of the *French*, he aim'd at, in vain, both by Force and Stratagem, 'till he had agreed to Convey all the *French* in *Siam*, from thence in two Frigats belonging to the *French* Company.

This *Constance*, my Friend, was a *Greek*, and a *Christian*; and from a small Beginning arriv'd to that Magnitude; and deserv'd it too, both for his Ability, Sincerity, and all other Vertues. He was a strange Sport of Fortune, from a shipwreck'd Man, so many Thousand Miles from his own Home, became the Favourite of a Minister of State in *Siam*; and afterward succeeded his Patron in his Place, was the wise Favourite of a wise King: And his Vertue and Wisdom could not secure him from another turn of Fortune; which, with Life, depriv'd him of all the Benefits she had before so strangely heap'd on him. Yet he conquer'd Fortune and Ambition too, in the Noble Resolution he discover'd in the Bravery of his Death.

I flie, my Friend, with my Inestimable Treasure, my *Euthalia*, from this inhospitable Coast; where Usurpation thrives, Honesty has no place. The Great God, that sees the Turmoils of aspiring Mankind, and dashes all their Hopes with the destroying Thunder of his Will, preserve thee Innocent and Low, whil'st he punishes the Ambitious with a speedy Ruin. Adieu.

Siam, 1689.

'For my part, (said *Chappel*,) I have as much to wish 'for as another; nor perhaps do I guard my Desires 'with more Discretion and Wisdom; yet I never cou'd 'wish for Empire, Command, and those Pinnacles of 'Fate. I'm of your Mind (pursu'd *Grave*,) my Aim's 'not that way. Nor mine, (added *Fountain*,) for I 'love my self too well. All my Ambition (continu'd '*Winter*) is, to encrease my Knowledge, my Health, 'and my Pleasure, without one Thought of Autho-'rity. Right, (assum'd *Church*,) this awful Authority

and

'and Command over Fools and Knaves, is a thing that 'is too dazling for the Eye of my Desire to fix on. 'Mediocrity, indeed, (said *Brook*,) fits me best, as to 'my Fortune and Humour. I have the *Res non parta* '*labore, sed relicta*, of *Martial*; and if I can keep it 'but as I found it, I shall never be sollicitous of en-'creasing it. I admire the Choice of *Otanes*, (pursu'd '*Summer*,) who, tho' One of the Seven lawful Pre-'tenders to the Crown of *Persia*, chose to surrender all 'his Pretensions to the Crown, to his Competitors, 'on Condition, That he and his whole Family should 'live in that Empire, without any Subjection to any 'Man in it, except the Ancient Laws of it, in a full 'Possession of Liberty. A wise Choice, in my mind, '(added *River*,) for the greatest Prince has not only 'the most difficult Task, (nothing being more hard, 'than with general Applause to act the King,) but is 'also a Slave to a thousand Formalities of the Great 'Ones, as well as subject to the testy and fickle People. 'Honours, indeed, to an unconsidering view, (conti-'nu'd *Chappel*,) are dazling, and bewitching. But to 'a nice Considerer, (concluded I,) fill'd with Dangers, 'Anxiety and Cares, setting us for a common Mark of 'Envy and Fortune.

'We were just proceeding to another *Pacquet*, when 'one of *Summer's* Men came to him, to call him away 'to three or four Gentlemen, that were come to call 'on him to go a Coursing that Morning, it being now 'betwixt Six and Seven a Clock. He left us, promi-'sing to put them off with some excuse or other. After 'he was gone, an Under-Gardner made two or three 'pretended Excuses, to look for some of his Garden-'ing Implements; but we found, soon afterwards, that 'it was to another Intent. We drank two or three 'Glasses about; and *Summer* staying something long, 'placing our things in good order, we took a Walk 'into the Garden, to breath a-while; Where we Ob-'serv'd this same Gardener ey'd us very much; but 'we took little Notice of it at that time. In about 'an Hour's time, *Summer* came to us, and so we re-'turn'd to our Business.

LETTER I.

Being an Account of the Fractions and Parties now in England; *and what Use may be made of them, for the Interest and Advantage of the* French *Monarch, if they can be but kept up.*

Directed to Monsieur AMELET *at* Paris.

SIR,

I Must desire you my dear Friend, to communicate this Letter as usual, to Monsieur ——— and you will discharge that Duty, which I know you are very scrupulous of. Since it has been my Misfortune to be here a Prisoner, and so depriv'd of serving my Master in the Field, I have not spent my time in idle Amusements, to drown the Thoughts of my Captivity: No, I have turn'd my Invention, to find out some Means to be serviceable to my Master, even while I can be thought incapable of serving my self. I am sensible, that I have not a few Enemies in the Court, who will make use of my unhappy Chance to compleat my Disgrace, and render me as guilty as unfortunate. I know that M. *Allegre*, was one who did plentifully bestow his Raillery on the fatal day of *Blenheim*, and yet under greater Advantages, he now finds himself in the same State of Capacity with me. But I shall not rejoyce in his Misfortune tho'it be too Natural, because my Master's Service suffers by it; I shall only think how I may retrieve, what I cou'd not prevent. I am now in Captivity (if I may call my Liberty so) in a Country, which is the most Terrible of the Enemies of my Royal Master, and if my Discoveries here, may at all contribute to cutting him off from the Confederacy, or destroying them;

them in their own Follies. I hope I shall show my Zeal for his Service, and that my Will was never deficient, tho' my Power was.

To State this Matter right; I must give you an Account of the present Condition of this Nation, as to those Fractions and Parties, which at present divide it with Animosities and Heats; which being improved by a dextrous Management, may be of infinite service to my Master's Affairs.

It wou'd be too long to run to the Head of these Feuds; the History of *England* is too well known to you, who have resided here with Mon. *Barillian*, to need such an Enquiry. And the Use our Ministers have more than once made of these Divisions, shou'd be Motives sufficient to continue his Majesty in an Expence, which will turn so much to his Account. It is very true, that the Sagacious Men of this Country plainly see, that the present Disputes had their Rise from our Councils, and from Men who are entirely in our Interest; but then you must consider, that there are many, who are so blinded by the artful Cry we have rais'd of the *Churches Danger*, that they never examine into either the Rise, or the Consequences of their Zeal; which has made them throw aside all Considerations of the Security of the present Establishment of the State against real Dangers, to fortifie their *Church* with imaginary Defences against imaginary Dangers. This I tell you, to shew you what we may hope from Persons thus disposed, to swallow crudely whatever is offer'd by the leading Men of our Party. These are the most valuable Instruments we can work by, because many of them are Men of considerable Estates, and some of them known to be Men of good Parts in any other thing, which has no Relation to the *Church*, but when you mention that, all Moderation and Temper Vanish, without which no true Judgment of any thing can be made. It is a sort of Madness, which destroys all Reflection in those Men who on all other Heads wou'd deceive a Man into an Opinion, that their Brains was not at all touch'd.

There are another sort of Men, who as their Fortunes are something precarious, depend upon my Master's Liberality, and those are so far in, that they dare not recede, and an Habitual Corruption has made it familiar, and these shall always Laugh at Liberty and Property, and ridicule these Principles as Republican Schemes, and destructive of the Monarchy, on which very Principles their present Government stands, these

Men will never be false to *France*, since they have no way to hope. For things answerable to their desires, unless the Curb of Law were remov'd from the Prince, and an uncontroulable Power put into his Hands, by giving Sanction to which, they perswade themselves, they must succeed as being Necessary to preserve a Power they gave him.

There are yet another sort whom meer Pride and Resentment, make our Friends and some of the most active, and leading of these are the most distinguish'd by Pride and Insolence of any this Nation affords. Insupportable in Place, and always turbulent when out, they seldom are long endur'd in any Post, and therefore we have little fear of loosing them, they are always by their Natural Bent against that Government they have no share in, and let what Ministry will come, it is impossible to continue them long in. This adds Revenge to their Pride, and thus without any Expence to my Master, is a Volunteer in his Service.

There are yet another sort, who are professedly our Friends, held either by a principle of Loyalty to King *James* III. Or, who pretend that Principle, and these are either Clergy or Layety, those whose seeming sufferings for Conscience gives them a great Influence on many, who are perswaded of their Honesty, and have an Opinion of their Understanding, and so take what ever they say, or write with a very partial consideration, and others, who tho' absolute *Jacobites* in their Principle, comply with the conditions of the present Government, to have a Power and Vote to undermine it. These latter would seem the more able to serve us, did not Experience convince us, that the former, notwithstanding their known detestation of the present Establishment pass on the *English*, for Defenders of their Church and State which they refuse to comply with, and so spread those Principles by their Writing, which only can do our Business. These Gentlemen have published many bold Freeks on this head in the Face of the Magistrates; and by weekly Papers keep up the cause in spight of all its Enemies. I know you will be surpriz'd at this part of my Letter, but let this appear never so strange to you in *France*, it is here matter of Fact, and it is a great assurance of the Destruction of my Master's Enemies, since *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat prius*; this Madness and Infatuation is an Argument that Providence devotes them to our Swords.

These

These are the Engines of our great Designs, and they have got such a Head, that I see no great Reason to fear an ill Catastrophe of such well-laid Projects. There is a Mortal Hatred fixt betwixt the Parties, those of our side either in Reality or Circumstantialy; will hear nor read any Thing against us, and many of the Contrary Party, who give themselves the Liberty of Reading all things, are made Proselites by the Plausibility of our Reasons. It was an old Maxim of *Cicero's*, *Nil tam difficile tamque absurdum quod non dicendo fiat probabile*; and the Excellent Sophistry and Address of our Writers, is never enough to be admir'd, who have been able to impose the greatest Absurdities, and the most Notorious Falshoods as Reason and Matter of Fact.

There remains nothing more for our Politicians, to do, but to supply Money enough to keep our Friends in Heart, and to corrupt our Enemies. For the Encrease of whose Divisions, nothing shall be omitted by

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Tallard.

'This is indeed a Discovery (said *Brook.*) But 'such a Discovery (continu'd *River*) that all Wise 'Men saw before. True (pursu'd *Winter*) for the 'Enemies of the Government are so fair to throw 'off all Disguise. For *all Disguises* (added *Summer*) '*are below the Great.* I am not at all surpriz'd (said '*Grave*) that Monsieur *Tallard* shou'd think our Matter of Fact scarce credible to any Foreigner of 'Common Sense. For what fair Stander-by (pursu'd '*Fountain*) cou'd but laugh to see our Credulous Coxcombs caressing the Hirelings of *France*, palming 'their Zeal for Tyranny on us, for Zeal for the 'Church and State; Or, believe the Clamour they 'make (said *Chappel*) about *Forty One* against the '*Dissenters* and *Low Church*, as their Intentions against 'a Government, that stands on the Bottom which 'caus'd that Civil War. And not see (*continu'd I*) 'that these Principles can never hurt our Establishment, when the *Jure Divino* Maxims must destroy 'it. Or, (concluded *Church*) suppose, That because

‘ the *Liberty* and *Property-Men* call'd *Charles* I. to an ‘ Account, and oppos'd his Force with Force for ‘ Oppressing the People, and Over-turning the Laws ‘ (for I think, there's a great Deal of Difference ‘ betwixt *Forty One and Forty Eight*) shou'd render ‘ what they always contend for precarious, by assaulting a Government that stands on their own Foundation, and in the Administration has always express'd a peculiar Care of the Publick Liberties and ‘ Laws, and refus'd a Prerogative offer'd by the Representatives of the People, who were chose to ‘ secure the Liberty of the Represented.

LETTER XIV.

Shewing the Abuses of the Admiralty. It was directed to Lieutenant OLDFIGHT, *at* Manchester *in* Lancashire.

Honest Lieutenant,

I Received yours of the first of *August*, with your desire of an Account of the Progress of your Half-Pay Affair, and of the present Transactions of the Admiralty, and in compliance with your Request I shall be very full in my Narrative, not doubting but your Desire of a Knowledge of these Particulars will excuse the Prolixity of my Letter, tho' I will make it as short as I am able.

If I were a Man that valu'd my Interest, I should abundantly curse these Gentlemen, that drew me from the Pleasure of Contemplation to launch me into Action, and Business, which is naturally my Aversion. It may very well be said, what have the Muses to do with K——— and Fools, but my desire to serve my Country, in that part which relates to its Security the Navy, was much a greater Motive to Engage me, than any Profit I could expect from my Negotiation, since I could in my Chamber without Attendance and Dependance, have

got more Mony, than I cou'd hope from you, Gentlemen, concern'd in this Affair. I confess it, cou'd I have foreseen that this Business would have Oblig'd me to so long an Attendance on the Admiralty, I should scarce have had Courage enough to have undertaken it. But I could not imagine, that what was dispatch'd every time it came before the Council (who have the Affairs of all Christendom before them) the very minute it came before them should meet with such needless and ridiculous Delays at a Board, whose Business it was to take Care of the Naval Affairs, and do the Prince and Nation Justice, by the Encouragement of those Men, on whose Reward and Subsistance the Safety and Honour of that Prince and Country depended. But so it was tho' contrary to all Justice, Reason and Policy, and this Affair has now depended near twelve Months, which might have been ended in a Fortnight at fartheft, in spight of all the pretended Multiplicity of Business of that Board, which seems in a Conspiracy, by the Management with the greatest Enemies of the Government. Tyr'd some Months since with Attendance, I was something provok'd, and had Thoughts of exercising my natural Faculty in necessary *Satyr*, but attending one Day, I was resolv'd to try a fair Thing first, and sent the following Letter unto the Secretary, which I wrote in his Room.

Sir, having long Solicited in vain in Prose, while I wait here the Opportunity of speaking with you I have made a short Essay at Solliciting in Verse, the Way is new, but how successful it will be, the Event will only show.

Wind bound at Aulis *while the* Grecians *wait,*
They owe their stay to fierce Diana's *hate.*
A Virgin offer'd does their Rage appease,
And gives the Fleet their long desired Release.
Winds fill there Sails, they reach the Trojan *shore,*
And past delays exalt their Joys the more.
The Grecian *curse has been our* Odious *Fate,*
Long we have waited, and we still do wait,
But know not by what God, or Goddess hate.
Oh! *that we knew what would their Rage appease,*
And give us our so long desired release.
(Tho' Virgin's *Victims would be hard to find,)*
Yet bright Libations to their Names should flow,
And every Bowl of Diapente *show,*
That we wou'd pay what we desire to owe.

I know not whether the worthy Gentleman, to whom it was directed, thought something more severe might follow upon a farther delay, which, indeed, I was preparing, but the next time I saw him, he told me, my Business was done, and I had their last Report, which produc'd the Queen's Order for the Pay, which has since lain five or six months dormant on the Board without any step made in it, till I stir'd again, and made what Interest I could to the other Secretary, and now they have taken that method of delay, which they might have prevented only by consulting their own Books, and those of the Navy Board. But this Conduct is of a piece with the whole Management of the Affair. You know the Method of this Board, is not to be very fond of doing speedy Justice to some, or to prefer Men according to the Value, or Continuance of their Service; but without Regard to Seniority, to put whom they please over other Gentlemens heads of the longest standing, without any Complaint of Want of Courage or Obedience in their Posts, which occasion'd several Men of Spirit to refuse to accept of Commissions to go under Boys, or such as themselves had commanded, but had by a Partiality, destructive of the Service of our Country, been preferr'd to the Command of those Ships, which were their Due in Reason and Justice. This Refusal had provok'd the Pride of those, who had too great an Influence on the Board, who declar'd they wou'll find a Time of punishing their Impudence, who contested their Will and Pleasure. And now the Time was come, so in their first Report, after they had confess'd all the Allegations of the Lieutenants Petition true; they put in a Clause, that all, who had refus'd, or shou'd hereafter refuse any Commission they thought fit to give them, shou'd be excludd from Half-pay; by this, not only to punish those, who had insisted on their Right, but to terrify all others from daring ever to controvert their Arbitrary Power. 'Tis true in many, whom they put over other Mens Heads they pleaded Her Majesty's Order, yet to show that to be but a meer Pretence for their own Ends, when a certain Lieutenant whom you know very well, had the Order of both the Queen and Prince, he has hitherto been deny'd a Ship, and forc'd to fruitless Attendance ever since. Nothing, I may say, without any Rashness, has contributed more to the Loss of our Shipping, than this Method; when Boys (whom the Law allows not to be Masters of themselves) have had the Commands of Men of War given them by those, who ought to do otherwise, as having risen by those Degrees to that High

Post,

Poſt, which ought to be the Steps for all others. Theſe and ſeveral other Miſmanagements, occaſion'd my Writing the following Memorial to the Right Honourable the Lord *H——m*, Eminent for his Zeal to his Country, aud has particular Care of that Part of it, which relates to the Navy, the true Walls of our Nation.

My LORD,

THat Publick Spirit and Noble Zeal for the Welfare of your Country, which ſhines through all your Actions, and endears your Lordſhip to all true *Engliſh-men*, gives me the Comfort of approaching your Lordſhip, with a Confidence of Succeſs proportion'd to your Lordſhip's Character, and the Juſtice of the Cauſe I defend. Where the Service and Intereſt of the Nation is concern'd, your paſt Actions ſecure us of your Patronage, and where our Cauſe is the Cauſe of the Public, we are not afraid of our Oppreſſors, when we ſpeak before your Lordſhip, our only Refuge againſt them.

To ſhow, that we preſume not to interrupt your Lordſhip's Affairs, with any Matters meerly private, the Caſe of the preſent old Lientenants of the *Engliſh* Fleet, which we now offer, reaches all thoſe who are to come into the Service, who do, and muſt under the preſent Circumſtances of the Admiralty, ſuffer by Grievances, extreamly diſcouraging and unjuſt, as your Lordſhip will ſee, by conſidering their following Caſe.

The Admirable Addreſs of the Houſe of Lords, mentions very juſtly the Laying aſide Officers, not only without any Conſideration for their paſt Services, but alſo without any Cauſe, or Complaint: But, my Lord, this is not ſo Remarkable, nor ſo Common among the Officers of Higher Poſts, as among the Lieutenants, of whom there are at leaſt forty, who can bring ſufficient Proof and Certificates of their Abilities, Fidelity, Courage, and long, and faithful Services in that Poſt, over whoſe Heads, the Admiralty have unjuſtly put near one Hundred over ſome, and at leaſt fifty over others, without the leaſt Shadow of a Pretence of any Fault in them, or Want of Certificates of their

Beha-

Behaviour, on the one part; or any particular, and more signal Merit on the other, but purely as they cou'd make Interest by their Friend, or Money, without the least Regard to Service or Security. So that those, who had so often ventur'd their Lives for, and spent so much of their Time in the Service of their Country, were left without any Employment, or Provision for themselves or Families. For the surest way to suffer much from the Admiralty, is to deserve much, while some have found the Loss of one Ship, the surest way to obtain another.

But that which is yet a greater Hardship on the Lieutenants, as well as a more fatal Disservice to the Nation, is, that these who are put over their Heads are not experienc'd Officers, but raw, young Fellows, scarce of Age to be the youngest Lieutenants, much less Captains; and who know not the Star-board from the Lar-board; some of these Captains with their Lieutenants, making not forty Years betwixt them, and whose violent and inconsiderate Pride, or Rigour with the Sea-men, makes them weary of, and so adverse to her Majesties Service, that the difficulty is greater than is commonly known of making their Complements, while these old Officers, who have Judgment and Prudence from the long Knowledge of these, and the Temper of the Men, are able to man their Ships by their Characters among the Sailers, no Man of common Prudence would Trust 20000 *l.* with a Boy of Eighteen Years of Age. How much less in Prudence, ought he to be trusted with a Man of War of three times that Value, besides the ill Consequence of the Loss of the Nation, and the Advantage to the Enemies Maritine Affairs must be in a desperate Condition, when those whom the Law allowes not the Government of themselves have the Government of others, and the Fate and Disposal of our Men of War in their hands.

Nor is this yet the greatest Hardship they groan under, for their being deny'd Ships tho' their due, is an Injustice that others (to the shame of the *English* Admiralty be it spoken) may have put upon them in whose hands that Aministration may have been. But these Gentlemen, out of their singular Ambition of out doing all that went before them, Exerted their Power in a very Extraordinary manner: For when the Town Fleets were to be fitted out, and the Old Lieutenants who had Serv'd some fifteen Years, some more, and some less, but few under Ten in that Post

might

might at least hope to come into as good Stations as they had been in before, they were all unanimously Excluded, and these Lieutenants only summoned and provided for, who were made so since, 1699. By this means to make our Ships of War, have ev'n less Security than they might have had, if the Old Lieutenants had been aboard, where Young Captains Commanded to prevent any ill Effect of their want of Experience or Conduct; thus wholly, or at least in great part, putting the Navy in the Hands of Men of equal Judgment and Understanding.

Strugling under all these Hardships and Discouragements, and wearied out by repeated Injuries, some quitted the Service of the Merchants, others by the Example of the Captains who had got Half-Pay, were in hopes to retreat to that wretched Subsistence, after all their Labours. And for the future, to avoid these perpetual Indignities which were offered them, by applying themselves no more to that Board, where they cou'd hope for no Justice. The Queen on their Petition with her usual Goodness and Justice allow'd, with the utmost Dispatch, the Prayer of their Petition, which was yet always Extravagantly delay'd at the Admiralty. And by these Delays, the Board (disgusted we suppose at our Success, and envying these poor Gentlemen this miserable Reserve, after their Health and Blood spent for the Public) offer'd Commissions to the *West-Indies*, to several of the Old Lieutenants and Under-men, they had Commanded; on whose Refusal they made a Report, that the Allegations of the Lieutenant's Petition for Half-pay, were just, and that it was the Prince's Opinion, that they ought to be provided for by Half-pay, with this Circumscription, that none but Old Officers, who had Commissions before the Commencement of the Peace shou'd have the Benefit of it; and for fear this shou'd not cut off enough, it was added, That of those all should be excluded, who had, or shou'd refuse any Commissions offer'd by the Board, *&c.* After which not to be confin'd by their own Report, and to cut off yet more from her Majesty's Bounty, they propos'd to five or six of the Old Officers, to go as Volunteers to the *West-Indies*, so to begin again after they had serv'd two Apprentiships at Sea with their Sovereign's Commissions. While they had put all the Young Lieutenants into the Home Fleet. This was, I think, plainly rewarding the long, faithful and painful Services of these Gentlemen, as the *Old-Baily* does Felons;

for

for it was no better than Transportation, and that for no other Crime, than that they had been a great While in the Service without any Advancement, and without calling those to an Account, who had injur'd them, Or, perhaps, it was to remove those from their Sight, whose Presence daily upbraided them with Injuries, and inhumane Injustice while alive. But to show, that this is no unreasonable Supposition, your Lordship must understand, that Ad——l *C——l* having put the Question, *What they shou'd do with the Old Officers?* He immediately without waiting a Reply subjoin'd, —— *I think we had best send them to the* West-Indies. Which Generous and Noble, as well as just Proposition, was approv'd of by the others, who always submit to his Determination. No sooner resolv'd, but propos'd, as is said before, and refus'd; which Refusal, was look'd on as an Exclusion from the Half-Pay to their own Report, confines that Forfeiture to the Refusal of a Commission. Now to go a Voluntier, and to go in Commission in the Sense of all People, but the Admiralty Board, are two different Things, but I know not, but these Gentlemen, who trample all Justice under Feet, may likewise do the same by common Sense. But this Conduct is the more unpardonable in Mr. *C——l*, because he in Resentment of Admiral *Aylmer*'s being put over his Head, keeps him out of Post now, tho' known to be one of our best Sea-Officers; yet as high as his Resentment rises, for his own past Injuries, he has, and daily does, the same Injustice to all the old Officers, at which he is so offended for being offer'd to himself.

My Lord, this is great Part of the Case of the Lieutenants, the Consequence of which, extends beyond the Gentlemen, who at present suffer under the Grievance. Good Pay, strict Discipline, and just Promotion is the Life of War, and where these are wanting (as they are both in our Army and Fleet) the Soldier and Saylor fight not with that Spirit, nor that Fidelity, as when he knows, that he may one day expect to exalt himself to the foremost Posts of Land or Sea-Service, by his Bravery, Honour, and Perseverance; and not always fight and venture his Life, and Limbs for the narrow Consideration of a very little Pay.

But the Safety of the *English* Nation depending more immediately on the Sea, than that of any other Country, which is not an Island, our Fleets ought to be our chiefest Care, and the doing Justice and giving Encouragement to the Saylors and Officers, is our inviolable

violable Duty; for our Fleet is the *Medium* of our Security and Wealth, protecting our Coast and Commerce, and in the first our Happiness, in the last our Power. For without Security there can be no *Happiness*, and without Wealth no *Power*.

The Decay of our Trade in several Branches, and the Supplies of Money, which the Enemy have drawn from the West-*Indies*, is plainly by our Fault, and the dreadful Effects of our evil Management in our Naval Affairs; which must continue in this miserable Condition if not grow worse, whilst any *One* Man has the Arbitrary Disposal of the Commands, and Stations of our Ships, and that *one Man* either understands not, or sacrifices the publick Security to private Considerations of Gain, Revenge, Favour, or the like, without being liable to any Forfeitures, and subject to any Law for Mismanagement: For what Satisfaction is it to the Nation, to have a Man only lose his Place, when by that very Forfeiture of his Place he has got enough to enjoy the Benefit of his *Guilt*. The supreme Executive Power of this Kingdom, is not exempt from the *Limitations* of known Laws, provided for the Good and Security of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, and shall it then be thought reasonable, that the subordinate Officers, which derive their Existence and Power from this supreme, shou'd have an Arbitrary Disposal of all things, and an unaccountable Administration of the Naval Affairs, on which the only Security (I may say almost) of these great Benefits of Humane Society, *Liberty and Property*, and their Defence the Laws entirely depends. For all our wholsom Laws for our Security, wou'd be very precarious if we lay open to the Insults, and Invasions of any foreign, and powerful Enemy.

We have great and domestick Instances of this, in the Times of our Forefathers the *Saxons*, whose neglect of Shipping, expos'd them to the Invasions of the *Danes* for near two hundred years, till *Alfred* the greatest King we ever had (before the *Norman* Race at least, if any after cou'd make an Exception) having driven them after six and forty Battels, at least, in the Heart of his Dominions, out of *England*, began to build Ships, and encrease his Fleet to hinder their Return, which *Edgar* took care to advance in Number and Force, sufficient to divide into four Squadrons, which had continually their Stations about the Island, and so was secure all his Life-time, because prepared to receive them. But his wretched Successors neglecting the

Fleet,

Fleet, and discouraging the Service, expos'd this Nation to fresh Insults, 'till the *Danes* in *Canutus* became Masters of it. And the Petty State of *Normandy* in spight of *England*, brought over the *French* and *Norman* Hosts on our Land.

Now we may probably suppose, that our Fleet after *Edgar* was not all at once Neglected, or left to rot in the Harbours, but manag'd with the Justice of our present Admiralty, and trusted to young, raw, unexperienc'd Officers, while the Old were thrown aside; till the Service grew too odious for Men of Spirit to enter, and none but mean and slavish Tempers, who wou'd be us'd like slaves took their Places, and lost the Navy to the Enemy by degrees (as we have seen some of our Captains do) 'till the Nation was left open, and expos'd to the more Prudent and Politic Invader; which gave him the Dominion of the Countrey, and left the Natives to that slavery to a Foreigner, which they had by Laws sufficient Security against in their own Princes.

I hope this will never be our Case again, at least while we have such noble Patriots in being as your Lordship, and the Generality of the House of Lords; who have made themselves belov'd by all true *Englishmen*, for the Care they have shown of our Navy, and their Watchfulness over the Miscarriages of the Officers of the Fleet, than which, there neither is, nor can be any thing more for the Nations Good, nor by Consequence more popular. *France*, who's Defence depends more on the Continent, than the Sea, and who therefore, shou'd have more Regard to Land, than Naval Army, gives yet much more Encouragement to the latter, both Officers and Seamen; than we, whose Liberty and Happiness, not to say, Subsistance depends on those Encouragements. The *French* Captains, Lieutenants, and Ensigns, have whole Pay all their Lives, which yet is not very Expensive to the Government, because their Number is not so great, and this Advantage arises from it, that they are not so easily and without Cause laid aside as here; and this is the Method in *Denmark* and *Holland*; nor is any Man put over another's Head, but all prefer'd by *Seniority*, if superiour Merit, or Complaint do not intervene to break the Common Order. This is a vast Encouragement to the Service, when a Man is sure to be not only handsomly provided for, as long as he behaves himself bravely, but also, that by serving long

and

and well, he has fair Prospect of arriving at the Noblest Commands which the Sea affords.

On the contrary, in our Management the Navy has been abus'd in all its Parts; not only in the Victualing, Pay, and various other Grievances, which reach the common Saylors as well as Officers; but also particularly in the Officers (the present point to be consider'd, and on which the other much depends) as I have made appear, and which your Lordships by more than one Address have shown to be your Judgments.

After those Noble Efforts made by your Right Honourable House for our Safety in this particular, give me leave, my Lord, to presume to offer the only Remedy, that remains to save our Trade and our Fleet, to preserve, or rather retrieve our Security, Happiness and Power; Addresses are too weak a Remedy, and have hitherto prov'd too ineffectual, the Persons complain'd of all possess their Posts, and laugh at the Attempts of that August Body, which had not Force enough to displace them. So that the Evils will soon grow too fatal, if more efficacious Means are not us'd to prevent it.

There is but one way to restore our Fleet to a flourishing Condition, which is to pass an Act, that a Committee of Lords and Commons (like the Committee of *Reliquis* &c.) be perpetually sitting, to hear the Grievances of Appeals from the Admiralty, and all Proposals that may be made for the Benefit of the Fleet: That one or two Sollicitors be appointed to represent the Officers and common Seamen at certain Salaries, that they may do the Business *Gratis* to the Sailors; and that if they were prov'd guilty of Neglect, to lose their Places, if not undergo some ignominious Punishment. Thus the Care of the Nation's Safeguard wou'd come under the immediate View of many learned and wise Heads, whose Interest is join'd with, and indeed inseparable from the publick Security. Whereas now it is directed by a few, who are not the most remarkable for their Understanding, nor very unsuspected in their Honesty, aiming only at private Gain, and particular Favour, or Pique, without considering that all they get falls to the Ground with the Publick. 'Tis certain, that common Prudence wou'd oblige us to make the Service so engaging, that the Bravest and the most Knowing shou'd strive to be in it; and so that that Scandal to our *English* boasted Liberty and Property, *Pressing*, might never be so standing a Reproach to us, by the silly Defenders of *Slavery*, which I con'd easily

propose Methods of doing, if it were before such a Committee; but while they are to be Judges of Affairs, whose Guilt must corrupt, and Ignorance byass them, it wou'd be to no Purpose to attempt it.

But I have let my Zeal transport me to a prolixity which nothing cou'd excuse but your Lordships Love to the Publick, which will never suffer you to repent your Time spent in having what may in the least contribute to the Service of your Country; which Consideration will save all farther Apology from, my Lord,

Your Lordships most humble Servant.

This Account has been so long, that I must here break off and send you the rest by the next Post, only adding that I am your faithful Friend

C. G.

'This Letter (said *Brook*) gives us but a melancholy 'Prospect of our Sea Affairs, without whose Prospe-'rity (pursu'd *Church*) all our Advantages on Shoar 'will be of little Use. The Writer of this Letter (said I) 'has said so much on this Matter, that I have no great 'occasion of making any Remark —— One I must 'make (interupted *Summer*) and that is, that the *French* 'have not lost one of their Ships of War to us without 'fighting bravely, true (continu'd *Chappel*) but we 'many, and the Officers never punished; or try'd '(pursu'd *Winter*) but by a Court Martial of Sea Offi-'cers; who are very tender (assum'd *River*) of the 'Lives of their Brother Officers; especially (added '*Fountain*) if any of the same Temper sit on the Bench. 'There is no way of putting an End (concluded *Grave*) 'to this Scandal of the *English* Name, which scarce any 'Age, since we had a Fleet, cou'd show such shameful In-'stances of, as this) but by doing, as in *France*, *hang* 'well and *pay* well.

'What have we here (said *Fountain*) taking up a 'Packet of some Bulk? *Law* or *Love*, (reply'd *River*) 'my Life on't. That we shall soon discover (said I) 'and broke up the Cover, in which were these Words.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

'Twas Directed to Mrs. BROADHURST, *at Mr.* Bevills, *in* Red-Lion-ſtreet, London.

ACcording to your Commands, I have ſent you all thoſe Letters I had of yours, tho' I wou'd have you believe, that I part with a Jewel, dear to me, ſince it ſprung from your Brain. But my Heart keeps your Image, which you cannot command away while I am,

Your Faithful Servant,

Strephon.

'So much for the Cover (ſaid *Winter*) let us now 'hear this Female Wit ſpeak for her ſelf. Now for 'falſe Spelling and falſe Engliſh in Abundance (ſaid '*Grave*) but prithee throw the Pacquet aſide, as 'Trifles not worth reading, I wa'nt ſome more Sa-'tyr or Scandal. Nay, prithee *Grave* (ſaid *Chappel*) 'ben't ſo ſevere on the Ladies, unleſs you'd have us 'conclude, that they have us'd you very ill. Beſides '(ſaid *Brook*) you'll find none of thoſe Defects in 'this Pacquet, if they are all like this before me. 'It will be ſome Diverſion too, after thoſe ſerious 'Letters we are juſt paſt.

LETTER XVI.

Being a Letter of Love and Gallantry, it was directed to the Honourable C. Gr. Esq; *to be left at the* Cocoa-*House in the* Pallmall.

I Am sorry, Sir, that I shou'd be any way the Occasion of your Uneasiness; yet in this it is mingled with so much Kindness, that I cannot but be pleas'd with it: But then, I assure you, I bear part with you in it, for the Disappointment cou'd not but be extreamly disagreeable to me, when at the same time you cou'd find no other Opportunity of making me Amends, by the Enjoyment of your Company before I leave the Town, which will be next Week. But *Business* must be done, especially *Publick Business*, for I do not take you for a *Mark Anthony* to lose any part of your World for *Love*. There's no *Woman* but wou'd be fond of *Cleopatra*'s Power to banish all other Passions but that for her self, but there is no *Man* now adays, that thinks Love of that Importance to quit the least Trifle for it. There is perhaps no greater Argument of the Degeneracy of the Age, than the Neglect it shews, and the mean Relish it has of the Noblest Passion of Love, while those that are the most servile and sordid, are every where indulg'd.

Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
The only Refuge Innocence can find,

is made a Trade by one Sex, and a meer Diversion by the Other, so that only the sincere suffer for the agreeable Folly. Now a curse on these Factions and Parties, which fills your Heads so full of Noise and Tumult, that Love can get no Admittance to your Hearts. I can conceive no Idea of a Man's Circumstances, that allow him not a Minute's Recess, to unbend his Mind from the rugged Pursuits of Ambition and Avarice. However your Affairs stand

I muſt pity you, firſt becauſe you ſeem to require it, and next, becauſe you ſeem to have no reliſh of what only can render Life agreeable. In *all the Toyls of the Ambitious*, and the *Miſer*, future Things are all their Aim, Things that may never happen; but the Lover wiſely leaves *Futurity* to Providence, and employs his preſent Time for his preſent Satisfaction. But I preach to the Winds; I ſee too plainly by yours, that your Excuſes are but a cruel deſire, that I wou'd neither think of, or trouble you any more. Not to encreaſe therefore your Averſion by the length of this, I ſhall defer what I have more to ſay to my next, and here conclude, that I am your humble Servant,

E. Broadburſt.

'Well, Gentlemen (ſaid *Brook*) what think you of 'our Female Wit now? For my part (anſwer'd *Grave*) 'I ſhall ſuſpend my thoughts of her till I hear more. 'I ſhall ſay this (continu'd *Church*) that ſhe has ſome 'Wit, but more Love in her Conſtitution, if I am not 'deceiv'd by this Letter. Women often fancy (ſaid '*Fountain*) that they are in Love, when it is only an 'odd fantaſque of Humour. And if they perſevere '(purſu'd *River*) it is either out of Obſtinacy, or Ma'lice, to plague you, where you are as weary of 'them, as they of you. Pray Gentlemen, give a Man 'leave (interrupted I) to ſay a Word in Behalf of the 'Ladys. I believe there is as much Sincerity, and 'more Zeal, in the Women's Love, where it is real, 'than in the Men's. That's true (aſſum'd *Summer*) 'where it is real, but there lies all the Difficulty. 'Why faith (added *Chappel*) let us have leſs ill Humour, 'fewer Follys, and more Love, and I ſincerely believe 'it will be no ſuch hard matter to find. I think *Chap*'*pel* has decided it right (concluded *Winter*) if we had 'more Vertue, and more Honour, 'tis reaſonable to 'think the Fair wou'd be ſomething improv'd by 'them.

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

I Had not been silent so long, but that I expected you would have writ about the Favour you desir'd of *D*———. who only waited your Instructions about it. But I find, because you wou'd deprive me of the Satisfaction of hearing from you, you chose rather to be depriv'd of your own Desire. And is this *to be all over mine!* No, no, that was but a Complement without any Foundation; a Compliance of good Humour, without any Dictates of the Heart. Yet I will not complain of it, let the Cause be what it will, the Effect was wonderfully agreeable, to the last Degree transporting. ——— Yes, if the kind Profession came not from a sincere Passion, yet it was a Proof, that I was not indifferent to you, since you wou'd think me worth the deceiving. Oh! let me be still deceiv'd! Let me never be so unfortunately wise to discover the pleasing Error! but remain ever satisfy'd with the most Charming Credulity in the World. For it defends me from the greatest Pain, and gives me the greatest Pleasure. But, perhaps, you are weary of the good natur'd *Falshood*, and can no longer dissemble, tho' my Happiness depends on it. Is it so hard for a Man to dissemble? or, can he only do it, where his Hopes are fed with either Pleasure or Profit? And will he (as soon as it becomes Generous) quit his Vice, and fly almost from his very Nature! Cast not off the Charming Fault, because it grows agreeable to me: — Be a *Man* still, disguise your Sentiments in Civil Remembrances at least! Let not *Aversion* be stronger than *Love*, since this can never divest a Man of all his Reserves, or lay his Bosom open, and naked to the very Eye he loves, and fears. *Hate* only can unlock that Cabinet, that only throws off all Disguise, and leaves no Room to the unhappy Woman (who has cast her Heart away upon him) to doubt

doubt her Ruin. But, why ſhou'd you hate *me?* for loving *you* too well? that wou'd, indeed, be barbarous, too barbarous for the Man I love! —— But you are weary of my Love? I am an old Face, have been too fond, too violent in my Paſſion. I ſhou'd not have yielded ſo ſoon. I ſhou'd have us'd you ill; coſt you a World of Fatigue, made your Conqueſt difficult, and then your Heart had been more fixt. Becauſe I cou'd not diſſemble (like a Man) becauſe I own'd a Flame almoſt as ſoon as kindled, becauſe I had not Power to deny you any thing you ask'd; becauſe I love you ſtill, you ſlight me, — Love cannot be held, I know, when on the Wing; and I have heard that the Averſion of a ſated Paſſion in Man, is almoſt invincible. But yet methinks you might out of Friendſhip perſwade me to think that I am ſome Part of your Concern, as you are all mine. Make me but imagine, that you ſometimes remember me, and you make her happy, who muſt always be yours

M. B.

'Alas poor *Sylvia* (cry'd *Fountain*) broken Heart, 'and broken Vows compoſe thy careful Ditty. There 'ſeems a Spirit of Love (purſu'd *Brook*) through this 'Letter which is touching enough. I can never be-'lieve) interrupted *Grave*) That this is a Woman's 'inditing. She has as ſome of my Acquaintance have '(continu'd *Church*) ſome Privado of Senſe, who baits 'his Wit for her Beauty. So they've both their Aims (ſaid *Chappel*) ſhe paſſes for a Wit, and he (interupted '*Summer*) for a Fool. Why ſo? (demanded *Winter*) 'Becauſe (aſſum'd *River*) he makes a bad Bargain, 'for he only ſhares her with the Fops and Fools his 'Writings get her, and ſhe has the whole Praiſe and 'Advantage of his Performance. Let us ſee theſe that 'follow (ſaid I,) and read them over without Inter-'ruption till the Packet is over, and then make your 'Remarks. Becauſe we have a great Spot of Work be-'fore us. This was agreed to by all.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same to the same.

YOU find by this, how little I'm able to resist your Desires, for else my Shame for what happen'd t'other Night wou'd have kept me silent, at least 'till that was forgot. But I hope, you are Generous enough, to overlook a Foile of a weak She Adventurer of the Bottle. Women often caress their Enemios, and receive that with Pleasure, which gives both themselves and others Pain. In short, my Friend is all over Confusion for the Effect of her Indiscretion, and desires me to ask yours, and the Company's Pardon; and that's as much as Men of Honour require from Men of Honour, then sure it must be sufficient from a Lady; since Women have a peculiar Priviledge of being impertinent, and troublesome. —— And that's a Consideration that allows to be so, in repeating the fond Effects of my Passion. Yet, I hope, the Repetition will not be so very disagreeable to you, as to seem a Trouble, since if your Love or Esteem be too weak, I may flatter my self, that Man's Natural Vanity will come in to my Relief; for, I can never perswade my self, that Man is less fond of being belov'd, than a Woman. But if any Thing deprive me of that Advantage, it is because my Passion is real, and therefore the more likely either to be suspected, or to cloy; for your Ears are always more open to Flattery, than Sincerity, and your Arms to Professions, than true Love; as if *Fiction* were more valuable than *Truth*; and that to be real were to be offensive. For Men generally (I'll allow you Women too, if you have a Fancy for it) Men generally, I say, are more eager after the Shadow, than the Substance; because the one flies their Embraces, the other loads them. Men, indeed, to me, seem very fantastick in their Appetites, as if at a Banquet of all Variety of Sweet-Meats, they shou'd only eat of the *Showish Trifle*, which when you think you have fill'd your Mouth with, you find nothing but Froath, without ev'n one substantial Drop.

These

These Considerations make me cautious of giving such a Loose to my Thoughts, as wou'd imply too plain a Conviction of the Reality of my Love. And I rather choose to have you doubt that, than grow disgustful, by putting it beyond all Controversy. Yet I believe, that it is not without a great struggle with my self, that I forbear a Fondness in my Letters, in which my Heart so much abounds. You may imagine, what a Pain 'tis to a Woman, to curb her Inclinations, by the Pleasure they discover in the Pursuit; but that's not the only Pain I'd bear, or Pleasure I wou'd sacrifice to you, in whose good Opinion and Affection, to be always retain'd, is not only the greatest Pleasure, but the only Wish of your humble Servant,

E. B.

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

INgratitude is indeed a Crime I hope you will not justly be accused of, but that you can't accuse your self of it, is no Proof of your Innocence; for a Man will, with great Difficulty, confess himself in the wrong, and will either choose to lessen the Obligation, than allow the Ingratitude on his side. However, I will not say this is your Case, I hope my Affection is placed on a more deserving Object, and that your Mind is as agreeable as your Person; for he is but half accomplish'd, whose Body can only recommend him. Your Conversation exempts you from that Number, and either I judge with a Partial Ear, or I am justifiable in an entire Surrender of my Soul to one so compleat as your self. After what I have said, I suppose you will not doubt of my admitting any Excuse you make, as a just one, and assuring your self, that notwithstanding your Disbelief of your Power on my Heart, you have Force enough to vanquish me. And nothing can make you doubt it, but your Unwillingness to have it true, for we easily believe what we wou'd have; and never want Incredulity, when we have no mind to have the Event. If you keep your Appointment, I shall hope my Fears vain; if not, you make her unhappy, who must ever be yours,

E. B.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

From the same to the same.

I Cou'd not let slip this Occasion of Writing, because the Pleasure of being the *Medium* of conveying any Thing to you, that wou'd be agreeable to you, was too great for me to neglect. I wish, I cou'd convey my self, as easily as the enclos'd, and that you wou'd be as well pleas'd with the Satisfaction of your *Love*, as *Revenge*. But, alas! Love you have none, for me at least; and therefore, I cannot expect you shou'd relish any Thing from me. Yet, I cannot help Writing to you, in hopes of the greatest Pleasure in the World from you (next your self) in Return, that is, a *Letter*; which, I will place nearest my Heart perpetually, as I wou'd the Sender, if I cou'd compass my Wishes. I am sure my Heart contains the Image of him so strongly, that it will not be in the Power of any Time to destroy or efface it: No, not what a Woman most loaths, the continual Slights you show me. I am told by others, that I have Charms, and I know I am young, and yet to have both slighted by you, cannot cure my desperate Passion. The Adorations and Flatteries of others I have no Relish of, they are insipid and odious, and I had infinitely rather hear your Chiding, than the Praise of all Mankind besides. But what need I tell you this, which you have known so long? for my Love has been too visible to let you be ignorant of its Violence from the Beginning. Yet it is natural to you to pretend to disbelieve, the more to justifie your Pursuit of others. The *Bath* is a proper Scene for your Inconstancy, for where there are Abundance of Ladies, you cannot fail of Abundance of Pleasure, at least, if all the Ladies saw with my Eyes, or heard with my Ears; and indeed, I don't doubt, but you will be too successful in the Wars of *Love*, as well as those of *Hate*, wherever you attacque. I'm sure your Bravery will make you win the Fort. I envy those that are to be won, and wish you cou'd believe mine worth a Garrison, but you are a strange Kind of a Conqueror,

as

as soon as you storm the Town, you slight the Fortifications, and so quit it to the first Comer. I can no more at present, but subscribe my self,

Yours, E. B.

LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

HOW cou'd you be so cruel to be so near me, and know with what Pain I waited for you, and yet never call on me to quiet my Mind. Sure I am the most unfortunate Woman breathing, still to live so tenderly, where I see my self so visibly slighted, and all my Inquietudes a Laughter; yet if my Misfortunes can divert you, they are welcome, tho' it wou'd be more generous in you to lessen them by at least a Friendly Correspondence. I have given you Proofs, that I prefer your Satisfaction to my own, and have born the most mortifying Actions, that a Woman that loves can undergo, meerly for that End. For all my Pains, for all my Fears, for all my Tears, for all my Love, I only beg to see you sometimes without your Anger. I waited all this Day, and watched you, as long as the Light wou'd give my Eyes a Possibility of doing it, and when Darkness had shut out all Distinctions of Objects, my Fancy supply'd me enough to make me over-flow with Tears. But I will not find Fault with any Thing you do, all I beg is an Answer to this, with Directions When and Where I shall see you. I shall run mad, if I hear not from you, or see you very soon,

Who am Yours,

E. B.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

From the same to the same.

