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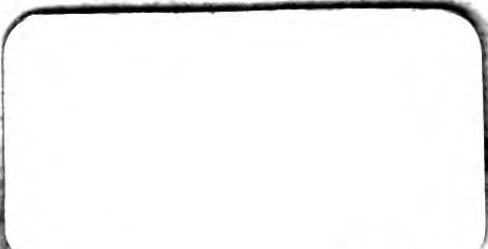
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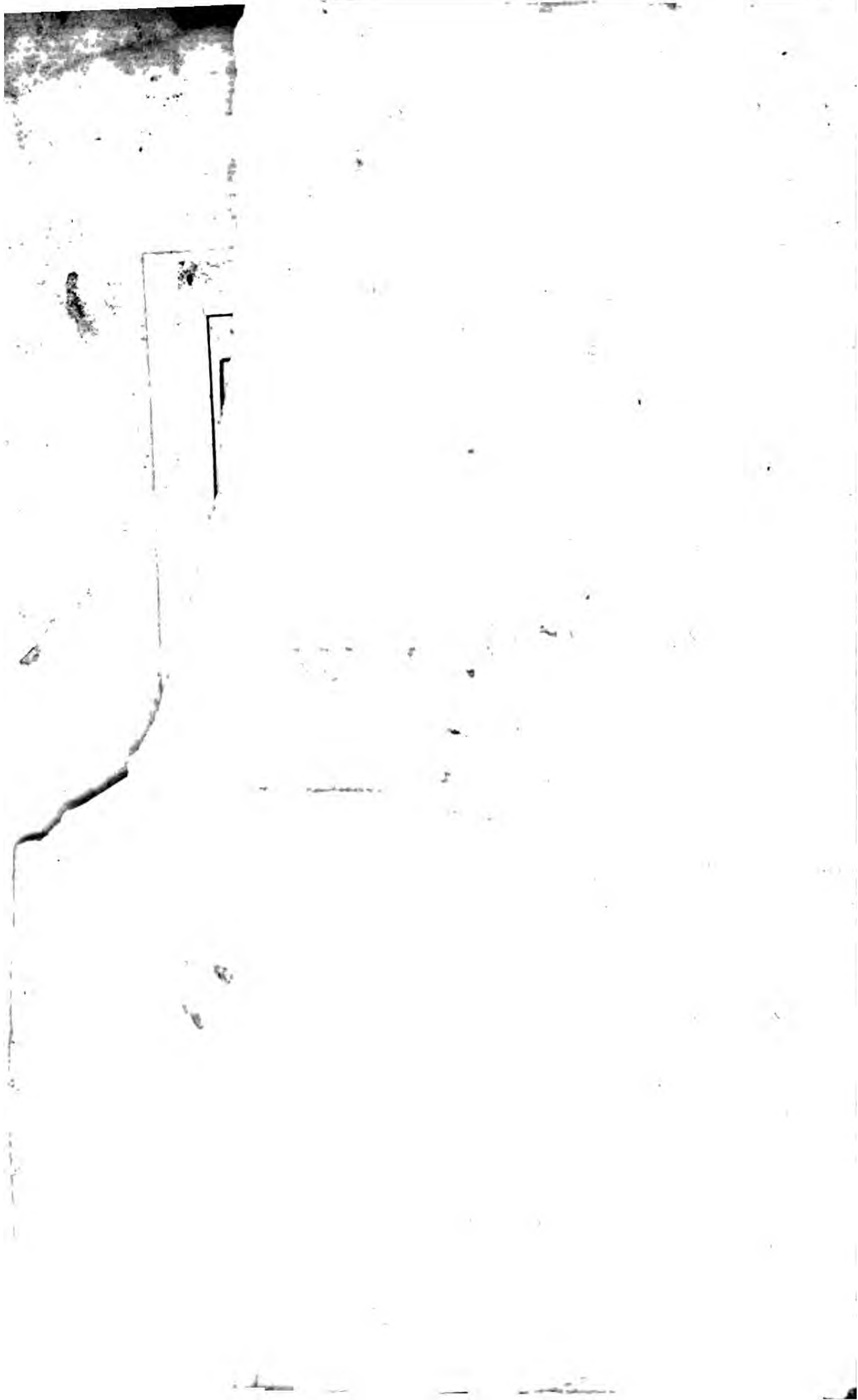
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W. Westbrooke
1755



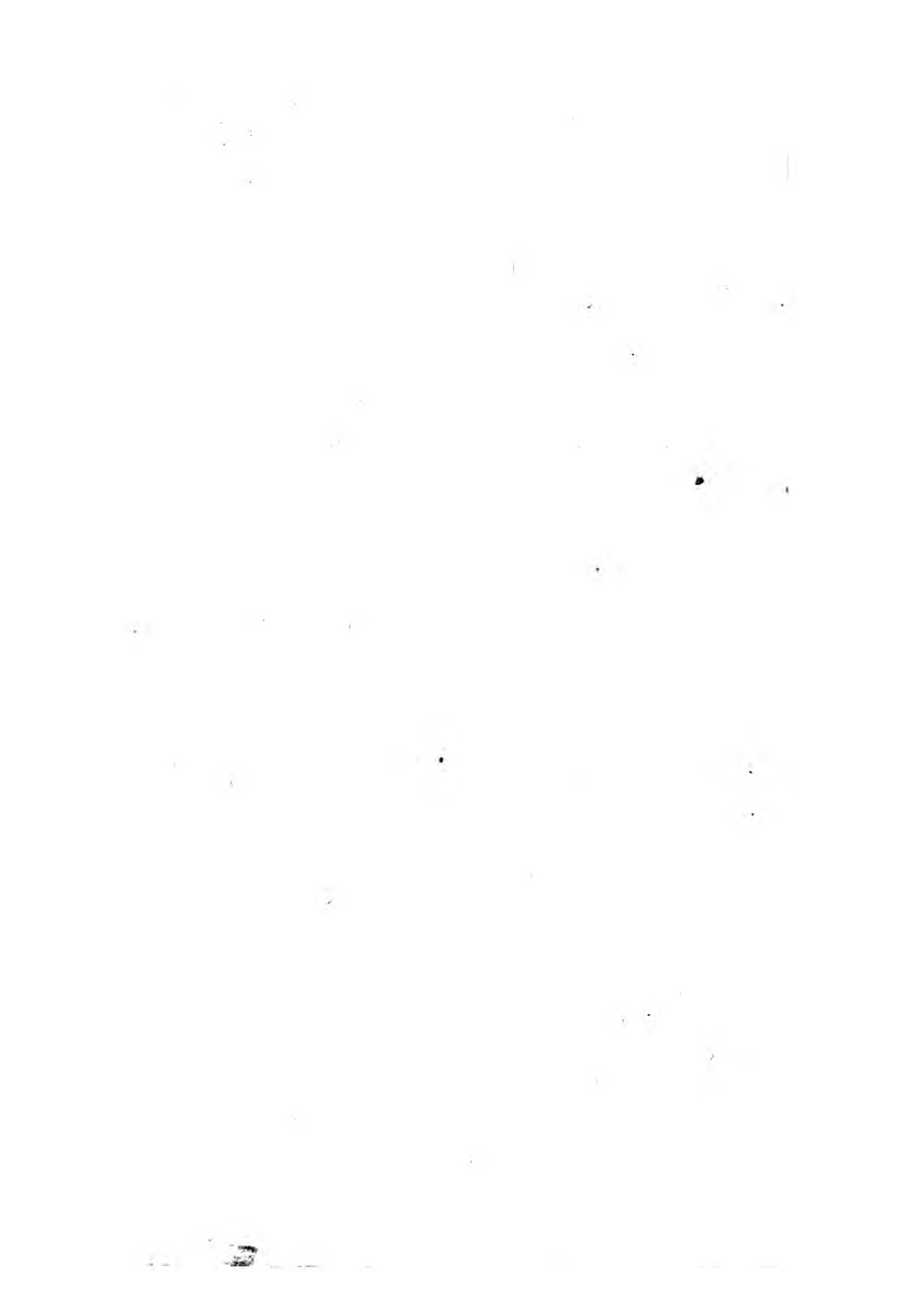


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3







PLAYS, lately printed for, and sold
by Richard VVellington.

Plain-dealer.	City Heiress, or Sir
Triumphs of Virtue.	<i>Timothy Treat-all.</i>
Town Fop.	Sir Anthony Love, or
Plot, and no Plot.	<i>The Rambling Lady.</i>
Canterbury Guest.	Younger Brother, or
State of Innocence.	<i>The Amorous Gilt.</i>
Richmond Heiress.	Oroonoko.
Rival Ladies.	Country Wake.
Abdelazor, or the	Old Bachelor.
Moor's Revenge.	Humorous Lieutenant.
London Cuckolds.	Country Wife.
Wild Gallant.	Princess of Cleves.
Ibrahim 13 Emperour.	Anatomist, or <i>Sham-</i>
Libertine.	<i>Doctor.</i>
Love for Money.	Round-heads, or <i>The</i>
Oedipus.	<i>Good Old Cause.</i>
Debauchee or Credu-	Young King, or <i>The</i>
lous Cuckold.	<i>Mistake.</i>
<i>Don Carlos.</i>	Rover, or <i>Banish'd Ca-</i>
Marriage hater match'd	<i>valier.</i>
Sacrifice, a Tragedy.	<i>Caligula</i> , by Mr. <i>Crown.</i>
Unnatrual Brother.	Relapse, or <i>Vertue in</i>
Spanish Wives.	<i>Danger.</i>
Love's Last-shift.	<i>Don Quixot</i> , in Two
Trick to cheat the	Parts.
Devil.	Empress of <i>Morocco.</i>
Love in Ruines.	True Widow.
Innocent Mistress.	Cheats.
Rule a Wife, and have	<i>Agnes de Castro.</i>
a Wife.	Provok'd Wife.

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The History of *Polybius the Megalopolitan*, containing an Account of the Transactions of the whole World, but principally of the Roman People, in 3 Vol. translated by Sir *Henry Sheers* and Mr. *Dryden*, the like never before extant : Price ten Shillings.

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Vol. I.

Written by the Right Honourable
John, late Earl of *ROCHESTER*.
TO THE
Hon^{ble} *Henry Savile*, Esq;
And other LETTERS, by
Persons of Honour and Quality.

WITH
LETTERS

Written by the most Ingenious
Mr. *THOMAS OTWAY*,
AND
Mrs. *K. PHILLIPS*.

Publisb'd from their Original Copies.

With Modern LETTERS, by *THO.*
CHEEK, Esq; Mr. *DENNIS*;
And Mr. *BROWN*.

The Fourth Edition, with Additions.

London : Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at
the *Dolphin and Crown*, at the West-
End of *St. Dunstons Church Yard*.

SECRET

1944

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR

Subject: [Illegible]

Reference is made to [Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

SECRET

T O

Dr. RADCLIFF.

I Have presum'd (tho' I knew at the same time how hainously I trespass'd against You in doing so) to inscribe your Name to the following Collection of Letters. As You were no Stranger to that Excellent Person, whose Pieces Composes, by far, the most valuable part of it, so I was satisfied that every thing, from so Celebrated a Hand, wou'd be acceptable and welcome to you; and in that Confidence made bold to give You the Trouble of this Address. My Lord Rochester has left so establish'd a Reputation behind him, that he needs no officious Pen to set out his Worth, especially to You, who were acquainted so perfectly well with all his Eminent Qualities, that made him the Delight and Envy of both Sexes, and the Ornament of our Island. In every thing of his Lordship's writing, there's something so happily express'd, the Graces are so numerous, yet so unaffected, that I wou'd wonder why all the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Original Touches of so Incomparable a Master, have been enquir'd after, with so Publick and General a Concern. Most of his other Compositions, especially those in Verse, have long ago bless'd the Publick, and were receiv'd with Universal Delight and Admiration, which gives me Encouragement to believe that his Letters will find the like Reception. Tho' most of them were written upon private Occasions, to an Honourable Person, who was so happy in his Lordship's Acquaintance, with no intention to be ever made publick; yet that constant good Sense, which is all along visible in them, the Justice of the Observations, and the peculiar Beauties of the Style, are Reasons sufficient, why they should no longer be conceal'd in private Hands. And indeed, at this time, when the private Plate of the Nation comes abroad to relieve the present Exigences, it seems but just, that since the Dearth of Wit is as great as that of Money, such a treasure of so good Sense and Language, should no longer be buried in Oblivion. With this difference, however, That whereas our Plate, before it can circulate in our Markets, must receive the Royal Stamp, must be melted down, and take another Form; these Unvaluable Remains want no Alterations to recommend them; they

The Epistle Dedicatory.

they need only be taken from the Rich Mines where they grew ; for their own Intrinsic Value secures them, and his Lordship's Name is sufficient to make them Current.

