MONS.r VOITURE.

Familiar and Courtly LETTERS, TO Persons of Honour and Quality,

By Monſ. *VOITURE*,

A Member of the Royal Academy at *Paris*.

VOLUME I.

Made Engliſh by

John Dryden, Eſq; *Tho. Cheek*, Eſq; Mr. *Dennis*, *Henry Cromwell*, Eſq; Mr. *Raphſon*, F. R. S. Dr. ——, &c.

WITH

A Collection of Tranſlations, and Original Letters on ſeveral Subjects. Written by Mr. *T. Brown*, and now much Improved.

The Third Edition with Additions.

To which is added,

A Collection of LETTERS of Friendſhip, and other Occaſional LETTERS, written by Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. ——, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Dennis*, and other Hands.

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(M

To the Honourable

Sir *Cha. Duncomb*, Kt.

SHERIFF of

London and *Middlesex.*

THo' I am wholly a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Character; for who can live in *London* and not see living Instances of your Charity and Munificence? You have been the Sanctuary of the Distressed, and even those unhappy Wretches, who found no Benefit in the Public Deliverance of the Kingdom, have ow'd theirs to you. At your own proper Expence, and by a Generosity peculiar to your self, you have done that which has been reckon'd Piety in the greatest Monarchs and Republicks, and what Princes have sent Royal Fleets into the *Streights* to perform. You have rescued Numbers of Christian Captives out

of the cruel Hands of Tyrants, professing the same Religion, and breathing the same Air with themselves. You have redeem'd Slaves in a Country which abominates Servitude, but by a strange Fascination suffers its Natives to enslave one another: You have deliver'd them out of an unwholesome nasty Confinement, where they dragg'd a Life wretched to themselves, unserviceable to the Commonwealth, lamentable to their Relations, only to gratifie the Revenge or stupid Malice of their haughty Oppressors.

In the best constituted and most generous Government that ever appear'd in the World, to save the Life of a Citizen, was thought an Action that deserv'd nothing less than a Public Reward. You have restored the Lives of a hundred Citizens, by restoring them to their Health, their Liberty and Tranquility of Mind; for what is Life without those Blessings to make it supportable?

Charity, by what Stupidity it so happens I cannot imagine, has not that Incense paid it, nor makes that Figure in the World that Heroism does. To lay a whole Country in Ashes, to destroy Millions of poor Wretches, has for several Ages pass'd for a Royal Vertue, Mankind has been so sot-

tish

th, as to Deifie those that have perform'd these noble Exploits, and advanced themselves by the Slavery or Destruction of their Fellow-creatures.

But tho' the present Age pays a servile Adoration to Heroes, yet Posterity judges of them otherwise; and accordingly we find, that *Cæsar* and *Alexander*, who were treated as Gods when alive, are now, when all Occasions of Flattery to their Persons cease, treated as Robbers and Usurpers.

It is otherwise with Charity: Whatever Acknowledgements the Time it lives in pays it, Posterity is sure to reward and honour it; Age only serves to extend it the more, like a well-grown Tree that enlarges its Branches every Spring. 'Tis true, it does not delight in Noise and Ostentation; it flies from that Applause which Heroism courts; it values it self upon no mute Inscriptions and breathless Statues. It erects to it self living Images, and will be commemorated with Gratitude, while there is such a Thing as Memory or Gratitude in the World. The Heroe may extort Flattery even from the Slaves he crushes, or purchase mercenary Praise: but a charitable Man is sure to have the voluntary Prayers and Blessings of those whom he relieves, and even Calumny it self dare

not attack him. Thus we see you have the general Acclamations and Applauses of the People, for having done those Actions which the greatest *Athenians* or *Spartans* wou'd have been proud of, in a City which in no respect is inferior to *Sparta* or *Athens*.

Pardon therefore an unhappy Man, who has laboured under Afflictions, which he might have prevented, if he wou'd have gone upon dishonest Methods, by which others have not only repaired, but improved their Fortunes, and whose little All, if it had not fallen into dilatory, I will not say malicious Hands might have afforded him a Retreat, if not a comfortable Support: Pardon him, I say, if having experienced hard Usage in the World, he cou'd not forbear to pay his Public Acknowledgment to the Patriot that has redeem'd so many Sufferers, if he endeavours to celebrate that Vertue which wou'd have kept him from sinking, and extols that Charity that may restore him when he is sunk.

For this Reason I have presumed to dedicate the following Volume of Letters to your self, which were given me by some of my Friends, who, in commiseration of my hard Circumstances, were willing to contribute something towards my Assist-

ance

ance. It does not become me, who pretend to be no Judge, to say any thing of the Performance. The Gentlemen who are concern'd in the Collection are too well known to want my Praises. I hope that they may serve to entertain you at your vacant Hours, when you can unbend your self from the Hurry of Public Business. At least, I beg you to accept them as a Testimony of my Respect, which shall be ever paid you by

Your most obedient

and most humble Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

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Familia

Familiar and Courtly LETTERS,

WRITTEN

By Monf. *VOITURE*,

TO

Perfons of the greateft Wit, Honour and Quality of both Sex, in the Court of *France*.

Made Englifh by feveral Eminent Hands.

To my Lord Cardinal de la Valette.

A Defcription of a Country Journey.

By Mr. *Dryden*.

My Lord,

I Am fatisfy'd, that you old Cardinals take more Authority upon you, than thofe of the laft Promotion; becaufe, having written many Letters to you, without receiving one from you, yet you complain of my Neglect. In the mean

time, seeing so many well-bred Men, who assure me that you do me too much Honour to think of me at all; and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgements, I am resolved to take their Counsel, and to pass over all sorts of Difficulties and Considerations of my own Interest. This then will give you to understand, that six Days after the Eclipse, and a Fortnight after my Decease, Madam the Princess, Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, Madam *du Vigean*, Madam *Aubry*, Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*, Mademoiselle *Paulet*, Monsieur *de Chaudebonne*, and my self, left *Paris* about six in the Evening, and went to *La Barre*, where Madam *du Vigean* was to give a Collation to the Princess. In our way thither we found nothing worth our Observation; but only that at *Ormesson*, an English Matiff came up to the Boot of the Coach, to make his Compliment to me. Be pleased to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I express my self in the Plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be understood, that I spake in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at *La Barre*, and enter'd a Hall where we trod upon nothing but Roses and Orange-flowers. Madam the Princess, and

r ſhe had ſufficiently admir'd this Magni-
ence, had a Mind to ſee the Walks be-
re Supper: the Sun was then juſt ſitting
a Cloud of Gold and Aſſure, and gave
no larger a ſhare of his Beams, than to
pply a ſoft and pleaſing Light: The Air
as not diſturb'd either with Wind or
eat; and it ſeem'd that Heav'n and Earth
ere conſpiring with Madam *du Vigean*,
her Treating the faireſt Princeſs upon
rth. After ſhe had paſſed through a
eat Parterre and Gardens full of Orange-
es, ſhe arrived at the Entrance of an
chanted Wood, ſo thick and ſhady, that
uthors conclude the Sun, ſince the Day of
Birth, never enter'd it, till now that he
aited on her Higneſs thither. At the
d of an Alley, which carried the ſight
t of diſtance, we found a Fountain, which
one caſt up a greater Quantity of Water,
an all thoſe of *Tivoli* together; about
were plac'd four and twenty Violins,
hich had much ado to make themſelves
heard, for the rumbling of the Streams
falling: When we were got near e-
ugh we diſcover'd, in a certain Nich,
thin a Palliſade, a *Diana*, of about ele-
n or tweive Years of Age, and fairer
n the Foreſts of *Greece* and *Theſſaly* had
er ſeen: ſhe bore her Bow and Arrows

in her Eyes, and was encompas'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far diſtant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to paſs for one of her Train: thoſe who are not given to believe Fables, took them for Mademoiſelles *de Bourbon* and *la Priande*; and, to confeſs the Truth, they reſembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring ſo many different Objects, which at once aſtoniſh'd their Eyes and Ears, when on a ſudden the Goddeſs leapt down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impoſſible to be deſcrib'd, began a Ball, which laſted for ſome time about the Fountain. 'Twas ſomewhat ſtrange, my Lord, that in the midſt of ſo many Pleaſures, which were ſufficient to engage the whole Attention of their Spirits, who enjoy'd them, yet we could not forbear to think of you; and it was generally concluded, that ſomething was wanting to our Happineſs, ſince neither you, nor Madam *de Rambouillet* were preſent. Then I took up a Harp and ſung this Spaniſh Stanza,

Pues quiſo mi ſuerte dura,
Que faltando mi ſennor
Tambien faltaſſe mi Dama.

And continued the reſt of the Song ſo very melodiouſly, and with ſuch an Air of Sad-

ne-

eſs, that there was not one of the Com-
any, but the Tears came into their Eyes,
nd they wept abundantly: Their Sorrow
ad endur'd much longer, had not the Vio-
ns ſtruck up a Sarabrand, with great
peed and preſence of Mind; upon which
he Company got upon their Feet, with as
uch Gayety, as if nothing in the World
ad happen'd, and fell into the Dance;
us leaping, capring, turning round, and
opping, we returned to the Houſe, where
e found a Table already ſpread, and
erv'd as if it had been ſerv'd by Fairies.
his, my Lord, is one Paſſage of the Ad-
enture, which is ſo ſtupendous that no
Words are capable of expreſſing it: For
here are neither Colours of Speech, nor
igures in the Art of Rhetoric, which can
eſcribe ſix ſeveral ſorts of Potages, which
ere at once preſented to the Sight. And
hat was particularly remarkable, that
here being none but Goddeſſes, and two
emi-Gods at the Table, *(viz.)* Monſieur
haudebonne and I, yet every one eat as
eartily, and with as good Appetites, as if
e had been neither more nor leſs, than
ain Mortals: And, to confeſs the truth,
better Treat could not have been pro-
ded. Amongſt other things, there were
welve Diſhes, beſides other Eatables in

diſguiſe, which were never ſeen before on any Human Table: and whoſe very Names have never been ſo much as mention'd in any Hiſtory. This Circumſtance, my Lord, by ſome diſaſtrous Accident, has been re lated to Madam *la Mareſchalle* ——, and though, immediately upon it, ſhe took twelve Drams of *Opium*, beyond her ordi nary Doſe, yet ſhe has never been able to cloſe her Eyes, from that fatal Moment During the firſt Courſe, there was not much as one ſingle Cup went round your Health; the Company was ſo inten upon the preſent Affair; and at the Deſert we quite forgot it. I beg your Permiſſion my Lord, to relate all things as they paſs'd like a Faithful Hiſtorian as I am, and with out Flattery; for I would not for the World, that Poſterity ſhould miſtake one thing for another; and that at the end of two thouſand Years hence, or thereabouts Poſterity ſhould imagine your Health was drunk, when really there was no ſuch thing in Nature. Yet I muſt give this Teſtimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Me mory; For, during all Supper-time, you were often mention'd; all the Ladies wiſh'd you there, and ſome of them ver ry heartily, or I am much miſtaken. we roſe from Table, the ſound of the Vi

s ſummon'd us up Stairs, where we found Chamber ſo glorioufly lighted up, that look'd as if the Day, which was now be-w the Earth, had retired hither, and was embled in one Body of Light. Here the ll began again, in better Order and with re Grace, than it had been danc'd about Fountain: And the moſt Magnificent rt of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it re in Perſon. Mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, uſt confeſs, was of opinion, that I danc'd kwardly; but ſhe concluded, to my vantage, that I muſt be allowed to Fence ll; becauſe, that at the end of every dence, I put my ſelf upon my Guard: e Ball continued with much Pleaſure till of a ſudden a great Noiſe, which was rd without Doors, cauſed the Company ook out at the Windows; where, from reat Wood, which was about three hun-d Paces from the Houſe, we beheld ſo t a Number of Fire-works iſſuing out, t we verily believ'd all the Branches and unks of the Trees had been metamor-s'd into Guns; that all the Stars were ing from the Firmament, and that the ment of Fire was deſcending into the dle Region of the Air. Here, my Lord, three Hyperboles tack'd together, which g valued at a moderate Price, are worth

three Dozen of Fusees at the least. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Ecstasie, into which so many Miracles had plung'd us, we resolved on our Departure and took the Way to *Paris* by the Light of twenty Flambeaux: We pass'd through all the *Ormessonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Espinay*, without Resistance, and went through the middle of St. *Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach by the side of Madam ——— I said a whole *Miserere* to her on your behalf; to which she replied, with much Gallantry, and no less Civility. We sung in our Journey a World of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundelays, Lampoons, and Ballads; and were now half a League beyond St. *Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning precisely; the Fatigue of the Journey, Watching, Walking, and the painful Exercise of the Ball, having made me somewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd would have been my total Ruine: There is a certain little Village, situate, say the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and St. *Dennis*, and vulgarly call'd, *La Valette*: At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches in which were those Numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon Satan entring into the Spirit of Mademoi-

le, ſhe commanded them to follow us, d to give Serenades all Night long to the or innocent People of *Paris*, who were eep and dreamt not of her Malice: This abolical Propoſition made my Hair riſe end upon my Head; yet all the Compa- paſs'd a Vote in Favour of it; and the ord was juſt ready to be given, but by a nal Providence, they had left their Vio- s behind them at *la Barre*; for which the rd reward them. From hence, my Lord, u may reaſonably conclude, that Made- iſelle is a dangerous Perſon in the Night, ever there was any in the World: and at I had great reaſon at Madam ——'s Houſe to ſay, that the Violins ought to be urn'd out of Doors, when that peſtilent dy was in Company. Well, we conti- nued our Way happily enough, but only that as we enter'd the *Fauxbourgh*, we met luſty Fellows, as naked as ever they ere born, who paſſed directly by the oach, to the terror of the Ladies. In fine, e arrived at *Paris*; and what I am now ing to relate, is indeed prodigious: Cou'd u imagine it, my Lord? the Obſcurity s ſo great, that it cover'd all that vaſt y; and, inſtead of what we left it, not ſeven Hours before, fill'd with Noiſe, d with a Crowd of Men, Women, Hor-

ſes,

ſes, and Coaches; we now found nothing but a deep Silence, a diſmal Deſart, a frightful Solitude, diſpeopled Streets, not meeting with any Mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Luſtre of our Torches. But the remaining part of the Adventure, you ſhall have, my Lord, another time. As *Boyando*, tells you,

Qui e il ſin del Canto; e torno ad Orlando
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.

To Mademoiſelle Paulet.

By Mr. *Dennis.*

Madam,

SO great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no leſs Conſolation than that which I lately received from you; and I look'd on your Letter, as a Pardon which Heav'n granted me after my Sentence: I can call by no other name, the News which obliig'd me to return to this Place, and I can assure you that the Sentence of Death is oftentimes leſs rigorous. But ſince, in the midſt of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour

to

be remember'd by you, to complain uld be ill-becoming of me: for methinks may dispence with the Favours of For-e, who is happy enough to obtain yours. is is the Reason that I shall make use of comfort my self, for the Necessity of re-ining here, and not that which you urg'd ours, That it is better to be an Exile Foreign Land, than to be a Prisoner in 's own Country: For, alas! you know one half of my Misery, if you are not vinc'd that I am both together; and if judge of the Matter rightly, you will d that a thing, which seems very incon-ent, is to be found in me, which is to banish'd from the same Person by whom am kept a Prisoner. You will find it diffi-t to interpret this Riddle, unless you call mind, that I have always been us'd to ngle a Dram of Love in my Letters: r if, as you say, I am allow'd some Li-ty here, of which I should be depriv'd *France*; I beseech you let it be that of uring you, that there is a great deal of sion mix'd with the Affection which I ress for your Service. I should indeed Ungrateful, if I should discover but an linary Friendship for a Person who does h extraordinary Things for me; and I obliged to fall in love at least with your

Gene-

Generosity. I have been acquainted wh Care a Gentleman and a Lady has taken enquire of my Welfare, which is an ad tional Obligation to one whom they h extremely oblig'd before. For all the re they have seem'd buried in so profound Silence, that for six Months together I ha heard not the least mention of them. Wh ther this comes from their Forgetfulness from their Prudence, I am unable to dete mine: Yet Forgetfulness may be allow an Excuse for Silence, but a dumb Reme brance is without Defence. I leave you conclude, Madam, how much Lustre t reflects upon what you have done for m and how much I am oblig'd to you for long Letter at a time, when others ha been afraid to send me their Service. The fore let me assure you, that tho' I am unab to make suitable Returns to such Goodne I esteem it at least, and extol it as it deserv and that I am as much as a Man can pos bly be,

Madam, Yours, &

To Monsieur de Chaudebonne.

Writ to you ten or twelve Days ago, and return'd you Thanks for the two ters, which I have at length received n you. If you were but sensible of the sfaction they brought with them, you ld be sorry for not having writ to me er, and for not frequently repeating the solation, of which I had so much need. *drid*, which is the agreeablest Place in World, for those who at once are Lusty Libertines, is the most disconsolate, for se who are Regular, or those who are ispoſed. And in Lent, which is the Players Vacation, I do not know so much one Pleasure that a Man can enjoy with nscience. My Melancholy here, and my nt of Company, have produc'd a good ect in me; for they have reconcil'd me Books, which I had for a time forsaken; l being able to meet with no other Plea-es, I have been forc'd to taste and to re- that of Reading: Prepare then to see a Philosopher as great as your self; and sider how fast a Man must come on, o for seven whole Months has studied, has been sick: For if one of the chief Things that Philosophy aims at, is a Contempt

tempt of Life; the Stone-cholic is certain the best of Masters, and *Plato* and *Socrat* persuades us less efficaciously. It has late read me a Lecture, that lasted seventee Days, and which I shall not quickly forge and which has often made me consider ho very feeble we are, since three grains of sa are sufficient to cast us down. But if it dete mines me to any Sect, it shall not at le be that which maintains that Pain is not Evil; and that he who is Wise, is at times Happy. But whatever befals me, can neither be Happy nor Wise, witho being near to you, and nothing can make one or the other, so much as your Presen or your Example. Yet am I very uncerta when I shall be able to leave this Pla and expecting both Money and Men, whi are coming by Sea, and which are tw things that do not always keep touch w us; I apprehend my remaining here long than I could wish; therefore I make it m humble Request to you, That you wou not forget me so long as you have done, a that you would testifie, by doing me t Honour of Writing to me, that you a convinc'd of the real Affection with whic

I am yours, &

To Monsieur de Godeau.

Sir,

YOu ought to give me time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me write to you: For it appears to me to something absurd, that I, who have been so long a Foreigner, and but just come n breathing the Air of *Barbary*, should sume to expose my Letters, to one of most eloquent Men in *France*. This nsideration has kept me silent till now. tho' I forbear to answer your Challen-, I cannot refuse to return your Civili-: By these you have found a way to quish me, in spight of all my Evasions: my present Condition it is more reputa- to you, to Conquer me this way, than overcome me by Force; You would have uir'd but small Glory by vigorously at- king a Man, who is already driven to reamity, and to whom Fortune has en so many Blows, that the least may sfie to over-whelm him. Amidst the kness in which she hath plac'd us, we have no Defence; but here all our Art our Skill in Parring are useless. The e perhaps might be otherwise, if you set before my Eyes the Sun of which

you

you make mention; and, as dejected as you ſee me now, I ſhould grow daring enough to enter the Liſts againſt you, if the Light of that were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to have that alone on your ſide than all the reſt of Heav'n. The Beauties which ſparkle in all that you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the Influence of her Rays on you, which produces ſo many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more lively, than thoſe which you ſcatter on every thing that comes from you. I have ſeen them upon the Ocean's extreamest Shores, and in Places where Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Graſs. I have receiv'd Noſegays of them, which made me meet in Deſarts, with the choiceſt Delicacies of *Greece* and of fruitful *Italy*. And tho' they had been carried four hundred Leagues, neither the length of Way nor of Time had in the leaſt diminiſhed their Luſtre. They are indeed Immortal and cannot decay, and ſo vaſtly different from all Terreſtial Productions, that it is with great deal of Juſtice, that you have offered them up to Heaven; for Altars alone are worthy of them. Believe me, Sir, in what I am ſaying, I ſpeak but my real Sentiments; when my Curioſity, as you ſee, had oblig'd me to paſs the Bounds of

ient World, to find out rare and surpri-ing Objects, your Works were the wonder-fulest things that I saw, and *Africa* could show me nothing more new, and no more extraordinary Sight. Reading them under the Shade of its Palms, I wish'd you crown'd with them all; and at the very time that I saw, that I had gone beyond *Hercules*, I found I came short of you. All this which was capable of producing Envy in any Man's Soul, but mine, fill'd mine with so much Esteem and Affection, that you then took the place there, which you are now desiring, and perfectly finish'd what you think you are still to begin. After the Knowledge which I have had of you, how can I form such an Image of you, as you are willing to give me? How can I fancy you to be that little Creature you say you are? How could I comprehend that Heaven could place such mighty things in so small a space? When I give my Imagination a Loose, it gives you four Yards at least, and represents you of the Stature of Men engendered by Angels. Yet I shall be very glad to find that it is as you would have me believe. Amongst the rest of the Advantages, which I expect to derive from you, I am in hopes that you will bring our Stature into some Credit, and that it is ours

which henceforward will be accounted
nobleſt; and that by you, we ſhall be
alted above thoſe who believe themſel
higher than we. As we pour the moſt
quiſite Eſſences into the ſmalleſt Bott
Nature infuſeth the divineſt Souls into
ſmalleſt Bodies, and mixes more or leſs
Matter with them, as they have more
leſs in them of their Almighty Origi
She ſeems to place the moſt ſhining So
as Jewellers ſet the moſt ſparkling Ston
who make uſe of as little Gold as they
with them, and no more than juſt ſuff
to bind them. By you the World will
undeceiv'd of that ſottiſh Error of valu
Men by their Weight, and my Littlen
with which I have been ſo often upbrai
by Madamoiſelle *de Rambouillet*, for the
ture may recommend me to her. For w
remains, the Affection is very Juſt, wh
you tell me, ſhe has for you, and with h
ſix more of the loveliest Creatures that
luſtrate the Light. But I wonder that y
ſhould think to get mine by ſuch a Diſ
very; and to gain it by the very Mea
which were ſufficient to make you loſe
You had need to have a high Opinion of
Goodneſs, to believe that I can love a M
who enjoys my Right, and who has
tain'd the Confiſcation of my moſt valu

ſeſſions: But yet I am ſo Juſt, that even ſhall be no Impediment, and I believe to have ſo much Juſtice on your ſide, I do not deſpair but that we may accommodate ev'n this matter between us. They may very well have given you my Place without your putting me out of it, my room in their Hearts was but very ſmall, if it cannot contain us both. As for my part, I ſhall do my utmoſt, that I may not incommode you there; and ſhall take care to take up my Station ſo that we may not claſh, ſince ſo powerful an Intereſt cannot make me ceaſe to be yours, you may believe, that in ſpight of the worſt of Accidents, I ſhall be eternally

Yours, &c.

BILLET, *from Madam* de Saintot, *to Monſieur* de Voiture.

I have Promis'd to beſtow you, for a Gallant, upon two fine Women, my Friends. I am confident that you will not find the Exploit too many for you, and do not doubt but that you will confirm my Promiſe, as ſoon as you have but ſeen them.

The Answer of Monsieur de Voiture.

LEt me see what I love as soon as can: For I die with Impatience that happy Moment. And since, at yo Command, I have fallen in Love, it behov you to take some care that I am belov'd t I have thought all Night upon the t Ladies that—— In short, upon you kn whom. I write this Billet to one of the deliver it, I beseech you, to her, wh you believe that I love the more passiona of the two. In Acknowledgment of the g Offices which I receive from you, I alw you, that you shall always dispose of o Affections; and that I will never love one so much as your self, till I am ds vinc'd that you have in good earnest a Ms that I should. t

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To his unknown Mistress.

WAs there ever so extraordinary Passion, as that which I have you? For my part, I do not know thing of you; and to my knowledge I ver so much as heard of you: And ye Gad, I am desperately in Love with y

it is now a whole Day, ſince I have d, and look'd ſilly, and languiſh'd, and , and all that for you. Without ha- even ſeen your Face, I am taken with eauty; and am charm'd with your Wit, I never have heard one Syllable of it. raviſh'd with your every Action, and cy in you a kind of I know not what, makes me paſſionately in Love with I not whom. Sometimes I fancy you and at other times Black; Now you ar Tall to me, by and by Short; Now a Noſe of the Roman ſhape, and a- with a Noſe turn'd up: But in what- Form I deſcribe you, you appear the ovelieſt of Creatures to me; and though am ignorant what ſort of Beauty yours s, I am ready to pawn my Soul, that it the moſt Bewitching of all of them. If be your Luck to know me as little, and to ove me as much, then thanks be to Love, the Stars. But leſt you ſhould a little poſe upon your ſelf, in fancying me a tall Fellow, and ſo be ſurpriz'd at the Sight e, I care not for once, if I venture to you my Picture: My Stature is three es below the middle one; my Head ars tolerable enough, and is decently off with a large grey Head of Hair; then Eyes that languiſh a little, yet are

ſomething Hagard? I have a ſort of a cu
den caſt of a Face: But in Requital, one
your Friends will tell you, that I am t
honeſteſt Fellow in the World; and th
for Loving faithfully in five or ſix places
a time, there is no Man alive comes ne
me. If you think that all this will accom
modate you, it ſhall be at your Service
ſoon as I ſee you: Till that long long'd
time, I ſhall think of you; that is, of I kno
not whom. But if any one ſhould chan
to ask me for whom I ſigh, don't be afra
I warrant to keep the Secret; I would
ſee any one catch me at naming you to hi

To Mademoiſelle Paulet.

Madam,

THere was only one thing wanting
your Adventures, and that was to
a Priſoner of State; I have given you h
the happy occaſion of being ſuch: Fortu
who has omitted no Opportunity of bri
ing you into Play, will, in all probabili
make her Advantage of this. I know
ry well, that I bring you into Danger
writing to you; yet cannot even that
flection reſtrain me. From whence

conclude, that there is no Risk which I would refuse to run, to refresh your Remembrance of me, since I can resolve to endanger even you, you who are dear and valuable above all the rest of the World to me. I tell you this, Madam, at a time, when I would not lye, no, not in a Compliment: For I would have you to know, that I am much the better for the Distemper which I have lately had: It has caused me to assume such good Resolutions, that if I had them not, I could be contented to purchase them with all my Health. I plainly foresee, that this will but divert you, you that are conscious to so much of my Weakness; and who will never believe that I can keep single Resolutions, I who have broken so many Vows; yet nothing is more certain than that I have hitherto beheld the Spanish Beauties with as much indifference, as I did the Flemish at *Brussels*; and I hope to grow a Convert in the very Place of the World in which the Tempter is strongest, and where the Devil resumes as glorious Shapes as what he put off when he fell. My Reformation is so great in me, that I have but one Scruple remaining, which is, that I think too often of you; and that I desire to see you again with a little too much Impatience. I who have moderated

the reſt of my Paſſions, have been una
to reduce that which I have for you, to
Meaſure with which we are permitted
love our Neighbours; that is to ſay, as mu
as we do our ſelves; and I fear you hav
larger ſhare in my Soul, than I ought
allow a Creature. Look out, I beſeech yo
for a Remedy for this, or rather for an
cuſe for it; for as for a Remedy, I beli
there is none, and that I muſt be alwa
with utmoſt Paſſion,

Madam, You

To the Marchioneſs of Rambouillet; *in a*
ſwer to a Letter of Thanks of hers.

Madam,

THo' my Liberality ſhould, as you
me, ſurpaſs the Bounty of *Alexand*
it would nevertheleſs be richly recompenc
by the Thanks which you have return'd
for it. He himſelf as boundleſs as his Am
bition was, would have confin'd it to
rare a Favour. He would have ſet mo
value upon this Honour, than he did o
the Perſian Diadem; and he would nev
have envied *Achilles* the Praiſe which
received from *Homer*, if he could but hi

have obtain'd Yours. Thus, Madam, this Pinacle of Glory on which I ſtand, bear any Envy to his, 'tis not ſo much that which he acquir'd himſelf, as to that which you have beſtow'd upon him, and he has received no Honours, which I do not hold inferior to mine, unleſs it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Gallant. Neither his Vanity, nor the reſt of his Flatterers, could ever perſwade him to believe any thing that was ſo advantageous to him, and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon*, was by much leſs glorious to him than this. But if any thing comforts me for the Jealouſie which it has rais'd in me, 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well aſſur'd, that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not ſo much upon the account of his having been the Greateſt of Mankind, as of his having been now theſe two thouſand Years no more. However, we here find cauſe to admire the greatneſs of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forſake him ſo many years after his Death, has added to his Conqueſts a Perſon that gives them more Luſtre than the Daughters and Wife of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a mind more great than the World he Conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, after

ter your Example of Writing, in too lofty a Style: But how can the Writer be too Sublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander*? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe that I have equal Passion for you with that which you shew for him; and that the Admiration of your Vertues will oblige me to be always,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

An Imitation of Monsieur de Voiture's *Letter to Mademoiselle* de Rambouillet: *Being an Answer to that by which she had inform'd him, who was then with* Monsieur *in Exile, that the Academy designed to abolish the Particle* Car, [For.]

That the Reader may be diverted with this Letter, he is desir'd to suppose, that there is a Club of Wits erected in London, *for the Regulation of the Tongue, who have a Design to abolish it.*

Madam,

FOR, being of so great Importance in our Tongue as it is, I extreamly approve of the Resentment you shew for the Wrong they design to do it; and I must needs declare, that I expect no good from this Club of Wits, which you mention, since they are resolved to establish themselves by so great an Oppression: Even at a time like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all *Europe.* I can behold nothing so deserving of Pity, as when I see they are ready to arraign and to banish a Word, which has so faithfully serv'd this Monarchy; and which, amidst

all

all our English Confusions, has always bee
of the side of those who were truly Engli
For my part, I cannot for my Heart com
prehend what Reason they can alledge
gainst a Word, whose only Business is
go before Reason, and which has no oth
Employment than to usher it in. I cann
imagine what Interest can oblige them,
take away that which belongs to *for*,
give it to *Because that*; nor why they ha
a mind to say with three Sllables, th
which they say with three Letters. Th
which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, Th
after they have been guilty of this one
justice, they will not scruple at more; p
haps they may have the Impudence to
tack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be a
longer secure. So that after they have
priv'd us of all those Words, whose bu
ness it is to bring others together, the Wi
will reduce us to the Language of Angel
or, if they cannot do that, they will
least oblige us to speak only by Sign
And here I must confess, that your Obs
vation is true, *viz.* That no Example c
more clearly shew us the Instability
Humane Affairs. He who had told m
some Years ago, that I should have ou
liv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd m
a longer Life than the Patriarchs. A

we ſee, that after he has maintain'd himſelf for ſome hundreds of Years, in full Force and Authority, after he has been employ'd in the moſt important Treaties, and has aſſiſted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a ſudden fallen into Diſgrace, and threatned with a violent End. I now expect nothing leſs, than to be terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the Air, declaring to the World, that the Great *Pan* is Dead: for the Death of the Great *Gaul*, or of the Great *Pan*, was, in my mind, leſs important. I know if we conſult one of the fineſt Wits of the Age, and one whom I eſteem with Paſſion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn an Innovation like this, that we ought to uſe the *For* of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their Soil, and that we ſhould by no Means baniſh a Word, which was in the Mouths of our *Edwards* and of our *Henries*. But you, Madam, are the Perſon, who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Protection: For, ſince the Supreme Grace, and the Soveraign Beauty of the Engliſh Tongue lies in yours, you ought to command here with an abſolute Sway, and with a Smile or a Frown, give Life or give Death to Syllables, as uncontroul'd as you do to Men. For this, I believe you have

have already ſecur'd it, from the immin
Danger which threatned it, and by vou
ſafing it a Place in your Letter, have fi
it in a Sanctuary and a Manſion of Glo
to which neither Envy nor Time can rea
But here, Madam, I beg leave to aſſ
you, that I could not but be ſurpriz'd
ſee how fantaſtick your Favours are, I co
not but think it ſtrange, that you, w
without Compaſſion could ſee a thous
Lovers expire, ſhould not have a Hear
ſee a Syllable die. If you had but had
the Care of me, which you have ſhe
of *For*, I ſhould then have been happ
ſpight of ill Fortune: Then Poverty,
ile, and Grief, would ſcarce have had fo
to come near me. If you had not d
ver'd me from theſe Evils themſelves,
had freed me at leaſt from the Sence of th
But at a time that I expected to receive C
ſolation from yours, I found that your Ki
neſs was only deſign'd to *For*, and that
Baniſhment troubled you more than o
I muſt confeſs, Madam, it is but juſt,
ſhould undertake his Defence; but
ought to have taken ſome care of me t
that People might not object to you, Th
you forſake your Friends for a Word. Y
make no Anſwer at all to that which
writ about; you take not the leaſt Notice
th

which so much concerns me; In three or Pages you scarce remember me once; the Reason of this is *For*: Be pleased consider me a little more for the future, when you undertake the Defence of the Afflicted, remember that I am of the Number I shall always make use of him himself to oblige you to grant me this Favour, and to convince you that it is but my Due; *For*

I am, &c.

To the Duke of Enguien, *upon his Taking of* Dunkirk.

I Am so far from wondring that you have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you cou'd take the Moon by the Teeth, if you did but once attempt it. Nothing can be impossible to you: I am only uneasie about what I shall say to your Highness on this Occasion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach my Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, that height of Glory, to which you have now attain'd, the Honour of your Favour is a singular Happiness; but it is a troublesome thing to us Writers, who are obliged

to

to Congratulate you upon every good Su-
ceſs, to be perpetually upon the Hunt
Words whoſe Force may anſwer your Ac-
ons, and to be every day inventing of n
Panegyricks. If you would but have
Goodneſs to ſuffer your ſelf to be beat fo
time, or to riſe from before ſome Town,
variety of the Matter might help to
port us, and we ſhould find out ſome
thing or other to ſay to you, upon
Inconſtancy of Fortune, and the Glory
is gotten by bearing her Malice brav
But having, from the very firſt of
Actions, rank'd you equal with *Alexan*
and finding you riſing upon us continu
upon my Word, my Lord, we are at a
what to do, either with you or our ſel
Nothing that we can ſay, can come up
that which you do, and the very Fli
of our Fancy, flag below you. Eloque
which Magnifies ſmalleſt things, ca
reach the Height of thoſe which you
no, not by its boldeſt Figures. And
which is call'd Hyperbole on other oc-
ons, is but a cold way of ſpeaking w
it comes to be applied to you. Indee
is different to comprehend, how
Highneſs each Summer has ſtill found
means to augment that Glory, which
ry Winter ſeem'd at its full Perfecti

that having begun so greatly, and gone more greatly, still your last Actions should crown the rest, and be found the most Amazing. For my own part, my Lord, I congratulate your Success, as I am in Duty oblig'd; but I plainly foresee, the very thing that augments your Reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from after Ages; and that so many great and important Actions, done in so short a space, may render your Life incredible to future Times, and make your History be thought a Romance by Posterity. Be pleas'd then, my Lord, to set some Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate your self to the Capacity of Human Reason, and not to go further than Common Belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and secure, at least for a time, and suffer *France*, which is eternally alarm'd for your Safety, to enjoy serenely, for a few Months, the Glory which you have acquir'd for her. In the mean time, I beseech you to believe, that among so many Millions of Men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is none who does it, with so much Joy, and with so much Zeal and Veneration, as I, who am,

My Lord, your Highness's &c.

To the Duke of Enguien (*afterwards the Gre Prince of* Conde) *upon his gaining the Ba tle of* Rocroy.

My Lord,

AT a time that I am so far remov'd fro your Highness, that you cannot p sibly lay your Commands upon me, I fully resolv'd to speak freely my Mind you, which I have so long been oblig'd disguise, lest it should bring me into same Inconvenience, with those, who fore me have taken the like Liberties w you. But let me tell you, my Lord, have done too much, to let it pass with taking Notice of it; and you are unre nable if you think to behave your sel you do, without being loudly told of it. you did but know how strangely all P talks of you, I am very confident that would be asham'd of it; and you co not without Confusion hear, with h little Respect, and how little Fear of pleasing you, all the World presumes discourse of what you have done. I m confess, my Lord, I wonder what could mean: You have shewn your bold with a Vengeance, and Violent to last Degree, in putting such an Affront

two or three old Captains, whom you ght to have respected, if it had been for their Antiquity: in Killing the Count *de la Fountaine*, who was the best Man in the *Low-Countries*; in Taking sixteen Pieces of Cannon, the proper Goods of the King's Uncle, and the Queen's Brother; and in Confounding the Spanish Troops, after they had shewn so much Goodness in letting you Pass. I heard indeed, you are obstinate as a Devil, and that it was not so much purpose to dispute about any thing with you: But yet I never thought, that your Heart wou'd have transported you so far. If you go on at the rate you have begun, you will shortly grow Intolerable, I assure you, to all *Europe*, and neither the Emperor nor the King of *Spain* will either of them be able to endure you. But now, my Lord, laying the Man of Conscience aside, and resuming the Man of State: I felicitate your Highness for the Victory I hear you have gain'd, the most compleat, and the most important, which has happen'd in our Age. *France*, which you have shelter'd from all the Storms that it dreaded, is amaz'd to see that you have begun your Life with an Action, with which *Cæsar* would gladly have crown'd his own, and which alone re-

flects more Lustre upon the Kings your Progenitors, than all theirs have transferred to you. Well, my Lord, you have verified what has been formerly said, That Vertue comes to the *Cæsars* preventing Time: For you, who are a true *Cæsar*, both in Wit and in Knowledge; *Cæsar* in Diligence and in Vigilance; in Courage *Cæsar*, and *per omnes Casus Cæsar*; you have out-run the Hopes, and surpass'd the Expectation of Men; you have clearly shewn, that Experience is necessary to none but ordinary Souls; that the Vertue of Heroes comes by a more compendious way, and that the Works of Heaven are finish'd when but begun. After this, I leave you to judge how you are like to be receiv'd and caress'd by the Lords of the Court, and with what Pleasure the Ladies heard that he whom they had seen Triumphant in Balls had been Victorious in Armies; and that the finest Head of all *France*, was likewise the best and the strongest. There is not a Man even to Monsieur *Beaumont*, who does not declaim in your Praise. The who had revolted against you, are now re duced; and they who complain'd that you were always Laughing, have been forc to confess, that you have shown your f now in good Earnest; and ev'ry one's

fr

aid of being of the Number of your Ene-
ies, ſince you have defeated ſuch Multi-
ides of them. Pardon, O *Cæſar*, the Li-
erty which I have taken; receive the
raiſe that is due to you; and permit us to
ender to *Cæſar*, that which is due to *Cæ-
r*.

To Monſieur de Balzac.

Sir,

F it be true that I have always kept the
Rank, which you tell me I have held
your Memory, methinks you have
ewn but an indifferent Concern for my
tisfaction, in delaying ſo long to impart
e pleaſing News to me, and in ſuffering
e ſo long to be the happieſt of Men,
thout dreaming I was ſo. But perhaps
u were of opinion, that this very good
rtune, was ſo infinitely above any thing
at I could in reaſon hope for, that it was
ceſſary you ſhould take time to invent
guments, which might render it Credi-
e, and that you had an occaſion to em-
oy all the Power of Rhetorick to perſwade
e, that you had not forgot me. And
us far at leaſt I muſt needs confeſs, that

you have been very Juſt, that reſolving to let me have nothing but Words for all the Affection you owe me, the Choice which you have made of them, has been ſo rich and ſo beautiful, that, let me die, if I believe the thing they aſſure me of would be of greater Value: This, at leaſt, I'm ſure of that they would ſuffice to Counterbalance any Friendſhip but mine. I am only discontented at one thing, and that is, that ſo much Artifice and ſo much Eloquence ſhould not be able to Diſguiſe the Truth from me; and that in this I ſhould reſemble your own Shepherdeſſes, who are too ſilly to be beguiled by a Man of Wit. But indeed, you muſt excuſe me if I am ſomething inclin'd to ſuſpect an Art, which could invent Commendations for a Quartan Ague, and an Art which you have in more command, than ever Man had before you. All thoſe Graces, and that Air of the Court, which I much admire in yours convince me rather of the Excellence of your Wit, than of the Goodneſs of your Will. And from all the fine things which you have ſaid in my Favour, all that I can conclude ev'n when I am inclin'd to flatter my ſelf, is That Fortune has been pleas'd to give me a place in your Dreams: Nay, I know not if the very Extravagancies of a Soul

ralted as yours, are not too ſerious, and
o reaſonable, to deſcend ſo low as to me.
nd I ſhall eſteem my ſelf too obligingly
'd by you, if you have but ſo much as
eam'd that you Love me. For to ima-
ne that you have reſerv'd a Place for me
nidſt thoſe ſublime Thoughts, which are,
preſent, employed in Recompencing the
ertues of all the World, and Diſtributing
nares of Glory to Mankind; to imagine
is, would be extream Preſumption in me.
have too great an Opinion of your Under-
anding, to believe that you could be guil-
of any thing that is ſo much below you;
d I ſhould be unwilling, that your Ene-
ies ſhould have that to object to you.
am perfectly ſatisfied, that the only Af-
ction which you can have juſtly for any
e, is that which you owe to your ſelf;
d that Precept of Studying One's ſelf,
hich is a Leſſon of Humility to all beſides
ou, ought to have a contrary Effect in
lation to you, and oblige you to contemn,
hatever you find without you. And there-
re here let me ſwear to you, That with-
it pretending to any Share in your Affe-
ion, I ſhould have been very well ſatisfi-
l, if you had preſerv'd with never ſo lit-
e Care, the Friendſhip which I have vow-
l eternally to have for you, and to have

placed it, if not amongſt the things whi
you value, at leaſt amongſt thoſe which yo
are not forward to loſe. But in leaving m
here with that lovely Rival, of whom yo
made mention in yours, you have ſhew
let me tell you, too little Jealouſie, an
you have ſuffer'd her to gain ſo much Ad
vantage of you, that I have reaſon to ſu
ſpect that you have conſpir'd with her, t
do me a Miſchief. And therefore I ha
more reaſon than you to complain, th
ſhe has enrich'd her ſelf by your Loſſe
and that you have ſuffer'd her to get in
her Power, that which I thought to hav
ſecur'd from her Tyranny, by entruſtin
it in your Hands. If you had been wi
ling to have made never ſo little Defence
the better part of my ſelf, had yet be
our own; but you, by your Negligence
have ſuffer'd her to ſurprize it; and to ad
vance her Conqueſt at ſuch a rate over m
that tho' I ſhou'd ſurrender to you, all th
remains of me, you wou'd not have ſo mu
as one half of that which you have lo
Nevertheleſs, let me aſſure you, That yo
have gain'd in my Eſteem, as much as yo
have loſt in my Affection; and that at th
very time that I was beginning to Lo
you leſs, I was forced to Honour you mor
I have ſeen nothing of yours ſince you
D

parture, which does not go beyond all t you had done before: And by your Works, you have the Honour of Excel- g him who ſurpaſs'd all others. It can- therefore but appear ſtrange, that when have ſo much reaſon to be contented, ſhould yet be complaining, and that your ſelf ſhould be the only great Man o remains diſſatisfied with you. At ent all *France* is liſtening to you, and are indifferent to no Man who has learn'd to Read. All who are concern'd the Honour of their Country, are not e inquiſitive after what the Mareſchal *requi* is doing, than they are after what oing by you. And you are the Perſon can make more Noiſe in your Solitude, the moſt Happy and moſt Renown'd our Generals, at the Head of Forty uſand Men. Can you wonder then, with ſo much Glory you ſhould be ob- ous to Envy; and that the very ſame ges with whom *Scipio* was Criminal, who condemn'd *Ariſtides* and *Socrates*, d not unanimouſly do Juſtice to your rt? The People can plead preſcription ating the very Qualities which they re in any one. Every thing which cends 'em, they think affronts 'em; hey can better bear with a common

Vice,

Vice, than an extraordinary Vertue. that if that Law was in force amongst of Banishing the most Powerful for Aut rity or Reputation, I make no doubt, that you would stand the Mark of the blick Envy: and I believe ev'n Card *Richlieu* would not run greater Haz But, for God sake, have a care of call that your Misfortune, which is but of the Age: And complain no more of Injustice of Men, since all who have Wo are of your side; and that amongst th you have found a Friend, whom yet, haps, you may lose once more: At lea shall do my utmost to put you into a dition of doing so. For every Man's ling Vanity, at present, is to be accou yours. For my own part, I have alwa so publick a manner profess'd my sel that if through ill Fortune I should no able to Love you so much as I have d yet here let me swear to you, That you be the only Man to whom I will dare to clare it; and that I will always own self to the rest of the World, to be as as ever,

Yours, &

he Marquess of Pisani, *who had lost all his Money and his Baggage, at the Siege of* hionville.

Character of the Marquess of Pisani, *was Man of Honour, Generosity, and Courage; t an Extravagant, Ignorant, Obstinate, isputing Gamester.*

r,

HE Man would be to blame, or I have been very much misinform'd, should upbraid you with having had Mules to keep, at your Camp of *Thion-*: The Devil a Mule have you kept , Sir. They tell me, that upon the nty Consideration, that several Ar- have been formerly lost by their Bag- you have made all possible haste to sencumber'd of yours. And that ha- often read in the Roman Histories, it is to be such a Man of Reading, you) that the greatest Exploits that done by their Cavalry, were done on , after having voluntarily dismounted e Extremity of the most doubtful Bat- you took a Resolution to dispatch away our Horses, and have manag'd Matters ingingly, that you have not so much

as

as one Left. And now, *the important P*
ſon ſtands on his own Legs.

Perhaps, you nay receive ſome ſmall
convenience from this: But let me die
it be not much for your Honour, that
as well as *Bias*, honeſt old *Bias*, I w
rant you know him ſo wondrous w
ſhould be able to ſay, that you carry all
is yours about you. No great quanti
muſt confeſs of Foppiſh Accoutreme
nor a long Train of Led-horſes, nor a
dance of that which they call the Re
but Probity, Generoſity, Magnanim
Conſtancy in Dangers, Obſtinacy in
ſputes, a Contempt of all Foreign Lan
ges, Ignorance of Falſe Dice, and a ſu
ſing Tranquility upon the Loſs of T
ſitory Things: Qualities, Sir, which are
perly and eſſentially yours; and of w
neither Time nor Fortune can ever de
you. Now as *Euripides*, who was, as
know, or as you know not, one of
graveſt Authors of *Greece*, writes in o
his Tragedies, that Money was on
the Evils, and one of the moſt perni
ones that flew from *Pandora*'s Box; I
mire as a Divine Quality in you, the
compatibility which you ſhew for it,
look upon it to be a diſtinguiſhing M
of a Great and Extraordinary Soul,

are uneasie till you are rid of this Cor-
er of Reason, this Pois'ner of Souls,
Author of so much Disorder, of so
n Injustice, and of so many Violences.
I could heartily wish, that your Vir-
were not arriv'd at such an extraordi-
Pitch, that you could be brought to
Accommodation with this Enemy of
an Kind, and that you might be per-
d to make Peace with it, as we do
the Great Turk for Politick Reasons,
he Advantage of Commerce. Now
Consideration, that it is a difficult
er to be much at one's Ease without it,
ncying, that as I play'd for you at *Nar-*
you threw for me at *Thionville*; and
t is perhaps in my Name, that you
pack'd off your Baggage, I here send
hundred Pistols at present in part of
ent; and, that these may not meet
the same Fate which befel their Pre-
ors, I desire you not to defile your
s with them, but to deliver them to
rench Gentlemen who are with you,
hose sake I chiefly remit them.

I am, &c.

he End of Mr. Dennis's *Translation.*

To

To Mademoiſelle de Bourbon,

A Relation of the Author's being to[illegible] a Blanket.