IF my last was but half the Plague to you, as it has been to me ever since I sent it, it wou'd make me some Amends. But such is my Misfortune, that my Pain produces your Pleasure, and my Pleasure your Pain. I have therefore, no Way of Revenging my self on you, but by Breaking my last Resolution of Writing no more to you. For betwixt the Satisfaction it gives my self, and the Fatigue it gives you, 'tis impossible for a Woman, and a Woman whose Love's neglected, to resist the Temptation. But, indeed, if the Pleasure of Writing to you touched me no more, than the Trouble you have in hearing from me, I should not repeat it so often, who am,

Yours, and only Yours,

E. B.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same to the same.

MY Eyes, that are always watchful for the Business of my Heart, show'd you to me just now, and you are too well acquainted with the Fondness of my Passion, to think, I cou'd be easie 'till I convers'd with you, since you were so near me. For, tho' I cou'd appease my Inquietudes for your Absence, when Distance made my seeing you impossible; yet I love too much to suffer it with Patience, when nothing but

Want

want of Love in you can hide it. What a ſevere Fate is mine, to love where I find no equal Paſſion, and knowing this, feel my ſelf compell'd to love on ſtill! But why do I ſay compell'd, when my Paſſion is ſo voluntary, and ſo pleaſing, that I hate all thoſe, who attempt my Cure? The Madneſs is too entertaining, to ſuffer me with Patience, to endure the very Name of a Medicine that ſhou'd remove it. If it be thus tranſporting, when not return'd with an equal Ardour, Oh Heaven! what muſt it be, wou'd you but love like me! But that I muſt not hope, while I love: For Men are ſuch fantaſtick Creatures, they always love imperfect Joy, for it can never be compleat without mutual Paſſion, and yet they ſlight the Woman, when ſhe loves. I beg I may ſee you by the firſt Opportunity, who am your too faithful and unhappy,

E. B.

LETTER XXIV.

From the ſame: Directed to Paul D---y, *Eſq; to be left at* Will's *Coffee-houſe, being a Bant'ring Letter.*

THat a Wit of *Will's* (for all are ſo who go to *Will's*) ſhou'd want Courage to engage a Man (it may be) wou'd not be very wonderful; ſince Valour and Wit are not always Companions: But that he ſhou'd not dare to encounter a Lady, I confeſs, is ſurprizing, becauſe Wit and Love are inſeparable. To have a great Deal of Spirit, is to be a Man of Wit in *French*, and a great Deal of Spirit ſupplies Abundance of Love. Thus you ſee how a great Hazard

you

you run of the Forfeiture of your Pretensions to Wit, by your Coldness in the Affairs of Love. You boasted, indeed, that you had Courage enough to meet me at my Lodgings, and made me show you the Place of Appointment, with a Promise of Coming arm'd *Cap-a-pee* when you return'd to Town, but I find your Heart fail'd you, when you came to the Point, and that all your Valour lay in your Tongue. And it is well it does so, now you are a Senator. For the State and Women make all their Fights with their Tongue; and Volubility and Noise carry the Point with both. But, pray now tell me, What is it that you find so formidable in me, that you dare not venture your self in the Lists? I do assure you, that I am as merciful as stout, if my Eyes have the Compassion to keep it from bleeding to Death. If you are invulnerable, and not to be vanquish'd by Mortal Charms, if nothing but Dignity, and Wealth, have Power to win you, you may come and go unhurt for me, and yet discharge your Promise. But you'll say, to keep your Promise is not like a Courtier, tho' you are not come yet, since you are now a Member of Parliament, you have a fair Prospect of being so very soon (since that is to the Court as Hunting is to War) for a Remarkable Zeal against the Court, has been often found the ready Way to be of it; since the Quarrel of most of you to it, is not the Mismanagements of the Court, but that you have not a Hand in them. But how the Devil came I into Politicks? Why my Head was full of a Senator, and that naturally misled my Thoughts to the odious Reflections of you Men of Business. What wretched Creatures are you Men, that throw away Life, (which is too wretchedly too short for the Enjoyment of Pleasure) in Brawls, in Jangles, in Factions of *High* and *Low Church*, and such, and such noisie Trifles, with hard Names, without any Meaning. For my part, I think my self much wiser; all my Care is Love and Pleasure, it is agreeable Care, it must be own'd. For tho' all we can do, will not hold fast the flying Quarry, yet every Day supplies with Novelty, what the former lost in Levity. I can't endure this Time of War, it sours every Man's Blood, drives Gaiety and Good Humour from most, and leaves scarce the Ghost of departed Pleasantness, in here and there one Extraordinary Person. I shou'd have lik'd the Days of good King *Charles* the Second (of pious and precious Memory) when the Town was alive, and Pleasure pursu'd Day and Night by all; when Love and Gallantry was the Business

ſineſs of rhe Old, and the Young, the Grave and the Gay, the Fool, and the Man of Senſe. Well the Nymphs of that Reign were certainly the moſt happy in the Whole Univerſe.

By my Letter you'll find me a true Woman, and that my Pen, like my Tongue, when in Motion knows not when to ſtand ſtill. For you are more oblig'd to my Paper, than Moderation, for an End to my Letter now, which concludes with a Deſire of ſeeing you at my Lodgings, which will be very agreeable to

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

E. B.

'Well, Gentlemen (*ſaid I*) what is your Opinion 'of our Female Wit? For my Part (ſaid *Grave*) I'm 'of the ſame Opinion ſtill, that theſe Letters were 'not writ by a Woman. I cannot find your Reaſon '(anſwer'd *Brook*) for your Opinion, the Words are 'ſo adapted to the Subject, and the Subject ſo circum-'ſtantiated, that it is plain, they were writ on parti-'cular Occaſions, and by the Party concern'd. Some 'of theſe Letters ſhow at leaſt, ſtrong Symptoms of 'Love (ſaid *Chappel*) which we before doubted cou'd 'be in Woman. *Sylvia* has met (ſaid *Church*) with a 'very ſevere, or very inconſtant, if not very inſenſible 'Lover; who was not made kind (aſſum'd *River*) by 'all thoſe tender Expoſtulations. But what think you 'of the laſt Letter (ſaid *Summer*) there is a Force and 'Gaiety as well as Wit, which ſhows our Love-ſick 'Lady to be free from the Violence of her former Paſ-'ſion. That's a Common Experiment (reply'd *Win-'ter*) for Women, when they have once lov'd impetu-'ouſly one Man, to abound in themſelves to all, by way 'of Revenge. This Letter, indeed, (concluded *Foun-'tain*) has a Townish Air, and confeſſes an Inditer of 'Publick Capacity.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Giving a Brief Account of the Encouragement of Learning by ſeveral of our Kings.

'Twas Directed to the Dutcheſs of M------

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THE High Favour it has pleas'd Our Gracious Soveraign to receive you to, gives me Encouragement to make this following Addreſs to your Grace, in Behalf of the Politer Studies, which have the leaſt Regard from Power in *England*, of any Nation on this Side Barbarity. The greateſt Politicians have ever caſt a peculiar Eye of Favour on the Muſes; and thoſe have been wretched Stateſmen, who have not diſcover'd the real Advantage that accrues to a Government by them. They have this Diſadvantage, that they are forc'd to plead in *Forma Pauperis*; but, Madam, ſuch an Advocate as your Grace, wou'd make them ſoon make a better Figure. If your Grace wou'd recommend them to the Queen, Hiſtory wou'd furniſh Inſtances enough of Her Majeſty's Predeceſſors, who have done ſome Publick Service to Learning. I will not begin with *Ethelwolph*, *Egbert*'s Son, in his Donation of the Tenths to the Clergy, ſince that may rather ſeem a Religious Regard to their Character, than their Learning; but I will begin with King *Alfrid*, one of the Greateſt Princes *England* ever had. He was himſelf, indeed, a Scholar, being a good Grammarian, Rhetorician, Philoſopher, Muſician and Poet, he tranſlated into *Saxon Gregory*'s Paſtorals, *Bede*'s Hiſtory, *Boetius*'s Conſolation of Philoſophy, and ſome of *David*'s Pſalms. At fifteen Years of Age he was Maſter of the Liberal Arts; at Twenty Five he wrote

wrote and ſpoke Eleven Languages, as perfectly as the Natives. Thus Qualify'd, he knew himſelf the Merits of Learning, and therefore made a Law that all People who were Maſters of two Hides of Land, ſhou'd breed their Children to Learning till fifteen Years old. He invited over *Grimbaldus* and *Scotus* from *France*, and *Aſſer* (who wrote his Life) from *Wales*; he reſtored, if not founded, the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and founded and richly endowd *Univerſity* Colledge there. Not content with this, he ſet a part every *Thurſday* to hear and decide Matters of Learning, nor would he prefer any Man, that was not a Schollar.

King *Edgar* founded forty ſeven Colledges and Monaſtries, and encouraged Learned men, of which the *Monks* were then the Chief. *Canutus* the *Dane* one of the greateſt Monarchs of *England*, founded and built many Houſes of Learning. *William* the *Norman* (noted for the moſt unroyal Vice of Avarice, yet) favoured Learned Men, and drew out of *Italy Lanfranchus*, *Anſelmus*, *Darandus*, *Trahern*, and many others, and tho' he was not Learned himſelf, he Excited his Sons to Learning, with this ſaying *Rex illiteratus eſt Aſinus Coronatus*, an *illiterate King is a Crown'd Aſs*. Henry I. brought the Study of the Liberal Arts to *Cambridge*, he was Eloquent in ſpeech, Excellent in Wit, and Fortunate in Battle, he incourag'd Learning ſo much, that by his Example the Nobility were Emulous of the Praiſe of Learning. He Conquer'd *Normandy*, and was a Politick and Warlike Prince, a great Adminiſter of Juſtice, he built *Abbys* and *Caſtles*, and among the reſt *Woodſtock-Bower*, and wall'd the Park ſeven, or ten miles about.

In the Time of King *Stephen* were erected more Monaſtries, (which were then ſeats of the Learning of thoſe Times) than in any Reign before or ſince, tho' he had no Taxes from his People. *Henry* III. was ſo for promoting Learning, and favouring Learned Men, that he brought them to his Board and Chamber. *Edward* II. Favour'd Learning, and founded *Oriel* Colledge, and St. *Mary* Hall in *Oxford*. *Henry* VI. Founded *Eaton* School and Kings Colledge. *Henry* VIII. Confirm'd *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxford*; and Founded *Trinity Colledge*, *Cambridge*. He firſt Inſtituted Profeſſors of the *Greek*, and *Hebrew* Tongues in both Univerſities. Nay, he may be ſaid to have founded them both, in having refus'd their Revenues offer'd him by Parliament. Queen *Elizabeth* founded *Weſtminſter* School, and the Collegiate Church,

She Encouraged *Dramatick* Poetry particularly, and made the very Players Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber. King *James* I. Built the Public Schools at *Oxford*, and Encourag'd Learning, and was himself a sort of a Poet.

In short, Madam, there has seldom been a Prince, that made any figure in this Nation, but he has left some public Marks of his Favour to Learning. Her Majesty, who has restor'd our Warlike Glory, to compleat her Character, shou'd leave some Monument to Posterity, that Learning was not entirely out of her Care. This wou'd be for your Graces Glory, as well as the Queen's, and I presume to say never Prince had an easier way of doing it than by the Proposal I have made your Grace. I shall not prosume to detain your Grace longer, since if what I have there urg'd from Reason, and here from Example be insufficient 'twill be in vain to multiply words. With which thought I take my leave of your Grace, by Subscribing my self

MADAM,

Your Graces

most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Ant. Bev ille.

« This Gentleman says the Arts plead *in forma Pauperis* (said *Grave*,) at Court, and I fear their Cause « will go accordingly, that is, be very tedious (assum'd « *Summer*,) or speedily Miscarry. Which is, indeed, « (pursu'd *Fountain*,) miscarrying both ways. For long « Attendance and Dependance (said *Winter*,) is a greater loss to a Man of sense, than an immediate loss of « his Cause. For my part (said *Brook*,) I wish success « to all Undertakings of this Nature; but I have « little Expectation (assum'd *Church*,) that Merit shou'd « succeed in an Age, when nothing but Avarice bers « sway in most of the Great and Fortunate. A public Spirit is necessary (pursu'd *Chappel*,) to produce « publick Benefits, and I think without the fear of scandal, I may say that nothing but a Private one prevails

vails, at least in these Parts of the World. For my part (said *I*) I have some hopes that there is one, if not more Gentlemen in the management of Affairs, who will give Encouragement to all designs of this Nature. I know whom you mean (concluded *River*,) the Lord Treasurer, from whom the Nation has received so much Benefit, that it has alarm'd all the Enemies of the Goverment to declare against him but with such feeble Malice that we may say of them what was said of *Mark Flecknoe*,

Tho' in their Heart felonious Malice lies,
It does but touch their Irish *Pens, and dies.*

Here is another small Pacquet (said *Winter*,) more love I warrant you (pursu'd *Summer*,) well shall we take the same Method with the last, and throw it aside till we come to something more solid, for I now find it is Love or Gallantry. I don't know (assum'd *Brook*,) why these are not as instructive as any, and the discovery as entertaining. Proceed then (said *River*,) and run over the Pacquet, and if any thing offers meriting or present Remark, we will interrupt, if not we'll keep our Reflections till you have din'd. The whole Company approv'd of the Resolution, and I began to Read as follows.

LETTER XXVI.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Rowley *in* Chichester,

My Dear,

I Send you all those *Letters* which I have not lost, which you desired of me, by yours of the sixth of the last Month. I'm sorry I cannot retrieve the rest, because there's a spirit of Gayety in them, which woud divert you in the Reading. I am yours entirely,

Sarah Evelin.

LETTER XXVII.

From the Lady to her Gallant, who pretended to fall in love with her in Masque at the Play. 'Twas directed to Mr. Beverl'y *at* Wills *Coffee-house.*

SInce so little a Conversarion, has given you a desire of more, I know no way so effectual to keep up that desire, as to deny you any more. For shou'd you know me better you might perhaps like me worse. Since Mens Inclinations are very Whimsical. Tho' I have vanity enough to believe, that a Man may tell me he Loves me, without telling me a Lye; yet it is not so great, to believe, that you can be in Love so soon, and on so little Grounds. Not that I doubt but that you like some other young Beaux, have always by you stock enough of ready Love, to throw away on any Lady at first sight. But here you see too little to justifie the Levity: and I should never value a Heart that was gain'd so easily, since I might loose it perhaps sooner, than, I had a mind to part with it, that is, before I had got another. But while you deny your Love you avow a very strong Curiosity, a Frailty far less engaging, for the first flatters our folly, the latter only shows yours, and you know both Sexes love their own follys better than those of another. Tho' I shou'd entertain so mortifying a Truth as your not being in Love already; yet you must give me leave to doubt that the Charms, of my Humour are not powerful enough to attone for Age and Uglyness, the gay Humour of fourscore, and the languishing Looks of three score and *Cr*-----*ds* Face wou'd sooner fright than engage you. For you Men may say what you will of Wit and good Humour, but it is the Person you Love. If any Woman be handsome, you doat on her Follys, till you think 'em perfections. So that you Men have no Reason to accuse us Women for loving Fools, tho' the mind is no more the Object of our Love, than of yours.

yours. You bid me imagine what Impressions I may then make in your Heart, if I am young and agreeable. Oh Sir, I have a very quick Imagination in that particular, I know my own Beauty too well not to be acquainted with its Force, and Effects; and I doubt not but in a weeks time to see you languishing, and dying for me, with a pale Face and a thoughtless sad grave Look, and the various other symptoms of an Amorous Coxcomb: For I am young, and not ugly. Another thing that I doubt, is your want of *Vanity*. I'd as soon believe that hypocritical Profession from a *Woman*, as from a young Fellow of the Town; and I dare say, you as verily believe, that I think you worth the Conquest, as I think I can conquer you. As for the Happiness of seeing me, that I cannot yet determine; ——but faith, 'tis out of pure good Nature, to keep your Heart whole, and out of Despair;——for ——know——this——that I am vertuous, tho' in a Masque: But tho' I am not yet enclin'd to an Interview, I know not what Humour your agreeable Letters, may at last give,

Your humble Servant,

D.

LETTER XXVIII.

From the same to the same, on his pretended Love of her in a Masque, and his Opinion of her Beauty, because she said she was Handsome.

Directed as before.

IF I was out in your Constitution before, I'm sure you have by your Last, discover'd so much of it, that I dare not now venture an Interview, least with your perfect Health, you shou'd prove that you had perfect Strength too. But were I as complying, as you seem to believe me, yet it is now out of my Power to show, that I am not cruel, ——for know —— that I am ——

married—— Nay, and that to a Man, that is as watchful of me, as Jealousy can make him; he is now come to Town, by which I'm depriv'd of that Liberty, which gave me the Opportunity of seeing you: For this Reason, I'll not confute your Sophistry, at least at this time, and only give you all the Comfort I can, by undeceiving your Opinion of my Beauty. And indeed, I wonder a Man of your Sense shou'd take my Word for it, since a Woman never thinks her self ugly, as a Man never thinks himself a Fool; and whate'er Defects the Beholder and Hearer may find in her and him, each has a Reserve of good Opinion to keep up that Belief: And therefore, you shou'd no more credit a Woman, when she boasts of her Beauty, than a Man, when he boasts of his Valour. So that I think, as Matters stand, you had best believe me old, and ugly; and then your Inclination will return to Curiosity, or to some more visible Mistress. Your Comment on my preferring Inclination, is a great many on the Text, extreamly Heretical, in attributing it rather to my *Desire*, than *Vanity*, when I have told you, that I have no Desires that way. So that two of your Qualities, are to me wholly useless. Your Secresy and Health may be of Advantage to you with other Ladys; but for my part, I shall be humbly content with no more than your Constancy and Sincerity, and that will show me not unreasonable in my Desires, for I'm only for the *Platonic*'s: That you'll say is too thin a Dyet for a Town Lover, and in such perfect Health too;——but faith, it is all I can afford, till I can be persuaded to love you better than my self: However, if an Opportunity offers, I may venture to see you; but on such Terms, as I shall hereafter propose. In the mean while, you may try what your Arguments may do; tho' I confess, I ought not to be too confident against the Force of so much Wit. *Adieu.*

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

From the same to the same: Directed as before. Being a Letter of Resentment for some Expressions of his.

YOU pretend to disavow *Vanity*, and yet are the vainest Man in the World. For who, without Excess of *Vanity*, cou'd think a Woman cou'd surrender to him on the first Summons? Your Pertness persuades me, that you aim at abundance of Wit: And yet the Contents of your Letter convince you of abundance of Folly. For can there be greater Folly, than to be at the Expence of a great deal of Fatigue in the Pursuit of a Quarry, that might be taken without any Difficulty? If you had not thought me very abandon'd, you wou'd never have writ as you did; and to be at the Trouble of a Letter to a Woman, that any one might have, shows a sad Penury of Acquaintance, or a very idle Life. And to attack a Woman of any Reputation with so gross an Address, is what no Man cou'd do, who had ever convers'd above a common Masque. Thus you see, that by your Conduct, you have rob'd me of a Possibility of complying with your Desires of an Interview. For had I the greatest Inclination in the World to it, you have left me no Excuse to my Vertue, when you assure me plainly of its Ruin. Your Pleasures seem more honest than Politick; for your Declaration is without disguise, but yet that Openness defeats all your Aims. But your Reasoning appears to me as weak as your Conduct; for Jealousy is no more a Proof of want of Vertue in the Wife, than of Love in the Husband: Nay, it is more likely to proceed from *his* Weakness, than *hers*; or at least, more from her want of *Discretion*, than *Vertue*. Thus, as his Jealousy does not deprive me of my Vertue, so it does not give me Beauty; for you must needs have seen a Man fond of a very ugly Creature; and we often find the most handsome, the most unfortunate in their Loving, and Wedlock; which, if Love and Beauty were inseparable, wou'd be impossible. Nor is there more of Reason or Truth in your Proof of my Beauty, from my being be-

lov'd by two. For first, my Husband's Suspicions are no Proof of another's loving me, but rather of my loving some other; nor were that true, wou'd it follow, that I was handsome, since the verriest Dowdy I know has double that Number of Admirers. But the best Confutatation of your Arguments, and Confirmation of my Vertues is here to put an End to our Correspondence. *Adieu.*

LETTER XXX.

From the same to the same: Being a Letter of Reconciliation, but a free Censure of the Follys and Faults of Men. 'Twas directed as before.

YOU have sure forgot the Contents of your former Letter, when you declare your Surprize at my Resentment: That your Letter was within the Bounds of Decency, is prov'd from my answering it at all: But when you civilly told me, you expected an immediate Surrender of my Honour, and assur'd me of your Attempts upon it. I think, if you have that good Opinion of my Vertue you pretend to have, you cou'd expect no less. But to shew you that I am Charity, I now break my Resolution of writing no more, in hopes that your Conversation is more real, than I fear it is. It was not without Regret, that I resolv'd on the Loss of so agreeable a Correspondence; for the Conversation of a Man of Wit is too uncommon a Pleasure not to be valu'd; but I cannot yet be so indulgent to my own Satisfaction in that Particular, to prefer it to my Happiness, which can only be maintain'd by Innocence. And it is paying too dear for a single Pleasure, to sacrifice all others to it. If in my last, I gave Epithets disagreeable to your Merits, you must attribute them to what you writ, which was the only Measure I had to form my Judgment of you by; so that if I err'd, it was you miss-led me; and therefore I hope you will not accuse me. The same must be said of my telling *you of Faults, your Acquaintance have not told you of*; For those Defects which your Letter discover'd, were sufficient to justify my Condemnation of them; and if I do not your Merits Justice, 'tis because I know them not. But tho' you may be

be as free from Faults, and Follys, as any Man, yet I think the silence of your Acquaintance in their Reprehensions, is the worst Assurance in the World, that you have them not, since nothing is generally so far from a true Friend, as a Bottle-Companion. And Flattery is so natural to Mankind, that 'tis no wonder Sincerity shou'd be wanting in their Conversation. Besides, they generally find fault with their Friends behind their Backs, and only speak *well* of them to their Faces, and that only to bribe their good Opinion, and ensure their good Words, hoping by an officious overlooking their Defects, to hide their own. In short, we are most of us so vain, as to love those best, who flatters us most; few are so candid to bear the Reprehensions of a Friend, and most choose rather to sooth the Folly, than oppose it at the Expence of their Quiet, or Loss of a Friend. Tho' this be all true, I urge not from thence, that you are one of the Number, but only against the Strength of your Argument on the Point. Besides, the ingenuity of your Repentance, and the modest expression of your Resentment are sufficient Attonements to her, who is willing to admit your Excuses. Your severe Reflections on Women in general, and marry'd Women in particular, I owe you for. I shall only now add, that *I* hope to be in the Side-Box on the Stage, either on Monday, or Tuesday, as I can get leave of my Keeper. *If* your *Inclinations* are so strong, as you wou'd have me believe, they will distinguish me from two other Ladies that will be with me. *Adieu.*

LETTER XXXI.

From the same to the same, after an Interview. Directed as before.

YOU will not be surpriz'd at the slowness of my Answers, when you consider the extreme Caution *I* must use in the receiving yours, and the yet greater Difficulty of snatching an Opportunity of replying. *It* was not a little Address, that got me the last Liberty of seeing you; and *I* ran some Risque to put an end to your Curiosity. But the Hazard was not greater, in regard of the Suspicions of my Goaler, than the Danger from the Conversation of a Man of Sense, too well skill'd in the fine Arts of Persuasion, to permit the Hearer to be indifferent

indifferent to what he ſaid. Were I conſcious of Charms enough to ſecure ſo valuable a Conqueſt, I ſhou'd not perhaps repent the Attempt: But your Letter convinces me, that tho' you are a Maſter of Gallantry, your Heart is too inſeeſible of the finer Paſſion of Love. When the Soul is entirely maſter'd by Love, it is not at Leiſure, to purſue the gay Amuſements of Wit; and if that Sentences were leſs artfully twin'd, they wou'd be the more perſuaſive of the Reality of your Paſſion. Believe me, one Paſſionate Expreſſion is infinitely more pleaſing to a Woman, than all the witty Things you can ſay. This makes me believe, that my Abſence is not ſo painful as you pretend: However, I will ſhorten it, as much as I am able, to ſhow that my good Humour is more powerful with me, than I find my Eyes are with you. *Adieu.*

LETTER XXXII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

YOU wou'd have no Cauſe to complain of the Intervals of my writing, or the ſhortneſs of my Letters, if you remember'd the Reſtraint I lie under. I'm not diſſatisfy'd with your uneaſyneſs in Abſence, becauſe 'tis an Argument of Paſſion, than which, nothing can be more agreeable to me. But I wou'd not have you think, that I bear my Confinement ſo patiently: For if, as you imagine, I wanted Inclination, yet that Love of Liberty, and that Curioſity natural to our Sex, can never ſuffer me calmly to ſubmit to a Yoke ſo deſtructive of both. To doubt of my Inclination, is not to know your ſelf; but to think my Inclination ſtronger than my Vertue, or at leaſt, than my Caution, is not to know me. Were my Invention equal to my Inclination, the Interview you deſire, had been before now; but I have more Eyes, than thoſe of a jealous Husband, to delude; thoſe of a malicious Woman are more vigilant. Buſineſs may ſometimes call him out, the Bottle amuſe and lay his Fears aſleep; but to charm her Eyes to a Slumber, requires more Art, than *Mercury* ever knew. His Harmony vanquiſh'd thoſe of *Argus*; but ſhe is ſuch a Diſcord, that nothing Muſical can draw her Attention; while her Endeavours are ſharpen'd by hopes of making herſelf more agreeable to my Husband, by the

Fre-

Frequency, and Importance of her Discoveries. However, I wou'd have ventur'd the Effect of her Malice, had not you been out of Town at the only time I have lately had at my Command. For once in three weeks, or thereabouts, I have a Respit of eight and forty hours, by his necessary Absence: So that if your Passion be strong enough to hold up your Desire three Weeks longer, I hope I may be able to gratify you so far, as to give you a Meeting with my Friend. For tho' all your Arguments for my coming without Witness, are Proofs of your Wit; yet at the same time, they give violent Presumptions of a farther design. If I were therefore as secure of your Behaviour, as I am of my own Vertue, I shou'd not make so great a difficulty of meeting you alone; but tho' I'm sure, that my own Vertue will secure my Chastity, yet I am not certain, how far your Behaviour may, on such an Opportunity, endanger my Reputation, or my Peace. You must pardon my Fears, and impute them to the Newness of our Acquaintance. Perhaps, when I know you better, I may trust you more: But to confide too much in the Profession of a Stranger, wou'd more prove my Levity, than Inclination; especially since I remember you in your former, told me what I had to trust to on such a Meeting; and I have too good an Opinion of your Constitution, to rely much on your *Moderation*. Thus I hope I have in Obedience to your Commands, adjusted these Points, and given you Satisfaction for my last short Letter by one so tedious, and must conclude, not to come alone, that I may not lose a Conversation so agreeable, which even an Attempt, must of Necessity destroy. *Adieu.*

'What have we got here (said *Church*, taking up a 'thick Letter out of the same Cover) a Volume of 'Love and Gallantry, to conclude this Lady's Amour? 'On this he open'd it, and found it to be several Letters 'and Billets; to some of which, these foregoing were the 'Answers. We must read them (assum'd *Chappel*) since 'they may give a Light to some of the Passages in those 'we have read of the Ladys. Which discover (said *Rivver*) a very happy Address, a Briskness, and Spirit, very uncommon in our Town Ladys. As for the Briskness (reply'd *Brook*) that is not so rare in them, as to 'surprize any Man that knows the *Pit*, and the *Mall*; for 'every sundry Masque has Pertness enough to impose 'what she says as Sense and Wit: But (pursu'd *Fountain*) 'it will not bear the Test of any Reflection. Here the

'Case

'Case is different (said *Summer*) for here good Sense 'and Reflection, goes along with the Briskness. *I* con- 'fess (said *Winter*) *I* like them so well, that *I* wou'd 'fain see what sort of Spirit informs the Gentleman 'that caus'd them. The Wit and good Turn of Lan- 'guage in them, are plain enough (said *I*) but the Jilt- 'ing Cunning of the Sex is as visible, she plays fast 'and loose with her Gallant, pushes him away, only to 'draw him on. The common Art of the Sex (con- 'cluded *Grave*) when they think they have a Man like 'a Dog in a String; but *I* hope the Gallant had his *A-* '*mends Honourable*, since *I* find by these, they had an 'Amorous Rendezvouz. But pray let us hear the Gal- 'lant speak for himself.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs.-------*To be left for her, at the* Golden Key *in the* Strand.

THE little Taste *I* had last Night of your Conversation, gives me a Desire, to have more of it. *I* did not see enough of you, to be in Love, and therefore *I* shall not be such a Fop, as to pretend *I* am: But *I* heard enough to like you, in spite of all the *Imperfections* a Masque can cover. *If* you shou'd be as old as Mrs. *Stiddolf*, or as ugly as Mr. *Creed* wou'd be in Woman's Cloaths, yet you have Charms enough in your Humour, to bribe both my Eyes and my *Inclinations* in your Favour. Imagin then, what Impressions you are like to make upon my Heart, if you are young and agreeable, since I like you so well, when I don't know but you may be otherwise. If you think it worth your while, to improve this Conquest, which my want of Vanity won't let me believe, Pray have the Goodness, to send me Word, when I may have the Happiness to see you, and direct to me, to be left at *Will's* Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*. If you send to Morrow Morning about eleven a Clock, no body will see it besides.

Your humble Servant,

W. B.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same to the same.

THE Pleasure your dear Billet gave me when it came, made me amends for the Pain of an impatient Expectation. I kiss'd it, and read it, and clap'd it to my Heart, and read it again, and then reproach'd the Distance that hinder'd me from expressing the same Passion to the Author. It is a Grief to me, beyond what a Beaux feels at the Destruction of a handsome Face, that you shou'd struggle with so many Difficulties in this obliging Correspondence: But I comfort my self with the Thoughts, that a Woman will not run a great hazard, without having a little Inclination. However, to be even with you in Generosity, I protest to you, Madam, by all the Pleasure I promise my self from your Compassion, that tho' I desire to see you, and hear from you continually, yet I wou'd not purchase the dearest of my Wishes, at the Expence of your Unhappiness. For what Pleasure can make me easy in my own Thoughts, when those very Thoughts put me in mind, that you are uneasy? But yet, to convince you, that this Generosity does not proceed from Indifference, but from the tendereſt Love, I swear to you upon the same Book I swore at the Play, that I long to see you, more than a fond Mother does to see her darling Son, who after being reported dead, returns alive. However, I wou'd see you at such times, and in such a manner, as may best secure your own Safety. And since 'tis necessary for your Peace, that your Conduct shou'd be secret, I submit it to your good Understanding, whether you ought to trust your self to the Confidence of two other Women. You know them better than I can: But I assure you, I know Mankind too well, ever to trust two People with any Secret of Importance. Therefore, when you shall be so gracious, to let me see you, I beg for your own Security, that it may be alone; for why shou'd you put your self into the Mercy of a Confident, when an Infidelity may be so fatal to you. In the mean while, write to me as often as possibly you can; for I had rather call for your Letter, than be call'd for by any other Woman. So powerful an Influence, Madam, your Charms have given you over

Monday Morning. *Your Passionate* Honetto.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

From the same to the same.

PRay Madam forgive me, if I think you very unreasonable, to expect that I shou'd believe you, when you say you are Vertuous, and not believe you when you say you are handsome. A Man is apt to believe what he wishes, aud by that rule, the Declaration of your Beauty was like to meet with easier credit, than the Declaration of your Vertue. But you may say what you please, I can prove from your own *Letter* that you are not ugly. You say that your Husband is furiously jealous of you; if so, 'tis plain he loves you himself, and imagins that some body else do's; and let me tell you, Madam, two people never lov'd an ugly Woman at one time. I can't tell whether this argument will convince you, because it must struggle with your humility, as well as your reason; but I'm sure a Husbands jealousy proves more, that his Wife is not Vertuous, than that she is not handsome. You are surpriz'd that a Man of sense shou'd take a Womans word for her being pretty; It may be you have reason, Madam; but then you have the same reason to be surpriz'd, if I shou'd take your word for your being Vertuous. You own you deceiv'd me in the last, because each depended on the same sincerity. To decide those two points, I know no method so effectual, as to do me the honour of a Rendezvous; then t'will be the fault of my eyes, if I don't see the one, and the fault of my Constitution, if I don't try the other; tho' I promise you upon my fidelity, that that Tryal shall be made with all the decency in the World. I desire the fortress shou'd Surrender upon Capitulation, because I abhor the inhumanity of taking it by Storm. So that, Madam, if you can trust your Vertue, You may trust me, I admire your Platoniques extreamly, because I can have as much love in my head as any body, and when 'tis there, 'twill probably be convey'd, like the animal Spirits, to the rest of the body. Pray be quick in your answers and let the pleasure I take in 'em, excuse my importunity. *Adieu.*

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same to the same.

YOu understand my Constitution very little, if you imagin my desire is to be kept up by denyal, and you understand your own power much less, if you think you charm more by your cruelty, than your favours. No Madam, if you wou'd conquer effectually, you must be seen, and you must cajole my other senses if you have a mind to preserve your Conquest. May my Inclinations not prosper, Madam, (which I wou'd not say for the Universe if I did not speak truth) if your *Letter* does not charm me. You have as much Wit as other Ladys have Affectation, and had you but Goodness in proportion I shou'd be constant to you in spite of my Sex. I'm sorry you're so unjust, as to impute my desire to see you, to Curiosity, When, frown upon me, if it be not out of Inclination. You observe very right, Madam, when you say the Ladys like Inclination the better of the two, because this covets Enjoyment, when the other is satisfyed only with Seeing. Consider then what satisfaction you ought to make me, when you charge curiosity upon me in prejudice of a better quality. Be as young and as handsome as *Venus* can make you, yet I have Courage enough to venture my heart, and the tranquility of my Mind in your Company. I dare look upon you, hear you speak, and come within the influence of all your scorching Perfection, with the hopes that wherever Nature gives a power to hurt, she graciously gives a disposition to heal, And this I tell you before hand, if you have the inhumanity to suffer me to dye for you, I'll rise out of my Grave, and make you such Midnight Visits, that no Man else shall ever have the Courage to go to Bed to you. You accuse me of a World of Vanity, which I design you shall recant as soon as you come to know me, tho' then I shall be in most danger of being vain upon so much happiness, Pray let us come a little nearer the point and begin to treat about the dear circumstances of when and where. If you'll venture to take my word in my own Recommendation, I can assure

you

you I'm ſincere, ſecret, conſtant, and perfectly in health, which are not common qualities amongſt the fine Gentlemen of this Town. I may venture to tell theſe Truths of my ſelf, becauſe I wou'd ſet 'em againſt your Declaration that you are young and handſome, and I think my Excellencies and yours, wou'd do very well together.

Adieu.

I'm impatient for an Anſwer, which be pleas'd to direct as before.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

I Am as much aſtoniſht at your being ſo ſeriouſly croſs, as I ſhou'd be at your being deſperately kind; The great opinion I have of you makes the firſt ſurprizing, as the ſmall one I have of my ſelf wou'd do the laſt. But for Peace ſake, Madam, why in ſo much indignation? Sure I am, your are a Woman, by the unreaſonableneſs of your reſentment, and a Marry'd Woman, by your uſeing thoſe worſt, that love you beſt. If in the warmth of my paſſion I ſaid any thing that was too briſk, you wou'd be juſt to charge it upon Inclination, which don't uſe to make a War between a Miſtreſs and her Lover. But with all your exactneſs, Madam, you can't accuſe me of Indecency, I have too much regard to good manners, to be rude to a Lady I have not the honour to know, any more than by her having an exceſs of Wit, and penury of good-nature. I take it for granted for every Woman I am not acquainted with, that ſhe is a Woman of honour, till ſhe do violence to my good Opinion, and convince me of the contrary. So I thought of you Madam, and for that reaſon forbore ill manners in my *Letter*, as much as you have done good humour in yours. I return you thanks for the polite Epithets you are pleas'd to favour me with, ſuch a fooliſh, vain, pert, overweening, and many others, that convince me of the gracious thoughts you have of me. In return of which (to ſhow at leaſt

that

that I have more Charity then you, tho' you keep such a pother with some other Vertues) I call you by no other Name but what implys both inclination and respect. 'Tis kind in you, Madam, to tell me of my faults, those that have known me long, never had the goodness to tell me of half so many as you have, that don't know me at all. But I cou'd wish, that your reprimand had been with more gentleness, that so it might have had more the Air of Charity then reproach. However I design to mend extremly upon your correction, and if possible, think worse of my self, and better of you, tho' if I shou'd think better of you, I shou'd be more in love, and so put my self more in the power of an intractable Mistress. I won't only mend too, Madam, for the time to come, but will repent of the faults I have been guilty in the time past. These are the terms of forgiveness, as Contrition and Amendment, upon which it wou'd be inhumane in you not to forgive me. Let me intreat you therefore to alter your resolution of Writing no more, I hope you have inconstancy enough for that, since good nature, the Divinest Quality in the World, will justify that change. And it is not impossible but you may come to think very differently of my Character, when you are more acquainted with my Person. Pray show that you are a good Christian, and give me very soon under your hand that you are in Charity with me, that so I may admire your Generosity, amongst many other good Qualities.

Thursday Morning. *Adieu.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same to the same.

I Came to Town the day I had appointed, but was not so happy as to hear from you till two days after. You never knew any body so impatient as I was, except it was a waiting Lover at the time and place of his assignation. How cou'd you be so barbarous as to add two unnecessary days of silence, to the Expectation of

one that had fasted a full week before? I'm very much afflicted, that my unkind Stars shou'd hurry me out of Town at the critical time of your liberty. Ye Powers! what a blessed Christmas have I lost by going into the Country? Had I gone thither to take possession of an Estate, it had been to my loss, while I mist such an occasion of meeting you here. But who cou'd foresee that your Liberty, and that of the *Mob*, shou'd happen in the same Holidays. If you had any good Nature, You might have had Prophecy enough to have foretold, your own Liberty and my Happiness, especially since, as you are pleas'd to say, your Confinement ceases at certain Periods. If foresight had attended Inclination in me, or Inclination had been join'd to foresight in you, I had not at this moment been in Mourning for the unluckiest disappointment in the World. This is a very moderate proof of the Inclination you rally me with, and your suspecting the decency of my Behaviour if you shou'd have the goodness to meet me alone, is another. If I had not good manners enough to make me orderly upon such an occasion, yet the passion I have for you were sufficient by its own power to do it. And don't imagin, Madam, that 'tis a new Doctrine I preach, when I say that Passion will make me Sober, when it is well known, it makes other men mad. But the passion they pretend; is nothing but filthy fury; but mine is the bashfullest thing in the World, call'd Love. Have not you Observ'd, that a sincere Lover has hardly power to speak without confusion, for fear of offending his Mistress, how is it then possible, that I, in the tendereſt condition that ever Lover was, shou'd have the Courage to Enterprize any thing, that I know wou'd provoke you beyond forgiveness.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

From the same to the same.

I Thank you for two good things which you have been pleas'd to discover to me, your Humour and your Face; and I hope if you do me any mischief by one, You'll be so generous as to make me Satisfaction with the other. Nature commonly contrives matters so well, that when she gives any thing a power to hurt, she also bountifully bestows a power to Cure. When I judg'd of your pretty turns in Writing and Conversation, I esteem'd you, but now I have had the pleasure of seeing your Face, I am made sensible of a warmer distinction. With the first you touch't my Understanding, and I thought of you with Pleasure: but with the last you toucht the tenderest of my Passions, and I feel you with Uneasiness. Forgive me if I call it Uneasiness, because you know (or at least I hope are capable of knowing) that Impatience and Inclination are not unlikely to give a man some disturbance. I can but think with how many Passions I find my self alarm'd at a time, for your sake. There is Love (which will always be heard first) that makes me covet your Inclinations. There is Hope that flatters me with a distant prospect, that my sincerity and constancy will be rewarded. Then comes Fear with its impertinent Objections, and terrifies me with a thousand difficulties. In the next place I have Sorrow for the impossibility of seeing you so often as *I* desire. And after all *I* am dissolv'd in Pity, that you are not so happy as you deserve, and conceive a Hatred, as irreconcileable as that betwixt *Popery* and *Reformation*, at those that are the Occasion of it. Pray, Madam, have the Charity to believe that *I* am sincere in all these points, and on my part *I* promise, by the hopes *I* have of your favour, (an Oath that even Dr. *Oates* cou'd not find in his heart to break) that you shall never reproach me with infidelity. If it be possible, shorten the tedious time I am to be (I can't say to live) without the happiness of seeing you; consider how

much the Prisoner longs for Liberty, and how impatient the Man that is in Pain and can't sleep, is for the Approach of Day, and then you'll be able to make some Judgment, how tiresome your Absence is to

Your Humble Servant,

Honetto.

Thursday Morning.

LETTER XL.

From the same to the same.

THE last seven Days have been but a Week by the Kalendar, but an Age by my Impatience, because I have neither had the Joy of seeing you, nor (which is my next greatest Comfort) of hearing from you. I might perhaps be able to bear such Disasters with less Impatience, were I but convinc'd as much as I am of your Charms, that this Reserve proceeded from want of Opportunity, and not from want of Inclination. Forgive me, dear Madam, the fear I entertain upon this Account; for tho' it calls your Kindness in Question, which the Ladies are sometimes willing, shou'd remain a Doubt, yet it proves mine; aud you know 'tis less provoking, for a Lover to distrust his Mistres's Passion, than to give her Reason to distrust his; because the first may come from an humble Opinion of himself, but the last must come from an humble Opinion of her. If *Venus* will therefore put it into your Heart, Madam, to make me compleat amends, for your more than Female Silence all this Week; pray let it be by sending me speedy Word, that tho' the Time of your writing has been longer than I wish'd, yet the Time of your meeting me, will be sooner than I expected.

Adieu.

Friday Morning.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

From the same to the same.

'TWas too unkind to be so long without writing; and after all, to send so short a Letter. If you must be silent, pray let it be like the silent Woman in the Play; who, tho' she held her Peace a good while, yet spoke enough in Conscience at last; only do what you can, there must be this difference between you; that 'tis impossible for you to make me wish you silent again. You will, I'm sure, forgive me, if I think the time very long that you take, before you will make me happy with your Company; and *I* bear it the more uneasily, because you seem to bear it with so much Patience your self. Do but have more Inclination, and I'm confident, your Invention will easily find an Opportunity, tho' you be watch'd by an *Argus* with an hundred Eyes. However, go upon as safe Grounds as you can, because *I* wou'd be unwilling to accept of Happiness at the Price of yours. I am this Day going out of Town, till Thursday next; so that you may conclude, *I* shall have but a Melancholy Christmas, when *I* am to be without so necessary a part of my Pleasure as your self. By that time, make some Tryal of your Contrivance to let me see you, but *I* cannot think it for your Safety, to have any Witness of our Innocence; because you cannot bring any Body with you, upon such a Rendezvouz, whose Evidence will be believ'd by a Jealous Husband. If he find out, that you had an Assignation, no other Testimony, but that of Miracles, will convince him, that it was innocent. So that all the Danger lies in his knowing it; and *I* may say, that that Danger will be less, when 'tis kept secret from any Witness at all. Besides, *I* am the more importunate to see you by your self, because then if it be told, you may accuse me of Infidelity; whereas otherwise, *I* may lay the Blame upon the third Person; and *I* wou'd willingly be without Excuse. Now your coming alone, does not make our Meeting more criminal, because you may depend upon two Things that will secure you; the first is your Vertue, and the second your want of *Inclination*; and *I* might name a third too, which is my good Behaviour.

Pray let me find a Letter on Thursday next, to settle all these Points; and till then, with much Regret, I bid you passionately *Adieu.*

Friday Morning.

‘This Gentleman I assure you (said *River*) is a Master at Billets. True (continu'd *Fountain*) the Style is pretty; and generally speaking (continu'd *Brook*) the Reflections just and pleasant. I doubt not but he gain'd his Point (said *Church*) for where two Wits meet in the same Design, they soon come to a good Understanding. I am of another Opinion (interrupted *Grave*) for let a Woman have never so much Wit her self, you will find her always fonder of a Fool, than a Man of Sense. The Lady has anticipated your Objection (said *Summer*) by making a Recrimination, in telling you, that the Men seldom choose their Mistresses by their Wit, but their Beauty. It must be confess'd (pursu'd *Winter*) that neither Sex consult the Mind of either Sex, when their Business relates only to the Body. I must dissent (concluded *I*) or at least distinguish. Meer Beauty may win a Heart, but Wit and good Humour can only preserve the Heart.

LETTER XLII.

Concerning the Play-Houses. *'Twas Directed to* John Walter, *Esq; to be left at the Post-House in* Coventry.