As for the Letters by other Hands, that make up this Volume, some of them were written by Gentlemen that are wholly strangers to me ; and others belong to those that are so much better known in the World than my self, that I can say nothing upon this Occasion, but what falls vastly short of their Merit. But I cannot forbear saying something of Mr. Otway's : They have that Inimitable Tenderness in them, that I dare oppose them to any thing of Antiquity : I am sure few of the present Age can pretend to come up to them. The Passions, in the raising of which, he had a Felicity peculiar to himself, are represented in such lively Colours, that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts, with pleasing Agitations. I could wish we had more Pieces of the same Hand ; for I profess an intire Veneration to his Memory, and always look'd upon him as the only Person, almost, that knew the secret Springs and Sources of Nature, and made a true use of them. Love, as it is generally manag'd by other Hands, is either raving and Enthusiastical, or else dull and languishing :

The Epistle Dedicatory.

In him alone 'tis true Nature, and at the same time inspires us with Compassion and Delight. After this, I will not venture to say any thing of my own Trifles that bring up the Rear. Some of 'em were written long ago, and now buddled in haste; the rest had a little more Care and Labour bestow'd upon them. If they contribute in the least to your Entertainment, which was my only Design in publishing them, I have attained my Ends: I have some others by me, which I may, perhaps publish hereafter, if these meet with any tolerable Success.

I need not (and I am sure I cannot) make You a better Panegytick, than to acquaint the World, that You were happy in my Lord Rochester's Friendship, that he took pleasure in your Conversation; of which even his Enemies must allow him to have been the best Judge, and that in the Politest Reign we can boast of in England. The Approbation of so impartial a Judge, [who was in his Time, a Scourge to all Blockheads, by what Names or Titles soever dignified, or distinguished, is above all the Incense that a much better Hand than mine can presume to offer: Should I put out all the Dedication Sails, as 'tis the way of most Authors, I cou'd soon erect You into a Great Hero, and Deliverer;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

verer ; and tell how often You have triumphed over inveterate Distempers, and restor'd the Sick to that only Blessing, that makes Life supportable. I cou'd tell how, by your single Merit, You have baffled a Faction form'd against You with equal Malice and Ignorance ; I cou'd tell what marks of Munificence you have left behind you, in the Place that was honour'd with your Education ; and how generously ready you are to serve your Friends upon all Occasions. But after all, the highest thing I will pretend to say of you, is, That you were esteem'd, and valu'd, and lov'd by my Lord Rochester. 'Tis true, as their never was any Conspicuous Merit in the World, that had not (like Hercules) Monsters to encounter, so you have had your share of them ; but, Heaven be prais'd, your Enemies, with all their vain Endeavours have only served to fix your Interest, and advance your Reputation : Tho I know your hear of nothing with more uneasiness, than of the Favours you do ; yet I cannot omit to tell, and indeed I am vain upon it, That you have condescended so low, as to divert those Hours you cou'd steal from the Publick, with some of my Trifles, that you have been pleased to think favourably of them, and rewarded them. For all which Obligations, I had no other way
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of expressing my Gratitude but this ; which, I am afraid will but inflame the Reasoning, instead of paying any part of the Debt : But this has been the constant Usage in all Ages of Parnassus, and, like Senators that take Bribes, we have Antiquity and Universality to plead in our Excuse. But I forget that You are all this while in pain, till the Dedication releases You : Therefore I have nothing but my Wishes to add, That You, who have been so happy a Restorer of Health to others, may ever enjoy it Your Self, that Your Days may be always pleasant, and Your Nights ease, and that You'll be pleased to forgive this Presumption in

Your most Humble,

and most Obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

THE

THE
BOOK-SELLERS

Preface.

HAVING (by the Assistance of a Worthy Friend) procured the following *Letters*, that were written by the late Incomparable Earl of *Rochester*, (the Originals of all which I preserve by me, to satisfy those Gentlemen, who may have the Curiosity to see them under his Lordship's Hand) I was encouraged to trouble others of my Friends, that had any Letters in their Custody, to make this *Collection*, which I now publish.

Indeed the Letters that were written by the above-mentioned Honourable Person, have something so happy in the Manner and Style, that I need not lose my Time to convince the World they are genuine. I may say the same of Mr. *Otway's* Letters, that they are full of Life and Passion, and sufficiently discover their Author. And that this *Collection* might be compleat, I got some that were written by the Fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Katherine Phillips*,

The Bookseller's Preface.

Phillips, to be added to the rest; together with others by some Gentlemen now living, that the *Reader* might have a Variety of Entertainment.

Our Neighbouring Nations, whom I don't believe we come short of in any respect, have Printed several Volumes of Letters, which met with publick Approbation; I am satisfied, that if the Gentlemen of *England* would be as free, and Communicative to part with theirs, we might shew as great a number, and as good a Choice as they have done. It has been used as an Objection against publishing things of this Nature, That, if they are written as they ought to be, they should never be made publick. But I hope this *Collection* will disarm that Objection; for tho' the *Reader* may not understand every particular Passage, yet there are other things in them that will make him sufficient Amends.

I have only a word more to add: Upon the Noise of this *Collection*, several Gentlemen have been so kind, as to send me in Materials to compose a Second, which is now printed; and on the Printing the Second, I have procured as many of the Lord *Rocheſter's*, the Duke of *Buckingham,*

The Bookseller's Preface.

ingham, and Sir *George Etheridge*, which will almost make a Third Volume, which if I can compleat, it shall be published next *Trinity-Term*; and therefore those Gentlemen that have any Curious Letters by them, written by those Honourable Persons, and are willing to oblige the Publick, by letting them come abroad, are desired to send them to me, who will take care to have them faithfully Transcrib'd for the Press, and Printed in the Third Volume; which will be intirely theirs, and no Modern one mixt with them.

A

T A B L E

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Books printed for, and sold by R. Wellington;

AN *Italian Voyage*, or a compleat Journey thro' *Italy*, in 2 Parts; with the Characters of the People, and a Description of the Chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Palaces, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues, and Antiquities; as also of the Interest, Government, Riches, Forces, &c. of all the Princes, with Instructions concerning Travels; the second Edition very much enlarged, by a Modern Hand; price 5 Shillings.

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Familiar Letters,

By the Right Honourable,

J O H N,

L A T E

Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

Vol. I.

T O T H E

Honourable H E N R Y S A V I L E.

Dear SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming on of your
 pious Principles, in preserving
 your humble Servant *Rochester*,
 from the imminent Peril of Sobriety;
 which for want of good Wine; more

B

than

than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me : Remember what Pains I have formerly taken *to wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town ; and pray let not this highest Point of *sacred Friendship* be perform'd *slightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice, or as discreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well discerning Pallat (the best Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Peice, till it has lightned on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear Savile! as ever thou dost hope to *out-do Machiavil, or equal Me,* send some good Wine! So may thy wearied
Soul

by John E. of Rochester. 3

Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring
'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and
Love! Must thou be admir'd and
lov'd for thy *domestick Wit*; *belov'd* and
cherish'd for thy *foreign Interest* and *In-*
telligence!

ROCHESTER

B 2

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman intirely; for, I percieve, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my self, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L———'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who, with much endeavour, and some danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they
were

by John E. of Rochester. 5

were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Buffie, if taken into consideration, would save you many weary Step in the Day, and help G——y, to many an Hours sleep, which he wants in the Night; But G——y would be rich; and by my troth, there is some sence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find rest. You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to shew your self in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Cruue together, as may not be asham'd of passing by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for

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Familiar Letters.

the declining D—fs, and would have
you generous to her at this time; for
that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESEER.

TO

by John E. of Rochester.

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T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THIS Day I received the *unhappy* News of my own *Death and Burial*. But, hearing what *Heirs* and *Successors* were decreed me in *my Place*, and chiefly in *my Lodgings*, it was no small Joy to me, that *those Tydings* prove *untrue*; my *Passion for Living*, is so encreas'd, that I omit *no Care of my self*; which, *before*, I never thought *Life worth the trouble of taking*. The King, who knows me to be a *very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it an *easie matter* for me to die, now I *live chiefly out of Spight*. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some News from your *Land of the Living*; and though I have little *Curiosity to hear who's well*, yet I would be glad my few *Friends are so*, of whom you are no more *the least than the leanest*. I have *better Compliments* for you,

B 4

but

8

Familiar Letters,

but that may not look so sincere as I
would have you believe I am, when I
profess my self,

Your faithful, affectionate,

humble Servant,

Adderbury, near
Banbury, Feb. ult.

ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middlesex.*

TO

by John E. of Rochester. 9

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great strait what to write to you; the stile of *Business* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Ministry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can trust with confidence all those You are liable to, *so well I know you*, and *so perfectly I love you*. We are in such a *settled Happiness*, and such *merry Security* in this place, that, If it were not for *Sickness*, I could pass my time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pitty the Misfortunes of *malicious mistaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expose *new Rarities* of that kind every day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to you, are things *Gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare

dare not trust to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour and Protection*, and whose *Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly, if it might suit with your *Character*, at your times of leisure, to Mr. *Baptist's* Acquaintance, the happy Consequence would be *Singing*, and in which your *Excellence* might have a share not unworthy *the greatest Embassadors*, nor to be despis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greatest and gravest* of *this Court* of both *Sexes* have tasted his *Beauties*; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here* in *this point* mainly; and there is no part of the *plot* carried with so much *Secrecy* and *Vigour* as *this*. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and Lord S——'s *Imprisonment* is no *check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter's Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. S——'s *Apology*, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his *Oration-Consolatory* on my Lady *D——'s* Death, and a *Politick Dissertation* between my Lady *P——s* and *Capt. Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatises* of the like nature, are things worthy your perusal; but I durst not
send

by John E. of Rochester. II

send 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Consequence* it might draw upon your *Circumstances* and *Character*; but if they will admit a *Correspondence* of that kind, in which alone I dare presume to think my self *capable*, I shall be very *industrious* in that way, or any other, to keep you from *forgetting*.

Your most affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

White hall,
Nov. 1.
1779.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE,

Dear SAVILE,

WERE I as *Idle* as ever, which I shou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a small *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *disbriev'd Rays* gild the *Tops of the Palaces in Leather-lane*: Then shou'd *those vile Enchanters Barten and Ginman*, lead forth their *Illustrious Captives in Chains of Quicksilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms* to the *loathsome Banks of a dead lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, shou'd break the horrid Silence, and speak the *most passionate Fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd; which being *softly and sweetly* reply'd to by *Mrs. Roberts*, should *rudely* be interrupted by the *envious F*——. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till the *gentle Reader* bath'd with the *Tribute of his Eyes*, the *Names of such unfortunate Lovers*—
And

by John E. of Rochester. 13

And this (I take it) wou'd be a most excellent way of *celebrating the Memo-ries* of my most *Pockey Friends, Companions and Mistresses*. But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the Wise* have it) when a *Man, half in the Grave*, cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but so it falls out in my *Comfort*: For at this *Moment* I am in a *damn'd Relapse*, brought by a *Fever, the Stone*, and some *ten Diseases more*, which have *depriv'd me* of the power of *crawling*, which I happily enjoy'd some days ago; and now I fear I must *fall*, that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad*,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to a *ridiculous being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my Return from *New-Market*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more surprized at the *Indirectness* of Mr. P's *Proceeding*, than overjoyed at his *Kindness and Care* for yours. *Misery* makes all Men less or more dishonest; and I am not astonished to see *Villany* industrious for Bread; especially, living in a place where it is often so *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, the *Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get some Money, or else he is put upon it by Some-body, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: However, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a *Proof* of your *Friendship*; and I am now
sen-

By John E. of Rochester. 15
sensible, that it is *Natural* for you to
be *kind* to me, and can *never more* de-
spair of it.

I am your faithful, oblig'd,

humble Servant,

ROCHESTER:

Bishop Stafford,
Apr. 5. 80.

T O

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE,

Embassadour in FRANCE.

Begun, White-Hall, May 30th, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of the *New Council*, and I love you *sincerely*) but *Idleness* on one side, and not *knowing* what to say on the *other*, has hindred me from writing to you, after so kind a *Letter*, and the *Present* you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble *Thanks*. *Changes* in this place are so frequent, that *F—— himself* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will ensue *to Morrow*; and *Accidents* are so extravagant, that my Lord *W——* intending to *Lie*, has with a *Prophtick Spirit*, once *told truth*. Every Man in this Court thinks he stands fair for *Minister*; some give it

by John E. of Rochester. 17

to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr. *Waller* says *S* — does all; I am sure my Lord *A* — does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Discourse of *Politick Persons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himself upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *auspicious* and *advantageous* to the drift of the present *Councils*; The rest of the *Scots*, and especially *D. H* — are very inquisitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make a handsome *Figure* in this *Conjuncture* at *London*. What the *D.* of *Monmouth* will effect, is now the general *Expectation*, who took *Post unexpectedly*, left all that had offered their Service in this *Expedition*, in the *lurch*; and, being attended only by *Sir Thomas Armstrong*, and *Mr. C* — will, without question, have the full *Glory* as well of the *Prudential* as the *Military Part* of this *Action* entire to himself. The most *Profound Politicians* have weighty *Brows*, and careful *Aspects* at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That *Mr. Langhorn*, to save his *Life*, offers a *Discovery* of *Priests*, and *Jesuits Lands*, to the value of *four score and ten thousand Pounds a Year*; which being

accepted, it is feared, *Partisans* and *Undertakers* will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Money, upon this Fund, to the utter Interruption of *Parliaments*, and the Destruction of many hopeful Designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by Mr. P——— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my serious Abilities, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-eye to *Business*: And now I cannot deny you a share in the high satisfaction I have received at the account which flourishes here of your high *Protestancy* at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never so honour'd, as since your *Residence* and *Ministry* in *France*, to that Degree, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be sitting at your Return, or otherwise the *Mayor* and *Common Council*, will petition the *King* you may be Dignified with the Title of that place, by way of *Earldom*, or *Dukedom*, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S——— is a Man of that *Tenderness* of Heart, and approved *Humanity*, that he will doubtless be highly afflicted when he
hears

by John E. of Rochester. 19

hears of the *unfortunate Pilgrims*, tho' he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of his own best *Concubine*, and your fair *Kinswoman M*—— who now starves. The Packet inclos'd in your last, I read with all the fence of *Compassion* it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my *Endeavours* for that Fair *Unfortunate*, she shall have a speedy account. I thank *God*, there is yet a *Harry Savile* in *England*, with whom I drank your *Health* last *Week*, at *Sir William Coventry's*: and who, in *Features; Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me so lively an *Idea* of *Your self*, that I am resolved to retire into *Oxfordshire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or *You* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25th of June, 1679.