By *Tho. Cheek*, Eſq;

Madam,

LAſt *Friday* in the Afternoon I was t[illegible] in a Blanket; becauſe I failed of [illegible]ing you Laugh in the time that was giver[illegible] Madam *de Rambouillet* pronounc'd th[illegible]tence, at the requeſt of her Daughter, Mademoiſelle *Paulet.* They had de[illegible] the Execution till the return of the Pri[illegible] and your ſelf; but they bethought t[illegible]ſelves afterwards, not to delay it any lo[illegible] and that it was very improper to put o[illegible] Puniſhment to a time, which ought [illegible] wholly devoted to Pleaſure. 'Twas in[illegible] to cry out and make Reſiſtance; the Bl[illegible] was brought, and four of the luſtieſt Fe[illegible] they cou'd get, were pick'd out for thi[illegible] vice. I may venture to affirm to you, [illegible]dam, that no Man was ever yet in [illegible]alted a Condition as I was, and I cou'd [illegible] have believed that Fortune wou'd ever [illegible] raiſed me ſo high. At every Toſs they t[illegible]

ut of Sight, and ſent me higher than a ng Eagle. I ſaw the Mountains crouch-ar below me, the Winds and Clouds ling beneath my Feet. I diſcover'd tries that I never had ſeen, and Seas er had thought of. Certainly nothing be more diverting, than to ſee ſo ma-ings all at once, and to diſcover half lobe at one View: But I aſſure you, m, all this cannot be ſeen without ſome rbance; when one is in the Air, and n of falling down again. That which ed me the moſt was, That, when I was high, looking downwards, the Blan-ppear'd ſo ſmall, that I thought it im-le to fall into it; and that I confeſs was trouble to me: But, among ſo many ent Objects, which at the ſame time my Sight, there was one which for Moments took away my Fear, and 'd me with real Pleaſure: 'Twas this, m, Being deſirous to look towards *Pi-t* to ſee what paſs'd there, I ſaw you at ,as you croſs'd the *Saone*; at leaſt, I ſaw at Light upon the Water, and abun-of Rays about the moſt charming Face e World: I could not well diſcern who with you, becauſe at that time my was lower-moſt; and I believe you did ee me, for you look'd another way; I made

made Signs to you as well as I could: b
as you began to look up, I fell down agai
and one of the Tops of the Mountain *Tar*
hindred you from seeing me: As soon
I came down, I told 'em that I had se
you, and, as I was going to tell 'em ho
you did, they all fell a Laughing as if
had been a thing impossible, and immedia
ly began to make me leap higher than befo
There happen'd to me a very strange Ac
dent, which will seem incredible to th
who have not seen it: One time when th
had toss'd me to a very great height, co
ing down, I found my self in a Cloud, wh
being very thick, and I extreamly light
was a great while intangled in it, befo
could fall down again; so that they sta
a long time below, spreading the Blan
and looking up without being able to i
gine what was become of me. By g
Luck there was no Wind stirring, fo
there had, the Cloud in Marching wo
have carried me off one side or t'ot
and so I must have inevitably fallen to
Ground, which could not have happ
without hurting me very much. Bu
more dangerous Accident succeeded t
The last time they threw me into the
I found my self amongst a Flock of Cra
who at first were mightily surpriz'd to

ſo high; but when they came near me,
took me for a Pigmy, with whom, you
w, Madam, they have perpetual War,
thought I came to 'em as a Spy into the
dle Region; immediately they fell upon
vith great ſtroaks of their Beaks, and
ſuch Violence, that I imagin'd myſelf
k with a hundred Daggers. And one
hem that had taken me by the Leg,
d'd me ſo furiouſly, that ſhe did not
e me till I was in the Blanket. This
e my Tormentors afraid to ſend me
to the Mercy of my Enemies; who
now got together in great numbers,
hover'd in the Air, expecting me again.
ſt they carried me home again in the
ket, but ſo diſpirited as never Man
To tell you the truth, this Exerciſe
little too violent for one of my ten-
Conſtitution. I leave it to you, Ma-
to judge, how cruelly I have been
with, and for how many Reaſons
are obliged to condemn this Action;
to deal plainly with you, you that
orn with ſo many commanding Quali-
ſhould think it highly concerns you to
n betimes to hate Injuſtice, and to take
e that are oppreſs'd into your Protection:
ſeech you then, Madam, in the firſt
e, to declare this an Outrage you by no

means approve; and for Reparation of m Honour, and my Strength, to order a gre Canopy of Gauſe, to be ſet up for me the blew Chamber of the Houſe of *Rambo illet*, where I ſhall be waited on, and ma nificently entertain'd for a whole Wee by the two Ladies who were the cauſe this Misfortune; that at one Corner of t Room they ſhall be continually maki Sweet-meats; one of 'em ſhall blow Fire, and t'other ſhall do nothing elſe b put Syrup upon Plates to cool, and bri it me as often as I have occaſion. Th Madam, you will do a deed of Juſti worthy of ſo great and beautiful a Princ and I ſhall be obliged to be with the utm Sincerity and Reſpect,

Madam, Your,

To Madam de Rambouillet.

By Mr. Raphſon, Fellow of the Royal Soci

Madam,

HOw threatning ſoever your Letter I could not chuſe but admire its Be ty, and wonder how you could join the *ging* and the *terrible* Stile with ſo much A fice together. You make me think of

G

ld and Azure we find on the Skins of our kes; you do as it were enamel the ſharp- Reflections, with the livelieſt Colours of quence; and, in reading them, I cannot pear to be pleaſed with thoſe very things ich moſt Affright me. You ſoon began to s good as your Word, when you told me you would no longer ſmile, than For- e frown'd on me: In the ſame Minute eems to have granted me a little Repoſe, begin to diſquiet me, and ſhew me, that I have eſcaped the Dangers of the Seas Pyrates, I am not yet in Safety, and you are more dreadful than they. I d not have thought, Madam, that for ng refuſed a Quarrel with your Dwarf, uld have contracted one with yourſelf, that I ſhould be obliged to anſwer a llenge, becauſe I did a Complement: If think I fail'd in that, you ought rather ll it Reſpect and Fear, than Contempt; believe that the ſame Creature who diſ- d Monſieur *de M*——— of his Sword, e my Pen fall from my Hand. Altho' ight have ſome reaſon to complain, you had none to take his part againſt and if you wiſh me Ill for his ſake, I juſtly ſay you quarrel with me on the Occaſion in the World.

you are reſolved to Perſecute me, all

the Excuſes I can alledge, will ſignifie no
thing; and I can only wonder you take
much pains to find a Pretence for it.
will be no Advantage to me, to have com
ſo far thro' ſo many Dangers; I ſhall fin
Algiers where-ever you are; and tho' I a
in *Bruſſels*, yet I never was ſo near Ca
tivity, or being Shipwrack'd. Howeve
don't perſwade your ſelf, Madam, that th
Flames of thoſe Animals wherewith yo
threaten me, can make me afraid. I ha
long ſince learn'd to defend my ſelf fro
thoſe ſorts of Miſchiefs; and whatever y
can ſay, I am more apprehenſive of Dea
from your Eyes, than your Hands. Amo
all the Paſſages of your Letter, which ſeem
to be admirable in all its parts, I took pa
ticular notice of that, where you tell me ho
great a pleaſure it wou'd have been to yo
if I had been taken by the Pyrates; I ca
but attribute it to your extraordinary Goo
neſs, that you cou'd wiſh I had been two
three Years chain'd to an Oar in the *Turk*
Gallies, that ſo my Voyage might have be
more diverſified. 'Twas a Curioſity I cann
ver enough commend in you, to deſire
know how I could look after and dreſs t
Camels of *Barbary*, and with what unſh
ken Conſtancy I could bear *Baſtinado*
After the rate you talk, I ſuppoſe you wou
ha

ve been glad, if I had been *empal'd* for half Hour, to have ſatisfied you how it felt, d what I thought of it: But that which is more ſurprizing, theſe kind Wiſhes, you , you beſtow'd upon me, after you had re-m'd the mild Form of Woman, and were ewhat appeas'd; neither can I any more oncile to Juſtice the Quarrel you would k with me about *Alcidalis*: Judge, Ma-, if being embark'd in the ſame Seas with , and in the ſame Dangers, I could forget ſe Perils which I ſuffer'd, to recount thoſe had gone through; and while I lay under own Misfortunes, if I was at leiſure to e a Hiſtory of his? Notwithſtanding, I not omit it in the midſt of my Troubles; it above a hundred Sheets of his Hiſtory, took a particular care of his Life, at a when I can ſwear to you, I took none my own. But, Madam, don't make an mate from hence of the Care I take to ſe my Female Acquaintance. After I render'd you all the Services I can, e Shadows can only ſhew you the part of the Paſſion I have for your cerns. If you would know that, ider it rather in the Cauſe than in Effects. But your Imagination, lively and wonderful ſoever it is, ſhort of that; and if there is any

thing in the whole World greater than yo
Soul, and which is beyond its Compr
hension, it is the Respect, Affection, a
Esteem it has bred in mine. Being
less sensible to acknowledge the Oblig
tions I owe to other excellent Perso
you'll think that the Letter I receiv'd
the same time with yours, brought me
infinite Satisfaction, as well as an extre
Honour. You knew better than any o
the Inclination and Respect I have alwa
had for the Merits of the Person who w
it, and you may remember in the time
the Civil Wars between you two, I h
sometimes left your part to take his. W
this last Goodness of his, has gai
my Heart; and since I have received
pardon me if you please, that I at c
tain intervals esteem him above any ot
Person in the World: But that you m
not think, Madam, that it is you w
have procured me all the Favours I rec
from him, I assure you that on another
casion very lately he has done me a p
of Service, without your being privy to
Altho' it is none of those I take the m
Pleasure in receiving, and it has given
a new Subject of reflecting on my ill F
tune, yet I esteem it a great Honour to
Obligations to him, which I should be
sham

med to do to any other, and I am proud
receive any Marks of his Generosity.
ll swear, when you speak to him of it,
knows not what you mean; and me-
ks I now see him telling you so: but
know his Humour and Temper, never
orget to do a good Action, and never
emember it when it is done. Since
Honour of your Esteem fo. me has
the first Motive to establish me in
Favour, I humbly beg your Assistance,
am, to return him those Thanks I
him, and that way to pay him at
as far as I can at present. I kiss a thou-
times the Feet of that incomparable Per-
who was pleased to write with her own
d the Superscription of the Letter you
me, and with four or five Words, ren-
that Present inestimable, which was
most invaluable before. You have a great
of Reason to call her the most charm-
and agreeable Person in the World,
can relieve the Distressed at such a
ance. I wish that she, who so well
ws how to manage her Favours, may
all the Happiness due to so much Good-
Beauty and Vertue together, tho' I know
Wish is very Extensive. I hear that
Lady whom I used to call the Morning-
, is become Greater and more Admirable

than ever, and that it at the same tim enlightens and burns all *France*; althoug its Beams scarce reach the dark Shad where we live, yet its Reputation does, a as far as I can understand, the Sun is not bright as it. I am glad the Intelligen that animates it, has lost nothing of Force and Light, and that there is nothi but the Soul of Madamoiselle *de Bourb* that can make us doubt whether her Beau is not the most perfect thing in the Wor The manner as I have seen in one of ye Letters she condoles me in, appears, admi bly fine: indeed so many Crosses I have m with, ought to stir up Pity in her; in b I say, who is so well acquainted with m Weakness, and who knows that from m Cradle, I have not had one day of Repo It has been disturbed at the Postscript of ye Letter, addressed to King *Chiquito.* In th Hell of *Anastarax*, I found mine, and ha wandred in it three Nights and Days, y cou'd not see at all. This was a most se sible Affliction to me, for I desired above a thing in the World, to have the Comb King *Georgia*; *I have* had a mind to above these two Years. But since you p tend to so much Guessing, imagi please, Madam, all I would farther say durst make my Letter longer. Guess m

mu

h more I honour and esteem you than I two Years ago; and think with how h Passion I am,

Madamoiselle,

ls, *Jan.* 4. 34.

Tours, &c.

---

o the Cardinal de la Valette.

nswer to a kind Letter he sent him.

By the same Hand.

Lord,

m apt to believe, when you writ me the st Letter, you were pleased to Honour with, that you thought the Esteem I always had for you, had acquired you Reputation in the World: That on ccasions, I had given you infinite Te- nies of the Honour of my Friendship, ad for that reason lent you two thou- Crowns on an extraordinary Occasion; hat at such a time when all your Cre- il'd you else-where; and at such a Jun- too, that otherwise your Reputation have for ever sunk. At least, after the you return your Thanks, and speak of self and me, I have reason to believe, n a Dream you have mistaken the one e other, and put your self in my Place. wise, my Lord, you would not write

after

after that manner you do, unless, perh
you are of Opinion, that there is no gr
er Good in the World, than to do so to
thers, and think those oblige you, w
give you an Opportunity of obliging th
and imagine you receive the Pleasures
give: Certainly if it be so, there is no M
in the World to whom you are more
liged than to me; and I deserve all
Thanks you return me, since I have gi
you more occasions, than any one else,
exercising your Generosity, and doing
ons of Goodness, which without do
are to be esteemed beyond all the We
you have, or can ever bestow on
Among the great Number of good Offi
have received from you, and among so
ny Favours you have been pleased to
stow upon me, I assure you, my Lor
Esteem nothing so much as the Letter
vouchsafed to Write to me; and if an
so many Things which affected me with
there is any one thing that did so a
the rest, I must needs beg your leav
tell you, it is that, where you men
the two Persons who deserve all the
spect we can pay them, and to whom
we compare them not one to anot
there is nothing under the whole H
ven they can be compared to. 'Wh

that I am in their Memory, for Moment my Pains ceaſe; and when-r, I repreſent to my ſelf the Image ther the one or the other, the very of my Fortune ſeems to be changed, hat Imagination chaſes from my Spi-he Darkneſs which oppreſſed it, and t with Light: But that which is ſtill eater Happineſs, though I am ſo far ever having deſerved the Honour of Favour, yet I flatter my ſelf that I ſome ſhare in it; and I am ſo happy believe what you tell me concerning know one, my Lord, who would e ſo eaſily perſwaded, if he were in lace, and who after two Years Sepa-n could not live in ſo much Tranqui-nor with ſo great Aſſurance. In the tisfaction which that Belief gives me, be aſed to judge if I am much to be la-ted, and if there are not many whom World calls Happy, that don't deſerve ame ſo well as I. Without this, I could efend my ſelf from the general Sorrow n invades us on all ſides, nor reſiſt the ncholy of Monſieur *de C*—, whom I rced every day to contend with, and is in Truth much above what is com-y imagined of him. Beſides the Fancy s taken to let his Beard grow, which

already

already reaches down to his Middle, he fects a Tone more ſevere than ever, which comes very near the ſound of *Alphus*'s Horn: Unleſs he were to treat of Immortality of the Soul, the Supreme Go or one of the moſt Important Queſtion Moral Philoſophy, he could not Bawl l der than he does in his Ordinary Con ſation. Should *Democritus* come again, he was ſo great and celebrated a Phil pher, he would not bear with him, bec he was given to the horrid Sin of Laughi nay, he has undertaken to Reform the ſtrine of *Zeno*, as not rigid enough, an going to Inſtitute a new Order, called *Capuchins*. So that, my Lord, wiſh ne traordinary Bleſſing for that People, w Governor you wiſh him to be.

Young Lady, Maid of Honour His Royal Highness's Daughter.

By Henry Cromwell, *Esq;*

dam,

Aving been ever sensible of the Power of your Eloquence, assist me, I be- you, in returning my acknowledg- to the fairest, and most generous ess of the World: For, I Swear, I been Oppreſt with her Bounties, and declare, that there is not any thing Heaven, so Lovely and so Charm- as the Mistress whom you serve; I had most said, whom we serve: And, indeed hat would I not give, that I might thus press it? From the first Moment that I ard her, I presently concluded, that ere was not in the World so great a plus as hers; but the Care she has been d to take of me, above all things ama- me, and I cannot sufficiently admire, among such elevated Thoughts, she ave room for any so trivial; and how d in all things else so high, can de- so low. The Pastils which were ted me this Morning, have had a

won-

wondrous Effect upon me, and I can imagine from whence this Miracle proceeds, unless from a Touch of her Royal Highness's Hand; for I find my self infinitely better, by having kiss'd the Paper only that inclosed 'em: This as long as I live shall be my Antidote against all sorts of Ills, and there is but one, for which pleasing a Remedy as this can have Cure: But lest you should too curiously inquire, what this is I mean, 'tis much better that I should explain my self, and tell you, that 'tis the Trouble, to have so seldom the Sight of her, and to be destined to live far from the only Person who deserves to be Adored: if you reflect upon this, you will appear the greatest of Misfortunes, and 'tis very hard to be a Man of Honour and survive it.

he Marchioness de Rambouillet, *pon Absence.*

By the same Hand.

adam,

Y Lady, your Mother, must excuse me; but never any thing was so om to me as *Rome*: Not a day passes, see something that's wonderful; Ma- pieces of the greatest Artists that ever ; Gardens where there is an everlast- pring; Buildings that are not to be e- d in the World, and Ruins yet more tiful than they: But all this that I tell hath no power to divert me, and at the time that I see 'em, I wish my self from 'em: The most excellent Paintings, ptures, and Portraictures of *Apelles*, *iteles*, *Papardelle*, have no Charms for I shou'd be amaz'd at this, were I not ble of the Cause, and did not well know a Person who has been accustom'd to ight of you, cou'd never be easie when id not enjoy it: For to tell you the h, Madam, I have the same Sense of as of Health; I never so well knew Value, as when I have lost you: and al-

although, when I am near you, I manage not always so well as to maintain my with you, yet from the Moment tha behold you no more, I seek you wit thousand Wishes. I call to mind t you are the most precious of Worl Things, and I find by Experience, that the Delights of the Earth, are harsh disagreeable without you: I had m Pleasure some time ago in two or th turns at *Ruel* with you, than I have since, in seeing all the Vine-yards of *R* or that I shou'd have to see the *Capi* tho in all its ancient Splendor, with *Jupiter Capitolinus* there in Person; that you may know that this is no Rail and that I am really as Ill as I expres 'tis but eight Days since, that walking the Morning with the Chevalier *de* I had fallen all along if he had not re ved me in his Arms; and the next E ing I swoon'd once more in the Apartm of the Marshall *de Estree's.* The Physic say that those are Melancholy Vapours, that these Accidents are not to be neglec as for me, since this has taken me two successively, and that I was threatn'd w something worse, I have neither been stu nor insensible; but have taken some A mony which Monsieur *Nerli* gave

has done me ſome good, and I'll bring Doſes with me, which I will perſwade Dutcheſs *d' Ainguillon* to take; for there o Volatile Salt which can have ſo good ct: and this we muſt be contented with, he that hath given me it, ſhall find the eipt of the *Aurum Potabile*, which Se- as he ſays, he ſhall attain to in a Year aſt. I hope to leave this place in a k; you will be amaz'd that I can con- e ſo long in a Place which I tell you I been ſo tyr'd with; but I have been here till now, by ſome things which l acquaint you with, and which I have yet been able to diſpatch; but I aſſure once more, that I never in my Life was neaſie and ſo impatient to ſee you; mbly beſeech you to do me the Ho- to believe me, and to be aſſur'd that I much more than I can here expreſs,

ome. *Madam yours.*

To Monsieur Costart, *Desiring him to Write a Latin Letter for him.*

By——

Monsieur,

YOu will be surprized that I soli your Assistance in an Affair on tho side the Mountains; that I beg your S cour against the *Romans*: It is not the time as you know, that they have disturb the Quiet of those that troubled themse not with them. But I think they never so unjust to any body as to me; never gave *Hannibal* more Vexation they will me, if you do not help *Quorsum hæc*, I'll tell you; They have mong them an *Academy* of Men, that themselves *Humourists*, that is as much say fantastical; and indeed, they must be to take a fancy to admit me into their N ber, and to advise me of it by a Letter one of their Society. I must write him Answer of Thanks in Latin; and this 'tis me in such pain. But I have been from the Moment that I thought of for this methinks is your true Talent, a Man that lives in *Poitou*, and writes L Letters out of Wantonness, can't refuse

Their Device is a Sun raiſing Vapours n the Sea, which falls back again in p, with this *Motto* out of *Lucretius*, *Fluit ine dulci*: Pray try what you can ſay h this, and upon the Honour which have done me, and my want of merit. aſieur *Pauquet* will be ſure not to fail nd he knows more than either you or leave this matter wholly to you two; am no way capable of it, whereas you do it if you pleaſe.

e dulcis dominæ Muſa Lycimniæ,
ntus, me voluit dicere lucidum
lgentes oculos, & bene mutuis,
Fidum Pectus amoribus.

has been gone this nine Days: Poor *Ly-a*! Without Lying, I love her better my ſelf, but not better than you,

I am, Monſieur, &c.

To Madam———

TO acquaint me with your Sufferings, is the way to redouble mine: and I have ſupported my own with ſo much nce, doubt whether I ſhall be able to

bear up under yours. But whatever h
pens, I can't indure too much, ſince i
for Love of you, and the two Words wh
you have put in your Billet, out of Rank fr
the reſt, are enough to render any thing
portable, and make me cheerfully emb
Martyrdom. I ſuppoſe you have no d
of it, and that you are aſſur'd of my R
lution, ſince after having warned m
the Miſchief you intend me, you ex
that I ſhould come and meet you:
that after Dinner, I ſhould voluntarily
pear in a place where my Pains are to
encreas'd. Theſe Menaces wou'd ter
any one but my ſelf, and make a
Man than I, provide for his Security:
whatſoever Danger I foreſee, it's impo
for me to diſobey you: Or having the
nour of knowing you, ſo well as I do, to
bear being,

Madam, Your

To the ſame.

Have forgot all that I ſhou'd ſay to——
to whom you wou'd reconcile me and I
re you 'tis not becauſe I have ſlept ſince;
ſorry to have ſo little Concern for a Per-
ſo well recommended to me, and that
being able to afford her any room in my
ction, ſhe had no more in my Memory.
the part of my Soul in which I may
h moſt Juſtice allow her a place, being
which is moſt oppoſite to the Judg-
t, and wherein things paſt are laid up.
if I ſay any thing obliging to her after
ner, ſhe ſhall not be able to complain
I talk to her by heart; for I find that I'm
nuch a Stranger to all that I have to ſay
her, that if you do not quickly relieve
you ſhall ſee that I know no more than
, either the Words or Time: I wiſh
knew no better that of your departure.
without lying. I have not Courage to
ure the bare thought of it, which ſtifles
ne all others. When I think that to
rrow you will be no longer here, I am
pris'd that I am to Day in the World,
I am ready to confeſs to you that there
ſome Faction in this Love, which I
ifie, when I conſider that I yet breathe,

and that my Displeasure has not yet finis
ed my Days. Others have lost their Spee
and confin'd themselves to inaccessi
Solitudes for less Misfortunes than mi
I own that I could not go so far fr
you, to vent my Grief, but I am methin
to be excused for not seeking a Cell
the Desarts of *Ægypt*, since I hope fo
place in that which you are making. I
this Hope only, which keeps me in
World, and my Life hangs only on t
Expectation. I know not whether all t
I here say be within the bounds of a pa
nate Friendship, but you cannot accuse
of speaking too intelligibly, since all
words will bear a double Construction;
complain that I do not write to you in
Terms as you desire, since I never met w
the Person that shou'd inform me w
those are: So long as some Allowanc
made for my Failings, and that I may
you some part of my thoughts, I swear to
by the same Affection that I did Yesterd
that the only Folly I shall ever be gu
of, shall be always to love the most ami
Person that ever was, and that I wil
content to be hated by you, when eve
offer you my Friendship.

To Diana.

By the ſame Hand.

Madam,

you are as ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs of not ſeeing what you love, as I am; ou ſuffer, during this Abſence, any thing what I endure; What Conſiderations, rming *Diana*, could prevail upon you, to wo Days without ſeeing me? Why do we rather hazard the other Extremity, n this which our Misfortune reduces us Is it reaſonable, to hinder four or five ple from prating and obſerving our Satiſion we ſhould ſacrifice it, and to pret a little Noiſe, endure ſo much Miſery? no, my dear *Diana*, the greateſt Miſune that can befal us, is to be ſeparated n on another; I know nothing that ought ſo much to fear: Do not think t our Love is a whit the more private, the pains we take to conceal it; the Deion which is viſible in my Countenance, aks plainer than any body can do. Let then lay aſide a Diſcretion which coſt us dear, and give me, after Dinner, an Optunity of ſeeing you, if you would have me live.

To the President of the Houſhol

By * * *

Sir,

MAdam *de Marſilly* believes that I h
ſome Int'reſt in you; and I, who
vain enough to be thought to have it, h
not inform'd her to the contrary, Sh
a Lady eſteem'd at Court, and that may
fluence the Parliament; and if ſhe ſucc
in a Cauſe to be heard before you, belie
that I have contributed to her Succeſs,
cannot imagine the Credit it will do
amongſt the better part of the World: I
propoſe nothing to byaſs you farther
by putting you in mind of my Intereſt,
cauſe I know your own can never en
you. To ſerve a Friend, and to do Juſ
which is all we demand, are things
ſevereſt Judges may be ſolicited for; a
ſhall be ſenſible you do 'em both to m
you continue loving me as much as you h
done hitherto, and if you believe that I

To

Monsieur d'Emer, Comptroller General of the King's Revenues.

By the same Hand.

ir,

nce you won't permit me to mention some of your Letters, pray give me e to take notice of that you writ to Mon- *d' Arses* upon my Account, and to tell , there are very few in *France*, that can e in such a Manner, particularly where say that to accommodate my Affair you'll ance a Sum of Money; you must pardon if I am of Opinion that to offer twenty usand Livers to do a Friend a Service, o gallant a way of Writing, that there few capable of expressing themselves in n a Stile. Even we of the Academy the *Beaux Esprits*, are not able to boast ny Turn of Thought equal to this.

The

The Abridgment of a Letter to Mo-sieur D' Avaux.

By the same Hand.

V*Is ergo inter nos, quid possit uterq; cissim, Experiamur*: No, I beg y Pardon, Sir, *Apollo* tells me I am overmatc and I am resolv'd to take his Advice: nor I concern'd that you have so far excee me in your last Letter, because there have even exceeded your self: I must you, I am jealous of the very Praises you me; they are so artful and ingenious, th shou'd be prouder of being capable of gi than receiving them; and the very Wo wherein you tell me how much I am ab others, shew me how much more you serve that Compliment; every Line of y Letter is extraordinary, especially the ture You draw of Madam *de Longuev* which is so ravishing, that the sight of Original cou'd not have transported more. You say 'tis wonderfull, that Treaty for Peace, you cannot be safe *Munster*, notwithstand the Pass-p from the Emperour and the King of *Sp* that is, Sir, you cannot be secure in *Mun* because Madam *de Longueville* is th

W

en you upbraid me, that you have had one Letter from me in a whole Year, that I cannot hold out to Write twice eſſively with the ſame Force, I cannot acknowledge that even your reprimands not leſs obliging than your Praiſe, ex- where you tell me I am fifty Years and where you upbraid me with my ſtacles and grey Hairs. Before I make nd of this Letter, I muſt ſend you the npliment of Madam *de Sable*, and Ma- *Monthauſier* : I have ſhown them both e Paſſages of your Letter, where you k of Madam *de Longueville* ; for the reſt, not that any ſhall ſee it, eſpecially that where you ſpeak of fifty Year old. muſt know, that here I am but forty n, therefore pray let me be no more *Munſter*. I had almoſt forgot to tell , thoſe Ladies commanded me to ſay, if you ſpeak but as well as you write, dam *de Longueville* cannot be tedious in place where you are. They ſwear there o Perſon upon Earth has Wit enough but r ſelf, and I tell them that I have thought ſame thing theſe five and twenty Years; I muſt detain you no longer,

——*Ne me Criſpini Scrinia lippi,*
ppilaſſe putes. Verbum non amplius addam.

To

To Madam-----

By Henry Cromwell, *Esq*;

Madam,

THe Letter which you desired to is not worth the least Line of tha which you command it; but you, who w Yesterday so devout, do you make no s ple to write such Things in the Holy-w and do you not apprehend the Conseque of 'em, and what Effect they may ha I had set my Conscience at rest, and that reason had resolved never to see more. But your Letter has given me a Disorder; and as well as another, I h suffer'd my self to be overcome by Pearls, and your four thousand Li I could not have thought, that you w ever have made use of such Means, t gain a Lover, or that these sort of Th cou'd have had any Power over me: A assure you, 'tis the first time that I have my self be dazled with Riches. So to you the Truth, the Pearls were never so set as they are in your Letter; and your thousand Franks as you have manag'd are worth more than three hundred t

d: You are an incomprehenſible Perſon, I cannot ſufficiently Admire, how, hout reading *Herodotus*, and making of the *Saturnalia*, you can write ſuch icate Letters: As for me, Madam, I be- to imagine that you have deceiv'd us, elieve you are acquainted with the ſource *Nilus*, and that Spring from whence draw all theſe fine Things, which you , is much more ſecret and unknown: in e whatſoever your Steward ſays, 'tis not Marchioneſs *d' Sable*, who is the fineſt ſon in the World: you have more arms in a corner of an Eye, than there n all the reſt of the Earth: Nor have the Charms of Magick a Power com- able to thoſe you write.

To Madam——

By the ſame Hand.

YOu may be aſſur'd that neither Grief nor Love will ever be the Death of y Perſon, ſince neither the one nor the her have yet kill'd me; and that having en too Days without the Honour of ſee- g you, I have ſome appearance of Life re-

remaining: If any thing cou'd have m
me resolve upon a Distance from you, 'tw
the Belief I had that Death wou'd ha
been the only Consequence, and that
great a Pain as that wou'd not suffer
long to have languished: Notwithsta
ing, I find, beyond all my Hopes, tha
last much longer than I imagine; a
whatsoever Mortal Wounds I have, I
lieve, my Soul cannot detach its self fr
my Heart, because it sees your Image the
This is the only Pretence that I find not
tax it with Cowardice, and the only R
son that shou'd detain it so long in a Pla
where its Sufferings are so great. From t
Hour when you saw me dragg'd by f
Horses, and tore in pieces at my Sepa
tion from you: I swear to you, that I ha
not yet dryed my Eyes, and although th
can no longer distinguish Colours, or d
cern the Light, yet will they serve m
faithfully than ever, in assisting me
Weep for your Absence: Tormented a
Languishing as I am, methinks I am left
alone upon the Earth, or that I have be
transported into that corner of the wor
where the Sun is not much oftner seen, th
Comets here with us, and where the sho
est Night is three Months long: But th
Misfortune wou'd not be the worst th
mig

ht befal me, if this present Night of mine
d no longer; but I doubt if after so long
e I shall see the Light again; Judge, I
ech you to what Extremity I am re-
d, that being only at the Entrance of
ng and melancholy a Night, I already
n to count the Hours, and every linger-
Moment with Impatience. Oh! that
dst the Darkness that overwhelms me,
e were at least some Intervals of Repose,
that I cou'd sometimes have pleasing
ams, but what ever my waking Dreams
they are never so Extravagant as to
ose to me any thing agreeable: and
Thoughts are only reasonable in this,
they never promise me any good in this
dition; I believe that I may swear to
that the most unfortunate Man this Day
he World, is he who Honours you the
t; and it were impossible that I cou'd
e lived so long, had I not hoped that it
ld have soon dispatched me: I plainly
that I have but fifteen Days more to de-
e your Absence; and that my Life and
Misfortunes can endure no longer:
s Hope alone has made me suffer both,
n less Impatience; and I believe you
not displeas'd at it, since all that I ought
ope, you are willing to indulge me; at
t I cannot explain the last Words you
said

ſaid to me, more advantageouſly to
ſelf; and whatſoever way I take it, I can
ſee, what better I have ever to exp
nevertheleſs, you, who are more diſcern
and ſee much farther than I can, I beſ
you tell me, if my Paſſion ought no
have an Event more fortunate than this,
what might have become of me if I
longer ſurviv'd it.

To Monſ. de Chaudebonne.

By Thomas Cheek *Eſq*;

Sir,

I Write to you in ſight of the Coa
Barbary: There is but a Channel
tween us of about three Leagues over;
it is the Ocean, and the Mediterranean
together: You would be ſurprized to
Man ſo far off, who takes ſo little Pleaſu
Rambling, and who was in ſuch haſt to
turn to you. But the Advice I rece
that this Seaſon was very improper for
vigation, by reaſon of the great Calms,
that I ſhould find it very difficult to
bark before *September*, has given me at
an Inclination, and Leiſure to purſue

Voy

age, for I chose rather to suffer the Fa- of Travelling, than the Lazinesſ of *id.* So that after having seen at *Gre-* all that remains of the Magnificence e *Moorish* King's *El Alhambra*, the *atin*, and that famous Place the *Vi-* *nbla*, where I had formerly imagin'd any Tilts and Tournaments, I am come to the Point of *Gibraltar*: From ce, as soon as they shall have equipp'd Frigot, I hope to pass the *Streights*, and *Ceuta*, and coming back from thence, ke the Road of *Cales*, St. *Lucar*, and , and so to *Lisbon.* Hitherto, Sir, I not repented of this Enterprize, which is time of the Year has seemed rash to e World: *Andalousia* has reconciled o all the rest of *Spain*, and having pass'd so many other Parts, I should be for- ot to have seen it in the only Place e it appears Beautiful. You'll think it ge, that I praise a Country, where it ver Cold, and where Sugar-canes : But in Recompence, I can assure you, have such Melons, that 'twere worth ng four hundred Leagues to tast them; that Country, for which a whole Peo- wander'd so long in the Wilderness, not be, in my Opinion, much more ious than this is. I am attended here

by Slaves, who are handſome enough to my Miſtreſſes, and I may gather *Pal* wherever I think fit, without the trouble expence of a Victory. This Tree, for wh all ancient *Greece* has fought, and is no wh to be found in *France*, but in our Poets, ish no ſcarcer than the Olive-trees; and ther not an Inhabitant of this country who has more of them, than all the *Cæſars*. You m behold at one View the Mountains cha with Snow, and Vallies cover'd with Fr They have Ice in *Auguſt*, and Grapes in *uary*: Summer and Winter here are alw mixt together, and when the Year is gro old in other Countries, and whitens all Earth, here it is ever green with Laur Orange-trees and Mirtles. I confeſs, Sir, I deavour to make it ſeem as beautiful to you can; and having complained to you form of the Ill I have met with in *Spain*, if I do retract what I have ſaid, I think I am obl at leaſt, to repreſent to the beſt Advant whatever I find that's Good in it: In mean time you'll wonder, that a Man much a Libertine as I am, ſhould be in h to quit all this, to go and find his Maſter. I'll ſwear ours is ſuch a One, that there be no Pleaſure, that ought to be preferre the Honour and Satisfaction of Serving Liberty, which is eſteemed the moſt cha

Thing in Nature, is not so desirable as Highness: You know how little I am ned to Flattery; and one of the most arkable Qualities which distinguishes Lord, is that he cannot suffer it. But ust be acknowledged, that besides the ent Virtues which are owing to the tness of his Birth; his Affability, his Nature, the Beauty and Vivacity of Wit, the Pleasure he takes in hearing y Things, and the Grace with which eaks them himself, are Qualities which hardly be found any where in that nent degree, as they appear in him; and were only to see something extraor- y, that I ramble about the World, need I give my self the trouble to go so when I should do much better to keep his Person. I examine every thing I see more Curiosity than I naturally have, when the time serves I may give a sa- tory Account to his Highness: And I vell assur'd that when I shall have once the Honour to discourse with him about Matters, he will know 'em ever af- etter than I do. The prodigious Me- y of this Prince, has been a mighty Com- to me during my Absence; for having he Honour to be in it some time ago, I question but I have a place there still,

because I can hardly imagine, that I an
unfortunate as to be the only thing he
forgot. His Highness, who never fo
a Tribune nor an *Ædile*, nor even a
gionary Soldier, who has once been na
in History, will not, I believe, forget
of his humble Servants; and the w
Globe being in his Imagination better
presented than in any Map, let me go n
so far, I need not fear for that to go out o
Honour of his Remembrance. Neverth
I humbly intreat you, Sir, (you who
so much Goodness, procure me all so
Honours and Advantages) to find an
portunity to tell my Lord, how much I
sire to have the Honour to kiss his H
and the Prayers I make continually f
Life of so great Consequence to all
kind. If after this I desire any thing
of you, 'tis only that you would be pl
to take care that time shall diminish no
of what you have so liberally given m
your Affection: But see, how far the
cess of mine has carried me, that it m
me doubt the most generous Man a
You who know, Sir, that in all those
love much, there are always some Mo
that are not conformable to Reason, par
I beseech you, this Fear, and consider th
am excusable, being with so much Passi

Yours,

my Lady Abbeſs, to thank her for the Cat which ſhe ſent him.

By Mr. Oldys.

Madam,

Was ſo perfectly yours before, that I imagin'd you ought to have believ'd e was no need of Preſents to ſecure me ou, nor that you ſhou'd have contriv'd tch me like a Rat, with a Cat. How- I muſt needs own, that your Libe- y has created in me ſome new Affe- n for you; and if there had been yet thing in my Soul that was ſtragling n your Service, the Cat you ſent me caught it, and now it is intirely your . 'Tis certainly the moſt beautiful and eſt Cat that e're was ſeen: The greateſt u-cat of *Spain*, is but a dirty Puſs com- d to him; and *Rominagrobis* himſelf, o you know, Madam, is Prince of the s, has no better a Mein, nor can better out his Intereſt. I can only ſay, that very hard to keep him in, and that of at brought up in Religion, he is the moſt aſie to be confin'd to a Cloyſter. He never ſee a Window open, but im-

mediately he is for jumping out of it; had e're this leap'd twenty times over Walls, had he not been prevented; there is no Secular Cat in Christendom is more a Libertine, or more head-str than he. I am in hopes, however, th shall perswade him to stay by the k Entertainment I give him; for I t him with nothing but good Cheese *Naples*-Biskets; and perhaps (Madam) was not so well treated by you: For I fa the Ladies of——don't suffer their C to go into their Cupboards, and that Austerity of the Convent won't aff 'em such good Chear. He begins to gr tame already; Yesterday I thought ve he had torn off one of my Hands in wanton Addresses. 'Tis doubtless, one the most playful Creatures in the Wo there's neither Man, Woman nor Child my Lodging, that wears not some M of his Favour. But however lovely h in his own Person, it shall always be your sake that I esteem him; and I l love him so well, for the Love I have you, that I hope to give occasion to al the Proverb, and that hereafter it shall said, *Who Loves me, Loves my Cat.* If sides this Present you will give me the ven that you promis'd me; and if you w

me the little Dog in a Hand-basket of these Days, you may as proudly say you have given me all the sorts of ts that I love, and ev'ry way oblig'd o be, all the Days of my Life,

Yours &c.

---

omical Letter, out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, *to Madaoiselle* de Choux.

By Sir D. Clark, *Kt.*

Madam,

Id you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Que-. I'll give you the Reason then, why k'd it: There's an odd sort of a Fellow lly pictur'd in it, Madam, with the il knows how many Darts in his Body. what of him? cry you. Why Madam, only a Type of your humble Servant, that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has so pink'd all over with his confounded Arrows, , by my Troth, I look like—— let me k, like what; —— like your Ladiship's

Pin-

Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Yo
Eyes had like to have proved more fa
to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; f
Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'ot
Night at your Window, full of Fire a
Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dro
plumb into your Fish-pond, by the sa
Token, that I hiss'd like a red-hot Ho
shooe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'T
a hundred Pound to a Peny, but I had b
drown'd, for those that came to my As
ance, left me to shift for my self, while t
scrambled for boil'd Fish, that were
plentiful as Herrings at *Roterdam.* So
of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of wh
I intend to make an Offering to your L
ship, as well as of, Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

COLLET

The End of the first Volume of Voiture's *Letto*

Translat

TRANSLATIONS AND ORIGINAL Letters.

By Mr. *T. Brown.*

Part the Second.

LONDON,

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Twelve Select EPISTLES, OUT OF ALCIPHRISTÆNETUS, Epist. 2. Lib. 1.

Translated from the GREEK, by Mr. *Brown*.

I Was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferiour to the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following manner:

Whatever you may think of the ma
Sir, you have made two Conquest
Night by your Voice: Love has foun
way to our Souls thro' our Ears; we
both subdu'd by your Harmony, and h
had a long Debate with our selves,
which of us you intended this Enter
ment. My own Vanity made me bel
it was meant for me; my Companion h
is as positive that the Compliment was
signed for her. Thus not being able to
cide the Controversie among our sel
which had like to have engaged us in a
vil War, we both agreed to have it de
mined by your self.

Why, faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to th
you are both of you very Handsome;
the Duce take me if I am in love with
ther of you: therefore I wou'd advise
as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to
rel about such an insignificant Fellow
am, but to let all Actions of Hostility c
and live like good Neighbours toget
Not but that I believe I cou'd be hearti
Love with both, or either of you at an
ther time, but at present my Heart is
gaged else-where; and I am confident
have more Generosity and Justice than
usurp the Property of another, or to tak
with the Leavings of Love.

h! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. re is not one handsome Woman in this ter of the Town, yet you pretend to Love; 'tis plain we have caught you Story, therefore you shall swear that ove neither of us.

cou'd not but laugh at the Proposal: , Ladies, said I, every thing about at your Service; but I have a tender cience, and wou'd not willingly be r'd.

hat is as we would have it, said one n; we knew the Truth wou'd come ne way or other, therefore resolve to along with us, for we won't lose so n Opportunity. With that both the osels fell a tugging and hawling me for- ; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt her; but you know the Proverb, *Two is odds at Foot-ball*; so I was forc'd to it to my Destiny, and go along with whither they were pleas'd to lead me. the Story may be read or heard by e World, but what follows is a Secret: ort, not to set your Mouth a Water- vith a Description of every Particular, s carried to a Room, where we made temporary Bed of Chairs and Stools; genious is Love when it is put to its s. The two good natur'd Nymphs

were not disappointed; and your hum
Servant went off well satisfied with his g
Fortune.

Glycera *to* Philinna.

Out of the same, Epist. 3. Lib. 2.

SOme ill Demon certainly ow'd m
Spite, (by the same Token he m
than got out of my Debt) when I
seduced to marry this dull Flegmatick L
yer of mine; for I'll tell you after wh
horrid rate he uses me: Every Night, w
other Husbands, as in Duty bound, so
their poor Wives a Bed, my Man of L
sits up, pretending he has a Conveyanc
draw for my Lord ——and then, says
I'm to make a Speech in the Court to M
row for my Client Sir *John* ——and
have it not by heart, there will be the D
and all to do; with that he walks about
Room in a meditating Posture, to make
believe he is in earnest, mumbling I kn
not what unintelligible Stuff to him
Since he has not Assets enough, as far
can perceive, to discharge the Debt of M
trimony, why should he marry, I won

flame his Reckoning? Why shou'd a that doth not want a Wife to humble Constitution, pretend to Monopolize a ng Virgin to himself, especially when he ts either Will or Ability to do her Ju- ? Did he chuse to make me his Spouse, to deafen me with impertinent Stories xecutions, Answers, Ejectments, and ertinent Decrees? Did he think I cou'd prove such a supple Slave, as to sit up Night to hear him? Since I find he puts Bed-chamber to no other use, than to hane it with nasty Petty-fogging, I resolv'd for the future to have a separate by my Self: If this won't reform him, he still continues an incorrigible Sot, lging in other Peoples Business, and lecting mine, I am resolv'd to give him *owland* for his *Oliver*, and to speak to e more able Council to manage my -case. This I hope is enough to make comprehend my Meaning: you are a ble Woman, experienc'd in these Af- , and therefore a Hint is sufficient. sider then, my dear Friend, and tell how I must play this Game. You are Woman, and understand the Necessities ur Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my ase to you in down-right Terms, (for Modesty wou'd not give me leave to

do that) yet since you know the Natu
it, I hope you'll be my Doctress, and
scribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reasona
I think, that you, who are my near R
tion, and besides have a good Tale
Composing of Differences, shou'd s
my Friend at this Juncture: Besides
you had a great hand in making this w
ed Match, you are obliged in Honour
make it supportable to me. But above
it will be requisite to be very secret,
shou'd my litigious Blade come to hear
I apply my self to other Council, he m
reject me for good and all, and so wh
get in the Hundred, I must expect to
in the County.

Cyrtion *to* Dictys.

Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 1.

DIstracted between Joy and Grief
write the following Lines to y
Yesterday I was at my old Recreatio
Fishing by the Sea-side, and as I was dr
ing a thundring Fish out of the Water
very large that it made my Rod crac
gain, behold there comes to up me a pr

osel, with a lovely mixture of Roses Lilies in her Cheeks, tall and straight as dar that likes the Ground it grows in. ught I to my self, I'm a lucky Dog to Fortune favours me in both Elements, how I am like to get a better Prize at l than I drew just now out of the Wa- Honest Friend, cries she, I conjure you *Neptune*, to look after my Cloaths a little, e I wash my self in the Sea. This Re-t, you may imagine, was not unwel-e to me, because it wou'd give me an portunity to see something. She had no er thrown off her Rigging; but, good vens! there was a sight enough to have ed the most Virtuous Resolutions of the est Philosopher: From between her , which was of a lovely Black, and d down her Shoulders in great Quanti- I discover'd a pair of Rosie Cheeks, and ory Neck, that wholly possest me with iration and Surprise: both these Co- were in the highest perfection, but deriv'd no little agreement from the hbourhood of the Black. To return to Nymph, she had no sooner undress'd, she plung'd foremost into the Waves. Sea was as smooth as a Bowling-green, when she appeared above the Water, not seen her before, I durst have sworn

she

she had been one of the *Nereids*, of wh
the Poets tell us so many Stories. W
she had washed as long as she tho
fit, out she came; and from such a sig
this, our Painters, I suppose, were instr
ed how to draw *Venus* rising out of the
I immediately ran to my lovely Damo
deliver her her Cloaths, and when she
so near me, cou'd not forbear to touch
Bubbies, and so forth. But to see wh
Fate attends me! The young Gipsie blu
and frown'd at me: But even her very
ger became her; it gave a fresh Lust
her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Light
at me. Then in her Indignation she b
my Rod, flung my Fish into the Sea,
ran away from me, as fast as her Legs w
carry her. Imagine in what a Confusion
left me. I lamented the loss of what I
taken with so much Pains; but the lo
her, whom I had as it were in my Ha
afflicted me infinitely more. This D
pointment, in short, so mortifies me,
I dare no longer trust my self with the
Idea of it.

Philochorus *to* Polyænus.

Out of the same, Epist. 4. Lib. 1.

ast Week *Hippias* and I were taking a turn in the Park, when on a sudden us accosted me: Friend, says he, prithee that Lady yonder that leans upon her 's Arm. How tall! how straight! how featur'd she is! By Heavens, She's a cle of a Woman: Let us e'en cross Valk and accost her. Why, replied him, you're mad I think: Unless I istaken in her Outside, she's a Wo- of Vertue, and consequently no Game ch as you and I: But if you resolve oceed, let us view her a little more di- ly before we board her, for I love to about me before I leap. My Compa- fell a Laughing, as if he had been di- ed, and striking me gently on the der, Thou'rt a Novice, said he, I find ese Affairs. Take it from me, all the hen in the World are made of sinful rials. One may have more Hypocrisie another, but if you put it home to her, gage you'll find her made of true Flesh Blood. But alas, you are a perfect

Stranger

Stranger to the Town-intrigues, other how cou'd you imagine that any Wo of Honour wou'd be walking here at time of the Day, and dart her Glances fo fully on all ſhe meets? Prithee obſerve ſhe plays with her Necklace, how ſhe ſteals her pretty Hand out of her Gl and as if ſhe went to reform ſome order in her Dreſs, how dexterouſly diſcovers her Breaſts? From theſe an thouſand other Indications I conclude this Lady won't let a Man ſigh at her in vain: but what is more convincing now tipt the Wink at her, and ſhe as ki return'd it; therefore let us go and b the Veſſel, for I dare ingage ſhe'll mak Reſiſtance. He had no ſooner ſpoke Words, but he makes directly to the above mentioned, and finding a fit Op tunity, he thus made his Addreſſes to I ſwear by your Beauty, the moſt ſa Oath to me that can be, you have m your ſelf in a Moment the abſolute So raign of my Heart; and if you pleaſe to der that Eves-dropping Maid of yours, retire to ſome diſtance, I have someth to communicate to you, which perh you will not be diſpleas'd to hear. She cordingly commanded her Attendant to off, when the other in this manner pur

iscourse, As I know that Love is no
elion to live upon Air, I am not so un-
nable as to demand any Favours of you
: And, on the other hand, Madam, I
re you are too conscientious to put too
Price on 'em. Gold, you know, may
o dearly bought; but I hope you'll
ly with the running Market-Price; I
Madam, two things to plead for me,
ur and Wealth, but I wou'd by my
Will husband both of 'em so, as to
'em hold out: Come give me your
er. The Lady's Eyes sufficiently de-
the Consent of her Heart; she stood
nd blush'd, and such a beautiful Red
'd her Cheeks, as we find in the Hea-
when the Sun is just a setting. When
riend found the Bargain was now as
as struck, he turn'd about to me; And
do you think now of my Skill in these
s? you would have dissuaded me
th, from this Expedition, but now
e how I have succeeded; for, at the
ce of a few Words and a little Time
e brought the Nymph to surrender.
las! are such a Heretick, as to believe
are Women in the World above Flat-
Corruption and Bribery, but you are
amn'd Mistake; follow me, and I'll
you some Sport: but in the mean
time

time take this for granted, That there Garrison so strong, and no Woman so stinately vertuous, but by one Practi other, both may be brought to take a Master.