YOU importune me for News, and I send you the Publick Prints, that won't satisfy your Curiosity; you are for secret History, and private Transactions; but I that keep neither Women, nor Wits Company, am very barren of Scandal, which those two Setts of Creatures very plentifully furnish in their Conversation. However, without their help I shall send you some Accounts at present, which the publick Papers will not furnish you withal. And those are of the present State of that Hospital of *Parnassus*, the Play-House, which receives and takes care of all the Cripples and diseas'd of that Airy Region, but will scarce admit of any Man that has *Mentem sanam in Corpore sane*; for a sound Mind in a sound Body, will never please the Beadles and Masters of that Medly of *Bedlam* and the *Hospital*, nor the *Play-house*; which, contrary to all other Common-wealths, lets the Able Starve, and takes care

care only of the Impotent, and Sick. The wiseſt States have always had the publick Diverſions in the Hands of publick Magiſtrates. Thoſe in *Athens* were the *Choragi*, of which number the great *Themiſtocles* was, and in *Rome* the *Ædiles Curales*; for by this means, nothing was regarded but the publick Service, by excluding all things that were offenſive, to the Vertue, and Diverſion of the Audience; and every Act encourag'd that cou'd contribute to the Improvement of either. *Plays*, the Foundation of the Diverſion, were encourag'd, and purchas'd by their Excellence, according to Art, of which there were ten ſworn Judges; and *Ariſtotle* has given us the Admirable Rules they wrote by, and which has made their Plays continue to our Time, for near two thouſand Years, the Wonder and Eſteem of all the Learned Men of all Nations; whereas thoſe that are acted here with the greateſt Succeſs, deriving it from the ſenſeleſs Applauſe of Cits, Attorney's Clerks, young Students of the Inns of Court, Beaux, *Will*'s Coffee-houſe Wits, Whores, Tars, and Soldiers, *who all are to their Father's Vices born, and to their Mother's Ignorance, were bred*, vaniſh away like the Snuff of a Candle after a Moments Blaze, in Ignominy and Stink; and as they took they know not why, ſo now they ſlight them they know not wherefore. The *Play-houſe* having been granted to private Hands, nothing was minded but private Advantages, Obſcenity, Profaneneſs, Bombaſt, Farce, and what is more ridiculous and extravagant, *Sing-ſong Operas* were refus'd, and every thing without Judgment or Underſtanding, try'd to bring Money into their Pockets. By Sale this Patent comes into the Hands of thoſe who know even leſs than the firſt Poſſeſſors of it; but how cou'd any Man go out of his way, when there was no fix'd Path to confine them. Money purchas'd the Buſineſs, and therefore the Buſineſs muſt be made to bring in the Money into the Purchaſer's Pockets: But here was ſome ſort of Right, and the Stage call'd a Property, even unalterable by the Crown who gave it. However, dayly Grievances and Complaints gave Capt. *V——b* hopes of ſucceeding, in ſetting them free from the Slavery they daily murmur'd at. By his Addreſs, and Acquaintance with the People of Quality, he got large Subſcriptions for Building a New Theatre, on which he might Exerciſs his double Capacity of Poet, and Architect. And here Men of Senſe were in hopes, that a Poet had publick Spirit enough to regard only the Publick Good of thoſe who upheld the Diverſion by their Writing, or their

Acting, which might have brought the Stage soon to its antient Lustre, and gain'd him more Credit (and perhaps all things consider'd) not less Money. If he had call'd in many Men of Learning, and Art, into the Management, and sought no farther Advantage from the Business that cost him little, than others equally qualify'd, except a Reimbursement of what he had really expended more than the Subscriptions. Thus he wou'd have enlarg'd his Reputation, and made Friends of all the Men of Sense, Wit and Poetry, present, and to come; and wou'd have persuaded the World, that he was not so unpoetical a Lover of only his own sordid Interest, as to mind nothing else. The Inconveniencies he wou'd have avoided by this means; had been first his building a Theatre at the Fagg-End of the Town, whither four parts in five, that make an Audience, cannot come without an insupportable Expence. Next, the building a Theatre in nothing better than what we had before, except in the Front, or Case, which signifies little to the Business of the Place. Thirdly, his taking no Care to engage the Players of *Drury-lane*, who kept out of Articles a long time in expectation of being sent to; but he, either through Pride, Negligence, or something worse, never minded till they were all engag'd; and then, without any manner of Justice, forc'd away one of them, when he might fairly, and without Noise, have had the major Part, and the best. Fourthly, his taking the Direction and Advice of those very People in the Government of this New Company, who had before ruin'd two Companys, and brought them from the Admiration, to the Contempt of the Town. Fifthly, his attempting, contrary to all Reason or Justice in the World, to destroy the Patent, and unite the Companies, when he found his Hopes and Projects disappointed, contrary to the Pleasure and Will of his Benefactors, who gave him their Subscriptions to keep up two Companies, whose Emulation may the better divert the Town. But to judge of the Justice of this Design, I send you his Proposals of Union, and Mr. *Riche*'s Answer. The following Proposals were sent from the Secretary, to the Lord Chamberlain the 19th of *July*, 1705.

Proposals for the Reducing the two Companies of Players into one.

1st. THat the Patent Adventurers on their ceasing to act by Vertue of their Patent, be admit-

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ted to a Moyety of the clear Profits, which shall arise from the Company now establish'd by the Queen in the *Hay-Market.*

2d. That there shall no Regard be had to each Companies past Debts, Engagements, or Stock, their Concern together being forward, not backwards.

3d. That the Persons to be intrusted for the Management, be Nam'd by the Queen, to be at any Time chang'd and remov'd, as she shall think fit.

4th. That if these three principal Heads be agreed to, the Settlement of the inferiour Matters, may be refer'd to my Lord *Chamberlain.*

J. Vanbrugh.

About the 25th of July, *Mr.* Rich *sent the following Answer to Sir* John St----ly.

SIR,

I Receiv'd from you two Letters, one on the 7th, and the other on the 21st of *June* last, intimating my Lord *Chamberlain*'s Pleasure, That I shou'd bring in Proposals for uniting the two Companies; I shall ever be redy to pay the utmost Duty and Obedience to his Lordships Commands, and wou'd sooner have return'd an Answer to the Letters, but that I have waited for Opportunity of speaking with the Parties concern'd: Many of whom being still out of Town, cannot as yet be summon'd together; and it is impossible for me to bring any Proposals without all their respective Consents. For I beg leave to represent, that *I* am concern'd with above forty Persons in number, either as Adventurers under the two Patents granted to Sir *William Davenant*, and *Tho. Killegrew*, Esq; or as Renters of *Covent-Garden* and *Dorset-Garden* Theatres; and tho I have hitherto manag'd for all with an equal Regard to their Interest, as to my own, and have done it to my own Expence and Hazard, and with infinite Pains, to raise a New Sett of Actors, Singers, and Dancers, and to keep the Company together; yet to receive any Persons (others than Actors, Singers, Dancers, and Performers) into any Part, Interest or Share, with the Proprietors, under the Patents, is not in my Power, without a Breach of Trust, which I cannot answer to the rest of the Proprietors, who may tear me to pieces with Law-Suits, if they shou'd see me go about an Act, which in the Consequence,

ſequence of it, may in their Apprehenſion, conclude, or prejudice their Rights and Properties purchas'd for a valuable Conſideration, on which divers Marriages, Settlements, Morgages, Contracts, and the Support of many Families depend. And I ſuppoſe it is not unknown to you, how many Troubles and Vexatious Suits, both at Law and Equity, I have already drawn upon me, from ſeveral of the Proprietors, by my Endeavours to preſerve them and my ſelf. Sir, I am a Purchaſer under the Patents, to above the value of two Thouſand Pounds, (a great part of which was under the Marriage-Settlements of Dr. *Davenant*) and am not only accountable to the reſt of the Proprietors, and lyable to ſeveral New Debts, but alſo under Covenants with ſeveral Actors, Singers, and Dancers, for the whole Undertaking. And when after ten Years Employment, Expence, and Diligence, I have (notwithſtanding many Difficulties) ſucceeded; ſo that the Company has the good Fortune to pleaſe the Town, and the Profits begin to reimburſe, and pay the Monies and Debts contracted: If I ſhall now be depriv'd of reaping the Benefit of ſuch my Labour and Charges, what muſt the Effect be, but the undoing of my ſelf, and of the Intereſts of thoſe engag'd with me, to raiſe great Eſtates to Mr. *Vanbrugh*, and a few others, on our Ruins?

Before Mr. *Vanbrugh* and Mr. *Congreve* had obtain'd Her Majeſty's Licenſe for a Company of Actors, I did humbly offer to his Lordſhip (the Company of Actors in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*) that I wou'd receive them all at ſuch Salaries as his Lordſhip ſhou'd think reaſonable; but his Lordſhip was pleas'd to declare, That Her Majeſty intended to have two Companies, and he wou'd not permit me to entertain them. And afterwards, in complyance with his Lordſhip's Pleaſure, I did not inſiſt upon my Right, ſo far as I was advis'd I might, of keeping thoſe Actors, whom his Lordſhip has been lately pleas'd to command from me in order, as his Lordſhip then declared, for the keeping up of two Companies that might Emulate one another.

And now, Sir, with Submiſſion, I do not ſee upon the whole Matter, how ſuch an Union, as ſeems to be intended, can have a good Effect, if one conſiders either the Inclination of the Quality, and Gentry, who have always declared for the keeping up of two Companies (and to that purpoſe, ſubſcribed to the Building of a New Theatre) or the Management of the New Theatre, ſince it was open'd, which has not been ſuch, with

all

all the Advantages of setting forth, as wou'd invite others to put the whole under the same Government, in order to pay a very large Rent to Mr. *Vanbrugh*, for that which cost him little or nothing, beyond the Subscriptions received by him. And, with regard to the Players themselves, since they have already, in a Petition to his Lordship, declared themselves content with the Terms, under which they act here, and apprehensive of great Hardships, if not utter Ruin, which they conclude will be brought upon them by such a Union. It wou'd be very hard, that those who desire only to subsist by their Labour, shou'd be forc'd into the other Company, who have not taken the same Care to entertain the Town, notwithstanding the many Favours, and large Subscriptions they have receiv'd; whereof three or four have engross'd the whole Benefit.

These, Sir, are some of the Reasons, which I humbly offer against a Union in general; and having on Thursday last, receiv'd Mr. *Vanbrugh*'s Proposals in writing, I am the more confirm'd in my Opinion against it: For by the first, he wou'd have us cease to Act by Virtue of our Patents; and in the second, he declares, That no Regard shall be had to the Companies past Debts, Engagements, or Stock, and how an Union can be either practicable, or safe, with respect to the Interest of all Parties upon this foot, I cannot conceive. I am, SIR,

Theatre-Royal, 25th July, 1705. *Your humble Servant, &c.*

This is the State of the Case, and a piece of secret News, which I hope will please your Curiosity, and is therefore sent you by your humble Servant, *G. C.*

'This is an odd sort of Conduct in my Opinion (said '*Grave*) which I can discover neither Honour nor Sense 'in. I shall not meddle (pursu'd *Brook*) with the Ho'nour of any Gentleman, but I confess it seems a little 'Mysterious on the Prudential Part. But pray inter'rupted *Fountain*) give me leave to be free; Where is 'the Justice of taking a Right of one man, which he 'purchas'd with his Money, To give it (assum'd *River*) 'to any other private Person, that has no manner of 'Right to it, and who does not at all want it (added '*Summer*.) If private Men may sway (pursu'd *Winter*) 'I can't discover the difference; if publick, (continu'd '*Church*) Mr. *Rich* has discover'd an Industry and Will, 'to please the Town; which (said *Chappel*) is a sort of 'Publick Merit. Whereas (concluded I) that is not yet 'discover'd in his Antagonist. *Summer*

SUmmer *having dispatch'd his Friends, and come to us; we returned to our Business, and the first thing we took up, was another Pacquet, which having broke open, we found it consisted of ten Letters full of a great deal of Satyr and Wit. They were all dirifted.*

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. Felhouse *at Mr.* Lauson's *in* Suffolk-street *near* Charing-Cross, London.

Honoured Sir,

I Have here, with an hundred Thanks, return'd you your Friend's Letters; the Diversion they gave me and my Brother in the reading, perswaded us, you wou'd oblige the World by a publication of them, especially at this time; when Volumes of Letters of no great Value are publish'd with such Applause, such Letters as these wou'd make us amends for those other numerous Trifles. No more, but that I am

Your Obliged humble Servant,

E. Clark.

'We have indeed been pester'd, (said *Chappel*) with 'Letters with Collections of *French* Trifles. But the 'pleasantness of the Whim is, (continu'd *Brook*) that 'some of these Epistle-Mongers wou'd persuade us 'tis 'for the Information of Mankind they publish 'em to 'the World, in what they confess is natural to every 'one, since there is scarce any one but can write down 'what he can express in Discourse. It seems to me 'the highest Vanity in the Writer (said *Summer*) that 'a Man is capable of, for it shews a fondness of the most trifling

'trifling of his Productions to an extravagance, that 'he can think that even those merit the view of the 'World, and can at all contribute to his Reputation. '*Voitures* indeed (pursu'd *Temple*) were publish'd after 'his Death, and perhaps if he had foreseen their Pub-'lication, he wou'd have prevented it, by burning 'them. These Gentlemen I know (continu'd *Grave*) 'alledge *Pliny* and *Cicero* for Precedents, but they are 'no more of a piece with those, than their Condition 'in the World is. Right (added *River*) and so the 'Motives are various. For the Reasons of their E-'steem and Reception in the World (which these 'Sparks consider not) is two-fold ; first they were No-'ble Men of *Rome*, whose Station in the Common-'wealth cou'd not but furnish their Letters with a 'great deal of the most valuable, that is, the most se-'cret and private History of their several Times, as 'their Epistles prove ; in which there are many things 'material both to the History and Customs of their 'Country. Besides (interrupted *Church*) we are so-'licitous to know the Humours, Inclinations and se-'cret Transactions of *Cicero* and *Pliny*, the most private 'Actions of Men of so great a Figure in the World, 'being in themselves worthy to be known. Whereas 'I can see nothing in Nature (pursu'd *Summer*) can re-'commend the little *Billet deux* of these Sparks to the 'publick, each containing some one wretched and ex-'travagant Conceit, which is twisted and turn'd a 'thousand ways, to gain the Affections of a glorious 'Vizor-Mask. They endeavour indeed (added *Foun-'tain*) to give the face of a Paradox and Novelty to 'their Letters, but with apparent design ; and that 'amuses the Reader at first, and surprizes his Judg-'ment into a kind of Satisfaction ; till on a second 'perusal, he discovers the fallacy, and finds they were 'written for no other end. Besides (concluded I) if 'this frollick goes on, all the Sons of *Wit* about *Toms 'Wills*, who have any amorous Intrigues, will be com-'municating their surprizing and occasional Billets to 'all the Jilts in Town ; and then the Lord have Mer-'cy upon us. But now let's see what we have got 'here.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

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

SIR, Turin *May 1st.* 1692.

IT is not an hour since I sent a *Letter* to the Post for you. Since I find I have time, I venture to write a second. In my first I gave you some Account of the *Alpes*; and the Effect which they have upon a Traveller the first time he passes them, how they surprize, amaze, transport him. In this I shall give you some Account of the Knight, the lowness of whose Soul, and the littleness of whose Understanding, will prove no less Entertaining to you in their kind, than the height and extent of the Hills of *Savoy*. In my first I endeaour'd that my Expressions should hold some proportion with the lofty Subject I handled. At present I change both Matter and Style on a sudden by dwindling to the Consideration of the Knight's Follies; as a Hawk that is towring in the upper Air, comes tumbling all at once from his height and his prospect, to strike at some *Vermin* below. He is one made up of strange Contradictions, ill-natur'd, yet foolish; ill-contriv'd, yet effeminate; nauseous, yet squeamish. A fool whose height and end of Ambition is only to pass for a Fop. And as now he is abroad, he has not one quality to shew him an *Englishman*, but his Inability to speak any other Language: so I dare engage that when he comes home, he will have nothing to shew that he has been abroad, but his own nonsense, exprest in bad broken *English*; the ridiculous Vanity and Affectation of the *French*, the Cowardise of the *Italians*, the Brutality of the *Germans*, and the Dulness of the *Dutch*.

But the Relation of his Actions will best describe him, and oblige you to confess, That a merrier *Wight* has never been dubb'd. *Tho' Princes, like Fortune, to shew their Power, take pleasure in conferring Honour on Fools.*

In

In this Journey from *Lyons* to this place, he was as Merrily attended as he was Accouter'd. His Attendants were a *Switzer* his *homme d' affaire*, and *Petet Jean a Gascon*, his Governour. For as when a Bear is led in procession, a Monkey is still at the head of him; so when the Knight was sent to be shown about *Europe*, a *Monsieur* was giv'n as Guide to him.

His Accoutrements were no less Extraordinary, over Coats and Cloaks, sufficient to set up a bankrupt Broker, he had a Grey-colour'd Cloth resembling a *Capucin*'s Cowl reverst, with two glass Eyes in the Front. There was a very wise Dispute betwixt *Petit Jean* and an *Alexandrian*, what should be the meaning of so odd an Equipage. The *Italian* was of Opinion that it was to scare away Rogues, at which *Petit Jean* was scandaliz'd, that his Master need not wear a Vizor for that: That he had a face that could scare as well as anothers. Upon hearing of this, the Knight had a mind to divert the Company by rallying the *Alexandrian*. His Camarade made him a seasonable Remonstrance, That the *Italians* were people who understood no Raillery; and that the Knight's was so Excessively dull, that all the world still thought him in earnest. That his only way of diverting us was to be serious. That nothing could make the Company more out of Humour, than his Mirth; or make them more gay, than his Gravity.

But there are two things which are equally hard; to impose upon a Man of sense, and convince a Fool. The Knight was resolv'd to be witty, and in a *Latin Gibberish* furiously attack'd the *Alexandrian*. This pedantic Raillery had a ridiculous Issue. For as the Knight most barbarously broke *Priscian*'s head, the *Italian* maul'd the Knight's.

The first night we lay at *Verpillier*, where as I arriv'd weary, and supp'd plentifully, I slept very soundly till midnight. When Sir *Jeremy* crying out in a frightful tone, *Mon Dieu! qui est la*, allarm'd and rous'd the sleepiest of us. There was amongst us an old Stager, who had supp'd a little Exorbitantly, and upon *Cabbage Soupe*, *Aumellette* and *Frogs*, had swallow'd a great deal of *Cote rotie*, which fill'd his Garbage with a great many unsavory Vapours, which enrag'd at their Confinement, from time to time broke Prison, not without noise. In the mean time his nose was no less obstreperous, and seem'd to grumble at its opposite for its incivility. *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ*. The Knight whom Fear and Bugs had kept waking, thought some body

was

was forcing the Door, and still as the noise grew louder, cryed out in a horrid tone, *Qui est la! Eh mon Dieu qui est la!* The Company got up, and rising heard the noise at a greater distance: Demanding Lights, we soon understood the occasion of so odd an Alarm. For the old Stager snor'd on, and the Knight was missing. When after some search, the *Alexandrian* drew him out from under the Feather-bed, begging him after a most pitiful manner, to spare his Life, and to take his Money.

There is just now come a Messenger to bid me prepare for *Milan*. You shall have the sequel, the first Opportunity. I am, &c.

'The Hand I know very well (said *Temple*) and so 'do most of this Company, tho' the Wit of the *Letter* 'is sufficient without the Authority of the Name. The 'Account of the Knight (pursu'd *Grave*) is extreamly 'pleasant. Being one of those merry Mortals (assum'd '*Fountain*,) that make a ridiculous Figure in the 'World at the expence of their Father's Damnation. 'And (assum'd *Winter*,) by the help of Travel, be-'come noisie and insipid, pert and dull. And as they 'go abroad (continu'd *Church*,) plain conceited *English* 'Blockheads, so they return affected taudry *French* 'Fops. This War has brought one Advantage (pur-'su'd *Brook*,) to the conversible part of the Town, 'we are only now troubled with our Native Dulness 'without the importation of *French* Follies, the worst, 'tho' the only Commodity our Travellers commonly 'bring from thence. Nay, shou'd it continue some 'years (added *Summer*,) we shou'd have never a Sir '*Fopling*, or a *Monsieur de Paris* left. But this Knight '(interrupted *River*,) seems to be a Copy of Sir *Hudi-'bras*, for all his parts but his Courage, which was 'undaunted (assum'd *Chappel*,) in the hazardous Adven-'ture of the Bear and Fiddle: where as our Wight 'was almost smother'd in Feathers at the Allarm of a 'snoring Neighbour. Nature (concluded *I*,) in her 'productions discovers a double Aim, a publick and 'private Good: when she makes a Sot, she contributes 'to the Diversion of the World, and the Happiness 'of one private Man, since his want of Sense is sure 'to make his Fortune, if he ben't bore to any.

'All

'All this while *Grave* was reading with a great deal 'of Rapture another of these *Letters*, which on en'quiry we found to be a satirical Essay against Mar'riage. But he wou'd permit none to read it out but 'himself, *which he did thus.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. Bulstrodder, *at* Colchester *in* Essex, *on his sending him part of the Fable of* Belphegor, *being a Satyr against Marriage.*

I Have sent you the remaining part of *Belphegor*, and now it will not be amiss to say something of the whole. You will find in it something of the solid Contrivance of *Machiavel*, and the jolly Spirit of *Le Favre*. And in my mind it is as much to be prefer'd before other Novels, as *Machiavel* and *Le Fevre* before the little Romantick Writers of the Times. But as Roguishly as it is imagin'd by the *Italian*, as gayly as it is express'd by the *French-man*; yet if you read it with application, you'l find in it a very sharp Satyr on Marriage. In which, methinks, it resembles what it exposes. For, as Matrimony shews nothing but Pleasure and Joy, to a superficial View; so it discovers a Sting to the more strict Observer. I hope your reading of it may have a good Effect upon you, and make you learn by *Belphegor* to avoid a Wife at any rate (and so far it will be safe *to be the Devil's Disciples*) though like him you enter into the bodies of others for it. Marriage indeed was never in worse Esteem, than at present, when not only the wicked, but the Saints too cry out against it, as much as St. *Paul* did formerly; and it is reckon'd an equal Obstacle both to *Lewdness* and *Piety*. I keeps a Man in *Erasmus's Paradise*, as it drove him out of the true one, and will suffer him to approach neither Heav'n nor Hell. For Wives are now no more what they were meant at first. The Serpent in *Eve* perverted the whole kind; and there-

fore *Belphegor* was a very senseless Devil, for marrying one whom himself had debauch'd before. Heav'n at first made them the lower part of the Creation, but we have gone since; and made them the upper: Heav'n made them humble, obedient and innocent; but we have made them proud, imperious and false: Heav'n, as it did the rest of the Beasts, made them Slaves to Men; but Men have made themselves Slaves to them. Nay, Slaves to the very brutal parts, they are like Dogs led by the Nose by them; there are several who are forc'd to pay afresh for ev'ry happy Night, almost as dearly as they did for the first.

For what remains, desire our Acquaintance to have some pity upon a poor Devil persecuted by that *greater Fiend*, a *Wife*: Desire them to use him at least as gently as *Lucifer*, and far more gently than she did. To avoid her he fled to him, and was glad to be sav'd ev'n by Hell; but to be damn'd by those good Men that are Foes to Matrimony, would grieve him more than all that he suffer'd by it, and he dreads their Tongues more than ever he did *Honestas*'s. Do you too use him gently, and by your kindness oblige two Persons, who will readily lay hold of all Opportunities of serving you, *viz.* your honest Devil,

and your Friend

and Servant.

'This Letter (said I) is not less diverting and wit-
'ty than the last, and is surprizing (assumed *Chappel*)
'that it can furnish us with so many new and satyrical
'Reflections, on a Subject that has been bandy'd ever
'since its first Institution. True (pursu'd *Brook*) for
'*Adam* himself, the very first day of his Marriage, be-
'gan to complain of it. Right (interrupted *Grave*)
'after his Spouse had made him shake hands with her
'first Correspondent, the Devil: For Woman was not
'only the first Acquaintance the Devil had here, but
'also the first that truck'd with him, giving the Hap-
'pineſs of all Mankind for an Apple. 'Twas a plea-
'sant Revenge of *Protagoras* on his Enemy, (conti-
'nu'd *Temple*) in giving him his Daughter in Marri-
'age, telling one that ask'd him the Reason of it,
'That he could bestow nothing on him worse than a
'*Wife*. If that were pleasant (added *River*) the
'Wish

'Wish of *Diogenes* was malicious, who when he saw 'some Women hang'd on an Olive-Tree, cry'd out, 'Oh! that all Trees bore such Fruit. The *Spaniards* '(pursu'd *Church*) brag much of the Wisdom of *Alphonso* King of *Arragon*, who seems to have been bet'ter acquainted with *Astronomy* than Woman-kind, for 'he with reason observ'd the Errors of the Ptolomaic 'System, tho' he was very prophane in his Expression 'of them, when he said he cou'd have given God good 'Advice in the making of the World, if he had been 'of his Council, taking the Confusion of the System 'for granted. But he was much out (interrupted '*Winter*) when he said the only way to make Marri'age happy, was to have a blind Wife, and deaf Hus'band; since tho' the Deafness of the Husband, might 'be some fence against the scolding of his Wife, yet her 'Blindness cou'd be no Security to him by freeing her 'from Jealousie, since Women have another way of 'discovering the slips of their Husbands, who can't eat 'their Cake and have it too. Marriage I find (pursu'd '*Fountain*) is, as *Socrates* observes, like a Net to Fish: 'None of you are satisfy'd till you are in, and those that 'are in, wou'd fain get out again. Nay, the severest 'Railer of you all, wou'd run all the hazard, if you had 'but an inviting Prospect. For my part (concluded '*Summer*) I'm not of that Mind, I am content with 'my State, and can bill and sing in my Cage, both 'with more Pleasure and more Security, than among 'the wild Birds in the Forest.

'But here's a Subject of another kind (said I) an 'Epistle Dedicatory. A thing (answer'd *Grave*) more 'prostitute than Woman. But pray let's hear it (inter'rupted *Brook*) before you ease your Spleen, it may 'furnish you with new Matter. The reading it (said I) 'shall be my Task, since I'm a Friend to Dedications.

LETTER XXXVV.

An Epistle Dedicatory.

To his much Esteemed Friend, Mr.

SIR.

FEW things of this Nature come abroad without *Dedications*, and some glorious Title prefix'd. With One part of the Custome I have comply'd, and rejected the other. For how should the Quality of any Man support the Reputation of an Author, when 'tis plainly seen, that without the help of a Statute it cannot sustain its own? Besides, if great Men have no Merit, 'tis unfit to make them believe they have; (and a Dedication cannot be without some Commendation.) For their Condition alone makes them haughty enough in all Conscience, and their natural Vanity is hardly to be endur'd. Then Poets, of all Men, ought to bear generous Minds; and Flattery only becomes as Slave's. But if, on the other side, they are truly Great; their very Stations are so conspicuous, that all their Actions must be so too; especially, since those of the Great are of such a Nature, that they always affect the Light. For Magnificence, Bounty and Bravery, and the rest of that Train, never fail to make themselves known: Nay, some of them are of that Nature, that they never exist until they discover themselves; and when they disappear, they die. But as private Men are more obscure, their Virtues are less remarkable. It therefore concerns the Justice of others, to take the more Notice of them; since otherwise they must necessarily still be hid, and want the Nourishment of Praise. Yet be not allarm'd; for I shall not make you blush at the recital of yours. I shall not say one word of your Endowments of Body or Mind: For those few who know you, connot be Strangers to either. And to commend a Man's Vertues which are already Observ'd in him, were not like a Dedicating Author. For such a one generally extols People

People most, for good Qualities, which are least of all taken Notice of in them; and which, to speak plainly, are not to be found in them. For otherwise, where would the Obligation lye to him? Or, where the Pretence to the Guinea's he aims at? Since that Dedication is best rewarded, which, as *Leely* did, paints People handsomer than themselves; imparting a great many Graces to the Pictures, tho' Nature perhaps bungl'd when she drew the Men. A Dedication, indeed, is often a downright Bargain; and the Trader in Wit, like other Traders, with a great deal of Humility and Sugar'd Words, for Gold or Silver which he wants, lets his honourable Culleys have the Counterfeit Vertues which they want. Have we not lately beheld a notorious Fop, for one poor parcel of Guinea's, turn'd into a Wit and a *Beaugareon*? Have not our modern Sons of *Apollo*, done what his Daughter *Circe* did formerly, when she restor'd the Companions of *Ulysses* to their primitive Shapes; and by the Power of Words, made perfect *Hero*'s of those who were Brutes? But here let me express my Joy, for that I have now an Opportunity of following the Fashion, without the Vice; and commending those Vertues in you, which the World could never Observe in you, and yet, which you do not want; I mean, your Truth, your Faith, and your Friendship. For there's a great deal of difference between these and those other Vertues, which are the usual Subjects of Dedications. For Beauty, where it is, must appear, tho' tis sometimes mask'd; and Wit and good Sence, tho' they're sometime clouded, like their God the *Sun*, must now and then break out. But Faith and Friendship are modest and secret Vertues; and they who in the Eye of the World pretend most to 'em, of all Men usually want them most. Have not I my self seen the greatest Professors deserting their Friends, as easily as they abandon a Mistress? And as the very last Proof of her Love, has been the only Argument to make them forsake her; so the most generous Experiments of the other's Friendship, have been the greatest Motives to induce them to hate them. For Hate is the usual Return of all, who are unwilling to make any other but then on the other side, Do not I know one, who has been a real Friend, without public Professing? Who has been generous ev'n in his Dissimulation, and never dissembl'd any thing so much as Indifference; since it was for the Interest of his Friend to be dissembled? Who has perform'd, without too much promising before, or without any boasting afterwards;

Who, in serving his Friend, has been so far from regarding himself, that he has never so much as been vain upon it: And can I know this, and not be unjust; nay, ungrateful, in not declaring it, when I alone can declare it? Especially since this is a Commendation which need not make you blush, nor the Reader angry. For it does not exalt you above them all, but only equal you with the Good; and none who own themselves of that number, can ever be disturb'd to find it augmented. But if any one, upon reading this, will affirm, that to make up a Friend, several extraordinary Qualifications are requisite; let him, as he numbers them, compose your Panegyric. I never design'd to do that here: I only wish, That this Letter may stand, as a thankful Acknowledgment of your Friendship to me, and a faithful Record of my own to you. I am,

SIR,

your Faithful Friend,

and Humble Servant.

'I must confess (said I) the Faults our ingenious 'Author has found in our general Dedications, can't be 'deny'd: Flattery is generally the Aim and whole Mat'ter of them; yet even there, in its greatest fault, me'thinks 'tis useful; and the Praise of a Virtue a Man 'has not, stares him in the Face, and lets him see how 'much better a Figure he would make, if he would 'embrace it. But then (interrupted *Chappel*) he im'poses on Posterity, (that is, if his Panegyric reaches 'it,) in representing a Fool, as a Man of Sense; or 'a Miser, as one Generous; a Debauchee, or Bulley, 'as a Man of Honour and Sobriety. That's a fault, I 'think, (reply'd *Brook*,) of no very ill consequence; 'since it gives them more than their due, and is at 'most, but a pious Fraud, to make Posterity believe 'our Age better furnish'd with Hero's than 'tis in reali'ty. 'Tis to be wish'd, indeed, (pursu'd *Summer*,) '(that Men of Sense and Wit had better Encourage'ment, than to be forc'd to prostitute their Praise for 'a Reward. In this (said *Temple*) the Sons of *Apollo*, 'and the Sons of *Melchisedech* are on the same bottom; 'both forc'd to dispense Divine Things, Praise and Sa'crifice for Gold; the poor Priest and the poor Poet 'having

'having their Prayers and Panegyrics at the Service 'of any Benefactor. For my part, (interrupted *Grave*,) 'I like this Epistle better than any of the kind I ever 'saw; there's Wit, and neatness of Expression in ev'ry 'Line: And the modestest and justest Praise (assum'd '*River*) that can be fram'd: And, indeed, I think, 'the Reputation of a True Friend, is beyond that of all 'the noisie and forward Vertues of the Great. As 'tis 'more Uncommon, (pursu'd *Church*,) so 'tis more No-'ble and Excellent. Nay, it contains all others, (con-'tinu'd *Winter*;) for he that's a True Friend, must be 'Generous, or he can't assist his Friend in Distress; 'and Brave, or he can't defend him when attack'd; 'and so through the whole Circle of the Virtues. 'Right, (concluded *Fountain*) he must be a Man of 'Honour and Resolution, that composes a True Friend, 'and remits nothing of his Love and Fidelity in Mis-'fortunes: For the difference of Fortune, is gene-'rally the Sword, that violently cuts in two the Gor-'dian Knot of Friendship, and unravels the Web of 'the fastest-wove Affections. In seeming therefore to 'give him the least Praise, our witty Author has gi-'ven him the greatest; and in avoiding his Panegyric, 'has made the greatest, and that with an Air of a great 'deal of Sincerity.

'But, Gentlemen (said I,) not to dwell on this 'excellent Letter, (tho', I confess, it merits more 'than we have said of it;) yet 'tis time now to pro-'ceed to the next. And this, I'm sure, (assum'd *Tem-'ple*,) will divert you: For 'tis an ingenious Account 'of the *quondam Camp* at *Hounslow-Heath*, of pious Me-'mory. We were all desirous to hear something on a 'Subject so fit for Satyr, from so able a Hand. *Temple* 'therefore read it out with an audible Voice, as fol-'lows.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mr. Rogers, *at his House near* Chichester.

Being a pleasant Account of the quondam *Camp on* Hounslow-Heath.

SIR,

IN Compliance with your Desires I write to you, but I know not what or how. For it is the hardest thing in the World, for one who has so much Aversion to Ceremony, to write to one with whom he has so little business. I cannot so much as begin, without telling you, that I know not how to begin. And such is my hard Luck, that I cannot make use of the old laudable Way of *England*; in which the honest Blockheads, our Ancestors, kept Correspondence; *viz. My kind Love remembred unto you, hoping that you are in Good Health, as I, God be thanked, am at this present.* For alas, Sir, I am confounded sick at this present, and groaning under the Effects of a Bout which I had at the Camp t'other Day. Well, if those Bullies do but as much Execution upon their Enemies, as they do upon their Friends, they may be always assur'd of the Victory. I was once thinking to write News to you; which is the general Refuge of Dullness. But I soon found that to be impossible: For, I presume, it would be none, to assure you, that I have an extraordinary sense of the Civilities which I have receiv'd from your Relations and you; and for publick News, I am wholly a Stranger to it. I have not so much as heard of *Buda* nor *Lorrain* this three Weeks; nor do I frequent the Places where their Actions are related with as much Noise and Smoak as they are done. I am almost a Stranger to the very Names of the barbarous Generals, who but mention'd, wound our Ears. But tho' I can give you little Account of the Camp which lyes before *Buda*, I can give you a large Account of the Camp that lyes before *Hounslow*. Never was the Face of War more beautiful. Never was its Parts more regular, or its Lines more exactly proportion'd. The Artificers who fram'd the Pavilions, and the large Tents, seem

seem like so many *Vulcans* to have entangl'd *Mars* and *Venus* together. But it will be needless to say much of them; for you have had an imperfect View of them your self. But to come to the Men, the Ten Thousand Lads, who were drawn thither this Summer, to drink and whore in a Body. For the Devil an Enemy have they, but himself and the Flesh; *to whom they esteem it glorious to yield, and triumph the more they are beaten.*

Why should I descend to Particulars, and inform you, how such a one was drunk dead upon such a Night; how such a one receiv'd an incurable Clap upon such a Night. In the gross, they are exquisitely wicked, and so exercis'd in all sorts of Lewdness, that one would swear the Devil was a General Officer. They fill their Brimmers as unanimously as they load their Musquets; which they discharge upon themselves, with a design to make other People fall. And it is not unfrequent, that the P—ikes of a whole Regiment are advanc'd at the sight of one Petticoat. But notwithstanding their Lechery, there has been small Propagation among them, unless of the Pox, the Mange, and some scurvy Animals, which, not degenerating from their Parents, live by Blood; and rather than fail, unnaturally devour those Parents. To prevent which, they frequently do with them, as with some of their illegitimate Off-spring, and make other People keep what they have engender'd. Their Agitants are a sad Testimony of this. For if you ask any of them what makes him shrug so? I have been at the Camp, he replies immediately.

But 'tis time to remove from thence, to the Town. Wou'd you know how this place stands affected this long Vacation. There is a circular successive Order in all things. In the Spring we were plagu'd by Controversie. From *Easter* to *July*, Law and Equity rag'd, and were more vexatious than the extremity of the Weather. And now, Sir, Diseases and Doctors take their turn. And 'tis not one Farthing matter; for there are none but Clerks and Citizens left here. Upon which these last are grown as proud, as if the Gentlemen were gone for ever. The Cuckolds walk in State, and toss up their Horn'd Heads, like so many Deer that have lain a long time unmolested. But Rutting-time, to their damn'd disturbance, will come, and reduce the lusty out-lying Deer within the Walls of their well-stock'd Park, the City. At that time, *I* suppose, we may see you: In the mean while, you will be so kind as to write to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

LET-

'This Letter (said *Temple*) tho' short, is full of 'Variety and Wit. 'Tis the *Laconic* Style (pursu'd 'I) beautify'd with the Wit of *Athens*. 'Tis, indeed, 'continu'd *Fountain*) like the Miniature of a great 'Painter, that within a narrow Compass presents 'with so much Life, the exact Proportions and Na'ture, which others take up many larger Tablets 'to express. His Observations on the Camp (said '*Grave*) I most like; for they were such a Gene'ration of effeminate Debauchee's, that had nothing 'of the Soldier but the Cloaths and Vices. They 'had, indeed, all the Vices (assum'd *Winter*) of the '*Asiatic Legions*, in the time of the *Romans*. And 'that (pursu'd *Church*) without the Honour and Hard'ship of conquering that Place. They inverted the 'Order of other Soldiers, (continu'd *Brook*) and as 'they were pay'd before-hand for the Service they 'were to do hereafter: So (assum'd *Summer*) they 'abounded in the Vices of Conquest, before they 'had underwent the Fatigue and Danger of Battle. 'But let us spare 'em, (interrupted *River*) since to 'their Ease, their Luxury and their Factions, we 'owe our Delivery. Agreed (concluded *Chappel*) 'since as wicked as they were, they cou'd after'wards fight for *Religion*; and therefore let's call a 'new Cause.

'Gad, here's another (answer'd *Temple*) something 'a-kin to the Gentlemen of *Hounslow*: 'Tis a Let'ter from, or an Imitation of a Letter from a Fop'pish old Sharper. We desir'd him to read it; but 'he said he'd preserve his Lungs 'till it came to his 'turn again; therefore *Grave* took it, and read as fol'lows.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr. Robert York, Junior, *at his Father's House near* Richmond *in* Yorkshire. *From a Foppish old Sharper of the Town.*

Dear Bob, *June 1st.* 1692.

'TIS upon Compulsion I write to thee; for I am extremely straitn'd for want of Money. I may, with Religion, affirm, That I have not two Guinea's in the World. Since therefore, Want must shortly make a Dun or a Beggar of me, 'tis best to make choice of the less Inconvenience of the two, and rather ask for my own, than another's; Therefore, let me entreat thee, dear *Bob*, to dispatch away the small Sum, which I won of thee, and urge thy Brother to a speedy Payment of his Debt. As I came acquainted with him through your Means, and threw on Tick with him on your Account, you ought to take a little Pains to see me satisfy'd. For he is a very untractable Dog, and has lately avoided me with more Care, than I would that frightful Animal, a Sergeant. Thou knowest, little *Bob*, that I have nothing to subsist upon, but a good Hand, which may in a singular manner be said, to feed my Body; and if we may be allow'd to quibble, *Bob*, the long Vacation is none of the best times for Conveyancing. A merry *Main* is the whole Joy of my Life, a *Box* my only Treasure, and a convenient *Bale* the Consolation of my Soul; my Subsistance, my Support, and my very Substance. But, alas! alas! *Bob*, all these have forsaken me now; for I am got among Dogs so dull, that they have not Sense enough to be cheated; for they can play at nothing above Blind-man's-buff, which, to make a true Estimate of Things, they play at all their life-times. They are indeed perfect Beasts, meer *feræ naturæ*, and an old cours'd Hare is not more shy of a Lurcher, than a Squire of *Yorkshire* is of one of us. I have help'd to compleat the Ruin of the Duke of *B.* and several Men of Sense besides, with half the Pains which I have fruitlessly

lessly taken to bring them to play. Yet let not what I have said, make thee diffide in honest *Jack*. For thou art my Bosom-Sin, my Darling Iniquity, *Bob*; and I will prove as true to thee, as the Devil himself does to Vice, as true as false Dice do to me. I think I have made a sufficient Discovery of my Kindness, by making you the Secretary of my Heart; by unfolding my Conscience to thee, and laying open so many Blots in it. By instructing you in the gentle Craft of Topping and Palming, *Bob*; by initiating you in the noble Mystery of Legerdemain, and shewing you how to do the Tricks of our Art, as Nature does her Feats invisibly. By teaching you to distinguish between high, low, and do; to chop, to change, to command them all; to govern Fortune her self, to fix and settle her there where she is most inconstant, ev'n in Play. For what has been said of other wise Men, may be more properly affirm'd of us, that we are all of us the Makers of our own Fortune. But then are we a great deal more certain of her, than are the rest of the Sages. She often deserts them after she has for a long time favour'd them; and 'tis the only Bitch in the World that proves coy after Enjoyment. But for our parts, when she offers to be gone, we take her, as 'twere, by the Hand, and hold her fast; we struggle with her, and force her to be kind. Thus, *Bob*, have I given thee the most signal Proof of my Friendship, by introducing thee to my Mistress, the very Mistress that keeps me. It now lies in thy part, to make a grateful Return, by giving me a favourable and a speedy Answer. I am, &c.

'This must (said *Chappel*) be an Imitation of a Sharper, not a Reality; since their Sense, as well as Fortune, terminates in a Box and Dice. Yet (assum'd *Brook*) like the Painter mention'd but now, 'tis extreamly like, tho' infinitely handsomer than the Original. The Hand discovers it (added *Summer*) to be the same as the former. If the Hand did not (assum'd *Temple*) the Wit does. Right (continu'd I) for beside the Nature so truly drawn, there is a certain Vivacity in the Wit, and Expression, that seems peculiar to him. The Moral Reflections (pursu'd *River*) have so surprizing a Garb, that their Dress is as new as themselves. His Reflection on Fortune, in my Mind (added *Church*) excels that of *Balzac*, so much commended. *Fortune* (says *Balzac*) *is a Whore that lies with Footmen*. *Fortune* says, our Author (assum'd *Winter*) *is the only*

'*only Bitch that proves coy after Enjoyment.* They are 'both excellent (said *Fountain*) and I know not which 'to prefer. All that I shall say (concluded *Grave*) is 'that I think he has given us a lively Representation 'of, and an Excellent Satyr on these Vermin of the 'Commonwealth, who live by the Inclinations of a 'luxurious, or foolish People.

'Here is (said *Chappel*) a Letter that is Excellent in 'another kind, 'tis something more grave, and fill'd 'with admirable Morality. That then (said *Winter*) 'shall be my Task to read. Which he did as fol-'lows.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mr. Rawlins, *at his Chambers in* Grays-Inn. *Being a Letter of Friendship and Advice.*

Dear Jack,

AFter you left me on Friday, I began to grow thoughtful, which at length grew up to a Melancholy, beyond what you ever felt, or I can express. I remain'd like one, who, as the People say, has neither Life nor Soul in him. And indeed, I had left mine behind me. Some wou'd fancy this a little too loving for a Friend; but you, who would be thought so good a one, must not be of their Opinion. I have been endeavouring, since I came hither to confirm my self in the good Resolution I had taken, of making some continuance, and enjoying a little Rest here. But to arrive at quiet, requires more Trouble than my present Constitution will dispense with. The way to it, like that to Heav'n, is a narrow and thorny way; and Human Nature is damnably inclin'd to take the other, and *rather choses improvidently to run through Pleasure to Pain, than to crawl through Pain to Pleasure.* For my part I strait grew weary of striving against my Inclinations, and at length gave way to the prevailing Current. After all the little Philosophy and Pains I had taken with my self, after all the little Progress I had made, one Thought of thee transported me immediately back to Town again.

Thus

Thus when a Slave against the Stream,
With straining plies his Oar,
Indulging Labour in th' Extream,
In hopes of Ease on Shore.

If once the God impetuous grows,
The Wretch contends in vain,
And the snug Skiff that slowly rows,
Runs whirling down amain.

The Summ of all is, that I must either see you here or at *Putney* suddenly, or else at *London*; the Tide will serve on *Fryday* Exactly at six a Clock in the Morning. Let me know your Design by the Messenger, for I have Order'd him to call for an Answer to morrow Morning. I long to know the Success of your Visit; you must be sure to multiply it, and resolve to dissemble well, or not at all: That is, you must resolve to be a thorow pac'd Hypocrite, or effectually Virtuous. For doing things by halves may cause a discovery. Whereas Hypocrisie when it is home, tho' the lewdest of sins, is with Men Religion, and that *which makes it Diabolical with Heav'n*, viz. *the Greatness of the Vice, makes it Virtue with us.* Indeed there is a Baseness in this last degree of it, which I hope you are too honest to dispense with (yet you are to dissemble trouble for an ill-spent Life, and an honest Man may sooner bring himself to dissemble Trouble, than any thing else; because it must be a Trouble to him to Dissemble) and therefore endeavour to be really pious; but then endeavour to be throughly so, and let your Faith have an influence upon your life. *For a conscientious Debauchee is the greatest Monster in Nature.* He is a Trimmer in Religion, and holds the Balance even between God and the Devil. And whereas the Atheistical Libertine is happy here, and the Saint will Eternally be so; this Wretch both is and will be Eternally miserable. And as he is more miserable than the Saints are in this Life, because they have Heav'n to comfort them in their Afflictions; so he will be far more miserable than the Atheist in the other. For as those who die for fear of Death, often meet with a worse State, than that which they shun; so his fear of Hell, will make his Damnation the greater. For sinning against inward Conviction, which the Atheist does not; his Crime is the greater; and his Punishment must consequently

quently be so too. But such Doctrine from me must surprize you, and you will be apt to fancy, that since my coming to *Kingston*, I am from a Fisher-man grown an Apostle.

Kingston on *Thames*, I am
July 28, 1692.

your Faithful Friend.

'This *Letter* (said *Temple*,) breathes such an Air of 'Sincerity, that it discovers a Friendship, as uncom-'mon as his Wit. And in that (pursu'd *Grave*,) a much 'better Qualification; for (assum'd *Fountain*) the Ra-'rity of an Excellence exalts its Worth. True (con-'tinu'd *Winter*,) for *Wit* is more common than Ho-'nesty and Friendship. Besides (pursu'd *Church*,) that 'which makes it the more Extraordinary in him, is 'that *Wit* in Man, as well as Woman, is generally the 'Pimp to their Vices, and the surest way to direct 'them from the plain Path of Honesty. True (added '*Brook*,) Wit furnishes a Woman with Assurance in her 'Intreagues, and in jilting the Man that doats on her; 'And (assum'd *Summer*,) gives a Man a Lechery in 'imposing on the simplicity of his Friend. These false 'ones of both Sexes (said *I*,) may have a flashy cun-'ning which may pass for Wit, but I'm sure they can't 'be over-furnished with Reason and Thought, since 'that wou'd give 'em such an *Idea* of Honour, Diss-'mulation and Ingratitude; that a generous Mind '(and such must all be that are truly inform'd by Rea-'son) can never digest the latter, nor choose but im-'brace the first. One thing I must Observe (inter-'rupted *River*,) that our ingenious Author seems to me 'at least to be in an Error, in affirming that an Atheist 'as well as an Hypocrite, sins not against inward Con-'viction, since there is no Man but must within him-'self think there is a God. No, the Error may be 'yours (concluded *Chappel*,) for he means not those that 'pretend to be so, and are not, who are but Hypo-'crites to the *Devil* himself; but those that are really 'so: but whether there are any such, is yet a Que-'stion Disputable, I confess, *& adhuc sub judice lis est.*

'Before *Chappel* had done, *Fountain* had taken up a '*Letter*, being an Account of some Affairs at *Venice*, 'and wou'd needs have Read it, but the Company 'prevail'd that no others shou'd intervene till we had 'ended this witty Pacquet; and therefore *Brook* took 'up the next, and read as follows.

LETTER.

LETTER XL.