C 1

To

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

ANY kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as You, is very agreeable; and therefore You will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the opportunity of writing to you: But Mr. *Povy* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I must tell You, I pray for *Your happy Restoration*; but was not at all sorry for *Your glorious Disgrace*, which is an Honour, considering the *Cause*. I would say something to the *Serious* part (as You were pleas'd to call it) of *Your former Letter*; but it will disgrace my *Foliticks* to differ from yours, who have wrought now some time under the *best and keenest Statesmen* our *Cabinet* boasts of; But to confess the Truth, my advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, *Take your Measures just contrary to your Rivals, live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King;*
Never

by John E. of Rochester. 21

Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd You can't commit greater Folly, than pretending to be Jealous; but on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart, and all the Faculties You have, contribute to his Pleasure all You can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intreagues, so You be at one end, 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when You can, at other times help it.

— Thus I have given You an Account how unfit I am to give the Advice You propos'd: Besides this, You may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought otherwise; and so truly I have renounc'd Business; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject; and, for this time, I beg this may suffice, from

Your humble and most affectionate
faithful Servant,

ROCHESTER.

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS not that I am the idlest Creature living, and only choose to employ my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languish all the Day in the tediousness of doing nothing, that I write to You; but owning, that (tho' You excel most Men in Friendship and good Nature) You are not quite exempt from all Humane Frailty; I send this to hinder You from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The *World* ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any Alterations; and therefore I can have no *Curiosity* for *News*; only I wou'd be glad to know if the *Parliament* be like to sit any time; for the *Peers of England*, being grown of late Years very considerable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Session. *Livy* and Sickness has a little inclin'd me to *Policy*; when I come to
Town,

by John E. of Rochester. 23

Town, I make no question but to change that *Folly* for some less; whether *Wine* or *Women* I know not; according as my *Constitution* serves me: Till when (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When You Dine at my Lord *Lisle's*, let me be remembered.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehensible, as what they *pretend* to represent; but apparently as frail as those they Govern.— This is a Season of Tribulation; and I piously beg of Almighty *God*, that the *strict severity* shewn to one scandalous *Sin* amongst us, may expiate for all grievous *Calamities*.— So help them *God*, whom it concerns!

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

IF Sack and Sugar be a sin, God help the Wicked; was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of Yore, lov'd a Glas of Wine; wou'd be merry with a Friend; and sometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. Savile) forgive me, if I confess, that, upon several occasions, you have put me in Mind of this fat Person, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your present Circumstances, I cannot but say with my self, if loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lautherdale*, bring Banishments and Pox, the Lord have mercy upon poor Thieves and S----s! But, by this time, all your Inconveniencies (for, to a Man of your very good Sence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part, I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But most Human Affairs are carried

by John E. of Rochester. 24

ried on at the same *Non-sensical* rate,
which makes me, (who am now grown
Superstitious) think it a **Fault** to laugh at
the *Monkey* we have here, when I com-
pare his *Condition* with *Mankind*. You
will be very Good-natur'd, if you keep
your **Word**, and write to me sometimes:
And so Good-night, dear Mr. *Saville*.

ROCHESTER.

TO

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

WHether *Love, Wine, or Wisdom,* (which rule you by turns) have the present *Ascendant*, I cannot pretend to determine at this distance; but *Good-nature*, which waits about you with more diligence than *Godfrey* himself, is my *Security*, that you are *Unmindful* of your absent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I never was criminal enough to *merit*, since to the *Black and Fair Countess*, I villainously *betray'd* the daily *Addresses* of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the *first Bottle*, and upon the *second*, on my *Conscience*, wou'd have renounc'd *them, and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That second Bottle* (Harry!) is the *Sincerest, Wisest, and most impartial Down-right Friend* we have; tells us truth of *Our selves*, and forces Us to speak *Truths* of

by John E. of Rochester. 27

of others; banishes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *Distrust* from our *Hearts*, sets us above the *mean Policy of Court-Prudence*: which makes us lie to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *Betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before God) I believe the *errantest Villain breathing*, is *honest as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of *that Tribe* dare venture upon him, at least, among the *Courtiers* and *Statesmen*. I have seriously consider'd one thing, That the three *Businesses* of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks*, and *Drinking*, the *last* is the only *Exercise* at which you and I have not prov'd our selves *errant Fumblers*: If you have the *Vanity* to think *otherwise*; when we meet, let us appeal to *Friends of both Sexes*, and as they shall determine, live and die *their Drunkards*, or *entire Lovers*. For, as we mince the *Matter*, it is hard to say which is the most *tiresome Creature*, *Loving Drunkard*, or the *Drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd your fat *Buttock* a *Gallop* to *Portsmouth*, I doubt not but thro' *extream Gallin*, you now lie *Bed-rid* of the *Piles*, or *Fistula in Ano*, and have the *leisure* to write to your *Country Acquaintance*,

tance ; which if you omit, I shall take the Liberty to conclude you very Proud. Such a Letter shou'd be directed to me at Adderbury, near Banbury, where I intend to be within these three Days. From

Your obedient humble Servant,

Bath, the 22^d
of June.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

Whether *Love*, or the *Politicks* have the greater Interest in your Journey to *France*, because it is argued among *wiser* Men, I will not conclude upon; but hoping so much from your Friendship, that, without reserve, you will trust me with the time of your stay in *Paris*; I have writ this to assure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Resolutions are to improve this Winter, for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*; and if the *Temptation* of leaving you, be added to the *Desires* I have already, the Sin is so sweet, that I am resolved to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos à malo* — For *thine* is, &c.

ROCHESTER.

Oxford, Sep-
temb. 5.

To

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

TIS not the *Least* of my Happiness, that I think you love me ; but the *First* of all my *Pretensions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to deserve it. If there be a *Real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which all others are meer fantastical. How few of us are fit stuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholly Experience.

However, dear *Harry* ! Let us not give out, nor despair of bringing that about, which, as it is the most difficult, and rare Accident of Life, is also the best ; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has so entirely possessed me since I came into the Country,
(where,

by John E. of Rochester. 31

(where, only, one can think ; for, you at Court think not at all ; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum ; as you think of nothing, but the Noise that is made about you) that I have made many Serious Reflections upon it, and, amongst others, gathered one Maxime, which I desire, shou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. G — ; That, *We are bound in Morality and common Honesty, to endeavour after Competent Riches ;* since it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneasy in their Fortunes, have proved firm and clear in their Friendships. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend ; and not one of a thousand can be good natured to another, who is not pleased within himself. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philosophy to the *Dog-days*, and living alone, To prevent the Inconveniencies of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on Sunday next, in Visitation to my Lord Treasurer. Be so Politick, or be so Kind, (or a little of both, which is better) as to step down thither, if famous

32 *Familiar Letters,*
famous Affairs at *Windsor*, do not detain
you. Dear *Harry*, I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate

Humble Servant.

R O C H E S T E R.

If you see the Dutchess of *P* — ve-
ry often, take some opportunity to talk
to her about what I spoke to you at *Lon-*
don.

To

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honest Man, to be happy in his Friends, sure I were marked out for the worst of Men; since no one ne'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. The Severity you say the Dutchess of P — shews to me, is a proof, that 'tis not in my power to deserve well of Any-body; since (I call Truth to witness) I have never been guilty of an Errour, that I know, to her: And this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Mistake of being kind to me, never to expect a grateful Return; since I am so utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wishe, to serve you in my Words; to observe, study, and to obey you in all my Actions, is too little; since I have performed all this to her, without so much

as an Offensive Accident. And yet she thinks it just, to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the wrong, I must have a very melancholly opinion of my self. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of hers, not mine, to tell how I have deserved it of her, since she has ne'er accused me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunniger than I, to persuade her so. I can as well support the Hatred of the whole World, as Anybody, not being generally fond of it. Those whom I have obliged, may use me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injured by those who have obliged me, and to whose Service I am ever bound; is such a Curse, as I can only wish on them who wrong me to the Dutchess.

I hope you have not forgot what G ———y and you have promis'd me; but within some time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I shall scarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my Ma-
ster

by John E. of Rochester. 35

ster has no need of my [Service, nor my
Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepherd* is a Man of a fluent Stile,
and coherent Thought ; if, as I suspect,
he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every
Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.

D 2

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU, who have known me these ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom sad, even under these weighty Oppressions ; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose, (if you will consider that trifle too) can have the power to depress the Natural *Alacrity* of my careless Soul ; especially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit, and Goodnature ; two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking ? I wonder at *M---*'s flaunting it in Court with such fine Clothes ; sure he is an alter'd Person, since I saw him ;
for,

by John E. of Rochester. 37

for, since I can remember, neither his own self, nor any belonging to him, were ever out of Rags: His Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in apperance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand C-----ts, than Second-hand Shoes; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftner. I wish the *King* were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may possibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some old Beauties, and young Deformities, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himself like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear the whole Parish of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The *King* had never such an Opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intreague with the *Tartars* or *Cossackes*. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most unwitty Generation, the present *Poets*, I rejoyce in it with all my Heart,

D 3 and

and shall take it for a Favour, if you will send me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to those Rogues, tho' never so dully express'd. And, now dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my self with an handsome Period.

ROCHESTER.

To

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THo' I am almost *Blind*, utterly *Lame*, and scarce within the reasonable Hopes of ever seeing *London* again, I am not yet so wholly mortified and dead to the taste of all Happiness, not to be extreamly reviv'd at the receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all probability might have laid me aside in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and must now think you such a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man, whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir G. H. or Sir Carr, at such an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am mistaken: For the hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, so much is true, that

we went into the River somewhat late in the Year, and had a Frisk for forty Yards in the Meadow, to dry our selves. I will appeal to the *King* and the *Duke*, if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord *Chancellor*, and the *Archbishops* both, when they were *School-boys*? And, at these Years, I heard the one Declaim'd like *Cicero*, the others Preach'd like St. *Austin*: Prudenter Persons, I conclude, they were, even in Hanging-sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry, (of which I must own my self the most unsolid) can hope to appear, even in their Manhood.

And now, (Mr. *Savile*) since you are pleas'd to quote your self for a grave Man of the number of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to Mind the Year 1676, when two large fat *Nuditie*s led the *Coranto* round *Rosamond's* fair Fountain, while the poor violated *Nymph* wept to behold the strange Decay of Manly Parts, since the Days of her dear *Harry* the Second: P ————
('tis confess'd) you shew'd but little of; but for A ———— and B ————, (a filthier

by John E. of Rochester. 41

thier *Ostentation!* God wot) you expos'd more of that Nastiness in your two Folio Volumes, than we altogether in our six Quarto's. *Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye, &c.* And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutch-men* merry; a thing I would avoid, like killing *Punaises*, the filthy Savour of *Dutch-mirth* being more terrible. If *GOD*, in Mercy, has made 'em hush and melancholly, do not you rouze their sleeping *Mirth*, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish my self in Town to serve him in some refin'd Pleasure; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutch-man* to think of.

The best present I can make at this time is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the *King* may hear his Tunes, when he is easie and private; because I am sure they will divert him extreamly: And may he ever have *Harmony* in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears: May he
he

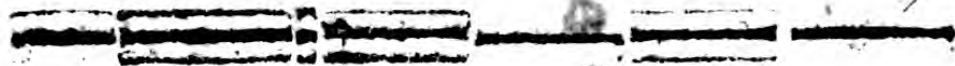
42 *Familiar Letters*

he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully,
love safely, and tenderly, live long and
happily ; ever pray (Dear Savile) *Un*
Bougre lasse qui era toute sa foutue reste de
Vie,

Vostre fidel Amy &

tres humble Serviteur,

ROCHESTER.