Lamprias *to* Philippides.

Out of the same, Epist. 16. Lib.

YOU remember me troubl'd wi the Symptoms of Love, and des know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd t tertain my Passion in the Fields and fo Groves, which instead of abating, every Day fiercer, and raged more vio in my Breast. As I walk'd by the pl Streams, May *Cupid*, said I, and his ther, (for they, and only they, know Torments I languish under) give me rage enough to make a Declaration o Passion, which hitherto I have stifl'd in me. As Love has transfixt with his this tender Breast of mine, so I hope h in the same manner, treat the fair I sible, who has given me so many cru quietudes. One Day it happened tha

amused my self with these Contem-
ns in the Woods, I found I had Re-
on enough to venture an Interview
my Mistress. I went accordingly to
ouse, and had a long Conversation
ner, wherein I found the Beauties of
lind, to be not at all inferior to those
Face: Her Looks wore all the be-
ing Marks of the most agreeable In-
ce; I admir'd her Hand, the whiteft
ftest in the World: I viewed with
Horror, those killing Eyes, that pe-
quicker and deeper than Lightning.
mpleat my Ruin, she show'd me a
us pair of Breasts as it were by acci-
on which the God of love himself,
be proud to recline his Head. All
hile my Tongue was tied with a re-
Awe, and I had not Assurance
n to acquaint her with my Pain.
ver. I was very intent on my mental
ion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that since
w my Imbecillity so well (which I
y imputed to himself) he would so
ally touch my Mistress's Heart that
her own accord, should own her Af-
for me. I had no sooner concluded
pious Ejaculations, but I found the
had heard my Prayers; for my Mi-
who look'd so Coy and Demure at

my

my firſt coming into the Room, on the den, ſmiled very graciouſly upon me, gently ſqueez'd me by the Hand; and no longer able to conceal the Vehem of her Deſires, ſhe impreſt ſo warm on my Lips, that I was in good hopes, Seal wou'd never have parted from Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the H* all the fragrant Odours of the Ea World, all the blooming Beauties o Spring, and the Wealth of Summer: ſhort, all the Incenſe that is offer'd o Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely of the natural Sweetneſs of her Breath. here I will ſtop my Narration, for need I trouble my ſelf to ſend every cular to you, who are old enough to gine 'em of your ſelf. Only this I will That we ſtrove all Night long, whi us ſhould expreſs their Love in the Emphatical Manner; and that, that ſ Intruder, ſleep found us too well emp to offer to interrupt us.

Philomatia *to* Eumusus.

Out of the same, Epist. 14. Lib. 1.

HIS comes to let you know that we are not so bewitched to Musick as imagine, and that the best Lute and rre in the World will make but little ess, unless it comes attended with the powerful Harmony of Money. Why do you give your self and me the unney trouble of so many Serenades? Why you imploy your Hands to shew the on of your Heart? Why do you persecme with your Sonnets, and sing under Windows?

nce Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,
nd 'tis a Shame to be a Maid;
t not Love's Pleasures be delay'd.

are old enough, one wou'd think, to w that Money atones for all Defects us Women, and that Beauty and Vihave no Merit with us, if they have old to recommend 'em: But you think n easy, foolish, good-natur'd Crea- who am to be imposed on by any dling Stories. You fancy'd, I sup-

 pose,

pose, that I never had been initiated i
Mysteries of our Profession, and t
wou'd immediately surrender to you,
the first stroak of your Violin, and th
touch of the Lute; but to undeceive
know that I was bred up under the
experienc'd Mistress of her time;
formed my tender Mind with wh
Precepts; telling me, that nothing und
Sun was sincere or desirable but M
and teaching me to despise every thin
that. Under her Instructions, and b
virtuous Example, I have profited fo
that I now measure Love, not by
empty Compliments, that signify no
but by the Presents that are made
and by the Almighty Rhetorick of
which will stand my Friend, when a
sand such fluttering Weather-cocks a
have left me in the Lurch.

Terpsion *to* Polycles.

Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 2.

TO convince you how insensibly
gets Admission into the most
cent Hearts, be pleased to read ove
follo

ving Story: A young Country Girl, esperately in Love with her Mistress's nt, and took Fire herself, while she ibuted to extinguish that of others. obliged to keep Watch upon the left the Lovers shou'd be surpriz'd, bu'd not but often hear their Mur- g and Sighing: She saw 'em too in one anothers Embraces, perform- he Ceremony of Love; and thus gh the Eyes and Ears of this tender the God of Love, with his Torch Arrows plung'd himself over Head ars in her panting Breast. She be- l the Unhappiness of her Condition, ccus'd her Destiny for giving her a susceptible of the most tender Im- ons, yet, denying her the Means to them: Why shou'd not I, said she, pate Pleasure with my Mistress, I have a Soul as sensible as hers? shou'd Love, that tramples over all ctions of Rank and Quality, shew f faint hearted only in my Quarrel? he did not long afflict herself with nprofitable Complaints. *Venus* wou'd ffer her to lose the Time in lazy s, for being sent one Afternoon to the Gallant to her Mistress's Lodg- without any farther Preamble or Pre-

face, she accosted him in this manner; said she, *I believe you to be a Gentleman willing to ease the Longing of a young W. If my Face will go down with you, the the rest of my Body are at your Service. I know well enough what it is to Lov therefore will have Compassion, I hope, that languishes under that Distemper.* Gentleman without farther ado, too at her word, and was so courteous play the Priest, since she was so will be the Sacrifice. He soon eased that Burden she complain'd of, and that he ne'er received more pleasure Life. The Kisses of married Wom generally insipid; the Kisses of men Harlots are fallacious and deceitful those of an innocent, uninstructed are sincere, and consequently the m licious. Our Lovers had like to fainted away under the Violence o Agitation; their Souls kept hovering their Mouths, but their unintent Kisses denied them a Passage: Wh golden Minutes pass'd away in these sports, the Mistress, who was seize a Fit of Jealousy to see them stay so stole softly into the Room, and zed them in very criminal Circum The unhappy Maid found the first

Indignation, whom she thump'd
eat, and dragg'd by the Hair, but the
Wench intreated her to consider, that
er ill Stars had sent her a Slave into
orld, which was none of her Fault,
d as strong Inclinations as the best
Sex: that Love was an Imperious
; and when he had once got En-
into a Heart, wou'd not throw up
sfession, as she her self cou'd not but
by Experience. Wherefore, Madam,
e, in consideration of Love, who is
mmon Master, and whose Yoak both
carry, be pleased to forgive this In-
tion in me: which, after the worst
you can put upon it, was only the
of a foolish Curiosity, from which
st of Women are not exempt. These
laints so innocently deliver'd, soon
s'd her Mistress's Fury, who, taking
allant by the Hand, thus rallied him;
crys she, *you are of the Humour of
People, who had rather gather sour
s, than stay till they are Ripe. What
make you so foolishly trifle your time with
aw Baggage, that is so far from know-
v to perform her part in the Chorus of
that she does not yet understand how to
er Kisses aright. A Virgin is dull and
and unacquainted with the true Ma-*

nagement of a Passion; whereas such a man, as I am, that has tried many a Fall many a Man in her time, needs not the structions of any one, but gives the utmost tisfaction: In short, a Woman gives, b Virgin only receives Kisses, which makes sible Difference between them; And this, tinued she to her Spark, *you know m nough; but, if you want to have your M refresh'd, come to me to Night, and I make you own I am in the right.*

What happen'd upon this, I can't neither am I curious to know, becau Men affect to Govern themselves by own peculiar Palates, but especially i Business of Love.

A Letter of Gallantry, from a Gentleman, to his Perjured stress.

Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 2.

IF you consider, Madam, what ill T ment I have had from your Hands, are in the right on't to believe that I you most mortally; but then if you re

an absolute Empire your Beauty has over my Soul, you can't but be sen- hat it is impossible for me to harbour ast injurious Thought of you. To nce you how far I intereſt my ſelf in thing that concerns you, I ſwear to by that adorable Face, which hath ſo perfect a Conqueſt of me, That o the Grief of loſing you, I am in the place concern'd to think what Puniſh- s Heaven has in ſtore for you, for af- ng it by ſo open, ſo bare-fac'd a Per- Love has ſo effectually ſtifl'd all Re- ents within me, that I dare not en- n the leaſt diſadvantageous Wiſhes ſt you. But tho' I am ready to for- you, I am afraid leaſt the Powers a- ſhou'd call you to an account for vio- g their Majeſty by a Crime ſo pro- ng. If the thing wholly depended on you might ſafely ſtare Heaven in the after you have ſo often called down engeance on your Head; but my Fear and my Concern for you, obliges me ll you ſo much) that the Gods will be ſo ready to pardon you, as I have ; and any Misfortune of yours wou'd t me more, than to find my ſelf neg- d and forgotten by you. I impute my ries to Deſtiny, not to you, (you ſee

Madam, I would rather judge injuri of Heaven than of your self) and I never cease to pray, that Justice it self be blind, that so you may escape the nishment you deserve, rather than bright Eyes should suffer any thing, they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, should be your chance to trespass more, and offend Heaven again, I ho will have a due Regard to the Weak of your Youth. I am content to fac my Pretensions to you; I, who w sooner part with the *Indies* than your provided that you be no Sufferer. F wel charming Creature, farewel; and Fate be as indulgent to you, as I been: Show me now if you can, a L like me, who after such cruel Usage writ so humble a Letter.

Abrocomas *to his dear* Delphi

Out of the same, Epist. 21. Lib. 2.

YOu'll be angry perhaps at the fr Confession, I am going to make you. I examine with curious Eyes all

Wo

hen I see, I go to all the places of pub-
Resort, and no Female escapes me;
Madam, don't think I do this to car-
any Intrigue with 'em (for I wou'd
ave you put so unjust a Construction
my Expressions) 'tis only to see how
n your Beauty surpasses theirs, and to
ble to do the more Justice to your Me-
Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I swear it,
never had a devouter Votary than
elf, you surpass the rest of your Sex in
s, Beauty, and all other Agreements:
Charms are so conspicuous and shin-
that they need no Artifice to set em
a natural Red adorns your Cheeks;
ner do you lye under any necessity to
your Head with that cumbersome At-
other Women take a Pride in. You
the loveliest Hair in the Universe;
o can behold so black a pair of Eye-
vs, in so fair and white a Forehead,
not own himself your Slave? I dare
trust my Invention, as fertile as it is,
venturing upon more Particulars. In
t, Madam, all the Perfections of your
center in you; and your Empire is never
afe, as when you appear amongst our
celebrated Beauties. Your sight alone,
creates our Astonishment, so it com-
ds our Love; and to make a new Tri-
umph,

umph, you need only appear to a new holder. Since my Life is intirely wr up in yours, I wish you may live longa happy. All my Inclinations, all my Ho and Thoughts terminate in you; and earnestly beg of Heaven, that I may ways continue in this Opinion. Enjoy t Conquest therefore which Nature given you, and I will everlastingly ca Love's Golden Dart in my Breast. N ther do you endeavour to pluck it out, besides that, you are not able to do it don't desire to part with it, for I take pl sure in nothing so much as in my Passi May it always be the Scope of my wh Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be Fate to be beloved by her, to be subd by her Beauty, and charm d by her C versation.

Oceanius *to* Aristobulus.

Out of the same, Epist. 20. Lib. 2.

YOu desire to know what Progress Friend *Damon* has made in the fections of his Mistress, whom he hat

hesieg'd, and I am sorry I cannot send so good News as I cou'd wish: He y himself down at her Feet, and in the non strain of Lovers; will you not, he, take compassion on my Youth? you not pity one that dies every Mo- for you? Show at least some Ten- ess to the Man, who never was con- d by any Beauty but yours? But she n'd him a Compliment, as cold as if d come out of the midst of *Tartary*: e persecuting me, says she, with idle es of your Passion, with your preten- Darts, and your Romantick Flames, ou do but lose your Time and Labour. Youth was reduc'd to the last Despair, n he found himself thus slighted, and nger on these Occasions generally suc- s to Love, he said the most reproach- itter things to her, that his Indignati- ou'd inspire him with. When his Fu- d spent it self, looking upon him with rnful Air, I know, says she, how to h the Insolences of your Tongue: our Sex are perfidious and false; You ur us, nay, you devour one another. most savage Beasts in the Woods, un- ompell'd by Hunger, seldom attack ravellers, but when they are taken u, and have been debauch'd with a

Domestic

Domestic Education, they prove erra
Brutes than any in the Forest; to be sh
with you, your Perjury and Inconsta
teach us to lay aside all pity, and treat
as you deserve: for in the first Ardor
your Love, you can lie all Night at
Thresholds on the bare Ground; you
say the most submissive things in
World; you can whine and cry, and m
Goddesses of us; you have Oaths perp
ally at command, and with those Coun
you deceive us; but no sooner have
granted the last Favours to you, but
grow insolent and haughty; you mak
the Subject of your ill-manner'd M
and you disdainfully reject her, whom
day before you adored like a Divinity.
are all Atheists as to Love, and pre
that *Jupiter* has other Business on
Hands, than to trouble himself abou
Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortu
Lyco; and, as partial as I am to my Fri
I cannot but own there is a great de
Truth in her Invective.

Ch

Chrysis *to* Myrina.

Out of the same, Epist. 15. Lib. 11.

Ou and I, my dearest *Myrina*, have long languish'd under the Tyranny of *id*, who is the most Fantastical of all the ties. You are in Love with my Husband, 'tis my unhappy Destiny, (But who resist the God who commands all the ?) to doat on your Page. What Expe- t will Love, who uses to be no Block- d when he is put to his shifts, what Ex- ient, I say, will Love find out to put nd to our present Sufferings? You know n a constant Woman at Prayers, and Woman ever prays for any thing in d earnest, you likewise know, 'tis when prays for a kind Gallant. Now to be n with you, I put up a fervent Petition Heaven this Morning, that it wou'd iish a Remedy for both our Passions; en immediately the following Thought e into my Head: I won't be positive, our Priests generally are, that this imsie of mine is of Heaven's inspiring; it seems so easie, so pretty, and so fea- e, that I am resolv'd with your help to it put in Execution.

The

The Stratagem in ſhort is this: Do pretend to be very angry with your P upon what Occaſion you think moſt pro whether for tearing your Fan, beating Squirrel, or ſo forth, but be ſure to turn out of your Houſe. The better to colour Buſineſs, I will give you leave to ſtrike a Blow or two, but I article before-h with you, that you ſha'n't hurt him. U this I know he will immediately ru me, as being your greateſt Acquainta and I will take care to diſpatch my h band on an Errand to you, under preten interceding for the Boy, that you woul ſo kind as to take him into your Servi gain. By this Means both of us will h a fair Opportunity to ſatisfie our Longi which, for my part, I will ſee punctu perform'd, unleſs your Page is a very ig rant Devil indeed; and I ſuppoſe you not be wanting to your ſelf. But, my *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husb with you as long as you can, for that know will be for our mutual Intereſt. can tell you before-hand, that you will be diſappointed in my Spark; I that h ſo often experienc'd how well he forms upon Duty, am ſatisfi'd he'll do a Heroe, when Wickedneſs ſpurs on. *Farewel.*

Stesichorus *to* Eratosthenes.

Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 1.

O see now what cunning Gipsies these Women are! T'other Day a certain han of my Acquaintance, walking in Market-place with her Husband by her and a Train of Servants at her heels, Gallant of hers at some distance off, whom she used to be familiar. She mighty longing to whisper something s Ear, and if possible to steal a Kiss him before her Husband's Face; so to the matter about, she pretends to pon her Knee, and her Gallant, who as n'd, understood her Design, charita- nt her his Hand to help her up: Then she tumbles again, and our Gentle- was forced the second time to give her ssistance. Oh! my poor wife, cries Cuckold, in a strange Consternation, e thou hast not hurt thy self. Trou- with such cruel Fits, cry'd she; and she made the third Stumble. The nt on one side, and the Husband e other did what in 'em lay to set her r Legs again, but as her Fits still in- , the Husband, with the help of the Gentleman, was obliged to carry her

to

to the next Tavern: The Gallant d her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and a while the Fellow thank'd him for the Pains he took with his Wife: but fi her Indiſpoſition ſtill increaſe, he rand Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Phy of his Acquaintance to her, not dari truſt his Servants with ſo important a ſage. In the mean time, our Lovers not wanting to adminiſter mutual C lation to each other: So by that tim Husband came back with his Doctor Wife was exceedingly refreſhed. The lant was complimented a thouſand tim his Civilities on this Occaſion: Sir, ſay Man, I heartily beg your Pardon fo Trouble my Wife has given you. Lor anſwer'd he, if it was to do ten times a it would be no trouble. But indeed 'tw much, Sir. I'faith, cries the other, I think I can ever do too much for he ſwear but you have, ſays the Husba find ſhe hath put you into a Sweat helping her. In ſhort they drank a l Glaſs together; the Wife pretended ſh twenty *per Cent.* better than when ſ out in the Morning, the Gallant was ſatisfy'd with what he had done, an Husband the merrieſt Man alive, to Wife ſo miraculouſly recover'd

The End of Ariſtænetus's *Epiſtles.*

Some Select

LETTERS

OUT OF

LINY, Junior.

By the same Hand.

n to inform the Reader, that in the fol-
owing Letters, I have not confined my
lf to a literal Version. Where I found
e so perplexed that no certain Sence cou'd
of it, or where it cou'd not be under-
thout a Comment, (which wou'd have
ridiculous in such a Collection as this.)
fairly omitted it; and sometimes
made bold to alter a Word or two to
y Author more palatable to the English
As for the Choice I have made of the
if they are not the best I hope they will
lease.

To his Friend Romanus.

Lib. 3. Epist. 13.

AT your Request, I have sent you *Panegyric* I lately deliver'd before moſt imcomparable * *Prince*, tho' I had sent it to you, whether you had desired it or no. Now have it before you, I muſt beg you to flect upon the Difficulty, as well as Nobleneſs of the Subject. Upon o Occaſions, the Newneſs of the Argu generally draws our Attention, but he was impoſſible for me to ſay any th which all the World did not know be for which Reaſon, the Reader, hav nothing elſe to employ him, will only m the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard ma for a man to ſucceed well, when that, only that, is taken notice of. I cou'd that the Order, Tranſitions, and Fig cou'd be conſider'd at the ſame time: the moſt Barbarous Nations, you find many that are able to invent lo ſomely, and to expreſs themſelves mag cently enough; whereas to diſpoſe of th in their proper Order, and to vary the gures with Art and Judgment, is onl

* *Trajan.*

ent of the Learned. I am of Opinion
ed, that the ſublime and pompous Stile
ot alway to be uſed; for as in a Picture
ing ſets off the Light ſo well as an art-
Diſpoſition of the Shades, ſo an Oration
o leſs recommended by the Simplicity
h Majeſty of the Diction. But why
uld I trouble you with theſe things, who
w them ſo much better than my ſelf?
he mean time I beg the favour of you;
ark what places you think want Cor-
ion; for I ſhall be the eaſier inclin'd to
eve that the reſt of the Oration pleaſes
, when I find you diſlike ſome Paſſages
. *Farewel.*

To his Dear Caninius.

Lib. 8. Epiſt. 4.

Was the nobleſt thing you ever at-
tempted in your Life, to relate the
ian War in Verſe: For, beſides the new-
of the Subject, what can be more Co-
s and Fertile, what more Poetical; and,
gh we all know it to be true, what
e ſeemingly Fabulous? You will have
ble Occaſion to employ all the Stores of

your Invention: when you talk of Riv
commanded to take a new Course, or bri
led by new Bridges, that before were hard
to be pass'd in Boats; when you talk of A
mies encamp'd on the tops of Precipices, a
a mighty King who had grasped the wh
Universe in his Imagination, not only d
priv'd of his Kingdom but his Life: In sho
when you come to describe two magnifice
Triumphs, both of which were celebrat
for the Reduction of a Nation held Invin
ble before: The only and greatest Diffic
ty will be, to express all this in a Stra
equal to the Dignity of the Subject; whi
even you, my Friend, well find to be no e
Task, altho' you have a towring, elevat
Genius, capable of the highest undertakin
Some little Trouble too you'll find it,
soften the Names of these Barbarous Peop
and particularly of their Towns, so as th
shall not shock our Ears, when they co
into Verse; but there is nothing so har
and dissonant but what may be made ha
monious, or at least tolerable with a lit
Care and Alteration. Besides, if it wo
lawful for *Homer* to contract, to exten
and turn Words, even of *Grecian* Extr
ction, for the better Cadence of his Ver
why shou'd not the same Privilege be a
low'd you, especially since it is not affecta

necessary? Therefore, when after the
tom of the Poets, you have invoked the
p of the Muses, and especially of your
oe, their greatest Patron, whose noble
hievements and Actions you are going
ing, weigh Anchor, put up all your
, and, if ever you did it upon any Occa-
so now more particularly hoist your
, display your Colours, and bear down
all the Force of Wit. These Meta-
s perhaps may seem too daring for
e; but why may I not be indulg'd to
k in the Poetical Language to a Poet?
this I bargain with you before hand,
you shall send me your Poem in pieces
as you finish it: Nay, even before
have finish'd it, by which means it will
e the more fresh, like Fruit newly ga-
d from the Tree. You will tell me 'tis
ssible that small Fragments shou'd
e so well as an entire Work, or that a
ch should be so well liked as a finish'd
re: I confess it, and therefore I will
der it as such, and you shall bestow
st hand upon it at your leisure in my
ary. To your other Favours give me,
eech you, this farther Mark of your
dship, as to communicate to me what
you'd let no body else see: For tho' I
the more commend and value your

Writings, as I see them come out more slowly and more correct, yet I shall be as Love and Honour your self infinitely the more, as you send me these things with most dispatch, in their Undress.

To his Wife Calpurnia.

Lib. 6. Epist. 7.

YOu send me word, that my Absence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote against your Melancholy but my Letters: 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me, that I am always in your Thoughts, and that such Trifles can contribute to your Diversion. For my part to let you see my Case is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours, and the oftner I read them, the more new they seem to me, and I still discover some fresh Beauties in 'em, which I did not observe before. Tho' this in some measure alleviates my Pain, yet it sets me a longing more for your Company; for if your Letters are so sweet and entertaining, what Pleasures may I not expect from your Conversation? Therefore let me conjure you to

pportunities of Writing to me, tho', hinted before, at the ſame time this merce delights me, it gives me ſome aſineſs.

To the Same.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 5.

Is impoſſible for me to tell you how much I regret the want of your Company, and I have ſeveral good ons for it: In the firſt place, there is e in the caſe. Then 'tis to be conſider'd you and I never lived aſunder, which e reaſon why I paſs the greateſt part he Night in thinking on you. From ſame Cauſe it proceeds, that even in Day-time, at thoſe Hours when I uſed ſit you in your Chamber, my Feet of own accord carry me thither, and when I miſs you, I come back no melancholy and ſorrowful, than if you turn'd me out of your Room. The time that I am free from theſe Inquie-s, is when I am pleading in the *Forum*, drudging for my Friends. Judge then, t a mortified Life I lead, when I am

forced to find Relaxation in Labour, Comfort in Care and Misery.

To his Friend Ferox.

Lib. 7. Epist. 13.

YOur last Letter is a convincing A ment that you Study, and that don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to and so I do, till I explain to you mor stinctly what my Meaning is. In s the Letter you sent me, shows you di study for it, so easie and negligent it ap to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so lite, that 'tis impossible that any one sh write it, who did not weigh every w or else you are certainly the happiest in the World, if you can write Lette just and exact, without Care and Pr ditation.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Lib. 7. Epist. 20.

eturn you your Book which I read ver very carefully, having marked all in the Margin what places I thought be alter'd, and what struck out; For no less inclin'd to tell the Truth, than re to hear it. 'Tis a plain Case I be- that no Man suffers himself to be so tly found fault with, as he that de- the highest Commendation. And I expect my own Book from you your Corrections and Amendments. reciprocal Offices of Friendship that etween us give me no little Satisfacti- or if Posterity will have any Concern I am pleased to think that it will vith what Amity, and Integrity, you have lived together. It will be a re- ble, and perhaps the only Instance story, that two Men almost of the Age and Quality, and of some Repu- for Learning, (I am oblig'd to speak ore sparingly of you, because at the ime I speak of my self) should pro- one another's Studies so unanimously.

When

When I was but young, and you had ly acquir'd a high Character in the W even then it was my greatest Ambiti imitate and follow you, tho' at nev great a Distance. We had then at several Persons of Wit and Learning, were deservedly admired.; yet so gr Similitude was there between our Te and Dispositions, that even then I e voured to Copy after you. For this R 'tis no small Satisfaction to me, that w ever there is any Discourse about Lea and Learned Men, you and I are still q together; that when your Name is tion'd, the Company immediately men mine; and that when they prefer a Man to one of us, they mean it of But 'tis no matter to me, whether yo are mention'd first, for if I am first, only because I am the next to you. I question too, but you have observ'd, in the last Wills of the Deceas'd, there was some particular Difference Case, you and I have Legacies of the Value generally bequeathed us. The clusion I draw from all this is, Th have the greatest Obligations that ca to entertain the strictest Amity; since our Studies, our Manners, our Rep ons; in short, the united Testimony

are so many Arguments why the Friendship between us shou'd still . *Farewel.*

To the same.

Lib. 6. Epist. 16.

desire me to send you an Account my Uncle's Death, that you may better able to relate it in your Histo- am obliged to you for this Favour, resee my Uncle's Name will be im- if it has the Honour to be preserv'd r Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die, eat Cities memorable for their Cala- in the Universal Desolation of the Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himself tten several learned Volumes, which opagate his Memory to future Ages, t Eternity which seems to be intailed y thing you write, will not a little ute to perpetuate his Name: For t I reckon those Men happy, who rticular Indulgence of Heaven are of doing things fit to be transmitted erity, or of writing Works, that de- be read; but I reckon those the hap-

piest

pieſt of all, who poſſeſs both theſe Ad
ges: Amongſt the Number of theſe
I reckon my Uncle, by means of yo
well as his own Writings, upon wh
count I am proud to comply with yo
ſires. My Uncle was then at *Miſenu*
the Fleet under his Command in th
bour, on the 24th Day of *Auguſt*, abo
of the Clock in the Afternoon; wh
Mother came to tell him, that ſhe
afar off a Cloud of an unuſual Mag
and Form. He had taken two or
turns in the Sun, after which he
himſelf in cold water, then he lay
and taſted a ſmall repaſt, and fell
Books; but upon this alarm called
Slippers, and got up to the higheſt p
the Houſe, from whence he migh
advantagiouſly behold this Prodig
ſo great a Diſtance we cou'd not po
ly tell from whence this Cloud aro
afterwards we knew it came from
Veſuvius: Nothing reſembl'd the
on't more than a Pine-tree does, for
long taper Trunk, it ſpread it ſelf to
ry large Head, the Reaſon of which
poſe might be, that when the Win
carried it up, began to fail, its own
made it run out into a great breadth.
times it look'd of a whitiſh, and ſom

ck gloomy Colour, according as it up with it Earth, or Ashes. My hinking it impossible to make a just tion of this Phænomenon without nearer, commanded a Gally to be dy, and made an offer to take me vith him, if I thought convenient. ed my self to him, and answer'd, wou'd pass that Afternoon at my and as it happen'd he had given ething to transcribe. As he was ut of the House with his Pocket- his Hand, the Seamen of *Retina* d at so surprizing a Conflagration Village lay under the Mountain, re was no other way of escaping Sea) begged of him not to expose to a Danger that so imminently d him. This did not diswade him s Design, and what he began out it of Curiosity, he perform'd with est Resolution imaginable. So he or- e Gally to put out to Sea, and went board it, with an Intention to as- nly those of *Retina*, but the Neigh- Towns, for the Country all along re is extremely well peopled: he is Course towards those places, ence the affrighted Inhabitants ran great Multitudes; nay, he sail'd

into

into the very Mouth of danger, an
ſo free from Fear, that he took par
notice of every Circumſtance almo
lating to this Eruption. By this t
ſhower of Aſhes, attended with P
ſtones, covered the Deck, falling th
ter, and in greater Quantities, as th
proach'd nearer to the Shore. Up
he conſider'd a little with himſelf wh
he had not beſt tack about, and Sail
wards (which the Pilate adviſed h
do) but he told him that Fortune fa
the bold, and ſo ordered him to Sail
friend *Pomponianus*, who was at *Sta*
the other ſide of the Bay. In this
tho' the danger ſeem'd to be at ſo
ſtance, yet upon the firſt approach
Pomponianus had order'd all his L
to be carried on Ship-board, being
to make his Eſcape, had not the W
in the contrary Corner. But the
Wind that hindered him, brought m
cle into the Harbour, who perſwade
to be of good Courage, and endea
by his own example to make thi
aſide their fears. After this he bathe
was very cheerful at Supper, or (w
theſe Dangers is full as great) he ſee
leaſt to be ſo. All this while the
broke out in ſeveral places of the

esuvius, which appear'd so much the
er in so dark a Night: In this strange
ernation the Country People left
Habitations, which in their Absence
devour'd by the Flames, and this my
urged as an Argument, why it was
viseable to quit the place where they
After this he composed himself to
nd slept very soundly, as those which
n the next Room and heard him, af-
, for by reason of the largeness of
nest, he breathed somewhat of the
t. But the Court-yard, thro' which
was a Passage to the Dining-room,
y this time so cover'd with Ashes
umice-stones, that there was no get-
ut of it for him, if he staid never so
onger; so being awaked out of his
he joyn'd *Pomponianus* and his Com-
who had watched all this while.
ow they debated among themselves,
er they shou'd stay within doors, or
e abroad in the open Air, for the
quake was so violent, and the Houses
and stagger'd so, that one wou'd
hought they had been torn up from
ery Foundations. When they were
the Fields, they feared the falling
Pumice-stones, tho' they were light
rous, however of the two Dangers,
this

this was the least. With my Uncle, I
son overcame Reason, with the rest,
Fear overcame another, so they carried
lows on their Heads to break the fall
ny thing that might fall on 'em. In
places it was Day, but here it was as
as possibly Night it self cou'd be, t
was somewhat lessened by the num
Flambeaux and other Lights. Then i
resolved to go to the Sea-shore, and see
the Sea stood affected, which still con
ed very Rough and Tempestuous.
my Uncle, lying along upon a bund
Cloaths, called once or twice for cold
ter, and drank it off. After this the Fl
and a smell of Brimstone, which us
precede the Flames, as it made the
too hot for the rest, so it waked my U
who being supported by two Servants
up; but in an Instant fell down again
ing I suppose suffocated by the sulphu
Vapours, and the orifice of his Sto
closed up, that was naturally weak
puling. Three days after this, his
was found whole and intire, withou
least hurt or mark upon it, and in the
Cloaths he last put on; in a Posture
that made him rather look like one
was asleep than dead. While this
pen'd, my Mother and I were at *Mi*

his is nothing to the Hiſtory, and
eſired to be inform'd in no other par-
rs, but thoſe that related to the Death
y Uncle. I will therefore conclude,
efore I do that, give me leave to add,
I have given you a true and faithful
unt of all that has come to my know-
I leave it to you to pick out what
think moſt proper for your Purpoſe;
is one thing to write a Letter, and
er to write a Hiſtory; one thing to
to a Friend, and another to addreſs
lf to all the World. *Farewel.*

To Sura.

Lib. 7. Epiſt. 27.

U and I are both at Leiſure, you to
each, and I to be inform'd; I have
ong while earneſtly deſired to know,
ner there are any ſuch Things in Rea-
s Spectres, or whether they are only
eſults of a fearful Imagination: For
rt, I am inclined to believe the for-
by what happened, as I have been
ne Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was
ng up and down a Portico towards

the Evening, when the Shape of a Wo
appear'd to him, but much bigger
the Life, and much more beautiful:
unexpected Sight strangely surprized
when the Phantome told him she was
and came on purpose to tell him his
tune; adding that he was going to A
where he should be advanced to the g
est Honours; that he should return
to this Province in Quality of Gover
and there die. Every thing exactly
pened as the Spectre foretold. The
goes, that as he was sailing for Ca
and coming out of the Ship, the very
Figure met him upon the Shore,
which he fell Sick, and remembring w
had formerly told him, gave over all
of Recovery, before the Physicians th
his Case dangerous. But what I am
going to tell you, as it is by much stra
so it is more terrible than the other.
was a large and stately House at A
but untenanted, by reason of the ill
it lay under; for in the depth of the
you might hear a Noise like that
draging of Chains, which at first seem
be further off, but by degrees came
and nearer to you: At last a Ghost ap
in the Shape of a old man, Lean and
ger, with a long beard, and the Hai

matted; It had Fetters about its Legs, lanacles on its Hands, which it shak-d rattled. These strange Noises di-d the Neighbourhood so, that few or could sleep for them; some fell Sick watching so long, and their Fears in-ng, died soon after; for tho' the Spe-vas not visible in the Day, yet their ory still represented it to their Eyes, he Fear begot another: For this Rea-o one would dwell in the House, but d empty, and was left wholly to the to play his Midnight-frolicks in; ver, there was a Bill put over the to signifie that the House was to be Sold, if by chance they cou'd meet Chapman, who knew nothing that s haunted. It happened that one *odorus*, a Philosopher, coming to s, read the Bill, enquired after the and suspecting there was something rdinary in the Matter, because it was had so cheap, he informs himself of eighbours, who fairly acquainted him he whole Business: He was so far being discouraged by it, that it made he more eager to strike a Bargain. it began to grow dark, he order'd a o be made for him in a Room that the Street; he call'd for Paper, Ink,

and Candle, and ordered all his Ser to withdraw; he employ'd his Mind Eyes, his Hands in Writing, left his gination, having nothing to emplo might be at leisure to create Visions Spectres: All the former part of the N the Scene continued quiet enough, a he heard the rattling of Iron, and sha of Chains. Our Philosopher did n much as lift up his Eyes to see what wa Matter, not left off Writing, but e voured all he could to neglect it; the still increasing; and moving nearer, s sometimes it seem'd to be within, sometimes without the Room, at last *nodorus* look'd behind him and saw it as the Neighbours had described it to It stood still, and beckon'd with its F like a Man that calls to another. H the other side makes a sign with his h that it should tarry a little for him, an to Writing again. All this while the tre rattled his Chains over his Head writ, and he looking behind him, that it beckoned to him as before, took up his Candle in his Hand, an lowed it: The Ghost walked leis along as if its Chains did hinder it, that it turn'd into the Court-yard, an mediately vanish'd under Ground.

Philos

ſopher took ſome Leaves and Herbs
ne might know the Place again; the
Day he goes to the Magiſtrates of the
n and adviſed 'em to dig in the place
e this happen'd: which they accord-
did, and found a parſel of Bones
about with Iron-Chains formerly be-
ng to a Body, which Time, and the
together had putrified. Theſe reli-
vere publickly Buried, after which the
e was haunted no more. I am inclin'd
leve this Story, having had it ſo confi-
affirm'd to me. —— I earneſtly in-
you to beſtow a little Conſideration to
n me better upon this Point. 'Tis a
ſt worthy of your deepeſt Enquiry,
confeſs I am not worthy to have you
municate your Learned Thoughts to
lthough you can plead on both ſides,
anage an Argument either *pro* or *con*,
Cuſtom of the Gentlemen at the Bar
I beg you not to employ that Talent
but fairly to determine the Point, be-
I wou'd not be diſmiſs'd uncertain or
ſuſpence, ſince this is the Reaſon of
ving you this Trouble, *Farewel.*

The End of Pliny's *Select Epiſtles.*

LETTER

OUT OF

Monſ. FOUTENEL

Made Engliſh by the ſame Hand

To Mademoiſelle de J—

Upon ſending to her a Boar in a Paſ
had like to have wounded him at the C

Madam,

I Have ran the greateſt Risk i
World, but at laſt my Enemy
feated, and now I ſend him to you
to his good Behaviour in Pye-cruſt. I
ordered him to be well Spiced and ſe
with Salt, to preſerve the Memory
Triumph. Had I been acquainted
the Receipt of the ancient Ægypti
wou'd have embalm'd him, and m

Mo

ny of his Body: By that means he have lasted numberless Ages, but it ily falls out with us Moderns, that ve no other secret but this of Imagine that this Animal you see you, had no great mind that I should m: As soon as he saw me, away he er'd as if the Devil had been behind out on a sudden turn'd full upon me felonious Intent to Murder me. Up-ich I deliberated with my self what best to do. I cou'd not tell but you have set him against me, for when-see any thing that is dismal or terri-immediately conclude that it comes ou. But after I had well examin'd ar's Countenance, I cou'd not find e came upon any such errand. There nother Difficulty still behind, and that know, whether I had not best die an end to those cruel Torments you me suffer; but there was too much terest I thought to take that course, humbly conceiv'd it was for your ip's Honour, that a Lover so faith-l, shou'd live, altho' he did not find count in it. Thus the Zeal that I r your Glory cost the poor Boar his who little imagin'd he had to deal n Adversary, that was animated by

ſo powerful a Motive. In ſhort, I ſho
Gentleman dead upon the Spot; and
Brother Boars I preſume will have
Guts in their Brains for the future, th
pick a Quarrel with ſuch as preſerve
Lives on purpoſe for you. I ſhou'd b
happieſt Man in the Univerſe, Mada
you wou'd feed heartily upon him o
Revenge, for having been ſo impude
put me in peril of my Life; and if
Conſideration would make him go d
the better with you, I am,

Your moſt Obedient,

To Monſieur C——

Upon the Carteſian *Philoſophy.*

SO then 'tis a plain Caſe, I find
you have loſt your Underſtandin
ſeems you are turn'd Philoſopher of
and what is more, you belong to that
of Philoſophy, which is the oddeſt i
World. Among other Heretical Doct
you maintain that there are no ſuch t
as Colours: Nay you pretend that
are Machines, and move by Clock-w
In fine, you turn things topſie turvy

nge a rate, that a Man can't tell what
ſt to. I ſpoke of it the other day to
m *B*—— who is very much your
l, and is heartily afflicted, at the loſs
ur Reaſon: I dare ſwear ſhe wou'd
le *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters if
d him in the Room; for in ſhort, his
ophy is not to be endured in a Chri-
Country; it robs the Ladies of their
y, and makes them all as ugly as
nes. If there is no ſuch thing as Co-
there's conſequently no ſuch thing
ine Complexion; and what will be-
then of the Lilies and Roſes in the
ks of our great Beauties? You'll
off but ſcurvily, let me tell you, if
ink to appeaſe them, by ſaying that
irs are in the Eyes of thoſe that look
them, and not in the Objects them-
The Ladies won't depend upon the
of other Men for their Complexion,
e reſolv'd to hold it of themſelves and
t the Courteſie of every Spectator. If
are no Colours in the Night, our
d Mr. *N*—— is finely brought to
who fell in Love with Madam *L*——
y upon the ſcore of her fine Face, and
ed her. It wou'd be a great Morti-
on to him, after having believed that
s the fineſt red and white in the Uni-

verſe

verſe between his Arms, to find there
ſuch thing as red and white in Nature,
if the Complexion is a cheat upon our
ſes, what will you ſay to thoſe Ladies
practiſe the Myſtery of Painting, and
on the Carnation and the White as
as Plaiſter? 'Tis certain nothing can
more real, and ſo theſe Ladies will
a Privilege above the reſt of their Se
mean that of having a true Complexi
however all the World are of another
nion, and will poſitively tell you that
is not true.

I deſire you to anſwer this Argumen
your leiſure; but this is not all, for Ma
De B —— and my ſelf have found out
ther Objection againſt your Philoſop
which you'll find it no eaſie matter to
You pretend that Beaſts are no leſs
chines than Watches; now I dare eng
that if you put a certain Machine call
Dog, and another Machine call'd a B
together in the ſame Room, there wi
ſult a third little Machine from their
reſponding together; whereas you
keep two Watches together as long as
live, nay, till Dooms-day if you pl
and they will never produce a third W
between 'em. Now Madam *B* ——
I find by our Philoſophy, that any
th

that have the faculty to produce a out of themſelves, are of a Claſs ſuperiour to that of Machines. We ou time to conſider of an Anſwer to Objections, for we know very well you muſt conſult your Books, before be able to do it. Madam *B*—— you word by me, that ſhe will not e a Viſit from you, before you have ſome Reparation to her Complexion: r me, I aſſure you, I am a Piece of k-work newly wound up, to go in Service, and am

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

To Madam D—— V——

on ſending her a Black and a Monkey.

adam,

Fric, to oblige you, has exhauſted herſelf, and ſends you two of the od- Creatures ſhe produces, ſo that nothing d be wanting to make my Preſent leat, if I cou'd ſend you a Crocodile ep them Company. Both of them are rfection, the Black is the ſaddeſt Dog

of

of all Blacks, and the Monkey the
malicious Devil of all Monkeys. I ca
ſure you, that one of theſe Beaſts, h
mighty Reſpect for the other, and is a
feſt Admirer of his Ingenuity and
Parts. You'll ſoon diſcover that this A
rer is the Black. Beſides that, it is an
cle of Faith among thoſe of his Nation
the Monkeys have as much Reaſon as t
ſelves, but that they conceal it as mu
they can, by not talking, for fear Men ſh
clap Pack-ſaddles upon their Backs,
make them Work for their Living:
Black, Madam, has a particular Ef
for the Monkey, as having lived unde
ſame Roof many Years with him, and
not a jot of Underſtanding more tha
has learnt in his long acquaintance
him. But I have one Advice to give
Madam, and that is to look him freq
ly in the Face: Our Blacks in *France*
tawny, and become of an Olive Comp
on, which is enough to ſcare *Lucifer*
of his Senſes. The Phyſical Reaſon o
is, becauſe the Sun is not ſtrong enou
our Climate to keep up that charming
which it gives 'em in *Afric*; but, Mad
your Eyes, that are ſo lively and pier
will ſupply the defect of the Sun; and
not let him loſe an Ace of his prim

lexion. I am extremely glad that ill always have a *Slave* in your pre- to repreſent me; he is not more yours am; if he gives you any Occaſion to him well Cudgel'd ſometimes, to put mind of his Duty, he ſomething re- es me, for the Devil of Rebellion of- mpts me to revolt againſt you. As e Monkey pray don't be ſurpriſed, m, if you hear Sighs come from him, re ſtrong enough to turn about a -mill, if you ſee him paſs whole s without ſleeping a Wink, if you im as Melancholy as a Horſe in a , when he is not in your Company; e, if he eats little and can't divert f in any thing, for I muſt tell you, m, that like a truſty Servant he has all this of his old Maſter, who is,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To

To the Same.

On the Death of her Monkey.

I Am told your Monkey is gone the of all Flesh, at which I am exceed ly griev'd, for I am like to be a great ser by his Decease, since I have no now to put you in mind of me bu Black. The unhappy Creature I sup broke his Heart because he was not ab imitate me before you, as well as h sir'd; indeed there was nothing whic could not handsomly counterfeit with nitely more ease than my Passion; but his Destiny light upon all my Rivals shall have the Insolence to be the Ap my Affection; perhaps too the poor drew your Displeasure upon himself endeavouring to imitate my Passion, so unluckily dy'd of Despair. If it is have nothing left me to do, but to im him in my turn, and to die after him am inform'd you have shed some T for him; it is something of the latest pent for your ill Usage of the poor ture, but regulate your Conduct I be you by him, and don't oblige me ti

muſt needs regret me after Death. very probable that if you ſo heartily nt the Party that imitated me, you'll e ten times more for your humble nt. I am an Original of Tenderneſs, f you loſe me, you are not like to find ellow in haſte, but muſt even content ſelf with very ſcurvy Copies. But, m, let me conjure you, not to uſe lack the worſe becauſe he is my Re- ntative; it wou'd be very hard upon ndeed, if for that Reaſon he muſt with the Deſtiny of the Monkey. you ſuffer nothing to be near you, that he Misfortune to bear ſome Reſem- e of my Fidelity and Devotion for but you muſt kill it by your Cruelty? Tears I ſhed for the Death of the key are better founded than yours, his Adventure teaches me what I am pect. Farewel, Madam, but remem- you pleaſe, that you cannot reſtore te defunct to Life again, but that you ſtill the Power to preſerve

Your humble Servant, &c.

To

To *Mademoiselle* de C—

Upon sending her an Extract of the Cl Register.

Madam,

I Can without Vanity boast, that I you to Day a very considerable Pr In short, I give you two whole Years thought you were twenty two Year and I bring it you attested in a Pap der Hand and Seal, that you are but ty; now I reckon that I give you Years which I take away from you indeed in these matters we never indeed otherwise. The two years you thoug past over your Head, are still to com I do my self the Honour to make Present of them. I am ready to fear, Madam, that you will not them as they deserve; But good He the Man that were able to make such sent, to certain Ladies that shall be less, what Favours might he not from their Hands? Where are the C and Graces, the fine Expressions Compliments that can be put into t lance with two compleat Years? It

able, Madam, I think, that you employ 'em wholly upon me, since e indepted to me for 'em. When they ne and past; you may do what you I shall then pretend to have no man- Right over you, but with Submission, m, from the present Moment, till you mpleatly twenty two, you wholly be- o me. After that, I leave you just as I you, at Liberty to break off or con- he Commerce, according as you see ient; but if I find you not at all in- to do me Justice, know, Madam, will suffer no one to Love you, upon ot of twenty years. Where-ever I go proclaim to all the World, that in ou had not been so old by two Years, had not been so minded, but that fused to accept 'em from me, and that ou don't Love me, 'tis but requisite ould reckon your self twenty two old. You little imagine perhaps to trange Hazards you expose your self, king me Master of the Secret of your or 'tis a Secret, Madam, which those r Sex keep inviolably to themselves, rhaps the only one a Woman can Several Ladies have trusted me with fairs of their Families; nay, even eir Intrigues; but I cou'd never yet

meet with one ſo open hearted as to
me with her Age: There are a thou
Women that will run up to the Mouth
Cannon, that will hang or drown wi
much cheerfulneſs as if they were goi
a Goſſiping, that will make you nothi
jump down four Stories: but, I never
a Woman, that had Courage and Reſolu
enough to tell her Age. The truth o
the older they are, the more ſenſible
become of what Importance it is, that
had not ſo many Years upon the acc
As for you, Madam, who have not
your Cards ſo cautiouſly as you ſhould
done, you little think how you will tre
one Day left I ſhould tell any Tales o
Your Deſtiny will depend upon me,
there is nothing which I cannot force
to comply with, if inſtead of a Pony
ſend you the Extract of the Church-reg
I ſuppoſe you laugh at my Menaces
and think the time is ſo far off, that
don't believe I ſhall ever live to ſee it.
afraid indeed you'll prove a Prophetes
unleſs you are leſs rigorous, you ll foo
patch

Your moſt Obedient

The End of Monſieur Fontenelle's *Let*

On

Original Letters.

Lately Written by Mr. Brown.

is honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard *the* Bath.

r Doctor, *July* 6. 99.

WHile here in Town we are almoſt Roaſted by the hot Weather, and n plays ſo warmly on us, that ſome who were of no *Religion* before, turning *Adamites* in their own De- I cannot but laugh to think what a Pickle you are in at the *Bath*, where rowds of you Stew in ſo little a Pip- where you broil upon the Earth, par- the Water, and you breath the oſition of Gunpowder; or, were nothing extraordinary in your Soyl, Climate, or the Seaſon of the Year, you have pretty Ladies enough to all on Fire, though you were two

or three Degrees more to the *North* of *Lapland*, and I were Writing to you in the midſt of *January*.