An Extract of a French Letter, giving an Account of Madrid *and the Countrey about it.*

Dear Tom,

TO begin with general things, The Soil is Sand with a mixture of Stone; and all its Product serves rather to shew the Lazinesſ of its Inhabitants, than its own Fertility.

Their Waters are more full of Sand, than the Piſs of one that has the Stone; and as they are extream ſubtil, they quickly corrupt; a very good excuſe for the *Germans* there.

As for the other two Elements, they are quite confounded. For the Air is nothing but Fire, ſo that unleſs for *Salamanders*, it is impoſſible to breath freely at *Madrid*. Nothing palliates this exceſſive Heat, but a certain Wind, which they call *Gallego*; which on the other ſide is ſo very ſharp, that the opening of a Window when it blows, is enough to make a Man Paralytic; and it often Tranſports the Pox from a Brothel to ſome neighbouring Church. Therefore if any one happens to light of a grain or two of it, let him know for his Comfort, that it is as well to be gotten amongſt the Godly, as among the Lewd.

You may imagin perhaps that this Infection in their Air, may be Corrected, by the Perfumes of the fam'd Paſtils of *Spain*.

At *Madrid* the Paſtils of the Day are only the Ordures of the Night; and the naſtineſs of forty Thouſand Whores, both profeſs'd and Matrimonial; and a hundred Thouſand pocky *Devils* who are the Chief Members of the Commonwealth. In *London* there is a place call'd the *Common-Garden*; All *Madrid* is a common Privy, which has no voider but the Sun. And if it be true, what ſome old Philoſophers ſay, that the Stars are nouriſh'd by the Vapours of the Earth; I'll ſwear there is no place in the World, where they fare

ſo

so ill as they do at *Madrid*. I have my share of this Banquet, upon which Consideration I may brag, That I am sate down at the Table of the Gods, and that I receive the same Sustenance twice.

I will now say something of the cause of this Nastiness, *viz*, their Women. They say the greater part of them are Jilts; and that the chasteſt never Marry, till they have Answer'd a civil Question before hand. As long as they went mask'd I thought them handsome; but since by the King's Order, they have gone uncover'd, I have chang'd my Opinion, and I believe that the Piety of the good King found out this, and prescrib'd it as a Remedy for the Lechery of the Town. Not but that their Faces are hid without either Vail or Mask. For they are so damnably dawb'd, that Nature cannot appear through the Artifice. The old Women take it as a Compliment to be call'd Whores; and the young ones take no more pleasure in being thought Virgins, than they do in really being so; this point of Honour being a sign of their want of Beauty and Merit.

Amongst these Disorders there are great Virtues; They have an incomparable Zeal for planting the *Roman Catholic Religion*, where there are Mines of Gold. Their Valour is so great, and their Warlike Enterprizes so Extraordinary, that the *Germans* and *Italians* have much ado to Execute them for them. If Justice is not done as it ought to be, 'tis not for want of Officers, for there are here more Serjeants, than other Citizens. But all the good that they do, is to live by the Sins of others; their design not being to correct Vice, but to make their Advantage of it. And if ev'ry Serjeant had a Rogue by the hand, it would be no easie matter to distinguish them. The honorary Mark of these Officers of Justice is a Rod, which they call *Vara*; as they do their Yards that they use in their Shops; To shew that Justice like Cloth is to be sold at *Madrid* by false Measure.

I would willingly say something of the rest of their Virtues, but they are so difficult to apprehend, that I want time to study them. Yet they say, that as each of us has a good and bad Angel attending him; so their Virtue is always accompanied with some Vice. Their Temperance is never without Avarice; their Civility without Deceit, their Devotion without Hypocrisie, nor their Humility without Treachery. If they Fast, 'tis for want of Money or Health, and and to follow the Prescription of the Physician,

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rather than the Order of the Church. If they pardon Injuries, 'tis for fear of being beat in revenging them. If they are liberal, 'tis still with Design, and always in Order to get by it. If they pray to God, it is not so much to ask pardon for their Sins, as Opportunities to commit new ones.

If I should affirm that there were no Thief in *Spain*, I should be in the right, provided it were taken in the same Sense, in which it was formerly said, that there was no Adulterer at *Sparta*; because ev'ry Conjunction was there Legitimate, and pass'd for Marriage. Here ev'ry thing is Freebooty, ev'ry one Declaring his Neighbour his Enemy, that he may have right to plunder him.

If any one should say, That there were neither Whore nor Thief in his Family; they would presently take him for a Foreigner, and call him *Gavacho*. [*An opprobrious Name which they give to the French.*] To one who once boasted of this Advantage, his Mother with a Box on the Ear reply'd, How Rascal, is it thus, thou deny'st thy Father that begat thee, and thy Mother that bare thee? They punish Thieves here no more than Murtherers.

For if Execution were done generally upon the last; 'twould be requisite to hang up all the Physicians; if upon the first, the King would go near to be left without Subjects. But to chastise one part and pardon the other, would be to make Exception of Persons, and do justice with a sort of injustice; whereas by impunity to all, she seems to be impartial.

I have heard some devout *Sermons* here, but never any that struck at the sin of the Flesh. For (say they) to harp upon that string, would be to move the People to Sedition. Who are not Oblig'd to believe it mortal, unless God were as willing to pardon it, as they are to commit it. When the young Women hear the Fathers cry, That the foolish Virgins of the Gospel were damn'd; they believe it was rather, because they were Virgins, than because they were foolish; or that they were reputed foolish, only because they were Virgins. For they have a merry Interpretation of that Expression, of not putting Oyl in their Lamps. Yet this must be said in behalf of *Spain*; That a Witch or a Conjurer never was heard of there. For the *Devil* is afraid of Contracting with a Spaniard; refusing to believe either his Words or his Oaths. For they have no punishment for the perjur'd there, but a Mulct of

twenty

twenty five Royals; upon the payment of which, they are re-instated in their Honour, and as good Gentlemen as ever.

Notwithstanding this great Confusion of Vices, God who is pleas'd with Extraordinary Dispensations, does not fail sometimes to produce a Saint amongst them; and as among all the Apostles, there was one *Judas*; So it's no wonder if amongst so many *Judas*'s, there is sometimes an Apostle. The stuff of which God makes a Saint at *Madrid*, is a Persecutor as St. *Paul*, a Denyer of God as St. *Peter*, an Usurer as St. *Matthew*; a Whore, as *Mary Magdalen*; a Murderer, as St. *William*; and a hang-dog, as the *Good Thief* in the *Gospel*; In a word, there are none but Converts at *Madrid*, no *Original Saints*, none who like St. *John Baptist*, were Sanctifyed in the Mother's Womb. For here they all enter into it by sin.

Adieu.

The Company were Extremely pleas'd at this *Letter*, and read it over twice; and then——

'Tis a severe Satire indeed (said *Chappel*,) on the *Metropolis* of his most Catholic Majesty. And what's much (pursu'd *Brook*) not one *Hyperbole* in it. Prithee, thou doest extend the Satire (interrupted *Summer*,) beyond the very bounds of the Author's Intention. For my part (said *Temple*,) I am ignorant of the Vices of *Madrid*, but I am pretty well acquainted with those of *London*; and if those exceed these, they must be beyond all Satire, and nothing will reclaim 'em but the fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*. If the Chastest of *Madrid* (said *Grave*,) answer one Civil Question before Marriage, our City-Damsels will Answer an Hundred. Ay, (assum'd *Winter*,) before their Parents think them capable of Marriage. Nay, we have some (pursu'd *River*,) that like *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter*, can't remember that ever they were Maids. Prithee, why so severe (interrupted *Church*,) on the kind-hearted pretty ones of the City? Since their easiness saves a provident Man many a pound in chace of a Jilt of Quality. Right (assum'd *Fountain*,) and therefore for their sakes we'll spare the rest of the City, from the *Intriguing* Prentice to the Plotting Alderman, from the Wits of *Grubstreet* to those of *Gresham-College*: and to omit all the several Ranks and Orders of *Cuckolds*, *Bankers*, *Booksellers*, and *Usurers*; from the *Serjeants* in their Blue Coats, to the

‘ Lord Mayor on Horse-back. And all this (concluded
‘ I) honest *Fountain*, for the sake of their good natur'd
‘ Spouses, Sisters and Daughters. Gad, they're ex-
‘ tremely beholden to thee, Boy. Since therefore the
‘ City is so much in your Books, we'll proceed to the
‘ next.

LETTER LI.

To the Lady A----

Madam,

THO' your Last was extremely obliging; yet the Praises which you so handsomly gave me, did not so much prove my Merit, as shew your own. Your Praise of my *imaginary* Vertues, declar'd but my want of *real* ones. For the Politeness of your Letter, made me so sensible of the Defects of mine; that at the same time that it loaded me with Praise, it cover'd me with Shame. And therefore, Madam, let me tell you again, That in what I said of you, I was not Generous, but Just. And here you have driven me upon a tender Point, *viz.* Of derogating from my own Praise, and detracting from that Action which you impute to me, as extraordinary Vertue. But I hope you will be convinc'd, That the Air of the Court has not yet blasted my native Sincerity, nor made me Gallant at the Expence of Truth; since I have the rudeness to contradict you. The Repetition of your Invitation, more than makes amends for the coldness of my Brothers: But at the same time that it obliges, it troubles me to think that I cannot accept of it. I passionately love the Country, but cannot possibly come thither; tho' both the Spring and *your self* invite me. Methinks, the vilest Insect which Nature has lodg'd in the Fields, is in a more desirable State than we are, whom our Employment chains to the Town. *The very Serpent still remains in that Paradise, out of which it hath cast us.* For if it had not been for the Deceit of the first Serpent, there had been neither Soldier nor City. Thus you see, Madam, to what a Condition my unhappy Circumstances reduce me, *viz.* Of envying a Creature, which Humane Nature abhors. For that, about this time, can leave its Hole, to lye basking on Sunny and Flow'ry Banks; and throwing

throwing off its old one, can assume a Coat as fresh and gay as the Season. But I must despair of getting out of the Town; and my old honourable Livery, (which I hate yet more) to enjoy a free Air, and as free a Prospect. So that I almost esteem it a Blessing, to be drawn out, sometimes, to *Hide-Park*; for the Diversion of the King and the Rabble. But here I am sensible I have err'd, in indulging Thoughts and Expressions purely Poetical. But since my Subject requir'd it, I am confident you cannot but pardon me. For to speak as one should do, Who must not speak in extraordinary Terms, of the *Country*, of the *Spring*, and of *YOU*?

I am your's, C. A.

'This Letter ravish'd the Company with Pleasure, 'it being so extraordinary in its kind; we had it there-'fore read over several times, still affording Pleasure. 'At last, (said I) for God's sake, let's have it no more; 'for if you should read it till we are weary of hearing 'it, we should here end our Enquiry, and make all our 'Pleasure terminate in this one Letter. Never, cer-'tainly, was a bare ceremonious Letter (said *Temple*) 'pen'd like this. No flat repeated Complements, '(pursu'd *Grave*) as common as Dissimulation. So 'sweet, so easy, so natural 'tis all, (continu'd *Fountain*) 'that it gives a Beauty even to *Ceremony*. Ceremony 'in my mind (assum'd *Winter*) is Ornamental, if not 'Necessary, in Humane Conversation, as well as in 'Religion. Right (pursu'd *Church*) both without 'wou'd look too brutal and levelling. The *Italians* '(continu'd *Brook*) a polite People, and who know the 'Advantages of Living as well as most, abound with 'it. And the *Chinese* (added *Summer*) whom we may 'call the *Asiatic Italians*, come not behind them in that 'Point. In the *Italian* (said *River*) 'tis unpardonable, 'because 'tis all to amuse you without any Reality; tho' 'I confess, the *Chinese* Travellers assure us, 'tis other-'wise there, and that tho' they are extremely Ceremo-'nious; yet they never take it amiss, like the *Italian*, 'if you accept of their Compliment. But as I can 'never allow of the Excess of Ceremony in Religion '(concluded *Chappel*) because it swallows up all the 'more sacred part; so I can't admit of it in Conversa-'tion, to that Extravagance: Those two Nations af-'fect it, since it lays aside all Sincerity, and feasts no-'thing but your Ears, as the Anti-Feasts of old did no-'thing but your Eyes.

"Let's therefore proceed. Alas! (said I) we are "now come to the last of this Pacquet; which has af- "forded so much extraordinary Wit. This therefore "(pursu'd *Chappel*) shall be my Task to read.

Which he did as follows.

LETTER LII.

To Mr. B—— *These.*

THo' for what I drank with you on Wednesday, I pay'd but half a Crown down; I am not likely to come off so cheaply. For I am forc'd to Bleed, Purge, Vomit upon it; and to throw my self upon the Hands of a terrible Doctor, who proves often-times Mortal, tho' the Disease be Curable. But I have this one Comfort in my Adversity, That I may expect your Company, without coming to you for it. For, to tell you the truth, I hate your End of the Town; where we can never be alone, but are perpetually disturb'd by People who are much my Aversion. I am out of Conceit with almost all the whole Roll of Captains, Lieutenants, and Ensigns; a sort of People created to make the King live quiet, and plague his Subjects. *I hate a Fellow with an empty Head, who is proud of the Ornament of his Ar*——; who tho' he is call'd *Hector*, is no Hero, and has nothing invincible but his *Ignorance*.

But to return to my Bus'ness: I have more Diseases upon me, than the Man has Wounds in the Almanack. *B*——'s Inflamation continues. *R*——'s Flux is very severe upon him: He is, indeed, still one of the Living, but he looks like one of the Dead, and talks like one just going to the other World, or newly arriv'd from thence, *viz.* with a Voice as hollow and faint as a Ghost's. So that in coming to see us, you visit an Hospital. Do it then, if it be but to convince the unbelieving World, that thou standest possess'd of one Christian Vertue. It concerns you, to shew that you have a little Charity; since it appears by thy Life, that thou neither hast Faith, nor Hope.

I am, &c.

Here

'Here ends (said *Temple*) a *Pacquet* of the wittiest 'Letters of any we have yet met with. The Author 'of them, indeed, (continu'd *Grave*) has discover'd 'himself Master of a Vivacity of Thought and Ex-'pression. Annd dresses the looser Sallies of Youth '(pursu'd *Fountain*) in so gay and charming a Garb; 'That 'tis enough (assum'd *Winter*) to make the Heart 'of a Stoick a Convert to Pleasure. And then he de-'scribes the Follies of them (continu'd *Church*) with so 'sharp a Railery, that the Wit makes the Moral In-'structions they contain, fix themselves in the Me-'mory. Methinks I see (said *Brook*) one of our 'thoughtless young Sons of *Mars* strutting as he de-'scribes him, with a scornful Eye cast all a-round 'him; As if (assum'd *Summer*) there were a Terror 'in his Lac'd, or Embroider'd Coat and Sash, to 'command an awful Reverence. This last Letter, 'indeed, (added *River*) in my Mind, tho' the short-'est, is not the least witty. 'Tis throng'd with the 'sparkling Gems of a quick Fancy (pursu'd *Chappel*) 'and each Line has its Ornament, a new Thought. 'In short (concluded I) what you have seen, will 'save me the Labour of telling you of the Wit of 'the Author: I shall only add, That all his Wit 'makes him not conceited.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF CORNARO VILLICANO, DOGE of VENICE: AND SEGNIOR *FERNANDO*, His BROTHER.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

'This I find, (said I,) is design'd for Public View. 'Right (continu'd *Chappel*), we shall therefore serve 'the Author in publishing of it. —— But let's hear 'it first,

Honoured SIR,

I Have at last, in Compliance with your frequent Importunities, resolv'd to give you a full Account of that Story, which I have often hinted to you by Parcels. You must not think that I will send you any politick Observations I made, during my Abode at *Venice*; nor an Account of the Progress of the Arms of that *State*, in the *Morea*, or the *Negropont*: much less any wondrous Conjectures about their farther Designs on the *Turkish* Dominions; or whether a Peace with the *Port* would be as agreeable to them, as to their Confederate the Emperor of *Germany*. But I need not have urg'd this, since I am sensible, that you are too well acquainted with the jealous Reserv'dness of that People to Strangers, to expect any such Matter from me. And truly I remembred the Reprimand of *Plutarch* to those *that were too curious in enquiring into Secrets they have nothing to do with*; and therefore would not give my self the trouble of busying my self, only to obtain an Affront, by prying into that which I perceiv'd they design'd to hide from all but themselves. As for those *Politic Stratagems* I shall touch upon here; as they were the Effect, so they were the Companions of Amorous

Intrigues

Intrigues, and cou'd not be separated, without making the Narrative lame.

No, No, my Friend, I was for spending my time more to the purpose, than to intermeddle with the *Actions* of the SWORD, or the *Contrivances* of the GOWN. *Venice* will ever afford a Thousand more diverting Entertainments to a Stranger, as long as 'tis so well furnish'd with such Kind, Obliging *Bona Roba's*; with so many *Maids*, *Wives* and *Widows*, as Civil as Fair. Among which, 'twas my Fortune to be acquainted with a Lady whose Beauty tho' great, was inferior to her *Wit*; and whose Quality, tho' of the highest Rank, could not equal her Charms: But that which brought all these rare Accomplishments to the Knowledge of Mankind, was her Amorous Inclinations; being better stock'd with Love, than all the rest; fonder for a while of her Adorer, than the giddy People of a Novelty, But she was too Witty to be Constant; because that furnish'd her with Cunning, to vary her Pleasure, without the Ignominy of Scandal, generally the Effect of Rambling Desires.

In the *Zenith* of my Favour with her, I was bless'd with this following Relation, in a more taking and agreeable Air, than I pretend to give it you. For you may easily imagine, that the Roughness of the *English*, and the cold Indifference of a *Letter*, will never be able to reach those Beauties it had, when deliver'd in the most soft and melting Language, and by the prettiest and most ravishing Tongue in the World. That which encourages me most, to impart these Secret Intrigues to you, in so public a manner, (in spite of the general Dis-belief of all these kind of Narratives,) That I find none of those monstrous Absurdities, which other Histories of this Nature are fill'd with. Here are no Kings, *peeping through their Fingers, to see themselves be made damn'd Cornudo's*; and other more ridiculous Transactions, which some of our mercenary modern Scribblers pretend to particularize. Here you will find nothing but what is natural, and very probable; the neat Contrivances of *Love*, and the Quintessence of *Intrigue*: and all this deliver'd to me by One who acted in a great part of them, and was Mistress of a cunning inquisitive Wit, to search out what she was not immediately concern'd in. So that I am not driven to that wretched necessity, of divining *uncertain* Causes, from *dubious* Effects: or of giving an Account of Things, which cou'd not in reason be suppos'd to be known to any but the individual Actors in them, whose Interest it was to have the whole Affair conceal'd: This has been the

fate

fate of all those who have hitherto attempted these *Secret Histories*, who have made bold to sacrifice the Justice and Reputation of *Princes* to their own private Malice, or to gratifie the Violence of a prevailing Faction; and therefore have not scrupl'd to broach the most Circumstantial Particulars of things that could never possibly be known, if true.

Having premis'd this, I will detain you no longer with a needless Harangue; but immediately, without farther Ceremony, bring you to the business.

It was my fortune, in my *Giro* of *Italy*, to pass some Weeks at *Venice*; when Segnior *Cornaro Villicano* was *Doge*, or Duke of that City; to which honourable Retreat, or rather Prison, he was remov'd from *Generalissimo* of their Forces. Being possess'd of this Dignity, he had time to think of something else. besides the forming a Camp, the Attacques of a Town, or the Ambuscades of the Field. Perhaps you may think now that I mean *Religion*? But, sweet Sir, I humbly desire you would not so pervert my *meaning*: For the *Venetians*, how magnificent soever their Churches may be, are too sensible of the ill Effects bigotted *Zeal* has had in the other Parts of the World, to let their *State* be open to any Danger on that side, which is so well secur'd from the envious Blows of Fate every other way. And to say truth, *I* am of Opinion, That to this Indifference which they have in the Affairs of the next World, they owe their flourishing Grandeur and Security in this. *Venice*, by these Counsels, having continu'd in this *august* Port for near One Thousand Years, it being, in the time of *Charles the Great*, able to cope with that Monarch, as successful as he was.

It was not *Futurity*, therefore, that entertain'd our *Doge*, during his Magnificent Retirement; but what the *present Time* afforded most worthy of regard. For he resolv'd, since he had in his Youth contributed so much to the Destruction of Mankind, (I mean by the necessary Effects of War,) he wou'd now, to his Power, repair that past Damage, in casting in his *Mite* toward the Generation of more. State-Affairs he seem'd as little to care for, as the Jealousie of their Constitutions cou'd desire: Tho' some were so unreasonable as to imagine, that he design'd, by the easiest and most impolitic Passion, to cover over his violent Ambition; believing that he thought it his securest way to gain an unboun-

unbounded Dominion, by shewing a neglect of even that which the Law allow'd him; and that nothing could take away a Suspicion from him, more than his acting the *Lover*; since 'tis generally thought, that *Love* and *Ambition* are seldom such good Friends, as to inhabit the same Breast; the Dallyances with the Fair, enervating the aspiring Endeavours of the *States-man*.

But the more moderate Sort, and they who had a particular Esteem for the *Doge*, judg'd their Censures to proceed from the Cautions and distrustful Temper of that People, rather than from any Reality, or just Cause. Tho' it must be confess'd, That his fraternal Fondness of his Brother *Ferdinando*, made him so far innovate, as to endeavour a frequent Conversation with him: And, which was more, press his greater Advancement; tho' the Relations of all former *Doges* were not only kept from them, but absolutely debarr'd from all Offices and Commands.

To this unadvis'd Love for his Brother, I attribute the ground of all the Fears and Apprehensions of that People, and of all those Disturbances which follow'd a little before I left that City: When the Noise of a *Plot* against the *Commonwealth*, was become the public Discourse of all the Town; and several of the Noblemen were secur'd, as guilty of some horrid Conspiracy. Some who had convers'd with their own Histories, fear'd it might, at the bottom, be some Design of the present *Doge*, to imitate *Julius Cæsar*, and convert their *Aristocratical Monarchy* into an *Absolute Tyranny*. For *Venice* had been subject to not a few Changes of Government since its first Foundation, from *Consuls* to *Tribunes*, from *Tribunes* to *Dukes*, from *Dukes* to *Annual Tribunes*, from thence to the *Ducal* Authority again. Which by Thirty Four *Dukes*, successively, was exercis'd with an Absolute Independant Power; till in the Reign of *Vital Michieli*, the People again resum'd the Government; tho' they continu'd to Elect a Prince, whom, for their own Ease and Security, they bound up with Laws and Restrictions sufficient to retain him within *Reason* and *Law*. Some of the Malecontented Nobility said, 'Twas a Design of the *Doge's*, to transfer the Authority from them to the People, as it was from the People to them, by the Endeavours of *Leonard Bembe*, and *Mark Badoer*, and by the Authority of Prince *Peter Grandenique*: Which Change then produc'd the famous

mous Conspiracy of the *Quirin*, the *Tripoles*, and other Ancient and Considerable Houses that were Excluded, and levell'd with the Commons. Others, that look'd not so far off as these remote Transactions of their City, fansy'd that some other Embassador had imitated the *Spaniard*, in Endeavouring to bring it under a Foreign Yoke. Others, That it was to betray the *Morea*, and other their late Acquisitions, to the *Turks*. Various were the Conjectures, and every Man discours'd of it in a different manner; and indeed, every thing but the *Truth* was hit on.

I thought it not safe to continue there in such a ticklish Conjuncture, when every Stranger must be Subject to more or less Suspicion: Therefore I resolv'd to quit my Amour, and preferr my own Security to the Embraces of my Mistress. But I could not perswade my self to leave Her in *Venice*, till I had better inform'd my self of the Truth of the Matter. Nor did I know any more likely Means of gratifying my Curiosity, than by making a Visit immediately to the fair *Julietta*, (for that is the Name of the Lady I have mention'd,) knowing her Correspondence with the Great Men of the *Senate*; which is the Soul of the Common-wealth, as the *Grand Council* is the Body. The Evening therefore, the time of our amorous Rendevouze being come, I met her Love with a more than Ordinary Fire; which so engag'd her, that she resolv'd to revel the whole Night in my Arms; and seem'd willing to gratifie my Curiosity, as far as possibly she could: And, indeed, she seem'd so Charming that Night, that I had scarce Time enough, from Love to Sleep, to have the following Account, which she gave me, to this Purpose.

THIS Plot and Conspiracy, which now makes such a Noise among the Vulgar, and which so many of the stirring Nobility seem so much to interest themselves in, has another Design than is vulgarly apprehended, and another Cause. *Cornaro*, the present *Doge*, derives himself from an Ancient Family, which were once Hereditary Dukes of this City: To his Dignity was added one of the greatest Estates of any of the *Venetian* Noblemen. Some few Years since, there was an Ambitious, turbulent *Advocate* advanc'd, according to the Custom of the City, to the Honour of a Nobleman of *Venice*. But this Dignity was not enough; he aim'd to graft his upstart Blood in the best Family of the Common-wealth. *Fernando*, *Cornaro*'s Brother, a Man Brave in his Temper, and a True

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and Faithful Friend nor did he want Judgment and Policy; only that could not avail him against the Onsets of Love; He had seen the Daughter of *Coriando*, (that's the Name of this new dignify'd Commoner I mention'd,) and was not a little taken with her: She had, indeed, some Wit, a great deal of Pride, and some share of Beauty. *Fernando* was constant in his Address; which her Father knew, and indulg'd privately, Ordering her to admit him to all the Liberties of Lovers, except the last, to try whether she could prevail with him to marry her. She comply'd with her Father's Order, as far it was in her Power; but the Liberties she had commission to grant, depriv'd her of the Power of denying the last Testimony of her Love. Time flyes on; *Fernando* still pursues his Armour; finds her meet him in Enjoyment with an equal Fire, whenever they cou'd improve the Opportunities that were allow'd 'em so well.

But at last, *Bianca* (that was her Name) finds her self with Child, beyond hope of Concealing it; and was, in the end, fain, upon Examination, to own it to her Father. He presently finds out *Cornaro*; presses the business so home, that he Order'd his Brother to marry her. And no Obstacle oppos'd it but the youngest Brother of all, a Youth, not fully Eighteen; who openly asserted the disdain he had, that his Brother shou'd joyn so mean and ignominious a Family with one so Illustrious. But this barr was remov'd by the care of Old *Coriando*. The brave Youth, in a day or two, dy'd suddenly, and *Fernando* was Marry'd to *Bianca*. But his Brother's Death, and an after-Consideration of what he had done, made him seem indifferent to his new Wife, who had brought him a Child, as well as a Portion, in Marriage.

The Indifference of *Fernando* was not without Effect on his Wife; she had cast her Eye upon a Youth, a Domestic of her Husbands, and was resolv'd to gratifie her Pleasure by him, since she no longer had, nor desir'd any from her Husband. The imperiousness of her Temper, her insufferable Pride, and other ill Humours, with no good ones, and a wondrous decay of that moderate Beauty she had, made *Fernando* wholly forsake her Bed, and give himself to the Embraces of more grateful Beauties. I shall not deny (my Love, said *Julietta*,) that I have not had a few Addresses from him, nor has he always gone unrewarded. *Bianca* was even with him, and lost nothing of Opportu-

nity

nity of Pleasure with her Domestic that she cou'd gain; till weary of him, she try'd all the Males of her Family, and at last sent to Signior *Corbulo*, a young Nobleman then famous for his daily Intriegues with the Ladies, and gains what she desir'd of him; who never let a Lady languish for him in vain, since he never sigh'd to no purpose to any of them.

'Twas now three Years *Bianca* had kept on this Course, and was now again with Child; but cou'd not, by all her Wit, get *Fernando* into such a Circumstance, as to render him capable of thinking this Child to be his. For walking with *Cornaro*, and some others, in the *Piazza* of St. *Mark*, he pretended some Excuse to go from him. Upon which, *What, Brother* (said *Cornaro*) *are you going to visit your Son and Heir?* By *St.* Mark (reply'd *Fernando*) *I have not touch'd her these three Years.* *Corbulo* was present, and pass'd some Jest, and a little Railery upon the Occasion: Which gave some Suspicion, that he had more reason to be congratulated for his First-begotten, than *Fernando*; who being inform'd of it, made use of that Friendship he pretended to have with him, to make that Discovery he desir'd. *Corbulo* was a Man of little Honour, tho' of much Wit, and Success with the Fair, and therefore promis'd to testify before the Senate, That she had been his Whore. And it being now known in the Family, that *Fernando* resolv'd to be divorc'd from her, her Domestic *Privado*'s deserted her Cause, and made a full Discovery of her Intriegues to their Master.

The Business was to be manag'd before the Senate, who were all for a Divorce; which allarm'd Old *Coriando*, and made him look about, to try all Means of preventing it. First understanding by his Spies, that *Fernando*'s Affections were wholly possess'd by a beautiful young Lady, Wife to an old impotent *Magnifico*, from whom she was to be divorc'd, on that Account, to be matry'd to *Fernando*, he takes care to send her away to the *Elyzian* Fields. But remembring that there were more pretty Ladys, that would neither want the Will, nor the Power to gain the Affections of *Fernando*, shou'd he carry his Point of Divorce with the Senate; he contrives it so, as to insinuate to them, That he was tainted with the Spanish Faction; and by fortifying his Family by a powerful Match with some other *Magnifico*'s Daughter, would but enable him to bring his Country into Subjection to a Foreign Power. Tho all this were but whisper'd

whisper'd secretly, yet the jealous humour of our State gave such ear to't, that the Tyde of the Senate soon turn'd, and 'twas now apparent, that there was no hope of a Divorce. And *Cornaro* was soon sent away *Proveditor-General* for the *Morea*, and afterwards was made *Generalissimo*, from which Dignity he was remov'd to be *Doge* of *Venice*.

In the mean time, a Pacification was brought about betwixt *Fernando* and *Bianca*, and he now and then bedded her; who prov'd fruitful, with little of his cultivating. So that he had no Cause to fear he should have no Harvest at home, tho' he spent his main Stock in his Neighbours Ground.

Coriando, in the mean time, full of Revenge, dispatches most of the *quondam Privado*'s of his Daughter; But *Corbulo* defended himself a long while amongst all his Attempts, not intermitting the Course of his Pleasures at the Expence of many a miserable Woman. But he could not always be on his Guard against watchful Revenge, when he was so much devoted to Woman-kind, as to omit no Opportunity of Feasting his changeable Appetite, with all the Variety *Venice* afforded.

But the manner of his Death being so link'd with the most surprizing Intrigues of his Life, I can't omit that, without making the Account of his *Exit* out of this World imperfect.

I have already told you, that *Corbulo* was a pretty accomplish'd Gentleman; I mean, in all the Niceties of Courtly Breeding: but above all, being extremely Handsome, as well as Witty. These, as I have said, gave him admittance to the Ladies Favours; which he never refus'd, and often sought after; especially if his Friend had either a beautiful Wife, Sister, or Daughter; Success attended him where-ever he laid Siege to the Fair; and he set no Bounds to his Desires, but what reach'd as far as his Abilities to perform. *Julia*, tho' marry'd to a Cousin-German of his, to whom he was much oblig'd, could not escape his Addresses, nor secure her self from the Attempts of one so well skill'd in deluding Woman-kind. *Julia* had a Heart soft and amorous, (tho till then she had maintain'd the Reputation of severe Modesty) and cou'd not resist the Love of so taking a Gallant; but tho' she was now extravagantly

gantly fond of him in her Heart, she yet with all the Art of Dissimulation disguis'd the Extremity of her Passion. But all her Care witheld not long the acceptable Secret from him, which Discovery made him resolve to make use of the first Opportunity, to accomplish his Wishes. *Gieronymo* her Husband being oblig'd to be at the Senate all Night, he having Intelligence of it, stole into *Julia*'s Chamber, and hid himself till she was come to Bed; and then undressing himself, he came and press'd to come into Bed to her; she was at first mightily frightned at the Presence of a Man in her Bed-Chamber, and in the Absence of her Husband; but being satisfy'd who it was, after some little struglings, admitted of his Embraces, and after contriv'd how they might continue the Intrigue with the greatest Security, and most frequent Opportunity.

Pomponia Julia's Mother liv'd in the House with her, when she was not out of *Venice* at her Country *Villa*, as she was at that time; wherefore *Julia* propos'd to him a Marriage betwixt him and her Mother; imagining, that under the Liberty of a Father-in-Law, they might the betser vail the outward shows of Affection, which, wou'd without doubt, some time or other escape them, tho' they us'd never so much caution; beside that, so he wou'd not only have frequenter Opportunities of converfing with her, but also prevent Jealousy, which that Intimacy might raise in her Husband, *Corbulo*, with some seeming Difficulty (because he must then let another share in his Embraces, which he pretended he desir'd wholly to reserve for her alone) admitted of her Proposal, glad in himself of such an Occasion of raising his Fortune, which in his Debauches, he had almost outrun; and at the same time have one of the prettiest Ladies in *Venice* at his Devotion, In short, by the Cunning and Interest of the Daughter, he obtain'd the Mother; and with her such Interest in *Jeronimo*, that he had him intirely at his devoir in hopes by pleasing him, to win him to leave what he had to him; *Corbulo* perceiv'd the Source and Aim of his Affections, and therefore to flatter him in his way, he often cast out words, as if it were by chance, to give him cause to think that his Hopes were not in vain; this gain'd him that ascendent over the poor deceiv'd Cuckold, that he cou'd not wish frequenter Opportunities of meeting the Ardor and Love of *Julia*, than he had, But this abominable Debauch was too criminal not to have a just Punishment, for after they had continued this in-

cestuous

ceſtuous Amour above a year, *Corbulo*, like an inconſtant Man, began to grow weary of that he had ſo much eſteem'd; having then fal'n into a new adventure with a young Maiden Lady, whoſe Name was *Helvidia*. The diſcovery of which, as it was the general talk of the Town, ſo it was the Ruine of *Julia*, and the Death of her Mother. It was thus, *Corbulo* was admitted by *Helvidia* one Night into her Father's Houſe, and into her Bed; but his ſtumbling in the dark wak'd the Lady her Mother, who hearing him go into her Daughters Chamber, ſtole from her Husband, who was faſt aſleep, and came after him thither, before he had been in bed half a quarter of an hour, but had faſt'ned the Door, and ſhe wou'd not open it, pretending ſhe was afraid to venture out of bed, till her Mother threat'ned to wake her Father, and have the Door broke open; ſo that ſhe in ſome haſte threw his Cloaths to the inſide of the Bed, and let her Mother in, and ſo immediately run into her Bed again; the old Gentlewoman with a lighted Taper in her hand came in, and began to Examine her Daughter about the noiſe that ſhe had heard, and the Opening and Shutting of her Chamber Door: and ſuſpicious of the Truth, began to look about the Room, and under the Bed, but no body to be found; ſo perſuading her ſelf ſhe only Dreamt, was going away again, but remembred her ſelf that ſhe had not look'd in the inſide of the Bed; and coming thither, was Extremely ſurpriz'd to ſee a Man's Cloaths there; which made her afreſh attack her Daughter, and with a great deal of Earneſtneſs to diſcover where ſhe had hid her Gallant; Obſerving at laſt the Bed-cloths ſomething higher than uſual at the Feet, ſhe pluck'd them all off, and there found *Corbulo*. Which put her into ſuch a Paſſion, that the Noiſe ſhe made wak'd her Husband, who call'd to her to come and give him an Account of the cauſe of her loud unſeaſonable Anger with his Daughter, whom he had an Entire Affection for. Whil'ſt ſhe retir'd in Obedience to unfold the Diſgrace of her Family. *Corbulo* ſnatching up his Cloths undreſs'd as he was, got out of the Window before the Old Man cou'd come with his Weapons to revenge the Injury offer'd to the Honour of his Houſe. But *Helvidia* ſeeing her Gallant was got clear off, as ſoon as her Father came, knowing her own Intereſt with him, and how little her Mother was in his good Graces, reſolv'd to deny the whole Tranſaction; affirming, that there had been no body with her,

only that her Mother dreaming of such an Accident came, and disturb'd her out of her sleep to open the Door to her; and presevering in that Opinion, had made all that out-cry: that if he shou'd not believe her, he shou'd credit his own Eyes; and see if there were the least appearance of any thing of that nature in her Chamber: Her Father after he had look'd about the Room, in a great Pett abus'd the old Lady for disturbing him, and his Daughter of their Rests, for her odd figaries of a Dream; but she persever'd in her Story, and said she both saw, and spoke to *Corbulo* in his own proper Person, and that in his Shirt too; her Obstinacy put her Husband almost beyond Patience, and to avoid giving her that Correction he sometimes us'd to do, he retir'd to his Bed; and his Wife not willing to trust her self with him that night, went to bed to a Maid Servant of hers who was her great Favourite, and to whom she us'd to make all her Complaints of the Undutifulness of her Daughter, and the Unkindness of her Husband. To this Maid she unfolds all as it had happen'd, affirming that it was *Corbulo*, that had dishonour'd her Daughter, tho' by her own consent. The Maid; who was none of the best for keeping a Secret; the next day told it all to her Sweet-heart, and so from one to another it became the talk of the whole City: it was confirm'd too by a Servant of *Gieronimo's*, who happen'd to come by when he was dressing himself in the Street. *Julia* soon heard of the Adventure, which put her into a violent fit of Jealousie and Indignation, that she should be left for another less fair as she imagin'd. *Pomponia* resented it like a True Wife, which made *Corbulo* have but a very uneasie abode at home. But all hitherto was but Surmise and Hearsays of uncertain Rumours, which cou'd not be father'd upon any one; but *Helvidia* prov'd impatient of his absence, sent a *Letter* by an ignorant Servant to him, to accuse him of neglect of her, and want of Bravery in being bauk'd by one bad Accident, the *Letter* was left with his Wife for him, who jealous of him to a great degree since this Report, made bold to break it open and peruse it; where she found an unwelcome Confirmation of what before she only conjectur'd. But *Helvidia* had not set her Name to it, either out of design, or neglect; which prevented *Pomponia* from carrying it to her Father, and by her Ruin revenge her self of the Injury she had receiv'd. All that she cou'd do, was to run into her Daughters Chamber full drive, to exclaim against

against the Man, she by her instigation had made her Husband. *Julia* was making some Verses at that instant on the Ingratitude and Inconstancy of *Corbulo*, which, with some Confusion, she hudled aside, when her Mother came in; but bustling to get from her writing posture at her Toylet, she unknown to her self let them fall. With a great deal of uneasiness, she heard her Mothers Account of what Discovery she had made, agreeing after all, to condemn him for the most ingrateful and inconstant of Men. *Julia* in the midst of this Discourse was call'd away by a Servant to go to her Husband. *Pomponia* walking about the Room, spies this Paper on the ground, which taking up to put on her Daughters Table, by chance cast her Eye on it, and their spy'd *Corbulo*'s Name newly Written by *Julia*'s own Hand. This made her with a little more Earnestness persue it, and found it a Copy of Verses not quite finish'd; complaining of his Inconstancy. *Pomponia* read them over, but had scarce finish'd them when she fell into a Swoon, with the Paper fast grasp'd in her Hand; in which Condition *Julia* quickly returning found her, snatching her Verses out of her Mothers Hand, clapt them into her Pocket; being follow'd almost at the heels by her Husband, who entred before she had recover'd her, and was much surpriz'd at that strange Accident. *Pomponia* at last came to her self, so far as to be able to be convey'd to her Bed; where she would not suffer her Daughter to come near her, and in a few days dy'd. *Julia* struck with this fatal Consequence of her too criminal Amour, began to repent of what she had done: which drove her to that excess of Melancholy, that she went Mad; in which Condition she some time afterward died. *Geronimo* then by some Papers he found in her Closet, Discover'd the whole Intrigue, and soon made *Corbulo* sensible of his Resentment. But he knowing *Geronimo* to be a Man that made Money his God, to appease him, made him immediately his Heir, parting with great part of what Fortune he had got by *Pomponia*, to him, at present. These sad Accidents a little time diverted him from his Debauches; but an accidental meeting of *Helvidia* at Church, brought him again into Intrigue; coming from whose Window, whither *Corlando*'s Bravo's had watch'd him, he was stabb'd, and dy'd in the place.

Thus *Coriando* compleated his revenge on all those his Daughter might fear, in the Affair of her Reputation; and soon after made his *exit* from the Stage of his Villanies, *Venice*, leaving it, to retire into some remoter place from his guilt.

Fernando, in the mean while, among Others, makes his Addresses to Me; and was not repuls'd with that Resolution he ought; but, on the contrary, I indulg'd a Passion for him beyond what I am willing to own, being asham'd to have lov'd a Man with Constancy, who could not me with an equal Passion, and with the same Condition. I had hitherto liv'd single; my Parents dy'd, left me young, and Mistress of a good Fortune: The Guardians I was left, with being a married Couple. I saw so much of that State, that from my first Thoughts of Man, I resolv'd never to marry, since I saw the Confinement of *that*, and the Freedom of being One's *own* Mistress; which wou'd not deprive One of the Delights of Marriage, which I might enjoy without the Fatigues, and have all One's Favours valu'd, and ever meet with Fire and Desire in the Embraces I granted. Nature had given me some small Beauty, and I had always conceal'd my Amours so, that I had not blemish'd my Reputation in the Eye of the World. The Consideration of all this vex'd me, when I saw *Fernando* slight me, and pursue an Intrigue with the Lady of the House, who, though Young, had little of Beauty. Thinking to retrieve him, by discovering this Intrigue to the Lady's Husband, I sent to him, then absent at *Rome*, on an Embassy to that Court. He takes Post *Incognito*, having first provided himself with a prodigious Pox in the holy City, (and indeed, in the Effect, it prov'd an Ecclesiastical Distemper) and comes home full of pretended Love, lyes with his Wife one Night, and the next Day returns to his Station.

Fernando was soon admitted, and gets more than he expected; and gives it, after two or three days Digestion, to *Bianca*; which, after a miserable Languishment, was her Death.

Soon after this, *Cornaro* was declar'd *Doge*; and *Fernando* now giving over all his more youthful Sallies, diverts his Passion of Love to that of Ambition, the Child of which, is this Conspiracy you hear of so much. The *Magnifico Orsuno* is of the Interest of the *Doge*, and in his Counsels, to restore him to the Absolute Power of

of some of his Ancestors. He 'twas advis'd the Amusing the Senate and People with the Noise of a Plot; by that means, to stop that Army in *Venice*, that is now design'd for the *Morea*, and to place his Friends and Creatures in the Possession of it. *Cornaro*'s entire Love for his Brother, raises his Thoughts to Actions, he affects not else; and indeed, has no Occasion of it, having no Children of his own. Nor do I think (concluded *Julietta*) that those of his Brother, by *Bianca*, merit so much bustle, since we know not but that they are the Off-spring of the Coach-man, or Chair-man.

This was the Substance of this Night's Discourse with the Charming *Julietta*; who engag'd me to come to her again the next Night, promising to give me a farther Relation of the Intrigue of *Cornaro* himself. Which she faithfully perform'd, and which are as follows.

'But before we cou'd proceed in our reading of 'them, we were forc'd to go to Dinner; which, 'with the Ladies, waited for us. The other Part 'I'll send you in the next Volume.

Dinner being Done, we took a Glass or two of Wine, and spent some Hours in Conversation with the Ladies, in Discourse, and a Game at Cards: But as soon as they were retir'd, we went to the Prosecution of our Enquiries. Where being seated, the first thing we met with was a Pacquet of Love-Letters; which we perused in the following Method.

LETTER LIII.

To Mr.------, *at his House near*------, *in* Kent.

Dear Brother,

DEsigning for *Flenders*, there, if possible to wear off the Loss of my Love, in the Chace of a new Mistress, *Honour*; or to bury my self with my Griefs in the heaps of Enemies, I commit these dear *Letters* to your Custody, being my *Friend*, as well as *Brother*. Send me Word, if you can come to know, how my *Belvidera* takes our fatal Separation? and, Whether she lets the Tyranny of her *Friends* force her to forget her Lover in the Arms of an Husband? And if so, Whether there be no hopes of my being happy in the Reward of my Constancy, as well then, as before? Pardon the Office I put upon thee, my *Friend*: Thou may'st with Honour, sure, serve thy *Friend* and *Brother* in his Love, and ease him in the Agony of his Sufferings. I'm sure I wou'd thee. If I miscarry, burn these *Letters*, that no Accident may bring 'em to the Hands of such as may make 'em public. I wish thee all the Joy thy Fortune, thy Sense and thy Merits can furnish thee with: And am, till Death,

Thy Loving Brother,

and Faithful Friend,

' How falsely (said *Grave*,) do we accuse the Heavens, and foolishly complain, since ev'ry Man owes his Misfortunes to his own folly and madness.——— That is, I suppose, (assum'd *Temple*,) this Spark may talk what he pleases of *envious Stars*, &c. yet he may thank himself, for giving up his Peace and Tranquillity to the Power of a Woman. Whether *we* make our Good Fortunes, or no, (pursu'd *I*,) I know not; but, I'm sure, most of us are beholden to our own Imprudence and Passions, for our Ill. Thus (continu'd *River*,) when Ambition puts us on improbable Attempts, we complain of Fortune. And when we our selves so doat on the fickle Sex, (added *Winter*,) we accuse their Falseness, laying our Pain and Miseries at their door; whereas, if we consulted our Reason,——We shou'd know (assum'd *Church*,) that we cou'd expect nothing but Jilting from them. I beseech you (interrupted *Summer*,) be in a better humour with the Sex, now we're entring all the softnesses of Love. A good Motion, (pursu'd *Brook*,) and let us put on all the softest Considerations that Passion can afford us. That indeed (concluded *Chappel*,) is more agreeable to our Youth, and the Favours we yet expect from 'em. And therefore, in the Name of *Love*, let's proceed.

" *Here I must inform you, That for some Reasons best known to our selves, and the Parties concern'd, and which may be easily guess'd at, we have thought fit to give our Lovers Names more Romantic than their own; preserving that of* Belvidera *to the* Lady, *which the Swain has given her in his, and bestowing on him that of* Lysander.

' The *Letters* therefore being sorted into Order by the Sender, *Chappel* took up the First, and read it out with the just Air of a Lover, as follows:

LETTER LIV.

To the Divine *Belvidera*;

To inform her of his being in Love with her.

Madam,

SHou'd I yet be silent, the Flame you have kindled in my Bosom, cannot certainly be unknown to you. My Eyes, my Sighs, and my continual Languishment, must needs have reveal'd the Dear Secret, if you are not more insensible than Fair.