TO

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

H A R R Y,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the surprizing Account of my Lady *Dutchess's* more than ordinary Indignation against me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horse, of which I still remain Bruis'd and Bed-rid, and can now scarce think it a Happiness that I sav'd my Neck. What ill *Star* reigns over me, that I'm still mark'd our for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd barbarously to those I am obliged to! Had I been troublesom to her in pinning the Dependance of my *Fortune* upon her Solicitations to the *King*, or her Unmerited Recommendations of me to some Great Man, it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if she had sought any Occasion to be rid of a useless Trouble: But, a Creature, who had already receiv'd of her all the Obligations he ever could pretend to, except the continuance
of

of her good Opinion, for the which he resolv'd, and did direct every step of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why should she take the Advantage of a false idle Story, to hate such a Man; as if it were an Inconveniency to her to be harmless, or a Pain to continue just? By that *God* that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the least Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted *Treason*, conceal'd Arms, Train'd Regiments for a *Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a Man of *Common Honesty*, who will justify a Title of her Accusation, I am contented never to see her. After this, she need not forbid me to come to her, I have little Pride or Pleasure in shewing my self where I am accus'd of a Meanness I were not capable of, even for her Service; which would prove a shrewder Tryal of my *Honesty*, than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutchess of P——— more an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the first, it shall be the most malicious thing I will ever say of her. For her generous Resolution of not hurting

ing

by John E. of Rochester. 45

ing me to the *King*, I thank her; but she must think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him Knave, to say she will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Countess of P——, whatever she has heard me say, or any body else, of her, I'll stand the *Test* of any Impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue so. I do not know how to assure my self the D. will spare me to the *King*, who would not to you; I am sure she can't say I ever injur'd you to her, nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with you; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt so indiscreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendship I profess to you. And, to shew you I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me the fair hearing she would afford any Footman of hers, who had been complained of to her by a less-worthy Creature, (for such a one, I assure my self, my Accuser is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be proud of mine. I would not be
run

run down by a Company of Rogues, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it : Therefore, Dear *Harry*, send me word, how I am with other Folks ; if you visit my Lord Treasurer, name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it : and, if you hear the *King* mention me, do the Office of a Friend, to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

TH E Loufiness of Affairs in this Place, is such (forgive the unmannerly Phrase! Expressions must descend to the Nature of things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much less one of a publick Character with the Retail of them; the general Heads, under which this whole Island may be consider'd, are Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these, make an agreeable Variety; Busy *Fools*, and Cautious *Knaves* are bred out of them, and set off wonderfully; tho' of this latter sort, we have fewer now than ever, *Hypocrisie* being the only Vice in decay amongst us, few Men here dissemble their being Rascals; and no Woman disowns being a Whore. Mr. O— was tried two Days ago for *Buggery*, and clear'd: The next Day he brought
his

his Action to the *Kings-Bench*, against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Protestant Cause*. I have sent you herewith a Libel, in which my own share is not the least; the *King* having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr. ———, his Patron my L ——— having a Panegyrick in the midst; upon which happened a handsome Quarrel between his L ———, and Mrs. B ——— at the Dutchess of P ———; she called him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which he answered, She very well knew one he never made, nor never cared to be employed in making. ——— Rogue and Bitch ensued, till the *King*, taking his Grand-fathers Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to Love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To

by John E. of Rochester. 49

T O T H E

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

H A R R Y,

YOU are the *Only* Man of *Eng-*
land that keep *Wit* with your
Wisdom; and I am happy in a *Friend*
that excells in both; were your *Good-*
nature the least of your *Good Quali-*
ties, I durst not presume upon it, as I
have done; but I know you are so sin-
cerely concerned in serving your Friends
truly, that I need not make an *Apology*
for the trouble I have given you in this
Affair.

I daily expect more considerable Ef-
fects of your Friendship, and have the
Vanity to think, I shall be the better for
your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you please
to distinguish from *Profers* and *Wind-*
ham, and comply with *Rosers* and *Bull*,
E not

34. *Familiar Letters, &c.*
not forgetting *John Stevens*, you shall
find me

Your most Ready
and most Obedient Servant,

ROCHESTER.

The End of the late Earl of
Rochester's Letters.

THE

T H E
E. of L---'s LETTER

To the Honourable

ALGERNOON SIDNEY.

Difuse of Writing has made it un-
easie to me, Age makes it hard,
and the Weakness of Sight and
Hand, makes it almost impossible. This
may excuse me to *Every-Body*, and parti-
cularly to *You*, who have not invited me
much unto it, but rather have given me
cause to think, that you were willing to
save me the labour of Writing, and your
self the trouble of Reading my Letters :
For, after you had left me sick, solitary
and sad, at *Penshurst*, and that you had
resolved to undertake the Employment
wherein you have lately been, you nei-
ther came to give me a *Farewel*, nor did
so much as send one to me, but only
writ a wrangling Letter or two concern-

52 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

ing Mony, and *Hoskins*, and Sir *Robert Honnywood's* Horse : and tho' both before and after your going out of *England*, you writ to divers other Persons, the first Letter that I received from you, was dated, as I remember, the 13th of *September* ; the second in *November*, wherein you take notice of your Mother's Death ; and if there were one more, that was all, until Mr. *Sterry* came, who made such halte from *Penshurst*, that coming very late at Night, he would not stay to Dine the next Day, nor to give me time to *Write*. It is true, that since the Change of Affairs here, and of your Condition there, your Letters have been more frequent ; and if I had not thought my Silence better both for you and my self, I would have written more than once or twice unto you ; but tho' for some Reasons I did forbear, I failed not to desire others to write unto you, and with their own, to convey the best Advice that my little Intelligence, and weak Judgment could afford ; particularly not to expect *New Authorities nor Orders from hence, not to stay in any of the places of your Negotiation, not to come into England, much less to expect a Ship to be sent for you ;*

The E. of L — — 's Letter. 53

or to think, that an Account was, or wou'd be expected of you here, unless it were of Matters very different from your Transactions there; that it wou'd be best for you presently to divest your self of the Character of a Publick Minister, to dismiss all your Train, and to retire into some safe place, not very near, nor very far from England, that you might hear from your Friends sometimes. And for this I advis'd *Hamburgh*, where I hear you are, by your Man *Powel*, or by them that have receiv'd Letters from you, with Presents of Wine and Fish, which I do not reproach nor envy.

Your last Letter to me had no Date of Time or Place; but by another at the same time to Sir *John Temple*, of the 28th of July, as I remember, sent by Mr. *Missonaen*, I guess that mine was of the same Date: By those that I have had, I perceive that you have been misadvertiz'd; for tho' I met with no Effects, nor Marks of Displeasure, yet I find no such Tokens or Fruits of Favour, as may give me either Power or Credit for those Undertakings and Good Offices, which, perhaps you expect of me.

54 *The E. of L—'s Letter.*

And now I am again upon the Point
of retiring to my poor Habitation, ha-
ving for my self no other Design, than to
pass the small remainder of my Days in-
nocently and quietly; and if it please
GOD, to be gathered in Peace to my
Fathers. And concerning you, what to
resolve in my self, or what to advise you,
truly I know not: For you must give me
leave to remember of how little Weight
my Opinions and Counsels have been
with you, and how unkindly and unfriend-
ly you have rejected those Exhortations
and Admonitions, which in much Affe-
ction and Kindness I have given you up-
on many Occasions, and in almost every
thing, from the highest to the lowest,
that hath concern'd you; and this you
may think sufficient to discourage me
from putting my Advices into the like
Danger: Yet, somewhat I will say: And,
First, I think it unfit, and (perhaps) as
yet, unsafe for you to come into *England*;
for, I believe, *Powel* hath told you, that
he heard, when he was here, *That you*
were likely to be excepted out of the General
Act of Pardon and Oblivion: And tho' I
know not what you have done, or said
here or there, yet I have several ways
heard,

The E. of L---'s Letter. 55

heard, That there is as ill an Opinion of you, as of any, even of those that condemned the late *King*: And when I thought there was no other Exception to you, than your being of the other Party, I spoke to the General in your behalf, who told me, That very ill Offices had been done you, but he would assist you as much as justly he could; and I intended then also to speak to somebody else; you may guess whom I mean: But since that, I have heard such things of you, that in the doubtfulness only of their being true, no Man will open his Mouth for you. I will tell you some Passages, and you shall do well to clear your self of them. It is said, That the University of *Copenhagen* brought their *Album* unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did *scribere in albo* these Words,

*Manus hac inimica Tyrannis,
Ense petit placida cum Libertate quietem;*

And put your Name to it. This cannot chuse but be publickly known, if it be true. It is said also, That a *Minister*,
E 4 who

56 *The E. of L——'s Letter.*

who hath married a *Lady Laurence* here of *Chelsey*, but now dwelling at *Copenhagen*, being there in Company with you said, I think you were none of the late *King's* Judges, nor guilty of his Death, meaning our *King*. *Guilty!* said you; *Do you call that Guilt? Why, 'twas the justest and bravest Action that ever was done in England, or any where else;* with other Words of the same effect. It is said also, That you having heard of a Design to seize upon you, or to cause you to be taken Prisoner, you took notice of it to the *King* of *Denmark* himself, and said, *I hear there is a Design to seize upon me: But who is it that hath that Design? Estce nostre Bandit.* By which you are understood to mean the *King*.

Besides this, it is reported, That you have been heard to say many scornful and contemptuous things of the *King's* Person and Family; which unless you can justify your self, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten: For, such Personal Offences make deeper Impressions than Publick Actions either of *War* or *Treaty*. Here is a *Resident*, as he calls himself, of the *King* of *Denmark*, whose Name (as I hear)

The E. of L——'s Letter. 57

hear) is *Pedcombe*; he hath visited me, and offered his readiness to give you any Assistance in his Power or Credit with the Ambassadour, Mr. *Alfield*, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his first Audience. I have not seen Mr. *Pedcombe* since; but, within a few Days, I will put him in Mind of his Profession of *Friendship* to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir *Robert Honeywood* is also come hither; and, as I hear, the *King* is graciously pleased to admit him to his Presence, which will be somewhat the better for you, because then the Exceptions against your Employment and Negotiation, wherein you were Colleague, will be removed, and you will have no more to answer for, than your own particular Behaviour. I believe Sir *Robert Honeywood* will be industrious enough to procure satisfaction to the *Merchants* in the Business of *Money*, wherein he will have the Assistance of Sir *John Temple*; to whom I refer you, for that, and some other things.

I have little to say to your Complaints of your Sister *Strayford's* unequal Returns to your Affection and Kindness,
but

58 *The E. of L---'s Letter.*

but that I am sorry for it, and that you are well enough serv'd, for bestowing so much of your Care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiser hereafter. She and her Husband have not yet paid the thousand Pounds, whereof you are to have your part, by my Gift; for so, I think, you are to understand it, tho' your Mother desired it; and if for the Payment thereof, your being in *England*, or in some Place not far off, be necessary, as some pretend, for the Sealing of some Writings, I think that, and other Reasons, sufficient to perswade you to stay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your Friends, and they from you. I am wholly against your going into *Italy* as yet, till more may be known of your Condition; which, for the present, is hard; and, I confess, that I do not yet see any more than this, that either you must live in Exile, or very privately here; and (perhaps) not safely; for tho' the Bill of *Indemnity* be lately passed, yet if there be any particular and great Displeasure against you, as I fear there is, you may feel the Effects thereof from the *Higher Powers*, and receive
Af-

The E. of L---'s Letter. 59

Affronts from the Inferiour: Therefore you were best to stay at *Hamburgh*, which, for a Northern Scituation, is a good place, and healthful. I will help you as much as I can in discovering and informing you of what concerns you; tho', as I began, so I must end, with telling you, That Writing is now grown troublesome to

Your affectionatly,

*London, Aug. 30.
1660.*

Le---

TO

The Honourable
Algernoon Sidney's
LETTER,
 Against
B R I B E R Y
 And
ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

*Written to his Friends, in Answer to
 Theirs, perswading his Return to
 England.*

S I R,

I Am sorry I cannot in all things conform my self to the Advices of my Friends ; if theirs had any joynt-concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my Interest to theirs ; but
 when

Algernon Sidney's Letter. 61

when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the *Act of Indemnity* is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own Judgment and Choice. I confess, we are naturally inclin'd to delight in our own Country, and I have a particular Love to mine; I hope I have given some Testimony of it; I think that being exil'd from it is a great Evil, and would redeem my self from it with the loss of a great deal of my Blood: But when that Country of mine, which us'd to be esteem'd a Paradise, is now like to be made a Stage of Injury, the Liberty which we hoped to establish oppress'd, all manner of Prophaneness, Looseness, Luxury, and Lewdness set up in its height; instead of Piety, Virtue, Sobriety, and Modesty, which we hoped GOD, by our Hands, would have introduced; the Best of our Nation made a Prey to the Worst; the *Parliament*, Court, and Army corrupted, the People enslav'd, all things Vendible, and no Man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as Flattery and Bribery; what Joy can I have in my own Country in this Condition? Is it a pleasure
to

62 Algernnoon Sidney's Letter.

to see all that I love in the World, sold and destroy'd? Shall I renounce all my old Principles, learn the vile Court-arts, and make my Peace by bribing some of them? Shall their Corruption and Vice be my Safety? Ah! no! better is a Life among Strangers, than in my own Country upon such Conditions. Whilst I live I will endeavour to preserve my Liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same Principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my Life been guilty of many Follies, but, as I think of no meanness, I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my Mind, that when God should cast me into such a Condition, as that I cannot save my Life, but by doing an indecent thing, He shews me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own Country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shews me, I ought to keep my self out of it. Let them please themselves with *making the King glorious*, who think a *Whole People* may justly be
sacri-

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 63

sacrific'd for the Interest and Pleasure of *One Man*, and a few of his Followers: Let them rejoyce in their Subtilty, who by betraying the former Powers, have gain'd the Favour of this, not only preserv'd, but advanc'd themselves in these dangerous Changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the *King's* Glory is their Shame, his Plenty the Peoples Misery; and that the gaining of an Office, or a little Money, is a poor Reward for destroying a Nation! (which if it were preserv'd in Liberty and Vertue, would truly be the most glorious in the World) and that others may find they have, with much Pains, purchas'd their own Shame and Misery, a dear Price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the Life that is accompanied with it: The Honour of *English Parliaments* have ever been in making the Nation Glorious and Happy, not in selling and destroying the Interest of it, to satisfy the Lusts of one Man. Miserable Nation! that, from so great a height of Glory, is fallen into the most despicable Condition in the World, of having all its Good depending upon the Breath and Will of the vilest Persons in it! cheated and sold by them they trust-

-SH:ZB ed!