This is the *firſt* Summer ſince the Re*lution*, that the Sun has been pleaſed *diſpence* any *Favours* to us, for hitherto have had as *little* Reaſon to complain of Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of *States-men*. Our *Fruits* have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our *States* have made a ſhift to rub on without great *Conjuring* on the part of the other. But to leave off theſe cenſorious reflections upon our *States-men*, and return to the that occaſion'd them, this Noble Fire that ripens the *Grape*, will likewiſe ripen Fevers, and other ſuch *generous* Dispers, to the great Joy of the *Poets* and *ſicians*; and *Phœbus*, their *common* Father will encourage his own *Tribe*, by raiſing up a new Stock of *Wines* and *Diſeaſes*. Indeed, where you are, it is almoſt impoſſible for the Gentlemen of the *Faculty* to *Buſineſs*, for if our laſt Advices from *Bath*, don't deceive us, you have almoſt as many *Doctors* upon the Spot as you *Patients*, that watch the coming in of the *Coach*, as nicely as a young Boy at the Univerſity does the Return of the *Carrier*, *ply* at all Corners of the Streets, as regu

the *Watermen* do at the *Temple Stairs*: has long ago been obſerv'd of you ians, as of the Lawyers, that they nd or make Work, where-ever they ; and accordingly I knew a little in *Eſſex*, where the *Inhabitants*, ut of mind, had lived in as *unintern* Tranquillity, as the happy *Indians* *America*, before the *Spaniards* came t up their Quarters; but upon an *At*s coming to reſide amongſt 'em, the of *Affairs* was immediately alter'd, ts *conſpir'd* againſt their Landlords, rs *revolted* from their Maſters, and prentices took up *Arms* againſt their Tyrants: There was nothing but g out of *Milk* and *Alehouſe Scores*, to erlaſting *confuſion* of their Country *eſis*, Not a *Tithe-egg* could be had ut an *Action*, nor a *Pig* under a Suit *ncery*. A Spirit of *Diviſion* had crept very Family, Maids *betray'd* their ſſes, Girls *rebell'd* againſt their Grand-rs, and Sweet-hearts *deſerted* their ng Damſels; in ſhort, every Man as much upon his own *Guard*, as if been in an *Enemy*'s Country; theſe he bleſſed *Effects* of the *Lawyer's*, live-orgſt 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very *hard* Ca
if having so much *Credit* at the *Bath*, y
cou'd not do as *much* for your self, as t
above mention'd *Attorney* did to prom
his own *Business*; if you cou'd not *Phil*
phically Reason People into *Distempers* th
were never troubled with, like the Diffe
ing Parsons that *Fly-blow* their Hearers w
Scruples they knew nothing of before;
you cou'd not *cure* them of Ails they ne
felt, and *leave* behind you Maladies, y
never *found* upon them. But I am inform
that the Tub-Preachers are very much
satisfied that you *invade* their Territo
and *encroach* upon their Prerogative of H
Your *hot* and *cold* Baths (they say) put th
Brimstone and *Ice* out of Countenance;
'tis reported, that by the *skilful* Mana
ment of your Torments, by scalding y
Patients at the Bath in *July*, and *free*
them at *Islington* in *December*, you've bri
half the *Retailers* of the Terrors of *Pl*
Kingdom.

But to come now to the *News* of
Town, we have had an *Apparition* lat
here, stranger than in any *Glanvill* or
bry; for it has appeared in the Streets
noon Day, and thousands of People are
dy to depose that they have seen it.
this strange Apparition, I mean the *W*
Pa

ſon, ſo call'd for his wearing a *White* tband, Scarf, and Surcingle, by which he *inguiſhes* himſelf from the reſt of his ethren. I cou'd wiſh you had been here *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have ſeen *Cavalcade*: He rode up the Hill as great Prince, and like other *Princes* ſignaliz- his Entry with Printed *Declarations*, h a great Rabble of *loud-mouth'd* Haw- s, Male and Female, *bellowing* it on eve- ſide of him; and 'tis ſuppoſed by the *rned* in Aſtrology, that he will *keep* this claration as *Religiouſly* as ſome *other* Prin- beyond Sea have *kept* theirs: In ſhort, pretends to preach the Goſpel *Gratis*, and eed as he manages it, it is pity he ſhou'd e a *Farthing* for it: He calls the reſt of Cloth *Hirelings*, only for taking what *Law* allows them, though unleſs the low is bely'd, he would accept of a *Pot* Ale from a Chimney-ſweeper, and has *ch'd* a hundred times upon a *Joint-ſtool* a pickl'd *Herring*, and a *Poringer* of nt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which s *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-gar- d about his Head, and I dare ſwear, de- v'd the *Bays* as well as his *Maſter*; for Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled th a *Whore* of a Wife, and a *Jilt* of a uſe, but the latter is more common *Pro- ute* of the two. But,

But, dear Doctor, *News* is as ſcarce Town, as *Fees* at the *Bath*, and it falls *unluckily* for you and me, that we *change* Places, to find what we *want*; for hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for Sa*dal*, as we have hear for *Money*; ſo that but *ſhifting* the Scene, and we may dra *Bills* upon one another, to anſwer our ſeve ral Occaſions, till when, I am.

Your moſt humble,

Melaniſſa *to* Alexis.

GIve me leave, my deareſt *Alexis*! give me leave, who *love* you better than my *Life*; to lay ſome of your *failings* be fore you, and if I expreſs my ſelf with a tle more *warmth* than *becomes* me, you will eaſily forgive this freedom, unleſs I am mightily *miſtaken* in your Temper, when you find it *wholly* regard your own *Interest* and *Welfare*.

It is not without a *ſenſible* Concern that I ſee you *abandon* your ſelf to the *Bath* of late: A young Fellow, but eſpecially one like *Alexis*, ought to *devote* himſelf to another *Divinity*; old Age indeed may *allow*

w'd to ſupply its *defect* of Warmth with ine, but Youth as it *needs* it not, ſo Na- e adviſes it to purſue a more *agreeable* me. But can any thing in the World be *abſurd* as to ſurfeit our ſelves with *Cordi-* , when we have not the *leaſt* Indiſpoſi- n?

To convince you then that my Com- int is neither *unjuſt* nor *unreaſonable*, I, o know ſo little of the World, and have thing but *Nature* to guide me; I who a *Stranger* to Language, and Style, and nſequently muſt *maim* my Thoughts, for nt of knowing how *properly* to expreſs em, will endeavour to deſcribe to you, a ght as it paſſes away in the *Embraces* of agreeable *Miſtreſs*, accompany'd with the *Tranſports* and *Tenderneſſes* of Love, d the Night as it is commonly *ſpent* by at the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Plea- try*, at the *Roſe* or *Blue-poſts*:

The *Play* is now over, and the Sparks, o while it was *Acting*, rallied the Vi- rd-Maſques, *laugh'd* aloud at their own o-jeſts, *cenſur'd* the Dreſs and Beauty of the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in ſhort, nded every thing, but the Repreſentation at *brought* them thither, begin now to *le* off, and gravely debate how and where *ſpend* the Evening; At laſt the *Tavern* is

pitch'd

pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and o learned *Criticks* in Pleasure seat themselv round the Table.

The *Master* of the House is the *first* Pe son they send to *Advise* with; who, afte thousand Cringes and Scrapes, tells the He has the best *Champagne* and *Burgundy* Town, and is sure to ask an *exorbitant* Pr for't, though 'tis a vile nasty *Mixtum* his own Brewing. After a *long* and *fo* Dispute, the Rate is adjusted, Napkins called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwi *nicely* laid up, and now something-like *siness* comes forward.

When these *grand* Preliminaries are tled, the next *important* Debate is, wh they must eat; so the *Cook* is sent for, w recommends to them something *Nice* a *Dear*; this Difficulty with much a-do over, the *Glasses* plentifully *walk* round, *blunt* and *weaken* that Appetite which th pretend to *excite* by it.

And now their *Hearts* begin to open, a their *Tongues* to communicate their most cret *Thoughts*. The topping *Beauties* of t Town are the *first* Subjects of their Conv sation, and this is so ample a Field, th they soon *lose* their way in it; one bo of *Favours* receiv'd from a Lady, and is ry particular as to the *Moles* of her Bo

who

om perhaps he never *saw* any where but he *Play-house*; another *tosts* a Countess, om he pretends to *admire* in a most ex-ordinary manner, and gives broad *Items* ome condescending *steps* she lately made ards him; after which he *wipes* his uth most *demurely*. In short, 'tis re-'d by the Board, *Nemine contradicente*, t there is not one *honest* Woman in the ee Kingdoms, who has *Beauty* enough gain her a *Lover*.

When this Argument is pretty well *ex-sted*, the next thing they talk of, is *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* l *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this ad, every Man in the Company *affects* discover a *peculiar* Taste and Judgment, l thinks he shews his *Wit* by finding lts, where there are none; the *Play*, atever it is, is taken to *pieces*, the *Plot* on Examination, is found either to be *len*, or not to be well *unravel'd*, the *nes* are *languishing*, the *Characters* thread-re, or not worth a Farthing; in fine, *Poet* is sent to the *Devil* for want of it, as the pert *Critick* thinks he shews , by *condemning* what he doth not *un-stand*.

All

All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer wal incessantly round the Table, the Compa soon dwindles into *private* Cabals, eve Man talks *busily* to his Neighbour, Affa of *State* are determin'd, this *Minister* is d plac'd, and t'other Man *put* into his roo The Proceedings in *Parliament* laid dow before-hand, and 'tis *concluded* what Re ments shall *stand*, and what be *broken*; ter this *Punctilio's* of Honour come to *discuss'd*, the freshest Duels behind *Mon tague*-house, and *Chelsey*-fields are *learni* run over. Sir *John* —— is a Coward suffering Captain —— to tread upon Toes in the *Pit*, and not calling him to *count* for it; Damn you, cries anoth *Jack* —— is as *Gallant* a Knight as e drew *Sword*, and whoever says any thi to the *contrary*, is a *Son* of a Whore and *Villain*, and I'll cut his Throat; with th he throws a *Bottle* at t'other's Head, t *Glasses* go to rack, the *Table* is overturn nothing but *Disorder* and *Confusion* is in t Room, and all this *Mirth* and *Jollity* co cludes in *Murder*.

Or if the *Scene* doth not end altogeth so *Tragically*, but they part Friends as the came in, ten to one but a merry *Frolick* proposed: The Quarters of some ill-natu ted *Coquette* are to be beaten up, and h

po

r *Windows* muſt feel the ſad Effects of r Heroick *Valour*; but while they are ying on this *Attaque* with unparallelled our and Gallantry; behold the *Super-ndant* of the Night, with his truſty rd of *Myrmidons* falls upon their main y; ſome of our *Heroes* lie ſprawling in Kennel, with their truſty and well-ved Periwigs, Hats, and Muffs lying em; the embroider'd *Coat* is all over er'd with *Dirt* and *Blood*, the well-ad-ed *Cravat* torn to *Raggs*, the *Sword* ei-broken or carried off in the *Tumult*; thus, after a well-favour'd *Drubbing*, Sparks make a ſhift to *crawl* home to r Lodgings, if the Nocturnal *Magi-e* and his *Canibals*, don't hurry 'em to *-priſon* or the *Round-houſe*, the *uſual* ſtuary of ſuch Adventurers.

ut ſuppoſe nothing of this happens, and merry Gentlemen get home *ſafe* from Tavern, without any *Diſaſter* or *Cala-* by the way; yet the next *Morning* 'em to a *ſevere* Account, for the Miſ-eanors and Intemperance of the pre-ling *Night*: Their Head *akes*, their ble Frame is in *diſorder*, they are inca-le of *reliſhing* either *Books* or *Converſa-*; even *Muſick* it ſelf, with all its *boaſt-* fficacy, is not able to *allay* their Pains, the

the moſt exquiſite *Diſhes* are nauſeous t
'em, they *ſtarve* amidſt the greateſt *pro*
ſion of Luxury, and *curſe* that Extrav
gance over Night that *Starves* them t
next Day in the midſt of *Plenty*. 'Tis c
tain, that I have been *favourable* in t
Deſcription, 'tis certain that I have not
down half the Diſorders that accompany
Debauch while 'tis a making, nor half t
ill Effects that happen after it. Let us n
turn the Tables, to find whether *Love* c
be reproach'd with any of theſe *Inconve*
ences that uſe to attend *Drunkenneſs*: L
us ſee how the Moments *wear* away in t
Embraces of a delicious *Miſtreſs*; and th
we ſhall ſoon diſcover on which *ſide* the *A*
vantages lie, and be able to *decide* this Co
troverſie.

I know very well that I want *Eloque*
and *Language*, to deſcribe the Raptures a
Tranſports of *Love* as they *deſerve*; how
ever, I am ſo well aſſur'd of the *Goodneſs*
my Cauſe that although I am an *unfit A*
vocate to defend it, yet I don't much
ſpair of carrying my Point.

The long expected *Night* at laſt arriv
when *Amyntas* is to be made *happy* in t
Arms of his beloved *Dorinda*. With h
Head full of a thouſand *delightful* Idea
(for Love is ſo *good-natur'd*, as to pay

Votar

aries *part* of their *Pleasure* before-hand) omes to the happy Mansion, where the f *Treasure* of his Soul resides, he *knocks* ly at the Door; the *trusty* Maid con- s him by the Hand in the *dark*, and s him to his Mistress's Apartment.

t the *first* Interview, he is all *rapt* up lence and Astonishment, his Thoughts *oud* upon him, that they *hinder* one a- er in the Passage; after he is a little *re-* r'd, he endeavours to *speak*; but, alas! Eyes talk infinitely more than his gue. On *her* part, the Confusion is no and her *Joys* equally tumultuous; thus ng themselves *unable* to Discourse, they heir Passion in *Sighs* and *Glances*; they irm it by repeated *Kisses*, and at every their *fluttering* Souls meet at their *ths*.

myntas squeezes that Hand, which al- *dissolves* in the touch; he presses those ing *Breasts* that wou'd warm the cold- *Hermit*; but all this is nothing but the *gue* to the succeeding *Drama*. Love upon 'em for a more *substantial* Repast, gh they are *undrest* in a Minute, yet very Minute seems an *Age*; and now are going to *tast* all that Felicity, which e can *bestow*, or Humane Nature can

The

The Candle is put out to *hide* the blush of *Dorinda*; she finds her *eager* Lover by her side, who cost her so many *Tears* and *Sighs* in private. The happy Lover is lost in a *Labyrinth* of pleasure; sometimes he abandons her *Breast* for her Mouth, and sometimes her *Mouth* for her *Breast*, and only *uneasie* he cannot Kiss 'em both together. He *Faints*, he grows *Giddy* with the Excess of Joy: nothing but *half-form'd* Words and Murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches Love's *Altar* at last he——But here my Pen *fails* me, I am forced to draw a *Veil* over those Raptures which 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal Eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy *Lovers*, after they have paid repeated *Oblations* to Love, lay entranced in one anothers *Arms*, and act over in their busie *Dreams*, the *delicious* Scene that so transported 'em *waking*.

The Morning *approaches*, the blushing Morning *awakens* the transported Pair; *Amyntas* is beholding to its *Light*, for showing him the *Nymph*, in whose Embraces he so *agreeably* past the Night. She charms him in the Dark, she ravishes him in the Light; and the only *Uneasiness* that attends their Happiness, is *Impatience* to repeat the Bliss.

Both the Lovers rise *equally* satisfied, h having *done* their Parts, with Gayety their *Looks*, and Satisfaction in their *ls*: Parting gives them some *Pain*, but : is sufficiently *recompensed* at their next eting.

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, how what a vast *Difference* there is be- en a Night *murder'd* in the Excess of ne, and a Night *consecrated* to Love. Though no Truth is more *evident* than ; yet our *Youth*, possess'd by what fatal pidity, I cannot tell, generally *Sacrifice* he Deity, who rewards his most *con-* Worshippers the worst. Instead of *wing* the Dictates of *Nature*, whom ought to *obey*, they treat her like an *my*, and profane those *Temples*, where ought to pay their Devotions.

know well enough, that you Gentle- , don't much care to be *Advised* by e frail Things call'd *Women*, and per- s too you will tell me, that *Interest* has le me say all this. However, let me ure you to bestow a few *thoughts* upon t I have *offer'd* to you, and believe that ne *loves* you so *dearly* and *tenderly* as

Melanissa.

To a Litigious Country-Attorney.

A Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THat I am no *Stranger* to your Cl*acter* (tho', I bless my Stars for it am to your *Person*) you'll soon find, if you give your self the trouble to read the lowing Lines: There is no great pleas indeed in drawing *Monsters:* howev since it may be of *Publick* Advantage have 'em *described* in their true proper lours, that others may *avoid*, and d 'em, I have *ventur'd* at the Task, and h well I have *performed* it, leave your sel be Judge. To *accommodate* my self to Dialect of your Profession, I will begin Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint v versi:* And may all Men accordingly b by these Presents, That Mr. *M. C.* is verieſt *pettifogging* Rascal that ever s daliz'd a *Green Bag*, or came within Walls of *Westminster-Hall.*

I have often wonder'd, that Provide shou'd be at the *Trouble* and *Expence* Disordering the whole Fabrick of *Natu* when it has decreed to *punish* us w

Dear

ths and *Famines*, since it may go a *compendious* Way to work, and effect *hese Calamities* by the Ministry of *Law*- Give a true *Lawyer* but Pen, Ink, Parchment, and I dare engage he will *e* the Country ten Miles round him. most *odious* Animals, and the most *mptible* Insects, have some *use* or other, *g* or *dead*, or at least serve to *diversifie* Universe: Toads, they say, suck up *Venome* of the Earth; Snakes are *useful* ledicine; but it wou'd puzle the *wisest* uralist to find out any thing good in a yer. I mean such abominable *Intendi*- as thou art, who thrive by *Rapine*, batten upon *Extortion*, and build their *Fortune* upon the *Destruction* of those Wretches who fly to them for *Justice*: see *puny* Rascals, of a *lower* Class, *'d* up every Sessions, for *petty* Rogue- to thine; for *easing* the Hedges of some *e Linnen*, for *nimming* of *Cloaks*, *steal*- of supernumerary *Spoons*, *&c.* when antic overgrown Villains, like thy self, whole County together by the Ears, pick their Pockets during the Fray, are so far from being call'd to an Ac- it for it. But tho', Sir, these worthy tlemen have Tricks and Evasions ugh to *escape* Justice here, yet they pay

Cent. per Cent. Intereſt, for their Cheat in another World. The Devil never ka a *Holiday* in good *earneſt*, but when an *torney* of thy Complexion makes a *perpe cular* Leap into his Dominions; and he no more *part* with him, when he has him into his Clutches, than one of his Lawyers will *refund* a Fee; *Poſſeſſion* b eleven Points of the Law in *Hell*, as we in *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

Thus, Sir, you ſee I have made a *familiar* with *you* and your *Function*, perhaps am *bolder* than *welcome*: But, I have a ſmall *Favour* to requeſt of which I muſt tell you before-hand muſt not deny me. What I have to p to you is not *unreaſonable* or *difficult* neither deſire you to make *Reſtitution* what you have *unjuſtly* plunder'd fro many Families, (for I know a *true* A ney wou'd ſooner be *damn'd* than do nor to build *Hoſpitals*, (unleſs it be on your old *Father*, Sir, who *Grazes* the me upon the *Common*:) No, Sir you find me the *faireſt*, the *eaſieſt* Man ever dealt with.

I am informed your Houſe ſtands b ſide of a *famous* River, which looks *Providence* deſign'd you for the End I viſe you to: So, Sir, if you pleaſe, o

e *fine* Mornings to take a *Leap* into it
n your Garret, it will be the *best-na-*
l thing you ever did in your Life; by
by, Sir, you need not cram your Poc-
with *Stones* or *Lead*, to make you
for your own *Sins* are ponderous
gh to do your *business* without 'em, if
Proverb don't secure you. But, Sir,
u don't fancy *drowning*, as perhaps you
n't, (and as I told you before, you
find me the most *reasonable* Man in the
verse) why then, Sir, I wou'd ad-
you to *hang* your self in your Closet, in
Wife's Garters, or to *rip* up your Guts
a Case-knife, or to *cut* your Jugulars
a Razor, or to *take* a good large Dose
ium; or lastly, to *knock* your Brains out
nst a *Brick-wall*: but then, Sir, *take* my
d for't, you must knock *hard*; for,
Neighbours tell me, you have got a
bunded *thick* Scull. In short, Sir, I
't insist nicely upon the *How*, the *Where*,
he *When*, provided the thing be done
y *reasonable* Time: and I promise you
r my *Hand*, that the Bells shall ring
ily, as soon as it is accomplish'd; and
ncourage you to proceed in this Affair,
n assure you, that you'll *Oblige* no less
a *whole* County by it, and particularly

Your unknown Friend, &c.

To Mr. G. Moult, *at* Tollerton-H
near Nottingham.

Dear Sir, *London, July* 8.

ACcording to Promise I had written
you last *Saturday*, but that I was
liged to Accompany some Gentlemen
Morning to *Richmond*, in Expectation
hearing *fine* Musick, which never in
Play-house had pass'd the Censure of a
Fop; and drinking true *Languedoc*, ne
yet *debauch'd* in a Vintner's Cellar. Bu
happen'd quite *otherwise* with us: For
Wine was such *sophisticated* Stuff, tha
told the Company, it set *Drunkenness*
the same Level with *Swearing*; I mean
disarming it of all *Excuses*: And as for
Musick, it was so abominable, that ha
dozen *Welsh-harpers* met upon St. *Dav*
Day, to make *merry* over a Mess of Le
porridge, could not have tormented
Ears of a *Purcel* with more execrable
dare almost ingage, that had the same
lows *play'd* upon the same *Instruments*
fore the Town of *Jericho*, the *Walls* wo
have paid the same *Compliment* to th
Harmony, as they did to that of the
vites, for nothing could have patience

d still and *listen* to their Performances. after this *double* Disappointment, we e forc'd, very late in the *Evening*, or y early in the *Morning*, (I wont be po- e which) to go back to our Boat, and rn for *London*, reflecting all the way as rely on our mispent-time, as a Town- , who has oblig'd a *Player* with her *ours* all Night, and gets nothing in the *ning* for her Pains, but the Copy of a *Song* for Breakfast.

When I had the *Happiness* of seeing you in Town, I told you that you should fail of having a Letter from me every Post. I am afraid I shall be *better* n my Word, and persecute you more *tantly* than a City-vintner does a Coun- Parliament-man that chalk'd it *plentifully* Winter *Sessions*. Since I have no other of *conversing* with you but by Letters, may depend upon *seeing* me twice a ek at least, tho' were you in Town I eve I should *scarce* visit you so often. , dear Friend of mine, this is purely the ct of *Absence*. I knew a certain Gentle- n, who, when he was at *home* with his fe, scarce vouchsafed to *exchange* a Word n her once a *Week*; but being obliged ake a Journey as far as *York*, he never d of *writing* to her every *Post*, and lon-

ger Letters too, than a *Clergy-man* th
when he recommends himſelf to his *Pa*
for a fat Living. The reaſon of it is pl
becauſe all *Bleſſings* (and ſuch I ſay is M
M——'s *Converſation* to me, and every
that *knows* him) are never throughly
derſtood when we have 'em in our *Poſſeſ*
and are never ſo much *valued*, as when th
are at ſome *diſtance* from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of ſo
thing *elſe* to entertain you, I have fal
the Lord knows how, into making Me
Reflections, which was *never* my Tal
but if a Man is to govern himſelf by t
Examples he ſees in this *wicked* Town
don't know why I ſhould not be allow'd
Talk out of my *Element*, as well as a Th
ſand more whom I cou'd name to you, w
I *diſpoſed* to be ill-natur'd: I cou'd tell
of a certain famous *Painter*, who *underſta*
his Trade and Buſineſs, as well as m
Men living, and yet is perpetually m
modeling the *Government*, and harp
upon *Politiques*, which he underſtands
as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen*
Lycophron or *Pindar*. I know a *City P*
ſician, who can *diſpatch* his Patients as
thodically as any of the College, yet in ſp
of Nature and his own Genius, will be
way's murd'ring of Rhimes, and feeling

Po

ſe of the Muſes: and another of the Fa-
y near *Charing-croſs*, who inſtead of *Ga-*
and *Hippocrates* is perpetually puzling
ſelf with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*.
now a Lawyer perfectly well verſed in
the Myſteries of Conveyancing, who
his good Will, Talks of nothing in all
mpanies, but the Merits of *Cow Piſs* and
modern Diſpute betwixt *Alcali's* and
ds. There is alſo a famous *Parſon* I cou'd
ntion to you near St. *Dunſtan's*, who
aches his Pariſh faſt aſleep every *Sunday*
n the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet
his Coffee muſt be ſetling the Affairs
Europe, the Succeſſion of *Spain*, and the
on of the two *Eaſt-India* Companies, of
which he Talks more wretchedly than a
of Trade, or a *Beau* of *Religion*; tho',
he by, this muſt be ſaid in his *Juſtifica-*
, that he talks much *better* of any Thing
than what he was *educated* to.

can't tell how you'll *reliſh* ſuch an inſi-
Letter as this, but 'tis my *Misfortune* at
ent, that I can't furniſh you a *better*
at: For my part, I had rather Rob the
tle, or quote Second-hand Sayings from
cond-hand Wit at *Will's* Coffee-houſe,
be beholding to thoſe *dull Rogues* that
ite the *Weekly* News-papers: Howe-
I hope to make you *Amends* the next
Poſt:

Poſt; and in the mean time beg leave
Subſcribe my ſelf.

Sir, your moſt obedient,

To the Same.

A Letter of News.

Dear Sir, *Auguſt* 14

HAving nothing of our own Growth
Entertain you with, I ſtole into
French Coffee-houſe near *Sobo* this Aft
noon; by the ſame token I was within
Ace of being talked to Death, by a par
of *Hugonots*, who made me undergo a
verer *Perſecution*, than ever they or th
Fathers ſuffered. 'Twas my misfortune
ask one of them, that ſat next me, a qu
ſtion about the *Edict* of *Nantes*, and imm
diately the whole *Pack* open'd upon me
once, and fell a railing at the Tyranny
their quondam K—g, like ſo many Al
folks at the Church-wardens of their Par
I thought it the *beſt* way to make no re
to them, but remove to another Tab
leaſt I ſhould give theſe *well-bred* people
freſh occaſion to *murder* me with their Ci
lities.

Wh

When this noisy *Scene* was pretty well r, I began to examine the Foreign Pa-s, to see what News. But *Europe*, as e as it is; and *Europe* let me see —— n the fartheſt Extremity of *Spain*, to the hoteſt Parts of *Muſcovy*, is at leaſt two uſand Miles in length, more than I ſhall r be Maſter off; *Europe*, I ſay, that con-s two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and Devil knows how many *Principalities*, *edoms*, *Marquiſates* and *Earldoms*, with *ope* at the Head of it too, that loves to Miſchief go forward with all his heart, ot able at preſent to *furniſh* out a Letter you; but to ſatisfie you, that I have not *wanting*, on my part, to *hunt* for Fo-n Occurrences, I have here ſent you an idgment of the moſt *material* Paſſages he Outlandiſh Gazettes.

Our laſt Letters from *Warſaw* adviſe, that e *Poles* were run through the Guts, by e *German* Soldiers, and that ſome of the ll *Diets* are broke up in a Heat; But, , what are *Murders* and *Mutinies* in *nd*? No more than *Simony* in the Do-ion of *Wales*. They talk too, that the dinal *Primate*, grumbles in his Gizard, is not ſo well affected to his new Mo-ch as he ſhould be; But the Gentlemen he ſacred *purple*, have a privilege to be

ſavcy

ſancy with Crown'd Heads. For my part, I wonder that none of our Clergy men have thought it worth the while to ſend him Biſhop *Overhall*'s *Convocation*-book. For certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the D— of *P*—'s can never fail of working Miracles, in ſo enlighten'd a Country as *Poland*.

Madrid, July 20. The King of *Spain*'s Health is of late much alter'd for the better; he Eats and Walks to a Miracle; for Yeſterday at Dinner, he ravenouſly devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to ſupport him, made a ſhift to walk threeſcore paces out-right. This Re-eſtabliſhment of his Health, the *Prieſts* ten to one, will Father upon ſome *She* or *He Saint*, that knows nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago Account for it otherwiſe. As *Monica* ſaid of her beloved Son St. *Auſtin*'s Converſion, That it was impoſſible for a Son of ſo many Tears ever to miſcarry; ſo 'tis impoſſible, cry this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whose *Health* is drank in all the Taverns in Chriſtendom, which are not *Frenchify'd*, ſhould find himſelf amiſs, and daily put up my prayers to Heaven, continues he, that a certain * Perſon, who

* This Prayer was honeſtly meant. but ſince the late Myſterious Will, and the Duke of *Anjou*'s acceſſion to the Crown of *Spain*, we find it has not ſucceeded.

its so impatiently for a certain dead
n's *Spanish* Slippers, may go barefoot,
l not have so much as a Pair of *French*
oden-shooes to keep him out of the
rt.

Paris, *July* 23. The King's Statue was
ely set up here in the *Place de Vandome*;
a perfect *Colossus*, and Mons. *Girardin*
s made it appear, That our Monarch has
en drawn three times bigger than the
se, not only by his *Parsons*, his *Poets*, and
Historiographers, but by his *Statuaries*
. The Ceremony of the Erection was
y magnificent, several of the *Nobility*,
Councellors of the *Parliament*, and the
ncipal Citizens, assisted at it in all their
rmalities; and if it had been the Custom
the place, the City *Recorder* had made a
ndsome Speech to the Figure. Our Let-
s from all parts of the Kingdom inform
that the poor *Hugonots* are persecuted
times more severely, if possible, than
Witches in *Scotland*, and 'tis thought de-
ve it as little.

Rome, *July* 10. Our last Letters from
nce advise, that mighty Preparations are
king for the ensuing *Jubilee*, most of the
arnel-houses and *Tooth-drawers* Shops have
en disfurnished of late, on purpose to pro-
le *Reliques* for the great number of *Vota-*

ries

ries we expect here. A *Carmelite* Fri
has brought a most valuable rarity with hi
from the *Holy-land*, which he presented h
Week to the Old Gentleman: 'Tis t
Comb which belong'd to the *Cock* that
St. *Peter* a Weeping; and the *Pope*, th
say, designs to make a Present of it to a p
culiar Favourite, who has sacrificed his
for his Holiness. We are like to be ov
run with Strumpets from all Parts of Ch
stendom, who flock hither partly to wipe
their old Scores, and partly to begin a fr
Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found by a m
dest Computation at present, that they a
at least ten *Harlots* to one *Church-man* alr
dy. How will they be over-power'd th
when the whole *Posse* is got to *Rome*; Ho
ever it is hoped that we shall have a spe
Reinforcement of Brawny well-chin'd
gulars, and *Seculars* from the *North*, to ke
the Balance more even between the G
and the *Petticoat*. This is the first ti
that ever a *Plurality* of *Concubines* w
thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

Amsterdam, *July* 30. The Magistra
of this place lately took it into their pi
Considerations, to reform the Abuses of
Long Cellar, and one of them proposed
have it lock'd up; for which he had li
to have been *De-Witted* by the *Mob*, f

Pa

el of *Saylors* hearing of it, gather'd in
t numbers about his Houſe, demoliſh'd
Windows, and had proceeded farther
eir Out-rage, had not ſome of the top-
Burgomaſters pacified them, by telling
the old Immunities, and Privileges
e *Long Cellar* ſhou'd be continued to
and their Heirs for ever. It was like-
propoſed in our Councel, to lay ſome
Penalty upon *Drunkenneſs*; but it be-
repreſented to them, that it would *in-*
the People, and bring down the *Ex-*
for that reaſon they went no farther in
aſt Week four Men and as many Wo-
came from the *Dutchy* of *Juliers* to this
e, with a Spick-and-Span *new Religion*
'tis reported) the whole Contents of
ch may be carried in the compaſs of a
f-box: They give out that it is the *ea-*
and *cheapeſt Religion* that ever was
wn, and therefore offered it to the
s; who after the Genius of all Common-
ths are for ſaving the penny in every
g. If their Motion is rejected, they
n to Embark for *England*, and ſee what
ket they can make of their *new Religion*
our new *Reformers* in *London*. Two
ned Criticks of the Univerſity of *Leyden*
had a long Conteſt about the right
ing of *Virgils* name, that is to ſay,
whether

whether 'tis to be written with an *e* or an and old Marbles, and Manuſcripts ha been *plentifully* quoted in a diſpute of great *importance*, but at laſt, they have greed to referr the Matter to D. *B*— who being a Perſon of *ſingular Humanit* 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Sa faction.

Edenburg, July 29. We have not h theſe ten Years ſo favourable a Summe now; ſo that we don't doubt, but that *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appo ed a general Thankſgiving for it: F two *Witches* are in Cuſtody in ſeveral ſons in this *Kingdom*, and many tem Things are alledg'd againſt 'em, and ſ of them have been ſuch *ſilly Jades* to c themſelves guilty, chuſing to be burnt right, rather than be daily perſecuted the *Maſs Johns*. The chief diſco rer of them is a Pulpit-drubber by Profe on, who knows all the *Witches* forms in *Kingdom*; and with his *Kirk Terriers* Unearth you ten of them in a Morn We build great matters upon our new lony at *Darien*, and talk of covering all *Churches* in *Edenburgh* with Silver Tiles ſhort time; but others, who are not a gether ſo Sanguine, are of Opinion, t all theſe mighty expectations will com

nothi

hing. And now I am upon the Chapter
cotland, give me leave to tell you, what
ard a Politician ſay in the *Rainbow* Cof-
houſe yeſterday upon this. I am confi-
t, ſays he, that the Hand of Heaven will
ear very Viſible in the Chaſtiſement of
Scots in this new Project of theirs upon
erica. They have impudently bid Defi-
e to Fate, and oppoſed the Decrees of
vidence, for as Heaven from all Eterni-
ecreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards;
Spaniards to be grave ſolemn Cox-
bs, the *French* to be Slaves, the *Jews*
e Raſcals, and the *Engliſh* to be Muti-
s; ſo he predeſtinated the *Scots* to be
ars; accordingly we find, all other
ions acquieſce in what Providence had
r'd for them, The *Germans* to this Day
Drunk before Noon, the *Spaniard* is
to be whipt out of his Pace, the *French*
y Packſadles, and ſo will do in *Sæcula*
lorum; the *Jews* Cheat on, and the
iſh once in a Century ſend a Monarch
azing, only the *Scots* muſt kick againſt
Decrees of Fate, and inſtead of *Pedlars*,
itle their Anceſtours aquieſced in for
thouſand Years, and upward, ſet up
Merchants, forſooth; but if ever they
e any thing on't, ſays he, (and if they
not at laſt reduc'd to their old ancient

Pedlarism) I'll forfeit my Reputation of Prophet to you. Altho' they have cheat King *William* out of an *Act* of *Parliament* I believe they will find it a hard matter with all their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most portant Occurrences I cou'd find in the reign Papers. But as to *London*, which fes to be an inexhaustible Magazine News and Scandal, it affords neither at sent. Our *Beaux* are all gone down to T *bridge* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make C quests in both those places; where I sume they will succeed as well, as our Brethren beyond the *Twede* in their new *ledonian* Plantation; and return a Month two hence to Town with their Pockets empty as their Heads. The Lawyers gone down to their respective Quarters low Dissention amongst his Majesty's People in the Country, and will reap, doubt on't, a most plentiful Hervest *Michaelmas*-Term. Our old red-nosed C ret-drinkers have now left us, to recr by a Vacation-sobriety, their decayed C cases, and enable 'em to sit up wh Nights with the Parliament-men the Winter. In short, the Stock-jobbers h left the *Change*, and the Citizens are

em gone to *Epsom*, in order to Cuckold another, which is all the News at pre-
t from

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

To the same.

m the Gun-Musick-Booth *in* Smithfield.

ar *George*, *Aug.* 28. 99.

Things are hush'd, as Law *it self were dead,*
r pensive Fleetstreet, *drops its mournful Head;*
ooth Alcalies *in Peace with* Acids *sleep;*
e Church *and* Stage *no longer Difference keep;*
e Strand's *a Desart grown.*

N D now the Spirit of Versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to you in honest Prose, that I mean no e by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let know this is the long Vacation, which *yers, poor Whores*, and *Taylors*, as well nany other Trades agree to *curse* most tifully. Yet tho' the generality of our ple are glad this penitential Season is expired, for my part, I cou'd heartily n, as a *Soldier* does by the *Wars*, or a

Woman by *Enjoyment*, it would laſt mu
longer.

You'll tell me, that this is a Parado
For why the Plague ſhou'd a Man deſire
be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a ma
ner, and all the beſt Company is gone
Tunbridge, *Epſom* or the *Bath*? All this m
be true; but before you and I part, p
haps I may bring you to be of my Opi
on, I mean, reconcile you to the *Long V*
cation.

In the firſt place: You muſt know, th
I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reaſ
I wonder, why ſo many wiſe Gentlem
ſhou'd be ſo fond to go to the *Jubile*
Rome, where they are like to be *throng*
and *crowded*, as much as a Spectator at
Country Bull-baiting, and with almoſt
bad a Mob. I hope you'll pardon the *fa*
liarity of the Expreſſion, for indeed, wh
I conſider what a *motly* Herd of *Prie*
Fops, and *Bigots*, will troop thither up
this Occaſion, I cannot find in my heart
give them a *better* Name. In ſhort, I lo
the long Vacation upon the ſame accou
that ſome *honeſt* Claret-drinkers love wa
ing Home at *Midnight*, becauſe the Stre
are *clearer* and not ſo *incommoded* as at oth
times. Beſides, *London* is at no time of t
Year ſo *thinly* peopl'd (God be thank

t a Man, with a little *Induſtry*, may find mpany enough of *both Sexes*, to the ne of his *Health* and Conſumption of his *ate.* But this is not all, a univerſal Spirit *Civility* reigns over all the Town; the *adeſmen* are more confiding, and the *rlots* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Mi-elmas*-Term, is as difficult of *acceſs* as a vy-councellor, will now give you his mpany for *asking*, and perhaps *club* his ttle in to the Bargain; and the very *indi-lual* Damſel, with whom a Month or o hence, nothing below a *Senator* will down, or at leaſt a Man that will bribe deep, is now ſo *humbled* by the *Emptineſs* the Town, that for the *Credit* of being ried in a *Coach* to her Lodgings, and the pence of a Bottle of *Wine*, to treat her ndlady, ſhe will put on a clean Smock oblige you, without ſo much as *exacting* ney to pay the Landreſs.

cou'd ſay a thouſand things more in alf of the *Vacation*, but I ſhall content ſelf at preſent, with obſerving, that it duces *Bartholomew*-Fair; and when I e ſaid that, I think it needs no *farther* egyrick. If Antiquity carries any *weight* h it, the *Fair* has enough to ſay for it on that *Head.* Fourſcore Years ago,

and better, it afforded *Matter* enough fo one of our beſt *Comedians* to Compoſe Play upon it: But *Smithfield* is another ſo of a Place now to what it was in the Tim of *Honeſt Ben*; who, were he to riſe out his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to b the ſame numerical ſpot of ground wha Juſtice *Over-do* made ſo buſie a Figur where the *Crop-ear'd Parſon* demoliſh'd *Ginger-bread Stall*, where *Nightingale* of ha monious memory ſung *Balads*, and *fat T ſula* ſold *Pig* and *botled Ale*.

As I have obſerv'd to you, this not *Fair* is quite another thing than what was in the laſt Age; It not only deals int humble Stories of *Criſpin* and *Criſpian Whittington*'s Cat, *Bateman*'s Ghoſt, wi the merry Conceits of the little Pickle-ha ring; it produces *Opera*'s of its own grow and is become a formidable Rival to be the Theaters. It beholds *Gods* deſcendi from *Machines*, who expreſs themſelves a Language ſuitable to their Dignity: trafficks in *Heroes*, it raiſes *Ghoſts* and *paritions*; it has repreſented the *Tro Horſe*, the Workmanſhip of the divine *us*; it has ſeen St. *George* encounter *Dragon*, and overcome him. In ſhort, *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for *Songs* and D *ces*, for *ſublime Fuſtian* and *magnificent* N

ſen

e, it comes not ſhort of *Drury-Lane* or *colns-inn-Fields*. But, to leave off this *ubaſt*, with which the *Booths* have in-ted me, and deliver my ſelf in a more *iliar* Stile, you are to know, that, at preſent Writing, your humble Servant n a *Muſick-Booth*; yet, though he is *di-ſted* with a thouſand Noiſes and Objects, a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen *Ra-s* at her Neck, a Dance of *Chimney-ſwee-*, and a *Fellow* ſtanding on his Head on top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both Leiſure Patience enough to Write to you.

Smithfield had always the Reputation of ng a Place of *Perſecution*, with this dif-ence, that the *Women* do that in this Age ich the *Prieſts* did in the laſt, and make many poor Sinners ſuffer by *Fire*.

Cheap-ſide Cits come to ſee horned aſts brought hither from all Parts of the orld, when they might behold the very ne *Monſters* at home, if they wou'd but at the pains of conſulting their own *oking-glaſſes*: Our pious *Reformers* have en long endeavouring to put down this urſery of *Wickedneſs* and *Irreligion*, as y call it; but the beloved *Wives* of their n Boſoms, and their vertuous *Daughters*, tter underſtand their own *Intereſt*, than loſe any Opportunity of getting *abroad*

and planting *Cuckoldom* or *Fornication*, their *Mothers* did before them.

Certainly no Place sets Mankind mo upon a level than *Smithfield* does; *Lords* *Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Fleaers of d* *Horses*, *Colonels* and *Foot-soldiers*, Ba and *Women of Vertue*, walk Cheek by Jo in the *Cloisters*, and joftle one another Candle-light, as familiarly as *Nat L* Gods in *Oedipus* joftle one another in dark. The poor Vizard-masks suffer mo unmercifully, for no sooner can they sho their Heads within this blessed Place of *freedom* and no *quarter*, but away they *hurried* into a corner, and a hundred seve *hands* are about them at once, to *exam* whether they carry any *Contraband* Goo about them.

The Woman and her Children in t *Maccabees*, that chose rather to part wi their *lives*, than pollute themselves wi *Swines-flesh*, wou'd have died ten Thousa Deaths, rather than have touched the E of a *Smithfield* Pig, with a thousand Prince *Moloch*'s pagan Subjects floating the Sauce about him. But perhaps o vertuous Citizens swallow *Pig* and *Pork* earnestly, to shew their Aversion to *daism*; as the learned Mr. *Selden* I remem ber, somewhere tells us in his *Table-tal*

th

for the very ſame reaſon our Anceſtors e wont to provide *Gammons* of Bacon nſt *Eaſter*, which *godly* cuſtom their po- ty *keep up* to this Day.

o much may ſuffice at preſent, for I am now going to a *Puppit-ſhow* to ſee the *ution of the World* and *Noah*'s *Flood*, ch will give me more Satisfaction, I 't queſtion, than Dr. *Woodward*'s *Hypo-* s, Mr. *Whiſton*'s *Theory*, or any new em of our modern *Vertuoſo*'s.

I am your moſt humble Servant.

---

the ſame upon the breaking up of Bartholomew-*fair.*

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 12. 99.

THe Glory is departed from *Smithfield*, and Love and Intrigues have left the iſters; in ſhort, *Bartholomew*-fair is over, *voila, mon Ami, les miſerables Effets d' ſi grande Revolution.*

Thoſe very individual *Perſons*, who, two s ago, glitter'd in *Imperial* Tinſel, go- n'd *Kingdoms* in Imagination, com- ded *Legions*, and talk'd ſublime *He-*

roic

roic in Tragic *Buskins*; those very Perso
I say, who put the *Sun* out of *Countenan*
in his *double* Capacity, both as the God
Poetry, and the *Governor* of the *Day*, wh
out-shone him at Noon with their bright
Bristol stones, and *out metaphor'd* all Par
sus in their *Opera's*; Those very persons,
say, who commanded Respect from the
feriour *Mobb*, and drew the Eyes of
whole City, more than a *Lord-Mayor* a
Publick Cavalcade:

——*Quis talia fando*, (Ut
Myrmidonum, *Dolopumve*, *aut duri m*
Temperet à lachrymis?

Are now, by a most *wonderful* Revolut
of Fate, *divested* of all their Splendour a
Magnificence. Their *Troops*, their *Arm*
nay, their very *Guards* have deserted the
they are now *reduced* to the *common* Obs
rity of Mankind; instead of the most
quisite Wine, that used to *Crown* their G
ses, we find them *burying* the Regret
their lost *Sovereignty* in humble *Flip*,
more humble *Annisseed*; and are glad to
trusted for a Dinner at a *Boiling-cook's*, a
snore contentedly in a *Garret*.

And those charming *Dulcibella's*, w
by the unparallell'd *Lustre* of their E
for

l *Monarchs* to lay their *Scepters* at their who had the disposal of Kingdoms *Dominions*, who stole away the *Hearts* l Beholders, and, when ever they 'd, drew either *Admiration* or *Pity* the Spectators, are now, by their like *stancy* of Fortune, oblig'd to return to *rivacies* of a less *pompous* Life. They n Yesterday's Sun beheld so *majestical*-ere, that they refused a *gracious* Smile ostrate Princes;

Nunc in quadriviis, & angiportis,
Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.

now glad to dispence the last Favours o higher a Bribe than a *Silver-thimble*, a *double-guilt Brass-ring*: In the Day-, they foot Stockings, wash Foot-mens s, and repair the Breaches of *old Lace*, *Muslin*, regale themselves with a Pint *Milk* at *Noon*, and *Gray-pease* at *Night*, ge it on Foot from *Charing-cross* to the *ge*, and with their *officious* Elbows *re*- all the Passers by of their *desolate* Con-n: In fine, They; who so lately com-ded the *whole Universe*, are under per-al Alarms from *Watch-men*, *Constables*, the savage Justice's *Clerk*; and as an ent Author, who lived in *William Ru*-time has it.

In

In midnight Cellars now they Ply,
For two pence wet, and two pence Dry.

But though *Bartholomew*-fair be dead, and buried for a *Twelvemonth*, yet, it is so *Consolation* to us, that it revives in both *Play-houses*. Poetry is so *little* regarded there, and the Audience is so taken up with *Show* and *Sight*, that an Author needs not much trouble himself about his thoughts and Language, so he is but in fee with *Dancing-masters*, and has a few luscious Songs to *lard* his dry Composition. One would almost swear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane*, and *Lincolns-Inn-fields* since they set so small a Value on good Sence, and so great a one on Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. By the way I am to tell you, that some of their latest are so very *monstrous*, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever *knew* any thing like them. They are as *long* as the Title Pages to some of Mr. *Prin*'s *Works*, nay, they may much sooner dispatch the *Gazette* even when it is most crowded with Advertisements. And as their *Bills* are prodigious, so are the *Entertainments* they present us with. For not to mention the *Bohemian* Women that first taught us how to dance

ſwim together; nor the famous Mr. *h* of *Barnet* with his Kit and Organ; he *worthy* Gentleman that condeſcend-dance a *Cheſhire*-round at the inſtance veral perſons of Quality; nor t'other y Gentleman that Sung like a Turky ; nor laſtly that *prodigy* of a man that ted the *Boxes* ſo much with *my Ladies day*, and ſo dexterouſly *Mimick*'d the hony of the *Eſſex Lyons*; not to men-theſe and a hundred other notable cu-ies, we have been ſo unmercifully over-with an inundation of *Meſſieurs* from , that one would be almoſt tempted iſh that the War had ſtill continued, if re for no other reaſon but becauſe it d have prevented the coming over of light-heel'd Gentlemen, who have a greater Plague to our Theaters, their Privateers were to our *Merchant-*

Shortly, I ſuppoſe we ſhall be enter-d here with all ſorts of Sights and s, as, Jumping through a *Hoop*; (for ſhould not that be as proper as Mr. *ſon*'s *Vaulting* upon the *Wooden horſe*,) *ing* upon the high *Ropes*, *Leaping* over Mens Heads, *Wreſtling*, *Boxing*, *Cud-*, *Fighting* at *Back-ſword*, *Quarter-ſtaff*, *baiting*, and all the other noble Exer-that divert the good Folks at *Hockley*,

for

for when once ſuch an *infection* as this gain'd ground upon us, who can tell wh it will *Stop* ?