For cou'd you alone behold me, and you have often caught me in these Raptures, dwell upon those Eyes, and feast my Soul with your heavenly Looks, and yet not think I *Lov'd?* Cou'd you alone hear all my Sighs? and see what Tremblings seiz'd me, when I touch'd, or came but near you, and yet not know I Lov'd? And Oh! when Ceremony has bless'd me to approach your Lips, have my fierce Kisses relish'd of a faint Salute? Have I not press'd 'em still, with all the eager Raptures of a Ravish'd Lover? Alas! this was all too visible for my Hapiness! e'ry body perceiv'd it but your Adorable self, whom most I wish'd shou'd know it. Oh that some kind God (and sure Love has, or ought to have some propitious Powers to guard it) had convey'd my Sufferings to *You* alone, that cou'd relieve me; and kept them from their Knowledge, whose unjust Anger cou'd only make me Miserable. Ah, then I might still have fed my longing Soul, at least with the frequent Presence of the Bright Goddess of all its softer Wishes. Then had not your Father banish'd me from all Approaches to you, but this of *Letters*; And Oh! that even in this, my Mind were calm enough to think of Reasons to prevail with that dear Heart of yours. But alas, my Thoughts are all disorder'd, and my Mind in such a tumult by the Rage of unruly Passion, that, all I can tell you is, that *I Love*, I languish, and I die for the too Charming *BELVIDERA*! That

your

your Eyes have made me the most wretched Man alive, if your Heart affords no Pity.

'Let not my Love offend thee, divine Maid! and ah, let not thy generous Breast make so barbarous a Return, as Anger, Scorn and Hate, for such a boundless Love as mine! And Oh, thou Comfort of my languishing Soul, and dear Disposer of my Fate, permit me to write to thee, if thou think my Passion merits no greater Favour. Permit me to tell thee how much I love, and doat on thee; if I must hope no other Reguard, permit me to repeat the sad Story of my haplesS Passion, and lay before thee the hourly Tortures of the most unhappy Youth Love e'er made a wretched Victim to any of thy Sex. I will not flatter my self to that Extravagance to hope You'll bless me with a kind Reply: Ah receive but mine, and that will give some Ease to your unfortunate loving Slave,

LYSANDER.

'*Lysander* (said *Temple*,) I find is Extremely taken 'with his Mistress, there runs such an Air of Love 'clear through this *Letter*. I know not that (reply'd '*Grave*,) for I am of Opinion, Love is not so easily 'discover'd by one *Letter*, tho' I confess there is a ten- 'der Softness in this that does the business as well. But 'pray, Gentlemen, before you decide either for or a- 'gainst *Lysander* (interrupted *Fountain*,) let us establish 'a true Notion, or Definition of Love. That's almost 'as hard (reply'd *Winter*,) as to define Beauty, Do- 'ctors differ so much on the Point. *Leon Hebræus* '(pursu'd *Church*,) in his first Dialogue defines Love 'something erroneously in my Opinion; a *voluntary* 'Passion, *and* Desire *of enjoying of some Object that's* '*Good*. Now I can never grant that Love's a voluntary 'Passion, since 'tis not subject to, or at the disposition 'of the Will, since no Man that's in Love, can help 'loving. *Plato*'s Definition of it (continu'd *Brook*,) 'seems more adequate to me, he says *LOVE is a De-* '*sire of the Mind, to possess some Object that is Good and* '*Beautiful*: This Definition (said *Summer*,) and all 'those that define Love a *Desire*, is absolutely oppos'd 'by *Scaliger*, who says, *LOVE is not a Desire, or Ap-* '*petite, as all Men had till then defin'd it; for when we* '*possess and enjoy the Object desir'd, the Appetite is gone;* '*'tis therefore a Passiot* (continues *He*,) *by which we are*

united

united to the beloved Object, or perpetuate that Union. I must dissent from *Scaliger* very much (reply'd *River*) and say that he was a better Scholar than a *Lover*; since 'tis certain, that Enjoyment does not destroy the Appetite, as long as Love lasts. Right (assum'd *Chappel*) the true Lover being *still possessing, still desiring*, as a much better Judge has express'd it in a Song. I don't perceive, that you have agreed on any Definition you have yet produced (concluded I) therefore let's peruse the next Letter, and see how that may fix our Judgments.

LETTER LV.

Giving Belvidera *Thanks for receiving his Letter at last, and a farther Account of his Love.*

LYSANDER *to* BELVIDERA.

Ah my Adorable Charmer,

COu'd *You* be so Cruel, to deny me that very little Ease I beg'd in those Pangs and Sufferings which your self have caus'd? Was it, indeed, so hard a Task for you to afford the hapless Wretch that dies for *You*, ev'n the Pity of receiving his Letters. Cou'd you thrice send my last back unread, unlook'd on, only because it came from the poor, fond, miserable *LYSANDER*? Ah! *BELVIDERA*, did Heav'n bestow those Beauties on you, all those mighty Beauties, for Destruction only? Is it impossible you shou'd have all that tender Sweetness in your Face, and so much Coy Severity within.

But I'll complain no longer, since thou hast at last, my lovely Maid, permitted me to write; 'tis Happiness enough to think these Lines will be survey'd by those dear Eyes, bless'd with the touch of that soft, lovely Hand, wetted perhaps (but Oh! that, that's too much) with one kind pitying Tear for the unhappy Youth's hard Fate, whom she has undone, but cannot *Love*. Perhaps those Hands may place thee too close to her snowy Bosom, that swells with vast unexperienc'd Raptures, the very thought transports me thither, and wou'd

wou'd give perfect Joys, were I not too soon convinc'd 'tis but in fond imagination only. Oh *BELVIDERA!* cou'd I unfold but half my mighty Sufferings, you must, you wou'd grant, nay, you cou'd not with all your stock of Cruelty, deny me Pity. Oh! think what 'tis to spend whole Days, whole watchful Nights upon the Rack of strong Desire, have all the Ideal Beauties of thy lovely Person, with all their dazling Glories, still before me, but far without my reach. Think what a State to view All Heav'n above me, and yet so vast unpassable Gulphs betwixt us. Consider all the Tortures of the most violent Distempers, and of ignominious Poverty, they will scarce all together give thee a proportionable *Idea* of my smallest Pain. And then consider, my adorable Fair One, whether the cause of all this Woe ought not to give me Pity. I will not presume to hope an Answer; No, that wou'd be too great a Bliss to be expected by the unhappy wretched loving

LYSANDER.

'Let Love be what it will (said *Chappel*) this Spark 'is not ignorant in Address that wrote these Letters. 'As to what we have discover'd indeed (pursu'd *Brook*) 'he seems to proceed Methodically enough. Right '(assum'd *Summer*) he has not given over at the first 'Repulse; but sent again. and again, till his Letters 'were receiv'd. He knows that Rule of *Ovid* (conti-'nu'd *Temple*) that a Lover ought not to be bawk'd by 'the first Repulse; though she send his Letters back 'unread, but must believe her Mind will change; or 'else she is not a *Woman* (assum'd *Grave*) and there-'fore, this Rule of *Ovid* is founded on the very nature 'of the Sex; as all his other are (pursu'd *River*) for 'he tells you, that the first step to win a Mistress, is, 'to fix in your Mind, this Assurance, *That all Women 'may be won, and that you shall certainly win her.* This 'Assurance indeed (continu'd *Church*) begets Perse-'verance, and Time and Perswasion will at last pre-'vail, and make the Coyest yield. But then his Ad-'dress (reply'd *Winter*) must be artificial too, his Let-'ters Tender, Soft and Natural, without Affectation, 'fill'd with common Words. Those are merry Sparks 'indeed (pursu'd *Fountain*) that Court their Mistress in 'Tropes and Figures, Cramp Words, and Ratling Sen-'tences. That may be of Force for ought I know (conclu-'ded I) since it must convince their Mistresses they are

'mad,

'mad, and consequently may be in Love; though I 'confess, *Bedlam*'s a better Cure for 'em, than the Bo-'som of a pretty Lady.

'But here's an Answer (said *Temple*) from our 'Nymph, and then there is some hopes for our *Ina-'morato.*

LETTER LVI.

BELVIDERA *to* LYSANDER:

Being an Answer to the two former Letters, forbidding him to write any more to her.

SIR,

I Wonder that after so many Repulses, you wou'd still pursue me with your Letters; for tho' I at last received your first, in hopes, that wou'd satisfy you; yet I did not intend by that Compliance, to encourage you to trouble me with any more; but since you are not content with what I have done, I must inform you that I will not receive any more Letters from you. I confess, if all be true you have told me, your Fate deserves my my Pity; nor am I fond of the Opinion of a hard-hearted Barbarity, but wish I cou'd as easily cure you, as, unknown to my self, and without design, I have wounded your Heart.

All I can, with Honour do, is to desire you, not to think of me; since Fortune, and my Friends have destin'd me to another; and since I am not Mistress of my self, but if I were, I wou'd not have you think I wou'd do more than pity you, and that you may believe I now do, if that Belief will give you any Ease. Though I shou'd rather judge you'd better think me Cruel, Barbarous, Unnatural, and any thing that may destroy that unfortunate, and undeserv'd Esteem you have entertain'd for me. Is Love so mortal a Distemper, that Reason cannot cure it, nor all the Bars of Fortune, Friends and Inclinations? Will not Despair of ever obtaining

set

set you free from so improfitable a Slavery? I hope it will, *LYSANDER*: For I confess, I wou'd not make my Enemy so wretched as you express I have the Man that loves me. *LYSANDER*, you have Parts to win a nobler Prize, than my Poor Heart, and ev'ry Place abounds with Nobler Objects: Try another Love, quench the unhappy Flame my Eyes (for so you tell me) have kindled, by some more powerful Fire. I wou'd do any thing to cure you of so hopeless a Disease, but dare not permit you to write to me any more: It is not safe for either of us. There is infection in your Distemper, and I like the Racks and Tortures you describe of it, not well enough to venture catching it. If therefore, you love me, *LYSANDER*, as you say you do, for my Peace write no more to me: Indeed I will not read 'em if you do. But wish you a better Fate, than to persevere in the Love of

BELVIDERA.

'I'm shrewdly mistaken (said I) if *Belvidera* be not 'come over to our side, spight of all the Reluctance she 'expresses. Pish, those Qualms you find in her Letter '(reply'd *Chappel*) are only the Effects of strugling 'Passion, which she wou'd, but can't conceal. All 'that I can say (continu'd *Grave*) is, that the Fort is 'soon won; and therefore, much Good may it do him 'with his Conquest. He has indeed (pursu'd *Fountain*) 'escap'd the Fatigue of abundance of Impertinence a 'Lover is often oblig'd to, before he gain his Mistress. 'Right (assum'd *Winter*) to observe all her Motions, 'meet her at all her Resorts, the Park, the Play, *&c.* 'Praise what she praises (pursu'd *Church*) clap what Act-'or she claps, pity whom she pities, and rail at whom 'she rails at. To be watchful of ev'ry little foolish Ac-'cident about her (continu'd *Brook*) catch up her Hand-'kerchief, Glove, or any thing of hers that falls down; 'to keep off any that may press too much upon her in 'publick Places; brush the Dust from her Gown, snatch 'up her Train like her Page, if it chance to be in dan-'ger of dirting. And play with her Fan (added *Sum-'mer*) a pretty twirl of which has gain'd a Ladies Heart 'before now, if we believe *Ovid*. How light soever 'these things may seem, Gentlemen, (said *River*) yet 'I must tell you, that as they have an Analogy to their 'Minds, so they are of mighty Consequence in gaining 'most of the Fair, who are unable to resist a gay Offi-'ciousness. No more (concluded *Temple*) than we are 'to resist their Eyes, and other Charms.'

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

Lysander *to the Divine* Belvidera.

To desire her not to Combat Love.

My adorable Belvidera,

OH! may Just Heav'n show'r on thee as many Blessings, as thou hast Charms, or I have Tortures, and then they wou'd be infinite; and so reward that dear, that unexpected Favour of an Answer, for which, I return thee as many Thanks, tho' it contain'd so severe a Command, as not to write to thee again. Oh! if you pity me indeed, why would you rob me of my only Comfort? Why dost thou tell me, mistaken fair One, that all you can with Honour do for me, is to desire me not to think upon *You* no more, for that's to desire Impossibilities; 'tis to desire me not to *Be*; for I can as soon Annihilate my self, as cease to think of the *Life*, the Soul of my Soul, my Divine *Belvidera*. No, no, *Belvidera*, believe me not so base to sully the golden Image thou hast form'd within my Heart, of thy fair self, by thinking of any other Woman; for I'd rather die thy Martyr amidst these horrid Tortures I now endure, than be the most successful with all the Sex besides. You wrong your self, by all my Love you do, to fancy any *She* can quench that Flame, which *Thy* bright *Eyes* have kindled.

No, believe me, *Belvidera*, my Love is so inveterate, so fix'd and rooted in my Soul. Not *all the Bars of Friends*, *Fortune*, *nor Inclination*, can ever destroy it: Tho' I saw thee given to another past Recovery, whereas, as yet you are but promis'd by your Parents, not your self; yet in *full Despair*, I shou'd *Love* on, and doat on BELVIDERA.

I wish, my dear, my only Charmer, my Lines had that infection you seem to fear; I then might have some room for *Hope* —— And fain, methinks, I wou'd *hope*, that they have convey'd already some of that Passion to *Thee*, that I feel. Oh were it so! how bless'd were I? How, ev'n to Envy bless'd! Will you not, my tender

tender Charmer, permit me to flatter my raging Ills with *Hope*? That is a mighty Cordial to a *Lover*, and not expensive to the *Fair* that gives it. Will not that dear, that tender Pity you discover, allow me that? Oh let not the Pains I suffer, fright thee from their Cure; believe me, *Belvidera*, the Pain *Love* brings, is only when the Object of our longing is deaf, and cold, to our Desires; but where a mutual Flame inspires the happy Conquest, he brings all Rapture and eternal Pleasure. And 'tis my charming fair One, because I love you, that I can't obey you, in not writing to you any more; for whilst I am, I must endeavour to let you know, that I am, and if you persist in your Command, die your unfortunate

LYSANDER.

'*Lysander* (said *Chappel*) is not insensible of the ground 'he has got, and improves it; he makes no false Steps 'indeed (continu'd *Brook*) tho' she sent back his Letters, yet he sent 'em again, and now she sends him 'word, she'll receive no more from him; yet he sends 'her one adapted to the Circumstance, Soft, and Amorous. He has reason (pursu'd *Summer*) for when once 'she began to read his Letters, he had no cause to doubt 'of an Answer in a little time. A Lover indeed (said '*Temple*) that would succeed, must write again, tho' 'his Mistresses Answer were more cruel than *Belvidera*'s. Right (assum'd *Grave*) for she desires not that 'you shou'd take her at her word, but wishes just the 'contrary. Pursue then, says *Ovid*, (continu'd *River*) 'and she's thy own; plead with your Eyes, your 'Tongue, and Letters, and you cannot fail. *Ovid*, I 'must confess (added *Church*) gives one necessary Rule, 'and which perhaps, wou'd supply all his other, *viz.* '*Cast off all foolish Modesty, since* Fortune *and the* Fair '*are won by the forward, and the bold.* A modest Lover 'in our Age (pursu'd *Winter*) is a very ridiculous Animal, whatever he was in his; and might as soon think 'to fly without Wings, as to gain his Mistress without 'Impudence: 'Tis the Vice of Custom (said *Fountain*) 'is the Cause of this, ev'n the Men thinking it too 'forward, for a Woman to yield without some Constraint. That is not the only Fault (concluded I) 'that we lay to the Charge of the Fair Sex, of which 'we are our selves the Cause. But now let's see *Belvidera*'s Answer.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Belvidera *to* Lysander.

To give him leave to hope.

Lysander,

WHY will you not be deny'd? Why, if you love me, do you pursue my Ruin? Can you persuade me that you love me, when I find I have not power to have my Commands obeyed? Oh! whither wou'd your growing Desires extend? Is it not enough, that I confess my Pity for your Sufferings? What is't you wou'd have leave to hope? Hope any thing, *Lysander*, if you will but restore my Peace again. Why hast thou robb'd my Nights of Sleep, and all my Days of Ease? Why do'st thou thrust thy piteous Sufferings still before my Eyes, and haunt me with thy Tortures? Alas! 'tis not within my power, poor *Lysander*, to redress thy Ills. What wou'd you have me do, to give thee Ease? Heav'n knows I wou'd not have thee suffer for my sake; and will you therefore make me unhappy, because I pity you? I must confess, so true a Flame as yours appears, does merit some Return: and if Pity is not enough, I'll try to give you more; for I had rather you should *live* my *happy*, than *die* my *unfortunate Lysander*. If *Hope* therefore will make thee so, Hope all within the Power of

BELVIDERA.

'How pretty and how charming (said *Chappel*) are 'these tender Strugglings of the Yielding Fair? LOVE 'indeed, (reply'd *Brook*) is all gay and pleasant in the '*Idea*, the imagination, that magnifies all absent 'Goods, as well as Evils; dresses it up in a thousand 'Joys above Experience. Nay, in reality (pursu'd '*Summer*) LOVE is too visible and eminent a Good, 'for any of us to condemn it; who, I suppose, only

'satyrize

'satirize those of both Sexes that impair its Excel-
'lence, by their Follies and Vices, Right, (assum'd
'*Temple*,) since the severest of the Philosophers were
'not asham'd of *Love*: The Writings of *Plato* and
'*Socrates* prove this, Which made *Maximus Tyrius*, a
'great *Platonist*, (pursu'd I) wonder, that those two
'Philosophers should banish *Homer* their Cities, for
'his Amorous Discourses; in which they exceed him.
'LOVE, says *Zanchius*, (continu'd *River*) LOVE
'made the World, and is its Life and Soul: All things,
'therefore, are a Lovers, due. With him (said *Church*)
'*Cammerarius* agrees, when he says,

'*Si rerum quæris fuerit quis finis & ortus,*
'*Desine: nam causa est unica solus Amor.*

"If you the Spring, and End of Things would know,
'From Love alone, their only Cause, they flow.

'*Boetius* (continu'd *Winter*) expresses his Esteem of
'Love, in these words,

'*O fœlix hominum genus!*
'*Si vestros animus Amor,*
'*Quo Cœlum regitur, regat.*

"Oh happy Humane Kind!
"If you are rul'd by Love,
"That rules the Heav'ns above.

'*Seneca*, in my Mind, as Stoical as he was, (pursu'd
'*Fountain*,) expresseth a great deal of Sensibility of
'the Effects of this Passion, in this Exclamation,
'*O dulcissimi laquei, qui tam feliciter devinciunt, ut etiam*
'*a vinctis diligantur, qui a gratiis vincti sunt cupiunt ar-*
'*ctius delegari & in unum redigi*: Oh, thrice charm-
"ing Snares, that bind with so sweet and happy force,
"that those they bind, are in love with 'em! Those
"that the *Graces* bind, desire to be bound more close,
"and united into one." Well, Gentlemen, (con-
'cluded *Grave*,) that I may not incurr the Censure
'of *Æneas Sylvius*, That *he's a Beast, or a Stone, that*
'*is not sensible of the force of LOVE*, I'll agree with
'you, That LOVE is not only to be contemn'd,
'but desir'd, provided it be unmix'd with the jilting
'Arts of either Sex.

LETTER LIX.

The happy Lysander, *to the divinely Charming* Belvidera.

To desire a Meeting.

My adorable Fair One,

DOubt not my Love; for that is infinite as thy Charms, vast as thy Goodness, tender as thy Pity. By all my Hopes (for now that is an Oath, and that of mighty Consequence of Happiness in *Belvidera*, I love thee more than Words or Thoughts are capable to express. Think not therefore, divine Maid, that I wou'd *pursue thy Ruine*; I'd rather perish a thousand times. than break thy least Repose. Oh! rather restore me to my former Tortures; nay to far greater, if that be possible, than that my Ease shou'd cost my *Belvidera* Pain.

But, my bright Charmer, break not your own Repose: The Pains you feel, proceed from the Resistance you make, to angry LOVE. Receive him gently, and with open Arms, and the gay God will bless thee with a thousand Joys. Pleasure will crown thy Days, and Joys thy Nights. When *Love's* admitted as a Guest, he brings his Banquet with him; soft tender Fancies will amuse your Days, and pleasing Dreams your Nights.

You give me leave, my Fair One, to hope all that's in your Power, to make me live your happy *Lysander*: May I then not hope, Oh *Belvidera*! that you will bless my longing Eyes with a sight of thy much-lov'd Person? Is it beyond my Commission, to hope that Joy? Oh! if thou't save a wretched Lover's Life, keep me no longer in this hated Absence; but let me see thee, tho' my Tongue's confin'd, and tho' I only can reach thee with my distant Eyes. 'Twill give me a new Life; 'twill raise my drooping Spirits, and restore all that Vigour I had, when first I saw that dear, that charming Face. This may be done, my lovely Charmer, unknown

known to your Father: The Mornings he spends in Politicks, in the Parliament-House; *Eugenia* is your Creature, and not my Enemy, can you not therefore make me so far happy? Oh! if I must not hope to see you, but be damn'd to everlasting Absence; Oh! take your cruel Pity back again, and let me die all wretched, rather than live half bless'd, without seeing *Belvidera*; without which, there is no Life for

Your Poor, Loving, Faithful,

LYSANDER.

'*Love* being settl'd in so good an Esteem with you,' (said *Temple*) what think you of the *Lover* now under our Consideration? Merits he that Name? since he can so well manage his Love (assum'd I) and convey it in so artificial a Method to the fair Lady. There are some Criticks indeed (reply'd *Fountain*) that will scarce allow a Man to be in Love, till he has quite lost the Use of Reason. They fix his Thoughts so much (continu'd *Summer*) on the Object belov'd, that they'll not grant it in his Power, to endeavour the obtaining it. At last (added *Church*) by any probable way. You mis-represent these critical Gentlemen (said *Brook*) for they only deny, That a Lover can be so serene, as to compare *Idea*'s in his Mind, so as to make witty Similes in his Poetry, &c. Not but that he may be very dextrous at contriving the Accomplishment of his Happiness. This, in my Opinion (reply'd *Winter*) is a more unlikely Task for a Lover to perform, than the other. True (assum'd *River*) for 'tis certainly a greater Avocation of the Mind, from the immediate Contemplation of the belov'd Object, to consider Accidents, contrive Interviews, foresee and prevent the Opposition that might be made, &c. than to form a Similitude of the Thing our Mind is fill'd with. True (continu'd *Chappel*) since here the Mind (as the Eyes of Men that have the *Yellow-Jaundice*, make all Objects Yellow) turns ev'ry *Idea* to something of a likeness of what 'tis full of. At least (concluded *Grave*) it considers ev'ry *Idea* that passes before the Judgment, more or less, as it transiently observes more or less likeness in it to his Love or Mistress.

LETTER LX.

Belvidera *to* Lysander.

In which she grants the Meeting desir'd in the former.

LYSANDER,

I Wish I ne'er had receiv'd your *Letters*, or cou'd better withstand your Requests; nothing, I find, but Love will satisfie you now. Do you like Love so well, to wish my Breast infected with it; I tell you, *Lysander*, I dare not meet you. I fear my Weakness may betray my Pity too far; and if your Letters carry such Contagion, as I fear they do, what will your Presence do?

Fain I wou'd refuse you this Interview, but that you swear you love me, and will be Oblig'd to my Conditions. If a Sight of me, *Lysander*, wou'd contribute, so much as you pretend, to your Happiness, nay, Life, I wou'd not deny it you: but, I fear, you are like other Men, and only sooth my easie Nature with melting, dying Words, when Love has nothing in you. Ah! injure not my Goodness so, my Heart's too good a Prize for base Dissimulation. But I'll not accuse you, before I know you guilty: For, I confess, there's an Air sincere runs through all you've wrote, that does persuade me, *Lysander* means really what he says. The Opinion of the Truth, has made me yield to meet you as you desire. To Morrow Morning, *Eugenia* (who has indeed been your Friend) and I, go to *Knights-Bridge*, to a Cousin of hers; where, in her Presence, you shall be admitted, but on your Good-behaviour, to

BELVIDERA.

'These two last Letters (said *Temple*,) shew our *Lysander* a Marks-man at Intrigue, having made sure of the *Maid*. Right (assam'd *I*,) she can cull the happy Minute, represent you as she pleases, and plead for you at the best Opportunities. *Opportunity* Observ'd, (continu'd *Fountain*,) is of mighty Consequence in Intrigue; Mirth, Joy, and Ease, prepare the Mind to receive the softness of Love; and these Times the

‘ the Maid can watch, and know better than the absent
‘ Lover: Who may, perhaps, address (added *Summer*)
‘ when she's out of humour, troubl'd, *&c.* and then her
‘ Mind's too much disturb'd to think of Love. *Troy*
‘ defended it self (said *Church*) when besieg'd, and view'd
‘ open Danger; but was surpriz'd, when dissolv'd in
‘ Joy and Security. The Maid too can attacque her
‘ other Passions, (continu'd *Brook*,) and make 'em all
‘ subservient to the Lover's Design, as her Pride or
‘ Revenge, provok'd by her Friends, or slighting Pre-
‘ tenders. But in this Case, the Chase must be fol-
‘ low'd close, lest her Indignation, and desire of Re-
‘ venge shou'd cool. Since the Maid (said *Winter*,) is
‘ so necessary in an Amour, methinks the best way to
‘ secure her, wou'd be, by making way, by her Em-
‘ braces, to those of the Mistress? Doctors differ, (re-
‘ ply'd *River*,) and the Event is the surest Judge; but
‘ I think it a false measure, at least, before the Mist-
‘ ress is gain'd; and then, indeed, it may not be unser-
‘ viceable to discover all the Secrets of her Lady: and
‘ besides, you must either never attempt it, or go thro'
‘ with it, unless you'll ruine all your Pretensions to the
‘ Mistress. I find (concluded *Grave*) that you are all
‘ profoundly Learn'd in the Art of Intrigue, but that
‘ is of little Use to a passionate Lover, that can't con-
‘ sider all those little Methods.

LETTER LIV.

The happy Lysander *to the Idol of his Soul, the Divine* Belvidera:

After the Meeting; giving an Account of it, and the Confession of *Belvidera*'s Love.

My lovely Charmer,

I Find now, That Excess of Joy, as well as Excess of Grief, will disturb One's Rest. Mistake me not, Oh, my adorable Fair one! for I mean, 'twill deprive One of One's Sleep; 'twill let one think of nothing but it self: but then those Thoughts by far excell the Good of Sleep, and abundantly supply the Defect of it, and furnish nature with more Force and Vigour.

Believe me, *Belvidera*, tho' Sleep has been almost a Stranger to these Eyes, since they were bless'd with a Sight of Thee; yet are my Colour, my Strength and Health restored me, and I am no more the Man you t'other day beheld me: such mighty force was in that heavenly Balm thou pour'dst upon my Wounds, in the dear Confession of thy Passion for me; it call'd back ebbing Life, and made me quite Immortal.

Ah, *Belvidera*! what Graces danc'd about thy blushing Face? In how great a Languishment were lost all those angry Terrors of thy Eyes, when thou confess'd the grateful Secret to me? What wond'rous Raptures dwelt upon thy Lips, when——Oh! Excess of Joy! —Oh! when I ravish'd from 'em so many downy Kisses! Tell me, my *Belvidera*, (for now, I hope, you'll let me call you mine,) Tell me, Was not my boundless Joy sufficient to impart some Pleasure to thee? Had'st thou no taste at all of Satisfaction? Yes, thy Heart beat, thy snowy Bosome heav'd; and thy Content, in spite of thee, sprung from thee. Oh! I am wanton in the very Thought of all those Joys my Fair One then dispens'd, and think all my past Torture more than overpaid!

But, Ah! *Love* is not thus contented; *that* has a further view of everlasting Pleasures yet behind. As yet, Oh, *Belvidera*! we are *Two*, but *Love* wou'd have us *One*. And if *Love* has possess'd that heav'nly Bosome, he'll tell you the same Story. Why do'st thou urge thy Friends? *Love* ne'er considers *Chance*, and *Chance* gave them that power over Thee; but *Love* shou'd free thee from it, when inhanc'd to Tyranny. My Soul still pants afer Thee; and 'midst these happy Raptures, sighs for greater. But I must bound my Wishes with thy Will; which, as it gave me Life, shall rule it. But, *my lovely Charmer*, fail not to meet me at the same place, with faithful *Eugenia*, on next *Thursday*, as your dear Self hath promis'd me. Till then, I'll live upon the Joys you last bestow'd; run o'er each Word you said, each Sigh you breath'd, and all those transporting Kisses. Oh! 'tis Provision enough for Ages; 'tis Theme enough for an eternal Contemplation; and yet not enough to bless entirely yours, and

Yours only, and for ever,

LYSANDER.

Our

'Our *Lover* (said *Temple*,) is Transported with the 'happy Success of his Amour, in the desir'd Confession 'of *Belvidera*'s Love. Can a Lover be less, (reply'd *I*,) 'when the Aim of all his Hopes approaches, and the 'End of all his Sufferings, in the Arms of the fair 'Creater he doats on? To say truth, (continu'd *Grave*) 'the Lady has not been over-cruel, nor held him long 'in suspence. I like her the better, (return'd *Fountain*) 'for why shou'd a Woman gratifie her Pride at the 'expence of her Satisfaction? True, (assum'd *VVinter*) 'put her self to pain, that she may torture the Man 'she loves? Love is as due from Woman to Man, (said '*Church*,) as from us to them; and why shou'd they be 'then so over-coy, to refuse to confess the payment of 'it on so good a ground as this Lady has. For my part, '(continu'd *Brook*,) as I wou'd not have a Woman so 'easie, to yield to the *first* Question, least so weak a 'Fort shou'd be taken by ev'ry Pretender, as well as 'my self; so neither wou'd I have a Woman hold out, 'like *Numantia* of old, beyond the utmost Extremity, '------Left the Torture and Fatigue (assum'd *Summer*,) 'shou'd out-weigh the Good and Joys to come. Be-'sides (pursu'd *River*,) 'tis so unnatural, that we have 'reason to think the Fort cou'd not be so long main-'tain'd by so ill-furnish'd a Garison, if there were no 'secret way of Relief, unknown to the Besieger. Give 'me the Woman (concluded *Chappel*) that's not proud-'ly Coy, for Gold will make her yield to ev'ry Fop 'that has it, without so much as parlying; nor one so 'foolishly Fond, as to believe ev'ry kind Word that's 'spoke, the Effect of Love; but one that is too gener-'ous to torture the Man, that she's convinc'd, does 'love her.

LETTER LXII.

In Answer to the former, and to put Lysander *off till another time.*

Belvidera *to* Lysander.

My *LYSANDER*,

SOme Company coming to my Father's just now, with a design to Dine with us, I send *Eugenia* with

this to my *Lysander*, to prevent his fruitless Walk to *Knights-Bridge*. But that we might no longer be absent from each other than Necessity requires, to Morrow Morning, by Seven a Clock, we'll be where I saw you last; and to Night I'll go with these Friends to the Play, where I expect to see you. But, my *Lysander*, guard your Eyes, lest they betray us to our watchful Spies: Your Pretensions have been too well known to my Friends, not to make 'em observe you diligently, when they discover you, tho' none of them know what Progress you have made in my Affection. And indeed, *Lysander*, I did not think to impart that Secret, ev'n to you, so soon. But, Oh! I cou'd not see those pitious Looks, hear all those rending Sighs, and not give thee Ease! How cou'd I longer dissemble Cruelty, when it had cost thee so much Pain already? All thy gay Humour, and thy sprightly Countenance, chang'd into melancholy Groans, and pale meager Looks, for Love of me, challeng'd some Pity; and, Oh! when I'd once given way to that, Compassion brought the fond Confession on, and I could hold no longer.

I wou'd not have you gaze too much upon me, for fear my Eyes encountring yours, shou'd betray too much Satisfaction; and yet I wou'd not have you employ 'em on any one besides. Do therefore what Love, and our protecting Pow'rs direct thee, only fail not being there, as you love your

BELVIDERA.

'*Belvidera* (said I) is not of the Temper of many 'Ladies, who wou'd take more pleasure in a public Ad-'dress, than in the Man that made it. Those are such '(continu'd *Chappel*) as sacrifice all to Vanity and Pride; 'and think all the secret Sufferings of their Adorers no-'thing, if the World be not a Witness of the mournful 'Effects of their Cruelty, and the Power of their 'Beauty. One public Gallantry (pursu'd *Brook*) shall 'win her, when all the Artillery of secret Sighs and 'Tears shall not be minded. They are generally such '(continu'd *Summer*) as take more pleasure in being '*thought* Whores, than in *being* so: And had rather be 'so (added *Temple*) to the talkative, noisy Fops, than a 'Wife to a Country Knight. Vanity, Pride, Affecta-'tion and Inconstancy (said *Grave*) are Vices, so far 'spread in the Sex, that few of them are free from all 'Tincture of them. Prithee, a Tincture of some of 'em (return'd *River*) is a Vertue in a Woman. Right

(as-

(assum'd *Church)* a little Vanity makes her gay; a little Pride, respected, and above the Addresses of ev'ry Fop, or douty Bully. But for *Affectation* and *Inconstancy* (pursu'd *Winter*) I hope, less than the thousandth part of a Scruple is too much for any Woman. If she be pretty (concluded *Fountain*) I fansie you seldom, any of you, examine into her Verrue; her Beauty, especially if joyn'd with Easiness, blots out all Faults.

LETTER LXII.

The Happiest of Men Lysander, *to the Divinest of Women,* Belvidera.

In Answer to the foregoing Letter.

My too good, and too charming Belvidera,

THE Delay of our Meeting at *Knights-Bridge* being hinder'd by the Impertinent Visit of thy Relations, I give thee Ten thousand Thanks, dear lovely Maid, that you took so tender a Care of my eager Longing, as to provide a Bait for me, this Evening, at the Play; a Place I've never visited since our fatal Separation. Fear not, my *Belvidera*, that I'll miss any Opportunity of seeing thee: I'll place my self beneath the Box, where I shall discover thy Father's Footman keeping thy Place, and there will feast my Eyes, betwixt the Acts, upon thy heavenly Beauties. Nor will I set a guard upon my Eyes, but run thee o'er and o'er, in the face of my Enemies, thy Relations: I'd not conceal my Passion, but let the World know it. But for thine, my Lovely *Belvidera*, that indeed, should still be a Secret, since nothing else can ever make me happy.

But yet, my Charming Love, there are Ways of talking all ones Mind, without the By-Standers Knowledge. When I with Earnestness gaze on thee, and fold up my Arms; Oh! think, I wish them embracing *Belvidera!* When I put my Hand upon my Heart, Ah! then remember, 'tis to wish it panting on thy lovely Bosom. If I look up to Heaven, then think I pray for Happiness, which only Heaven and you can give; and that all envious Bars may be remov'd, that keep us two thus separate. If at all I see thee, answer me

with

with one ſtoll'n Look of Kindneſs: clap thy pretty Hand to thy dear Breaſt, I'll take it for thy Approbation of my Vows; and then ſit down, as unable to ſupport the Pleaſure of that dear Aſſent.

This previous Banquet will preſerve me happy till to Morrow Morning, when I hope, kind Heav'n and you will favour, with a near Happineſs,

Your Loving, Faithful

LYSANDER

I *Am extremely troubl'd, my Friend, that I cannot ſend you the reſt of theſe* Letters *in this* Volume; *eſpecially ſince the leaving out thoſe that were deſign'd to make this* Book *as big as ſome of the others, makes it very diſproportion'd to them. Yet there is a neceſſity of it, unleſs we were at liberty to ſwell this* Volume *up to a greater Price than the former; which being at the* Bookſeller's *Direction, is not thought convenient either for the Buyer or Seller. But to make you amends, I promiſe you to ſend 'em you all in the next* Volume; *the remaining part being, indeed, more entertaining for the variety of the Intrigue, which is ſcarce here begun, and the Petty Jealouſies, little Love-Quarrels and Excuſes; our Lovers, as yet, being only in the very firſt Scene of Love.*

I Have, in the former Book, *my Friend, given you a Scene of Love and Intrigue: We come now to several sorts of Letters, as we found 'em in the Pacquet, according as Chance brought them into our Hands, without Design. The first we opened, was directed.*

LETTER LXIV.

To Mr. Long; *To be left for him at the* Post-House *in* Rochester *in* Kent.

In the Praise of *HYPOCRISIE.*

Dear Sam,

I Receiv'd your Letter last Night, in which you tell me, you resolve to quit the Country for good and all; hating that idle sedate Life, and are for launching into the World, to improve that small Fortune your Fathers have left you.

I find, that whatever change the Earth may have undergon these seventeen Hundred Years; the Follies and Vices of its Inhabitants, are not much vary'd, since the time of my Friend *Horace*, his first Satyr being still in Force. For few of us are content with our present Stations, in which either Choice or Necessity hath plac'd us. I, that am confin'd to this dirty nasty Town, and the distracting Hurry of Business, am continually sighing after the calm and undisturb'd Retreat of the Country; and think a Peasant in his homely Cott, happier than the lofty Pleader with his Chamber full of Clyents: whilst thou, that may'st enjoy wisely, and honestly, what thy Parents have honestly left thee, with all the Quiet and Peace of the Country; art uneasy in the Seat of Ease, and restless to be in an hurry of an Active Life. Whether we both, knowing the little Satisfactoin the present gives, paint with flattery and imaginary Hope, the absent more Beautiful than we shall find it, I know not.

Well,

Well, since thou art absolutely resolv'd for Business, aiming to be great at the Expence of thy Tranquility and Innocence, (for thou art damnably deceiv'd, if thou dost think to thrive, and be innocent at the same time; Success is a Tyrant, fenc'd in with such Laws, that 'till you have abjur'd all things else, you never can gain Access,) I'll recommend the *Virtue* to thee, that is, the Darling of the *Prince of the World*: 'Tis a *Key*, that unfolds all the Mystery of *Fortune*, and leads you to the secure Enjoyment of all her Treasures. This *Virtue*, my Friend, that will give you all the Advantages of Life, without its Inconveniences, tho' opposite to most other Virtues, is yet the Darling of the Great, the Pious, and the *Million*: It opens the Hearts of Princes, Privy-Counsellors, Grave Judges, Fierce Generals, and Brisk Fops; of cunning intriguing Ladies, Reverend Matrons, and undesigning Virgins. 'Tis a *Virtue*, in short, that supplies the Defect of all others much better than the Possession of them, nor must you be without it; if you intend not to spend your present Fortune, instead of adding those Golden Mountains to it, which you have promis'd your Industry.

By this time I fancy you long to know, which of all the glorions Roll of Virtues, which you have study'd in *Ethics*, and consider'd in the Noble Examples of History, this is. My Friend, I wou'd not have you spend your time in guessing by so ill Guides, as Moral Philosophy, and History, since they'll never lead you to the thing; for this *Virtue*, Philosophers are asham'd of, and Politicians (if any such writes Histories) will not discover. In plain *English* then, 'tiscall'd *Hypocrisie*, *Dissimulation*, or what other synonymous Appellation you'll please to give it. Whatdo you start? Why, as we have other ways of living in theactive Mart of Fortune, than you have in the contemplative Retirement; so are our *Virtues* different, the Names of those Virtues you have hitherto thought so, are all that we require, the Substance of them has long since been Abdicated. *Hypocrisie* supplies them all. It converts a Villain into a Saint, an Enemy into a Friend, a Traytor into a true Patriot, and an Atheist into an Apostle. The Virtues you are acquainted with, are silent, but this is always talking; affects the sight of Men, and prays in the very Street. If it were of any particular Sect or Religion, I shou'd judge it to be of theirs, who think the Body cannot sin, whatever unlawful Acts it commits, if the Mind be but pure; for whil'st the Eyes are fix'd with Zeal on Heav'n,

the

the Hand is in his Neighbour's Purse, his Blood, or his Bed. This makes you caress the Man you wou'd ruin, with all the Arms of Friendship, and seems to fly from that Honour you most covet. This makes you rail at the sin of Adultery to the Husband, when you are enjoying the sweets of it with the Wife; and against Extortion to the Father, whil'st you help the Son to Mony at fifty in the Hundred. This makes e'ry Man your Friend, because you shew the face of a Friend, to e'ry Man. But shou'd I run through all the Advantages this one Excellence brings you, I shou'd swell my *Letter* to a Volume, since I must be Oblig'd to consider ev'ry State and Condition of Mankind, I mean of that part which is active in the World.

Ten to one now, you'll ask me what Advantage I have made by this Qualification? Why truly, I have not my share on't, having only as much as the very absolute necessity of Converse, and Business to keep my self from sinking quite, requires; and that's the Reason I make no greater Progress in the World, and the cause of my desire of leaving it. 'Tis uneasie to me to make use on't to save my self from Impertinences, Quarrels, and Beggery. But perhaps you may do better with it, and now I have given you an Account of the Pilot of your Voyage; set Sail as soon as you please, whil'st I Endeavour to get the Harbor of a small Retreat, with all the speed I can make. No more now, dear *Sam*, but that I am thy Friend and Servant, without Hypocrisie,

C. G.

'Hypocrisie, indeed (said *Temple*) is the Gold that 'makes the Pill of Villany go down with the most 'squeamish and nice; 'Tis the *Tarand* (continu'd *Grave*) 'that changes to the Colour of e'ry Flower it comes 'to. It gives the face of a Stoic (pursu'd *Fountain*) to 'an Epicure, and palms a very *Horner* for an Eunuch 'on the World. *Diogenes* the Cynic (interrupted '*Winter*) was not qualifi'd with this Excellence as our 'Author terms it, when he bid an Effeminate A'thenian that glory'd in a Garment of a Lyon's Skin, 'desist from disgracing the Livery of *Hercules*. In 'nothing I admire *Alexander* the Great more (con'tinu'd *Church*) than in his contempt of this ungene'rous Vice; He was without Dissimulation (assum'd

'*River*)

‘ River) tho' a Prince, and successful. And his An-
‘ swer to those (pursu'd *Summer*) who were extolling
‘ the Frugality of *Antipater*, was like himself open and
‘ free; *Antipater* (said he) wears indeed a white Cloak,
‘ but is within all *Purple*; hinting at his hypocritical
‘ Parsimony, when he was violently ambitious. How-
‘ ever odious and abominable, this Vice is in it self,
‘ (said I) the general Practice of the World, and the
‘ corrupt Humours of Mankind, have made it almost
‘ necessary. This made the Emperor *Frederic* the
‘ Third (continu'd *River*) reply to a Man that said he
‘ wou'd quit *Europe*, and go to some remote Country
‘ where there was no *Hypocrisy*; that he must then pass
‘ the frozen Zone, and when that's done, that place
‘ will not be altogether free from Hypocrisy, if thou
‘ art a Man, and no God; for there's none among
‘ Mankind, that is not ting'd with some Deceit, and
‘ Dissimulation or other. He was in the right on't
‘ (concluded *Chappel*) since the best of us have natural-
‘ ly a share in it, more or less, as our Circumstances
‘ and Stations in the World require.

‘ But I think (interrupted *Temple*) we have dwelt
‘ long eoough on one Vice, pray let's advance to the
‘ next Letter, which may chance to afford us some o-
‘ ther Diversion; 'tis something near a-kin to't, and
‘ often the effect of it, *viz.* Kissing.

Letter LXV.

To Madam Love, *at her Lodging near the* Blew-Posts *in* Bow-street, *near* Covent-Garden, London.

Being an Account of *KISSING*.

Madam,

THO' you were so scrupulous of trusting me with a Kiss of those pretty charming Lips of yours, on my leaving *London*, before I had paid you the Price you set upon it; yet to keep up my Credit against the next

next time, I have the Happineſs of ſeeing you, I ſhall here ſend to you my Debt, as far as I am at preſent able to pay it, in an Acccount of that which Lovers value ſo much, *viz.* A *KISS.*

As to its Original, tho' I can't yet find it on Record; yet I am apt to think 'twas firſt the Child of *Love*, before it was either apply'd to Ceremony or Worſhip. I verily believe, Madam, that Nature taught our firſt Parents in the very Garden of Bliſs, to make their firſt Approaches to Happineſs by the Lips. And after the World grew more populous, and Religions with Mankind began to multiply, the Sages that were to Eſtabliſh the Rights of the ſeveral Worſhips of their Deities, conſider'd to employ the moſt Excellent Things in that Affair; and judging of the Excellence of Kiſſing, by the Pleaſure it afforded from the Fair, they admitted it into the moſt ſolemn Actions of their Devotion.

Thus, ſome falling proſtrate before their Idols, kiſs'd the Ground, or foot of the Altar; others kiſs'd the Idols themſelves, as the Scripture it ſelf aſſures us: and *Job* informs us, that the Worſhip of the *Sun*, was by kiſſing the Hand to it. Thus ſome bigotted *Romans* can't more expreſs their Reſpect to the Saint, than by kiſſing the Image, and others have wore away the Stairs to their Shrines, by the Kiſſes they have zealouſly given them. There was a Kiſs call'd Holy, as at the *Agapa*, or Feaſt of *Jove*; but being perverted from the Gods to Mortals, 'twas afterward aboliſh'd; From the Worſhip of the Gods it paſs'd to the Worſhip of Princes, by kiſſing the Hand, the Foot, *&c.* and now the greateſt Honour a Countrey Squire or Lady aſpires to, is to kiſs the King's Hand.

From hence it paſs'd to more, the common Worſhip of one another; e'ery Man having now as great a Veneration, as ſome of the Eaſterly Nations paid of yore to their bright God the *Sun*, by kiſſing the Hand to 'em. Kiſſing the very Lips of Men was a form of Salutation in the Old Law, for when *Jonathan* and *David* met in the Field where the Royal Prophet was hid, 1 *Sam.* 23. 49. they *met* and kiſſed one another, This *Judas* perverted to a traiterous end, in betraying his Friend and Maſter.

Beſides all this, Kiſſes have been experienc'd to have wondrous force and effects: For the Kiſſes of the Wives have giv'n Courage to the Husbands, when they have been beaten, and made them rally and overcome their Conquerors. It diſarms the Soul of Wrath, and all the more mortal Deſigns, and brings it to the

tranquil

tranquil state of Harmony and Pleasure. And one of the prevailing Baits *Absalom* us'd, to draw the Affection of the People from his Father *David* to himself, was, to kiss those he met, 2 *Sam.* 15. 5. *And when any Man came near him, he did him obeysance, and put forth his hand, and took him, and* kiss'd *him.* And the *Spouse* in the *Canticles: O that thou wer't as my Brother!* &c. *I wou'd find thee without, I wou'd* kiss *thee; and they they shou'd not despise thee.*

The Oath is not compleat till the Book is *kiss'd*; that makes the Words of it sacred and inviolable, without Perjury. And the *Persians* and *Turks* use *kissing* the Garments, as a Token of Peace and Submission; the *Kiss* of the Hem of Christ's Garment healing the Woman.