64 Algernon Sidney's Letter.

ed! Infamous Traffick, equal almost in Guilt to that of *Judas*! In all preceding Ages, *Parliaments* have been the Pillars of our Liberty, the sure Defenders of the Oppressed: They, who formerly could bridle *Kings*, and keep the Ballance equal between them and the People; are now become the Instruments of all our Oppressions, and a Sword in his hand to destroy us: They themselves led by a few interested Persons, who are willing to buy Offices by themselves by the Misery of the whole Nation, and the Blood of the most Worthy and Eminent Persons in it. Detestable Bribes, worse than the Oaths now in fashion in this mercenary Court! I mean to owe neither my Life nor Liberty to any such Means; when the innocence of my action will not protect me, I will stay away till the Storm be overpassed. In short, where *Vane*, *Lambert* and *Hastlerigg* cannot live in Safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in *England*, I should have expected a Lodging with them: or, tho' they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their Example, in Suffering, as I have been their Companion in Acting. I am most in Amaze at the
mista-

Algernoon Sidney's Letter. 65

mistaken Informations that were sent to me by my Friends, full of Expectations, of Favours, and Employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employ'd, can it be expected that I should serve a *Government* that seeks such detestable Ways of Establishing it self? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own *Peace*, by persecuting and betraying my *Brethren*, more innocent and worthy than my self. I must live by just Means, and serve to just Ends, or not at all, after such a Manifestation of the Ways by which it is intended the *King* shall govern. I should have renounced any Place of Favour into which the *Kindness* and *Industry* of my *Friends* might have advanc'd me; when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroy'd. I had formerly some *Jealousies*, the fraudulent *Proclamation* for *Indemnity*, increased the *Imprisonment* of those three *Men*; and turning out of all the *Officers* of the *Army*, contrary to *Promise*, confirm'd me in my *Resolutions*, not to return.

66 Algernoon Sidney's Letter.

To conclude: The *Tide* is not to be diverted, nor the *Oppress'd* deliver'd; but *God*, in his time, will have *Mercy* on his *People*; he will save and defend them, and avenge the *Blood* of those who shall now perish, upon the Heads of those, who, in their *Pride*, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom *God* shall make *Instruments* of his *Justice* in so blessed a *Work*. If I can live to see that *Day*, I shall be ripe for the *Grave*, and able to say with Joy, *Lord! now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, &c.* [So Sir *Arthur Hasterigg* on *Oliver's* Death.] Farewel my Thoughts, as to *King* and *State*, depending upon their *Actions*. No Man shall be a more faithful *Servant* to him than I, if he make the *Good* and *Prosperity* of his *People* his *Glo-ry*; none more his *Enemy*, if he doth the contrary. To my particular *Friends* I shall be constant in all *Occasions*, and to You

A most affectionate Servant,

A. SIDNEY.

To

To Madam——

I Have News to tell You: You got a new Subject Yesterday; tho', after all, (perhaps) it is no more News to You, than it would be to the *Grand Seignior*, or the *French King*: For You (*Madam*) either find or make Subjects where ever You go. It is impossible to see You, without surrendring one's Heart to You; and he that hears You talk, and can still preserve his Liberty, may (for ought I know) revive the Miracle of the *three Children* in *Daniel*, and call for a *Chamlet* Cloak to keep him warm in the midst of a *Fiery Furnace*. But really (*Madam*) I am none of those *Miraclemongers*; I am true *Flesh* and *Blood*, like the rest of my *Sex*; and, as I make no Scruple to own my *Passion* to You, so You (*Madam*) without incurring the Danger of being question'd by the *Parliament*, may pretend to all the *Rights* and *Priviledges* of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that all Mankind, sooner or later,

68 *A Letter by another Hand.*

later, must wear your Chains ; for You have *Beauty* enough to engage the nicest Heart, tho' You had no Wit to set it off : And You have so plentiful a share of the last, that were You wholly destitute of the former, as I have already found to my Cost. You have but too much, You could not fail of harming the most insensible. For my own part, I confess myself an *Admirer*, or, if You please, an *Adorer* of your *Beauty*: But I am a Slave, a meer down right effectual Slave to your Wit. Your very *Conversation* is infinitely more delicious than the *Fruition* of any other Woman.

Thus, my charming Sovereign, I here profess my self Your devoted *Vassal* and *Subject*. I promise You eternal *Duty* and *Allegiance*: It is neither in my Power nor Will to depose You ; and I am sure it is not in your Nature to affect *Arbitrary* Sway. Tho' if you do, (*Madam*) God knows, I am a true Church of *England-man* ; I shall never rebel against you in Act or Thought, but only have recourse to Prayers and Tears, and still stick to my *passive Obedience*. Perhaps, *Madam*, you'll tell me, I have talked
more

A Letter by another Hand. 69

more than comes to my share ; but being *Incognito*, I assume the Liberty of a *Masquerader* ; and, under that Protection, think my self safe. But, alas, did You know how I languish for you, I dare swear (my Charming *Sylvia*!) You would bestow some Pity upon

AMYNTAS.

F 2

To

To Madam—

I Have never had the Happiness of your Conversation but once, and then I found You so very charming, that I have wore Your lovely *Idea* ever since in my Mind. But it is not without the least Astonishment, that I receiv'd the News of what befel You t'other Day; it still makes me tremble, and leaves a dismal Impression behind it, not easie to be imagin'd. For Heaven's sake, *Madam*, what could urge You to so cruel a Resolution, that might have prov'd irreparably fatal to Your self, and matter of perpetual Affliction to your *Friends*? What Harm have I, and a thousand more of your Adorers done You, that You should so terribly revenge the supposed Infidelity of another upon them? Or, why should You, whom *Beauty* and *Wit* have put in a Capacity to subdue our whole *Sex*, lay to Heart the *Unkindness* of one *Lover*, who may proceed to a new *Election* when You please? If I had *Vanity* enough

A Letter by another Hand. 71

enough to aspire to be your *Privy-Counsellor*, I wou'd e'en advise You to bury the Remembrance of what is past, and either to punish all Mankind, as You easily may, tho' I need not instruct you how; or else to chuse some happy *Favourite* out of the *Throng* of your *Servants*, and shower your *Favours* upon him. If *Sincerity* and *Truth* may bid for the Purchase of your *Heart*, I can help you to one that thoroughly understands your *Worth*, and accordingly values it; that would be damn'd before he would abandon you for the greatest *Princess* in the *Universe*; that would chearfully die for your sake, and yet only lives out of Hopes, that he may one Day merit your *Esteem* by his *Services*. I fancy, *Madam*, You now demand of me, where this strange Monster of *Fidelity* is to be found? Know then, that he lives within less than a hundred Miles of *Red-Lyon-Square*; and that his Name is, (Oh; pardon the Insolence of this *Discory*) his Name is

AMYNTAS.

72 *A Letter by another Hand.*

There is another Letter that accompanies this, and was written a Week ago; which I had not Courage enough to lay at your Feet till now.

LOVE-

LOVE-LETTERS,

BY

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

To Madam —

My TYRANT!

I Endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest Complaint. I love You, I dote on You; *Desire* makes me mad, when I am near You; and *Despair*, when I am from You. Sure, of all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable: it haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking; every melancholly Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other uneasy *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate

74 *Love-Letters, by*

mediate *Recourse* to some kind of *Succour* or another: In *Wants*, we apply our selves to our *Friends*; in *Sickness*, to *Physicians*: but *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, must be endur'd with *Silence*; no *Friend* so dear to trust with such a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* so powerful, to remove its *Anguish*. Since the first Day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet*: I lov'd you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching *Face* of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very *Foundation* of all my *Peace* give Way: But when you be a me anothers, I must confess, that I did then rebel, had foolish *Pride* enough to promise my self, I would in time recover my *Liberty*: In spite of my enslav'd *Nature*, I swore against my self, I would not love you: I affected a *Resentment*, stifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upbraid You, each Day it was my chance to see or to be near You: With stubborn *Sufferance*, I resolved to bear, and brave your *Power*: Nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with *Wine*, or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Demon* that possess'd me; but when at Nigh,
re-

Mr. Thomas Otway: 75

returning to my unhappy self, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it so unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a treble *Interest* for the short Moments of *Ease*, which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those *Slaves* of Tears, that were to run till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my best *Condition*: Nay, *Time* it self, that decays all things else, has but encreas'd, and added to my Longings. I tell it You, and charge You to believe it, as You are generous, (which sure You must be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, perswades me that You are so) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held You, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due; I love You with that *Tenderness* of Spirit, that *Purity* of Truth, and that *Sincerity* of Heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest *Friends*, or *Interests* I have on *Earth*, barely but to please You: If I had all the *World*, it should be Yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if You were not mine. I appeal to your self for *Justice*, if through the whole Acti-

ons

ons of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let You see how absolute your *Authority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always sacred to me; your *Smiles* have always transported me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In short, You will quickly become to me the greatest *Blessing*, or the greatest *Curse*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on you without *Confusion*; *Wishes* and *Fears* rise up in War within me, and work a curst *Distraction* thro' my Soul, that must, I am sure, in time have wretched *Consequences*: You only can, with that *Healing Cordial*, *Love*, assuage and calm my *Torments*; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for You, and cannot live without You, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Ballance) You never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to your *Heart*, than the Unfortunate, and (even at this time) Weeping

O T W A Y.

T O

To Madam —

IN Value of your *Quiet*, though it would be the utter *Ruine* of my own, I have endeavoured this Day to perswade my self never more to trouble you with a Passion that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to You, who are much dearer to me than my self. I have laid all the Reasons my distracted Condition would let me have recourse to, before me: I have consulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's* Possession, I ought to ruine all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more blest in, tho' no Man ever loved as I did: But *Love*, Victorious *Love*! o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he still looks forward from the present Hour, expecting still new *Dawns*, new rising *Happiness*, never looks back, never regards what is past, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce pursuit of *Joy* before him: I have

con-

consulted too my very self, and find how careless *Nature* was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent Inclinations and Desires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that should make those *Qualities* become me: I have consulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how foolishly I wish Possession of what is so precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I dote on, and cheat my self, very content, because the Folly pleases me. It is Pleasure to think how fair you are, tho' at the same time worse than Damnation, to think how cruel: Why should you tell me you have shut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of your self, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from a little of your Friendship. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid defiance to that sweet Power? No, you know better to what end *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleasure, then to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart against. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no power
with

with your Haughty Nature; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick, home-spun *Friendship*, the common *Coin* that passes betwixt *Worldly Interests*: must that be my *Lot*! Take it ill natur'd, take it, give it to him who would waste his *Fortune* for you, give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold, court you with Offers of vast rich Possessions, give it the Fool that hath nothing but his *Money* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *Glorious Happiness*; you bid me Welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your Side-table, when I have the best Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feast, I Love, I Doat, I am Mad, and know no measure, nothing but Extreams can give me ease; the kindest *Love*, or most provoking *Scorn*: Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are most fond of, by that
sweet

sweet *Pledge* of your first softest *Love*, I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting *Pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days*, and restless *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half possess'd my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at peace than I am! And if I must never possess the *Heaven* I wish for, my next desire is, (and the sooner the better) a clean-swept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your *Compassion*, when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To Madam—

Since you are going to quit the World, I think my self oblig'd, as a Member of that World, to use the best of my Endeavours to divert you from so ill-natur'd an Inclination: Therefore, by reason your Visits will take up so much of this Day, I have debarr'd my self the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd against me: I must confess it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumstances, to endeavour the Confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never seen it: For *Nature* disposed me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my *Ill Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* so long to so faithful a *Passion*, had *Nature* disposed her from her

Creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this Nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know, you are the cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.

TO

To Madam

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

34 *Love-Letters, by*

have a Right in Yours, I wish it would
ake till I could complain to You no
longer.

Remember Poor OTWAY.