What a wretched Paſs is this *wicked* come to, when *Ben Johnſon*, and Sh *ſpear* won't reliſh, without theſe Bag to recommend them, and nothing but F and *Grimace* will go down ? For my p I wonder they have not incorporated F *ſon Bu—eſs* into their *Society*, for after Auditors are *ſtupified* with a dull Scene, ſo, he wou'd make a ſhift to *relieve* th In ſhort, Mr. *Collier* may ſave himſelf *trouble* of writing againſt the *Theatre*, if theſe *lewd* Practices are not laid *aſide*, Sence and Wit don't come into *play* ag a Man may eaſily *foretel*, without pret ing to the Gift of *Prophecy*, that the St will be *ſhort-liv d*, and the ſtrong *Ke* Man will take Poſſeſſion of *the two* h *houſes*, as he has already done of that in *ſet-garden*. I am

Your humble Serv

P. S. The ſtrong *Kentiſh Man* (of wh you have heard ſo many Stories) has told you above, taken up his *quarters* in *ſet-garden*; and how they'll get him ag

n the Lord knows, for he threatens to ſh all the Poets, if they pretend to di-) him. Mr. *Joſeph Haines*, was his ter of the Ceremonies, and introduced in a Prologue upon the Stage; and in- who ſo fit to do it, as this Perſon, ſe Breath is as *ſtrong*, as the *Kentiſh* 's Back? I don't doubt, but that ſeve- f the Ladies, who ſaw this Prodigy of an, long'd to try a *Fall* with him in ate, like the Woman in *Ovid*, that was ous to lie with *Hercules*, for no other t but that of his Strength. Her words, ſs my Memory fails me, were theſe,

——— *Subiit me magna cupido,*
erre *virum*, tulerat *qui prius ipſe polum.*

nd to convince you that I have not dered the fair Sex, I have ſent you in- d the following Letter, which was ten by a certain *Counteſs* that ſhall be eleſs, dropt by her Foot-man in the *mall*, and taken up by a Chairman. At ent 'tis all the talk of the Town, and y *Chocolate*-houſe rings of it.

To

To William Joy, *the strong* Kent*man.*

SIR,

I Saw you Yesterday, with satisfacti exerting your *Parts* in *Dorset-gard* on that very *Theatre* where I have frequ ly beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Cæsars*, *Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greatest roes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of ancient or mod Times, taking *Towns*, sacking *Cities*, o turning *Empires*, singly routing whole *mies*, but yet performing less *Wonders* t *You*. Yet, I must tell you, it grieves to see so *Noble* a *Talent* mis-employed, that *Strength* thrown away upon unde ving *Horses*, that cannot reward your *bour*, which might much better divert requiting *Woman*. Meet me therefo thou *puissant Man*, in another *Garden*, a *better Theatre*, where you may emp your *Abilities* with more *Profit* to *Your* and *Satisfaction* to the expecting

MELESIND

onſolatory Letter to my Lady ----- *pon the Death of her* Husband.

ladam,

Was very much *ſurprized* to hear that your Ladyſhip takes ſo much to *Heart*, Loſs of your Husband; that your Rela- s ſhould not be able to *Conquer* ſo ob- te a *Grief*, or that a Perſon of your *Sence* and *Reſolution*, ſhould be ſo *un- onable* and ſo *weak*, as to pay that Re- to the Aſhes of the *Dead*, which well- Women now-a-days can ſcarce afford e *Living*.

will not pretend to *attack* your Grief e *common* Forms, I will not repreſent ou, that *all Fleſh is Graſs*, that nothing *empt* from the Laws of *Fate*, and that n *vain* to *regret* a Loſs, which it was n our power to *prevent*; theſe *thread-* Topicks I ſhall leave to Divines and oſophers, and ſhall *content* my ſelf, to *e* your Lamentations, with Arguments ſuited to your *preſent* Condition.

'is true, Madam, you have *loſt* a band, and what of that? have not uſands *done* ſo before you? but then ider, that his Death makes room for a

new *Election.* A Widow ought no more *afflict* her ſelf for the Death of her Husband than a *Country Corporation* is obliged to into *Mourning* for the *Death* of the Mem*ber* that repreſented 'em in *Parliament*; without ſtaying for a Writ from the Clerk of the *Crown*, ſhe may proceed to a new Choice as ſoon as ſhe ſees convenient. Your *Husband*, God be thank'd, has neither carried your *Youth* with him into the other World, nor your *Joynture*; cou'd he have robb'd you of *either* of thoſe *Bleſſings*, you might have juſt Reaſon to *complain*; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very *deſperate*, when her *two* ſureſt Friends, *Beauty* and her *Wealth* ſtick cloſe to her.

As you have *Charms*, and *Money* enough to procure you ſtore of *Lovers*, ſo in my Opinion, it muſt needs be an *agreeable* diverſion to you in your preſent *Sorrow*, (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the *Appearance* of it) to obſerve the different *Addreſs* and *Language* of your Admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the Perfections of your *Soul*, excluſive of all Worldly Conſiderations; but, Madam, have a care of theſe *Platonicks*, for a Man that makes *vigorous Court* to the *Body* is worth a Thouſand *Coxcombs*, that pretend I know not what mighty kindneſs to your *Soul*.

Another will tell you, that he is ready *hang* or *drown* for your Sake, and desires to chuse what sort of *Death* for him you k fit, if you deny him that *Blessing*, erein his Life can be only *happy*. Be *go-'d* by me, Madam, and take such a er at his *Word*; if he *decently* dispatch self, you may take it from me, that he *l* in earnest, but if he *fails* to give you Testimony of his *Affection*, you may lude he was a *Hypocrite*, and conse-ntly not worth the saving.

third perhaps will boast of his *Acres*, tell you what a large *Settlement* he will e you; whatever you do, pray take of these *Smithfield Gentlemen*, these l and Tenement-*Panders*; for not one Thousand is *honest* at bottom. And if n but *joyn* your Estate to his, never bles his head about the more comfor-*Conjunction* of Persons and Affecti-

will be a *pleasant* Amusement for you, anage these Humble Servants so *artifi-*, as to make all of 'em *hope*; yet, at ame time *jealous* of one another, to a *kind* Glance sometimes at one, and w a *gracious* Nod sometimes upon ano-to see them *languish* at your Feet, and the *different* turns of their Rhetorick;

then after you have thoroughly exami
their *ſeveral* Merits and Qualifications, 't
be high time to proceed in your Choice.
whenever you go about that, Madam,
me adviſe you to obſerve the ſame Polic
the *Cardinals* do at the Election of a *Pope*
pitch upon one, who, in all probabilit
ſooneſt like to make a *ſede vacante*. T
Madam, inſtead of dwelling upon the
ſtrious Qualities of the *Defunct*, accom
to the *thread-bare* Method of *common C*
forters, I have made bold to lay down
fore you the Meaſures you are to take
the *Living*. I confeſs I have ventur'd
on a Task for which I am no ways q
fied: *Solomon* has told us, That the H
of *Kings* are *unſearchable*; which, I
poſe, he knew to be ſo by his own
might have added, when his Hand wa
That the Hearts of Widows have the
occult Quality, and are as hard to be a
ſtood. Thus, *Madam*, you are not to
der, if the Directions I have given you
none of the propereſt, however, ſu
you ſee 'em, they are at your Service,
likewiſe,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient and Faithful

Walter Knight, *Esq; at* Ruſcomb *in* Berkſhire.

ing a Relation of a Journey to London.

ir,

Ou are *earneſt* to know how I got to Town, and what Adventures I met n the Road. Since you can *condeſcend* ntertain your ſelf with *Trifles* of this ure, be pleaſed to take them as they w:

s ſoon as I came to *Reading*, I ſent the n of the Houſe, where I lay that Night, nquire what Places were taken in the ch; who brought me word, that only Place was taken, and that for a Wo-. I preſently repreſented to my ſelf e *Maid*, *Wife*, or *Widow* of Nineteen, n black roguy *Eyes*, cherry *Cheeks*, nar- *Mouth*, ſwelling *Breaſts* and a *Breath* veet as *Violets*. I thanked my kind s for this *favourable* Opportunity, and n theſe *Pleaſant* Imaginations paſſed y the Night very agreeably. Next rning, full of theſe charming *Idea's*, I e haſt to the Inn where rhe Coach lay: good Heavens! no ſooner did I peep

within the leathern Machine, but I foun my ſelf the moſt lamentably diſappoint that ever poor Sinner was. Inſtead of t *Beauty* I had repreſented to my ſelf, behol there was an *old Gentlewoman* with form dable *Whiskers*, her *Noſe* and *Chin* as rea to meet as the two Ends of a Half-moo and a *diſmal Forehead-cloth* in to the Barga to cool my Courage. A Man of more P ty than my ſelf wou'd have thanked Ha ven for being ſo favourable to him, and curing him from a Temptation; but I'fai I cou'd not find in my Heart to do it. I the Coach I ſtept, but with as much Reg on my ſide, as a Citizen, that has *bri* deep to get himſelf elected in a Coun Borough, is turned out of the *Houſe*, a without ſo much as bidding her Ladiſh Good-morrow, I compos'd my ſelf to ſ as well as I cou'd; and, being pretty w *prepared* for it, by what I had been *doing* t Night before, ſlept ten Miles perpendicul without the leaſt interruption, till we ca to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a *Captain*, and two G *tlemen* beſides. The Captain was one of t moſt agreeable Companions that ever co have aton'd for my former Diſappointme He had been in the Service ever ſince t famous Campagns at *Hounſlow*, ſince wh

had seen most of the Action in *Scotland*, *land*, and *Flanders*. Our Conversation at ran upon *Politicks*: and we talked very ciously of the Miscarriages of the War. *gion* succeeded to that Discourse; and, en we were *weary* of that Subject, as in- d none of us had *much* to say to it, by unanimous Consent, we fell upon *Wo-*. The *Captain*, who, as I told you ore, was a Man of *Wit* and *Pleasantry*, erted us *extreamly* upon this Argument: told us, that as other Gentlemen devo- their Time to *Geometry* or *Musick*, or thing else which they fancied, he had le it his *particular* Business to study *men*, and had arrived to so great a *Per-* *on* in this noble *Science*, that, after the *Interview*, he cou'd as certainly tell many Days a *Woman* wou'd *hold out*, when she wou'd *deliver*, as Monsieur *ban* cou'd tell when any *Town* wou'd *ender*.

compare, says he, a *Woman* to a *Forti-* *ion*; In the first place, because it is in *own* Way; and like *Tully*'s Fidler, that ned the Soul to be Harmony, a Man al- s ought to borrow his Metaphors from own Profession. And, secondly, be- e there's the greatest *Resemblance* in the rld between them. There's no *Fortifi-*

cation so strong, nor no *Woman* so vertuo
but, by open *Force* or *Stratagem*, may
made to *Yield*. The World is at liber
to say what it pleases; but I positiv
maintain, that every Woman is to
taken: she is either to be undermin'd
Flattery, or won by *Bribery*, which
Military Men call *Capitulation*, or else (
it does not happen once in a hundred Ye
to be managed by downright *Streng*
which the Learned in *Mathematicks*
taking the Town by *Storm*. Now all
Art lies to know how to employ these
ferent Expedients. Some Ladies will
flatter'd into *Love*, whom all the Bri
that stir about *Westminster-Hall* in a *Sed*
can never move: And others, by far
greatest part of the *Sex*, are to be *man*
by *Money*, who have too much Discret
to be Imposed upon by *Flattery* And th
are others too great for *Bribery*, and in
sible to all the *Flattery* in the World, t
must be *vanquished* by *Force*. Tho' th
Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as *rampan*
vours, nay perhaps fiercer, yet they wo
seem to be *forced*; they think 'tis fo
Excuse for their *Infirmity*, and *quarrel* w
you after you have *obliged* them. In
heat of my Discourse, I have omitted
thing, which never *fails*, when all o

Artif

fices *miſcarry*, and that is the pretend- to be *Religious*. It gives a Man the racter of being *Silent* and *Circumſpect*, ch is *all* in *all* with the Ladies, and I found it ſo by experience.

was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about e eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon *lder*, when ſome of our Troops were *otland*: His Wife, as to her Beauty, but indifferent, but ſhe was *young*, and belonged to the *Kirk*, which were two aordinary Temptations, eſpecially the r. I offer'd her half a *Piece*, which a *Sum* big enough in that Country, to *corrupted* all the *Miniſtry*, but cou'd not ail. Then I laid out all my Stock of *orick* upon her, and made a *Goddeſs* of *Coquette*, but to as little effect as be- At laſt it came into my Head to ſpeak of the *Covenant*, and rail at the *Bi-*, after which, to my no little ſurprize, und her *communicative* enough of her on.

n ſhort, Gentlemen, I have *tried* all the cks in the World, and find, by long erience, that *Flattery* does more than *re Dealing* with them, and *Wine* more n *Flattery*, *Money* more than that, and *gion*, I mean the *Pretence* of it, more n *Flattery*, *Wine*, and *Money*, put toge-

ther.

ther. This you may take for grat when you have beaten a Woman's P and *Honour* out of the Field, and sh nothing but her *precious Soul* to capitul for, that *Body*, and *all*, are in a fair wa being yours: for *Spinosa* and *Vanninu* ver made a quarter so many *Atheists*, *Love*.

Since I am upon this *Argument*, Ge men, and we have nothing else to *tell* give me leave to tell you a short *Story* ting to this *Affair*: The Scene lies in *W* or the Borders of it, I won't be positive, I dare swear it will divert you for wan something better:

In the *Country* above-mentioned liv *Family*, very remarkable for their *Godlin* by the same token that they always k three or four *Presbyterian Divines*, wit many young *Cubs* of the *Schism*, to k the House in due Order. From Mor to Night there was nothing but *Exhort on*, and *Use*, and *Application* to be he within the Walls. The *Cook* exhorted *Butler*, the *Groom* gave *Spiritual* Advic the *Gardiner*: Nay, the *Kitchin-Wench Turnspit-Boy* wou'd spoil my *Lady*'s Din to settle the grand Point of *Predestinat* Yet, amidst all this *Whining* and *Pray* and *Singing of Psalms*, the *Devil*, w

the Family a *Grudge*, for making this *War* against him, seduced my *Lady*'s *ng-Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of kedness with one of the *Knight*'s *Pray-ootmen*: This zealous Pair managed Affairs with so little Discretion, that Amour came to be discovered by of their Fellow-Servants; but *godly e*, you know, think themselves above *al*. At last, word was brought to the *ady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. he first she cou'd not believe the s, for how durst *Satan* be so impudent, put his nasty Cloven-Foot within her shold? But finding it confirmed by a d of Witnesses, she went to the Scene udness, taking with her a *Smith*, and *nconformist Parson*; *one* to break open *Door* in case of Opposition; the *other* ise up their *Consciences* in case of Im-ency. Upon the first Alarm that my gave them, the *Lovers* wou'd not an-; but when they found the *Smith* be-o fall to work with the Door in good ft, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. *old Lady* cou'd hardly forbear *striking*, so much was her *Holy Spleen* provo-t the *Profanation* of her House: But thunder'd out *Judgments* plentifully st them, and the *Divine*, that was

with

with her, did the ſame, but eſpecially the *Treſpaſſing* Damoſel, though his E gave his *Tongue* the *Lye*, all the while *reprimanded* her. In ſhort, the *Foot* had his Livery *ſtript* over his Ears, and poor *Wench* was ſent *Home* to her Relatio by the ſame token that ſhe attempted *drown* her ſelf by the way.

This *godly* Family was in a ſtrange *order* to be defiled thus with Fornicati and the Maſter of it being then in *Lond* his Lady ſent him an Account of this happy Accident, withal deſiring his Adv to know what muſt be done upon this caſion. He order'd the *Bed*, upon wh this wicked *Action* had been committed, be carried out of the Gates of the Ho and there to be *burnt*. On the Day wh this was put in *Execution*, the diſcar *Footman* chanced to come by, as Fire ſet to the *offending* Materials, and be told the reaſon of it, My Maſter, ſays might have let this Bone-fire *alone*; for my *Knowledge*, if he's reſolved to *puni* this manner every Bed or Chair that been acceſſory to *Fornication*, there's n a Bed or Chair in the Houſe can *'ſcape* hi

The *Captain* had juſt made an end of Story as the Coach was got upon the Sto I took my leave of the Company in

-market, being obliged, as you know, isit Mr. *B* —— ; by whom I find, that e's no stirring for me out of Town this nth or two. This is a sensible *mortifi-on* to me, for whereas I had flatter'd self that I should pass the winter h you in one of the best *Airs* in *Berk-e*, I must now do Pennance in *ever-ing* Fog and Smoke, which is my aver- of all aversions. The onely *relief* I propose to my self, is to *converse* with by way of *Letters* as often as I can, by that means to fancy my self at *Rus-b*. So that when any thing remarkable pens here, you may *depend* to have an bunt of it, from, Sir,

Your most humble and most obliged, &c.

d. Octob. 99.

Love Letter from an Officer in the rmy, to a Widow, whom he was despe-ately in Love with, before he saw her.

THough I never had the Happiness to *see* you, no, not so much as in a *Pi-re*, and consequently can no more tell, at *Complexion* you are of, than he that

lives in the *remoteſt* part of *China*; I
Madam, I am fallen paſſionately in L
with you, and this *Affection* has taken
deep *root* in me, that in my *Conſciene*
cou'd die a *Martyr* for you, with as m
Alacrity, as thouſands have done for th
Religion ; though they knew as little of
Truth, for which they dy'd, as I do of y
Ladiſhip.

This may *ſurprize* you, Madam, b
you'll ceaſe to *wonder*, when I ſhall info
you what it was, that not only gave Bi
to my paſſion, but has ſo effectually c
firm'd it. Laſt Week, riding into
Country about my lawful Affairs, it was
Fortune to ſee a moſt magnificent *Seat* t
on the Road; this excited my *Curioſity*
enquire after the *Owner* of ſo *beautiful* a P
and being told that it belong'd to your L
diſhip, I began that very Moment to be
a ſtrange *Inclination* for you: but whe
was farther informed, that ſome two th
ſand Acres of the *beſt* Land in *England*, b
long'd to this noble *Fabrick*, together w
a fine *Park*, variety of *Fiſh-ponds*, and ſu
like *Conveniences* ; I then fell up to the E
in *Love*, and ſubmitted to a *power*, which
could not reſiſt.

Thought I to my ſelf, the Owner of
many *agreeable* Things, muſt needs be t

charming Lady in the Universe: What she be *old*, her Trees are *green*? What she has lost all the Roses in her *Cheeks*, has enough in her *Gardens*? What signifies it though she be *barren*, since her Acres *fruitful*? With these Thoughts, I lighted from my Horse, and on the sudden fell *enamour'd* with your Ladiship, that I my *Passion* to every *Tree* in your Park, ch, by the by, are the tallest, straitest, liest, finest shaped *Trees* I ever saw; I have since wore out above two dozen *knives*, in *Engravening* your Name upon their Barks.

I will now *appeal* to your Ladiship, whether any *Lover*, ever went upon more *solid* ves than my self. Those that chuse mistress wholly for her *Beauty*, will ibly find their Passion *decay* with that; that pretend to admire a Woman for *Qualities* of her *Mind*, are guilty of a of *Pagan* superstition, long since worn d-bare by *Plato* and his Disciples; for at loves not a Fair Lady for the *Flesh*, ell as the *Spirit*, is only fit, in my Opito make his Court to a *Spectre*; whereladam, you need not question the *Sin*of my *Passion* which is built upon the *Foundation* with your House, *grows* your *Trees*, and will daily *increase* with *Estate*:

For

For all I know to the contrary, your
diship may be the *handsomest* Woman in
World; but whether you are or no,
nifies not a Farthing, while you have
ney enough to set you off, though you
ten times more forbidding than the pre
red-nosed Countess of ——, and ten ti
older than the famous Countess of *Desm*
I am a *Soldier* by my *Profession*, and
fought for *Pay*, so with *Heaven*'s Bless
design to *love* for *Pay*; All your other
tors wou'd speak the same *Language* to
were they as *honest* as my self; This I
tell you for your *Comfort*, *Madam*, th
you pitch upon me, you'll be the *first*
dow upon Record, from the *Creatio*
the World, to this present *Hour*, that
chose a Man for telling her the Truth
am

Your most Passionate,

To Sir W. S——.

the two incomparable Poems, the Satyr ainſt Wit; and the Poetæ Britannici.

Jan. 8.

Have, according to your Order, ſent you down by the *Canterbury* Coach, the *againſt Wit*, and the *Poetæ Britannici*, incomparable Pieces in their Kind, and h will certainly give you a great deal verſion, if you are to be diverted by *neſs* and *Defamation*, or what is as bad efamation, by *vile*, *lowſie Panegyric*: former of theſe two *Poems* came, like *biſedeck* into the World, without *Fa-* r *Mother*; I mean the *Author*, for ſeve- *eaſons* beſt known to himſelf, has not ght fit to ſet his *Name* before it: How- he is not ſo *conceal'd* as he fancies him- for if there is any certainty in *Phyſiog-* or the Child to be known by the re- ling the Features of his *Father*, as they he *Auſtrian* Family are by the *Lip*, it ndoubtedly written by the *City Bard*, ame worthy Gentleman, who about *Years* ago *lampoon'd* K. *William* in an *c Poem*, by the ſame Token, that he

was *Knighted* for it. I have been told h
has disown'd the *Bastard* in several Comp
nies, but that won't serve his turn: T
Grand Jury at *Will*'s have found the Bil
gainst him; so now he must e'en takeh
Brat home, and bring it up in its *Fath*
Religion, I mean, in *Hypocrisie* and Ba
biting. A Friend of mine t'other Da
said a very pleasant thing, methought
on this Occasion, a *Satyr against Wit*; t
is, says he, a *Satyr* against every ea
vidual *Subject* King *William* has in his
minions, for there's never a Man betw
St. *Michael*'s *Mount*, in *Cornwal*, and
wick upon Tweed, but thinks himself a
whatever the World may think of hi
nay, I dare engage that our *Author* h
self, for all his *Aversion* to *Wit*, does
believe his *Satyr* to be without it. 'Tis
most fantastical Mixture of *Hypocrisie*
Scandal you ever saw: The Writer o
sets up for an Advocate of *Religion* w
he shews by his Scurrility, and wan
good Manners, and pretends that a *Co*
deracy is carrying on in *Covent-Garden*,
Banish *that* and *Learning* out of the Wo
By the terrible Description he make
some People, one wou'd be apt to th
that the *Goths* and *Vandals*, who have b
buried under Ground for so many hund

es, were newly *sprung* up in *Russel-street*, l going with Fire and Faggot in hand set all our Libraries in Ashes; and en that was done, to knock all the *Par-* on the Head, and ravish all the *Women* ween *White-Hall* and *White-Chapel*. But *Oates*'s forty thousand *Pilgrims*, with r *Black Bills*, and so forth, don't smell ank of the *Legend*. All the Reason I w he has to make this *hideous* Out-cry, because the *Dispensary* has made bold to ose the *rumbling Fustian* of his two *Ar-* *s*, and some honest Gentlemen, that and then use to *drink* a *Dish* of *Tea* at 's, have been guilty of speaking the e truth. A strange thing this! that a n must be an *Atheist*, only for calling *ness* by its proper Name, and a *Rake*, use he has too much *Honesty* to Flatter of the most execrable *Poems*, that has u'd the World since the Days of *rles* and *Ogilby*. As I told you before, Author of this incomparable *Satyr* has pleased to disown it; but he has ac- wledged enough to do his Business. has own'd to a *Person* of the *indelible* racter, who complimented him upon Writing of it, and told him, that an *ible* Mark was stamped upon all his rks, that indeed he *Corrected* and *Re-*

vised, but did not *Write* it: Had any one but himself been desired to *Correct* it, he wou'd have done it by whole-sale with *Martial's Una litura.* However, this is enough in all Conscience, for next to the Scandal of Writing such a confounded *Satyr*, that of Correcting and Revising it, deserves the next place. But in Satyr and *Murder*, there's no such thing as *Accessories*, but every Man is a *Principal*. It wou'd look like too Solemn a Confutation of such *Ribaldry*, to say that the Gentlemen, whom he has abused, have improved and cultivated our Tongue, have obliged the World with several Works that will be read with *Admiration*, and remembred with *Gratitude*, when his are forgotten; that they think it no Disgrace to their *Learning*, to accompany it with *good Manners*; that they know when to unbend themselves to *Pleasure*, and when to apply to *Business*; that they don't affect a *Gravity* which after all becomes none but *mysterious Block-heads*, nor show their *Morals*, by *Censuring* those of their Neighbours: I think it would look too *solemn*, to say any thing like this in their *Justification*, since not only their own *Works* speak for them, but they are sufficiently *commended*, by being made the *Heroes* of his Libel. Amongst other

ner *merry* Doctrines he advances, he tells e World, that 'tis impossible for a Man be a *Wit*, and not a *Rake*; this I suppose calculated for the Meridian of *Cheapside*, d for the Consolation of his *City-Friends*, om all the *World* will clear from the Im-tation of being *Wits*: and yet, with all e Respect to my *Lord-Mayor* and *Alder-* be it spoken, I believe there are as ny of that Character within the *City-lls*, as there are in *Covent-Garden*, and pid senseless *Coxcombs* too, that discredit *asure*, and Murder *that* which was de-n'd to enliven *Conversation*. He principally els his Indignation at Mr. *Dryden*, and ong other Sins, taxes him with *Flattery*. Flattery is to be *Pardon'd* in any sort of n, it certainly ought to be in the *Poets*; for my part, I don't think them more *lty* of it, than the *rest* of Mankind, who *agree* to make their Court to *Wealth* and *atness*; and if it is a Sin to *flatter* Great-s, they do neither better nor worse than the *World*, who, perhaps, have not the *e* Excuse. If a man were minded to ill-natur'd, he might easily turn the *les* upon the *Church*, and show that the *sons* have *flatter'd* as much as the *Poets*. the Latter in their Epistles Dedicatory

beſtow *Wit* and *Learning* upon *Block-heads*; the Former have beſtowed *Grace*, and the Lord knows how many *Chriſtian Virtues* upon thoſe that never poſſeſs'd them. What makes it look worſe in the *Parſons* than the *Poets* is this, that theſe are privileged by their Function, whereas the former are Men of Grimace, and ought to abominate the leaſt appearance of *Falſehood*, as much as they do *Non-payment* of Tithes. But 'tis a Jeſt, that the *City Bard* ſhould fall foul on any one for *Flattery*; he that has been guilty of the groſſeſt, vileſt *Flattery* imaginable, and proſtituted the Dignity of an *Epic Poem*, more than any one before him. An *Epic Poem* is a noble magnificent Compoſition: the chief End of it is to excite Men to Virtue, by celebrating illuſtrious Examples, and propoſing them to Imitation. 'Tis a Publick Building, like that a *Temple*, or a *Town-Hall*; now as a Man that deſigns to build any ſuch *Structure*, he intends to *adorn* it with Statues, or to ſet up thoſe of *celebrated* Men, of *Kings* or *Princes*, or *Biſhops*, and not his *Barber* becauſe he Trims him well, or his *Shoe-maker's*, becauſe he has got the Length of his Foot; So in an *Epic Poem*, an Author ſhould *only* introduce Men of *Figure*

Work, and not throw away his *Incense* n *mean* or *obscure* Persons, merely be- se they are his *Friends*, and now and n drink a Glass of Wine with him at *Three Tuns* upon *Ludgate-Hill*. Yet the thor of the Two *Arthurs*, has not only le this, but has (to his Immortal Cre- be it spoken) introduced *Satyr* into an *Poem*, which no one has done before , and I dare swear no one will ever at- pt it after him, except such a sordid tator, as he that has *Burlesqued* our *Sa- r* in *Heroick*. And Copies the *Faults* of he Authors he reads, instead of imita- their *Virtues*. But to return to our *Sa- t*:

ou and I, and every Body has been rm'd with the Honourable Mr. *Boyle*'s wer to a stiff haughty *Grammarian* that l be namelefs,but is known well enough. ver did Wit and Learning Triumph so iously over Dullness and Pedantry, as hat noble Book; and never was any ument managed with that Variety of rning, and those agreeable *Turns* of . Accordingly it found a kind Recep- not only in *England*, but *abroad*. The *eign Journals*, gave it the Commenda- it deserved, and all the *Polite Judges*

in *Europe* were pleaſed to ſee an *Arro*
Pedant, that had been crouding his H
twenty Years together with the Spoils
Lexicons and *Dictionaries*, worſted
foiled by a *Young Gentleman*, upon his o
Dunghil, and by his own *Criticiſms*. T
one would have thought that Mr. B
Merit and Quality would have *ſecured* h
from any *ſcurrilous* Treatment; and
his *Enemies*, if he could have any ſ
wou'd be content to *Envy* him in Priv
and never have the Impudence to *A*
him in Publick. And yet the noble *Au*
of the *Satyr againſt Wit*, has villainouſl
ſinuated, that the *Gentleman* I have b
talking of, did not Write the Book,
which he prefixed his own Name. I
appeal to you, whether 'tis poſſible for
Suggeſtion to be more *malicious* and
than this; and whether the *Publiſher* o
can be uſed too *Scurvily*, or ought to
treated with any good *Manners*, which
has ſo notoriouſly *violated*. They tal
Squibbing him with *Epigrams*; for my p
I think 'tis doing him too much *Hon*
and making him more *conſiderable* than
deſerves; however, if they go on with
ſhall not be wanting to contribute my *Q*
to ſo *Pious* a *Deſign*.

'is now high time to come to the Au- of the *Poetæ Britantici:* I do the *ndrel* too much Honour to name him; ince two or three *Advertisements* have im out in all his Trappings, for once all condescend to mention him: His ne is *Cobb*, the same numerical *Blew-Boy*, that some Years ago Writ a *Mer-ndarick* upon the *Queen's Death*, which presented for *Blasphemy* at the *Old-Baily*. 't imagine how it cou'd come into the d of so obscure a *Wretch*, to think he d do any Honour to the Persons he nds to commend, or that his *Censure* ld be taken in Prejudice of the meanest *ler* in *Town*.

hus I have given you a short Account ese Two *Lampoons*; I should have made uple to obey your Commands, (the time I was ever tempted to Disobey in sending them down to you, but I consider'd with my self, that your ship in all probability has been a great *gressor* these *Christmas-Holidays*, and assed most enormously with your *Te-* in *Roast-Beef* and *March-Beer*; for h Reason it may not be amiss for you *Penance*, as I reckon you will most tifully, if you can have Patience to

Read

Read over the *City Bard's* and the Pu
Coat Scribler's Poem. I am, with all
ſpect,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

To a Phyſician in the Country.

Giving a true State of the Poetical War tween Cheapſide *and* Covent-Garden.

By another Hand.

SIR,

WE are almoſt barren of News; War betwixt the *Northern Crow* and the *Poetical Phyſicians* is the only S ject at preſent; *Holſtein* and *Riga*, Ch *ſide* and *Covent-Garden* the Scene of all Coffee-houſe Debates. What paſſes in two firſt, the Publick Prints will inf you; the latter I ſhall endeavour to you ſome Account of: You are not ig rant of the *Civil War* that is broke amongſt the Subjects of *Apollo*, and Diſorders we have lately had in *Parna*

brawny *Heroes*, the Sons of *Pæan*, the oppoſite Factions; both have fig-ed themſelves extraordinarily, one in Poems, which he has Printed, and r in a Poem printed four times. The *Bard* takes Arms to drive out *Wit*, as *vil Councellor* from all the *Realms* of . The *Covent-Garden Hero* riſes in its nce, and maintains its Services. This rel is ſo far ſpread, that it's not like to cided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has action, the *Knight* of the *Round-Table* athered a Body of Mercenaries, to n, on the other ſide, are oppoſed a dron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and as in Forty One, *Blew-Aprons*, and *-Coats* are drawn up againſt one ano-and the *Rabble* and *Gentlemen* ſet to-r by the Ears; each Side confident of ſs, that truſting to their Multitudes, o their Courage and Conduct. The and *Mortar-men* are drawn up againſt *Eſculapian-Band*; the firſt, who like *s* and *Women* meaſure the Goodneſs ry Thing by the *length*, aſſert the good auſe of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*, ſt the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and ; and think it infinitely more Meri-s to write three or four *Folio's* with-*Wit*, than to fill a ſmall *Octavo* with it,

and

and prefer the Art of *Swelling* a *Bill*, b
the *Skill* to *Cure* a *Diſeaſe*. The Cha
Hero, they ſay, devotes himſelf wholl
their Service, and *Rhimes* as well as
ſcribes to the uſe of their Shops: How
this doubty Chief, in the midſt of
Cheapſide Triumphs, has been brought
der Martial Diſcipline, and forc'd to
the Gantlet in *Covent-Garden*, and swi
through the whole Poſſe of *Parnaſſus*,
fighting againſt the Law of Arms
falſe Colours. Thoſe that favour his
complain of the Injuſtice and Indign
his Puniſhment, alledging, he ſuffe
what he never did. They on the
Hand defend their Proceedings, and
they know him through his Diſguiſe,
that coming upon 'em in Maſquerade
ought to ſuffer as a Spy, or an A
and deſerves no more Quarter, th
gives to his *Patients*. Notwithſtan
this, his Party have rallied once more
the *Mercenaries* are brought to the At
who hope to effect that by Stratagem,
they deſpair of by plain Force; and
the *Scots* at the *Baſs*, ſince they can
duce 'em by *Arms*, attempt to Poiſon
with *Stink-Pots*. At the Head of t
is a Mendicant *Rhymer*, one that begs
a *Poem*, like a *Paſs* in his Hand, and

Brief, as a Sufferer by *Poetick Fire*, llected the Charity of well-disposed s through all *Parnassus* for above Twelve *Months*; and like a true r, when he has tired 'em out, falls a g: For a Bribe from his Ballad-Prin- ot large enough to Rob him of the t of the Act of Parliament, for the of Poor Prisoners; and the Promise inner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, s consented to *Libel* his Benefactors, turn to his old Quarters, and subsist e Remainder of his Life upon the . Thus countenanced and encouraged, s about him most desperately, and e not much concern'd for the Suc- draws his *Incense*, and his *Ammuni-* om the same *House* of *Office*. *Friends ves* are treated alike in Compliment, nts one with the same Sir-reverence, e aims to bedaub the other; and his Hand is in, like the Conqueror *udibras*'s Ovation, bestows his Or- very liberally amongst the Spectators. , Sir, I have given you a true Ac- of the State of the *Poetical War*, d on both Sides by Gentlemen of your y; among whom, though here has no Bloodshed, there has been as Noise of Slaughter and Execution,

as

as in *Holstein*, or *Livonia*. You may pect more on the same Subject, for Quarrel is not like to drop, while *Ho* can tell his Fingers, or *Wesley* subsis Mumping in Metre.

I am, &c.

LO

OVE-LETTERS,

By ſeveral Hands

y Mr.----- to Madam-----

Had a Mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrel'd with me t'other Night, at the —— or not; and therewriting to you Yeſterday, I find now you are angry at ſomething; but may *diſcarded*, if I know the Reaſon: If have made a Quarrel on my appro- ——, I beg your *Pardon*, and ſhall eforth do *Violence* to my own *Reaſon*, ontradict *Mankind* to agree with you; hard to find any Simpathy in *Hearts*, re there's ſuch *Contrariety* in Opinions. ll therefore, *Madam*, henceforth ſquare Sentiments to yours in every thing; f you will quarrel without a Cauſe, I oblige you, and do ſo too. Your Unleſs, *Madam*, wrongs either your own *ns* or my *Sincerity*; either of which is ſible Abuſe to me. 'Tis a hard Fate, that

that you can't *love* and be *easie*, and I ca
desist and *live*: but I can *die* to make y
happy; an ill-natur'd Line or two does
Business; for I cannot bear the *Spleen*,
Rheumatism, and *your displeasure* at o
So, *Madam*, strike now, and for ever
your self of an unfortunate Man, who
but one Hand, which he thinks suffic
since he can thereby ever own himself

Yours

To the same.

Madam, *Sunday-Mo*

NExt to my *Prayers*, I must addres
Devotions to you; to you who
have offended, and to whom I must o
penitential Sacrifice, if an Oblation of a b
ing Heart can make any Atonement
my *Sin*, I offer it freely. Heaven is
ciful, and so shou'd you be; I dare no
proach, without your Permission: If
will Sign my *Pardon* in a Line from
dear Hand expect me with all the Joy
repriv'd *Malefactor*. I am, *Madam*,
or *miserable*, as you please to make me

To the same

'Hat shall I say to the *dearest Woman* upon Earth! Were my Thoughts mon, how easily might they be ex-s'd! But the Expression, like the En-hent in Love, is lost by a too ardent re; my *Soul* plumes it self in the secret e of being belov'd by you; and upon so a Foundation of valuing my self, who accuse me of Vanity? I can no more *llment* what I *love*, than I can *flatter* t I *hate*; and therefore when I tell you, your *Charms* are more and more en-ng, and my Love improving, believe a Truth; hear my *Wish*, and then lude me happy:

cou'd I find (grant Heaven that once I may)
mph fair, kind, poetical and gay;
Love shou'd blaze unstall'd and divine,
ed at first by the bright Lamp of mine:
rom all sordid Ends, from Interest free,
y own sake Affecting only me.
a blest Union both our Souls should joyn!
alone, as she was only mine;
n her Arms, I should immortal grow,
in return, I made my Celia *so.*
generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,
rite for Love, and she shou'd Love for Verse:

Not Sacharissa's *self, great* Waller's *Fair,*
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.
She shou'd transcend all that e'er went before,
Her Praises, like her Beauty shou'd be more:
My Verse shou'd soar so high, the World shou'd sa
I sung of her, and Celia *smil'd on me:*
The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,
At once my Theam, and Inspiration too:
Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.

I went abroad Yesterday morning ab seven, and return'd about one this morni slept till past eight, then arose to tell that I dreamt of you all the time, and I am your own.

To the same.

BY Heavens and Earth (my Deare am ty'd Neck and Heels with W and Company! All the Spells of Lovec undo the *Charm*; besides, *my Dear*, I am most fudled; I shall stay here at the till towards eleven; it will be a ted Walk to go home to Night, confide that you lie upon the same Floor with Door: It is not impossible, methinks, Man of so much *Love* to slip in *Inco*

r —— is with me, there will be a ble Pleasure in deceiving him, and being by in my *dear* One's Arms; I shall call he Door, and see whether the Coast be r: however, this, if it succeeds, will e me the happiest upon Earth——; how-, my *Dear*, run no Hazard that may se you; but consider, my *Dear*, the r Wishes of the faithfullest, and most g of Mankind.

To the same.

I did not *Love*, I wou'd not beg, and f ever you *loved*, you'll grant my *Par-* your Letter, *Madam*, has tormented hore than all the *Favours* of your whole besides can please *me*; if I have *lost you*, ve *lost* my *self*, *and* shall be lost to all *ankind*: My Letter last Night was ten in heat of *Wine*; so Men guilty of *der* in their *Drink*, repent it all their s; mine is a greater *Crime*, for I have my self, pierc'd my own *Heart*, now it bleeds with *Anguish* and *De-*

ab'd my own Heart, and pierc'd your ; there the Remembrance of the Hap-

pineſs I have enjoy'd, will now prove greateſt *Curſe*; the melting Sighs, the ving Tears, the Joys, the Raptures mounted me to Heaven, now caſt me do to Hell: I ſhall now turn *Poet* in g earneſt;

And like poor Ovid, *baniſh'd from his* Rom *Curſe that deſtructive Art, that caus'd his*

In ſhort, *Madam*, I am *Mad*, and if I farther, I ſhall let the World ſee it. voke that word, *eternal Silence*, or you me eternally *Miſerable*, for I am now moſt Diſconſolate of Mankind.

To a young Lady.

By another Hand.

My Deareſt Madam,

FOr ſo I muſt ever think you, I you got ſafe to *London*, and that Indiſpoſition is abated, which will Means to make mine the more tole ſince I can more eaſily bear mine own yours; You expect I ſhould tell you, I am: and excepting a little Melan

Reason of which you know, I find my tolerable, my Fever, I think, did not fit to visit me last Night. I ramble out e Room into another, now and then I ll a Tear. I design to come to *London*, *unday* next, that my Heart and I, may the same Place; till then, believe me entirely

Yours.

To the same.

Cannot help telling my Dearest, how much I am hers, what Pleasure I have r Company, what Pain in her Absence; ve her, is but to see her; and to value is only to know her: But pray, my r Mrs.——, forget not to drink some colate with me to Morrow, that I may say, I spent a *Sunday* well; I am sure all have some good Thoughts in the ning, because I shall think of you; and n I do so, I shall think of one that I onately Love, and that I hope is not indful of

Hers.

To the ſame.

TO convince you, I am not given Change, regard but this Piece of per, 'tis torn like my Heart at taking le and is ſuch a Scribble as I uſually write am harſh in my Stile, negligent of my and not too exact in faſhioning up my ter and cannot have the leaſt Eſteem for ſelf, but when I reflect that I have the nour to be lookt upon as,

Madam, your moſt Hu

To the ſame.

Dear Madam,

'TIs to you, I muſt always addre tell me how I do; 'tis no matter, I ſhou'd find my ſelf in Health, if Frowns ſhou'd tell me otherwiſe; then, Madam, I languiſh, or revive, you ſmile or look out of Humour; though, at preſent, one wou'd gueſ my Hand-writing, that I am juſt at

t of Death; yet, I doubt not, but I live till to Morrow Evening, if you 'd but promiſe, at that time, to come

Yours.

Letter from a Lady to her Lover, n the French *Army*; with a Tuft of Hair incloſed in it.

Out of the French.

Sir,

Have ſent you a *Pattern* of what you formerly us'd to *like* ſo much, and d wiſh the *whole* Piece with you: I to ſee you, and am ſorry, that your *our* is dearer to you, than your *Miſtreſs*, that you prefer a Lodging in a *Trench* er *Arms*. I begin to complain of the *th* of the *Campaigne*; but if it be true, *one* of *theſe* incloſed in this Letter, can more than *ſix Horſes*, I may have e Hopes they'll *pull* you hither to me; aſt *all* that's left of you, for I ſuppoſe are too much a *Hero*, to bring back our *Limbs* with you, or to have any

thing *entire*, but your *Hearts* at your
turn to

Yours.

To Madam C------ll.

Madam,

IT is not without ſome Pains, *Mad*
that I have gathered the following
count, which if it proves not advantage
to me; it is at leaſt very ſatisfactory
know why I am *refus'd*: Becauſe you d
like me. A very *ſubſtantial Reaſon*, I
confeſs; and the only one I believe,
which the *Vertue* of your *Sex* is ground
For, *Madam*, I am ſatisfied, your *Fo*
is not *Impregnable*, and though you w
Capitulate with me, though I offer
own *Terms*, I know the *Man*, to w
you would *gladly Surrender* upon his
Song, or an *amorous Copy* of *Love-Ve*
wou'd gain the Point: 'Tis ſtrange,
dam, that you ſhou'd be in *Love* with
Sons of the *Muſes*; thoſe *poor Rogues*,
can only pay with empty *Breath*, wh
with *ſubſtantial Gold*, wou'd *purchaſe*;
that uſed to be the moſt prevailing
ment with your *Sex.* Adſheart, *Mad*

Crown damns a *Poet* at any time, and Shilling, you may buy what he has d his Brains about half a Year to Col- then, pray where lies the *Curiosity?* , I should think, a *little Money*, or a *Wit*, clean *Linen*, and a *sweet Breath*, t be every jot as acceptable. I may nably suppose, your *Husband*, a *ve- usband*; for Women are generally in eams, and your Sickness of the *Fool* creas'd to a Madness for a *Wit*. Now, *am*, I would advise you, to apply a *um* for your Cure, which you may in your humble Servant: I am nei- *Ideot* enough, to be called a *Driveller*; *Wit* enough, to set up for a *Poet*: yet, venture a Wager, if you'll try, I can you as substantial as either. Consi- *Madam*, on this Advice, and Heaven you Grace to put it in Practice: I shall t your Answer, or you may expect the d Part of the same *Tune*. For in short, *am*, I *Love you*, and must, and will *s*: I am resolv'd not to be uneasie thus, n 'tis in your Power to give me *Ease*. I *Madam*, or will be wholly yours, and pe to find one Day the same Conclusion, Letter from your *dear* self.

Madam

Madam C------ll's *Anſwer to*----

COu'd I value a Man upon his Fort
I ſhou'd condeſcend to Converſe
a *Fool*, though by your *Aſſurance* and *W*
ty, one wou'd take you for a *Wit*:
Converſation with the *Sons* of the *M*
is purely for my *Diverſion*; if I thou
you had Sence enough to make me Spor
wou'd lift you in the *Number*. I'm a
the Product of your whole Life, wo
mount to the Value of what you reck
Poet's half Year's Pains, unleſs it were to
poſe your ſelf, which they can do bette
you: You tell me, you have a *ſweet Bre*
but how can that be a *ſweet Breath*, wh
Stinks ſo *Rankly* of *Nonſence*? You pro
a *little Money*, and a *little Wit*; b
ſcorn to be beholding to any Man for
former, and the latter I have it alre
without the Arrogance of *Riches*, and
ill Manners of *Vanity*. My *Husband* kn
me ſo well by my *Company*, and you fo
by your *Letter*, that he has given me
to Anſwer it; nay, *commanded* me, e
had left you a Prey to your *Conceit* and
nity; which in a little time, will make
fit for the *Stage*, and ſo make you
Company for *Women* of *Sence*.

, I advise you to make your *Valet* cribe your Letters for you, for your hand Spells worse than a Whore.

His Answer to Mrs. C------ll.

N Answer, and by the *Husband*'s *Command* too; better still, I hope you *Wit* enough to make Advantage of Liberty he gives you: Your Letter, am, shews you a Woman of Sence; he *Scarceness* of that *Commodity* in your renders you the more agreeable: And ght to be taken into consideration by *Parliament*, to prevent the Increase of s, that no one Man shou'd engross a *n* of *Wit* to *himself*: You are very se- *Madam*; but no matter, I had rather he Subject of your Thought this way, not at all; for I may hope at last to ince you of the *Sincerity* of my *Passion*, *Pity* is essential to your *Sex*. But, what doing! this is labouring to be a Fool d, and losing your Opinion of my Va- if you'll let me enter your List, *Ma-* under what Colours you please, I question coming off with Credit. And u don't confess I have made you as good as any of the *Parnassian* Family, I'll

give

give you leave to *cashier* me the next M
ment. I'm glad to find such a Reformati
in your Sex; but, I doubt, Madam, yo
hardly perswade many of 'em to be of yo
Mind: For I tell you, *Madam*, *Gold* is
Womens God; and there's scarce a *Dutc*
in this *Kingdom*, that can't find an use
a *superfluous* Sum, I deny your ha
Wet without *Vanity*; if you mean in p
self, good Manners oblige me not to c
tradict you, tho' I have much ado to k
reminding you of the following Line
the Letter; 'tis out, Faith, before I
aware, your Pardon for that: If you m
the Lover, I must tell you, Madam, t
no *Poet* is without the *Vanity* of *ten thous*
a Year, and I'll warrant, to assert his
Wit, wou'd venture to *Libel* a *Parlia*
man, for *hissing* his *damn'd dull Plays*, tho
he had pick'd his *Pocket* of *half* a Cr
Look ye, Madam, I have no occasio
expose the *Product* of my *Brain*; the
duct of my *Estate* is sufficient to afford
Necessaries; and that's more than your
tical Friends can warrant from their
Diet and hard *Study*. And to answer
Postscript, good *Spelling* is beneath a Ge
man; so much by way of Answer. M
Madam, I wish I knew of what Metal
good Man of yours is made; for I wi

be acquainted with him, 'tis the beſt of Intriguing in the World: If he is urtier, *Flattery makes him my Friend*; if a *Citizen*, *Cuſtom in his way of Trade*; if rves the *King*, *a bribe may do the Buſineſs*; *Man below theſe*, a *hard Word*, and a *Look* makes you mine; and if I once Poſſeſſion, you ſhou'd find I had Cou- enough to defend my own, though all the Submiſſion to you imaginable. believe me, Madam, to be the ſincereſt l your humble Servnts.

An Anſwer.