The *Kisses* of the Fair have always been valu'd at a high rate by Mankind; which made *Venus*, when *Cupid* was lost, proclaim, That he that wou'd bring him home, shou'd have three *Kisses* of his Mother, such Kisses as should raise the very Dead. And well might the Poets suppose the *Kisses* of *Venus* might do such Feats since many have dy'd for a Kiss; and many reviv'd, at the Kissing the Fair One they ador'd. And our *Selden*, Madam, admits not the *Knights of the Sepulchre*, the *Knights of St. John of Jerusalem*, nor the *Knights Templers*, to be Honorary Knights, because they were forbid to kiss a Woman; Honorary Knighthood, and the Love and Kissing the fair Ladies, going together like *Vertue* and *Reward*, (as my Author observes.)

And now, *Madam*, having paid this Debt, I hope my Credit will be better with you the next time, than to deny me one of your Kisses, in Consideration of any thing I can perform; since, *Madam*, you may be confident I wou'd give ev'n my Self, and my dear Liberty, were I an Emperor, to have the Propriety of them; who am, *Madam*, entirely,

Your most faithful Slave,

C. G.

'Faith, the Spark deserves half a score Kisses (said 'Temple) for all the Pains he has taken about it. Gad, 'and he deserves nothing else, (assum'd *Grave*, that 'cou'd busie himself so much with such a Trifle. The 'lightest Favour of a Woman (continu'd *Winter*) ought 'indeed to be his Lot, that wou'd sacrifice his Liberty 'to a Kiss, Prithee, there's a nearer Relation (inter-

'rupted

'rupted *Fountain*) betwixt a Kiss and Possession, than 'you imagine. Right, (continu'd *Church*,) for if you 'gain but the Freedom of that, you may easily melt 'the frozen Heart of the Nymph, by the warmth of a 'Lovers Impressions. But he has omitted (said I) 'some Adjuncts of Kissing, very remarkable. True, '(assum'd *River*,) that the *Pox* may be got by Kis-'sing: — And that the Witches (continu'd *Summer*) 'Kiss the Devil behind, upon their Initiation, and in 'their Nocturnal Meetings, And to this ceremonious 'Kissing (added *Brook*) he might have joyn'd that of '*Billinsgate* Civility, of Kissing Behind too. For my 'part (concluded *Chappel*) I like his Account of Kis-'sing very well; tho', I confess, it might be a little 'more large and pedantic in Quotations, but that had 'been improper to a Lady.

But now let's advance to the next; — 'tis directed

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. Lancelot, *at his House in* Broad-street, London.

Giving an exact, tho' short, and impartial Account of the several Sects of Christianity in the World, especially those in *England*.

Honour'd Sir, Cambridge, *June* 16th.

IN compliance with your Desire, I have, at last, here sent you a short Account of the several Sects of Christians, as I cou'd, considering the numerous Divisions of the Seamless Garment of our Blessed Saviour, have grown to so great a Variety, that we may almost, at this time say, That *quot homines, tot Religiones.* But I must not give way to all the Considerations this Subject wou'd furnish us with, but immediately proceed to it, since that alone will make my Letter something exceed. I shall be so impartial, as to gather all the Opinions from their several Authors in this Account of their own Religions.

There are therefore Thirteen principal Sects of Christians in the World, which are divided into endless and unaccountable Subdivisions. 1. The *Protestants*. 2. The *Romans*. 3. The *Grecians*. 4. *Melchites* or *Syrians*. 5. *Georgians*. 6. *Muscovites*. 7. *Nestorians*. 8. Christians of St. *Thomas*. 9. *Jacobites*. 10. *Cophties*. 11. *Armenians*. 12. *Habassines*. 13. and *Maronites*.

The *Romans* and *Protestants*. I shall treat of last, because nearer home; the other 11 Sects may be reduc'd to Three Principals, *viz*. The *Grecians*, the *Jacobites*, and *Nestorians*; to which the rest have some Relation.

1. The *Grecians* acknowledge the Supremacy of the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and believe, 1. Thot the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, not from the Son. 2. Deny Purgatory. 3. They communicate in both kinds. 4. and in Leaven'd Bread. 5. Reject extream Unction. 6. and Confirmation. 7. Their Priest may have Wives, but they must be Marry'd before, not after Ordination. 8. Fourth Marriage is forbid as abominable. 9. They reject Images, and Musick in their Churches, they use plain Pictures. 10. They Feast all *Saturdays*, except *Easter*-Eve, and celebrate Divine Service as solemnly, as on *Sunday*. 11. They eat of nothing strangl'd, or Blood. 12. Have Four Lents e'ery Year. 13. Deny the Pope's Supremacy, esteeming that Church Schismatic.

2. The *Syrians* or *Melchites*, are of the *Grecian* Religion in all Points, only they are under the Jurisdiction of the Archbishop of *Damascus*, by the Title of Patriarch of *Antioch*, that now almost desolate, and not of the Patriarch of *Constantinople*.

But to avoid Confusion, in understanding the Sequel, I must inform you, that the Patriarchate of *Antioch*, is pretended to, and the Title of Patriarch of that City, assum'd by the Patriarchs of the *Maronites* and *Jacobites*, and by another consecrated by the Popes, whose several Dependants esteem each the right.

3. The *Georgians* are of the Greek Religion in the main, but not dependant on the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, their whole Hierarchy professing Obedience only to their own Metropolitane. The *Circassians* and *Mingrelians*, are also of the Greek Church, and subject to that Patriarch, but have several Innovations and Fancies of their own, mixt with Religion. The *Circassians* (especially the Gentlemen of that Country) hear Divine Service at the Church Door, ne'r entring it 'till past forty Years of Age; they also christen not their Children 'till the Eight Year.

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4. The *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, are also of the Greek Communion; they mingle the Bread and the Wine together, in the Chalice, with a Spoon. They are more scrupulous as to the Repetition of Marriage, scarce allowing a Second, but very seldom tolerating a Third, except on extraordinary Emergencies: Their Priest and Deacons must be marry'd before they can be admitted to Orders. They have a Patriarch of their own now in *Moscow*, tho' formerly, as they were converted by, were subject to the Greek Church.

5. The *Nestorians* are in their Ecclesiastic Government, subject to Bishops, and they to their Patriarch residing at *Mugal*, the antient *Ninive*, as some think; Yet they are spread as far, in some small Numbers, as the *Indies*. They believe, 1. That there are Two Persons in Christ, as well as Two Natures. 2. They call not the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God absolutely, but admit her to be term'd the Mother of God the Son. 3. They believe *Nestorius*, and other Doctors of their Church, Condemn'd for Hereticks, by several general Councils, as Saints, and reject those Councils, and all that follow'd after them. 4. They use leven'd Bread in the Sacrament. 5. Communicate in both kinds. 6. Have not Auricular Confession. 7. Nor Confirmation. 8. Nor have the Image of Christ in their Crosses.

7. The Christians of St. *Thomas*, were formerly Nestorians, but are now united to the Roman Church, by the Archbishop of *Goa*.

8. The *Jacobites* have also a Hierarchy of Bishops, subject to their Metropolitans, and Patriarch: They, 1. Acknowledge but one Nature in Christ, and therefore make the Sign of the Cross with only One Finger, as the other Eastern Christians do with two. 2. Before Baptism, they imprint, with a burning Iron, the Sign of the Cross in the Face, or on the Arm. They Circumcise both Sexes. 3. They reject the Council of *Chalcedon*, admitting none but the Three first general Councils. They Administer the Sacrament to Infants. In other Particulars, not differing from the Christians above-mention'd.

9. The *Cophti* are the *Ægyptian* Christians only, the Name being rather that of their Country, than Religion; being *Jacobites*, or *Eutychians*: Only of late they seem, in their Explications of their Opinion, of one Nature in Christ, to acknowledge Two, *viz.* That he is true God, and true Man. They have Bishops and a Patriarch of *Alexandria*, whose Jurisdiction reaches all along the Coast of the Bay of *Arabia*.

10. The *Habassines*, or *Æthiopians*, have a Patriarch they term *Abuna*. They Circumcise Male and Female they keep *Saturday* and *Sunday* with equal Solemnity; eat of no Beast reputed unclean in the Old Law; Consecrate the Sacrament in unleavened Bread; Communicate in both kinds, and if standing, Administer it to their very Infants, as soon as Christen'd; they Baptize the Males Forty Days after their Birth, and the Females Eighty. They elevate not the Sacrament, but keep it cover'd, during their Mass, or Service; use neither Confirmation, nor extream Unction; permit their Priests and Bishops to marry once, but not a second time, but by a Dispensation from their Patriarch; eat Flesh on *Fridays*, from *Easter* to *Whitsuntide*, and on all *Saturdays*, except in *Lent*; Baptize themselves e'ery Year in Lakes and Ponds, on the *Epiphany* in Memory of the Baptism of our Saviour in *Jordan*.

11. The *Armenians* differ very little from the *Grecians*. They use unleavened Bread in the Sacrament; mingle no Water with the Wine; abstain from all unclean Beasts. They have two Patriarchs, and a great many Bishops.

12. The *Maronites* were heretofore *Monothelites*, but are now of the Roman Communion. Each of these Christians have their several Liturgies, in several Tongues, chiefly in the *Syriac*, and *Greek*.

13. To come now nearer home. The *Romans* hold the Supremacy of the Pope over all the Bishops of *Christendome*: The Jesuites maintain, That he's infallible in Points of *Faith*, not Manners, as being the Vicegerent of Christ, for the certain Guide and Direction of his Church; others believe him fallible, except when joyn'd with a general Council, which composes the *Ecclesia docens*, which they deny can be deceiv'd in the Directions, that naturally, and of necessity, are incumbent on them. They hold Confession to a Priest, of their particular Sins, who, they believe, has Power from Christ to forgive the Penitent Sinner, and use the same Absolution, that is in the Visitation of the Sick, of the *Church of England*, They administer the Sacrament but in one kind, even to the Priests themselves, when they receive, on *Maunday Thursday*, the daily Communion of the Mass, where the Priest receives in both kinds, being, as they say, a Sacrifice. They believe, that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, there is the real Body of Christ, under the outward Form of Bread, and his real Blood, under the outward Accidents of Wine, the Substances

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of the Bread and Wine, being chang'd into that of the Body and Blood of Christ, by the Words of Consecration, and this is term'd Transubstantiation. They hold, That after Death, none but those that are Pure and Clear from all Sin, can enter into Heav'n immediately, and therefore, that there is a Purgatory, or Place of Purifying the Soul, where it is to pay the utmost Farthing of Penance, before it go to Heav'n. They use Images and Pictures in their Churches, and think a Respect ought to be shew'd to them, as the Representatives of either Christ or his Saints, tho' some of the Common People extend this Respect too far. They hold Seven Sacraments; as *Baptism*, *Confirmation*, *Eucharist*, *Penance*, *Extream Unction*, *Holy Orders*, and Matrimony. Besides the Ten Commandments, they have some Precepts enjoin'd by the Church, as to hear Mass every *Sunday*, and *Holy-day*, to go to Confession, and receive the *Eucharist*, at least once a Year, at or near *Easter*; to keep Fasting-days, and Holy-days, established by the Church; to pay Tithes, *&c.* They pray for the Dead, and to the Saints; for the First, to deliver them from Purgatory, to the Last, for their Intercession to God; are against the Marriage of the Clergy, obliging them all to a Vow of Chastity. They Celebrate their Service in Latin. Are for the Merit of good Works, *&c.*

'Twould be too tedious to run through all the Points of this Religion, in which it differs from the Protestants in general, or any particular Sect of Protestants in particular, so many Volumes having been fill'd with that Subject, and e'ery Pulpit giving us a careful and sufficient Knowledge of this, I shall therefore pass from this, to the Protestants beyond Sea, divided into *Calvinists*, *Lutherans*, *Socinians*, &c.

14. *Luther* oppos'd Indulgencies, Invocation of Saints, Image-Worship, Free Will, Pope's Supremacy, Excommunication, Temporal Possessions of the Clergy: Held Consubstantiation, that Councils might err, that Antichrist was not a particular Person, that Faith only justify'd; that to the Faithful Man, Sin is not imputed. He held Organs, set Form of Prayer, singing of Psalms: He rejected the Epistle of St. *Paul* to the *Hebrews*, that of St. *James*, the Second of St. *Peter*, and that of *St. Jude*, as not Canonical. He held all the Earth was Paradise, (from whom, perhaps, Dr. *Burnet* deriv'd his Opinion of the same) and cou'd not reconcile the Four Rivers mention'd by *Moses* in

the Description of it. He Translated the Bible into *Dutch*; the Discipline of his Church is not much different from that of the Church of *England*.

15. *Calvin* held, that the Books of *Tobith*, *Judith*, part of *Hester*, the *Wisdom of Solomon*, *Ecclesiasticus*, *Baruch*, the *History of Bel and the Dragon*, and the *Maccabees*, to be Apocryphal; and that only the Hebrew Text was Authentic. He held the Scripture to be a sufficient Judge of Controversie; That Election depended on God's Predestination and Pleasure, and not on Man's Merit; that Christ descended not into Hell; that there is no *Limbus*, or *Purgatory*; that *Peter* was not Bishop of *Rome*; that the *Pope* is *Antichrist*; that the Church and Magistrate cannot make Laws to bind the Conscience; that no Sins are Venial; that we are justify'd by Faith; that the *Liturgy* ought not to be in *Latin*; that Usury is not altogether unlawful; that there are only Two Sacraments, *Baptism*, and the *Lord's-Supper*; that Baptism ought to be publick; that Extream Unction was Temporary; that there was no Transubstantiation; that the Clergy ought to Marry. He rejected the Hierarchy of the Church of *Rome*, Musick, and Ceremonies; allow'd a short Form of Prayer, in publick, for the People, practised at this Day in *Geneva*, where he liv'd.

16. The *French Protestants* are some of them partly *Lutherans*, and can join with the Church of *England* in Common Prayer; but others are *Calvinists*, and allow not of Common Prayer, and Ceremonies; but they Preach in one anothers Churches, and do not Persecute one another.

17. *Brentius* a *Lutheran*, held, That after the *Ascension*, Christ's Body was every where, and from him sprung the Ubiquitarians.

18. *Castalio* at *Geneva*, Taught, That the Canticles was not Scripture, as *Grotius* did afterwards.

19. *Amsdorphius* concluded, that Good Works were pernicious to Salvation.

20. *Ochinus* maintain'd the Legality of *Polygamy*.

21. *George Major* Taught, That Children could not be Justify'd for want of Good Works.

22. The *Socinians* hold, That Christ is not God, deny the Trinity, and are new *Arians*, or *Unitarians*.

To come now for *England*, I shall begin with the *Presbyterians*, and end my *Letter* with the Church of *England*.

23. The *Presbyterians* hold no set Form of Prayer absolutely Necessary. They think That the Lord's Prayer ought not to be said in a mixt Congregation, because

because those that are Wicked Men, cannot desire the Kingdom of God to come, which, to them, must be to Judgment; therefore, they never use it, but when they receive the Sacrament. They reject all Ceremonies Garments, and Musick, only stand at Prayer; They prefer *Extempore* Prayer, alledging, that it Teaches them to use all the Expressions of the Bible, and to vary them to all Conditions. They hold, That e'ery Minister is a *Presbyter*, or *Elder*; that there ought to be Lay-*Ruling Elders*, to look after the Affairs of the Church and not Preach. They hold, That a *Preaching Elder*, or *Presbyter*, is the same as a Bishop, and that no distinction was made, till Three hundred Years after Christ; that the Office of a *Presbyter*, was to Preach, to Administer Sacraments, the same as the Bishop's Office; that Ordination is valid, made by the Presbytery; the Presbytery being the Assembly of Divines. That all the Apostles were equal, and that therefore, Lord Bishops are *Jure humano*. They hold, That the Ministers are Servants to the Flock, and ought not to Lord it over the People. They choose One out of the *Presbytery*, to oversee, or, as a Moderator of the rest, in some cases, and sometimes, but the Majority hold it, not of Divine Tradition. They are against Diocesan Bishops, and hold, That no Man shou'd have a greater Congregation, than he can govern with an Assistant; that the Minister is to be Elected by the People; Are for a strict Observation of the Lord's-Day; hold Churches convenient, but not more Sacred than a House or Mountain. They are for Preaching to Kings, and all Magistrates, their Duty, as well as the People; and, that Kings ought to be *depos'd*, that Rule not according to the known Laws of the Land. They reject the Name Priest. Deny Holy-days and *Lent*. Hold Excommunication, yet none is cast out of the Congregation, but he's heard before the Members receive the Sacrament, and most Voices carry it. Their Tenets you may find more of, in a Book, intituled, *The Assemblies Confession of Faith*. Their Preaching is to open the Doctrine of Justification, Sanctification, Faith and Adoption; seldom medling with Morality in their Sermons.

24. The *Independents* hold themselves independent of all Church-Laws, but their own Presbytery. They hold Good Works the necessary Fruit of Faith; admit none to the Sacrament, but those that give a good Account of their Repentance, Excommunicate, by Majority of Votes, an ill Liver, and by the same Means, receive him again on Repentance. Are for *Ex tempore*

Prayer; and in short, differ but very little from the *Presbyterians*.

25. *Quakers*, (so call'd from a certain shivering like an Ague, which their First Institutors had, when they spoke in their Congregations) allow the *Apocrypha*, as Canonical. Allow Working on that Day, call'd *Sunday*, and keep any Day of their own appointment: place much in outward Garb and Dress. They hold all Oaths in Court, or out of Court, unlawful. Regard the Sacraments as Old obsolete Forms, but believe they gain their full Benefit, by living up to the Spiritual Meaning of them. They hold, That the Elements of Water and Bread, and the Ink and Paper of the Bible being dead Things, the true Interpreter of them is the inward Light. They differ about that Particular, as whether it be the Natural Conscience, or Reason, Christ, or the Holy Spirit. They hold, that Women may Preach, and that their Teachers are inspir'd, and speak by Revelation of the same Spirit, that inspir'd the Apostles. They reject *Titles* of Honour, as Master and Mistress, *&c*, They hold silent Meetings, till the Spirit move some one to speak; but these Meetings sometimes, break up with but one Ejaculation or two, and sometimes, with not one Word. They have Suspension, and Excommunication. They *Trade* with their own Opinion chiefly, and so maintain their Poor well. Are against all Forms of Prayer, and singing *David*'s Psalms. They hold, The Church is in God, and not God in the Church. There are *Two sorts of* Quakers *here*, those that allow Women to hold forth, and those that are against it; nor will they permit the Teachers of one Doctrine, to speak in the Meeting of the others. They hold no inter-marrying with any but their own Opinion; terming other Women the Daughters of *Heth*.

26. *Mugletonians*, they derive themselves from one *Mugleton*, and *Reeve*; who affirm'd themselves to be the Two last Witnesses mention'd in the *Revelations*; and that Power was given them, as Prophets and Revealers of Scriptures. That *Mugleton*, still living, (as I'm inform'd,) had all the Measure of the Spirit bestow'd on him, that *Reeve* had when alive. That he had all Power to Seal the Salvation of the Elect. *Mugleton* declares, That one *Robins*, his Antagonist, was *Anti-christ*; and, That if any Man slighted his *Gospel*, he had Power to damn that Person; That if an Angel should come from Heaven, and contradict that Power, he could damn that Angel; for God could not save him, whom he had once pronounc'd damn'd here; because he could

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not Lye, and had given this Power of Damnation to him, *Lodovick Mugleton*: therefore, he is the last Revealer of Scriptures; and all ought to take care how they fall under his Displeasure. For this Reason, he gives Men Time to consider, unless he finds 'em very Obstinate. He damns all the *Quakers*, and judges them the Race of the Serpent's Seed, or of *Cain*: For he holds, That *Cain* was the Devil's Bastard, begot in Paradise on *Eve*; and That Death, Air and Water, were from Eternity. That the Devil incarnated himself in the Virgin-Womb of *Eve*, as Christ incarnated himself in the *Virgin Mary*'s Womb. That there's no Devil but what's in us; for the Devil dy'd in *Eve*, and fill'd her with all Wickedness, which we receive from her: So that the Devil is diffus'd in *Unclean Reason*. That God is a Spiritual Man, as we are; and that, in time, his Spiritual Body brought forth a Natural Body, That Christ's Soul is the Godhead. That *Eliah* was God's Protector, when he became a Child; and fill'd Christ with Revelation, when on Earth; and spoke those Words at Christ's Baptism, *viz.* *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased.* *Mugleton* blasphemously calls the Sacred *Trinity*, A three-headed Monster; and says, That Angels and Mens Souls are Mortal, and that the Soul sleeps in the Grave. Allows of no Outward Form of Worship, or Prayers; God being a Spirit invisible, it must be spiritual Thoughts, he holds, that must be his Worship, since God knows our Case; and acknowledges no *Sundays*, or Set-Days of Worship. That the Spirit Eats and Drinks within us, and is a natural Fire of Reason, and that it Dies; yet so, that those that are good Men here, will be united into one Spirit and Body with God at last: That those who believe the Prophet, are so already within. He holds further, That there is no Christian-Magistrate, nor Gospel-Minister: the First Commission being given to *Moses* and the Prophets; the next, to Christ and the Apostles; and the Third and last, to him, and *Reeve* that's dead. The greatest Sin, is, Not to believe the Prophet, that is, Him.

But I fear I have tyr'd you with so large an Account of such a mad Medly of Blasphemy and Non-sence; yet the Religion of the *Mugletonians* being more talk'd of, than known, I thought 'twou'd not be wholly ungrateful to you. These *Mugletonians* meet at their Prophets (as they call him) where he Expounds the Scriptures, and Answers any Question they put to him. They allow of Morality, but hold in to be necessary to

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produce Goodness, as Light was produc'd by Darkness, This *Mugleton* (they say) by the Damning and Saving, has got to himself several Hundreds a Year; some leaving him Twenty Pounds a Year, some more, some Money, &c. that he might not Damn them.

27. 'Tis now time to adjourn to a new Cause. The *Anabaptists* allow no Ordination; reject School-Learning; are chosen Ministers by the People. They hold, That Lay-men are qualify'd to Preach. That there are to be no Tithes but *Benevolence*. That Children are not capable of Baptism, since they can't Believe, nor Confess and Repent; and therefore, that they must be left to God's secret Will. That no Man ought to be Baptiz'd till he Believes, or be convinc'd that he stands in need of *Christ* for Salvation. They deny, That Magistrates have any Power to make Laws to Oblige Conscience; deny Episcopacy; and that the *Psalms* ought not to be sung, unless Men had *David*'s Spirit; since, how can Drunkards, &c. sing, *Lord, I am clean of heart*? &c. So that by Singing of *Psalms*, most of the Congregation must sing Lies, their Vices contradicting the *Psalm* they sing. There are a sort of *General Baptists*, that hold, That Christ died for All in General, or, for an Universal Salvation; and *Particular Baptists*, that are for the Salvation of the Elect alone; and, That Christ died effectually for none but those who embrace his Offer in the Gospel. They give the Sacrament at Night, as a Supper; and use Two Cups, one to represent the *Old*, the other the *New Testament*. They allow no Liturgy, Churches, nor Bells. They Baptize in Rivers, at all Seasons, Winter and Summer, Men and Women.

28. The *Millenaries* hold, That Christ will come and Reign personally here on Earth with the Saints, with a Temporal Kingdom, and that in a few Years. That then One shall chase Ten, and Ten a Thousand; which is the Doctrine of the *Fifth-Monarchy*: In other Tenets, they are more like the *Anabaptists*. They hold, That *King Jesus* shall Reign for a Thousand Years. That the Veil shall be taken from *Mahomet*, and the *Jews* call'd, and *Rome* tumble down. That the Devil shall be chain'd up, and the Saints enjoy the Earth; and then Christ shall come to Judgment. They say, the Beginning is not yet, but is expected Five Years hence.

29. The *Sweet Singers of Israel*, are a Generation very poetically given, turning all into Rhime, and singing all their Worship. They meet in an Ale-house

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and eat, drink and smoak, while others sing the Praises of God, or Saints. They hold, That there is no Sin in them: That Eating, and Drinking, and Society, is bless'd: That Death and Hell are a Terror only to those only that fear it: That all Sin is forgiven all those that can believe Christ died for, and wou'd save all by his Blood; or, else, That it cou'd not be as effectual as the Typical Blood of Bulls and Goats, offer'd for Sins by the Priest of the Jews. They hold further, That the Employment of the Bless'd, will be Singing of Praises to their Maker in the *New Jerusalem*. 'Tis, indeed, a merry Religion; for they hold, That the best Preparation for a dying Man to part to Eternity, is, in Singing, Eating and Drinking, and being merry.

30. The *Sabbatarians*, or Seventh-day Men hold, That the *Jews* Sabbath ought to be kept; urging, That the *Ten Commandments* are not abrogated, but Eternal; and one of them is Keeping the Sabbath: That Christ never abrogated it; and that the Christians in, and some Time after the Apostles Days, observ'd both *Saturday* and *Sunday*; one in Honour of the *Creation*; the other, of the *Resurrection of Christ*. In other Points they agree with the Church and Presbytery.

31. *Thraskites* are those that hold as *Thrask* their Founder did, *viz.* That we ought to particularize our Wants to God in Prayer. This they ground on that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, *Give us this DAY our daily BREAD*; saying, That *Day* and *Bread* are particular. So that if a Man want a Pair of Shoes, or a Red-Herring; have a Month's Mind to a Venison-Pasty, or Occasion for a Purge, he ought in that Days Prayer, to be particular in't. They hold besides, the Law of *Moses*, in part; and that a Black-Pudding is not to be eat, because Blood was prohibited to the Jews; nor, that any thing strangled, is to be eaten.

33. The *Family of Love*, hold a Community of Women, and meet at one of their Houses; where, after Supper, they put out the Lights, and catch as catch can: the Woman he lights of, he is free with, as by a Divine Appointment. This promiscuous Copulation, they hold, the way to promote Peace and Concord of Families. These *Familists* (for that is also an Appellation of theirs) have a stock to assist those that are Poor, and to bear the Expence of a Supper for the rest. Jealousie is a Stranger to them, as well as Disobedience to Magistrates. They think themselves perfect, and that the Joys of the Bless'd are only here in Love; since

ſince after Death; the Soul, that is an Emanation of the Deity, returns into it again, and is loſt in the Eternal Ocean of Beings. They believe, That the greateſt Sin is Doubting, or want of Faith; that alone purchaſing Damnation; that is, Unhappineſs here. They believe, That the Angels were born of Women; and, That they may diſmiſs thoſe Wives that will not comply with theſe things: That wicked Men do the hardeſt of God's Works: That the Devil is God's moſt faithful Servant, to perform his Will; and for this, they produce the Example of *Job*. They hold, That Scripture is for Novices, but not for ſtrong Chriſtians: That by this Way of Copulation theſe *Familiſts* beget a godly Seed. That every Day ought to be a *Sabbath*.

33. *Adamites* differ not much from the other. There are divers ſorts of theſe, but they are all Private, and hold their Place of Meeting to be Paradiſe; and, That they are arriv'd to the State of *Adam*'s Innocence; and therefore perform all their Devotions and Preaching Naked, both Men and Women: But to repreſent the Sun and Spring, they have a good Fire or Stow. They tell you, Cloaths are the Badg of Sin, ſince Truth is beſt naked; and ſeeks no Covering, as *Adam* did, when he had ſinn'd. This naked Service, they term moſt Divine, and in that manner receive the Sacrament. Children are not admitted to it, becauſe *Adam* and *Eve* were perfect Man and Woman.

34. *Seekers*, are a ſort of *Scepticks*, that hold all things equally diſputable, and are continually doubting and trying all Religions; ſheltring themſelves under that Text, *SEEK, and you ſhall find*; as if they were never to ſettle to any as long as they live.

35. *Latitudinarians*, or *Anythingarians*, are a ſort of more extended Comprehenſion-men, that can agree with all Religions, as far as going to their Meetings and Divine Worſhip. In ſhort, They are of no Religion, but think that a Thing indifferent; and ſo can be of any, to complement their Eaſe or Intereſt: The Principle of *Hobbs* ſtretch'd a little farther; for they think themſelves not only oblig'd to be of the Kings Religion, but of any other, for their own Advantage.

36. The *Copiniſts*, they hold no Eternal Hell or Devil, but that the Puniſhment of Sin is Temporary, as to it ſelf; and, That Sin is to ſuffer hereafter in a Body, but not in the Body of the wickedeſt Man: That the Devil and Hell is to be deſtroy'd at laſt, and all abſorp'd in the Deity, as it all flow'd from it at firſt; That there

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are many Allegorical Hints in Scripture; That God is to be All in all at last: That the *Pater Noster* was spoken by Christ, *ex tempore*: and that since St. *Matthew's Pater Noster* differs from St. *Luke's*, it can't be no invariable Form of Prayer. They say, The Priests Lye, when they tell us, this Prayer is an absolute Form of Words for all Conditions; since there is not one word how to pray for a King, or for the Saints departed. They hold *Logic* of great use, as well as a diligent and frequent perusing of the Scripture, which they expound with a great deal of Fallacy and Subtilty (and love Disputations:) so that their Interpretations carry a Face of Truth, tho' they have a Tincture of Blasphemy. They positively deny the Resurrection of the Body, from that Text that says, *Flesh and Blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven*: But the Body is Flesh and Blood; *ergo*, &c.

37. *Ranters* laugh at Ordinances, and Duties of Religion; all Forms and Order. Hold, That God and Devils, Heaven and Hell, are all Fictions: That *Moses*, *Christ*, and *Mahomet*, were all Impostors. They ironically call the *Bible* the *Divine Legacy*. Other of their Blasphemies are so horrid, that I dare not repeat 'em. They hold a Community of Wives, which they call, the Enjoyment of their Fellow-Creatures; and therefore make lascivious and obscene Songs, Sing, Dance, and come to the Close-Hug at last. They disown the Power of the Magistrates: Esteem Christian Liberty, Liberty to Sin.

38. *Brownists* reject Ordination, all Forms of Prayer, Ceremonies, and all consecrated Churches, will have no Communication with other Congregations: and hold, That scandalous Ministers are to be trodden under foot, like *Salt* that has lost its savour. The Churches of *Rome* and *England*, they call *Sodom*, *Babylon*, *Egypt*.

39. *Antinomians* oppose the Law of *Moses*; and hold, 'Tis neither for Direction, nor Correction. They say, Good Works conduce not to *Salvation*; nor Evil Deeds hinder it. That they can sin no more than Christ: That they are one with Christ, and part of the Trinity: That God loves them in those Acts, that are *Sin* only in the Reprobate, as Whoring, Drunkenness, &c. That Christ dy'd, intercedes for, and will save them; they therefore have no care to take. That God loves no Man for Holiness; that therefore 'tis fruitless to exhort to Christian Duties. That 'tis a *Sin*,

to

to ask Pardon of God, since that were to doubt him. They therefere hold, That all Preaching should aim at the establishing this Doctrine, That there is no Sin, That God's not the better for our Good, or the worse for our Evil Works; That he's angry, only that Men should fear him, because of their Sins; since he's not as we are, but *sees no Sin*, &c.

40. *Tryonists*, are such as forbid eating of Flesh, Fish, or any thing that is kill'd, as contrary to Scripture (tho the Opinion derives it self from the Banians of the *East-Indies*, and the other Sects of Pythagoreans, or those that hold the Transmigration of Souls) and the Command of God, and Example of Christ, and his Apostles. That killing of Creatures, is from the fierce Wrath of God, hellish Nature in Man, and a fruit of Hell; they being as it were our Brethren and Fellow-Creatures, and therefore 'tis Oppression in the fierce Wrath. *Adam* was to eat only of e'ry Herb of the Field, and of e'ry Fruit of the Trees; killing, entring the World after the Fall, and not permitted till after the Flood. From this same wrathful Principle proceeds Rancor, Strife, Contention, and speaking Evil of any other Creatures. That eating of Flesh, is the Doctrine of Devils, qualifies Men to be sordid, surly, and Soldiers, Hunters, Pirates, Tories, and such as wou'd have the bestial Nature fortify'd; that they might act like Lions, and Devils, over their own kind as well as over all other Creatures.

41. *The Children of the New-Birth*, are wean'd from this World, and its Forms of Worship; esteem Contemplation and Meditation, the Highest Duties, for by the Excuse of the Mind, and the Faculty of Thinking, we view spiritual Objects, Visions of Angels, and Representations; In this State we hear the Songs, Voices, and Harmonies of the Angels, on Mount *Sion*; enjoy paradisiacal Odors, and feel powerful Tinctures of Christ's Body, which many times fills the Heart with infinite Delight; and all this in Proportion to e'ry ones Capacity, at last they hope to arrive at the Eternal *Sabbath* and Rest of Heaven.

42. *The Church of the First-Born*, are the Heirs of Salvation, are above Ordinances, and walk here as if they were above; Christ is so united to them, that he is them; their Tenets are much the same with the preceeding, they meet at any House of their Members, where after a silent Contemplation, they break forth in Ejaculations of Joy, and the Transports of the other Life; of their Communion with Saints and Angels in Heaven,

ven, and the Privileges they enjoy here where they are but Pilgrims and Sojourners. They hold themselves nearer related to them that are of their Opinion, than by any tie of Birth; and therefore, bestow the greatest part of their Estates on the former. Some call 'em *Visionarists*, *Revelation-Men*, and *Behemists*, from *Jacob Behemen*; whose Tenets they follow in many things. Their Divinity is about the most mysterious Things, explaining the *Trinity*, the Nature of God and Angels, *&c.*

43. The *Salmonists*, place Religion in Conferences, and proposing and answering Difficulties; hold it an Essential Point of their Religion, to declare, That the Magistrate ought not to interrupt any one in the Practice of his Religion, a general Liberty of Conscience being so necessary a part; they admit none to their Conferences, till they have abjur'd all persecuting Principles, they hold a great many of the Quakers Tenets, and of those of *Molinos*, the famous Spanish Priest, that was put in the Inquisition lately at *Rome*, for his new Doctrine.

44. *Heavenly-Father-Men*, build on these Texts, *Be you merciful, as your* Heavenly Father *is merciful, the merciful Man shall find Mercy.* They hold, that whenever a Sinner repents, if he can but say, Lord have Mercy upon me, God that is merciful will pardon him, and all Mankind; Mercy being his Nature and Essence. They are for Morality, and all the Scriptures, but most insist on Mercy as God's Nature; and they say, he is not for penal Justice, but will forgive all; and produce the Thief on the Cross for an Instance and Proof of their Assertion.

45. *Anti-Eucarists*, receive the whole Scripture, but deny that the Eucharist ought to be administred to the People, but to the Clergy only; because they alone are to lay down their Lives, as Christ did, for their Flock; and by that to shew forth his Death till he come to Judgment; and that Christ gave the Eucharist to his Apostles only; who were, and represent none but the Clergy; and never commanded or directed them to Administer it, or force it on the People. They say that St. *Paul* gave it to those *Corinthians* who were unworthy, meerly for quietness sake, because they claim'd that Priviledge, and promised to be Martyrs, and shew forth Christ's Death as well as he, and bid them Examine themselves before they took it. But that Christ put no Condition of Examination to the Twelve, before his last Supper; and for that Reason St. *Paul*, to clear

his

his Hands, bid 'em examine themselves; for as Christ did not command 'em to give it the People, so neither did he prohibit it. They believe further, that when Christ had appear'd after his Crucifixion, that in all probability it ceas'd with the Clergy too, if they thought fit; but that 'tis a Sin to Administer it to any but such as will turn Ministers.

46. After all this strange Medly of Madness, and Hypocondraic Enthuasiasms, I believe you desire I shou'd return toward Truth, and give you an Account of the Church of *England*, as I promis'd; but the Principles of that Church, are as well known as they are Excellent, and as its Members are Learned. Its Liturgy, Articles of Faith, and Catechisms, are in the Hands of e'ry Child, who is early instructed in the Paths of Christianity, if their own Lusts, wild Desires, and secret Interests make them not deviate from it. Besides, I know you so well-grounded in her, that not all the plausible Arguments of her Adversaries, nor any other pretence can shake you, or turn your Admiration from the Beauty of her Oeconomy, the Piety of her Liturgy, and the Soundness of her Doctrine; I'll therefore put an end to this long Letter, with subscribing my self, Sir,

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

S. Rogers.

'*Cicero* on his perusing the Opinions of the Philosophers (said *Temple*) concluded that there was nothing 'so absurd and ridiculous, which some of the Philosophers had not held; and whosoever (assum'd *Grave*) 'reads this Letter, must grant, there is nothing so extravagantly mad and blasphemous, but some of us 'Christians have receiv'd as Matter of Faith, and Divine Authority. And yet none of them almost (pursu'd *Fountain*) but pretend to build on the sacred 'Scriptures. Right (continu'd *Winter*) and there's a 'very good Reason for that, for their Opinions wou'd 'be of little Credit with the very Multitude, if they 'did not pretend that as their Foundation. The Obscurity of some parts of which (added *Church*) confounds their Intellects, and makes them grasp at any 'Interpretation that pleases their Fancy, or is surpri-

'zing;

'zing; as if they were equally bound (assum'd *Brook* 'to believe what they understand not, as they are, what 'is plain and obvious; and yet most of 'em (continu'd) '*Summer*) reject the very means of attaining a true 'Knowledge of them, *viz.* Learning, as Antichristian. 'The Reason of that (added *River*) is, because 'tis et 'out of their reach, and they are incapable of obtain-'ing it. For my part, (pursu'd *Chappel*) I can never 'think that the Belief of Mysterious Articles of Faith, 'is sufficient to carry a Rogue, a Murtherer, a Thief, 'or any other Villain to Heaven; I'm sure if we may 'Credit St. *Paul*, it will not, who instances in many 'breakers of the Rules of Morality alone, that shall 'not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And *Christ* 'himself (concluded I) through the whole course of 'the Sacred and Divine Gospel makes Morality the 'whole Law, and the Prophets, and his Law too; one 'of the two great Commandments he gave us, being 'to Love our Neighbour as our selves; which contains 'all Morality, joining it with the other Great One of 'loving God above all Things. But *Faith* (tho' with-'out doubt necessary to Salvation) is easily dissembl'd, 'the Hypocrite may talk big of that, and can't be 'found out, and the worst of Mankind may believe all 'the Articles of Christian Religion. But Morality 'cannot be so easily counterfeited, it costs too much to 'purchase the Reputation of a Moralist, whereas the 'other costs nothing but Words; so that I'm amaz'd to 'find any of the more rational Religions making the 'Preaching of Morality so very indifferent a thing, 'since 'tis not only founded on Nature it self, but also 'made the Subject of one of the two Commands of 'Christ, and the only from whence the Sentence of the 'damn'd is taken at the last Day.

"Prithee, no more of this (interrupted *Temple*) un-"less thou intend to fight against the general Practice "of the World, which has cut a more easy and agree-"able way to Heav'n. But here is a Letter of a more "pleasant Subject, a Preface to a New Book, 'tis di-"rected in a Cover.

LETTER LXVII.

Directed to Mr. Tonson, *Bookseller in* Grays-Inn-Lane.

The Epistle Nuncupatory, to the Critics of Posterity:

Learned Gentlemen in Posse,

YOU must know, that I chuse to address my self to you for two very super-substantial Reasons, the first is because, buoy'd up with the natural Assurance of a young Author, I have a plaguy fancy that this Work of mine (for so, *Sirs*, are all my Performances) will be conveyed to your Hands: And next, Gentlemen, because like the rest of my Brothers of the Quill, I can't abide our present *Scoundrels* of Critics, because they'll be sure to damn my Book, never considering, that a poor Author must live by the success of his scribling; but you, Gentlemen, I may have some hope in, if you will but be guided by my Judgment, and gad, *Sirs*, I can't tell, but I think my self as pretty a Fellow of my Inches, as e'er an Author of them all; and therefore, you may be guided by me, as well as by the rest of our *Society*, who are sure of your good Word, tho' the present malicious Judges be never so severe. *Then*, *Sirs*, besides the Malice and ill Nature of our present Criticks, gad they are a Company of meer Ignoramus's; and you may depend upon't, there's no more Credit to be given to their Verdict, (I mean, when they condemn us) than to the *Sincerity* of a Poet, the Friendship of an Usurer, the Love of a Harlot, or, the Promises of a Debtor surpriz'd, without the Bounds of *Security*, by his Creditor. And this is the Reason, that when a poor Poet is bilk'd by their damnable Catcalls, and hissing of the Fruits of his Third Day; he tells 'em in his Preface, they are a Company of Ill-natur'd, uncivil, ignorant, ungentleman-like, *&c*'s And immediately appeals to you, most Learned *Potential* Gentlemen; and tells you, That Old *Ben* was condemn'd by his Critics, tho' exalted by us his Posterity, so you ought to keep up the Humour, and give them a better

Fate

Fate with you, than they met with, on their own days. *Pascitur in vivis livor, post Fata quiescit*, is the Rule as you know, or will know, when you come to our World; But, for fear some of you should not understand *Latin*, any more than some of our present Criticks, I'll put my Quotation into English, *that is*, *That Dame* Envy *has such a curious Gusto, that she feeds upon the* Living *only, and eats no Meat that's cook'd up by Death.*

In short, Gentlemen, to engage you farther, you must know, 'tis no sign of a great Man to be Censorious, as my very good Friend and Acquaintance, *Boileau* has it, (for you must know, we Authors are acquainted with all our Tribe that are dead and rotten, as well as the living of any Note, or wou'd at least be thought so; and for this Reason, under the Rose, I quote *Boileau*.)

Une Sublime Ecrivan n'en peut estre infect,
Cet une vice qui suit la Mediocrite.

I won't entertain so mean an Opinion of you, as to think, you will not all understand French; and therefore, I'll leave it in its Virgin Native Dress, for you to uncover. And having thus preingag'd your Affections, at least, *Liceat sperare timenti*, give me leave to hope so, I'll now go to the Business of this my Nuncupatory Epistle, or Preface, which is to defend my Book, and antedate e'ry Word egad, that can be said against it. First then for all the false *Grammars*, Absurdities, and other Faults, those let the scoundrel Printer answer for; I will not say one Word for 'em. Next, if there be too many Simile's, or if any of them be improper, egad let the Age answer for them, since they applaud 'em so in others, without any regard at all to their Propriety, or Congruity. If the Satyr be too severe in some places, gad 'tis none of my Fault, still say I, but the Age's, which is so corrupt and wicked, that it richly deserves it; on the other side, if the Satyr be not sharp enough sometimes, why 'tis the Age's Fault again, which can't bear the Lash; their Backs are so sore with continual Stripes from my Brother *Satyrists*. Besides, they have got a plaguy *Trick* of using their Hands and their *Swords*, when they can't their Wit; and gad, Sirs, when they are touch'd a little, they fly in a Man's Face, are for challenging and fighting, not writing; but I'm their humble Servant. I'm not for dying a Martyr to my Wit; no, I'll let it foam out into Sonnets, Panegyrics, *&c.* First, Then if the Ladies find fault, that I have not well repre-

ſented them and their Converſation, 'tis their own fault by my veracity: For firſt, if the Satyr ben't ſharp enough, 'tis becauſe they can't abide to hear Truth; if their Characters be not truly drawn, 'tis becauſe they are ſo ſhy of me, that I have almoſt loſt my Acquaintance with the Sex, which has, (under the Roſe as gad ſhall ſa'me) been their Fault every jot; for I did my Endeavour, but they will admit none to their Converſation, but Fops, Fools, and Cullies, and gad you know I have a plaguy deal of Wit, and no Money; ſo that you ſee, Gentlemen, I have no fault in me; and gad I'll not impeach the Bookſeller of any, becauſe he paid me well, nay generouſly for my Copy, and is beſides, and moreover, a very Honeſt, Good-natur'd, Witty Fellow, gad, and to ſay Truth, he has more Wit than my ſelf, ſince he never Marry'd.

This is all I have to ſay, for, or of the Book. I might here end, for all what I have to ſay, which is not one Word on't to the purpoſe, but that it wou'd not be Modiſh, all my Brother Preface-Writers doing the ſame; a long Preface being a Reputation to the Book, and Author.

Perhaps therefore, ſince you are not in this Age I did live in, you may have a Month's Mind to know what the Age is you are coming into. If ſo, Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that your Deſire is a little unreaſonable; for the duce take me, if I can tell: Doctors differ ſo much about it, that I could find in my Heart to ſay nothing at all of it; for come to a Poet, that after many an hour, Day, Night, Week, and Month's Study, has his Play damn'd, and he'll tell you, 'tis a confounded ignorant dull Age, and that there's not a Reader in a Thouſand, that underſtands any thing in Poetry, above the Miracles of Money, or, Wit of a Dutch Epigramatiſt; in *Law*, above *Dalton's Country-Juſtice*; or, the *Young Clerk's Guide*; in *Hiſtory*, *Burton* of the *Civil Wars*; in *Phyſick*, *Culpepper*, or, Religion Founding, *Salmon*, and ſo on. But, Sirs, if you come to another, a Fortunate *Hero* of *Parnaſſus*, that has met with the good Fortune of a full Houſe, on his Third Day, and he ſhall tell you, 'tis a learn'd, critical Age; and that 'tis the moſt difficult Thing in the World, to write to its Guſto; what pleas'd heretofore, being now inſipid, ſo much is its reliſh refin'd, and its Wit and Senſe improv'd. Then go but to Church, where a poor Journey-man Divine holds forth, and he ſhall tell you 'tis a Wicked, Abominable, Babyloniſh Age, where every one can get into Scarlet but himſelf, till he has dealt

Hell

Hell and Damnation, about to his Parishioners so long, that to stop his Mouth, they gave him his *Quietus*, or a good Benefice. But go to hear an Incumbent, that's a spiritual Polygamist, and he'll tell you. 'Tis a Godly Pious Age; that we are secure from Turk and Pope, and in the flourishing State of the Reformation. Thus the breaking Citt shall tell you, 'Tis a poor, wretched, beggerly Age; and, that an Alderman has no more Money than a Courtier. But go to a good Fat Usurer, and he shall tell you, That Money is plenty on good Considerations. Thus, Gentlemen, I cou'd run on for half a score Divisions of the Age more, with as little certainty as this. One Fluttering *Beaux*, swears 'tis a damn'd, lewd, profuse drunken Age; and, that there's ne'er a Woman from *Tutlestreet* to *Wapping*, that's Honest: Another swears, 'tis a chaste, sober Age, especially if he have no Money, without which, there's scarce any Whoring, or Drinking, in his Age. But if you will needs know, what I think of it, I must tell you, I think nothing at all of it yet, till I see how it likes my Book: For, let us Authors pretend what we please, we are all of *Bays*'s Mind, and judge of the Age, as that judges of our Performances. If therefore my Book succeed, it shall be a learned, godly, and wealthy Age: if not, I'll down with it, and it shall have neither Wit, Wealth, nor Devotion, but shall be the Devil of an Age. And gad, to say Truth, 'tis not much better; and, 'tis a Miracle to me, that it subsists: E'ry Man hates his Neighbour, that has either more Money, more Honour, or more Wit than himself; nay gad, if he do but pretend to so much, or half so much. The Women are not more Friendly to each other; and she that has either more Beauty, or more Lovers than the rest, or pretend to have any, is sure to be maul'd by 'em most unmercifully, with their Weapons, their Tongues. In short, Gentlemen, you wou'd wonder, that the whole Age did not fall together by the Ears, if you were to run through half the Conversations of it: you shall meet with no Man, but you'd think an Enemy to all the rest of the World that's absent, and the dearest Friend shan't escape his Railery. So that to me, that am a very considering Gentleman, 'tis a greater Wonder that any of us sleep in a whole Skin, than that the Seas don't overflow the Land, *&c.*

The Authors they quarrel, as 'twere pro *Aris & Focis*, and perhaps, 'tis not for much less; their Country and Religion, as well as the Clergy's being their Interest, and their topmast Ambition and Interest is to shake

off Thread-bare Coats, and that they may not be forc'd to bilk their Lodgings, their Bookſellers, their Whores, and their Apothecaries. And this, Gentlemen, is the true and real Cauſe of the Diſagreement of us Authors; and that's only Cant when they tell you, That 'tis becauſe many graſp at the Laurel and Prize of Madam *Fame*, who deſerve it not, and the Arrogance of thoſe that have any Pretence to them. For Gentlemen, you may believe me who am an Author; all this ſnarling is nothing, upon my Honour, but for the Cruſt, ſince Wit is not now, when 'tis made a Trade, what it was in the time of *Auguſtus*, when Authors Lov'd one another; for they had both more Money, and more good Nature too, than we have.