To

To Madam——

YOU cannot but be sensible, that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous Tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrific'd to this Morning; for I am sure your own *Ill-Nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some *Ass*, that has the Fortune to please you: In short, I have made it the Business of my Life, to do You Service, and please You, if possible, by any way to convince You of the unhappy *Love* I have for seven Years toil'd under; and your whole Business is to pick ill-natur'd *Conjectures* out of my harmless *freedom of Conversation*, to vex and gall me with, as often as You are pleas'd to divert your self at the expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou *Tormentor*! Could I think it were *Jealousie*, how should I humble my self to be justified; but

I cannot bear the thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *Good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a Woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found sometime or other, to let you know your *Mistaking*.

To Madam—

YOU were pleas'd to fend me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further Satisfaction in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with ; I was there, but found you not ; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you sometime to Morrow, and fend me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me ; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching *Sex* : or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

Mr. ——— to Mr. G ———

Dear G ———

AS I hope to be fav'd, and that's a bold word in a Morning, when our Consciences, like Children, are always most uneasie; when the Light of Nature flashes upon us with the Light of the Day, and makes way for the calm return of Thought, that eternal Foe to Quiet; but, I thank my Stars, I have shook that *Snake* out of my Bosom, and made Peace with that Domestick Enemy *Conscience*, and so much the more dangerous by being so——

——— But, as I was going to say, your Letter has put new Life into me, and reviv'd me from the Damp, that Solitude and bad Company has flung me into; 'tis as hard to find a Man of *Sense* here, as a handsom Woman: A company of Country 'Squires round a Table, is like a company of Waiters round a dead Corps, they are always ridiculously sober and grave, or, which is worse, impertinently loud:

Wine,

A Letter by another Hand. 89

Wine, that makes the gay Man of the Town brisk and sprightly, only serves to pluck off their Vail of *Bashfulness*, a Mask that *Fools* ought always to wear; and which, once off, makes them as nauseous, as a Bare-fac'd Lady of the *Pit*; they are as particular in their Stories, as a *Lawyer* in his *Evidence*, and husband their *Tales*, as well as they do their *Monneys*: In short, as *Madam Olivia* says, they are my *Aversion* of all *Aversions*.

You may easily imagine, I have too much of the Men, but on my Word, I have too little of the Women: Full of *Youth*, *Vigour* and *Health*, I lie fallow; and, like the *Vestal Virgins*, am damn'd to *Coldness* and *Chastity* in the midst of *Flames*. God knows what hard shifts I use, my *Right-hand* often does, what (like *Acts of Charity*) I'm ashamed my *Left-hand* shou'd know. As much as I despise the *Conversation* of these *Fops*, I court it out of an apprehension of being alone, not daring to trust my self to so dangerous a *Companion* as my self. 'Tis in these cool *Intervals* of *Solitude* that we conspire *Cuckoldom* against our *Friend*, *Treason* against the *State*, &c. for the *Devil* of *Lust* and

Am-

90 *A Letter by another Hand.*

Ambition, like other *Evil Spirits*, only appears to us when we are alone.

The talking of the *Devil*, puts me in Mind of the *Parsons*: I had the *Benefit of the Clergy* this Week; I mean the Company of two honest unbigotted *Parsons*; I drank a Bowl to the *Manes* of our *Immortal Friend*; one that was as witty as *Necessity*, and discover'd more *Truths*, than ever *Time* did: One that was born to unchain the *World*, that struggl'd with *Mysteries*, as *Hercules* did with *Monsters*; and, like him too, fell by a *Distaff*.

After so mournful a Subject, I'gad I'll make you laugh — The Duce take me if I did not, last Week, assist at the Ceremony of making a *Christian*; nay, more, Sir, I was *Honos sit Auribus*, a *Godfather*, who am

*Your affectionate Friend
and Servant, &c.*

Monf.

Monf. *BOILEAU*'s
LETTERS,
 TRANSLATED
 By *THO. CHEEK, Esq;*

*To the Duke DE VIVONE, upon
 his Entrance into the Ha-
 ven of Messina.*

My LORD,

K Now you not, that one of the fu-
 rest ways to hinder a Man from
 being pleasant, is, to bid him be so:
 Since you forbad me being serious, I
 never found my self so grave, and I speak
 nothing now but Sentences. And, be-
 sides, your last Action has something in
 it so great, that truly it would go against
 my Conscience to write to you of it
 other-

92 *Mons. Boileau's Letters.*

otherwise, than in the *Heroick* Style; However, I cannot resolve, not to obey you, in all that you command me; so that in the Humour that I find my self, I am equally afraid to tire you with a serious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has assisted me this Morning, and in the time that I thought the least of it, made me find upon my Pillow, two Letters; which, for want of mine, may (perhads) give you an agreeable Amusement. They are dated from the *Elysian* Fields; the one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your last Fight, write to you from the other World, to congratulate you. This is that from *Balzac*: You will easily know it to be his by his Style, which cannot expres things simply, nor descend from its heighth.

From

From the Elyfian Fields, June
the 22d.

My LORD,

THE Report of your Actions, re-
vives the Dead ; it wakens
those , who have slept these thirty
Years, and were condemn'd to an e-
ternal Sleep, it makes *Silence* it self
speak The Brave ! The Splendid ! The
Glorious Conquest that you have made
over the Enemies of *France* ! You have
restored Bread to a City, which has been
accustom'd to furnish it to all others :
You have nourished the Nursing Mo-
ther of *Italy* ; the thunder of that Fleet,
which shut you up the *Avenues* of its
Port, has done no more than barely fa-
luted your Entrance ; its Resistance has
detained you no longer, than an over
civil reception : So far from hindring the
Rapidity of your Course, it has not in-
terrupted the Order of your March ;
you have constrained, in their Sight,
the South, and North Winds to obey
you, without chastizing the Sea, as
Xerxes

94 *Mons. Boileau's Letters.*

' *Xerxes* did ; you have taught it Disci-
 ' pline ; you have done yet more, you
 ' have made the *Spaniard* humble. After
 ' that, what may not one say of you ? No,
 ' *Nature*, I say, *Nature*, when she was
 ' young, and in the time that she pro-
 ' duc'd *Alexanders* and *Cæsars*, has pro-
 ' duc'd nothing so great, as under the
 ' Reign of *Louis* the XIV ; she has given
 ' to the *French*, in her Declension, that
 ' which *Rome* could not obtain from her
 ' in her greatest Maturity. She has made
 ' appear to the World, in your Age, both
 ' in Body and Soul, that perfect *Valour*
 ' which we have scarce seen the *Idea* of
 ' in *Romances* and *Heroick Poems*. Begging
 ' the Pardon of one of your *Poets* — — he
 ' had no reason to say, That beyond *Co-*
 ' *citus*, Merit is no more known : Yours,
 ' My L O R D, is extoll'd here, by the
 ' common Voice, on both sides of *Styx*.
 ' It makes a continual Remembrance of
 ' you, even in the Abodes of *Forgetful-*
 ' *ness* : It finds zealous *Partizans* in the
 ' Country of *Indifference*. It puts *Acheron*
 ' into the Interests of the *Seine*. Nay,
 ' more, there is no Shade amongst us, so
 ' prepossess'd with the Principles of the
 ' *Porticus*, so hardn'd in the School of
 ' *Zeno* ;

Mons. Boileau's Letters. 95

' *Zeno*, so fortified against Joy and Grief,
' that does not hear your Praises with
' pleasure, that does not clap his Hands
' and cry, *a Miracle!* at the moment you
' are named; and is not ready to say with
' your *Malherbe*,

*A la fin c'est trop de Silence,
En si beau sujet de parler.*

' As for me, My LORD, who know you
' a great deal better, I do nothing but
' meditate on you in my Repose; I fill
' my Thoughts intirely with your *Idea*,
' in the long Hours of our Leisure, I cry
' continually, *How great a Man is this!*
' And if I wish to live again, 'tis not so
' much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy
' the sovereign Felicity of your Conver-
' sation, and to tell you Face to Face, with
' how much Respect, I am from the whole
' extent of my Soul,

My LORD,

*Your Lordship's most humble,
and most obedient Servant,*

BALZAC.

I Know not, My LORD, whether these violent *Exaggerations* will please you; and whether you will not find, that the Style of *Balzac* is a little corrupted in the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he never lavish'd his *Hyperboles* more to the purpose; 'tis for you to judge of it. But first read, (if you please) the Letter from *Voiture*.

From

From the Elyfian Fields, June
the 22d.

My LORD,

THO' we poor *Devils*, who are
' dead, do not concern our selves
' much in the Affairs of the Living,
' and are not exceedingly inclin'd to
' Mirth: Yet I cannot forbear rejoicing
' at the Great Things you do over our
' Heads. Seriously, your last Fight makes
' the Devil and all of a Noife here below;
' it has made it self heard in a place,
' where the very *Thunder* of Heav'n is not
' heard; and has made your Glory known
' in a Country where even the *Sun* is not
' known. There are a great many *Span-*
' *niards* come hither, who were in the
' Action, and have inform'd us of the par-
' ticulars. I see no reason why the People
' of that Nation shou'd pass for *Bullies*;
' for I can assure you they are very civil
' Persons, and the *King* sent 'em hither
' t'other Day very mild and quiet. To
' tell you the truth, my LORD, you have

H

' ma-

98 *Mons. Boileau's Letters.*

' manag'd your Affairs very well of late.
 ' To see with what speed you fly o're the
 ' *Mediterranean-Sea*, would make one
 ' think you absolutely Master of it: There
 ' is not at present, in all its extent, one
 ' single *Privateer* in safety, and, if you go
 ' on at this rate, I can't see how you'd
 ' have *Tunis* and *Algiers* subsist. We have
 ' here the *Cesars*, the *Pompeys*, and the
 ' *Alexanders*; they all agree, that you ex-
 ' actly follow their Conduct in your way
 ' of fighting; But *Cesar* believes you to
 ' be superlatively *Cesar*. There are none
 ' here, even to the *Alaricks*, the *Genfericks*,
 ' the *Theodoricks*, and all the other
 ' Conquerors in *icks*, who don't speak ve-
 ' ry well of this Action; and in *Hell* it
 ' self (I know not whether you are ac-
 ' quainted with that Place) there is no
 ' *Devil*, my LORD, who does not con-
 ' fess ingeniously, That at the head of
 ' an Army, you are a greater *Devil* than
 ' himself: This is a truth that your very
 ' Enemies agree in. But to see the good
 ' that you have done at *Messina*, for my
 ' part, I believe you are more like an *An-*
 ' *gel* than a *Devil*; only *Angels* have a
 ' more airy shape, and do not carry their
 ' Arms in a Scarf. Railery a-part, *Hell* is
 ' ex-

Mons. Boileau's Letters. 99

extreamly byass'd in your Favour.
There is but one thing to be objected to
your Conduct, and that is the little
Care, that you sometimes take of your
Life. You are so well belov'd in this
Country, that they don't desire your
Company. Believe me, my LORD,
I have already said it in the other
World, a *Demi-god*, is but a *very little*
thing when he's dead; he's nothing like
what he was, when he was alive. And
as for me, who know already by expe-
rience, what it is *to be no more*, I set the
best Face on the Matter I can; but to
hide nothing from you, I die with *Im-*
patience to return to the World; were
it only to have the *Pleasure* to see you
there; in pursuance of this intended
Voyage, I have already sent several
times to find out the scatter'd Parts of
my Body to set 'em together, but I could
never recover my Heart, which I left at
parting with those seven Mistresses, that
I serv'd (as you know) so faithfully, the
whole seven at once. As for my Wit,
unless you have it, I am told, 'tis not to
be found in the World. To tell you
the truth, I shrewdly suspect, that you
have at least the *Gaiety* of it: For I have
H 2 ' been

100 *Mons. Boileau's Letters.*

‘ been told here four or five Sayings of
‘ your Turn of *Expression*, which I wish
‘ with all my Heart, I had said ; and for
‘ which I would willingly give the *Pane-*
‘ *gyrick* of *Pliny*, and two of my best Let-
‘ ters. Supposing then, that you have it,
‘ I beg you to send it me back as soon as
‘ possibly you can ; for indeed you can’t
‘ imagine how inconvenient it is, not to
‘ have all one’s Wit about one, especially
‘ when one writes to such a Man as you
‘ are ; this is the cause that my Style, at
‘ present, is so alter’d : Were it not for
‘ that, you should see me merry again,
‘ as formerly, with my Comrade *Le Bro-*
‘ *chet*. And I should not be reduc’d to the
‘ necessity of ending my Letter trivially,
‘ as I do in telling you, that I am,

My LORD,

*Your Lordship's most Humble
and Obedient Servant,*

VOITURE.

These

THese are the two Letters, just as I receiv'd 'em: I send them you writ in my own Hand, because you would have had too much trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had sent 'em you in the Original. Do not fancy, my LORD, that this is only a trial of Wit, and an imitation of the Style of these two Writers. You know very well, that *Balzac* and *Voiture* are inimitable. However, were it true, that I had recourse to this Invention to divert you, should I be so much in the wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be esteem'd, for having found out this way to make you read the Praises, which you wou'd never have suffer'd other ways? In a word, could I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Respect I am,

My LORD,

Yours, &c.