M very glad to hear, Sir, that you are a *Member* of *Parliament*, for by that ns you may prefer a Bill in favour of my , that may provide againſt the trouble- e *Suit* of thoſe we don't care for. Pray be kind to the D—— of *N*——; I 't think but an *Act* of *Reſumption*, in of a Wife may paſs. If an *Act* of *Par- ent* make a *Cuckold*, it may be of dan- ous Conſequence to all the *Husbands* in *Nation*; for the Subjects will be for fol- ing the Example of the higher Powers. nagine you to be of the *Court* Party, you

underſtand a Bribe ſo well; but I can
ſure you my Husband falls not in y
Road; he's no *Courtier*, conſequently
Knave, no *Soldier*; ſo not in your Po
to uſe ill; no truſting *Cit* to oblige y
Squireſhip's *Acquaintance*; nor Fool enou
to be frighted with the *Bray of an Aſs*: t
much by way of Anſwer to your W
And now, Sir, I tell you, I want muc
your *Vanity* to reliſh your *Flattery*; I h
Wit enough to diſtinguiſh the Arroga
of a Coach and Six from the Complais
of a Man of *Senſe*; I deſpiſe your Pr
and *nauſeate* your *Perſon*; and if you d
deſiſt, I ſhall expoſe your Name in Pr
and your Years will ſhew you *Bankrup*
Love, as your *Letters* do of *Senſe* a
good *Manners*; and that you are defic
in 'em all, I believe the World will ag
with,

Sir,

Your humble Ser

To Mrs.----------

By another Hand.

adam,

uſt acquaint you in ſhort, that you uſt either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I muſt ut mine; either you muſt not be *Hand*- or I muſt be *Blind*. Yet though my *n* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, muſt not expect I ſhou'd either *Hang* *rown*. I ſhou'd betray great Want of , and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, willing to leave the World while you n it. To deal ſincerely with you, *Ma-* I *chooſe* infinitely the Happineſs of *Li-* with you, before the Glory of *Dying* ou. Beſides, I have that *good* Opinion our *Senſe*, to believe you prefer the g Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are , to thoſe that are *cold*; the Limbs h have *Motion*, to thoſe which have If I muſt *die*, Madam, *kill* me with *Kindneſs*, but not with your *Cruelty*: me *expire* rather upon your *Boſom*, at your Feet. If you ſhall be *tenderly* ed to give me a *Death* of this kind, I repared to receive it on any Ground in

the

the Three Kingdoms: Appoint but p
place, and I ſhall not fail to meet my
Murderer.

To my Lady----------

Madam,

I Am now at my Lady——, when
have had a very *warm* Debate: An
many general Things we happen'd to
into a Diſcourſe of Queen *Elizabeth*, a
Queſtion ariſing what Complexion ſhe
of; one Lady ſaid, ſhe was *Fair*, and
maintain'd ſhe was *Black*, a third con
ded ſhe was *Brown*. The Diſpute was
naged with very great *Heat*, and little
tainty on all ſides. *Speed*, *Baker*, Ca
were conſulted; but we found the H
rians either *ſilent*, or as much *divid*
the Company; at laſt, after a *long* De
it was the *unanimous* Reſolution of
Ladies and Gentlemen, to *refer* it to
Ladiſhip's *Determination*, as a Perſo
greater *Antiquity*, and conſequently of
ter *Authority* than our *Chronicles*. If
ſhall do us the *favour* to give us, ſome
tisfaction in this Matter, 'twill be a g
Oblig

gation to the *whole* Company, and a
ular Honour done to,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's obedient Servant.

To the ſame.

A Love-Letter to an Old Lady.

dam,

Aying a Viſit yeſterday to Mrs.——
I was informed of your *Ladiſhip's* Diſ-
are: What ſhou'd occaſion your In-
tion, I cannot well apprehend: I do
you, no Man living has a greater
ration for your Ladiſhip, or has been
er upon all Occaſions to teſtify it to
Vorld. To convince you of the Truth
at I ſay, I will relate to you what
ned laſt *Saturday*; by which it will
r, that I have been ſo far from *ridi-*
you *Ladiſhip*, which is the *Accuſa-*
ou *faſten* upon me, that no one could
given greater *Demonſtration* of his *Re-*
For being in *Company*, where men-
vas made of your *Ladiſhip*, not ſo ho-
ble indeed, as I could have wiſhed,

or your *Quality* and *Character* might be required; I took occasion to do Justice your Merit: *Gentlemen*, said I, you my Lady wrong; for my own part I m *profess*, I think her a very *agreeable Wom* You cannot be *serious* sure, *replies* a cert *Gentleman*, who had more *Malice* than W in my whole *Life*, I never saw so *hideo Complexion*. *Sir*, said I, 'tis unjustly de to find fault with a *Complexion*, which none of her own; if her Face disple you, blame her *Woman* who made it. I I hope, returned he, you will not de but that she is *Red-hair'd*: With subm on, Sir, I do, to my certain knowle she has not one *Hair* on her *Head*. then her *Teeth*, all the *World* must a are *execrable*. I deny it, Sir, for she but *one* that is bad. But you must gran her *Chin* is too long by three Inches. do you apprehend the Reason? 'Tis cause her *Neck* is too short by two. I Sir, said he, with some little heat, you obstinately bent to oppose the Powe Truth; but I hope you are not so far judiced, as to maintain her *Breath* t sweet? That Infirmity, *Sir*, replied the Effect of the Foulness of her *Lungs* not of her *Mouth*; and if her Lungs are ten, is it her *Ladiship*'s Fault, or *Natu*

then her Gate, says he, is the most greeable in the World. You have be-ed at once, *Sir*, said I, both your *ice*, and your *Ignorance*; if you had the Acquaintance with her Ladiship, you have known better; Alas! poor *Lady!* has not walkt without *Crutches* these Years. But then her Conduct, I you will not undertake to justify that; does it become *Old Eve*, think you, to *b*, and *Paint*, *Intrigue*, read *Romances*, *Love-Verses*, talk *Smuttily*, look *Amo-*, dress *Youthfully*; insomuch, that if ere not for her *Looks*, you could not nguish her from her Daughter. Under ar, Sir, you mistake, 'tis her *Grand-hter* you mean. And then to keep a Fellow of five and twenty to *satisfy* brutal Lust. 'Tis false, I have heard —— affirm a thousand times she was *able*.

would have proceeded in his Defama-, but I desired him to omit all farther urse on that Subject, for that I could with Patience, support, that a Wo-of your *Ladiship*'s Merit, and Virtue, Woman for whom I had so particu-h Honour, should be so impudently ed and Blasphemed to my Face,

I hope by this time you are made sensible, *Madam*, that I am quite another Person than you apprehended me to be, and that I am so far from having any *disrespect* Thoughts of your *Ladiship*, that no one of your *Grand-Children*, the *nearest* Relation you have *remaining*, could have gone farther in your *Vindication*. But I would not have you attribute my *Defence* of your Ladiship, altogether to *Respect*; give it a *tenderer*, and *truer* Name, and call it *Love*. I say *Love*; for let me die, *Madam*, if I have not a violent Passion for your *Ladiship*. I know you may very well suspect the Truth of what I say; for *Love* in you, you will tell me, ought to imply *Beauty* in you. But *Love*, you know very well, creates *Beauty* no less frequently, than *Beauty* does *Love*. And if by the help of *Imagination*, I can find out *Charms* in you which no Body else can discover; I think I have reasonable Foundation enough for my *Passion*: there is *something*, I know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your *Face*, *Shape*, or *Mien*, or *Air*, or any part of your *Body*; much less in your *Mind*: but *something* there is so very agreeable; *something* I know not what, nor where, so bewitching, that 'tis not in my power to defend my *Heart* against you. Perhaps the *malicious World*

ſay you are *Old*; but we know *old* he intoxicates more than *new*; and an Oak is ſtronger than a *young* one. 'Tis n your *Ladiſhip*'s *Beauty*, as with *old* dings when they fall, it deſtroys with uins. As I profeſs my ſelf an *Admirer ntiquity*, by conſequence I ſhould have mall *Paſſion* for your *Ladiſhip*: For I t tell you, *Madam*, there are finer Frag- ts of *Antiquity* in your *Face*, than any *ce* or *Italy* can boaſt of; and more *Beau- s buried* in one *Wrinkle* of yours, than he *Ruins* of the moſt ſtately *Arches*, or magnificent *Temples*. You cannot efore queſtion the Sincerity of my Profe- , when I tell you I am, *Madam*, with eality,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt paſſionate Adorer, and moſt obedient, humble Servant.

Lady that had got an Inflamma- tion in her Eyes.

adam,

Ou will hardly believe, perhaps, how much people talk of your Indiſpoſiti- The late *Eclipſe*, when the Sun it ſelf

was in Labour, occasion'd not half the
course, as the present Distress your Eye
in, throughout the whole *Empire* of
Beauty, that is, throughout the whole K
dom. Nothing is more generally talk'd
or more universally lamented. Those b
tiful Eyes, which were wont to spread
in all *Hearts*, now diffuse *Sorrow* in e
Breast: at the same time they raise d
rent *Passions*; the *Women pity* what
envy, and the *Men lament* what they
'Tis true, there are some discontented
sons, that perhaps have formerly felt
Rigour, who let drop bold Express
they say, your *Eyes* are deservedly pun
for the many *Violences* and *Barbarities*
have committed; that 'tis but just
should be *afflicted*, who have mad
many poor Men *suffer*; and that it
a manifest *Judgment* of *Heaven*, that
Distemper shou'd *attacque* you in the
Place where you *assault* Mankind. T
are the Murmurs of some few Men,
dam, whom we except from the M
tudes who bewail the Calamities of
Eyes.

Sir *Thomas* ———, who you
speaks fine things, did me the honour
Visit Yesterday, and commands me to
you, That had he as many *Eyes* as

ive yours one Moment's eaſe, he wou'd k them all out, and throw them, as he d'd *himſelf*, and his *Fetters*, at your *Feet*. my own part, *Madam*, who have but Eyes, one of them is at your *Ladiſhip*'s ice, the other I am unwilling to loſe, uſe I am unwilling to loſe the ſight of

our grave *Uncle* likewiſe gives his Ser- to you; 'twas my Fortune to meet him ny *Lady*——'s Lodgings, where your *iſhip*, and your preſent Indiſpoſition, g the Subject of our Diſcourſe, the old tleman, who *moralizes* on every thing er the Sun, lifting up his Eyes to Hea- and laying his Hand upon his ſage ſt, Alas! ſays he, ſee the Vanity of all ngs here below! See, Ladies, ſee Gentle- , ſee how frail is Beauty! how uncer- its Poſſeſſion! the fineſt Eyes in the verſe are in danger of loſing their Beau- Luſtre! How imperfect are the moſt ect Things! Alas, alas, *Vanity of Vani- all is Vanity*, ſays the Preacher.

When the *Oracle* had ceaſed, Sir, ſaid I, th an affected grave Look) I remem- well, you were wont frequently to tax r Niece with *Pride*; don't you think vidence deſign'd this preſent Affliction Leſſon of *Humility* to her? Does it not

ſeem the very Intention of *Heaven*, by
Indiſpoſition, that thoſe very *Eyes* wh
may juſtly make her *proud*, ſhou'd te
her to be *humble:* that where ſhe is *ſtri*
eſt, ſhe ſhou'd find her ſelf *weak*: that wh
ſhe is moſt *divine*, ſhe ſhou'd confeſs her
mortal.

Very religiouſly and ſolidly reflect
ſays old *Solomon*; I profeſs I am ſurpri
to find ſo much Maturity in ſo m
Youth: Go on in the Ways of Wi
and proſper.

Thus, *Madam*, like a faithful *Hiſto*
as I am, I have related to you, what is
Diſcourſe of the World upon this Infa
ty; but I am ſenſible, I have made y
Ladiſhip's Patience ſuffer, by the unfaſhi
able Length of my Letter, which I fear
give your *Eyes*, in the Weakneſs they
in at preſent, too much pain in the read
I ſhall conclude, with my Advice and
Wiſh: My Advice, That you wou'd t
care of the fineſt Eyes in the World.
Wiſh, That the Flame were remov'd fr
your *Eyes* to your *Heart*. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt obedient Serv

Mr. B------ *in* Covent-Garden.

n Account of a Journey to Exon, *&c.*

April 8. 1700.

S we have one *good Quality* in our *Sex* beyond what *yours* can boaſt of, that eldom to make a Promiſe but with a gn to keep it; I have therefore been ul to let you ſee I cannot eaſily forget hing which ſo great an Obligation as *Vord* hath engag'd me to remember: as there was nothing needful but a Remembrance of my Promiſe to in-me to preſerve it, ſo I hope, on your there will be nothing more requir'd der what I have ſent you acceptable a Willingneſs to receive it: I confeſs e given you but a rude Account of my *ey*, every part juſt ſcribled o'er with ch freedom as 'twas acted, wanting e to put it in any other than a *looſe ing-dreſs*, not queſtoning but it may you as well without the *Formalities* of as a *pretty Woman* without *Stays* may of your *Acquaintance*.

the firſt place I ſhall give you a *Draught* of thoſe *diſcording Mor-* ur *Company* was compos'd of in the

Stage-

Stage-Coach, (viz.) A *Barrister at* La
Attorney's Clark, a *Cornish Justice*, a T
and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-man* that
be, but some dispute arising in the Ele
prevents me fixing his *Title*, that h
been travelling in a *Dutch Scout* or a Gr
end Tilt-boat, I could not have been tr
with less Manners, or teas'd with more
pertinence.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the
vernment's Care for the *Reformation* of
was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* befor
engages, and, for the first Day, talk
nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March-beer*,
rants, *Whipping-posts* and *Vagabonds*,
lowing as laudably in every interval o
Nonsence, as if he had been riding t
quarter-speed at the very Heels of his
gles, larding his other *Qualifications* now
then with a Scrap of an *old Hunting*
with a *Hey down*, *ho down*, &c. which
me good reason to suspect he had been
more conversant with *Robin Hood's* B
than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understan
the latter I believe as much as a Ge
Jugler does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord-*
State-Policy.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were muc
sturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive
love *no Bodies Noise* but their *own*.

d him to sleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds, l win't sleep; I din't care a F---t for your r, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thir- housand Pound, and am the head Man I live; and By G--d, if you come to* thon, *I'll give you a Glass of the best* h-*Beer you ever drank in your Life: will make a Noise if I please.* I was in s of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together e Ears, but at last *Justice* slept and the got the better by surviving it.

he *Taylor*, had you seen him, you wou'd sworn he had been broke by the *Ju- Beaux*, for he had Lines of Faith in ace, and his Clothes bore the Marks overty; he complain'd very much of *ing:* I find 'tis a common Calamity, uins more Families than the *Royal Oak- ry.*

he *Valet* personated his Master to a Tit- and was as arrogant and noisie as e'er a *try 'Squire* in *England.*

ow, If I were to be hang'd, I can't tell had most Manners of all these: The *er* slept Dogs-sleep most part of the , I suppose the better to ruminate on Causes he had in hand. The *Clark* was pertinent as a *Midwife at a Gossipping*; as dull as an *old Woman at a Funeral.* fail'd not to Eat and Drink heartily

upon

upon the Road, nor to make me club to Reckoning; *Justice* and *Law* were both a side in that particular; and the *Court Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for the Sins I ever committed in my Life, arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judge* entering the Town in as much Triumph ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory; *High-Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Colonel* of the *City Train-bands*, and much the same order, only the *Sheriff* march'd the Rear of his Army, and the other in Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some reason for the People look'd as if they were gazed) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horse-trumpet*, I imagin'd some *Monster* was to be seen, and, looking out of Window, I saw several sorts; the first was *Mrs. Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in *this* Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpose for that occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Cæsar*

Maje

esty; the Cuſtom it ſeems is to con- them in this manner to the moſt mag- ent Church of the place, where we leave them to their ſeveral Ejacula- s.

I am your oblig'd Servant,
You know who.

The Anſwer.

adam, *Apr.* 22. 1700.

eceived your Letter, and am glad to nd by it, that you have got that by ng a ſmall *Journey* to *Exeter*, for which People are forced to croſs the *Alpes*, beat the *Hoof to Room*, I mean the *Re-* n of your *Sins*, which you think you made a reaſonable Atonement for, by ing ſo much from the *Impertinence* of *Jewiſh Juſtice* and the two Limbs of *Law*.

t, *Madam*, don't flatter your ſelf, or k that your *Chalk* will be ſo eaſily wi- out. You have been a great *Sinner* in time, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage-* will hardly atone for the Sins you *committed*: And, becauſe we are too

apt

apt to be over-favourable to our selves, g
me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your C
science out of this *dangerous State* of *Secu*
by laying before you some of the many
you are *accountable* for.

Imprimis, Here are *People* in *Town*
charge you with *Murders* numberless; a
unless you *heartily repent* of them, and
mise to *commit* no *more*; I find but li
hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are c
ged with *Murder*, with this *horrid Ag*
vation too on your side, That whereas o
Assassines only *murder* their *Enemies*, or
as they suspect to be so, you make no *sc*
to *kill* your *Lovers* that throw themselve
your *Feet*, and wou'd purchase a *single S*
from you at a *seven Years Service*.

In the next *place*, You are accuse
Theft. Set your Hand to your *Heart*,
dam, and do but consider how man
those *valuable Commodities* you have
in your time, yet never had the *Cons*
to restore them to the *right Owners*. W
makes the Crime worse in you, you
added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and *stole* a
Peoples *Hearts* at *Church*, in the tim
Divine Service, and in the *sight* of *Moses*
Aaron.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this i
Theft, and that if *Men* will put their *He*

n you, how can you help it. But *Ma-*
, ſome People gave them you, who had
right to diſpoſe of them, as I cou'd in-
ce in a thouſand *married Men* that *ſighed*
you, and according to the *ancient Pro-*
, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for
ſtole 'em from their *Wives* to beſtow
upon *you*.

hirdly and *laſtly*, *Madam*, you have not
your own *Sins* but thoſe of other Peo-
o anſwer for. How many *Women* have
made guilty of the *horrid Sin* of *Detra-*
, and tell a thouſand *malicious Stories*
ou, only becauſe you were *handſomer*
they? How many *Men* have you
e guilty of *Perjury*, and tempted them
rſake their *former Vows*, to *ſacrifice* 'em
ou?

hus, *Madam*, I have made *bold* to lay
of your *Sins* before you. Should I
ntake to ſend you a full *Catalogue* of
, I ſhould have as fine time on't, as
Commiſſioners, that are to inſpect pub-
Accounts. Therefore never think that
Exeter Journey has *compounded* for *them*.
u'd adviſe you this *holy Year* of *Jubilee*,
rn your *Face* towards *Rome*; but, alas,
d ſpoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims*
, that according to our laſt Advices,
bove a *hundred thouſand ſtrong*. In
ſhort,

ſhort, *Madam*, I don't know what cou
to adviſe you to; only don't ſtay long in
Country, for that wou'd be to *Treſpaſs* aga
a *poſitive Text*, and to put your *Chandle*
der a *Buſhel*. Come to *Town* as ſoon as
can, and begin to make Reſtitution in
Place where *you* have done the moſt
chief.

You deſire, in my Anſwer, I ſho
tranſmit you ſome *News*: I aſſure you,
dam, there is not enough ſtirring ab
Town, to fill the laſt half Column of
Weekly Papers, without a tedious rep
tion of the ſame fulſome Stuff: that
City News-hounds ſit as huſh over their Co
as ſo many *Engliſh-men* in a *Tavern* w
the *Drawer* has brought the *Reckoning*:
however, for once, I will ſtrain a Poin
oblige you.

Notwithſtanding the *late War* in F
ders, and the preſent *Year* of *Jubilee*, h
rid the *Nation* of abundance of *Fools*,
Knaves are every *Term* as thick in *W*
minſter-Hall, and *Cuckolds* every Day
numerous upon *Change*, as if they had
without loſs, preſerv'd their *ancient N*
ber.

Poetaſters are grown as numerous in
Town as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers*,
every one ſo applies himſelf to the *St*

at the *White-Fryars Printers* are quite ggar'd for want of *Balads*: Y[illegible], I ferve is as ſcarce as 'twas in the time of ſfry *Chaucer*, when a *Diſtich* of *Verſes* ere worth a *Page* of *Proſe*, and a *Song* h a *Fa-la-la Chorus*, was much more li- n'd to than a *Sermon*.

Diſcretion in *married Women*, is here own ſo ſcarce as *Modeſty* in *Maids*; they forward their *Daughters*, by their own iſh *Talk* and *Example*, that the *pretty* s at Seven, inſtead of a *Rattle*, talks of hing but a *Husband*, and the *young Lady* Eleven is as *ripe* her in Thoughts, and ert in her Behaviour as if her *Education* been at the famous Mrs. C-----'s, near *Lyon-Square*, inſtead of a *Dancing-ool*.

I know, *Madam*, ſome of this *News* muſt m ſtrange to a *Woman* of your *Virtue*, the more ſurprizing, generally the re acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; which reaſon I ſent it you to ſupply the city of ſuch as might have been more come, and therefore beg your accep- ce of it in room of better, from, *Ma-*

Your humble Servant.

An Exhortatory Letter, to an O
Lady *that* ſmoaked Tobacco

Madam,

THough the ill-natured World *cen*
you for *Smoaking*, yet I would
viſe you, Madam, not to part with ſo
nocent a Diverſion: In the firſt place
Heathful, and as *Galen de uſu Part*
rightly obſerves, is a Sovereign Rem
for the Tooth-ach, the conſtant Perfec
of Old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, tho
it be a Heatheniſh Weed, is a great
to Chriſtian Meditations; which is
Reaſon I ſuppoſe that Recommends
our Parſons; the Generality of whom,
no more write a *Sermon* without a *Pi*
their *Mouths*, than a *Concordance* in
Hands: beſides, every Pipe you br
may ſerve to put you in mind of Morta
and ſhow you upon what ſlender Accid
Man's Life depends. I knew a *Diſſe*
Miniſter, who on Faſt-days uſed to *m*
upon a *Rump* of *Beef*, becauſe it put *hi*
he ſaid, in mind, that all *Fleſh* was G
but I am ſure much more may be l
from Tobacco. It may inſtruct you
Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of
W

orld vaniſh like a *Vapour*. *Thirdly*, It is retty *Play-thing*: A Pipe is the ſame to Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a ng one, by the ſame Token they make h *Water* at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Laſt*. It is *faſhionable*, at leaſt 'tis in a fair way becoming ſo; cold Tea, you know, been this long while in Reputation at rt, and the *Gill* as naturally uſhers in *Pipe*, as the *Sword-Bearer* walks before *Lord-Mayor*.

I am your Ladiſhips humble Servant.

To Dr. Garth.

WHether your *Letter* or your *Preſcription* has made me *well*, I pro- I cannot tell; but thus much I can that as the one was the moſt nauſeous g I ever knew, ſo the other was the entertaining. I would gladly aſcribe Cure to the laſt; and, if ſo, your *Pra-* will become ſo *univerſal*, you muſt a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*. he Obſervations I have made are theſe, your *Preſcription* ſtaid not long with but your *Letter* has, eſpecially that

part of it where you told me I was not
together out of your Memory: You'll f
me much alter'd in every thing when y
see me, but in my esteem for your self;
that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I
you at *London*, am now as plump as an
tolan. I have left off my *false Calves*,
had yesterday a *great Belly* laid to me.
facetious Widow, who is my Confiden
this Affair, says you ought to Father
Child; for He that lends a Man a Swor
in some part accessary to the Mischie
done with it; however, I'll forgive
the Inconvenience you've put me to
believe you were not aware you were
ving Life to two People. Pray let me h
a Consolatory Letter from you upon
new *Calamity*; for nothing can be so
come, excepting Rain in this *Sandy Co*
where we live. The *Widow* saith, sh
solves to be *Sick*, on purpose to be
quainted with you: But I tell her she'
lish your *Prescriptions* better in *full* He
And if at this distance you can do he
Service, pray *prescribe* her

Your humble Servant, T

his Poetical Friend, advising him to Study the Mathematicks.

Out of Quevedo.

T length, my *Friend*, I begin to awake out of those Dreams and Vi-ns, which the reading of Verses and ems has so long plung'd me in. My ddle Years put all those Delusions to a nd; I have now some moderate Esteem other Thoughts besides Images and De-ptions. I am not in my former Extasies every *Metaphor*, and can almost bear the pture of a fine *Turn*. *Poetry*, believe me, ds the *Reader*, as well as the *Knight*, o an *enchanted* World: The Objects are there dreſt in false Colours, and nothing pears in its due proportion. But if it de-ves us in all things abroad, what Disor-s and Confusion does it raise at home? feeding the Mind with Delicacies, it kes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all the ssions loose upon us. Our *Joys* it blows too *high*, and makes our *Griefs* sit *heavi-* and, what is yet worse, it kindles in that foolish Passion *Love*, the ruine of Ease, and Dotage even in Youth.

Whereas

Whereas *Mathematics* improve all
Faculties, makes the Judgment ftron
and the Memory take in more, The D
it teaches to *Perceive*, and the Giddy to
tend. It diftinguifhes between *True* a
Falfe, and enures us to Difficulties: Befi
it gives us a thoufand Advantages in L
By this the *Mifer* counts his Bags, and
Country-man knows his Times and Seafo
This gives our Cannon aim in War, and
Peace furnifhes every Workman with
Tools. How many noble Engines ha
invented? In one the Wind labours for
and another turns Bogs and Pools into f
Land. This builds us Houfes, defends
Towns, and makes the Sea ufeful. Nor
its Effects lefs wonderful than advan
gious. The *Mathematician* can do m
things than any Poet e'er yet concei
He in a Map can contract *Afia* to a fp
and in a Glafs fhew a City to a fm
Houfe, atd an Army to a Man. He
fet the Heavens a thoufand Years forwa
and call all the Stars by their Nam
There is fcarce any thing without
reach; He can gauge the Channel of
Sea, and weigh *Saturn*. He fees farth
into the Art and Skill of the *Creator*,
can write the beft Comment on the fix D
Work.

Be advis'd therefore to employ your ſelf her in the *improving* of your Under-nding, than *debauching* of your Paſſions, d to prefer *Realities* before *Appearances*. my Mind, to make a *Dial* is harder than find a *Motto* to it, and a Proſpect drawn Lines pleaſanter than one in Words. In-d of Deſcriptions of cool Groves and wry Gardens, you may inform your ſelf the Situation and Extent of Empires, while others are wandring in *Elyſian-*ds and fancy'd Shades below, you may e your Thoughts to the Infinity of *e* above, and viſit all thoſe Worlds t ſhine upon us here: Think moſt of *cury* when he is fartheſt off the Sun, mind little in *Venus* but her Periodic tion.

To let you ſee I have got the ſtart of , I now follow the old Rule of, *Nulla ſine Lineâ*, and am ſo far advanc'd in *metry* that I defie any Man to make a nder Circle, or cut a Line in two more ly than my ſelf. I am well vers'd in ares, am no ſtranger to the Doctrine of portion, and have tranſpos'd *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, ll the Mathematical *Anagrams* they are able of. My Chamber I have ſurvey'd times over, and have at length found a convenient Place for a South-Dial. I

am

am at present about a Bargain of Pi which you shall soon see dispos'd into ftions and Counterscarps. I felt at firs must confess a great Confusion in my H between Rhimes and Angles, Fiction Demonstration. But at length *Virgil* resign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet Numbers to their Namesakes in *Geom* and *Arithmetic*. In short, I write alto ther upon Slate, where I make Parallels stead of Couplets, and Describe nothing a Circle.

Let me for the future therefore catch Poet in your Hands, unless it be *Aratu Dionysius*, and follow my Counsel, un you can make one of these Studies sub vient to the other, your *Poetry* wise learn'd, and your *Mathematics* pleasant Ingenious. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c

The End of the First Part.

LETTERS
OF
Friendſhip,
AND
everal other OCCASIONS:

The Third Part.

Written by

Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. ————	Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Dennis*.

WITH

ITTERS written between Mr. *Dennis* and Mr. *Congreve*, ncerning Humour in Ancient and Modern Comedy.

LONDON:
ted for *S. B.* and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London*, and *Weſtminſter*. 1701.

To the Right Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq;

ne of the Lords of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.

SIR,

AS soon as I had resolv'd to make this Address to you, that the Present might not be altogether unworthy of you, I took care to obtain the onsent of my Friends to publish some Letrs, which they had writ as Answers to ine.

When I look upon my self, I find I have eason to beg Pardon for my Presumption: ut when I consider those Gentlemen, I am ncourag'd to hope that you will not be offended

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fended to find your self at the Head of Vulgar Company; a Company, whose Names and Desert are universally known, a Company rais'd far above the Level of Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit, and yet proud to do Homage to you. They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are divided in their Interests, and who differ in their Politick Principles, but they agree in their Judgments of Things, which all the World admires, and they always confess when they speak of you.

In presenting this little Book to you, I only design'd to shew my Zeal and my Gratitude; but they assure me unanimously that I have likewise shewn my Judgment. Tho' indeed, Sir, the number of the Great who cast a favourable Eye upon Human Learning, is not so considerable, but that a Man who would Address any thing of this nature to one of them, may soon determine his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are encouraged by Profit, which is their main Design, but he who bestows all his time upon Human Studies is incited by Glory alone, and the World takes care that he should have no more than he seeks for. The Enthusiast, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are rewarded for torturing, and for deluding

Men

ien; but Humanity has met with very rbarous Usage, only for Pleasing, and for nstructing them. The very Court, which aws most of its Ornament from it, has t too often neglected it; there Learning general has been disregarded: For none t great Souls are capable of great Designs, d few Courtiers have had Greatness of ind enough to procure the Promotion of ience, which is the Exaltation of Human ature, and the Enlargement of the Emre of Reason. Our Ministers of State have rmerly behaved themselves with so much difference, as if it would have lessen'd them have taken any care of Letters: They ve shewn themselves as perfectly unconrn'd, as if not one had discover'd, that at ime when our Neighbours are grown so nowing, the Publick Saftey depends on e Progress of Learning, and that to Patroze Science, is to take care of the State. Beles, too many of our States-men have been gag'd in unjust Designs. Most of our Poicians have done their Endeavour to enoach on the Crown, or to attempt on the ople. Few have had Capacity and Inteity enough to keep the Balance so steady, to maintain Prerogative at once, and ast Privilege; to serve the King Zealously, d their Country Faithfully; to possess at the

the same time the Favour of the one, and th
Hearts of the other, to such a degree as
be courted by the People to serve as the
Representative, at the very time that the
are employ'd by the King in Matters of th
highest Importance. Instead of that, mo
of them have had reason to be afraid of t
King or the Commons; and Men who ha
been solicitous for their own Safety, ha
seldom appear'd concern'd for the Good
others. Few then have been and are i
Condition to be Protectors of Learning, a
therefore those happy Few, deserve all t
Honours which we are able to pay the
Of those, Sir, you appear in the forem
Rank, and are to the Commonwealth
Learning what you are to the State, a gr
Defence and a shining Ornament. You ha
warmly encouraged all sorts of Studies, b
have been justly and nobly partial to tho
for which the State has made no Provisio
Which is enough to gain you the Esteem
all who have any Regard for Learning; a
to win the very Souls of all, who, like
are charm'd with the softer Studies of H
manity. For which your Zeal has been
diffusive, that it has extended it self even
me, tho' a bare Inclination to cultivate
quence and Poetry, was the only thing wh
could recommend me to you: Yet even

s been encourag'd by the Promise of your otection, and by the Humanity of your eceiving me: The Access which I have d to you, has been the greatest Obligati- that you could lay upon a Man who has l vallu'd Merit above all the World, and o has sought his Improvement more than has his Advancement. When I have at y time approach'd you, I have found in u none of those Forbidding Quallities, of hich they accuse the Great: Instead of ose I have found an Attractive and a Hu- ne Greatness, the Generous Sincerity of e Man of Honour, joyn'd with the Grace d Complaisance of the Courtier, and a portment Noble without Pride, and Mo- t without Descending. Nature has made e something avers from making my Court Fortune: But I am proud to attend upon l Greatness; and to wait upon you, since t you encouraged me, has been at once y Duty and my Ambition.

The Permission which you gave me to ap- oach you, was so great an Incitement to e, that I believe it might have brought me write well, if I had not a very just reason resolve to attempt it no more. You had ven me one great Encouragement before I d the honour to see you, and that was,

by leaving off Writing your ſelf. For Va
nity is a greater Incitement to Poets tha
Penſions, and even Want depreſſes the Sp
rits leſs than the thought of being ſurpaſſe
Therefore while Mr. *Montague* ſung, he ſun
alone. We admir'd indeed our Conquerin
Monarch, but we admir'd in Silence. W
rever'd the Greatneſs of your Genious, an
neglected our Talents. Indeed the Streng
and Sweetneſs of your Voice was fit to char
us alone, and we, who followed, were on
fit for the Chorus. But you have left a Pr
vince, which you have made your own,
the Adminiſtration of thoſe who are und
you, and are gone on in your victorious Pr
greſs to the Acquiſition of new Glory. Fro
which I am ſenſible that I detract by detai
ing you: For your Actions are your be
Encomiums, and the loud Conſent of t
Nation your beſt Panegyrick. It was a g
rious one that was ſpoken to you by the Pe
ple of *Weſtminſter*, in the Requeſt that th
made to you to ſerve as their Member in t
preſent Parliament, at a time when th
were Caballing all over the Kingdom, a
Gentlemen were depriving Peaſants of th
little Reaſon, in order to obtain their V
ces; Mr. *Montague*'s Merit, while he w
ſilent, ſollicited for him ſo importunate
that it prevail'd upon a number of confi
ral

ble Inhabitants of the Politer Parts of the own, to come and make it their humble equest to you, to Honour them by Repre- nting them, which puts me in mind of a ying of *De la Bruiere, That the People are en at their height of Happiness, when their ing makes choice for his Confidents, and for s Ministers, of the very same Persons that e People would have chosen, if the Choice had en in their Power.* This at present, is our vn Case; for doubtless the same People, ho, without any Brigue or the least Cor- ption, came voluntarily to entreat you to ffer them to place you in the Great Coun- l of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice d been in their power, have plac'd you in e Privy-Council; and they who frankly fer'd to trust you with the Disposal of the lony which is in their Houses, would have usted you, had it been in their power, with e Intendency of that in the Treasury. So at the Peoples Proffer to Chuse you, seems me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice, hich the King had made before of you, d of your Ministration upon that Choice. t I injure the Publick while I detain you: t give me leave to end with my zealous ishes for you, that the Happiness may multiplied on you, which you so nobly k to communcate, that you may encrase

in

in Riches and Honours faster than you ad vance in Years, till you arrive at that Heigh of Prosperity which may be answerable t your high Desert, and till Fortune may b said to pour down her Gifts upon you, i Emulation of Art and Nature: Yet Env after all shall be forced to declare, that M *Montague* sprung from an Illustrious Stoc and loaded with Plenty and Honours, is y Nobler by Desert, than he is by Descen and Greater by Virtue, than he is by Fo tune;

I am, Sir,

Your most humble

and most obedient Servant

JOHN DENNI

TO THE
READER.

Once resolved to have a long Preface before this little Book; but the Impression has been so long retard- by the fault of those who had the Care of it, that I e now neither time nor Humor to execute what I nded. I shall therefore only give a Compendious count of what I proposed to have treated of more at ge: I designed, in the first place, to have said ething of the Nature and of the End of a Letter, d thought to have prov'd that the Invention of it was supply Conversation, and not to imitate it, for that hing but the Dialogue was capable of doing that; m whence I had drawn this Conclusion, That the le of a Letter was neither to come quite up to that Conversation, nor yet to keep at too great a di- nce from it. After that, I determined to shew, that Conversation is not Familiar; that it may be Ce- monious, that it may be Grave, nay, that it may be blime, or that Tragedy must be allow'd to be out of ature: That if the Sublime were easie and uncon- ein'd, it may be as consistent with the Epistolary le, as it was with the Ditactique; that Voiture *d admirably joyn'd it with one of them, and* Longi- *s with both. After this, I resolv'd to have said ething of those who had most succeeded in Letters ongst the Ancients and Moderns, and to have treat- of their Excellences and their Defects: To have ken more particularly of* Cicero *and* Pliny *amongst Ancients, and amongst the Moderns of* Balzac *and* iture; *to have shewn that* Cicero *is too simple and dry, and that* Pliny *is too affected, and too refi-*

ned

ned; that one of them has too much of Art in him and that both of them have too little of Nature. Th the Elevation of Balzac *was frequently forced, an his Sublime affected; that his Thoughts were often bove his Subject, and his Expression almost always bove his Thoughts; and that whatsoever his Subje were, his Style was seldom alter'd: that* Voiture *w easie and unconstrain'd, and natural when he was mo exalted; that he seldom endeavoured to be witty at t Expence of right Reason: but that, as his Thoug were for the most part true and just, his Expres was often defective, and that his Style was too little a versifyed. That for my own part, as I came infini ly short of the extraordinary Qualities of these gre Men, I thought my self obliged to endeavour the ther to avoid their Faults; and that consequently I h taken all the care that I could, not to think out of N ture and good Sence, and neither to force nor negl my Expressions; and that I had always taken care suit my Stile to my Subject, whether it was Famil or Sublime, or Didactique; and that I had more less varied it in every Letter. All this and more I signed to have said at large, which I have only hin now in a hurry. I have nothing to add, but to fire the Reader to excuse my bad Performance, in the account of my good Endeavour, and for striving do well in a manner of Writing, which is at all tim useful, at this time necessary; a manner in wh the English would surpass both the Ancients and M derns, if they would but cultivate it, for the very sa Reason that they have surpassed them in Comedy. methinks, I have a Title to the Reader's Favour, I have more than made Amends for the Defects my own Letters, by entertaining him with those of Friends.*

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To Walter Moyle, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

YOU know a grave Fellow aſſures us, that upon the Ceſſation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the r, proclaiming along the Coaſts the Death the Great *Pan*: And have not you upon s Death of good Sence, and this Ceſſation Wit! tell me truly; have not you heard

Theſe Sounds upon the Corniſh Shore,
The Sage Will. Ur—— *is no more?*

ne is the univerſal Lord of WIT! He whom all the Wits paid Homage; For nom his Subjects ſet a Tax upon Words, d laid exorbitant Cuſtoms on Thoughts: e's dead; alas, he's dead!

Dead, I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity; t'is, Outlaw'd and gone into the *Friars*;

to go into which, is once more to Outla
himſelf: He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortu
has brought him to be a *Felo de ſe* that wa
For ſince the Law thought it but juſt to p
Will out of its Protection, *Will* thought
but prudent to put himſelf out of its Powe
And ſince the Law could uſe him with
much Contempt, as to declare to all t
World that it does not care for *Will. Ur-*
Will, who is extreamly ſtout in Adverſit
has declar'd by his Actions, That he do
not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in
Sixth Book, That the Souls in Hell were
ſied about the ſame things in which th
were employed upon Earth; even ſo do
Sage *Will* uſe the ſame Nutmeg-grater, a
the ſame Tea-pot in the *Friars*, that
handled before in *Bow-ſtreet*. Thus has
left the Wits without any Sorrow, tho
loves them, and without taking any Le
of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot
long from him; and he ſays, he expe
that in a very little time his old Compa
ſhould be conſtant at his New Houſe. A
doſt not thou think that they too ha
reaſon to expect the very ſame thing? F
as the death of any Man ought to put
his Friends in mind, that he went bef
but to lead them the way; ſo *Will's* D
parture from this miſerable Life, this le

Cove

ovent-garden Life, and his Ferrying from *omerſet-ſtairs* to the infernal Shore of *Al-tia*, ſhould be a *Memento* to the reſt of he Wits, that he is but gone whither they l muſt follow.

To leave off Poetical Similies, this Body olitick is in a curſed Condition, and can-ot keep long together without a Head. he Members are at preſent in a grave De-ate how to get one. To morrow the hole Houſe will reſolve it ſelf into a grand ommittee, to conſult about Ways and eans of making proviſion for the Com-on Neceſſities. Some talk of an Exciſe on *May*-Dew and Rasberry-brandy: That ere will be a Poll is ſtrongly aſſerted, in hich every Man is to pay according to his ſpective Condition. To Morrow it will be own to how much each Man's *Quota* ounts. As for Example: How much a et is to pay, how much a Wit, how much Politician, and how much a Critick. A itick did I ſay? I beg your Pardon: ey have voted *Nemine Contradicente*, at they will Ceſs no Critick till Mr. *Moyle* turns.

I have given them my Sentiments upon e forementioned Poll, which were, That was ſomething hard to make a Man pay r being call'd, Wit, Poet, or Critick;

That they ſaw by Experience lately in th State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay fo their Titles. How then could they thin that People would be contented to be tax for their Nick-names? That in ſetling th Tax, they were to take a quite contrar Method, to that which was taken upo ſetling a Tax in the State. That in th State, ſometimes a Man paid for what h really had; As for Example, when a Cou try 'Squire paid for his Land or his Mone and ſometimes for what he really had n as when a Cit that is twice dubb'd, Knig by the King, and Cuckold by his Wi pays for his Honour, and for his Childre The firſt of which is but as it were his, it is really the King's; and the Second which are but as it were his, for they really the Courtiers, who help'd him his Title. In the State too a Man is m to pay for ſomething which he does, for ſomething which he does not. A *Jacobite* pays ſo much for Swearing wh he's Drunk, and ſo much for not Swe ing, when he's Sober. But that in Caſe, if we would be exactly Juſt, ſhould make People pay neither for w they have, nor for what they have n nor for what they do, nor for what t do not; But ſhould oblige them to

nly for pretending to have what they re-
ly have not, or for offering to do, what
ey are utterly incapable of doing. That
us the Tax would certainly fall upon the
oſt ſolvent part of the Body. For how
diculous would it be to tax a Man for
aving Poetry and Wit, when they are al-
oſt always ſigns that he has not a Far-
ing to pay? On the other ſide, how ab-
rd would it be to tax him for a bare want
f thoſe Qualities? ſince when a Man is
ull without Pretending, 'tis ten to one
ut he is Poor, for Riches make Men vain,
nd Vanity makes them affected. But he
ho is not much at his eaſe, is hardly at
iſure for Affectation; and I have often ſeen,
hat when Vanity has thrown a Fop out
f Nature, Neceſſity has brought him back
gain: But a rich Rogue will be ſure to
e always Pretending. Fortune takes plea-
ure in making thoſe Vain, whom Nature
efore made Impotent, and both of them
ften conſpire to finiſh a Coxcomb. Thus
would have none pay but they who put
ravity upon us for Wiſdom, Viſions for
olitics, and Quibbles for Wit; and I
ould have no Man at any Expence for
eing call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick,
nleſs it be by himſelf. It would be equally
ard to lay a Tax upon any one, for his Ill

Fortune, or for his Ill-Nature, ſince they are things of which no Man is Maſter. But what? A Sot cannot help his Vanity. A greed: But then it makes him ſo much happier than he deſerves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it.

I am your Moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DENNI

To Mr. Wycherley, *at* Cleve, *near* Shrewsbury.

Sir,

WHile I venture to write theſe Lines to you, I take it to be my Interest not to conſider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always ſhall, *viz.* As Mr. *Wycherley*, as the greatest Comick-Wit that ever *England* bred, as a Man ſent purpoſely into the World to Charm the Ears of the wittieſt Men, and to raviſh the Hearts of the moſt Beautiful Women: No, Sir, that in writing to you I may aſſume ſome Spirit, I ſhall at preſent only conſider you as the humble Hermit at *Cleve*; Humble even in the full Poſſeſſion of all thoſe extraordinary Qualities

s, the knowledge of which has made me oud. I muſt confeſs, that I have no eat Opinion of that which Men general-call Humility. Humility in moſt Men is nt of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, s a wretched Neceſſity, of which they no lie under it, vainly endeavour to make Vertue. But in a Man of Mr. *Wycherley*'s ake, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis good, 'tis a generous Condeſcention. d what Force of Mind is there not re-iſite to bend back a Soul by perpetual flection, which would be always riſing, d eternally aſpiring by virtue of its in-n Fire? Yet yours, notwithſtanding all Power, cannot wholly depreſs it ſelf, r deſcend in every part of it. At the e that your Will vouchſafes to ſtoop, ur underſtanding ſoars; your Writings as bold as your Converſation is modeſt, hough thoſe are bold, as this is modeſt h Judgment) and he who would do u Juſtice, muſt needs confeſs, that you a very ambitious Writer, though a very mble Man. Yet your very Ambition s oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted Hu-ne Nature, in raiſing your own by its ſt noble Efforts; and that without boaſt-Preheminence. And ſurely it muſt be this very reaſon that we feel a ſecret

Pride, when we but read the Diſcoveri which you have made. Thus I cannot ſa what you are, without Vanity, for nev was Man exempt from it; but I can ſa that you have made uſe even of Vanity humble you by way of Reflection, and th you have avoided that dangerous Effect it, Vain-glory, the Rock upon which veral great Wits before you have been ſe to ſplit. For you have always wiſely co ſidered, that Vain-glory in the Vulg may be ſupportable, nay, may be dive ing; but that in great Men it muſt be tolerable. That whereas in the Firſt, want of Diſcernment, 'tis Folly, 'tis Extravagance and Blindneſs of Self-Lo in the Laſt, 'tis Crime, 'tis Malice, 'ti ſecret and proud Deſign to Mortifie Inſult over the reſt of Men, over wh they have ſo much advantage; That i for this very reaſon, that we ſo deeply ſent, and ſo ſeverely revenge the mo Affronts we receive from it. Great W were by Heav'n predeſtin'd to Rule, rule the Minds of others, the nobleſt E pire; but when they grow outwardly V they grow Tyrants, and then their diſc tented Subjects rebel, and then they poſe thoſe Kings as Uſurpers, whom be they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs.

moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince, e you, commands their Hearts, as well their Underſtandings, and under one hom they love ſo well, they grow as oud, as they are pleas'd to obey. Our olent Inclinations make us belong to you, d therefore 'tis the intereſt even of our ide, that you ſhould long continue in e Place which your extraordinary De- t has attain'd. Did we nothing but e- em you as much as we do, we ſhould cer- nly envy you; if we did not hate you; for re eſteem is always forc'd upon us, hereas Inclination is much more volun- y: Beſides, as a judicious French Man ſerves, Eſteem is foreign, and comes from road, and is therefore received with Grum- ing; but inclination is our own, and rn in our Breaſts, and is therefore Ca- ſs'd and Cheriſh'd. I might add, That on this account it is hard to wiſh well thoſe whom we very much eſteem, if ey have not likewiſe the skill to make emſelves be Belov'd; becauſe barely to teem, depreſſes the Spirits, as much as Love very much exalts them; it brings e Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it once too horrid Views of another's Ex- llencies, and of its own Infirmities; but ffection gives it Agitation and Warmth;

and

and in the view of a Friend's Deſert, it tak
too much Pleaſure, and too much Pride t
conſider its own Defects. 'Tis true, th
you are eſteemed at this high rate, you ow
to your Wit and your Penetration; b
that you are eſteem'd without Envy, th
you are with Joy and Gladneſs eſteem'
you owe to this, that while the force
your Fancy and Judgment makes all t
World admire you, you remain yourſe
unmov'd by it; that while your Excellen
fills all Mouths but yours, you alone a
pear to be unacquainted with it. Th
while by the Merit of your extraordina
Qualities, you are known to ſurpaſs
others, it plainly appears, that you ha
beyond all this, a Greatneſs of Soul, fro
whence you look down on your own M
rit. An infallible Sign, that the Tale
which we admire in you, are no Illuſio
but real things, things that were born wi
you, and have been improv'd by you, a
which you have not acquir'd: For Men
found to be Vainer, upon the account
thoſe Qualities which they fondly belie
they have, than of thoſe which they rea
have; and Hereditary Greatneſs gives M
leave to be humble, whereas Preferm
occaſions Pride. None but ſuch real Gre
neſs as yours can capacitate a Man to
tr

ly humble; for the Soul, which by Na-
e is not ſeated high, can hardly be ſaid
deſcend. If I have inſiſted too long on
s ſhining Subject, a Subject which is ſo
ſpicuous in you; if you lock upon this
ious Letter, as one of thoſe various Per-
tions which every eminent Vertue pro-
es; I deſire you to conſider, that I have
many Obligations to this very Humility,
t I look'd upon myſelf as oblig'd by
titude, to ſay as much as I have done,
to what I owe the happineſs which I
e frequently received in your Converſa-
, to that I owe the preſent Satisfaction,
ch your Permiſſion to write to you
es me; and to that I am indebted for
hopes of your Anſwers; when I have
ived them I ſhall then believe what you
e pleas'd to tell me when I ſaw you
that you are much more Humble in the
r Air on your Mountain at *Cleve*, than
en you are in Fog and Sulphurous Smoak
Bow-ſtreet. But at the ſame time, the
sfaction of thinking that Diſtance does
make you forget me, will render him
y Proud, who is at preſent,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wycherley's *Anſwer to Mr.* Denni

Dear Sir,

YOU have found a way to make satisfy'd with my Abſence from L *don*; nay, what is more, with the Diſta which is now betwixt you and me. T indeed uſes to leſſen Friendſhip, but g me the greater Mark of yours, by your Letter, which I had miſs'd if I had b nearer to you: So that I, who receive Rents here, yet muſt own if I did, I c not receive greater Satisfaction than I from yours, worth even a Letter of change, or Letters Patents; for I v your Friendſhip more than Money, and prouder of your Approbation, than I ſh be of Titles: For the having the good nion of one who knows Mankind fo argues ſome Merit in me, upon which ry Man ought to conſider himſelf more, upon the Goods of Fortune. I had ra be thought your Friend in proof of Judgment and good Senſe, than a Fr to the Muſes; and had rather have than them thought mine. If I am as ſay, at once Proud and Humble, 'tis I have known I have had the Honou pleaſe you; tho your Praiſe rather hum

n makes me (tho a damn'd Poet) more
n. For it is ſo great, that it rather
ns the railery of a witty Man, than
Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves
Copiouſneſs of your own Invention,
n juſtifies the Fertility of mine. But I
I am forfeiting the Character of *the*
in-Dealer with you; and ſeem like vain
men, or vainer Men, to refuſe Praiſe,
to get more; and ſo by returning your
mpliments, ſhew my ſelf grateful out of
ereſt, as Knaves are punctual in ſome
yments, but to augment their Credit.
d for your Praiſe of my Humility (the
y Mark of my Knowledge, ſince it is a
rk of my knowing my ſelf,) you have
is'd that to its Deſtruction, and have
en me ſo much, you have left me none;
e thoſe Admirers, who praiſe a young
aids Modeſty till they deprive her of it.
t let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humi-
y that you owe my Friendſhip, but to
y Ambition, ſince I can have no greater
n to be eſteem'd by you, and the World,
ur Friend, and to be known to all Man-
nd for,

Dear Sir, your humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

My Dear Friend,

I Have no way to ſhew my Love to y in my Abſence, but by my Jealouſie would not have my Rivals in your Frien ſhip, the *C*——*s*, the *D*——*s*, the *W*— and the reſt of your Tavern-friends, en your Converſation, while I cannot: Th I confeſs, 'tis to their Intereſt to make y dumb with Wine, that they may be he in your Company; tho' it were more demonſtration of their Wit to hear y than to be heard by you. For my o part, I am ambitious of your Company lone in ſome Solitude, where you an might be all one. For I am ſure, if I pretend to any Sence, I can have no Infl ction or Satisfaction of Life, better th your Example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Frien that is, to all yours whom I know: and charitable (as often as you can) to the ſent; which you good Wits ſeldom are mean be charitable with your Letters to

Your humble Servi

POS

POSTSCRIPT.