So much for the Criticks, Authors, Bookſellers, the Book, and the Age: Now for my ſelf; gad, all I have to ſay as to that, is, That I am very much all their Humble Faithful *Bounden*, (This Word being reviv'd by our Critical Hiſtoriographer, muſt therefore be Extraordinary, and, by Conſequence, fit for my uſe.)

Slave, and Servant.

« If the Book, (ſaid *Chappel*,) be but as diverting as « this Prefatory Epiſtle, it may paſs among the Num- « ber of the more pardonable Tranſgreſſions of this « kind. Our Author, methinks (continu'd *Church*,) is « very ſevere upon the Brother-hood of *Parnaſſus*. Not « more than they deſerve (reply'd *Winter*) for tho' Wit « and Learning ſhou'd inſpire Honour and Generoſity, « and teach 'em true Friendſhip; yet Gratitude, and « Plain-dealing, is much a ſtranger to moſt of them: « and all of 'em almoſt come under that of *Horace* (con- « cluded *Fountain*,) *Abſentem qui rodit amicum*, for they « are ſo far from defending their Friends, when abſent, « that they are ſure to abuſe 'em, or break ſome ſcurvey « Jeſt on them, derogating from the Character they « publickly allow them. But to proceed in Order « (interrupted *Chappel*,) after Authors, here comes an « Account of Beggars, in a *Letter*, directed

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

To Mr. Ambrose, *at the Sign of the* Black-Bird, *in the broad Street in* Maidston, Kent.

Containing an History of the English-Beggars.

Dr. Cit,

I Have at last got of the Doctor, the following History of the Beggars, which us'd to please thee so, in hearing some Parts of it repeated. I send it in the Stile and Language, agreeable to the Subject; for 'twould be Preposterous and Ridiculous, to write of Chymistry, or Philosophy, and not use the Terms of Art, nay almost impossible. To begin, therefore Beggars call themselves Travellers, and are distinguished into several Bands, according to the Name of their several Captains or Heads, who give Security for their Lodging, besides which, they are distinguish'd again by the several Qualities of their Employments, as these belong to the Running Camp; these *fit it*; those go on the *Logue*, or the *Tongue* Pad, *&c.* They Encrease by interloping Boys and Girls, that are not born Beggars, and Lodge in the Field and Places of their Resort, tempted by the Idleness and Liberty they Observe in that Course of Life, unconfin'd by Laws, and Religion, not subject to Taxes, but run at Liberty from Fair to Fair, from Town to Town, Hobling their Whins (that is, victualling their Camps) by what they can get, Drinking, Swearing, Gaming, and Whoring, without controul, staying no longer in a Place than they find Trade rank, as they call it.

A chronic Disease, some Swelling, or a sickly Look, are good Qualifications to begin the Trade; they have Stock enough to Wheedle, if they can but act a Posture, or a Look well; To Counterfeit a strange Noise with Art, and Naturally to Retract the Tongue, as if cut off, will maintain a couple very well. But whoever can *fit it*; *shiver*; or, be born Lame, Defective or Deformed, may keep his Horse, or Ass, and pay for Children to compleat the Calvalcade, to move Pity.

But here you must Observe, That whatever Wheedle they have, and how well soever it takes, they must not stay long in a place, to drain it, lest the other Travellers *cackle*, or *cut* some Wheedle against them; and then they must Scamper, for fear of the *flogging Cove's Posse*, or the raising of a *Hudle* or *Craid*.

An old Soldier or Sea-man, one that has lost a Limb, or is any way maim'd, or gaul'd with any pocky Sores, or can speak a little *French* or *Latin*, has known any thing of a Trade, or knows any one that has had long Suits in *Chancery*, or heard of any that have been ruin'd at Sea, or by Fire, Plunder, Inundations, *&c.* is sufficiently furnish'd to form a Sham or Story; which they practise, to qualifie them to set up for poor Scholars, ruin'd House-keepers, broken Trades-men, and decay'd Gentlemen, who by Law, and other Misfortunes, have lost Thousands: His Hat, Wig, and whole Garb, must be adapted to the Part he acts and *wheedles* upon. If he have *ready Cole*, he pays so much to a Master-Beggar to flush him in the Art; who goes with him to his Post, and standing at a distance, remarks where the Novice is deficient, and instructs him better: But if he have no *ready Cole*, then he must pay it out of what he gets by Begging. When Experience has perfected him, he may *wheedle* on what he thinks most his Talent, or what takes best, and is most for his purpose, whether he'll beg for *Quids*, *Duds*, or *Cole*, by himself, or with Company of *Men*, *Women* or *Children*.

The *Running-Camp* is form'd of those Home-Beggars, that scout for *Weddings* and *Burials*; whil'st others make Incursions into the *Wards* for *Quids*. The Men ask for their Sick Wives and Children; the Women, for their Husbands in Gaol, or sick. The Children go about from Churches to Meetings, *&c.* begging for their sick Fathers or Mothers, for Money or Victuals: this last they lug home, *sort*, *trim*, and *sell* it; trying up what's not Eatable, and then sell that too; making some Weeks above Ten or Twelve *Shillings* by these *Quids*, and *Fat-dabs*, as they call 'em.

Others chuse to act singly, and only for Money, at Set-stands, in Thorough-*Fairs*, or *Fields*, or *Water-sides*, *&c.* and stay two or three Hours at a place, more or less, in the Garb of poor Trades-men, and mump, sometimes, Two or Three Shillings in a Day. Cripples keep their Stands, most commonly, the whole Day, by the help of the Brandy they have with 'em; and when that makes them a little hot-headed, it makes 'em beg best and loudest.

The

The *Forma Pauperis*, Men and Women, that beg by Paper, and Parchment old Deeds, *&c.* for Ministers Widows, decay'd Gentlemen, for Fees to get out of Gaol, or for some Hearing they are to have about an Estate, or some such Sham: get Five or Ten Shillings a day, if they meet with Ministers, and other charitable People, at home, and *cut* but their *Wheedle* artificially, and have but good *Rigging*.

Others *beat upon the Hoof*, and *rough-Pad* it, five or ten Miles, or more, round *London*; visiting all the charitable Houses, (for they inform one another of them; and if they be voluble tongu'd *Flams*, they seldom miss of a *Flag* or a *Board*, and often-times *over-haul* a whole *Hog*, or half-a-Crown, from a charitable Person; and in a few Days finishing their Circuit, return to *London*, with Four or Five Pounds.

When they design a Summer-Expedition into the Countrey, they get a false *Logue*, in Paper, *That the Bearer is*, &c. But they never set up for Begging on the *Logue*, till they are Ten Miles from *Newgate*, the County-Gaol, believing that none will trouble themselves, should they be detected, to bring 'em up so far to Prison.

At Sea-Ports they learn what Ships are cast away; see the Commanders, and Ships-Company: then they write to their Companions, to hasten to a Place appointed; where, after they have consulted, they disperse, and put the Country under Contribution for *Duds*, as Hats, Shirts, Coats, Breeches, Stockins, and Shoes; wheedling, That they are poor Seamen, belonging to such a Vessel cast-away; whereas, they never belong'd to any but the good Bark, *Idle*, as they cant it. Their *Morts*, or Women, assist in sending their Cargo of *Duds* to *London*, consign'd to the *Cove*, or Landlord they agree upon; who has a Commission to convert them into Money, against they come, and then they snack it; and if they find the *Cove* has *sunk* them, they must not complain, because 'tis not ev'ry *Ken* will entertain 'em.

In short They are a Seminary of Thieves, Whores and Cheats; and, perhaps, the least of their Profit arises not from setting Houses to be robb'd,

And now, I think, I have given you enough of the *Beggars*, I'll take my leave of you for this bout, and adjourn to the *Half Moon*, to drink your Health in a Bottle of good *Port*, who am,

Sir, *Yours to Command*,

R. TOMPKINS.

"Is it not strange, (said *Temple*,) that the most "wretched and contemptible Condition of Humane "Life, shou'd be worth so many Cheats and Villanies? "And are not the unfortunate Wretches of the World "very miserable (pursu'd *Grave*) when the last and most "despicable retreat from Fortune is deny'd them, by "the Practices of hardned Villains? And are the "Charms of Idleness (continu'd *Fountain*) so great, as "to bewitch Men to undergo all the Inconveniencies "of Poverty and Contempt for the sake of it? What-"ever 'tis (reply'd *Winter*) we find 'tis done; and the "Traders in this way, obstruct Charity, and hinder the "Relief of some that really want. They are, indeed, "a Pretence (pursu'd *Church*) to the Covetous, to se-"cure their Reputation and Purse. Right (assum'd "*Brook*) for none of 'em will do, as *Aristotle* did, and "justify it when done: for he being reprimanded, for "giving Alms to a Rogue; reply'd, *I look'd not on the "Manners, but the Misery of the Man*: And to another "(pursu'd *Summer*) on the same Occasion, *That he gave "nothing to the Men, but to the Misfortunes of Humane "Kind*. Pox, this is Heathen Doctrine to them (said "*River*) and more defective to 'em, than his Physicks to "our Naturalists; they wou'd like better the Answer "of a *Lacedemonian*, who told a Beggar, *That to give him "any thing, were to make him more a Beggar; and that he "that first gave him any thing, made him slothful*. *Diogenes* the Cynic (said *Chappel*) had a pleasant way of "begging, in these words, ——*If you have given to "any one, give also to me; and if to none, begin with "me*. 'Tis a difficult matter (concluded I) to regu-"late one's self in this Affair; And, I think, the "*English* take not care enough to prevent these Va-"gabonds, as the *Dutch*, and some other Nations do: "But I think *Aristotle* in the right, and had rather "give to Twenty Rogues, than miss One Honest "Man in real Want."

But now let's go to the next.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

'Twas directed to Mr. Smith, *to be left for him at* Child's *Coffee-House in St.* Paul's *Church-yard,* London.

SIR,

I Have here sent you a Copy of the two Letters, the Contents of which, was the Occasion of the Talk of all the Court of *Spain*, and the Marquess of *Castel Rodorigo*, the Subject of Wonder and Laughter at his patient submitting to the Impositions of his Lady: how unpleasant soever it may be to you who are a Marry'd Man, I preserv'd them as an Antidote against wiving, and send 'em to you purely in obedience to your Commands, for such are all your Requests to, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Ri. Leverwort.

'Gentlemen, (said *Chappel*) what have you to say to 'this Cover? Nothing (return'd I) but that the Wri'ter boasted his own Satisfaction at the Expence of his 'Friends. Right (assum'd *Grave*) when he tells the 'marry'd Man, he keeps these as an Antitode against 'Matrimony; fairly intimating (pursu'd *River*) that 'he was to be sure in the State of Cuckoldom——But 'pray proceed——then *Chappel* read on.

LETTER LXX.

To the Marquess of Castel Rodorigo, *these present.*

My Lord,

THE only unfortunate Accident of my Life coming to your Ears, I thought I ought to consult my Safety, by flying into this Monastery where I am, fear-

ing

ing the bloody Custom of our Nation might pervert your indulgent and merciful Temper on such an Occasion. But as I neither can nor will deny this Fault of mine, yet I can Religiously affirm, 'tis the only one I ever committed against you, and had never admitted of the Addresses of the Count, had not I been very well assur'd, both by your late Negligence of me, and the Information of others, that you pay'd the tribute of your Love that was my due, to others; and that of an inferiour Rank and Quality. Pray, my Lord, consider, what a Lady under these Apprehensions, so jealous of your Love, and so unable to bear slighting, might be tempted to do to revenge that Injury I believ'd I had receiv'd. If you ever had any Love for me, and sure I am, you have often swore abundance, and that since Enjoyment, you will consider this a little, and regard a hearty Repentance of one Fault, which Anger, not want of Love of you, made me commit. But I take all the juster Powers to witness, who well know the Reality of my Professions, That if you will conceal, and forgive this one Failing, I will be the most faithful and obedient Wife in all *Spain*: Or, if you think not fit to receive me again, thus polluted, to your dear Arms, Oh! let me be so happy, to know that you have forgiven my Offence, and that I may live with some Peace of Mind here, in this Voluntary Confinement, with these holy and unspotted Virgins, secure from the deluding Tongues of Men. The dear remembrance of our first Embraces inspire thy Bosom with a kind Resolve, for the most unfortunate of Women, who dares not, till you permit, subscribe her self

Your *Castel Rodorigo.*

'The poor Lady (says *Brook*) seems very penitent 'for her Fault, and I hope the *Don* took her Condition 'into Consideration. She's sorry (assum'd *Winter*) for 'being caught in it, not for the Adultery. Right, '(continu'd *Church*) she's sorry that she can't commit 'it again, with the dear Count, not that she had don't 'already. But sure (interrupted *Fountain*) a *Spaniard* 'can't be so great a Cully, to be thus impos'd on by a 'Wife. If all are like an Ambassador of that Nation '(said *Temple*) in *France*, when there was a great talk 'about the Court of the Count of *Montmorencie*'s being 'made a Cuckold by an inferior Man: says the Em-'bassador, What is this Man that has made a Cuckold

'of

' of the *Count*, is he Immortal? No, repy'd the other. ' Is he in *France*, pursu'd the Embassador? Yes, reply'd ' the other. And is he yet alive, continu'd the *Spaniard*? ' Yes, replyed the other, and meets the Count e'ry ' day at Court. The Questions indeed (concluded *Summer*) were very natural for a *Spaniard* to ask, with ' whom, killing a Man, is no more than killing a Mouse. ' But pray proceed.

" The Transcriber (said *Chappel*) has here set this " Annotation, That the Marquess forgave her, and " that this following *Letter* was sent at the same time to " the Count her Gallant, when the former was dis- " patch'd to her Husband.

LETTER LXXI.

My Dear Count,

I Am Extremely uneasie till I hear of thy Welfare, and escape from the fury of my Husband: and all all the Satisfaction my own Security in this Monastery gives me, vanishes when I think thee my charming Love, not enough out of danger; put on Womans Cloaths, and fly to my Arms in that Disguise, to these Sacred Walls of Sanctuary, which can never do a better Office, than to Protect unhappy Lovers; and shelter their Embraces in all their mighty Joys and Raptures. Pardon, my Dear Count, these feeling Raptures of my Passion, if they transport me beyond what I ought to utter; and remember, that she that loves well, must disguise none of her Thoughts from the Man she loves. I have sacrific'd my Honour to thy Passion, and what have I now to be cautious of, unless of the Darling Object that betray'd me with so many Perfections to that Guilt, if it be any. I have hopes to appease my Lord, the Marquess; for his Weakness and proper Guilt will make him the more indulgent to me; and for the future, we'll be more cautious in our stol'n Pleasures. For when I'm false to thee, or forget the Pleasures of our fierce Embraces, may all the Plagues that ever fell on Woman, light on me, and if I do Collogue my Husband for any other End,

but

but with the more Freedom and Security to enjoy thee hereafter. In the mean time, my Love, make use of the Project, I have propos'd, and come to the longing Arms of thy Dear

CASTEL RODORIGO.

'An exquisite Lady this (said *Temple*) she'll never 'bilk her Pleasure for an Oath, or Protestation or two, 'I warrant her. She is indeed (pursu'd *Grave*) one en-'tire Woman; All Wife, without the least bit of *Adam*'s 'Rib left in her. Prithee (interrupted *Summer*) build 'not thy Indignation on these Letters, they are but the 'Children of Fancy, all Fiction. True (continu'd '*Chappel*) and the Author cou'd not have chosen a more 'unprobable place than *Spain* or *Italy*, for such an In-'trigue. Yet 'tis most certain (reply'd *Fountain*) that 'in no place, not ev'n in *France*, Wives are more in-'triguing, than in those Countries, where they set so 'strong and severe a Guard over them. The Religion 'indeed (continu'd *Winter*) of the Spaniard, is Lust 'and Interest, both in Men and Women.

'All your Satyr (said I) against the Fair Sex, can't 'make me think so ill of them, as not to admire 'the Beautiful, the good Natur'd, and the Wit-'ty, where I find them. Scarce all them Qualifi-'cations (reply'd *River*) in one Woman, I dare pro-'mise you. True (pursu'd *Church*) for the Beautiful 'and Witty are generally proud and ill-natur'd. 'And for the good nature of the ugly (concluded '*Brook*) 'tis a very useless Qualification.

LETTER LXXII.

To Madam------, at her Lodgings in----

Madam,

TO Morrow I go out of Town, but it is impossible I can leave my Melancholy behind ——No, Madam, that has taken too deep a Root,—Your Unkind-

nesſ has riveted it in too faſt, for me ever to expect any Releaſe from it. Other Sorrows have their Diverſions, but mine has none. Every Thing in the World ſerves but to feed and encreaſe my Diſtemper; if I am in Company with Men, I immediately think how happy they are that are not in Love; or if they be, are Succeſsful; if with Women, it is natural for my Thoughts to run on the moſt Charming of their Sex, but moſt Cruel: If I read, my Love (like Fire) turns every Thing to its ſelf, and makes me ingenious to be my own Tormentor: Nor am I leſs Miſerable in my Sleep; that only gives Reſt to my Body, but not my Mind; even then Mrs. *S*—— makes me ſuffer, and in my Dreams gives me a Thouſand Diſquiets: Nor can I have any Proſpect of my Cure, ſince that only depends on the Will of the Perſon in the World, that hates me moſt: What to do, is impoſſible for me to know; Intreating ſignifies nothing, and for Merit, I am not ſo vain to pretend to it; tho', Madam, I muſt take the Liberty to tell you, That the fix'd Conſtancy of my Love, which has remain'd unſhaken in the midſt of ſuch Rigour and Severity, deſerves more than to go wholly unregarded. I wiſh, Madam, I might be permitted to be once more with you, to lay my ſelf at your Feet; perhaps at the ſight of ſo much Miſery (which you have been the Cauſe of) you may begin to relent, and give over tormenting.

Your, &c.

"Here's another (ſaid *Temple*) infected with the Diſ-
"eaſe of Love. A Diſeaſe indeed (purſu'd *Grave*) ſince
"'tis paid to ſo deaf and cruel an Object. The Ladies,
"methinks (continu'd *Fountain*) ſhould have a greater
"regard to their own Happineſs, than not to cheriſh and
"fond a faithful Paſſion —— Eſpecially (aſſum'd *Sum-*
"*mer*) in a Man of Senſe. Prithee (interrupted *Church*)
"Fancy not Judgment directs the Heart of a Wo-
"man; and 'tis (aſſum'd *River*) the Perſon, not
"the Mind, that adminiſters Fuel to their Appetite
"and Deſire. A handſome Fool indeed (purſu'd
"*Winter*) gains his Point with Eaſe upon the Fair,
"when a Man of Senſe (continu'd *Brook*) that takes
"more Pains in adorning his Mind, than in beau-
"ing up his Body, much ſigh, pine, whine, adore
"and die many a long tedious hour, day and year;
"and perhaps (aſſum'd I) in vain, at laſt. I hope

"con-

‘ (concluded *Chappel*) this Gentleman will find a better Fate, and meet a Return from the yet coy Nymph, equal to his Merits, and then the present Resistance will heighten the Pleasure of the Victory.

Before we cou'd proceed to the next Letter, one of *Summer*'s Men came running to us with full speed, and inform'd us, That being on the Terrass at the other end of the Garden, he had discover'd the under Gardner, we mention'd formerly, with the Constable, and some Rabble after his Heels, telling them he was sure 'twas a Plot; that there were twenty Men, and Bundles of Papers, and the Lord knows what in his Master's House: This soon allarm'd us, and with all the speed we cou'd, we pack'd up our things whilst *Summer* order'd all the Doors to be fasten'd to secure our conveying away all our Lettrs, and Pacquets; which we had no sooner done, and plac'd our selves in an unconcern'd manner, with our Bottles and broken Pipes, &c. as if we had been only Drinking, but the Rabble had mounted the Wall, and were entring the Summer-House, and the Constable at their Heels. *Summer* accosted the Magistrate of the Village in a civil manner, and enquir'd what was the matter? He told him what Information his Servant had given him, upon which he thought it his Duty to the Government to search into the Truth of the Matter. But on Examination, the Constable had no Warrant from any Justice, and finding he had done more than he cou'd answer, grew a little more calm, and then *Summer* assur'd him we were only some of his Friends that had come from *London* to see him, and be merry, and that they chose that Place for the cool Air, and pleasantness of the Garden; that the Gard'ner that had given 'em this Information was a Villain he had chastiz'd a little before, for his Saucineſs to his Lady; in Revenge of which he suppos'd he had done this: and that tho' he had no Warrant, yet if he mou'd take his word for his Friends, he wou'd meet him at the next Justice of Peace's House. The Constable made a low Congee, ask'd his and our Pardon, seiz'd the Gardiner, and dismiss'd the Rabble, and waited on *Summer* to the Justice's, who soon discharged him, took care to punish the Gardiner, and came back with *Summer* home to his House, where in good earnest we made the Magistrate drunk for his Civility, and the next morning we all came for *London*.

THE

HAving concluded the last Letter with an Account of the Adventure of the Gardener; which not only put an end to our Enquiries that Day, but also made us adjourn our Meeting to the Town, where we might, without Suspicion, pursue our Business at a Tavern; and each bring his share of the Pacquet to peruse, Night after Night, till we had run through the whole: I shall supercede a further Relation of the Letters taken in the *Mails*, till my next; and here conclude this Volume, with the Letters sent us to consider by several ingenious Gentlemen and Ladies, on the Invitation our Bookseller made 'em, to contribute to the public Advantage and Pleasure; hoping, by that means, to establish his Interest with his Book; assuring himself, That the Wit and Ingenuity of the latter, wou'd out-weigh the Defect of what we borrow'd from the *Post*, and of our unpremeditated Observations. Nor is he indeed deceiv'd; for the Letters of *Philander*, and his Friend alone, are enough to carry off this Volume with the Ingenious, were there nothing else in it worth their Thoughts.

But I'm confident, *Philander*, that discovers so much Wit, as well as Learning, is more a Cavalier of Honour, than not to concur with me, in giving the Precedence to a fair Lady, with whose Letters I shall begin this BOOK.

The Charming *Artemisa*, has a double pretence to the First Place, as she is a Lady, and as she first put in the glorious Contribution of her Wit, to convince the Incredulous, That Beauty is not the only Excellence of her Sex; and, That 'tis but a criminal Partiality in us Men, to prefer our selves to 'em in the Perfections of Mind. We are, indeed, the more robust and strong; and by that means (I suppose) gain'd a tyrannic Power over them, for so many Ages, that Prescription is the best Plea we have for it. 'Tis we that confine them to the Needle, and deprive them of the exercise of the Faculties of their Minds on any nobler Object than the trifling Effects of Vanity. And yet, even there, we may find their Ingenuity, How many pretty diverting *Fooleries* do they produce in all their curious Works? But *Clarinda* in her last Letter to *Lindamor*, says more to this purpose; in which alone she evinces the Truth of what she asserts. I shall now therefore proceed.

On the 10th of the last Month, at the request of the Bookseller, we met, to look over the Letters that had been sent in. They were indeed, too numerous to insert all of them in this Volume, and a great many of them not fit to see the Public, being too particular, and of too great Consequence to be inserted without a further Consideration and Examination in the Truth of the Matter of Fact, and the Consent of Persons concern'd in them: Especially some Intrigues, which could not, with safety to the Bookseller, be made use of till leave obtain'd of some Persons of Quality, to whom they related. Tho' I think, I may promise you a view of some of the most surprizing in the next Volume, since we shall make it our Endeavour to prevail with the Gentlemen and Ladies concern'd, to let them see Light.

Besides these, there were a great many that brought us into a Dissatisfaction with our former Volume, to think, that what we had there published, especially in our Reflections, should be adapted to the Capacities of such wretched Scriblers, as have pester'd us with their Epistolary Essays, to be inserted in this. But to say truth, They were below our Indignation, and deserv'd not the Honour of ev'n the Fire; we therefore committed them to the Drawer, to dispose of to a service more proper and natural to them.

Having thus discarded the ragged Regiment, and dispos'd of those that we could not in prudence yet publish, and having selected enough for this Book from the rest, we proceed in the Order you find them here inserted.

The first was directed to Mr. Chappel, *to be left for him at* Smith's Coffee-House, *in* Stocks-Market.

« There is a Charm in this Letter, (said I) before « I read one word on't. There is indeed (pursu'd *Chappel*) « Beauty in the very Hand. Which is as uncommon in « a Woman (interrupted *Grave*) as true Spelling. « Prithee, *Grave*, (reply'd *Brook*,) interrupt not a just « Praise, by thy unseasonable Satyr. True, (added « *Summer*,) for by the Beauty of the Work, we may « guess at the Excellence of the Artist. But prithee « let's look into the In-side of it (said *Temple*, before « you divide too strongly into Parties. We have indeed « (continu'd *Winter*,) seen nothing but the Out-side « yet: Nay, the very Upper-Garment, (pursu'd *River*,) « since the Letters contain the Words, the Words the

« Language

Language and Wit. Nay, and 'tis a Garment too, how gay and pleasing soevrr, (assum'd *Fountain*,) that is not peculiar unto Wit; for I have seen worse Sence writ in a fine Hand, than ever a *Beau* of *Covent-Garden* could indite. And, for my part, (concluded *Church*,) I had rather read good Sence in an ill Hand, and that with some trouble, than the wretched Harangue of a Penny-Chronicler, transcrib'd by the most artificial Pen-man. The first shews like an old antiquated Matron in a gay taudry Pettycoat; and the other like the Statues of the *Sileni*, deform'd without, tho' containing all the Goddesses within. But so much for the Hand; pray therefore let us now consider the Wit.

"Tis directed to me (said *Chrppel*,) and therefore "I'll have the Happiness of reading it first, We all "return'd, That he was but our *Secretary*, in having "all the public Dispatches directed to him, that were "meant to us; and that therefore he could plead no "Privilege for that, but what was due to the Company. But Possession being so main a Point in all "Cases, all we cou'd say, cou'd not hinder him from "reading as follows.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. *Chappel.* *Novem.* 5th.

WHen I read the Invitation you make to all Persons, to send you in any diverting Letters to fill your next Volume of the Pacquet open'd, I cull'd to mind this inclosed, which I have had by me a good while; and when it was writ, afforded agreat deal of Merriment to several Persons that had the perusal of it; the occasion of its writing was this. Some Ladies of my Acquaintance, had for their Neighbour, an Outlandish-Man, that was a Man of Sense, and very good Company; He sung rarely, and play'd both on the Lute and the Guittar to a Miracle; For which Accomplishments he was very acceptable, and he was almost a daily Visitant to his Female Neighbours; He had been a great Traveller, and did frequently entertain them with the Intrigues he had been engag'd in, in all the Places he had been at. But with great Sorrow

he told them, tho' the *English* Women were of the easiest Access of all others, yet they were the hardest to be won; and tho' he had long Endeavour'd it, yet he could never obtain the Love of an *English* Lady. His often repeating these Complaints, made these Ladies resolve to put a Trick upon him; which was to send him a *Letter* as from some Lady passionately in love with him; one of them undertook to Endite it, upon condition the rest wou'd procure it to be writ in an unknown Hand, and sent to him; which was accepted, and this now is a Copy of it. The Stile will shew it to be a Banter, tho' he was not at first cunning enough to perceive it; for in the Ladies Description of her self, she said rather what would please him, than any thing else; they having at several times heard him say what kind of Woman was most Charming to him. I thought the Observations of your Club, would be a great set off to the *Letter*, and make it acceptable; Especially, because you upon all Occasions give our Sex a good word, which we are Extremely Oblig'd to you for; but are afraid you have kept very ill Company, and fallen into very bad Hands; that you will not allow one good Quality to any one of us. That some of us have Endeavour'd to imitate your Sex, can you blame them? Since you value your selves so highly. And sure it is never counted a Fault in a Scholar, to write as near the Copy of his Master as possible. But in an Extraordinary Manner we acknowledge our Engagements to Worthy Mr. *Grave*, and in the Name of the whole Sex. I return him our hearty Thanks for his good Opinion of us, which at all times he makes appear; did we know how to requite him, whatever other ill Qualities we are Mistresses of, he should find we would not be ungrateful; but I hope the Girl he now keeps, will, according to her Profession, so manage her Affairs, that he will have more and more cause to think highly of the Sex; and so once more we are his humble Servants, and particularly my self,

Artemisa.

The whole Company were Extremely pleas'd at this Letter, and agreed that the Wit of Artemisa *was sufficient to wound the Soul, if her Person were less Charming than we suppose it is.*

'Thou wretched Mortal (at last said *Temple* to '*Grave*) thou seest into what a Condition thou hast 'brought thy self with the fair Sex, by gratifying thy 's Spleen at their Expence. Nay, you're all in (re-

'ply'd

ply'd *Grave*) you find, only I have the largest share of their Favour. And indeed, I confess, it is a Folly in us that are not yet past the Days of Intrigues, to pretend to expose those Follies and Vices; which Industry might have turn'd to the Advantage of our Pleasure. Right (assum'd *Fountain*) what if the Sex lov'd Fools more than Men of Sense? Were inconstant, improvident, mercenary and profuse? What was it to us who are Fools enough, and young enough to be lov'd by 'em; fickle enough to take their Inconstancy for a Compliment, tho' I confess not Rich enough to gratify their Mercenary Temper, and feed their Profuseness? True (continu'd *Winter*) for the Women love not to hear those Faults expos'd, which contribute to their Pleasure; any more than the Clergy to hear those Irregularities complain'd of, that complement their Interest. We might indeed (added *Church*) have left this talk to the superannuated Matrons, who have always a greater Kindness for ours, than their own Sex; gratifying the first at the Expence of the last, or to those wretched Adventurers whom the Pox, Poverty, and old Age, had render'd incapable of ever hoping any thing more from them. For us (assum'd *Brook*) who have our Youth, our Health and our Fortunes to sacrifice to them, 'Twas a perfect Madness, unless we design (continu'd *Summer*) to keep our Health, and our Money to old Age and the Grave. But this Lady (interrupted *River* very seriously) I find by her Letter, has kept bad Company, as well as we; if we may judge by her Repartee, since Fops and Fools only value themselves so highly. If she had convers'd with Men of Sense, and Cavaliers of Honour, she wou'd have found them value *HER* more than themselves. The Lady indeed seems to lie under a Misapprehension of our Words (continu'd *Chappel*) if she imagine us to be *WOMEN-HATERS*. The Satyr in the first Volume, which seems to have disoblig'd her, aiming only to qualify them better for our Conversation and Pleasure; it being directed against the general Follies and Vices of the Sex, which by Custom now have spread so far, that there are few *Artemisa*'s to put in for an Exception. But our Reflections on the Letters of the Charming Sisters *Parmenia* and *Cleona*, shew that we extended not our Satyr to the whole, but to the greater part of the Sex. And I think we have

" been pretty impartial, in freely confessing our own; " and condemning them; with all those Mankind are " guilty of, which indeed, as the more active part of the " Humane Race, is guilty of more Vices, and perhaps " not fewer Follies. We must therefore (concluded I) " recant that Saying, if any such be in our Reflections, " as rash and erroneous, which the Charming *Artemisa* " objects, *That there is not one good Quality among them all*; " at least now, having so powerful an Argument against " us, as her Letter, which discovers both good Humour " and Wit; and if the Lady will take my Advice, I'll " put her in a way of revenging the Cause of her whole " Sex, on you that have been most severe; that is, by " admitting us to visit her: and if she be but half so " Beautiful as Witty, she must have us all in her Pow- " er. And for my part, I'll capitulate already, un- " sight and unseen, being so much in Love with " her.

By this time *Temple* and *Grave* had run over the Inclos'd; and now *Temple* read it out to the Company, as follows.

LETTER LXXIV.

Being the inclos'd mention'd in the former.

I Cannot but Blush, most Renowned Monsieur; that I shou'd be forc'd to do that to you, which so many have often done to me; for to tell you I love you much more than my self, is a thing so unbecoming my Sex and Quality, that serves for an Excuse for this Unamidenly Action. But so it is, most compleat Mortal, that having long kept this Fire in the centre of my almost consumed Heart, I was forc'd at last to give it this vent; and to tell you before my Death (which is inevitable, without you make some speedy return of Affection) that I die yours, and that I have, ever since I was so happy to be bless'd with your sight, burnt with the most ardent Passion that ever seiz'd the Heart of a poor Women.

Yet

Yet do not think, I yielded without Resistance to this uncontroulable Conqueror; but the more I refused to submit, the heavier he made his Yoke, which makes me now humbly to implore your Pity; that if no other have possest that Heart which alone can make me happy, you would commiserate my sad Condition; and grant that to me, you, your self would desire if you felt those Pangs of Love I do grievously groan under. I have many times, by my Looks and Sighs, endeavour'd to give you notice of my Flame: but you have either neglected, or not perceived them; therefore was I necessitated to this course, which, tho' it may without a favourable Censure, be thought a little immodest; yet having only Vertue in my Eye, I hope the violence of that Passion, that, whether I will or no, puts the Pen in my Hand, will cause you rather to pity, than censure her whose greatest Fault is Loving you too well. Your Merits are the cause of my Weakness, therefore be so Generous, not to hate her that loves you dearly; for that will be both Unmanly and Cruel. Neither am I so despicable, but my Affection may deserve some return; being Young, Rich, and, as some are pleased to flatter me, Handsome. My Fortune I am sure, far exceeds yours, I am in the prime of my Years, therefore kill me not with Disdain, lest Love severely Revenge my Death upon you. As to my Person, as far as Modesty will give leave, I will describe it to you: My Complexion is Brown, my Constitution, before Love changed me, Chearful; my Disposition Patient and Moderate; my Eyes large, but somewhat Languishing; my Mouth little, my Teeth white as Snow; my Voice clear, my Eyebrows black and even, my Nose well proportion'd, my Motions very Gentile, my Stature neither tall nor short, my Neck white, my Breasts large, and I am rather inclin'd to be Fat, than Lean; my Humour will in all things suit with yours, for hearing you lie without a Shirt, I do the same without a Chemise, and wear a Flannel on a days. Tho' I could not be so far Mistress of my Actions to forbear writing, yet my Innate Modesty will not give me leave to fix my Name to this guilty Paper. But that you may have some knowledge of your Adorer, I always kneel on a yellow Cushion by your side, where my constant Prayers is, that you will at last shew some Compassion on her that loves, admires, and prefers you before all the World.

• The singing and dancing of this French-man (said
' *Chappel*) I find was that which gave him the Reputa-
' tion

tion with the Ladies; join'd (assum'd *Brook*) with his playing on the Guittar to a Miracle. True (added *Summer*) for had he been Master of that Sense, the fair *Artemisa* in her Letter gives him, he cou'd not but at first sight have perceiv'd this Letter to be a plain Banter put on him by the Ladies for their Diversion. Self-Opinon must indeed (continu'd *Temple*) be monstrous in him that cou'd not discover so palpable an an Imposition. And that alone (pursu'd *Grave*) convinces him of the Height of Folly, and perhaps from him, or Men of his Parts, the Lady drew her Observation of the high Value, Men put on themselves. And therefore (assum'd *River*) we may still blame them for imitating the Refuse of Mankind, and those that ought to be esteem'd their Slaves, not their Masters. Their Folly indeed (reply'd *Church*) shou'd make the Ladies think 'em more worthy their Scorn than their Imitation; especially, in what's so odious and insufferable. Prithee, their Impudence (interrupted *Winter*) and other Vices, cover all their Follies, and render them more agreeable to those, who are unwilling to comply with their own Inclinations, without the pretence and excuse of being forc'd to it. For my part (said *Fountain*) I have often envy'd these *Monsieurs*, who qualify'd with a tunable Voice, and some Musical Instruments, are admitted into the Chambers of the Fair, at their more unguarded hours; and with their Songs and Instrument lull their severer Thoughts asleep. Pleasure and Ease supply their place, and all the softer Ideas and Images of Love, convey themselves to their Fancy, having banish'd the rugged and unpleasant Forms of Honour and nicer Vertue. Thus the Nymph is won before the Shepherd speaks, few Words being necessary when once Pleasure has let in Love with all his Train of Charms. I must needs side with the Lady's ev'n here (concluded I) for since the Love you speak on is only the Child of Pleasure, that ought to be most esteem'd, that contributes most to its Satisfaction. Harmony is of mighty Force, and as the Admirable *Waller* has it,

By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
We find that Sound, as well as Sense, persuades.

I must confess, I wish Sound did not more prevail with the Fair than Sense, because Musicians are something of a nature with their Instruments; and are silent only when they are not touch'd. They

can-

cannot conceal the Touch of a Fair Lady. And never in all my my Converſation met I with any of them, that like *Orpheus* were Poets, as well as Muſitians.

But now to the next; This Letter indeed being very witty, tho' too much on the Ridicule in ſome parts, to paſs for any thing elſe but a Banter on any one but the moſt ſelf-conceited Coxcomb in nature.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. Chappel, *Nov.* 30. 1692.

THe kind Reception you gave the Stuff I ſent you before; incourages me to ſend you this Letter; which by chance I found among ſome Papers I was looking over. It was writ in the late King's Reign, at that time he made his Progreſs to *Holy-Well*, where I with ſome other Engliſh Ladies then were, and had been for ſome time: The Family we were in, we carried down a Bride to; but there was a parcel of extreme old Maids in it, who were as Malicious and Envious as the Devil himſelf, and bore an implacable Hatred to any thing that was Young or Handſome; and withal, ſo intolerable Jealous, that we could never be together, but one of them was preſently ſet to liſten to our Diſcourſe, and all our Letters they conſtantly broken open. So that they might have ſomething to divert them, this incloſed was writ, of which I kept the Copy, as we generally did, of all we writ there; that ſo if they ſtop'd them one way, we might contrive ſome other to convey them. If this comes too late to be inſerted in your Second Volume, it being gone to the Preſs; do me the Favour to burn it, and it ſhall be as Satisfactory to

Your Servant,

ARTEMISA.

Inſtead

Instead of Reflections on this Letter, I shall only give you the Answer, the Company agreed Chappel *shou'd make the Lady in all our Names, which is this.*

Madam,

"THe abundance of Wit we find in all we have "yet seen of yours, assures us that we shou'd in- "jure the public in deferring the sight on't; and never "was a more unreasonable Request made by a Lady, "Mistress of so much Reason, than to desire us to burn "these *Letters*, if they came too late for this Volume: "The Great *Agustus* accus'd his Beloved *Virgil*, for de- "siring that his *Æneids* shou'd be burnt: but he had "Interest in't; they being design'd as a Flattery to him. "But all the World have Reason to complain of you "for yours, the Women Especially; who wou'd lose "the strongest Pretence their Sex has to Wit and Sense "in the *Letters* of *Artimisa*; and, Madam, they will "have no longer cause to complain of what we have any "where said to their Prejudice; since we have disco- "vered so great a Veneration for them, as to furnish "them with so powerful a Refuge as the publick merits "of *Artemisa*. Thus much Madam, in the Name of "our Society, and for my self I shall keep the Manu- "script as so many Reliques I may pay my Devotions "to, if I am never so happy, as to see the Fair Endi- "ter of them, who am

MADAM,

Yours to Command,

CHAPPEL.

LETTER LXXVI.

SIR,

AFter all the fine things I have told you of this Country, (which for all your Flouts and Jeers, is

is every word of it true and the Mountains against which you have such a Pique, are so far from making it look like *Æsop*, that are its greatest Ornaments, like Moles and Warts upon a fair Face, which beautifie and set off, but not in the least deform it) yet, I say, after all this, I'm forc'd to inform you, That as no Rose is without its Thorn, so here are, even in this pleasant place, certain Lewd, Vile, Dishonourable, Abominable, and, to a Free-born *English* Subject, Intolerable Customs and Practices: For being near St. *VVinifred's VVell*, here is set up an Inquisition, which is a Yoke neither we nor our Fore-Fathers were able to bear. Wherein,

First, There is a diligent Enquiry into all Words; and for that end, here are Employ'd a certain sort of People, call'd *Evesdroppers*, which are to stand at ev'ry Door, at the Stair-head, and in every Hole and Corner, to take the Words as they come out of our Mouth, and to carry them piping-hot to the *Ladies* of the Inquisition; who have, for that end, always a Court sitting, and there they Try, Examine, Scan and Paraphrase upon them; where they are chang'd aggravated, and the Accent alter'd, and quite another Sence put upon them, than at first they were spoke with. So that there is no speaking in this place, unless we be upon the Top of one of our Mountains, where we may see Fifty or Threescore Miles about us, and by the way of *Susurrus*, as King *Phys*, and King *Ush* did.

Secondly, There is an Inspection into all *Letters* that go from hence, and every Seal is broke-open; so great is the Desire of the Inhabitants of this place to know the Thoughts of our Hearts; which makes me begin to think, that *Satan* was really born here; and that, when he fell, he bequeath'd some of that Pride to the Natives, his Countrey-folk, for which he got a Fall, *viz.* That they would all be Gods, *Omniscience* being an Incommunicable Attribute of the Diety. So that tho' you may think this Paper comes a pure *immaculate Virgin* to your Hands, it is no such matter; for I can assure you, it hath been prophan'd by several, both Hands and Eyes, before you have the persusal of it. Nay, for ought I know, it may either suffer the Fiery Tryal, or be always kept a Prisoner; which Fate, some of its Friends, now in *Limbo*, are undergoing. But if I receive no Answer to it, I have the Copy by me, which shall be sent, as soon as I meet with any one of *England*, as I do not Question but I shall in some of my Walks. For so Tenacious are our *Governants* of this Custome, that they would no more part with it;

it; then the late *Parliament* would with their *Test*. Nor must any Letter be suffer'd to be put into the Post-Bag, unless they approve it, no more than they would permit any of their Members to sit, before they had taken that. So much doth the Itch of Curiosity abound here; I pray God it be not as infectious as the other, for which this Country is famous.

Now tho' this be the constant Practice here, yet we are not well satisfy'd how they come by it: Therefore, if in this Vacation-time, your Affairs will give you leave, I beg you to search what *VVelch Records* are in Town, how long they have had it, and how they came by it. If you please, consult the King's learned Council in the Case, the Lord Chancellor *Jeffereys* is the likeliest to give some light into the Matter; but he being this Country-man, I fear, will deal partially: therefore I believe the best way will be, to send down a *Quo Warranto* to them, that may force them to acquaint the World how they got this Priviledge; whether they hold it by Patent, by Charter, or by Prescription; what Act of Parliament they have for it, and in what King's Reign it was given them. For our Ignorance in these things may be very prejudicial to us, we being ready, once or twice a Week, to mutiny; and I fear, e're long, I shall be indicted for a Riot, and great will be my Fine, if I have a *VVelch* Jury and Judge.

Now, after all this, I hope you do not expect the Pourtraiture I promis'd you of Old *J— ne* with the black Beard, who is Lady President of the *Inquisition*, and the Wheel by which all the rest move: for I design'd it only for your own view; nor do I know, but an exquisite Piece, exactly done, may procure Love in the Breast of some, who may oft have seen the Original without *one spark of that heavenly Fire*. And tho' I could *tell a long, long Story of* Celia's *Shape, her Face, and Mein*; yet knowing no Man loves (and especially you have a peculiar Niceness that way) to have his Mistress blown upon, I will deferr it till I see you upon English Ground, where Liberty of Speech and Writing is allow'd. To which place, God, in his infinite Mercy, quickly bring

Your Servant,

ARTEMISA.

For

"For my part (said *Grave*) I can't perswade my self "to believe these Letters are penn'd by any Woman; "the Spelling is ev'ry where so true, the Language so "good, the Similes so pertinent, the Satyr so exact, the "Thoughts so gay and taking. And this last (pursu'd "*Temple*) discovers her Knowledge in Things Women "are very ill acquainted with. Right (assum'd *Foun-* "*tain*) most of all the Allegories being drawn from the "Law. The truth on't is (continu'd *VVinter*) the fair-"est way to convince us, and, by our means, the World, "is, to make some of us so happy as to wait on her, if a "Woman be the Inditer of them. 'Twou'd vex me "(said *Chappel*) to have form'd all those noble *Idea*'s of "*Artemisa* in vain, to have fancy'd her Beautiful and "Young, as well as Witty; nor nicely Coy, not loose-"ly Fond; an Abhorrer of Fools, and a Lover of Men "of Sense. After all, to have her transform'd, like "*Iphis* on the Wedding-Day, with a more ingrateful "Metamorphosis, from the gayest *Venus* Imagination "e'er dress'd out, into a Man. Thou art not the First "Amorous Dreamer (said *Brook*) that hast been waked "from thy Ideal Amuzements, and found a Devil in thy "Arms instead of an Angel. But taking it for grant-"ed (interrupted *Summer*) that *Artemisa* is what her "Name imports, we must grant that she is Mistress of "as much Sense, Wit and Judgment, as we have ever "met with in her Sex. Right (assum'd *River*) for all "*Grave* has said of her Performance, is, in my Mind, "religiously true. Her Character indeed (pursu'd "*Church*) of the Impertinence of the Old Maids, is ve-"ry well express'd, and her Letter is a just Satyr on all "those unaccountable Animals. 'Tis odd, I must con-"fess (concluded I) that they should envy Youth the "Enjoyment of those Pleasures they valu'd not when "young. Therefore I rather believe 'twas Pride or "Interest obstructed their Possession of those Joys when "young, which they envy others when old; and I won-"der the ancient *Mythologists* made not Envy an *Old* "*Maid*. But here we must, with regret, take our leave "of *Artemisa*, with Thanks for her generous Contribu-"tion.