A
L E T T E R,

Writ. by

Mr. D E N N I S.

Sent with the following

S P E E C H.

S I R,

I Have here sent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the last Post, and I think my self oblig'd to give you some account of it. In the late *Appendix* to the new *Observer*, I find the Author reasonably complaining of the Corruption of History by the *French*, and giving

a reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Monsieur *Pelisson's* History of the present *King of France* is like to be, which is now writing by that *King's* own Order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the inclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History, as Monsieur *Pelisson*: And therefore you have in the inclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a *Panegyrick* of his Prince, a Pattern of what his Part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small *Panegyrick*, we have all the reason in the World to believe, That he will flatter him too in his *History*. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by *Exaggerations*, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an *Orator*; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the Truth. Such are those two remarkable Passages of the *French King's* Offering *Peace* to the late *Confederacy*, for the general Good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a *Frenchman*, who has Common-sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*, only to be reveng'd of its *Insolency* and

of its *Perfidiousness*, which every Man who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd; that Monsieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his *History*, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his *Panegyrick*; what are we to expect from Monsieur *Pelisson*, whose Sincerity is by no means so much talk'd off as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my Mind to make two *Reflections* upon the *Panegyrickal* part of the enclos'd. The first is this, That since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a Man of *Sincerity*, and a lover of Truth, could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth*, when he commended him; we may conclude, that it is impossible to give him a general Commendation without Flattery. For, where a *Satyrick Poet* paints, what other Men must not daub? The second *Reflection* is this, That since this *Panegyrick* is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable *Genius* of the Author, which shines throughout it; and an *Art* to which nothing can be added, (remember that I speak of the *Original*) and beyond which nothing can be desired; you may easily

Mr. Dennis's Letter. 105

conclude how extremely fulsome the rest of the *Panegyrics* upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau's*, either *Genius*, *Art*, or *Vertue*.

T H E

THE
S P E E C H
O F
Mons. *B O I L E A U*,
Upon his Admission into the
French Academy.

Translated by Mr. DENNIS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Honour this Day conferr'd upon me, is something so great, so extraordinary, so little expected; and so many several sorts of reasons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very Moment, in which I return my Acknowledgments, I am doubtful if I ought to be

Mons. Boileau's Speech. 107

believe it. Is it then possible, can it be true, *Gentlemen*, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this *Illustrious Society*, whose Famous Establishment does no less Honour to the Memory of *Cardinal Richlieu*, than all the rest of the Numerous Wonders of his matchless Ministry? And what must be the thoughts of that Great Man? What must be the thoughts of that wise *Chancellor*, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your *Protectorship*; and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your *King* had right to be your *Protector*? What must be their thoughts, *Gentlemen*, if they should behold me this Day, becoming a part of this *Glorious Body*, the Object of their eternal Care and Esteem; and into which by the Laws, which they have established, by the Maxims which they have maintained, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed in the Place, which you are pleas'd to afford me here?

* Is it not a Man who is equally renown'd for his great Employments, and his profound Capacity?

* *Monfieur De
Befons.*

Is

108 *Mons. Boileau's Speech.*

Is it not a Magistrate, who fill'd one of the foremost Seats in the Council; and who, in so many Important Occasions, has been honour'd by his *Prince*, with his strictest Confidence? A Magistrate no less Wise than Experienc'd, Watchful, Laborious; with whom the more I compare my self, the less Proportion I find.

I know very well, *Gentlemen*, (and who can be ignorant of it) that in the Choice which you make of Men, who are proper to supply the Vacancies of your Learned Assembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity: That Politeness, Learning, and an Acquaintance with all the more Genteel Arts, have always usher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to substitute in the room of the highest Magistrate, of the most exalted Minister, some Famous *Poet*, or some Writer, whom his Works have render'd Illustrious, and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Desert has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if you barely consider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you that may
be

Mons. Boileau's Speech. 109

be worthy of the Favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of *Poetry*, successful rather by a happy Temerity, and a dexterous Imitation of the Ancients, than by the Beauty of its Thoughts, or the Richness of its Expressions? Is it a Translation that falls so far short of the Great Master-pieces, with which you every Day supply us; and in the which you so gloriously revive *Thucydides*, *Zenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd *Heroes* of the most Learn'd Antiquity? No, *Gentlemen*, you are too well acquainted with the just value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon so slight a Foundation, an Honour which the Knowledge of my want of *Merit*, has discourag'd me still from demanding.

What can be the reason then, which in my behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this occasion? I begin to make some Discovery of it, and I dare engage that I shall not make you blush in exposing it. The Goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shewn in employing
me,

110 *Mons. Boileau's Speech.*

me, together with one of the first of your Illustrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the Permission which he has given me to do this, has supplied all my Defects with you.

Yes, *Gentlemen*, whatever just Reasons ought to have excluded me ever from your *Academy*, you believ'd that you could not with Justice suffer that a Man who is destin'd to speak of such mighty Things, should be depriv'd of the Utility of your Lessons, or instructed in any other *School* than in yours. And, by this, you have clearly shewn, That when it is to serve your *August Protector*, whatever Consideration might otherwise restrain you, your *Zeal* will not suffer you to cast your *Eyes* upon any thing, but the *Interest* of your *Master's Glory*.

Yet suffer me, *Gentlemen*, to undeceive you, if you believe that that Great *Prince*, at the time when he granted that Favour to me, believ'd that he should meet within me a Writer, who was able to sustain in the least, by the Beauty of *Style*, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expression, the
Gran.

Mons. Boileau's Speech. III

Grandeur of his Exploits. No, *Gentlemen*, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to shew the World such *Master-pieces*; and he never conceiv'd so advantageous a thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his *Reign* is wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiss, that in the midst of so many renown'd Writers, who with *Emulation* describe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the sublimest Eloquence, a Man without *Artifice*, and accused rather of too much *Sincerity* than of *Flattery*, should contribute by his *Labour*, and by his *Advice*, to set to shew in a proper light, and in all the *Simplicity* of the most Natural *Style*, the truth of those *Actions*, which being of themselves so little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be strongly exaggerated.

And indeed, *Gentlemen*, when *Poets* and *Orators*, and *Historians*, who are sometimes as daring as *Poets* or *Orators*, shall come to display upon so Happy a Subject, all the bold Strokes of their Art, all their force of *Expression*; when they shall say of *Lewis the Great*, more justly than

112 *Mons. Boileau's Speech.*

than was said of a famous Captain of old, that he alone has achiev'd more *Exploits* than other *Princes* have read; that he alone has taken more *Towns*, than other *Monarchs* have wish'd to take: When they shall assure us, that there is no *Potentate* upon the face of the *Earth*, no not the most *Ambitious*, who in the secret *Prayers* that he puts up to *Heaven*, dares presume to petition for so much *Glory*, for so much *Prosperity*, as *Heaven* has freely granted this *Prince*: when they shall write, that his *Conduct* is *Mistress* of *Events*; that *Fortune* dares not contradict his *Designs*: When they shall paint him at the *Head* of his *Armies*, marching with *Gigantick* *Strides* over great *Rivers*, and the highest *Mountains*; thund'ring down *Ramparts*, rending hard *Rocks*, and tearing into ten thousand pieces every thing that resists his impetuous *Shock*: These Expressions will doubtless appear *Great*, *Rich*, *Noble*, adapted to the lofty *Subject*; but at the same time that the *World* shall wonder at them, it will not think it self oblig'd to believe them, and the *Truth* may be easily disown'd or mistaken, under the disguise of its *Pompous* *Ornaments*.

But,

But, when Writers without Artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has passed in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Discipline, Law: when they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdom in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gained of his Enemies; *Holland, Germany, Spain*, all *Europe* too feeble against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in prosperity, and a more glorious Peace: when Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, disposed in their order of time, and attended with their real circumstances; who is it that can then dissent from them, I do not say of our Neighbours, I do not say of Allies; I say of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they should be unwilling to acknowledge the
I truth

truth of them, will not their diminish'd Forces, their States confined within stricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealousies, their Furies, their very Inveſtives, in ſpight of themſelves, convince them? Can they deny that in that very Year, of which I am ſpeaking, this Prince being reſolved to conſtrain them all to accept of a Peace, which he had offer'd them for the good of *Chriſtendom*, did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publiſh'd, that he was entirely exhausted of Men and Money; that he did then, I ſay, all at once, in the *Low-Countries*, cauſe to ſtart up as 'twere out of the ground, two mighty Armies, each of them conſiſting of Forty Thouſand Men; and that he provided for them abundant Subſiſtance there, notwithstanding the ſcarcity of Forrage, and the exceſſive drought of the Season? Can they deny, that whil'ſt with one of theſe Armies, he cauſ'd his Lieutenants to beſiege *Luxemburgh*, himſelf with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*: That he did, by this moſt admirable Conduct, or, rather, by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head ſo renowned in the
anci-

Mons. Boileau's Speech. 115

ancient Fables, whose Aspect transform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the *Spaniards* unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important place, in the which they had repos'd their utmost Refuge? That by a no less admirable effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against him, found himself, if I may use the Expression, disabled and impotent, ty'd up on every side, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of dispersing Libels; of sending forth Cries and Reproaches: Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they deny all this? Must not they confess, That at the time when these wonders were executing in the *Low-Countries*, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the just Chastisement of its Insolence and of its Perfidiousness; burying under the Ruines of Palaces and stately Houses that proud City, more easy to be destroyed than humbled? No, without doubt, our Enemies

116 *Monf. Boileau's Speech.*

mies dare not give the Lie to fuch known Truths, especially when they fhall fee them writ with that fimple and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which whate'er my Defects are, I do not abfolutely despair to be able at leaft in part to fupply the History.

But fince this very Simplicity, all Enemy, as it is to Oftentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and thofe Beauties, than from the fource of all Delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept poffeffion, for fo many Years, of all the Treafures, of all the Riches of our Tongue? Thefe, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; this is what I come to ftudy with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my affiduity in frequenting you, by my addrefs in bringing you to fpeak of thefe Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your moft fecret Skill from me: Your Skill to render Nature decent and chafte at the very time when fhe is moft alluring; and to make the Colours and
Paint

Mons. Boileau's Speech. 117

Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature, Thrice happy! if by my Respects, and by my sincere Submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Acknowledgment, which I shall make all my Life-time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

Letters of COURTSHIP

T O A

Woman of Quality.

IF it be a Crime in me, *Madam*, to love 'tis your fair Self that's the occasion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis my self only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfied I cou'd never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have *disclosed the Secret*; and to what purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will discover it self by its own Light*? In my mind there's more Confession in disordered Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the Artful Expressions the Tongue can utter; I have been struggling with my self this three Months to discover a thing which I
now

now must do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you* ; and I am sure if you'll be just to your self, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the reality of this Discovery, for 'tis impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess, no body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores*. And therefore, since 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's, I shou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not ; I am not, *Madam*, so vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter shou'd ever persuade you to retain the least kind regard, in recompence of the pain I suffer ; I only beg leave and liberty to complain : They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to shew their Wounds ; and the more Gallant the Conquerour, *the more generous is his Compassion*. I ventur'd last night to falter out my Misfortune, 'twas almost dark, and I attempted it with greater boldness, nay, you your self (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take notice of my disorder ; your Sentences were short and reproving ; your Answers cold ; and your Manner (contrary to your usual and peculiar

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cular sweetness) was *severe* and *forbidding*, yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to

MADAM,

Your most lost and

Unfortunate humble Servant.

LOVE-

By the same Hand.

YOU need not have laid an Obligation on me of writing, who am so inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters; 'tis the most agreeable thing I can do, and could wish you thought it so too; but when I reflect upon the harshness of my Expressions, I must needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own satisfaction in writing, than to your patience in reading; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to receive more frequent Letters from you, which would instruct me to do it; and I shou'd think it the greatest perfection of my Pen to imitate even the *faults* of yours (if there were any.) I have the satisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that, tho her Judgment be nice and discerning, her Interpretation *is easy and candid*; One that has not only the *brightness of Heaven* to make me adore her, but also the *goodness* of it to forgive my offences; else I shou'd despair of Pardon for this too long Letter.

I confess, if I were to make a Recital of your Divine Qualities, an Age would be too small a time to be employ'd in the Work: I shou'd endeavour to paint your gay airy Temper, and yet shadow it with all the Modesty and cautious Reserv'dness; you have an Humour so very *taking*, that, as it fires the *serious* and *dull*, so it checks, and restrains the too *forward*; and as your Charms give *Encouragement*, so your wakeful Conduct creates *despair*. If the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilst I do justice to your *Vertues*, I offend your *Modesty*; and every offence against you, *Madam*, must be avoided as much as possible by him, all whose Happiness depends on pleasing you, as does that of,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant.

By

By the same Hand.