)Ray let me have more of your Letters, tho' they would rally me with Com-ments undeſerv'd, as your laſt has done; like a Country Eſquire, I am in love with Town Wit's Converſation, tho it be but a Diſtance that I am forced to have it, dtho' it abuſes me while I enjoy it.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

NOT long after I writ my laſt to you, I was hurried up to Town by a kind a Cholick, which was ended in a Deflu-n upon one of my Feet. You know, , a Defluxion is a general name which he pleaſant French Men have given an ant-Gout, too young to be yet Baptiz'd. tho the Diſtemper rag'd in each Hand, ould in ſpight of it, anſwer your Admi-le Letter, a Letter which I had certain-known to be yours, tho' it had been t me without a Name, nay, and tran-b'd by a Chancery-Clerk in his own eous manner of Copying. But I muſt

con-

confeſs I was ſurpriz'd to hear you ſay in i
that you took the Sincerity of a Man wh
ſo much eſteems you for Railery, yet th
you declare it, you can never believe it.
am willing to believe you exceeding hum
ble; but you can never be humble to th
degree, unleſs your Mind, which resembl
your Eye, in its Clearneſs, its Livelineſs, a
in its piercing Views, ſhould be alſo like
in this, that plainly diſcerning all thin
elſe, it wants a ſight of it ſelf; but in t
it does not resemble it: For it beholds
ſelf by Reflections, and like a lovely Ma
at her Glaſs, is charm'd with the ſight of
own Beauty. This is a ſight in which y
take Pride as well as Pleaſure; but your
muſt confeſs, is a guiltleſs Pride, it bei
nothing but firſt Motion, which it is i
poſſible for Man to avoid. You have b
the Force to ſubdue it immediately, and
Art and Goodneſs to conceal it from
That it plainly appears from what I h
ſaid, that you do not believe I had any
ſign to rally you. I am confident
through all my Letter there appears
Air of Sincerity. But that is a Vertue wh
has been ſo long and ſo peculiarly yo
that you may perhaps be jealous of it
your Friends, and diſclaim ſome Vert
which they commend in you only to
nopo

polize that. You had given me at leaſt occaſion to think ſo, if the Railery in urs had not been ſo very apparent, that en I had Eyes to diſcern that you have en to blame in it, tho I am doubly blind with Love of you and my ſelf. Yet if u writ it with a deſign to Mortifie me, ure your ſelf that I ſhall fortifie my Vani- with that very Artilery with which you ve begun to attack it. If Mr. *Wycherley* ies me, it is certain that I have my De- ts; but it is full as certain, that he would ver condeſcend to abuſe me at ſuch a di- nce if he wholly deſpis'd me. Thus, Sir, u ſee I am as reaſonable with my Friend, a *Ruſſian* Spouſe is with her Husband, l take his very railery for a Mark of E- em, as the does a Beating for a proof of ection. The very worſt of your Quali- gain our Affections: Even your Jea- ſie is very obliging, which it could ne- be unleſs it were very groundleſs. But e your very Suſpicion is obliging, what uence muſt your Kindneſs have on our als? The Wiſh that I were with you in he Retirement, is engaging to that de- e, that I almoſt repent that I ſo eagerly r'd your Converſation before. For if were poſſible, I would augment that De- , as a grateful return to yours. To be

with you in Solitude, would make me per-
fectly happy. Tho' it were in the *Orcades*
I would not wiſh my ſelf remov'd to an
happier Climate; no, not even to that whic
contain'd my abſent Miſtreſs; all that
could do for her on that occaſion, wou
be to wiſh her with me. In that Retireme
what ſhould I not enjoy? Where I shou
be admirably inſtructed without Troub
and infinitely delighted without Vice, whe
I ſhould be glorious at once with Envy a
Quiet. For what could be more glorio
than to be the Companion of your Retre
My very Ambition inſtructs me to lo
ſuch Solitude. Tho', properly ſpeakin
there can be no Solitude where you reſi
Immortal Company ſtill attends you, a
the Vertues, the Graces, and the Char
ing Nine, who love the Groves, and
fond of you, follow you to remoteſt Ret
ments. The Comick Muſe is more parti
larly yours; and it is your peculiar Pr
to allure the moſt Raviſhing of all the Sis
after you into Retirement: To make t
Goddeſs forſake the Crowd with you, w
loves it moſt of the Nine: You have b
conſtantly her Darling, her beſt Belo
Thus in Retirement with her and you
ſhould have the Converſation of Manki
I ſhould enjoy it with all its Advanta

vithout its leaſt Inconveniencies. In the hiloſophy of your Actions and Words, I hould ſee the Wiſe, the Good, and the truly reat; in your Obſervations, and in your ailery, the Men of Sence, and the Men f Wit; and in your Satyr, ſeverèly pleant, the Fools and Raſcals expos'd by it. n the Poſtſcript to my laſt, I made an Apogy for uſurping a Style ſo foreign from his way of Writing. I have once more n into the ſame Fault in this, but the very hought of Mr. *Wycherley* ſpreads a genepus Warmth thro' me, and raiſes my Soul Rapture. And when a Man Writes, his oul and his Style of neceſſity riſe together. my next, I have ſomething with which muſt trouble you, that will require anoher manner of Writing.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

Have been very ill ever ſince I took my Leave of you, ſo that I parted in one ght from all that I valued moſt, that is, om my Health and you. However, Nare was kind, in not failing to ſupply me

with Vigour, till Fortune had depriv'd m
of your Converſation, and I was got a
mongſt People with whom I had ſmall oc
caſion for Vigour. Yet even here in ſpigh
of Sickneſs and Abſence, I have made a ſhi
to Converſe with you: For I thought th
your Works were the only things that cou
make me full amends for the loſs of you
Company: By them you have been ab
to give me Joy even in the midſt of m
Pain. For the *Country Wife*, and the *Pla*
Dealer are Stores of Delight, which yo
have laid up by a noble Charity, to ſupp
the Poor in Spirit through all Poſterity. S
that I believe that to be one of the Reaio
of Fortune's Pique to you, that you ha
put it out of her power for the time to com
to proſecute her Quarrel to Men of Sen
effectually: for by having recourſe to yo
in your Works, they are ſure to become mo
happy than Fools, even at the time wh
they are leſs ſucceſsful. But I can hold
my Head no longer at preſent, as ſoon
I am better, you may expect a longer Le
ter from me.

I am Yours, &

Mr. Wycherley *to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

Have received yours of the 20*th* of *November*, and am glad to find by it, that wever your Friends are Loſers by your ſence from the Town, you are a Gainer it; of your Health, which every one u have left behind you, (but *Ch*—) may thought a Friend to: and the more each an is your Friend, the more he is ſatisfy'd th your Abſence, which tho' it makes us for want of you, makes you well for want us: your taking no Leave of me (which u would excuſe) I take to be one of the eateſt Kindneſſes you ever ſhew'd me; for could no more ſee a Departing Friend m the Town, than a Departing Friend m this Life; and ſure 'tis as much Kind- ſs and good Breeding to ſteal from our ends Society unknown to em, (when muſt leave 'em to their Trouble) as it to ſteal out of a Room, after a ceremoni- s Viſit, to prevent trouble to him, whom would Oblige and Reſpect; ſo that your t Fault (as you call it) is like the reſt of ur Faults, rather an Obligation, than an ffence; tho' the greateſt Injury indeed you n do your Friends, is to leave 'em againſt

their Will, which you muſt needs do. You tell me you converſe with me in my Writings, I muſt confeſs then you ſuffer a great deal for me in my Abſence, which (tho' I would have you love me) I would not have you do: but for your truer Diverſion, prat change my *Country Wife* for a better of your own in the Country, and exerciſe your own *Plain Dealing* there, then you will make your Country 'Squire better Company, and your Parſon more ſincere in your Company than his Pulpit, or in his Cups: But when you talk of ſtore of Delights, you find in my *Plain-Dealer*, you ceaſe to be one; and when you commend my *Country Wife*, you never were more a Courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's Country Wife better than you do mine, that you may paſs your time better than you can do with my *Country Wife*; and like her Innocence more than her Wit, ſince Innocence is the better Bawd to Love; but enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Abſence, I ſhall take it as civilly as a City Cuckold. I was ſorry to find by you that your Head ach'd while you writ me your Letter; ſince I fear 'twas from Reading my Works (as you call them) not from your own Writing, which never gave you Pain, tho' I would to others to imitate it. I've given you

ur Service to your Friends at the *Rose*, ıo, since your Absence, own they ought t to go for the Witty Club; nor is *Will*'s ; Wits Coffee-house any more, since you it, whose Society for want of yours, is own as Melancholy, that is, as dull as hen you left them a Nights, to their own other-Wit, their Puns, Couplets, or Quib-s; therefore expect not a Witty Letter m any of them, no more than from me, ce they, nor I have conversed with you se three Weeks. I have no News worth ding you, but my next shall bring you hat we have. In the mean time let me l you (what I hope is no News to you) t your Absence is more tedious to me, n a Quibler's Company to you; so that eing Sick Yesterday, as I thought with-t any Cause, reflected you were forty or y Miles off, and then found the reason my Indisposition, for I cannot be well so from you, who am,

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

Your obliged humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

DRay pardon me that I have not sooner answer'd your Letter, for I have been

very buſie this laſt Week about Law-affairs that is very Dull and Idle, tho' very Active Your Friends of the Coffee-houſe and the *Roſe*, whether Drunk or Sober, Good Fellows, or Good Wits, ſhow at leaſt their Senſe, by valuing you and yours, and ſend you all their Service; and never are more Wits and leſs Poets, that is, leſs Lyars than when they profeſs themſelves your Servants.

For News, *W*—— lives ſoberly, *Ch*— goes to Bed Early; *D'Urfey* ſings now like a Poet, that is, without being ask'd: And the Poets, or Wits-at-wills, ſince your departure, ſpeak well of the Abſent. *Ball*— ſays his ill Looks proceed rather for want of your Company, than for having had that of his Miſtreſs; even the Quibblers and Politicians, have no double Meaning when they ſpeak well of you.

To Mr. wycherley.

Dear Sir,

THE ſight of your Letter reviv'd me. It appear'd like the Rays of the new Sun, to one who has Winter'd under the Pole, and brought with it Light, Warmth

d Spirit. The Railery in it was very Ob-
ing; for the Luſt of Praiſe is as power-
with Men, as the Itch of Enjoyment is
th Women; and it is as hard for us to
nk that our Friends ridicule us when
ey commend our Wit, as it is for them
believe that their Gallants abuſe them
en they extol their Beauty. Yet gene-
lly in both Caſes, whatever is ſaid, is ſaid
r the Satisfaction of him that ſpeaks it.
t then, as he delights in Deceiving, the
rſon to whom he ſpeaks, is deceiv'd
th Pleaſure, and both Parties are ſatisfied.
t Mr. *Wycherley* is to be excepted from
is general Rule, who commends his
iend for his Friend's ſake. You never
e witty to pleaſe your ſelf, to whom
it has ſo long been habitual, that you
e often hardly mov'd your ſelf when you
y thoſe admirable things with which
e are tranſported. Not that I am ſo far
tray'd by Vanity, as to take your Com-
iments at the foot of the Letter, or to
ppoſe that you believ'd all that you ſaid;
t I am willing, for your ſake, to believe
at you meant ſomething of it; and that
t being without Kindneſs for me, (which
only owing to the ſweetneſs of your Na-
re, that is, to your Merit, and not to
ine;) your Reaſon, as the Duke *de la*
Roche-

Rochefoucaut ſays, has been bubbled by you Affection. And here, Sir, I have muc the Advantage of you; for when I declar that I have the greateſt Opinion in th World of you, none will miſtruſt my Sin cerity, and all will applaud my Diſcern ment; but you cannot expreſs your Ze at ſo high a rate for any Friend, but it mu conſiderably leſſen the World's Opinion your Judgment. But if it is Mr. *Wyche ley*'s peculiar Praiſe, never to have ſhew want of Judgment in any thing, unleſs that only thing in which Error is honour ble: How few are they who are capable Erring at your Rate!

Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus, & iſti Errori virtus nomen poſuiſſet honeſtum.

And how happy is the Man who has Friend ſo accompliſh'd, that Errour in hi is Vertue? I am that happy Man, and a ſo far exalted by my Happineſs, that I a never leſs humble, than when I ſubſcri my ſelf,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt humble

and faithful Serva

, Wycherley's to *Mr.* —— *on the Loſs of his Miſtreſs.*

Dear Sir,

Have had yours of the 31ſt of *March*, to which I ſhould ſooner have returned Anſwer, had I not been forced to take ttle turn out of Town; but your Letter me, brought me not more Satisfaction n your laſt to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Diſ- et for you: Since by that I find how eaſie you are. You know, my Friend, n one ſufficiently experienced in Love- aſters, that Love is often a kind of loſing adam, in which the Loſer is moſt often Gainer. If you have been deprived of Miſtreſs, conſider you have loſt a Wife, tho' you are diſappointed of a ſhort Sa- faction, you have likewiſe eſcaped a te- us Vexation, which Matrimony infalli- comes to be, one way or another; ſo that r Misfortune is an Accident which your e Friends ſhould rather felicitate than nmiſerate. You told me in your laſt, t you were no more Maſter of your ſelf: en how ſhould I help Rejoicing at the toration of your Liberty? A Man might eaſonably be ſorry for his Friend's Re-

covery

covery from Madneſs, as for his Recover from Love, (tho' for the time a pleaſan Frenzy;) ſo that your Miſtreſs's Fathe has rather been your Doctor than your nemy: And you ſhould not be angry wi him, if he cures you of your Love-diſtem per, tho' by a Means a little too violent for next to his Daughter's Cure of Lov his may prove the beſt. Well, pray ben angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thi that can ſo much diſpleaſe you: I ow my Friendſhip for you, has a little ſelfiſ neſs in it, for now you cannot be ſo happ as you wou'd in the Country, I hope yo will make us as happy as we can be in t Town, which we ſhall be as ſoon as w have your company: For know, my Frien change of Air after a Love-diſtemper, m be as good as 'tis after a Fever: and the fore make haſte to Town, where a gre many Doctors have engaged to compl your Cure. Your Friends will do a thing to root out the Remains of yo Paſſion. The Witty Club will grow Gra to inſtruct you; and the Grave Club w grow Gay to delight you; *Wh*— will tu a Philoſopher; and I will grow a Goo Fellow, and venture my own Health, f the Recovery of your good Humour; for

d rather be ſick in your Company, than r want of it; who am,

Dear Sir, Your moſt unalterable Friend, and humble Servant,
W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

)Ray pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you dully now, which I hope will be my t Excuſe for my not writing ſooner. All ur Friends of the Coffee-houſe are well; d what is no News to you, are, in ſpight your Abſence, your conſtant humble vants.

The Anſwer to Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

Have a colourable Excuſe for my Silence, for when you went out of Town, you e me the hopes of receiving a Letter m you, as ſoon as you arriv'd at *Cleve.* ſides, ſince that, I have been a Month *Northamptonſhire.* But the Inclination ich I have to converſe with Mr. *Wycher-* is too violent to receive any Check from nctilio's. But, alas, I was reſtrain'd by too

too juſt an Impediment: For ever ſince ſaw you, I have been ſo rack'd by a cr Paſſion, that I have had no Power to any thing but to complain. And yo Portion of Melancholy is not ſo ſmall, th you have need to be troubled with anoth Man's Spleen. I would be ſure to co municate my Happineſs to my Friend, na I could be but half happy if I did not co municate it. As in Love I never could pleas'd to a Height with my own pleaſu if I did not find that it added to that of Miſtreſs. But I ſhould impart my ill H mour to my Friend, if I found that it w not in his power to eaſe me, and that were much in his Inclination, with as mu Regret, as I ſhould acquaint him with own ill Fortune, if I were clearly convin that it were not in my power to aſſiſt hi You would not adviſe me to ſtifle t Paſſion. You are too well acquainted w Love, and me to do that: You know t that would be to perſwade me to a th which you are already ſenſible that I very willing, and very unable to do. I bl while I ſhow this Weakneſs, but ſure th is ſome force of Mind requir'd to ſh ſome ſorts of Weakneſs. You remember Maxim of the wiſe Duke: *La meme ferm qui ſert a Reſiſter al'amour, Sertauſſi queque*

le rendre violent & durable. If that be ne, I beſeech you to believe that this ob-nate Lover is a conſtant Friend too, and alterably,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Mr. Wycherley's *Letter to Mr.* ——

Dear Sir,

Lately received from you ſo kind, and ſo witty a Reproach for my not writing you, that I can hardly repent me of my ult, ſince it has been the Occaſion of my ceiving ſo much Satisfaction: But you ve had a reaſonable Excuſe for your Si-nce, ſince you ſay I promis'd to write to u firſt, which is very true; and I had pt my Promiſe, but for my Conjecture at you could not ſtay ſo long out of *Nor-mptonſhire*; nor was I, it ſeems miſtaken that. But be aſſur'd, dear Sir, I think ere can be no better End, or Deſign of y Writing, than in its procuring me the isfaction of receiving ſomething of yours; pecially, ſince I have no other way left e now of Converſing with you. But it ems, you forbear to relieve me out of

Cha-

Charity, ſince you ſay your Trouble wa
ſo great, that you were unwilling to com
municate it to me, leſt you ſhould encrea
mine. I ſee your Wit can do any thing
make an Omiſſion of a Kindneſs a great
Obligation; and if you complain but to you
Miſtreſs, as wittily as you do to your Frien
I wonder not at her Cruelty, nor that ſh
ſhould take Pleaſure to hear you Compla
ſo long. But, my Friend, have a care of Com
plaining to her, with ſo much true Sence, le
it ſhould diſparage your true Love; and i
deed, that I fear is the only Cauſe you are ſo
fer'd to complain ſo long, without the Su
ceſs which is due to your Merit. Love an
Wit, from one who, you ſay, has her ſelf
much; which, with your Pardon, I ſhall hard
ly believe, tho' you are her Voucher, if ſh
does not do what you wou'd have her; th
is, do you and herſelf Reaſon as faſt as ſh
can; ſince ſhe muſt needs believe you a war
and ſincere Lover, as much as I believe yo
a zealous and a true Friend. And I am
well acquainted with Love and you, that
believe no body is able to alter your Lo
or adviſe your Reaſon; the one being
Unalterable as the other Infallible; a
you (for ought I know) are the only M
who at once can Love and be Wiſe. A
to the Wiſe you know a Word is enoug
el

ɔ cially ſince you gave me a Caution a-
inſt oppoſing your Paſſion; becauſe it
ɔuld be in vain. If Love be in you, as in
her Men, a violent Paſſion, it is there-
e a ſhort Frenzy, and ſhould be cur'd
e other Diſtempers of that kind, by your
ends humouring it, rather than oppoſing
Yet pardon me, if I preſcribe the com-
n Remedy of curing one Love with a-
her. But whether you will let me be
ur Doctor or no, I muſt at leaſt wiſh you
ll, who am,

Dear Sir, your moſt obliged affectionate
Friend and humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ray thank my Friend Mr. *W*—— for
putting his Surtout of a Letter over
rs of a finer Stuff, as the Lining of a
ment is often finer than the Outſide.
y give all the honeſt Gentleman of the
fee-houſe, of my Acquaintance and yours,
humble Service; whom, with you, I
e to ſee again, within this three Weeks,
London.

Mr. Dennis *to Mr. Wycherley.*

Dear Sir,

A Man who has the Vanity of pretend ing to Write, muſt certainly lo you extreamly well, if he does not ha you after he has received from you ſuch Letter as yours: And he muſt undoubted ſhew a great deal of Friendſhip, when h aſſures you, he does not envy you the ve Lines by which you commend him. Man had need be very well acquaint with the goodneſs of your Nature, to ſatisfied that you do not praiſe with a wic ed Deſign to Mortifie. There are fe Writers ſo humble, whom Mr. *Wycherle* Commendation would not render vai but then there are few Writers ſo pro whom the Wit that Mr. *Wycherley* ſhe in commending them, would not humb So that a Man who did not know y wou'd be apt to believe, that whenever y write to Praiſe, you do but like a Wreſt who lifts People up on purpoſe to thr them down, and the higher he raiſes the makes their Fall the greater. Your Co mendation is to a modeſt Man, what ſecond Bottle is to a ſober Man; it ra his Vigour while he is ſwallowing it;

he Wit is as ſure to make the one Melan-holy upon mature Reflection, as the Wine certain to leave the other Spiritleſs after he third Concoction: But our Infirmity nnot be your fault; to whom we are ob-g'd for your generous Intentions, which ve you ſuch a peculiar diſtinction from dinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a juſt d a noble Confidence, which you may poſe in your ſelf, you may always very ſely commend; becauſe you may be al-ys ſure to ſurpaſs. 'Tis prudent and no-at once in a Conqueror to extol the Con-ered: to praiſe the Excellence which he rcomes, is but to commend himſelf: ſides, it wins the very Heart and Soul him that is overcome, if he has but Vir-enough to be ſo ſubdued; and makes n willing to leave his laſt Retrenchment. would long ſince have had that Effect on me, if the reſt of your good Qualities d not prevented it; which have ſo cloſely d ſo entirely tied me to you, that when-r I receive a Letter from you, my Va-y is ſure to gain on the one ſide, what it certain to loſe on the other: For if I am rtified as to my own Wit, I do not fail value my ſelf upon yours.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherley, *That a Block-head is better qualified for Buſineſs, than a Man of Wit.*

Dear Sir,

THE laſt time I was at *Will's*, I had the Mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr.—— had met with a Diſappointment in——; at which, ſome who were preſent, were glad, affirming, That Succeſs would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit, is not qualified for Buſineſs ſo well as a Block-head: I have ſince had ſome Thoughts concerning the matter which I here ſend you, and of which I deſire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection I have found out the following Reaſons, why Block-heads are thought to be fitteſt for Buſineſs, and why they really ſucceed in it.

Firſt, As their Brains are a great deal colder, than thoſe are of Men of Wit, they muſt have but very ſtrait Imaginations and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but very few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

Secondly, It is reaſonable enough to believe, that ſince they are uncapable of ma

Though

houghts, thoſe few which they have, are termin'd by their Neceſſities, their Appetites, and their Deſires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Eſtabliſhments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive that ſince a Block-head has but a few thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Lifetime; which is his Intereſt, he ſhould have more perfect, and better digeſted, then men of Wit have the ſame thought, who perhaps have a thouſand every Hour.

Fourthly, It is eaſie to comprehend, that ſince ſuch a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digeſted, and brought to perfection, he ſhould readily paſs from thought to Action. For he muſt grow weary of thinking ſo often of one and the ſame thing; and ſince the Nature of the Mind requires Agitation, as ſoon as his little Speculation ceaſes, he muſt of neceſſity act or divert himſelf.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that a little Thought often makes a Man active in Buſineſs, ſo a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the purſuit of thoſe things, on which, ſeduced by Paſſion and vulgar Opinion, he lays an exorbitant Value; and concerning thoſe Natures and Incertainty, he is not

very capable of making ſolid Reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to ſe cure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reaſon induced to ſeek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of Thoughts ſuppoſes Littleneſs of Soul, which is often requiſite for the ſucceeding in Buſineſs: For a Blockhead is ſordid enough to deſcend to Trick and Artifice, which in Buſineſs are often neceſſary to procure Succeſs; unleſs they are more than ſupplied, by a Prudence deriv'd from a conſummate Experience, or from a great Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the Reaſon, why a Fool ſucceeds better in Buſineſs than a Man of Wit; who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the nobleſt Objects; and who finds that there is ſomething ſo pleaſing, and ſo noble, in Thinking rightly, and more eſpecially in the ſublime Speculations of exalted Reaſon, that he finds it intolerably irkſome to deſcend to Action, and abhors the very thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extream Contempt.

Thus you ſee, that in ſome meaſure a Fool may be ſaid to be better fitted out for Buſineſs, than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to diſtinguiſh: For, firſt, when

ſay, that a Block-head is fitted for Buſineſs; mean only for little Buſineſs: For to aſ-rm, that he is qualified for Affairs that re-uire Extent of Capacity, would be a Con-adiction in Terms. Secondly, When I firm, that a Man of Wit is leſs capaci-ted for Buſineſs, I mean, that he is leſs ſo, long as he keeps in his natural Temper, d remains in a State of Tranquility: But if ce he comes to be thrown out of that by e force of a violent Paſſion, and fir'd with eal for his Country's Service, or enflam'd Ambition, and Buſineſs can be made bſervient to the gratifying of thoſe Paſ-ons, then I dare boldly affirm, that one an of Wit will go further than a thouſand thoſe who want it. Of which it would eaſie to give more than one Inſtance nongſt our preſent Miniſters. But I will contented with putting you in mind, at none of the Romans had more Wit an *Cæſar*, and none of the French than *ichelieu*.

Before I conclude, I muſt give you a Cau-on; which is, that by the word Block-ead, I do not mean one that is ſtupid, but at I apply that word according to the anguage of you Men of Wit, to one who inks but a little: And that on the other de, by a Man of Wit, I do mean eve-

ry Coxcomb whoſe Imagination has got th Aſcendant of his little Reaſon; but a Ma like you, Sir, or our moſt ingenious Friend in whom Fancy and Judgment are like well-match'd Pair; the firſt like an extraor dinary Wife, that appears always Beaut ful and always Charming, yet is at all time Decent, and at all times Chaſt; the ſecon like a prudent and well-bred Husband, who very Sway ſhews his Complaiſance, an whoſe very Indulgence ſhews his Autho rity.

I am, Dear Sir, your moſt humble Servan

JOHN DENNI

To Mr. Dryden.

Sir,

THo' no man writes to his Friend wi greater Eaſe, or with more Chee fulneſs, than my ſelf; and tho' I have la ly had the Preſumption to place you at th Head of that ſmall Party, nevertheleſs, have experienc'd, with Grief, that in wr ting to you, I have not found my old F cility.

Since I came to this Place, I have take up my Pen ſeveral times, in order to wri

you, but have conſtantly at the very be-
nning found my ſelf damp'd and diſabled;
on which I have been apt to believe that
traordinary Eſteem may ſometimes make
e mind as Impotent as a violent Love
es the Body, and that the vehement De-
e we have to exert it, extreamly decays
r Ability. I have heard of more than
e luſty Gallant, who, tho' he could at any
me, with Readineſs and Vigour, poſſeſs
e Woman whom he lov'd but moderate-
, yet when he has been about to give his
arling Miſtreſs, whom he has vehement-
and long deſir'd, the firſt laſt Proof of
s Paſſion, has found on a ſudden that his
dy has jaded and grown reſty under his
ul, and gone backward the faſter, the
ore he has ſpurr'd it forward. Eſteem
s wrought a like Effect upon my Mind;
y extraordinary Inclination to ſhew that
honour you at an extraordinary rate, and
ſhew it in words that might not be alto-
ther unworthy Mr. *Dryden*'s Peruſal, in-
pacitates me to perform the very Action
which it incites me, and Nature ſinks in
e under the fierce Effort. But I hope you
ll have the Goodneſs to pardon a Weak-
ſs that proceeds from a Cauſe like this,
d to conſider that I had pleas'd you more
I had honour'd you leſs. Who knows

but

but that yet I may pleaſe you, if you encou
rage me to mend my Fault? To which,
you know but the Place I am in, Charit
would engage you, tho' Juſtice could n
oblige you: For I am here in a Deſart, d
priv'd of Company, and depriv'd of News
in a Place where I can hear nothing at a
of the Publick; and what proves it ten time
more a Deſart, nothing at all of you: Fo
all who are at preſent concern'd for the
Country's Honour, hearken more after yo
Preparatives, than thoſe for the next Ca
paign. Theſe laſt may poſſibly turn to o
Confuſion, ſo uncertain are the events
War; but we know that whatever you u
dertake, muſt prove Glorious to *Englan*
and tho' the *French* may meet with Succe
in the Field, by you we are ſure to Conqu
them. In War there are a thouſand u
look'd-for Accidents which happen eve
Day, and Fortune appears no where mo
like her ſelf; but in a Combat of Wit, t
more Humane Contention, and the mo
Glorious Quarrel, Merit will be alwa
ſure to prevail: And therefore, tho' I d
but hope that the Confederate Forces w
give Chaſe to *De Lorge* and *Luxemburg*,
am very confident that *Boileau* and *Rac*
will be forced to ſubmit to you. Jud
therefore, if I, who very much love m
Cou

ntry, and who ſo much eſteem you, ſt not with a great deal of Impatience eſt to hear from you.

I am, Sir, Your moſt humble Servant.

To Mr. Dryden.

Dear Sir,

YOU may ſee already by this preſumptuous Greeting, that Encouragement es us as much aſſurance to Friendſhip, as mparts to Love: You may ſee too, that riend my ſometimes proceed to acknowge Affection, by the very ſame Des by which a Lover declares his Paſn. This laſt, at firſt, confeſſes Eſteem, owns no Paſſion but Admiration: But ſoon as he is animated by one kind Exſſion, his Look, his Style, and his very l are altered; but as Sovereign Beauties w very well, that he who confeſſes he eems and Admires them, implies that Loves them, or is enclin'd to Love them; Perſon of Mr. *Dryden*'s exalted Genius, discern very well, that when we Em him highly, 'tis Reſpect reſtrains us ve ſay no more. For where great Em is without Affection, 'tis often attended

tended with Envy, if not with Hate, which Paſſions detract, even when they commend, and Silence is their higheſt Panegyric. 'Tis indeed impoſſible that I ſhould refuſe to Love a Man, who has ſo often given me all the Pleaſure that the moſt inſatiable Mind can deſire; when at any time I have been dejected by Diſappointments, or tormented by cruel Paſſions, the Recourſe to your Verſes has calm'd my Soul, or rais'd it to Tranſports which make it contemn Tranquility. But tho you have ſo often given me all the Pleaſure I was able to bear, I have reaſon to complain of you on this account, that you have confined my Delight to a narrower compaſs: *Suckling*, *Cowly*, and *Denham*, who formerly raviſh'd me in every part of them, now appear taſtleſs to me in moſt; and *Waller* himſelf, with all his Gallantry, and all the admirable Art of his Turns, appears three quarters Proſe to me. Thus 'tis plain that your Muſe has done me an Injury; but ſhe has made me Amends for it: for ſhe is like thoſe extraordinary Women, who, beſides the Regularity of their charming Features, beſides their engaging Wit, have ſecret unaccountable enchanting Graces, which tho' they have been long and often enjoy'd, make them always New, and always Deſirable

able. I return you my hearty Thanks r your moſt obliging Letter. I had been ry unreaſonable if I had repin'd that the your arriv'd no ſooner: 'Tis allowable grumble at the delaying a Payment, but murmur at the Deferring a Benefit, is to impudently Ungrateful beforehand. The mmendations which you give me, ex- edingly ſooth my vanity: For you with breath can beſtow or confirm Reputation; whole numberleſs People proclaims the aiſe which you give, and the Judgment three mighty Kingdoms appear to de- nd upon yours. The People gave me me little Applauſe before; but to whom, hen they are in Humour, will they not ve it? and to whom, when they are Fro- rd will they not refuſe it? Reputation th them depends upon Chance, unleſs ey are guided by thoſe above them: They but the Keepers as it were of the Lot- y which Fortune ſets up for Renown; on which Fame is bound to attend with Trumpet, and Sound when Men draw Prizes. Thus I had rather have your probation than the Applauſe of Fame: r Commendation argues good Luck, Mr. *Dryden*'s implies Deſert. What- r low Opinion I have hitherto had of my , I have ſo great a Value for your Judg-

ment,

ment, that, for the ſake of that, I ſhall b willing henceforward to believe that I am not wholly Deſertleſs; but that you ma find me ſtill more Supportable, I ſhall en deavour to compenſate whatever I want thoſe glittering Qualities, by which th World is dazled, with Truth, with Fait and with Zeal to ſerve you; Qualiti which, for their Rarity, might be Objec of Wonder, but that Men dare not appe to admire them, becauſe their Admiratio would manifeſtly declare their want of 'em Thus, Sir, let me aſſure you, that tho' yo are acquainted with ſeveral Gentlemen whoſe Eloquence and Wit may capacita them to offer their Service with more Ad dreſs to you, yet no one can declare himſe with greater Cheerfulneſs, or with great Fidelity, or with more profound Reſpe than my ſelf,

Sir, Your moſt, &

Mr. Dryden *to Mr.* Dennis.

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

WHen I read a Letter ſo full of m Commendations, as your laſt; cannot but conſider you as the Maſter of va

ſt Treaſure, who, having more than e-
ough for your ſelf, are forc'd to Ebb out
on your friends. You have indeed the
ſt Right to give them, ſince you have
em in Propriety; but they are no more
ne when I receive them, than the Light
the Moon can be allowed to be her own,
ho ſhines but by the Reflection of her
other. Your own Poetry is a more power-
Example, to prove that the Modern
riters may enter into Compariſon with
e Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could
oduce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you,
ho are a better Critick, can perſuade me
at there is any room left for a ſolid Com-
endation at this time of Day at leaſt for
e. If I undertake the Tranſlation of *Vir-*
, the little which I can perform will ſhew
leaſt, that no Man is fit to write after
m, in a barbarous modern Tongue: Nei-
er will his Machines be of any ſervice to
Chriſtian Poet. We ſee how ineffectually
ey have been try'd by *Taſſo*, and by
rioſto 'Tis uſing them too dully if we
ly make Devils of his Gods: As if, for
ample, I would raiſe a Storm, and make
of *Æolus*, with this only Difference of
ling him Prince of the Air, what In-
ntion of mine would there be in this?
who would not ſee *Virgil* thorough me,
only

only the ſame Trick play'd over again by a bungling Jugler? *Boileau* has well obſerved, that it is an eaſie matter, in a Chriſtian Poem, for God to bring the devil to Reaſon. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines, in my Preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur's* Conqueſt of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conqueſt of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies, and Kingdoms, are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man muſt be deeply converſant in the Platonick Philoſophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reaſonably expect that no Poet of our Age will preſume to handle thoſe Machines, for fear of diſcovering his own Ignorance; or if he ſhould, he might perhaps be Ingrateful enough, not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confeſs'd thus much of our Modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rym*——, that our Engliſh Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients. And notwithſtanding our Irregularities, ſo is our Tragedy. *Shakeſpeare* had a Genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. *R*——— that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You ſee why

So

ucceſs this learned Critick has found in he World, after his Blaſpheming *Shake-ear*. Almoſt all the Faults which he has ſcover'd are truly there; Yet who will ad Mr. *Rym*——, or not read *Shakeſpear*? r my own part, I reverence Mr. *Rym*—'s arning, but I deteſt his Ill Nature and s Arrogance. I indeed, and ſuch as I, ve reaſon to be afraid of him, but *Shake-ar* has not. There is another part of Po-y in which the Engliſh ſtand almoſt up-an equal Foot with the Ancients; and that which we call Pindarique; intro-ced, but not perfected, by our Famous *Cowley*: And of this, Sir, you are cer-nly one of the greateſt Maſters: You ve the Sublimity of Sence as well as and, and know how far the Boldneſs of oet may lawfully extend. I could wiſh would cultivate this kind of Ode; and uce it either to the ſame Meaſure which *dar* us'd, or give new Meaſures of your n. For, as it is, it looks like a vaſt ct of Land newly Diſcover'd. The Soil vonderfully Fruitful, but Unmanur'd, o-ſtock'd with Inhabitants, but almoſt all ages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or cy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who then upon the Verge of Madneſs, yet de a ſober, and a witty Anſwer to a

bad Poet, who told him, *It was an ea*
thing to write like a Madman. *No*, ſaid h
'tis very difficult to write like a Madma
but 'tis a very eaſie matter to write like a F
Otway and He are ſafe by Death from
Attacks, but we poor Poets Militant (
uſe Mr. *Cowley*'s Expreſſion) are at
Mercy of wretched Scriblers: and wh
they cannot faſten upon our Verſes, th
fall upon our Morals, our Principles of St
and Religion. For my Principles of Re
gion, I will not juſtifie them to you
know yours are far different. For
ſame reaſon, I ſhall ſay nothing of my Pr
ciples of State: I believe you in yours
low the Dictates of your Reaſon, as
mine do thoſe of my Conſcience. I
thought my ſelf in an Error, I would
tract it; I am ſure that I ſuffer for the
and *Milton* makes even the Devil ſay, T
no Creature is in love with Pain. For
Morals betwixt Man and Man, I am
to be my own Judge; I appeal to
World if I have Deceiv'd or defrauded
Man: And for my private Converſat
they who ſee me every day, can be the
Witneſſes, whether or no it be Blame
and Inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no
ſon to complain that Men of either P
ſhun my Company. I have never been

npudent Beggar at the Doors of Noble en: My Viſits have indeed been too rare be unacceptable; and but juſt enough teſtifie my Gratitude for their Bounty; hich I have frequently received, but al-ys unask'd, as themſelves will Witneſs. have written more than I needed to you this Subject: For I dare ſay, you juſtifie to your ſelf. As for that which I firſt ended for the principal Subject of this tter, which is my Friend's Paſſion, and Deſign of Marriage, on better conſide-ion I have chang'd my Mind: For ha-g had the Honour to ſee my dear Friend *cherley*'s Letter to him on that Occaſion, nd nothing to be added or amended. But well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confeſs I e my ſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew w much I am inferior to him in Wit and gment, by undertaking any thing after n. There is *Moſes* and the Prophets in his unſel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell made *Tireſias* their Umpire, in a certain rry Diſpute, which fell out in Heav'n wixt them: *Tireſias* you know had been oth Sexes, and therefore was a proper ge; our Friend Mr. *Wycherley* is full as petent an Arbitrator: He has been a chelor, and Marry'd Man, and is now idower. *Virgil* ſays of *Ceneus*,

Nunc vir nunc Fœmina Ceneus,
Rurſus & in veterem fato revoluta figura

Yet, I ſuppoſe, he will not give any larg Commendations to his middle State; n as the Sailor ſaid, will be fond, after a Shi wrack, to put to Sea again. If my Frie will adventure after this, I can but wiſh hi a good Wind, as being his; and,

My dear Mr. Dennis, *your moſt Affec onate and moſt Faithful Serva*

JOHN DRYDE

Written for my Lady C——, *to her Co* W. *of the* Temple. *By Mr.* Dennis.

After ſhe had received from him a Copy Verſes on her Beauty.

Couſin,

I Received yours with the Verſes inclo and here return you my hearty Tha for the Face, the Shape, the Meen, wh you have ſo generouſly beſtow'd upon From looking upon your Verſes, I wen my Glaſs: But, Jeſu! the Difference! T I bought it to Flatter me, yet comp

you I found it a Plain Dealer: It ſhow'd
e immediately, that I have been a great
al more beholding to you, than I have
en to Nature; for ſhe only Form'd me
t Frightful; but you have made me Di-
ne. But as you have been a great deal
nder than Nature has been to me, I think
y ſelf oblig'd, in Requital, to be a good
al more Liberal than Heav'n has been to
u, and to allow you as large a Stock of
it as you have giv'n me of Beauty: Since
honeſt a Gentleman as your ſelf, has
etch'd his Conſcience to commend my
rſon, I am bound in Gratitude to do Vi-
ence to my Reaſon, to extol your Verſes.
hen I left the Town, I deſir'd you to fur-
h me with the News of the Place, and
e firſt thing I have receiv'd from you, is
Copy of Verſes on my Beauty; by which
u dextrouſty infer, that the moſt extra-
dinary piece of News you can ſend me,
to tell me, that I am Handſom. By
hich ingenious Inference, you had infalli-
y brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you,
your Verſes had not ſtood up in your Juſti-
ation. But tell me truly, Couſin, could you
ink that I ſhould prove ſo eaſie a Crea-
re as to believe all that you have ſaid of
e? How could you find in your Heart to
ake ſuch a Fool of me, and ſuch a Cheat

of your ſelf; to intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to Truck my little ſtock of Wit and Judgment, for a mere Imagination of Beauty; when the real thing too, falls ſo infinitely ſhort of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it? For, Couſin, there is this conſiderable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty: That Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unleſs it has weaken'd their Reaſon; and never feel half the force of Wit, unleſs their Judgments are ſound. The principal time in which thoſe of your Sex admire Beauty in ours is between Seventeen and Thirty; that is after they are paſt their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgment. And now, Couſin, have not you been commending a pretty Quality in me, to admire which, as I have juſt ſhewn you, ſuppoſes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Underſtanding: Beſides, how frail, how tranſitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty, if Diſeaſes ſpare it till then: But which conſtant Proceeding, ſhe ſeems to imply, that ſhe gives it us as a Gugaw to please us in the Childhood of our Reaſons; and takes it from us, as a thing below us, when we come to Years of Diſcretion. Thus Couſin, have you been commending

Qu

uality in me, which has nothing of true erit in it, and of which I have no greater hare, than to keep me from being Scan- lous. So that all I could have got by ur Kindneſs, if I had parted with my dgment, in order to reap the Benefit of had been nothing but wretched Conceit, d ridiculous Affectation. If I thought u had enough of the gallant Man in you, take what I ſay in good part, I would viſe you to engage no further in Poetry: rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind ur *Cook* upon *Littleton.* Rather Pettifog an Flatter: For if you are reſolved to a Cheat, you will ſhow at leaſt ſome onſcience, in reſolving rather to chouſe ople of their Money, than to bubble em of their Underſtandings. Beſides, uſin, you have not a Genius which ll make a Great Poet, and be pleaſed to nſider, that a ſmall Poet is a Scandalous ight; that indifferent Verſes are very d ones; and that an inſipid Panegyric on another, is a ſevere Libel upon your f. Beſides, there will ſtart up a Satyr e day, and then Woe be to cold Rhimers. ld *England* is not yet ſo barren, but there ll ariſe ſome generous Spirit, who, beſides Stock of Wit and good Sence, which e no very common Qualities, will not

only be furniſhed with a ſound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent; but with a true Taſte for Eloquence and Wit, which is ſcarce any where to be found; and which comprehends not only a juſt Diſcernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticiſm. Such a Satyriſt as this Couſin, muſt ariſe, and therefore you had beſt take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be ſure to Divert you, and not Afflict you.

I am, &c.

To Mr.——, at Will's Coffee-houſe in Covent-garden.

I Received your Panegyrick upon Puns which I ſo approve of, that I am reſolved to get it Printed, and bound up with *Eraſmus* his Praiſe of Folly. Yet to confeſs a Truth, I was ſomething diſſatisfied to ſee Quibbling commended with ſo much Wit: For nothing can be writ with more Wit, than your Letter to the reſerve of the Quibbles; which I ſuppoſe you inſerted amongſt ſo many things which are ſo finely ſaid, leſt theſe ſhould have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me

t pray, after this Panegyrick upon Quib-
es, give me leave to ask you the ſame
ueſtion that the *Lacedæmonians* ask'd the
phiſter, who harangu'd in the praiſe of
ercules: By the way, did you ever expect
hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules*?
here's a Simile for you, *I think*, as *Novel*
s, *that's New*. You, who are cry'd up
ſo great a Wit, tell me, without Envy,
uld you ever have thought upon that?
t to return to my Queſtion: Here you
ve ſpent a great deal of time in the De-
ce of Quibbles. Who ſaid a Word a-
inſt them? The Devil a Syllable did I
ention of them in mine. It is true, I cited
neſt Mr. *Sw*——, but it is a hard Caſe,
he Quoting an Author, muſt be conſtru-
the Condemning his Works: I have a
eat Reſpect and Kindneſs for Mr. *Sw*——,
I have for all who have any Excellence.
d truly, I think, that for the Management
Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man a-
e comes near him. And let me tell you,
, for all your new Emulation, he is a bet-
Quibbler than you. But it is high time
give over Railery: For if you were my
her a thouſand times, let me die if I
uld not rigorouſly examin that part of
ur Letter which pretends to defend Quib-
ng. You ſay that I am too Nice, and
that

that my Averſion has ſomething in it, that is very like Affectation: But here you muſt give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you: Can a Man be juſtly accus'd of Niceneſs or Affectation, becauſe he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extreamly fooliſh; you know it is fooliſh enough, you reply; but it is a fooliſh thing that diverts. And do you think this knowledge of it will excuſe the Folly? Give me leave to reſume the aforemention'd Simile: Suppoſe a Fellow who breaks Wind, ſhould ſay to the Company while they are cajoling their offended Noſes with Snuff, Look you Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very naſty, but Begad it is very Diverting. Would the Excuſe, think you, be current? A Quibble diverts: Right; and ſo does a Hobby-horſe, which in my Mind, for those who can be diverted without Reaſon, is the better Bawble of the two. A Quibble diverts: Jeſu! That this ſhould be ſpoken at *Will's*? Can there be a more damnable Satyr upon Wit, than that ſo many Gentlemen who have ſo very much of it, ſhould be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? But, for God's ſake, what do you mean when you ſay a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh, I warrant: Why the

gre

eateſt Coxcomb about the Town ſhall
t do you in Laughing at any time. Na-
e, who has dealt impartially with her
ildren, and who has given them but
o Diſtinctions from Beaſts, Reaſon and
ughter, has, where ſhe has beſtow'd the
re of the One, conferr'd the leſs of the
her: And therefore a Coxcomb will
gh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, ſay you,
ſign of a Fool. Well, my dear Friend, I
e ſo much Kindneſs for thee, that out
thy own Mouth thou ſhalt not be
ged: For if a Quibble is not Wit, it is
hing. But it is at as great a diſtance
m wit, as an Idol is from the Deity;
d I will no more believe nauſeous Equi-
als to be Wit, becauſe ſome Sots have
nir'd them, than I will believe Garlick
be God, becauſe the *Ægyptians* ador'd
Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of
pidity in an Engliſh Man, to make Wit
Quibble, than it was in the Ægypti-
to make a God of their Garlick. But
return from whence I digreſſed; I have
er appear'd ſo much a Stoick, but that
ave been as much for Diverſion as any
ou: But then am I for the Diverſion of
onable Men, and of Gentlemen. If
re be any Diverſion in Quibbling, it is
iverſion of which a Fool and a Porter
is

is as capable as is the beſt of you. And therefore *Ben. Johnſon*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or Tankard-bearer, is ſure to introduce him Quibbling. But if Punning be a Diverſion, it is a very ſtrange one. There is as much Difference between the ſilly Satisfaction which we have from a Quibble, and the raviſhing Pleaſure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do? you cry, Men of the greateſt Parts are no more to be found with wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. What look you, Sir, as the firſt Step to Wisdom is to be freed from Folly; ſo the firſt Approach to Wit, is a contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will rather have patience till ſuch time as you have, or take good Sence in the lieu of it. If you are not in a Condition to delight us, we will be contented to be Inſtructed; and will make your Inſtruction nouriſh our Vanity, ſo turn even that to Delight. Nay, there is ſomething noble in right Reaſon; and conſequently ſomething delightful. Truth is ſo divinely beautiful, that it muſt please

eterna

ternally; but Falſhood is baſe, and muſt
nock all generous Minds, and every Equi-
ocal is but ambiguous Falſhood, that is the
itiful'ſt, the baſeſt of Falſhood.