"This next Letter (said *Brook*) is subscrib'd *Philander*, "and directed.

LETTER

Letter LXXVII.

To the Great Patroness *of* Wit, Vertue, *and* Honour, *in this Age, the Dive* Astrea; *who having Leon recommended to accept of a* Peevish, Old Gouty Husband, *in Reversion; was advis'd, by some of her false and interested Friends, to reprimand the brisk and more constant Attacks of a Younger Lover, as inconsistent with her* Honour *and* Conscience, *tho' not with her* Happiness; *since thereby they might hope for the* Loaves *and the* Fishes *from the Old one.*

MADAM,

YOU are pleas'd to say, That *Astrea* has forfeited the Character of *Eugenia* (the Name whereby she was *Christen'd*, tho' since *Confirm'd* by that of *Astrea*) and all upon *Philander*'s Account. But I see no reason for it; since the different sorts of Worship ought to be no Reflexion upon the Goddess: *Jupiter* was ador'd in the Sea, by the Name of *Neptune*; in Wars, by the Name of *Mars*; in VVisdom, by the Name of *Apollo*; and in Amours, by the Name of *Cupid*: yet under all these various Appellations, they still meant but one and the same Supreme Deity, *Jove*, acting in his several Posts; in the Morning, perhaps, as a Justice of Peace upon the Bench; and in the Afternoon, as a General at the Council of VVar. In like manner, how many Healths soever I drink, *Madam*, and by what Names or Titles soever dignify'd or distinguish'd, *Astrea*'s Health is the only Health I mean. And whether by the Name of *Celia*, *Eugenia*, or *Astrea*, you still are, and ever will be ador'd by all that are not Atheists in VVit, Beauty, Honour, and good Humour; unless by some antiquated

Amoroso,

Amoroso, whose Mark of Love is out of his Mouth. A pretty VVoman, like a *Goldsmith*, ought to take no Silver, but what is Sterling, nor any Coin but what is Current; esteeming an Old Gallant, stampt with the Impress of *Charles the First*'s Reign, in 40, or 41, or perhaps Ten Years backwards, but as some of the Vulgar and Smaller Brass *Roman* Coins, found commonly in Sepulchres and Ruines, valuable only for their Rust, and two or three Letters of an *Antoninus* or *Hadrian*'s Name; which may dubiously be guess'd at by the help of a *Microscope*. Therefore, for *Venus*'s sake, *Madam*, have a care of Old *Nestor*; who is so critical an Observer of the Ancient *Norman* Law, call'd *Covert-feu*, that you know, and have often laugh'd at it with me, how he not only puts out his Fire and Candle at Eight every Night, but in a manner, puts out himself too, for he couches at the same time with his venerable Importance; and no sooner *Couchant*, but *Dormant* (as our Law-Phrase is.) Or, if perchance, he survives the space of a *Yawn* or a *Hiccough* or two; then, instead of a Charge of Love, he shall tell you an insipid, dull Story, how bravely his Friends, the *Parliaments Army*, charg'd the *King's* at *Edge-Hill* and *Naseby* Fights; instead of Dying in one another's Arms, shall give you a dry Relation, how many were slain on each side; whereas his Time would have been much better spent, in begetting new Recruits. And when, between the Acts, he should be repeating their several Beauties, with the many just Causes he has to prefer and love you above all the rest of your Sex; he lulls you and himself asleep, by telling how *God's Children* were persecuted in those days, together with some old senseless Relations of *Pim*, *Stroud*, and *Ship-Money*: which (with a Sigh backwards) and forwards) was, he says, the sad Cause of all our late *Civil VVars*; and so falls a snoring. Besides, *Madam*, as what I have already urged, might prejudice your Happiness, so have I one Scruple more may reflect upon your Conscience: For in a Years time, (which may expire long before his Widowhood) he will be past that which the *Royal Harper* (though none of his own Country-men) calls the *Age of Man*. And then, what Title or Term to give him, or what Animal to name him, I judge not; But shall leave him to the *Casuists*; who, I suppose, will be as severe upon *Antiquity* as *Affinity*, in this Case. I am sure, if of your Ladyship's Sex (*the most finisht part*

of

of the Creation,) they would. However, I know the *Title* I wear, and that in the World I am most proud of; which is,

(*Dearest Madam*)

Decemb. 16th. now the 19th. 1692.

Your Eternally

Burton. Staff.

Obliged Slave,

PHILANDER.

'We have a great many (said *Temple*) that, with 'Chilo, think that a Juvenile Old Age is very desirable: 'Tho' in another sense, (assum'd *Grave*) for these Men 'only think of the Enjoyments of Youth, and its Follies: Whereas the Philosopher (continu'd *I*,) only 'meant the Vivacity of Mind. The Old Men, indeed, 'of our Age, (pursu'd *Fountain*) as well as some of the 'fore-going, seem loth to depart from the Vices and 'Follies of their Robuster days; And when they're 'past the Use (assum'd *Winter*) of Money and Women, 'set up for Usurers and Lovers. The first the more 'pardonable (reply'd *Church*,) since their Avarice may 'be the Advantage of their Family. But on the other 'hand, (added *Brook*) in Loving, when the Obligation 'of Love is quite lost on his side, is only to sacrifice the 'Prosperity of his Family, his own Satisfaction and his 'God, his Money, to the foolish Lust of an impotent 'Body, and the honour of Cuckoldome. And yet (said '*Summer*,) as impotent and unlovely as these Grey-'headed Gentlemen are, they meet with some bloom-'ing Virgin or other, with all her Spring of Years in 'view, that by the Persuasion of her Friends, or her 'own Pride, close with his Autumn. Autumn (assum'd '*River*) a perpetual Winter, you mean; in which the 'poor Creature wou'd be frozen to death, like the In-'habitants near the North Pole, if it were not for 'some Auxiliary Warmth gain'd from the brisker 'Flames of Youth, for not one glimmer or spark does 'he afford. True (concluded *Chappel*,) one might as 'soon strike Fire from a Cake of Ice; and yet the 'Doaters will fancy their teeming Wives beholden 'to them only. But I am of Opinion, That, as the 'Song says, *If for Gold she will Wed,——For the same*

she

" *she will Whore.* But I hope the ingenious *Philander* " plac'd his Affections nearer his own Merits; who " knew better to Distinguish betwixt Things than to " think a thoughtless old Carkass, with all its glittering " Ballances of Gold preferable to the all warm Embraces " of a Man of Youth, and *Philander's* Sense.

" Here is another from the same Hand (said *Grave*,) " on a Subject as intricate and as designing as Woman, " 'tis of *Oracles.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

To his Ingenious and Learned Friend, Mr. R. *at his Chamber in the* Inner-Temple. *Being a Discourse of the Ancient* Oracles.

SIR, 1692.

AS you cannot lay your Commands upon any Person more ready to serve you, in all kinds where I am capacitated; so in this your Enquiry about the *Heathen Oracles*, you could not have made choice of a weaker and more unable Friend to assist you than my self, if you respect either Learning or Judgment. However, that you may see my Readiness to comply with you in all things, I have herein sent you a short and imperfect Collection, which I made several Years ago, upon that Subject.

You must first Observe the Difference between *Revelatione* and *Oracles*: Which was only this; That *Revelations*, for the most part, were involuntarily Obtruded by the Priest; whereas *Oracles* were only given *Scisitantibus*, to those who demanded them. Now, for the manner of the Delivery of the Oracles, it was perform'd wholly by the Priests, who Officiated in those places; where pretending that their Gods inspir'd them, they began with some dreadful Sound or Noise out of the hollow Caves wherein they lay

 conceal'd:

conceal'd: from whence, with an aston shing Voice, they deliver'd their Oracles, sometimes according to their own Sence or Interest, and sometimes according to that of the Magistrates, as *Demosthenes* notes, where he saith, *That the Pythian, or Delphic Oracle, did Philippizein*, speak that which *Philip* of *Macedon* would have it. In other places, other kind of *Praeludia* were given to them,

It is uncertain when these Oracles began: But *Herodotus* tells us, That the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* was the most Ancient in *Lybia*; and that of *Dodona* in *Greece*. The *Dodonean* Priests gave this Origine to their Oracle, That Two Doves fled out of *Egypt*; One whereof came to *Epirus*, where, out of a Beech-Tree, she spake *Humana Voce*, commanding that a Temple should be erected in that very place, saying, that *Jove* would preside therein, and give Oracles. In like manner, the other Dove is reported to have fled to the place in *Lybia*, where the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon* was built. Now it has been the Question of some Historians, Whether *Noah*'s Flood and *Deucalion*'s were not one and the same? As also, Whether the Doves that *Noah* is said to have sent out, alluded not to the Doves here mentioned.

The Temple of *Juptcer Hammon* was among the *Garamantes* in *Lybia*, situate in an exceeding hot and barren Soil; near to which was a very lofty and thick Wood, wherein divers Springs arose, very commodious for the refreshment of wearied Travellers. There was likewise another Grove of Oaks adjoyning to *Dodona*, which Trees were feign'd to have been Vocal, or Talkative. Now the manner of cloathing the Image of *Jupiter Hammon* was with a Goat's Skin, and cover'd with a Goat's Head: But when the Priests demanded Answers of him, then they carry'd him forth with a pompous Attendance, singing certain Hymns, or *Patria Carmina*, to him. After which, the propitious Image did not Vocally express his Mind, but only by different Nods and Signs, (caus'd, I doubt not, by certain Engines that were mov'd in the hollow Trunk of the Image, as I have seen some mov'd by Clock-work;) which Nods and Signs the Priests interpreted according to their several Fancies or Interests.

The most famous Oracles were generally in *Greece*: Of which were the Oracle of *Pythia* and *Delphos*; the *Trophornium*; that of *Amphiareus*; that of the *Branchidæ* in *Milesia*; and the *Sabæum* in *Phocis*. To all which many repair'd; and when they had receiv'd their Oracles

cles, return'd with rich Gifts for the same, to fatten the Priests. But the most eminent of these Oracles, was the *Pythian*; whose Temple standing over a deep hollow Place, when the Priests and others approach'd, the Artificial Vapours that proceeded thence, intoxicated and seiz'd on their Brain, enduing them (as 'tis reported) with a Prophetic Spirit; which was a kind of Madness or Giddiness, supposed requisite by the Ancients, before Men or Women could be capable of Prophesying: Much like what is reported of some *West-Indians*, who, at this day, by fuming their Heads over the Smoak of Tobacco, will fall into a Trance for four or five Hours, and fore-see what Ships are making to their Ports, tho' several Days sail off, and report where the Vessels then are when they awake. This *Pythian* or *Delphic* Temple was vastly rich, and therefore often pillag'd by Thieves, as well as by the *Roman* Emperors; for which Reason, whoever had so plunder'd them, and met with the least Misfortune afterwards in the whole course of their Lives, (tho' never so trivial or accidental,) the Priests were sure to make (as they did *Brennus*'s Death) a Judgment upon them for their Sacrilege: thinking to secure their own Wealth the better, by erecting such a Superstition in the Minds of Others. As for the Chief-Priest belonging to this *Pythian* Oracle, she was always a Woman, and of above Forty Years of Age; because a young Wench being in that Employ, was once ravish'd for her Beauty.

Now from these Oracles became their Religions so mix'd, and cast into such prodigious Forms, that they occasion'd many Innovations in the several Nations who consulted them. So as partly to these Oracles, and partly to the Change of Empire, but more especially to, and above all, to Priest-Craft, the Multiplicity of Religions in those Times must be attributed. Nothing more betrays the Couzenage of these Oracles, than the Ambiguities of their Answers; being mostly such as would admit of two different Interpretations. For Instance:

Aio te Æacide Romanos vincere posse.

OR,

Ibis redibis nunquam per Bella peribis.

Julian was the last Prince that consulted them; for Oracles yet continu'd Three hundred and thirty Years after Christ.

Finally, In these Oracles there is nothing considerable to be remarqued, but the Juggling Impostures of their Priests, who enrich themselves, and get Authority thereby: Wherefore, neither their Beginning nor Ending can be thought a Miracle, only the People that believ'd in 'em. The Occasion of their Ceasing, was no more but as 'tis with Shop-keepers Breaking, the loss of Credit. And thus we see, when one Tradesman breaks, some one of another Trade comes and sets up in his room; the Modes of Religions, as well as of Cloaths, being equally subject to a Change and Period.

Pardon this undigested Account, from

Your constant Friend,

and humble Servant,

PHILANDER.

'The Ingenious and learned *Philander* (said I) has 'given us as true and as good an Account of *Oracles*, as 'the shortness of the Letter would permit. Right (as'sum'd *Chappel*,) for 'tis most evident from Mr. *Fonti'nelle's History of Oracles*, That they was nothing but 'the Cheats of the Pagan Priests. And those so visible '(continu'd *Brook*) that I wonder the Primitive Fathers, 'as *Eusebius*, and Others, should ever build the My'steries of Christianity on some of the *Responsa* of 'these *Oracles*. For my part (said *Summer*) tho' I re'member what *Fontinelle* objects against the Fathers 'upon that account, will not reflect on them: For 'tho' I confess, 'tis not likely that an *Egyptian Oracle* 'should have so perfect an *Idea* and Notion of a Tri'nity, before any Nation in the World ever had any, 'and ev'n the *Jews* seem ignorant of it; yet I think 'the Arguments drawn from thence by the Fathers, 'were good, *ad hominem*, to those who believ'd them 'as Sacred and Divine. True, (assum'd *Temple*,) 'St. *Paul* did the same in *Athens*: For finding an Altar 'to the unknown God, made use of what they did 'believe, to bring 'em to the Knowledge of the Chri'stian Faith. But however this Argument might be 'of force with the Common People, (repiy'd *Grave*,) 'who were credulous enough of these Superstitions; 'yet, methinks, it cou'd never be of force with the 'Philosophers, such as *Porphyrius* was, who, without doubt,

'doubt, had a very weak Opinion of them. What 'Opinion the Learned and Witty had of them, (con-'tinu'd *River*,) is evident from *Lucian*'s *Dialogues*: 'Nay, 'tis evident, That *Alexander the Great*, 'was acquainted with the Cheat, when the Priests of 'the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* admitted him within 'their Temple, to the view of their *Arcana*, and soon 'after proclaim'd him the Son of *Jupiter*. And a good 'way too (pursu'd *Church*) to secure their Interest; 'confining his Discovery within his own Breast, for 'fear of invalidating that Oracle which had bestow'd 'the Divinity he so aim'd at, upon him. Never 'did a Priest (added *Winter*) want a Project, to secure 'his Interest, in imposing on the Credulous. Your 'Reflection (concluded *Fountain*) reaches only those 'of Pagan Memory: For, for Ours, as they have a 'Divine Religion to teach; so they seek no Reward 'or Advantage, but what their heavenly Master has 'promis'd them; *his Kingdom being not of this World.*

But now let's proceed to the next.

LETTER LXXIX.

To his Friend Philander *at* Burton *in* Staffordshire.

SIR, *March* 15. 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter by the Post, and also the Parcel by the Carrier; I give you my hearty Thanks for your great Favour. I have often reflected upon the Grand Sentiment of your worthy deceased Father, since I received your Letter. It seems to agree with that of *Trismegist*, the World is nothing but the disclosed *Image* of an occult Deity. When God changed *His Form*, all things on a sudden were revealed and brought to light. All were figur'd in the *Archetype* before, and the Ideal World at length was brought forth into the Material. But may not these *Apparitions* of God be Eternal? And in their distinct Individuations? We find we are individuated here, my Pain is not anothers, nor my Pleasure. And may we not be immortal? For God has

a great many Worlds more than this to shew us. Another Meditation your Letter put me upon, which I find, *Marsilius Ficinus* entertain'd himself with, *Duo quædam potissimum de rerum Principio cogitamus, unum quemadmodum omnia inde profluunt semperq; dependent, alterum quemadmodum ipsum interim est ab omnibus eminentissime segregatum.* I know there are some Philosophers will no more allow God to be a Person, than the Universe is: 'Tis Certain, no Mortal hath yet removed the Veil of God; it is enough to hint these things to you. *In uno Principio statim percipies plurimas Conclusiones.* All from

Your obliged Friend

and Servant,

RICARDO.

'Here I must be oblig'd to leave out the particular 'Reflexions, made on each of these three ingenious 'Letters, sent by *Philander*'s Friend to him; thinking 'it better to do so, than to defer the publishing of them 'till the next Volume; which I must have been otherwise forc'd to for want of room. I have nevertheless 'contracted all three into one Comment; that it might 'not be thought we pass'd over such Excellent Pieces 'without any Reflections; tho' those, the Letters themselves contain, are so fine and so full, they require 'none.

LETTER LXXX.

To his Honoured Friend, Philander, *at* Burton *in* Stafford-shire.

SIR, *London, Aug.* 16. 2683.

I Receiv'd your Letter before I had your Book, but I have it now, and have read it. What the Clergy say of it, I will not trouble you with; for it is most unreasonable

sonable, that they that do not give themselves a Liberty of thinking, should take to themselves a Liberty of censuring; others wish that at this time you had imitated *Cato's* Example:

Servataq; fide templi discedit ab Aris,
Non exploratum Populis Ammona relinquens.

And some say the thing was done already by my Lord of *Cherbury*; and there are some think the Subject deserves a larger Discourse. For Education which is in Man the *Primum vivens*, is usually too the *Ultimum moriens*, and is not so easily overcome; Nor the Gospel so easily believ'd to be little better than a Pious Romance, and all Religion (except the Natural) to be *aut Hypocritica, aut Hypochondriaca.*

Others think the Notion of *Anima Mundi* hinted in the Book, is but an Artifice to palliate over the Soul's Mortality, the little Drop, *Pluviæ Cœlestis* (as *Synesius* calls the Soul) necessarily losing its being in *Oceano Entitatum.*

Shall I give you a Melancholy Thought?

Oh! How vain is Philosophy, that can neither teach us the Beginnings or Ends of Things? From them is the Spring of our Fears; if natural Knowledge cannot be a ground of Tranquility of Mind, then must *Faith*: *Faith* is the first Almighty Principle of all things; if we be weak, we must be strong by adhering to that which is strong; *Faith* is impossible, except we believe of God, that he is *Mens Universi*, an Intelligent Being.

It is possible I may see you in the Country, for I hope to be in *Shropshire* before the Vacation ends. I tell you no News but of the *Respub. Literaria.* We have two Books lately come from abroad may divert you in the Country; one *de Oraculis Ethnicorum*, the other Entituled, *Politicus Sceleratus.* Your *Anima Mundi*, *Diana of the Ephesians*, and *Janua Scientiarum*, I cannot meet with; so pray oblige me so far, as to send me two of each. I am (Sir)

Your most Affectionate,

and obliged Friend and Servant,

RICARDO.

LETTER LXXXI.

To his Honoured Friend, Philander, *at* Burton *in* Staffordshire.

SIR, *Feb.* 13. 82.

I Am sensible how highly you have Oblig'd me, in giving me an Account of the last Sentiments of so great a Person as your Father; I remember a Philosopher of old, being ask'd whether the Soul was immortal, answer'd, *sicut omnia*; for in truth, all *Substance* is immortal, and it is as true, that by Death we are resolved into our first Principles: Every thing then goes to its own Tribe and Lineage; so as to me it seems the Grand Question is whether we preserve our *Individuation* in Death. However——*Liceat sperare timenti.* This is one Meditation awakened in me by your *Letter*, it put me in mind too what *Plotinus* said he was doing when it was Observed the Intention of his Mind was Extraordiuary upon his Death-Bed. *He was endeavouring to lead and unite the Deity in him, to the Deity that filled the Universe*: and of what *Campanella*, says, *Omnis mutatio est Mors aliqualis, mori verò est mutari in Deum nostrum enim esse non deperditum, sed magnificatum in Oceano Entium.*

It will be a great Obligation to me, to furnish me with some of your Printed Copies of *Philostratus*, and the Transcript of *Mahomet's Life*.

If you design to make your *Religio Laici* publick, you shall command my Assistance to you in that at the Press.

Whatever you direct to me at the *Trumpet* in *Shear-Lane*, will come safe to me.

It is a Question Exercises all the Politick Wits at present of the Town, where the K. of *France* will bestow his Army this Spring; he is upon his March in Person to the Frontiers of *Flanders*, with au Army of Forty Thousand; and he has another Army of Thirty Thousand beyond the Mountains for *Italy*.

The City-Charter is to be argued again the first *Friday* next Term. I am (*SIR*,)

Your most Obliged,

And Affectionate Friend

Ricardo.

Certainly

'Certainly (said *Temple*) the Observation the Ingenious *Ricardo* gives us from *Trismegistus* is true; for the Universe is so plain and so visible an Image of the occult Deity, that it has led not a few of the Antient Philosophers to the Knowledge of one. *Cicero* (continu'd *Grave*) in his *Natura Deorum*, draws the most Substantial of his Arguments of the Existence of a Deity, from this Picture of him in the Universe. To omit other more Philosophical Reasons (pursu'd *Fountain*) for the Eternity of our Individuations; I think the Punishment of Vice, and the Reward of Vertue, tho' necessary and founded in Nature it self, could never be effected without it. Besides (assum'd *Winter*) it is too unaccountable a thing to be believ'd, that the Souls of all Men are (as this Quotation of *Plotinus* hints) only several Emanations or Beams of the Deity, which return like so many Rivers into the Ocean of Infinity and Beings; since I can see no Reason at all that shou'd induce the Deity to such strange *Metamorphoses* of himself. Yet it cannot be doubted (interrupted *Church*) but that all things were Originaly figur'd in the Eternal Mind, and ideally existed there. Right (assum'd *Brook*) and so far God may be said to have chang'd his Form in the Creation of the Universe. These Speculations (said *Summer*) lead us beyond our Depths, without the Bladders of Reason to support us. Well therefore (assum'd *River*) has this Gentleman Observ'd in his second *Letter*, that Philosophy is *Vain*, since incapable of Teaching us the Beginning or End of Things. *Physics*, I confess (pursu'd *Chappel*) are at best but a pleasing Amusement of our Reason, seldom feasting the Mind with Reality and Certainty; but all the thin Diet it affords is but a handsome Probability and guess, and this is the cause of those fears it begets, and from which the Ingenious *Ricardo* well Observes, we can only fly to *Faith*. But it will not be always so (concluded *I*) if we may credit Dr. *Burnet* in his *Theory of the Earth*, who tells us that all things from the first *Chaos* and beginning of the World to the Completion of it, as to its History and Changes shall be known, and that we are capable of knowing them; that is, all that Relates to this interval of Eternity, *TIME*. That is, all that's secret shall be revealed. And I'm sure, this Knowledge has no little Dependance on *Physics*; a perfect System of which perhaps we might hope, cou'd some of the Rabinical Cabalists furnish us with the Wri-

tings

'tings of *Solomon* on all the Products of the Earth, Air, 'Water, and the true and *intimam Naturam* of those 'Elements. But tho' this part of Philosophy be so 'dark; yet had Philosophy in general, enough to make 'Man happy, and free him from all Sollicitude and 'Fear; Moral Philosophy, if we live according to its 'Precepts, must effect this.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Mr. Chappel. *To be left at* Smith's Coffee-House, *in* Stock's-Narket.

SIR, *Octob.* 20. 1692.

YOur Promise to insert what *Letters* should be transmitted to you in the next Volume of *The Post-Boy Robb'd of his Mail*, prevail'd with me to impart these following *Letters* to you, since the Persons they relate to being long since marry'd, it can be no prejudice to them, to have this secret Amour published. But 'tis necessary to premise the Occasion of these *Letters*: Which was thus: *Lindamor* (for the Friendship that was betwixt him, and the Great Author of *Seraphic Love*, makes me give him that Name) was, by the repeated Commands of his Father, against his own Inclinations, Oblig'd to make his Address to *Clarinda*; the Charms of whose Conversation soon consum'd that Sacrifice of Obedience by the flame of a violent Passion, converting the Duty of the Son into the Fondness of a Lover. Nor seem'd there any thing wanting to compleat his Happiness, but her Consent; which, at last, she gave up to the eager Attacques of so prevailing a Tongue, inspir'd by such a Cause. Not so just were her Parents; who finding *Lindamor's* Affections engag'd, consulting sordid Gain, more than Honour, resolv'd to save her Portion for the rest of their Children, since *Clarinda's* Eyes had provided her own, in the power they had given her over the Heart of her Lover. To this end, they Encourag'd *Lindamor's* Father to proceed to the Settle-

Settlement of Half his Estate on him, and to order the Joynture-Deeds to be drawn; which we e all now in the Hands of an Eminent Counsel ready for the Seal, a Blank being left for her Portion to be inserted. When his Father came to that Point, desiring Security for their paying the Portion in Twelve Months, and to be as good as their Word; *Clarinda's* Parents stood off, not denying their Promise, but that, on a better Consideration of the matter, they cou'd not yield to prejudice the rest of their Children, for the Advancement of one Daughter. In short, That what they cou'd give with her, fell short above half; nor cou'd that be pay'd under Two Years time. *Lindamor's* Father knowing their Estate, it being contiguous to his own, found this to be but a tricking Design; and therefore, on their persevering in their Resolution, he told 'em, That tho' he was sensible how tenderly his Son lov'd their Daughter, yet he Question'd not to provide him a better Match, and a Lady not less agreeable to him. Thus they parted; he taking his Coach immediately, left *Clarinda* with her Friends; and removing all the Writings from the Lawyer, Abstracts and all, return'd home, to his Son; and taking him into his Closet, inform'd him, of the whole Transaction; advis'd him to forget *Clarinda*, nor to visit her any more, for he would soon provide him a better and Richer Wife. *Lindamor*, surpriz'd with so unlook'd for a turn, all pale and silent, with a low Bow was retiring out of the Closet. The visible Alteration of his Countenance made his Father (fearing some desperate Event) mildly ask him how he did? *The unexpected News you tell me* (said *Lindamor*) *should, methinks, without my Tongue, inform you.* Then taking Courage from the serene Aspect of his Father, he told him, 'Twas now too late to forbid him to visit *Clarinda*: That his Commands first made him do it; And, That he had, from time to time, acquainted him with the progress of his Amour; which he had all along approv'd of, which had made him assure *Clarinda* of an inviolable Love: That he was of Opinion, he was contracted as much to her, as if there had been a Thousand Witnesses present. He concluded, with refering the Consideration of the Affair to his Paternal Wisdom, and desiring him to Endeavour to bring *Clarinda's* Parents to Justice and Reason: but that let the Event of this Negotiation be what it wou'd, he resolv'd to marry none else, whil'st *Clarinda* liv'd a Maid. More to this effect *Lindamor* spoke to his FATHER, and with such Ardour, that he was Satisfy'd his SON unbosom'd the Secret

cret Resolutions of his Mind and Inclinations to him; and tho' bent before on breaking off the Match, promis'd him to try what he cou'd do with *Clarinda*'s Parents, and orders him, in the mean time, to take a formal leave of her, and to acquaint her with the reason of it. This *Lindamor*, in obedience to his Father, perform'd, having then obtain'd her leave to write to her privately. And this was the Occasion of the First Letter.

'I wish the Gentleman that sent us these Letters '(said *Temple*) had inform'd us of the Event a little 'plainer. Right, (assum'd *Grave*) for we are in the 'dark, whether *Lindamor* and *Clarinda* meet at last 'within the Matrimonial-Nooze. That indeed (pur-'su'd *Fountain*) would have been a Guide to us in our 'Reflexions. Be't as 'twill (continu'd *VVinter*) *Lin-'damor* had the Fate of many a Man of Sense that's 'Heir to an Estate; his Affections made truckle to 'his Interest, by the Avarice of a Father. His Fa-'ther was not so much to blame (reply'd *Church*) 'since, not the ungenerous Cause of the Breach. 'True (added *Brook*) the criminal Design appears to 'be in *Clarinda*'s Parents. But I hope (continu'd '*Summer*) the Daughter was more just to her Lo-'ver, than to be obedient at the expence of her Love 'and Honour. That the following Letters (pursu'd '*River*) will discover. Marriage (said *Chappel*) is now 'a *Smithfield* Bargain, so much for so much, with-'out consulting the Inclinations, Humours, &c. of 'the Parties. When we intend a good Breed of 'Horses, Dogs, &c. (concluded I) we are careful to 'get the best qualify'd in the Kind, with the fewest 'Imperfections; but in the Propagation of our Fa-'milies, we have a regard only to the Money, not 'Persons. This makes such a Pigmy or Effeminate 'Generation among the Richer, whilst the honest '*Hind*, joyning with the kind Lass he loves, begets 'a robust Race of Lusty Boys and Girls.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

To the Charming Clarinda.

MADAM, *Nov.* 17. 1689.

THE leave you gave me, at my last unhappy Visit, to write to you, is some Comfort in my Misfortune; and wou'd have been much greater, if you had not confin'd me with that hard *Proviso*, of writing nothing that should in the least sollicite you to any thing that might draw on you the Imputation of Undutifulness to your Parents. I must own my Obligations to be great, Madam, that you'll permit me to write to you at all; yet I must confess how uneasy I am under the Promise this Obligation cost me, since it curbs the Dictates of the truest and sincerest Passion in the World, of that Passion, Madam, you once indulg'd. So much the awful fear of displeasing her I love, is preferr'd to the extreamest Satisfaction my present Circumstances allow me. That I may not therefore offend you, I shall not complain of the malevolent Planets, nor of some of our Relations, who seem to conspire to oppose our mutual Happiness. But I shall ease the Severity of my Fate, by remembring that this unwilling, forc'd Absence from her I truly and passionately doat on, is neither the Effect of any Fault of Mind, or the angry Doom of my offended Fair One. This Consideration 'tis, Madam, and the Hopes I flatter my self with, of once enjoying the uninterrupted Society of *Clarinda*, with all the freedom and flame of a happy Lover, buoys up my drooping Spirits, and makes my present Ills supportable with ev'n a sedate composure of Mind, which I once thought greater than I cou'd bear. Yet my divine Fair One, think not this evenness of Temper I discover in the midst of the Tortures of a hated Absence, is owing to any thing but the greatness of my Affection: For Tears and Complaints wou'd be the Effects of a moderate and indifferent Passion; the Grief that begets easily passing away in those effeminate Showers:

But

But a Love like mine generates a deeper Sorrow, and is silent, as that Grave it leads to; it heaves the distracted Heart with inward Pangs, and all the vent it has are Sighs. A Mind and Body so well match'd as yours, inspire the extreamest Passion; so that all the envious Obstacles I meet with shock not my Resolution, nor my Love, but encrease 'em, since I'm so happy to be belov'd by her I pay my Vows to. Let not therefore, O my adorable Fair one! this cursed Bar, cast by our Parents in our way to Bliss, make you so cruel and unjust to think less of me; for assure your self, 'tis not so great, but that I shall e're long, master its Opposition. O therefore recede from your hard Injunction, and set me free from that fatal Promise you have forc'd from me! that I may propose what I have consider'd, as an effectual Means of removing all that stands betwixt us and Happiness; and know whether you will (and sure you won't deny it) give your Consent, and approve of what I shall lay down. —— But I forget my Promise, and dare not incurr your Anger, by insisting on a Theme so very grateful to the Soul of,

MADAM,

Your Faithful, Loving

LINDAMOR.

'I wish (said *Temple*) our Lover promise himself no 'more than he ought. Right (assum'd I) for if she 'love him, as he supposes, he need not fear being as 'happy as she can make him. And that's but a tinsel 'Happiness (pursu'd *Grave*) Heav'n knows. True '(continu'd *Fountain*) the Fire of Matrimonial Conver'sation soon makes the Silver vanish, and the Copper 'appear. The Metaphor holds farther (added *Winter*) 'for 'tis then scandalous to wear't any longer; a fond 'Husband or Wife being ridiculous to the last degree. 'At least (assum'd *Church*) 'tis thought only Hypocrisie 'and Design, to blind one another's Eyes (pursu'd '*Brook*) for the better carrying on an Intrigue. Gad, 'you are such profess'd Enemies to Wedlock (interrupt'ed *Summer*) that 'twill be a Scandal for me, that am a 'marry'd Man, to keep you Company. Prithee, thy 'Choice, (reply'd *River*) exempts thee from all we can 'say: A Wife that's Obedient and Innocent, tho' Wit'ty; that owes her Chastity to her Sense, not meer E'duca-

'ducation, and notionary Vertue; and—— Hold, 'hold, (concluded *Chappel*) thoul't make him Jealous of 'thy Praise; for he that praises my Horse, or my Wife, 'I should always suspect had a mind to 'em.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Clarinda's Answer.

SIR, *Novemb.* 22. 1689.

I Receiv'd a Letter from you, dated the 17th, in which you seem to be mindful of your Promise, in that, I confess, you please me; nor can I yield to an Abrogation of it, since, alas! I fear I should transgress the Duty I owe my Parents, should I consent to hear those Proposals you mention, so much my Mind misgives me. I shall only therefore inform you, That as I have, long since, resolv'd never to marry, to displease my Parents in my Choice, who have shewn so indulgent a Care for me in my Education. I approve of your Conduct, in concealing the Resentments you pretended to have on the mis-understanding betwixt our Parents. I fear, I am criminal, in entertaining a Secret Correspondence with you, and therefore you are to expect nothing further from

CLARINDA.

'We may read the Woman (said *Grave*) in this Let-'ter. Right (assum'd *Winter*) and I'm much mistaken 'if her Love o'er-weigh'd her Interest. She seems in-'deed (pursu'd *Temple*) to be stock'd with just Love e-'nough for a Wife, since she can so easily sacrifice it to 'the ungenerous Designs of her Parents. I know not '(said I) I am willing to suspend my Judgment of her 'Integrity, till I hear the Event of these Letters. I'm 'of your Mind (pursu'd *Fountain*) for by her fear of 'trusting her self to his Arguments, she seems to dis-'cover a Combat betwixt her Love, and mistaken fili-'al Duty. True (assum'd *Church*) and her Heart mis-

'gives

'gives her, that a Line of his, with any reasonable Pro-
'posal at the end on't, will win the Field. If *Clarinda*
'(pursu'd *Brook*) were as Merritorious as *Landamor* re-
'presents her, she must be Just to his Passion:——As
'if any Woman (interrupted *Chappel*) were Imperfect
'in the Eye of her Lover! No, no, (continu'd *Sum-*
'*mer*) Love is too partial a Considerer to be Just in his
'Praise. Whether the Lady love, or no (concluded
'*River*) this following Letter will convince you; *Lin-*
'*damor*'s in Earnest.

LETTER LXXXV.

Lindamor *to* Clarinda.

Dear Madam, *Decemb.* 7. 1689.

I Receiv'd yours, of thee 22d past, but this Morning; having been abroad, our *Internuncio* cou'd not meet with me. The Contents of it shew, you are still so rigorous, as to continue your severe Commands; and I must submit: Nor dare I call you cruel, since you intimate your Reason for it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to tell you, That your dear misgiving Heart (as you are pleas'd to term it) may possibly make you misapprehend my meaning in those Proposals I mention'd. For, Madam, I cannot conceive, that the hearing or reading of any Overtures of Reconciliation betwixt our Parents can in the least trespass on your filial Obedience. Nor were my Propositions at all opposite or inconsistent with your Resolution of not displeasing your Father and Mother in Marriage. Permit me, therefore, Divine *Clarinda*, to declare my Sentiments to you, (as if you forbid me not, I shall to Dr. *Bridges*, that by representing to my Father my inviolable Love and Resolution to marry none but you, till you are dispos'd of: That it was my Father's Commands first put me into the power of your Eyes; and that as I was his only, so I have hitherto been his dutiful Son: He may bring my Father to yield to the violence of my Passion.) I am confident, Madam, that my Father, that is a Man of Temper,

wou'd

wou'd agree to any reasonable Terms. And Oh! that you, *Madam*, wou'd use that Interest in your Mother, which you have: for by her means might you bring your Father to an Agreement. Nor is there any Objection they can make against me, but what might be answer'd as soon as known.

Believe me, *Madam*, I am ready to marry you, whene'er you please, without one Farthing Portion: For, alas, what are the Treasures of the *Indies* to the Possession of *Clarinda*! Nor shou'd the Awe of a Father's Displeasure oppose my Happiness, if you would but yield, tho' it lyes in his power to give above half his Estate away from me. But, *Madam*, I am not without some probable Grounds to hope that he will Entertain you with a civil Welcome in his House, if you would flie secretly to my longing Arms, tho' I know he would not give his Consent, beforehand, that I shou'd steal you. Ah! pardon the impatience of prolong'd Desire, if I beg leave to implore a speedy and direct Answer to this: for the vast Joys I've plac'd in view, are too great to let me long hope in vain, and live. Oh! force me not still to so ungrateful a Separation from her; a Union with whom, is the greatest Happiness of,

MADAM, Your Faithful

and entirely devoted Servant and Slave,

LINDAMOR.

'Poor *Lindamor* (said *Chappel*) I find, is in Love in 'good earnest. Or else he were mad (pursu'd *Brook*) 'to proffer such a damnable Test of it. True (assum'd '*Grave*) as Marriage: And that (added *Temple*) without any Portion. The Devil's in *Clarinda* (said *Summer*) if she takes him not at's Word: Especially (pursu'd *River*) since that was what her Parents aim'd at, 'Right, assum'd *Church*) a good and a fond Husband, 'so cheaply. If she have either Wit, Duty, or Love, '(continu'd *Winter*) she's surely his. What strange 'bragging Fools are we Men (said *Fountain*) that make 'a bustle with our Superiority over that Sex? And yet '(concluded *I*) submit our Reason, boasted Power and 'Happiness, to the imperious Glance of an Eye. But 'pray now let's hear the Nymph's Obliging *Answer*, 'since poor *Lindamor*, that loves so well, can't sure be 'any longer unhappy.

LETTET LXXXVI.

Mr. *Lindamor*, *Decemb.* 14. 85.

I Am amazed at your Letter of the *7th* present, and at your breach of Promise therein; you say you must submit, and immediately afterwards you would intice me to run away from my Parents, on supposition of a civil Welcome from yours; but I would have you know, I never will consent to such a thing; for tho' I have told you I would not marry for Money solely, I would not marry *Midas* and his Asses Ears; so neither would I marry any Man without a rational Prospect of a Comfortable Subsistence, for Money is good to keep Love warm, tho' not so fit to be the Prime Motive thereof: And I pray, Sir, in what a blessed pickle should I be, if your Father disinherit you; and you soon after die, and leave me, and it may be some small Children, to the Mercy of the Parish! In earnest, I am loth to trust to Charity in an Age wherein it's so cold: Think not therefore to wheedle me into a compliance with your unwarrantable Request, on the bare supposal of your Father's receiving me; it will be a greater Kindness to us both to remain as we are, than to venture on rash and inconsiderate Marriage; for such I am sure ours would be, if we married with no greater prospect of living comfortably than I can yet foresee. I hope God will give me an Heart to submit to all his Dispensations, and if he see meet to reduce me to a mean and low Condition, he will enable me to bless him, who hath both given and taken away: But I should have it perpetually gnawing my Heart, even the bitter Reflection of my own Folly, who had, by going out of God's way, ruined both my self and you. It's in vain to think any thing in this nature can be Obtained by you, and therefore, as you value my Displeasure and utter Aversion, let me never hear more of it. And to divert you from the Prosecution hereof, I desire your Advice what

what Books you can recommend as proper for a Person of my Age, Sex, and Education, to peruse during a voluntary Confinement, I design to impose on my self for some time at a Relation's in the Country. I know you are able to advise me herein, which occasions this Request of

CLARINDA.

'How frail (said *Temple*) is that Happiness that is 'built upon a Woman's Love! in this Letter indeed '(continu'd *Grave*) the Woman appears in e'ry Line, 'and plainly discovers, that 'tis a certain Prospect of 'Interest she aims at, not his Happiness. 'Tis indeed 'very plain (pursu'd *Fountain*) that *Clarinda* never 'lov'd: At least not as she shou'd (interrupted *Winter*) these prudential Considerations are never the 'Children of that Passion. However (continu'd '*Church*) she's ingenuous in confessing that her Love 'is not of that kind, that can live without being 'kept warm by Money. But (added *Brook*) there 'was no fear of starving, since *Lindamor* was not only an Only Son, but had a Certainty independent 'of his Father. I must confess (said *Summer*) I can't 'tell how to excuse *Clarinda*, but only by saying, 'That if she had but little Love, she had a great 'deal of Cunning. Right (pursu'd *River*) she seems 'indeed too visibly to have been an accomplice of 'her Parents. And her Letter (added *Chappel*) seems 'to have been Endited by the Father and Mother, 'for all her pretence of their ignorance of it. *Lindamor's* Proposals (concluded I) are so generous 'and so fair, that the nicest Vertue needed not 'to have been so highly offended at them, if they 'had been as candid in their Apprehension of them, 'as he seems to be in the delivery; so that I must 'confess, I cannot at all deny my Assent to your 'Surmises, for this Letter cou'd never be writ by a 'Woman in Love.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Decemb. 25. 1689.

My Charming Mistress,

I Must sing a Palinode, and since there's no Remedy, I cry you Mercy; I humbly beg your Pardon for my presumptuous Lines of the 7th Instant: I might justify my self by the Example of numerous Hero's and Brave Men, both in Ancient and Modern History; but the dire Sentence of never speaking more of such a thing, on pain of your utter Aversion, religiously obliges me to a Silence, which I assure you shall never be broken on that occasion again. What you mean by a Voluntary Confinement, I know not, but I hope your Ladyship intends not to turn Nun, or to live a Recluse from humane Kind. But however, in Obedience to your Commands, I should give Directions, what Books are proper at such a time: Peculiar Books of Devotion are fittest for *Monastick Ladies*: But I presume you are not under a *Vow of Virginity*, and therefore I should recommend Poetry as an innocent Amusement to pass away the time; but you have read *Cowley's* and *Orinda's* Works, and the Great *VValler*; and several of *Moliere*, *Corneille* and *Racine*; so that I know not what to recommend: I must e'en desire you to read inimitable *Cowley* again, and *Sidney's Arcadia*, and *Hudibrass*; *Milton's Paradise lost* is well worthy your serious perusal, and *Creech's* Translation of *Lucretius*, and several Pieces of Mr. *Dryden*, particularly his *State of Innocence*. If you are for more serious Studies, let me recommend a small Book of my ever honour'd Friend Mr. *Boyle*, *of Seraphick Love*; and have a care of being taxed with *Hermione's* cold Usage. The Works of the Author of the *whole Duty of Man*, particularly the Ladies Calling, are very useful. Any Books made by *Tillotson*, *Barrow*, *Wilkins*, *Bates*, *Manton*, *Charnock*, are well worthy your perusal. You see, Madam, I have in Obedience to

your

your Commands, wrote you a Letter without a word of my Passion in it: I hope this will convince you how much I can deny my darling Inclinations, in deference to your Desires. I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

LINDAMOR.

"What think you now (said I) of your Amorous "*Lindamor*? Why, Faith (reply'd *Grave*) I hope he's "in a fair way of coming to his Senses again. This "Letter indeed (assum'd *Chappel*) carries a greater "Air of Indifference than any of the other. And "if a Lover (pursu'd *Brook*) once arrive at Indifference, he soon loses that Name. Which perhaps "(said *Summer*) may bring the Lady over sooner than "his Passion. 'Tis pity but it shou'd (interrupted "*Temple*) since now they might marry on the square: "True (assum'd *River*) both being equally indifferent: and by Consequence (pursu'd *Winter*) the fitter for *Husband* and *Wife*. *Lindamor* (said *Church*) "has well recommended Poetry to her Study: Right "(concluded *Fountain*) for that will better instruct "her in Love, and infuse more generous Principles "into her. And now let's hear how she resents this Letter.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Jan. 6. 1689.

SIR,

I Perceive by yours of *Christmas* Day, that in spight of the Coldness of the Season, you partake of the Joy of the Festival; and by your manner of asking Pardon, one would conceive you were indifferent, whether you had it or no. I will thank you however for your Advice about Books; and must tell you, I take it kindly you recommend Mrs. *Phillips*'s Poems: I know some of your Sex will allow a Woman no more Learning, than to come in a-doors when it rains: but I think if they would read her Books, or those of Madam *D' Acier*, they would own Women are as fit for Studies as your Sex; who out of Envy to us, would monopolize the Arts and Sciences, leaving us only the Needle and Distaff: I am ready to own the Preheminence of Men above Women; But I think the Trade of Ingrossing the Liberal Arts is as detrimental to the Nation, as any other Monopoly, which, as I have heard, use to be a Grievance complain'd of in Parliaments. If you would allow Women to amuse themselves with polite Studies [for I think the crabbed Part of Learning not so suitable to our volatile Wits] your Sex would be more happy in their Matches. I know some Grave Men would count my Notion among the Rankest Heresies; but not meaning to disturb them in their Business, I hope they will excuse me if I tell them, if my Opinion be Heretical, it's such a One, that till I see better Reason to the contrary, than I have yet done, shall be tenaciously adhered to, by

CLARINDA.

"This Letter (said *Grave*) begins with another "turn of Women: Right (assum'd *Church*) in her "former she was angry that he was so amorous; and "now (continu'd *Winter*) she seems as much displeas'd "that he said nothing of his Passion in his Letter. She "appears indeed (pursu'd *River*) to be neither wil-"ling to take him nor leave him; I'm of your Opinion, "Gentlemen (added *Temple*) for I can discover no "Sympathy in his Letter with the joy of the Festival, "as *Clarinda* discovers; except a forc'd Indifference "(interrupted *Brook*) which I think ought to have "been real, if measur'd by his Usage, Well (said I) "whatever *Clarinda* wants in Love, she makes up in "Wit. 'Tis true (pursu'd *Chappel*) her Letters are "prettily pen'd, and I'm on her side (continu'd *Sum-*"*mer*) in believing that nothing but the prejudice of "Custom makes the World fancy Women so incapable "of Wit, and Judgment. Her Observations indeed "(concluded *Fountain*) on this Occasion are Just and "Witty.

"And here my Friend, I shall conclude this Volume, "with a Promise of imparting to the Public those o-"ther incomparable Letters sent me by several Inge-"nious Hands, in my next Volume, which you shall "not stay so long for, as you have for this; if the "*Bookseller* finds his Profit answer'd in the Sale of this. "Till then, Adieu.

FINIS.

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