To Walter Moyle *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

THo' you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you
redit for another; tho' perhaps you may
ttle deſire to run into Debt this way: But
is for two Reaſons that I give you the
ouble of this: For, in the firſt place, I
n taking a turn for a little time into the
ountry, and I deſign that the Prevention
this, ſhould make ſome Amends for the
elay of my next. In the Second place, I
ve made ſome proviſion of Scandal, which
am willing to make uſe of, before it
ow ſtale upon my hands. Juſt after I
rit my laſt, I threw my ſelf into a de-
ch'd Party, which march'd from *Will's*
Namur; with the ſame Deſign that the
olunteers went to *Breſt*, to keep out of
e Fray, and be Spectators of the Action.
owever, before they were come to Blows,
went amongſt the Tents, and had ſome
Diſcourſe

Diſcourſe with Major-General *R*—, whom I found to be Father to Mr. *Bays* his *Parthenope*. For the Major-General is a very honeſt Fellow, who ſells Ale by the Town Wall: We had the Satisfaction to ſee that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carried on as Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noiſe than Miſchief. On *Monday* laſt, which was the Second of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to ſee two very ridiculous Sights. The firſt was a Bawd carted for an Action which had ſome Relation to that memorable Day: for ſhe was convicted of being an Accomplice in ſetting Fire to an Ancient and Venerable Pile of the City; that is, ſhe was found Guilty of being inſtrumental in the Clapping an Alderman. I ſtood in a Book-ſeller's Shop to ſee her paſs, which Book-ſeller was packing up ſome Scoundrel Authors, to ſend them away to the Plantations. Theſe Authors are Criminals, which being ſentenc'd to be Burnt here, have at laſt found Grace, and got off with Tranſportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at *P*———, which, as it ſprung from a ridiculous Occaſion, that is my Lady Mayoreſs's Goſſipping, has had a comical Conſequence. For the Common

Cou

Council have made anOrder, by which my Lady Mayoreſs is diſpens'd during the Wars, from ſeeing thoſe Children born in the City, which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being preſent at one of their Wive's Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Laſt Night I took a turn in the Cloiſters, were I was entertain'd with great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig, upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two. For I heard a great deal of Unintelligible Language addreſs'd to a great many Inviſible Faces. As if, becauſe the Women had reſolv'd not to be ſeen, the Men had determin'd not to be Underſtood; and had in revenge eclips'd the Light of their Underſtanding by Fuſtian, as the others had obſcur'd the Luſtre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made uſe of White and Red to attract, but within theſe thirty Years black has ſucceeded, and the Devil is found more Tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither time nor place for any more: you ſhall have the reſt by the firſt Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Have now read over the Fox, in which tho' I admire the Strength of *Ben. Johnſon*'s Judgment, yet I did not find it ſo accurate as I expected: For firſt the very thing upon which the whole Plot turns and that is, the Diſcovery which *Moſca* makes to *Bonario*; ſeems to me, to be very unreaſonable. For I can ſee no Reaſon why he ſhould make that Diſcovery which introduces *Bonario* into his Maſter's Houſe. For the Reaſon which the Poet makes *Moſca* give in the ninth Scene of the third Act, appears to be a very abſurd one. Secondly, *Corbaccio*, the Father of *Bonario* is expos'd for his Deafneſs, a Perſonal Defect; which is contrary to the end of Comedy-Inſtruction: For perſonal Defects cannot be amended; and the expoſing ſuch can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the Miſery of Human Nature and into what he may fall himſelf without any Fault of his own. Thirdly, The Play has two Characters, which have nothing to do with the Deſign of it, which are to be look'd upon as Excreſcencies. Laſt

e Character of *Volpone* is inconſiſtent with ſelf: *Volpone* is like *Catiline*, *Alieni appe-us, ſui profuſus*; but that is only a Double his Nature, and not an inconſiſtence. he inconſiſtence of the Character appears this, that *Volpone* in the fifth Act be-ves himſelf like a giddy Coxcomb, in e Conduct of that very Affair which he anag'd ſo Craftily in the firſt four. In ich the Poet offends, firſt, againſt that n'd Rule which *Horace* gives for the Cha-ters,

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

d, Secondly, Againſt Nature, upon which the Rules are grounded: For ſo ſtrange Alteration in ſo little a time, is not in ture, unleſs it happens by the Accident ſome violent Paſſion; which is not the ſe here. *Volpone* on the ſudden behaves nſelf without common Diſcretion, in Conduct of that very Affair which had manag'd with ſo much Dexte-y for the ſpace of three Years together. why does he diſguiſe himſelf? Or, y does he repoſe the laſt Confidence in *ſca*? Why does he cauſe it to be given that he's dead? Why, only to plague

his Bubbles. To plague them, for what Why only for having been his Bubbles. So that here is the greateſt Alteration in the World, in the ſpace of twenty four Hours without any apparent Cauſe. The Deſign of *Volpone* is to Cheat, he has carried on Cheat for three Years together, with Cunning and with Succeſs: and yet he, on ſudden, in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot but know muſt endanger the ruining all.

I am, Dear SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Will not augment the Trouble which I give you, by making an Apology for not giving it you ſooner. Tho' I am heartily ſorry that I kept ſuch a Trifle as Inclos'd, and a Trifle writ Extempore, long enough to make you expect a Labour'd Letter. But becauſe in the Inclos'd I have ſpoken particularly of *Ben. Johnſon*'s Fo I deſire to ſay three or four words of ſo of his Plays more generally: The Plots

e Fox, the Silent Woman, the Alchymiſt, e all of them very Artful. But the Ingues of the Fox and the Alchymiſt, ſeem me to be more dexterouſly perplex'd, than be happily Diſentangled. But the Gorn Knot in the Silent Woman is untied th ſo much Felicity, that that alone may ffice to ſhew *Ben. Johnſon* no ordinary eroe. But then, perhaps, the *Silent Wo-n* may want the very Foundation of a od Comedy, which the other two can-t be ſaid to want: For it ſeems to me, be without a Moral. Upon which Abdity, *Ben. Johnſon* was driven by the gularity of *Moroſe*'s Character, which oo extravagant for Inſtruction, and fit, my Opinion, only for Farce. For this ms to me, to conſtitute the moſt eſſen-l Difference, betwixt Farce and Come-, that the Follies which are expos'd in rce, are Singular; and thoſe are par-ular, which are expos'd in Comedy. eſe laſt are thoſe, with which ſome part an Audience may be ſuppos'd infected, d to which all may be ſuppos'd obnoxious. t the firſt are ſo very odd, that by reaſon their monſtrous Extravagance, they can-t be thought to concern an Audience; d cannot be ſuppoſed to inſtruct them. the reſt of the Characters in theſe

Plays, they are for the moſt part true, an
moſt of the Humorous Characters Maſter
pieces. For *Ben. Johnſon*'s Fools, ſeem t
ſhew his Wit a great deal more than hi
Men of Sence: I admire his Fops, and bu
barely eſteem his Gentlemen. *Ben.* ſeem
to draw Deformity more to the Life tha
Beauty: He is often ſo eager to purſu
Folly, that he forgets to take Wit alon
with him. For the Dialogue, it ſeems t
want very often that Spirit, that Grac
and that noble Railery, which are to b
found in more Modern Plays, and whic
are Vertues that ought to be inſeparab
from a finiſh'd Comedy. But there ſeem
to be one thing more wanting than all th
reſt, and that is Paſſion, I mean, that fu
and that delicate Paſſion, by which th
Soul ſhews its Politeneſs, ev'n in the mi
of its Trouble. Now, to touch a Paſſion
the ſureſt way to Delight; for nothing a
tates like it: Agitation is the Health a
Joy of the Soul, of which it is ſo entir
fond, that even then, when we imagine
ſeek Repoſe, we only ſeek Agitation. I
know what a famous Modern Critick
ſaid of Comedy:

Il faut que ſes Acteurs badinent noblemen
Que ſon Noeud bien forme ſe denoue aiſem

e Passion Marchant ou la Raison la Guide,
se perde Jamma dans une Scens vuide,
e son Stile humble & doux se releue a pro-
[pos,
e ses discours par tout fertiles en bons mots,
ent pleius de Passions finement manies,
les Scenes toujours l'une al'autre liee.

eave you to make the Application to *mson*—— whatever I have said my self his Comedies, I submit to your better dgment. For you, who, after Mr. *Wy-rley*, are incomparably the best Writer t living, ought to be allowed to be the t Judge too.

I am Yours, &c.

Mr. Congreve to *Mr.* Dennis,

oncerning Humour in COMEDY.

Dear Sir,

YOu write to me, that you have entertained your self two or three days h reading several Comedies of several thors; and your Observation is, That re is more of Humour in our English iters, than in any of the other Comick ts, ancient or Modern. You desire to

know my Opinion, and at the ſame time my thought of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our Engliſh Writers, in that particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I muſt at the ſame time confeſs that what I take for true Humour, has not been ſo often written even by them, as is generally believed: And ſome who have valued themſelves, and have been eſteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have ſeldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Diſcourſe, and ſuch as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But ſuch little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the compaſs of a Letter, and ſuch unpremeditated thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Cenſure of the World, of ſetting up for a Dictator, you ſhall have from me, ſince you have enjoyn'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define Wit; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the ſeveral Humours of Men, were a Work as endleſs, as to ſum up their ſeveral Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly in-

terpret-

rpreted of Humour; since there are many
en of the same Opinion in many things,
ho are yet quite different in Humours.
ut tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit
or what Humour is, yet we may go near
shew something, which is not Wit, or
t Humour; and yet often mistaken for
th. And since I have mentioned Wit
d Humour together, let me make the first
istinction between them, and observe to
u, that *Wit is often mistaken for Humour.*

I have observed, that when a few things
ve been wittily and pleasantly spoken
any Character in a Comedy, it has been
ry usual for those, who make their Re-
arks on a Play, while it is acting, to say,
*ch a thing is very humorously spoken; There
a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus
e Character of the Person speaking, may
, surprisingly and pleasantly, is mistaken
r a Character of Humour; which indeed
a Character of Wit: But there is a great
fference between a Comedy, wherein
ere are many things humorously, as they
ll it, which is pleasantly spoken; and
e, where there are several Characters of
umour, distinguish'd by the particular
d different Humours, appropriated to the
veral Persons represented, and which na-
rally arise from the different Constitu-

tions, Complexions, and Diſpoſitions of Men. The ſaying of Humorous Things, does not diſtinguiſh Characters; for every Perſon in a Comedy, may be allow'd to ſpeak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a Fool may be permitted to ſtumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make a difference betwixt Wit and Humour; yet I do not think that Humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit ſhould be adapted to the Humour. As for Inſtance, A Character of a Splenetick and Peeviſh Humour, ſhould have a Satyrical Wit; a Jolly and Sanguine Humour, ſhould have a Facetious Wit: The former ſhould ſpeak poſitively; the latter carelesly: For the former obſerves, and ſhews things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and ſpeaks things as he would have them; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a leſs Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As Wit, ſo, its oppoſite, *Folly, is ſometimes miſtaken for Humour.*

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thouſand Abſurdities and talking Impertinencies, Roaring aloud and Laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occaſion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have pretended Comedy, ſtuff'd with ſuch Groſque Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, at either are not in Nature, or if they e, are Monſters, and Births of Miſchance; d conſequently as ſuch, ſhould be ſtifled, d huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, at Mankind may not be ſhock'd with an pearing Poſſibility of the Degeneration a God-like Species. For my part, I am willing to Laugh, as any Body, and as ſily diverted with an Object truly ridicuus: But at the ſame time, I can never care ſeeing things, that force me to enter-n low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't ow how it is with others, but I confeſs ely to you, I could never look long up- a Monkey, without very mortifying flections; Tho' I never heard any thing the contrary, why that Creature is not riginally of a diſtinct Species. As I n't think Humour excluſive of Wit, neier do I think it inconſiſtent with Folly; t I think the Follies ſhould be only ſuch, Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and t Follies intirely abſtracted from both umour and Nature.

Sumetimes *perſonal Defects are miſrepreted for Humours.*

I mean, ſometimes Characters are barbaroufly

barouſly expoſed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, caſual Defects in the Senſes, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet muſt both be very Ill-natur'd himſelf, and think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes by ſhewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raiſe their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compaſſion. But much need not be ſaid upon this Head to any body, eſpecially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnſon*'s Fox, have juſtly excepted againſt this Immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio*'s Character; and there I muſt agree with you to blame him, whom otherwiſe I cannot enough admire, for his great Maſtery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body, is often miſtaken for Humour.

By External Habit, I do not mean theri diculous dreſs or Cloathing of a Character tho' that goes a good way in ſome receive Characters; (but undoubtedly a Man Humour may incline him to dreſs differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, ſpeech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or moſt of the ſame Country, Trade, Profeſſion or Education I cannot think that a Humour, which

ly a Habit, or Diſpoſition contracted by ſe or Cuſtom; for by a Diſuſe, or Com-iance with other Cuſtoms, it may be orn off, or diverſifi'd.

Affectation is generally miſtaken for Humour. Theſe are indeed ſo much alike, that, at diſtance, they may be miſtaken one for e other: For what is Humour in one, ay be Affectation in another; and nothing more common than for ſome to affect rticular ways of ſaying and doing things, culiar to others, whom they admire, and ould imitate. Humour is the Life, Af-ftation the Picture. He that draws a haracter of Affectation, ſhews Humour at e Second-hand; he at beſt but publiſhes a ranſlation, and his Pictures are but Co-es.

But as theſe two laſt Diſtinctions are the ceſt, ſo it may be moſt proper to explain em, by particular Inſtances from ſome uthor of Reputation. Humour I take ei-er to be born with us, and ſo of a natu-l Growth; or elſe to be grafted into us ſome accidental Change in the Conſtitu-on, or Revolution of the internal Habit Body; by which it becomes, if I may ſo ll it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Cu-om, and Affectation from Induſtry.

Hu-

Humour ſhews us as we are.

Habit ſhews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impreſſion.

Affectation ſhews what we would be, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Tho' here I would obſerve by the way, that a continued Affectation, may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Moroſe* in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour: And I chooſe to Inſtance this Character to you, from many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your ſelf hinted ſome Dislike of it, for the ſame reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon*'s Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe *Moroſe* to be a Man naturally Splenetick and Melancholy; is there any thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition, than Noiſe and Clamour: Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompos'd and ſtartled at the Cutting of a Cork, or Scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the ſame Humour, that makes ſuch or another

ther Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that ears it; for there are others who will not e diſturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Moroſe*, ou will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot ear any Diſcourſe or Converſation, above Whiſper. Why, it is his Exceſs of this umour, that makes him become ridicu- us, and qualifies his Character for Come- y. If the Poet had given him but a mo- erate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds ut half the Audience, would have ſided ith the character, and have condemn'd e Author, for expoſing a Humour which as neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Be- des, the Diſtance of the Stage requires e Figure repreſented, to be ſomething rger than the Life; and ſure a Picture ay have Features larger in propertion, d yet be very like the Original. If this xactneſs of Quantity, were to be obſerved Wit, as ſome would have it in Humour; hat would become of thoſe Characters that e deſign'd for Men of Wit? I believe if Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any ngth, from the extempore Diſcourſe of the o Wittieſt Men upon Earth he would d the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the own. But to the purpoſe:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the me Play, is a Character of Affectation:

He

He every where diſcovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the Audience alſo plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraſo* in the Eunuch of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Glorioſus* of *Plautus*: They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now ſuch a boaſting of Valour in Men who were really Valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the ſame Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and moſt of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, diſcover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters, and ſuch-like, who make uſe of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt for the Compoſition of ſuch a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do but to collect a few proper Phraſes and

Term

'erms of Art, and to make the Perſon ap-
ly them by ridiculous Metaphors in his
onverſation, with Characters of different
latures. Some late Characters of this kind
ave been very ſucceſsful; but in my mind
ey may be painted without much Art or
abour; ſince they require little more, than
good Memory and ſuperficial Obſervati-
n. But true Humour cannot be ſhown
ithout a Diſſection of Nature, and a nar-
ow Search to diſcover the firſt Seeds from
hence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I ſhould
e obliged to dwell longer upon each of
eſe Diſtinctions and Examples; for I
now that they would not be plain enough
all Readers: But a bare Hint is ſufficient
inform you of the Notions which I have
n this Subject: and I hope by this time
ou are of my Opinion, that Humour is nei-
er Wit, nor Folly, nor perſonal Defect, nor
ffectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each,
d all of theſe, have been both written
d received for Humour.

I ſhould be unwilling to venture even
n a bare Deſcription of Humour, much
ore to make a Definition of it; but now
y hand is in, I'll tell you what ſerves me
ſtead of either: I take it to be, *A ſingular
d unavoidable manner of doing, or ſaying*

any

any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of other Men.

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Colour, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed thro' all; tho' our Actions are never ſo many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtrument will be diſtinguiſh'd, tho' the Notes expreſſed by it, are never ſo various, and the Diverſions never ſo many. Diſſimulation, may by degrees, become more eaſie to our Practice; but it can never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: It will always be in ſome proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour: and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that Difficulty. Sometimes, one ſhall meet with thoſe, who perhaps, innocent enough, but at the ſame time impertinent, will ask the Queſtion, *Why are you not m*

? *Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and cheer-*
? Then inſtead of anſwering, could I ask
ch one, *Why are you not Handſome? Why have*
not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?
ture abhors to be forc'd.

The two famous Philoſophers of *Epheſus*
d *Abdera*, have their different Sects at
s Day: Some weep, and others laugh at
e and the ſame thing.

I don't doubt, but you have obſerved ſe-
ral Men laugh when they are angry;
hers who are ſilent; ſome that are loud:
t I cannot ſuppoſe that it is the Paſſion
Anger which is in it ſelf different, or
re or leſs in one than t'other; but that
s the Humour of the Man that is predo-
nant, and urges him to expreſs it in that
nner. Demonſtrations of Pleaſure are
various; one Man has a Humour of re-
ng from all Company, when any thing
happen'd to pleaſe him beyond Expe-
tion; he hugs himſelf alone, and thinks
n addition to the Pleaſure to keep it ſe-
t. Another is upon Thorns till he has
de Proclamation of it; and muſt make
er People ſenſible of his Happineſs, be-
e he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief,
other Paſſions. Demonſtrations of Love,
the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral
mours, are infinitely different: But here

the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, me thinks ſomething ſhould be obſerved of the Humour of the Fair Sex, ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs, I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Paſſions are too powerful in the Sex, to let Humour have its courſe; or may be by reaſon of their natural Coldneſs Humour cannot exert itſelf to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male-ſex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diverſity of Humour, which muſt be allowed to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter, for the ſupport of Comedies. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the difference of Humours, I believe we ſhall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man ſomething of his own, and a peculiar Humour; yet every Man has it not

uantity, to become remarkable by it: or, ſ many do become remarkable by their Humours; yet all thoſe Humours may not e diverting. Nor is it only requiſite to iſtinguiſh what Humour will be diverting, ut alſo how much of it, what part of to ſhew in Light, and what to caſt in hades; how to ſet it off by preparatory cenes, and by oppoſing other Humours to in the ſame Scene. Through a wrong dgment, ſometimes, Mens Humours may e oppoſed when there is really no ſpecific ifference between them; only a greater oportion of the ſame, in one than t'other; caſion'd by having more Flegm, or holer, or whatever the Conſtitution is, om whence their Humours derive their ource.

There is infinitely more to be ſaid on this bject; tho' perhaps I have already ſaid o much; but I have ſaid it to a Friend, ho I am ſure, will not expoſe it, if he does t approve of it. I believe the Subject is tirely new, and was never touch'd upon fore; and if I would have any one to ſee s private Eſſay, it ſhould be ſome one, ho might be provoked by my Errors in it, publiſh a more judicious Treatiſe on the bject. Indeed I wiſh it were done, that e World being a little acquainted with the

Scarcity of true Humour, and the difficulty of finding and ſhewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Publick View.

I don't ſay, but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and thoſe other Qualities which I have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh from Humour: but I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for Humour, nor eſteem'd of equal value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct Humour. Therefore every Poet muſt be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch One deſerves to be broke, who makes falſe Muſters; who does not ſhew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains the Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of the Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our Engliſh Comick Writers, than in the

hers. I do not at all wonder at it, for I ok upon Humour to be almoſt of Engliſh rowth; at leaſt it does not ſeem to have und ſuch Encreaſe on any other Soil: And hat appears to me to be the reaſon of it, the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liber- which the common People of *England* joy. Any Man that has a Humour, is der no Reſtraint, or fear of giving it ent; they have a Proverb among them, hich, may be, will ſhew the Bent and Ge- us of the People, as well as a longer ſcourſe: *He that will have a May-pole, ſhall ve a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with em, and their Practice is agreeable to it. believe ſomething conſiderable too may aſcribed to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, d the Groſsneſs of their Diet in general. t I have done, let the Phyſicians agree at. Thus you have my Thoughts of Hu- our, to my Power of Expreſſing them in little Time and Compaſs. You will kind to ſhew me wherein I have err'd; d as you are very capable of giving me In- uction, ſo I think I have a very juſt tle to demand it from you; being, with- t Reſerve,

Your real Friend and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

To Mr. Congreve, *at Tunbridge.*

Dear Sir,

MR. *Moyle* and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of, had ſprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge* Water is good for the Spleen, it may be laid in ſome manner to cauſe Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. *Moyle* and I are not of the number of Things that plague you: However, I am ſo ſenſible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I ſhould be ungrateful, if I ſhould complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. *Moyle* tells me that you have made a favourable mention of me, to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls—— But then to mortifie the Old Man in me, or indeed rather the Young he aſſur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my ſelf obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindneis as ſo much the greater becauſe I am ſenſible, that I do not deſerve it. And I could almoſt wiſh that your good Qualities were not quite ſo numerous, that

might be able to make you ſome Return Specie: For Commending you now, I you but Juſtice, which a Man of Ho-ur will do to his Enemy; whereas you, partial Praiſe, have treated me like a iend. I make no doubt, but that you me the Juſtice to believe that I am per-tly yours; and that your Merit has en-g'd me, and your Favours oblig'd me to all my Life-time,

Dear Sir, Your humble Servant,

J. DENNIS.

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

T is not more to keep my Word, than to gratifie my Inclination, that I write you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd I was never forgetful of you, nor of my omiſe. Indeed I waited in Expectation ſomething that might enable me to re-n the entertainment I received from ur Letters: but you repreſent the Town agreeable to me, that you quite put me t of Conceit with the Country; and my eſigns of making Obſervations from it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propoſed to my ſelf the Satisfaction of Communicating the Pleaſures of the place to you: But if I keep my Reſolution, I muſt tranſcribe, and return you your own Letters; ſince I must own I have met with nothing elſe ſo truly Delightful. When you ſuppoſe the Country agreeable to me, you ſuppoſe ſuch Reaſons why it ſhould be ſo, that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would ſee a fine Proſpect of the Country, I muſt deſire you to ſend it me from the Town; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the beſt way were, to beg a Basket from my friends in *Covent garden*, After all this, I muſt tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge* and ſome very agreeable: but the greater part, is of that ſort, who at home converſe only with their own Relations; and conſequently when they come abroad, have few Acquintance, but ſuch as they bring with them. But were the Company better, or worſe, I Would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profeſs my ſelf an Enemy to Detraction; And who is there that can juſtly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the Pa-

tent

ence of any manner of News, as I might rink to you without naming a Health; or I intend only my Service to you. I wiſh or you very often, that I might recommend ou to ſome new Acquintance that I have nade here, and think very well worth the eeping; I mean Idleneſs and a good Stonach. You would not think how People at here; every Body has the Appitite of n Oſtrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, ſo I believe at Noon they could igeſt Iron. But ſure you will laugh at me or calling Idleneſs a new Acquaintance; hen, to your Knowledge, the greateſt part f my Buſineſs, is little better. Ay, but ere's the Comfort of the Change; I am dle now, without taking Pains to be ſo, r to make other People ſo; for Poetry is either in my Head, nor in my Heart. I now not whether theſe Waters may have ny Communication with *Lethe*, but ſure am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how thoſe icked Writers of Lampoons, could crowd ogether ſuch quantities of execrable Verſes, g'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly en ſent from this Place. But I am half of pinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hippocrene*: What if we ſhould get a quanty of the Water privately convey'd into the

the Ciſtern at *Will's* Coffee-houſe, for an Experiment? But I am Extravagant— Tho' I remember *Ben Johnſon* in his Comedy of *Cynthia's* Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the ſource of many entertaining and ridiculous. Humours I am of Opinion, that ſomething very Comical and New, might be brought upon the Stage, from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing New ſhould appear there, let me have an account of it; for tho Plays are a kind of Winter-fruit, yet I know there are now and then ſome Wind-falls at this time of the Year, which muſt be preſently ſerved up, leſt they ſhould not keep till the proper Seaſon of Entertainment. 'Tis now the time, when the Sun breeds Inſects; and you muſt expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears, of Summer-flies, ſmall Poets. Cuckows have this time allow'd 'em to Sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the reſt of the Year. Beſides, the approaching Feaſt of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and beſpeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monſtrous Births. Methinks the days of *Bartholomew-fair* are like ſo many Sabbaths, or days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors

Poetry, are permitted to creep abroad. hey put me in mind (tho' at a different me of Year) of the Roman *Saturnalia*, hen all the Scum, and Rabble, and Slaves *Rome*, by a kind of Annual and limited anumiſſion, were ſuffer'd to make abomi- ble Mirth, and Profane the days of *Ju- lee*, with vile Buffoonery, by Authority. t I forget that I am writing a Poſt-let- r, and run into Length like a Poet in a edication, when he forgets his Patron to lk of himſelf. But I will take care to ake no Apology for it, leſt my Excuſe s Excuſes generally go) ſhould add to the ult. Beſides, I would have no appear- ce of Formality, when I am to tell you, at

I am your real Friend,

and Humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

Letters

Letters of LOVE

Written by ——

Dear Madam,

NOT believe that I Love you: You cannot pretend to be ſo incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, conſult my Eyes, conſult your own. You will find by yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recal to mind what happen'd laſt Night: That at leaſt was a Lover's Kiſs. Its Eagerneſs, its Fierceneſs, its Warmth, expreſs'd the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetneſs, and its melting Softneſs expreſs'd him more. With Trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul I ra-viſh'd it: Convulſions, Pantings, Murmurings ſhew'd the mighty Diſorder within me: The mighty Diſorder encreaſed by it. For thoſe dear Lips ſhot through my Heart and thro' my bleeding Vitals, delicious Poiſon, and an avoidleſs, but yet a charming

Ruin

uine. What cannot a Day produce? The ight before, I thought my ſelf a Happy lan. In want of nothing, and in faireſt xpectation of fortune: Approv'd of by len of wit, and applauded by others? eaſed, nay charm'd with my friends, my en deareſt Friends; Senſible of ev'ry de-ate Pleaſure, and in their turns poſſeſſing l. But Love, Almighty Love! ſeems in Moment to have remov'd me to a prodigi-s Diſtance from every Object but you one: In the midſt of Crowds I remain in litude. Nothing but you can lay hold of y Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing t you. I appear tranſported to ſome Fo-gn Deſart with you, (Oh that I were real-thus tranſported!) where, abundantly pplied with every thing in thee, I might e out an Age of uninterrupted Extaſie. e Scene of the World's great Stage, ems ſuddenly and ſadly chang'd. Un-vely Objects are all around me, excepting ee: The Charms of all the World ap-ar to be tranſlated to thee. Thus in this , but oh, too pleaſing State! my Soul can upon nothing but thee: Thee it Con-nplates, Admires, Adores, nay, Depends; Truſts in you alone. If you and Hope ſake it, Deſpair and endleſs Miſery at-d it.

Dear

Dear Madam,

THis I ſend by the Permiſſion of a ſe vere Father, I will not ſay a cru one, ſince he is yours. What is it that h has taken ſo mortally ill of me? That I d for his Daughter, is my only Offence. An yet he has refuſed to let me take ev'n m Farewell of you. Thrice happy be th Omen! may I never take my Farewel thee, till my Soul takes leave of my Bod At leaſt, he cannot reſtrain me from Loving No, I will love thee in ſpight of all Oppo ſition. Tho' your Friends and mine prov equally averſe, yet I will love thee with Conſtancy that ſhall appear to all th World, to have ſomething ſo noble in i that all the World ſhall confeſs, that it d ſerv'd not to be Unfortunate. I will fo ſake even my Friends for thee: My ho neſt, my witty, my brave Friends; who ha always been till I had ſeen thee, the deare part of Mankind to me. Thou ſhalt ſup ply the place of them all with me. Tho ſhalt be my boſom, my beſt-lov'd Friend and at the ſame time, my only Miſtre and my deareſt Wife. Have the Good neſs to pardon this Familiarity. 'Tis th tendereſt leave of the faithfuleſt Love and here to ſhew an Over-reſpectfulne

wo

ould be to wrong my Paſſion. That I ve thee more than Life, nay, even than lory, which I courted once with a burn- g Deſire, bear Witneſs all my unquiet ays, and every reſtleſs Night, and that rrible Agitation of Mind and Body, hich proceeded from my fear of loſing ee. To loſe thee is to loſe all Happineſs; ormenting Reflection to a ſenſible Soul! ow often has my Reaſon been going up- it? But the ſons of Reaſon would be but o happy upon the loſs of thee: Since all e Advantage that I could draw from its eſence, would be to know my ſelf Miſera- e. But the time calls upon me: I am lig'd to take an odious Journey, and leave ee behind with my Enemies. But thine all never do thee harm with me. Adieu, ou deareſt, thou loveliest of Creatures! o Change of Time or Place, or the Re- onſtrances of the beſt of Friends, ſhall er be able to altar my Paſſion for thee. but one quarter ſo kind, ſo juſt to me, d the Sun will not ſhine on a happier an than my ſelf.

Dear Madam,

MAy I preſume to beg Pardon for the Fault I committed? So fooliſh a Fault, that it was below not only a man of Sence, but a Man; and of which nothing could ever have made me Guilty, but the Fury of a Paſſion with which none but your lovely ſelf could inſpire me. May I preſume to beg pardon for a Fault which I can never forgive my ſelf? To purchaſe that Pardon, what would I not endure? You ſhall ſee me proſtrate before you, and uſe me like a Slave, while I kiſs the dear Feet that trample upon me. But if my Crime be too great for Forgiveneſs, as indeed it is very great, deny me not one dear parting Look; Let me ſee you once before I muſt never ſee you more. Chriſt! I want Patience to ſupport that accurſed Thought! I have nothing in the World that is dear to me, but you. You have made every thing elſe indifferent: And can I reſolve never to ſee you more? In ſpight of my ſelf I must always ſee you. Your Form is fix'd by Fate in my Mind, and is never to be removed. I ſee thoſe lovely piercing Eyes continually; I ſee each Moment thoſe raviſhing Lips which I have gaz'd on ſtill with Deſire, and ſtill have touch'd with Tranſport; and

which

hich I have ſo often flown with all the ry of the moſt violent Love. Jeſus! om whence, and whither am I fallen? om the Hopes of bliſsful Extaſies to black ſpair! From the Expectation of immor- Tranſports, which none but your dear f can give me, and which none but he o loves like me, could ever ſo much as nk of, to a Complication of cruel Paſſi- s, and the moſt dreadful Condition of man Life. My Fault indeed, has been ve- great, and cries aloud for the ſevereſt Ven- nce. See it inflicted on me: See me de- r and die for that Fault. But let me not Unpardon'd, Madam; I die for you, but in the moſt cruel and dreadful manner. e Wretch that lies broken on the Wheel e, feels not a quarter of what I endure. t boundleſs Love has been all my Crime; uſt, ungrateful, barbarous Return of it! fer me to take my eternal Leave of you; en I have done that, how eaſie will it o bid all the reſt of the World Adieu.

Dear Madam,

HIS is the third Letter that I have ſent you ſince I came hither: Thoſe ch went before it were all the Over-

flowings of a Heart more full of Paſſion than ever was Man's before. It is impoſſible for me to be diſtant from you, but I muſt ſend to you by every occaſion. And yet you can reſolve to take no Notice of all my Tenderneſs: Yes, my deareſt, inhumane Creature you can. You have been ſick, nay dangerouſly ſick, and have never ſent to me. Have I left all the World for you, and could you reſolve to leave the World without me; Nay, without ſo much as giving me the leaſt Notice of it? Chriſt! Could you reſolve to leave me to Deſpair and to endleſs Miſery, without expreſſing the leaſt Concern for me! And can I perſiſt in loving one ſo ungrateful! Is there ſuch another ungrateful Creature alive! No, there lives not ſo ungrateful a Creature, but there lives not one ſo Charming.

Dear Madam,

CAN you be angry ſtill with your poor Penitent? You cannot have ill Nature, ſure? Yes, but you can, you'll ſince he could have the Preſumption to angry with you. But, my Deareſt, there this Difference betwixt your Anger and mine; Mine was caus'd by the Cruelty

our ſuppos'd Infidelity; and yours by the ndneſs of your Lover's Reſentment: for I had not been fond of thee to the laſt de-ee, I had not been ſo incens'd againſt you. et even when I was moſt ſo, I could oner have pluck'd out an Eye, than have ſolved to have parted with thee: Nay, I uld ſooner have torn out both Eyes, if the ſs of both would not have for ever de-iv'd me of the dear, the raviſhing ſight thee. But if you ſtill think that my An-r had Guilt in it, and that I ought to ffer for it, the means to puniſh me with moſt Severity, and to make me my own ormenter, is to tell me, you love me: en I ſhall curſe my ſelf and my Rage, d feel all the Plague of Remorſe for ha-ng offended thee: I ſhall look upon my f as the baſeſt, the moſt ungrateful of en for abuſing thy Goodneſs, and thy arming Tenderneſs. I ſhall believe that I n never humble my ſelf enough, and ne-r ſuffer enough to deſerve Forgiveneſs. us, Madam, you have your Revenge in ur Power. It is a falſe Modeſty which rains you from taking it: In order to you have nothing to do, but to prove r ſelf tender, and to ſhew your ſelf teful. If you muſt be aſham'd, bluſh at r Cruelty; bluſh at your Inhumanity:

But Gratitude is Reaſon, and Love is Nature; never be aſham'd of thoſe. Do but conſider, there was a time, when I was happy in your Eſteem; yes, there has been a time, in which I was thought not altogether void of Reaſon by you: How then can you bluſh at the owning a Paſſion, which you command with an abſolute Sway, at the very time that it Tyrannizes over me?

Dear Madam,

MY Friend's Stratagem gave me an opportunity of ſeeing you, by finding Fault with you. It muſt proceed from Deſign or Madneſs if I find fault with that Thy lovely Face is the very ſame that fires all my Blood in a flame; and I am ſure my Heart can never be alter'd. How it trembled in my Breaſt when I ſaw you! and by its trouble confeſs'd its Conqueror. How it has burnt ever ſince with redoubled Fury! When I ſhall be free from this Flame Heav'n only knows, for the Hour of my Death Heaven only knows; 'Tis a Flame that has incorporated with that of my Life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my Reaſon to reſiſt my Senſes: Reaſon finds you more lovely than my Eyes

id before; ſhews me all the Graces of thy eauteous Mind, and grows pleas'd and ides it ſelf in its own Captivity. You ac- ſe me, they ſay, of ſome extraordinary rime: A Crime againſt whom? Againſt ou whom I love! Againſt you, for whom could die! Strange Accuſation! Yet at the me time you refuſe to ſee me, you refuſe receive my Letters: And muſt I be con- emn'd Unheard? Robbers are allow'd to eak before they are ſentenc'd; Murderers ive the Privilege to plead for their Lives; nd ſhall the tendereſt Love be denied e Privilege which is granted to the black- Malice? I have been guilty of nothing t too much Love, if too much Love be a ult. Why have you given Credit to my emies, before you have heard me? I may leed be convinc'd of an Error, but I can ver be convicted of a Crime againſt you. e Man muſt be mad, nay, deſperately ad, who can deſign to injure himſelf; and ou art, by much, the better, the dearer t of me. Give me leave to ſee you ce more before I depart: Let me ſee ce more that Face which has undone me, t charms me even in Ruine:

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

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

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

The End of the Love-Letters.

To Walter Moyle, *Eſq; at* Bake, *in* Cornwall.

Dear Sir,

YOUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are ſo intent upon being Burgeſs of *Bodmyn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-garden*: At laſt I received an agreeable Letter from you. You had beſt have a care of talking in *Cornwall* at the rate that you write to your Friends. If you do, the Corniſh Men may not think you rightly Qualified to Repreſent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a Critical Correſpondence between us: But Idleneſs on your ſide, and ill Humour on

mis

ine, have baulked a very hopeful Deſign. ut an Accident has lately happened, which bliges me to provoke you: For there has ſt been a Play acted, called, *The Mock-arriage*, the Author of which, whoſe Name have forgot, aſſerts, dogmatically, in his reface, That he who writes by Rule ſhall nly have his Labour for his Pains. I know ot what this Author can mean by this: or, whom does he pretend to perſwade y this fine Aſſertion? Not Mr. *Moyle*, and e at leaſt. We know indeed very well, at a Man may write regularly, and yet il of Pleaſing; and that a Poet may pleaſe a Play that is not regular. But this is ernally true, That he who writes regular-*cæteris Paribus*, muſt always pleaſe more, an he who tranſgreſſes the Rules. No-ing can pleaſe in a Play but Nature; no, t in a Play which is written againſt the ules: and the more there is of Nature in y Play, the more that Play muſt Delight. ow the Rules are nothing but an Obſer-tion of Nature: For Nature is Rule and rder it ſelf. There is not one of the Rules, t what might be us'd to evince this. But ſhall be contented with ſhewing ſome ſtances of it, even in the Mechanical ules of the Unities: And firſt for that of ace; It is certain that it is in Nature im-

poſſible, for a Man who is in the Square in *Covent-garden*, to ſee the things, that at the ſame time, are tranſacted at *Weſtminſter*. And then for that of Time, a reaſonable Man may delude himſelf ſo far, as to fancy that he ſits for the ſpace of twelve Hours, without removing, eating or ſleeping; but he muſt be a Devil that can fancy he does it for a Week. What I have ſaid may evince a Neceſſity of obſerving the Unities of Time and of Place, if a Poet would throughly write up to Nature. And then the Unity of Action follows on course. For, that two Actions that are entire, and independent, ſhould happen in the ſame ſhort ſpace of time, in the ſame little compaſs of place, begin together, go on together, and end together, without obſtructing or confounding one another; this indeed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature it is highly improbable. Well then ſince the Rules are nothing but Nature itſelf, and nothing but Nature can please, and ſince the more that any Play has of Nature, the more that Play muſt Delight, it follows that a Play which is regularly written, *cæteris Paribus*, muſt pleaſe more than a Play which is written againſt the Rules, which is a Demonſtration. Rules may be ſaid to be a Play; what Symmetry

f Parts is known to be to a Face? The eatures may be regular, and yet a great r a delicate Air may be wanting: And here may be a commanding or engaging ir, in a Face whoſe Features are not re-ular. But this all the World muſt allow f, that there can never be ſeen any Sove-ign Beauty, where Air and Regularity f Features are not united. Thus is Rea-n againſt this Author; but the miſchief , that Experience is againſt him too: For l your Dramatick Poets muſt confeſs, that e Plays which they have writ with moſt egularity, have been they which have leaſed moſt. I muſt trouble you with a-other Dramatical Criticiſm, but not till e next Opportunity.

I am yours, &c.

Mr.—— *to Mr.* Congreve.

Dear Sir,

Came home from the Land's End Yeſter-day, where I found three Letters from r. *Dennis*,-and one from you, with a hu-erous Deſcription of *John Abaſſus*, *A Country Poet.* nce the dubbing of *Don Quixote*, nd the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capi-

tol,

tol, there has not been ſo great a Solemnity as the Conſecration of *John Abaſſus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of Poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of Conſecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the ſame with Devoting a Man to the *Dii Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durſt aſſiſt at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing out-right. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part I would have rather ſat there than in the Houſe of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one Hour or two at all the ridiculous things that have happen'd at *Will's* Coffee-houſe ſince I left it, 'tis the merrieſt Place in the World: Like *Africa*, every Day it produces a Monſter; and they are got there juſt as *Pliny* ſays they are in *Africa*, Beaſts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another and beget Monſters. Preſent my humble Duty to my new Lord, and till him, that I am preparing an Addreſs to Congratulate his Acceſſion to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, ſhe might have ſent out a hundred *Hues and Crys* before ſhe would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Courſe not to be apprehended for a Poet, for I went down clad like a Soldier

ith a new Suit of Cloaths on, and, I think ere could not have been a better Diſguiſe r a Poet, unleſs I had ſtol'n Dr. B——'s oat. Mr. *Dennis* ſent me down *P*—— ——'s *Parodie.* I can ſay very little of e Poem; but as for the Dialogue, I think was the firſt time that *M*——ſuffered any ody to talk with him: though indeed here interupts Mr. *Boileau* in the midſt of e firſt word. My humble Service to Mr. *ycherley.* I deſire you would write me me News of the Stage, and what Proeſs you have made in your Tragedy.

I am your affectionate Friend

and Servant.

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.*——

Dear Sir,

Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London*, to you in *C*——,is like me ancient Correſpondence between an habitant of *Rome* and a Cimmerian: May my way of Writing may not be ſo moſtly compared with Roman Epiſtles; but e Reſemblance of the Place will juſtifie e other part of the Parallel: The ſubterraneous

raneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ* help a little; and while you are at *B*— let *B*— be *Cumæ*, and do you ſupply the Place of *Sibylla*. You may look on this as Railery, but I can aſſure you, nothing leſs than Oracles are expected from you, in the next Parliament, if you ſucceed in your Election, as we are pretty well aſſured you will. You wiſh your ſelf with us at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe; all here wiſh for you, from the Preſident of the Grave Club, to the moſt puny Member of the Rabble; they who can think, think of you, and the reſt talk of you. There is no ſuch Monſter in this *Africa*: that is not ſenſible of your Abſence; even the worſt natured People, and thoſe of leaſt Wit lament it; I mean, half Criticks and Quiblers. To tell you all that want you, I ſhould name all the Creatures of *Covent-garden*, which like thoſe of *Eden-garden* would want ſome *Adam* to be a Godfather and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may juſtly compare our *Covent-garden*, to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho' I believe we may have Variety of ſtrange Animals equal to Paradiſe, yet I fear we have not amongſt us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the Diſadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-houſe been in

hi

his Days; for ſure he would have deſcribed ſome who frequent it; which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age it does him a Service, for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monſters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monſter to the Coffee-houſe, that was never ſeen there before. So you may come back again, in your Soldier's Coat; for in that you will no more be ſuſpected for a Politician, than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wiſhed for by every body, but moſt wanted by your

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

To Mr. Congreve, *at* Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MY Buſineſs and my Thanks for your Kindneſs, you will find in the Inclos'd, which I had ſent by the laſt Poſt, had not an accident hinder'd it. All the Re-

Return that I can make you at preſent is, to acquaint you with ſuch News as we have. Our Friend Mr——— went laſt *Friday* to the Bath: He promis'd to write to me from that place; but it would be unreaſonable indeed to expect it. For *W*— takes up his Afternoons, and his mornings I ſuppoſe, are ſpent in Contemplation at the Croſs Bath. Moſt of your Friends of the Coffee-houſe are diſpers'd: Some are retreated into the Country in hopes of ſome Favours, which they expect from the Muſes; two or three of them are retir'd in Town to ruminate on ſome Favours, which they have receiv'd from their Miſtreſſes.

So that the Coffee-houſe is like to grow into Reputation again. For if any one gives it the ſcandalous Denomination of the Wits Coffee-houſe, he muſt call it ſo by Antiphraſis, becauſe there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who ſet up for Wits at home, and endeavour to paſs for Wiſe at the Coffee-houſe: for they hold their Tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-houſe is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Warehouſes, *alias*, their Cloſets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vending

ing it. But you are of the Number of thoſe happy Few, who ſo abound in Hereditary Poſſeſſions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry ſome of it about you to be liberal to your Friends of that which you ſell to Strangers. Mr.—— bables eternally according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himſelf; which he certainly does, if no body minds him any more than I do: He has been juſt now enquiring, what ſort of Diſtemper the Spleen is; an infallible ſign that he is the only Man in *Covent-garden*, who does not know he is an Aſs. To make him ſenſible what the Spleen is, I could find in my Heart to ſhew him himſelf, and give it him. If any thing reſtrains me from being reveng'd of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Conſideration that it will make him wiſer: This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted ſome new Plays; but had there been more of them, I would not ſcruple to affirm, that the Stage is at preſent a Deſart and a barren Place, as ſome part of *Africa* is ſaid to be, though it abounds in Monſters. And yet thoſe prodigious Things have met with Succeſs: for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monſter, becauſe he is incapable of knowing a Man.

While

While you drink Steel for your Spleen at *Tunbridge*, I partake of the Benefit of the Courſe; for the Gayety of your Letters relieves me conſiderably: Then what muſt your Converſation do? Come up and make the Experiment; and impart that Vigour to me which *Tunbridge* has reſtor'd to you.

I am your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

Mr.——to Mr. Dennis.

NAmur taken, and a Letter from Mr. *Dennis*, were two of the moſt agreeable Surprizes I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conqueſt will coſt us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleaſure. *A*—— has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miſs this Opportunity to mortifie the Day of Thankſgiving, and ſcribble away the Publick Joy. The Devil take *Will*'s Coffee-houſe: I could be the eaſieſt Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for ſome of the Company there; who are now the greateſt Enemies I have in the World, worſe

worſe than the Company from which I am juſt now ſtol'n to write this Letter. Among the reſt is a Country Gentleman who dictates Politicks abundantly, for with us, as well as at old *Rome*, we take Dictators from the Plow, but ours are ſuch as ought never to remove their Hands from it.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. ---- *to Mr.* Dennis.

WHile you are happy in the Politicks of the Grave Club, and the Puns of the Rabble, you have no regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left *London*, I fained an hundred agreeable melancholy Pleaſures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I deteſt being alone, and queſtion whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satyr. Of this, I am ſure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the ——; and Man rather than be alone, choſe a Wife. Whatever advantage I have loſt by my Country Life, I believe, I have gain'd the Gift of Prophesie in the Wilderneſs, for I foretold the Poem with which *A*-- has viſited us.

Two Covent-garden Clubs.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. —— *to Mr.* Dennis.

TO your Buſineſs hereafter, but firſt, let's have a Dance, as Mr. *Bays* ſays When I came home from the Weſt, where I had paſſed a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humor. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the firſt, and encloſed in the laſt, *viz.* *A.*'s Poem. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a Dutch Child. I read it over in great haſt, in hopes to be pleaſed at laſt with the End of it, but this is the firſt time I ever diſlik'd his Concluſion. For he threatens ſtrange things. I hope, 'tis only *in terrorem*, if not, I hope God in his Goodneſs will ſend us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, ſince the Devil was Dumb there never was ſuch a Poet.

F I N I S.