AS I cannot reflect upon the *Melancholly Appearance* of things on *Sunday* and *Monday* last, without an affliction inexpressible, so I cannot think on the happy *Change*, without the most grateful *Pleasure*. Heavens! how my Heart sunk, when I found the tenderest part of my Soul seiz'd with an *Indisposition*, her Colour faded, the usual *Gayety* of her Temper eclips'd, her *Tongue* faltering, her *Air* languishing, and the charming *Lustre* of her *Eyes* setting and decay'd! Instead of kind *Expressions* full of *Love* and *Endearments*, I could hear nothing but *Complaints*, and the melancholly *Effects* of a *growing Illness*. 'Tis true, (my dearest *Life*) tho' you are as beautiful as *Light*, tho' sweet and tender as a *Flower in Spring*, though gay and chearful as *dawning Youth*, yet all these *Perfections*, that *captivate others*, cannot secure you against the *tyranny* of *Distempers*; *Sickness* has no regard to your *Innocence*, but the same
ruf-

124 *Letters of Courtship*

ruffling tempest that tears up the *common Weeds*, blasts also the *fragrant blushing Rose* : But now, to the Eternal Peace of my satisfied Mind, the Feverish Heat is extinguish'd, and your Charms recover their usual heavenly Brightness ; I am the *Unhappy Wretch* that feels their force, and consumes of a Feavour *never* to be extinguish'd, but with the Life of,

MADAM,

Tours, &c.

By the same Hand.

THis Morning I discover'd the *Happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Design be real, *Love* is never free from *Fears*; and my presaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indispos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Idea's from me: The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and Feverish Souls find in the midst of their Agonies, was my lot all Night long: I could not, durst not slumber; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual Charm-

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Charming Gayety, I shall be the most
bles'd of Mortals: But if pale Sicknefs
fit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may
also freeze the Blood of

YOURS.

By

By the same Hand.

IF *Distraction* be an Argument of *Love*,
I need no other to convince you of
my *Passion*: All my past Actions have
discovered it, since I had the honour to
know you; tho' not any so sensibly as
my Behaviour on *Sunday*-night: My Re-
flection on it, gives me more pain than
I can express, or you imagine; tho' in
my Mind those Actions may be for-
given, that proceed from *Excess of Love*.
My Letter will discover the loss of my
Senses, which I never had so much oc-
casion for as now, especially when I
presume to write to one of so much
Judgment as your self; but you, my *Dear-
est Creature*, must look upon the Infirmi-
ties and Distress of a *Love-sick Wretch*,
with the same *Candour* and *Mildness* that
Heaven does upon you; and let all my
Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart,
that is design'd for nothing but *Compassion*,
and all the *gentle Actions of softest
Love*. Whil'st I am preaching up Pity, I
must

must remember to practise it my self, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to Death ; and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as *miserable* as now I think my self *happy*. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude

YOURS.

By

By the same Hand.

I Am troubled at the Soul, to find my *Dearest Life* express her self with so much Concern : I am sure, till *Death* makes me *old*, I shall *never* be so to one whose I *entirely* am, not so much by *Vows* as by the *sincerest Passion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind Dear, engaging Creature*, sooner than utter *one Sigh* which is not for You, I would chuse to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loath'd Being*. Your Person is *too charming*, your Manner *too winning*, your Principles *too honourable*, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have *once* made *entirely* your own ; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the Breast of

YOURS.

K

Bj

By the same Hand.

TO express the grateful sense of the Obligation I have to You, cannot be effectually done unless I had your Pen. If You observe my Style, You will have reason to conclude I have not received Your ingenious Letter of Yesterday, which shou'd have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by ; I assure You I am as well satisfied of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is clear, like your Actions ; and that Spirit that glows in Your Eyes, shines in Your Lines. I may venture to say, that Writing is not the least of Your Excellencies, and if any thing could perswade me to stay longer than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it would be in Expectation of a second Letter from You. 'Tis my greatest pleasure to hear You are well, and to have the happiness of possessing in Thought, what is denied to my Eyes; desi-

to a Woman of Quality. 131

desiring the continuance of them for no other end, than to gaze upon my dear Conquerers, who, after a most engaging manner, has the way of kindly killing

Her humble and eternally

obliged Servant.

K 2

By

By the same Hand.

I Hope, my dearest Life, will excuse this impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write ; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was so extream, upon the Reflection of my late Folly, that I could not rest, till I had acknowledg'd my Rashness ; I hope she'll continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my Unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis You alone, Madam, that have sweet engaging ways peculiar to your self, You are easy without Levity ; Courteous and Affable without Flattery ; You have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all Your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding my self for making such barbarous
and

to a Woman of Quality. 133

and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence; I loath and detest my self, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe my self, by any other Title than,

MADAM,

Your Ungrateful.

K 3

By

*A LETTER of Reproach to a
Woman of Quality.*

M A D A M,

I Am sorry I must change my Style, and tell You I am now fully satisfy'd that your Ladiship never will be so ; I always fear'd your Desires would exceed your Returns : But when I heard You were supplied by three Nations, I thought You might have been modestly contented. And I have even yet good nature enough to pity your unfortunate Condition, or rather Constitution, that obliges half the Town of necessity to decline all sorts of Commerce with You ; I cou'd have wish'd you had had Reputation enough left for me to have justified, tho' You have cruelly robb'd me of the Joy of Loving, without making your self any reasonable Advantage of it : had your Soul consulted my Destiny, I should have had fairer play for my Passion, and not have been thus sacrific'd to your most Egregious Follies ; yet,
since

A Letter by another Hand. 135

since better late than never, take, *Madam*,
this time, now the Town is disbanded,
the Season moderate, and your Ladiship's
common practice prorogued, to consider
if there be any way left You, in some
measure, to save the Confusion of your
self, and that of,

MADAM,

Your real humble Servant.

August the
10th. 95.

K 4

A

*A Letter of Business to a Merchants
Wife in the City.*

MADAM,

I Can forgive you the difficulty you made of passing an Ev'ning with me ; nay, even the affected Indifference You entertain'd me with, when You might have employed Your time much better ; I knew Your Character, and guess'd what would be the end of our first Meeting, but desire it may not be the beginning of the Second: for the future, prithee, dear *Hypocrite*, (do not forget Your self) and so often engage me to Love tenderly, and yet conjure me to hope for no Return; but do me the Favour to make a better use of the next Opportunity, lest You carry on too far the unnatural Jest, and contrive to force Your self out of the Inclinations of,

Madam,

Your real humble Servant.

LET-

LETTERS,

By the late Celebrated

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

The Fam'd Orinda, to the Honourable Berenice.

Your Ladiship's last Favour from Col. P —'s was truly obliging, and carried so much of the same great Soul of Yours, which loves to diffuse it self in Expressions of Friendship to me, that it merits a great deal more Acknowledgment than I am able to pay at my best Condition, and am less now when my Head-akes, and will give me no leave to enlarge, tho' I have so much Subject and Reason; but really if my Heart ak'd too, I could be sensible of a very great Kindness and Condescension

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in thinking me worthy of Your Concern, tho' I visibly perceive most of my Letters have lost their way to Your Ladiship. I beseech You, be pleas'd first to believe I have written every Post; but, secondly, since I came, and then to enquire for them, that they may be commended into Your Hands, where alone they can hope for a favourable residence: I am very much a Sharer by *Sympathy*, in Your Ladiship's Satisfaction in the Converse You had in the Country, and find that to that ingenious Company Fortune had been just, there being no Person fitter to receive all the Admiration of Persons best capable to pay them, than the great *Berenice*: I hope your Ladiship will speak me a real Servant of *Dr. Wilkins*; and all that converse with You, have enrich'd all this Summer with Yours. I humbly thank Your Ladiship for Your Promise of *Mr. Boyle's* Book, which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Universal Applause, if my Vote be considerable in things so much above me. If it be possible, oblige me with the Sight of one of them, which (if Your Ladiship command it) shall be very faithfully return'd You. And now (Madam) why was that
that

that a cruel Question, When will You come to *Wales*? 'Tis cruel to me, I confess that it is yet in question; but I humbly beg Your Ladiship to unriddle that part of your Letter, for I cannot understand why You, Madam, who have no Persons alive, to whom Your Birth hath submitted You, and have already by Your Life secur'd to Your self the best Opinion the World can give You, should create an Awe upon Your own Actions, from imaginary Inconveniencies: Happiness, I confess, is twofac'd, and one is Opinion; but that Opinion is certainly *our own*; for it were equally ridiculous and impossible to shape our *Actions* by others *Opinions*. I have had so much (and some sad) Reason to discuss this Principle, that I can speak with some Confidence, That *none will ever be happy, who make their Happiness to consist in, or be govern'd by the Votes of other Persons*. I deny not but the Approbation of wise and good Persons is a very necessary Satisfaction; but to forbear innocent Contentments, only because it's possible some Fancies may be so capricious as to dispute, whether I should have taken them, is, in my Belief, neither better nor worse, than to fast al-
ways,

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ways, because there are some so superstitious in the World, that will abstain from Meat, upon some Score or other, upon every Day in the Year, that is, some upon some Days, and others upon others, and some upon all. You know, *Madam*, there is nothing so various as *Vulgar Opinion*, nothing so untrue to it self: Who shall then please, since none can fix it? 'Tis a *Heresy* (this of submitting to every blast of popular Extravagancy) which I have combated in Persons very dear to me: *Dear Madam*, let them not have Your Authority for a Relapse, when I had almost committed them; but consider it without a Byass, and give Sentence as You see cause; and in that *Interim* put me not off, *Dear Madam*, with those *Chymera's*, but tell me plainly what Inconvenience is it to come? If it be one in earnest I will submit, but otherwise I am so much my own Friend, and my Friend's Friend, as not to be satisfied with Your Ladiship's taking measure of Your Actions by others Opinion, when I know too that the severest could find nothing in this Journey that they could condemn, but your excess of Charity to me, and that Censure You have already supported with Patience,

Letters by Mrs. K. Phillips. 141

rience, and (notwithstanding my own
conscioufness of no ways deserving your
sufferance upon that score) I cannot beg
You to recover the Reputation of your
Judgment in that particular, since it must
be my Ruine. I should now say very
much for your most obliging Commands
to me to write, and should beg frequent
Letters from your Ladiship with all pos-
sible importunity, and should by com-
mand from my *Lucasia* excuse her last
Rudenefs (as she calls it) in giving You
account of her Honour for You under her
own Hand, but I must beg Your Pardon
now, and out-believing all, I can say up-
on every one of these accounts, for really,
Madam, You cannot tell how to imagine
any Person more to any one than I am,

M A D A M,

*Your Ladiships most faithful Servant,
and passionate Friend,*

O R I N D A.

June the 25th.
Priory of Car-
digan.

Lucasia

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Lucasia is most faithfully Your Servant: I am very glad of Mr. Cowley's success, and will concern my self so much as to thank your Ladiship for your endeavour in it.

TO

TO THE

Honourable BERENICE.

Dear MADAM,

I Have been so long silent, that I profess I am now ashamed almost to beg your Pardon, and were not Confidence in your Ladieship's Goodness a greater Respect than the best Address in the World, I should scarce believe my self capable of remission; but when your Ladieship shall know more fully than Papers can express, how much and how many ways I have suffered, you will rather wonder that I write at all, than that I have not written in a Week; when You shall hear that my Dear *Lucasia*, by a strange unfortunate Sickness of her Mother's, has been kept from me, for three Weeks longer than I expected, and is not yet come: I have had some difficulty to live, and truly, *Madam*, so I have, and more difficulty to be silent to You, but that in earnest my disorder was too great to write: *Dear Madam*, pardon and pity me, and, to express

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press that You do both, be pleas'd to hasten hither, where I shall pour all my Trouble into your Bosom, and receive thence all that consolation which I never in my Life more needed than I now do. You see, *Madam*, my presumption, or rather Distraction to leap from Confessions into Petitions, and those for advantages so much above my merit : But what is that, that the dear great *Berenice* can deny her faithful *Orinda*? And what is it that *Orinda* would not do or suffer, to obtain that sweet and desired Converse, she now begs of You? I am confident my *Lucasia* will suddenly be here, to thank You for Your Charity, which You will, by coming, express to me, and the Obligation You will put upon her by it; both which shall be equally and constantly acknowledg'd (if You will please to hasten it) by

*Your faithfully affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,*

*Nov. 2.
1658.*

ORINDA.

TO

T O T H E

Honourable BERENICE.

I Must confess my self extreamly troubled, to miss a Letter from your Ladyship in a whole fortnight, but I must beg You to believe your Silence did not occasion mine; for my Ambition to converse with You, and advantage in being allow'd it, is too great for me to decline any opportunity which I can improve to obtain so much happiness: But really the Box of Gloves and Ribbons miss'd a conveniency of going, and a Letter that attended them partak'd in the same misfortune; and by this time, and some days before it, I hope they have reach'd You, for they were sent away above a Week ago; and if so, all that I can tell You of my Desire to see Your Ladyship will be repetition, for I had with as much earnestness as I was capable of, begg'd it then, and yet have so much of the Beggar in me, that I must redouble that importunity now, and tell you, That I gasp for You with an impatience that

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is not to be imagin'd by any Soul wound up to a less concern in Friendship than Yours is, and therefore I cannot hope to make others sensible of my vast desires to enjoy You, but I can safely appeal to Your own illustrious Heart, where I am sure of a Court of Equity to relieve me in all the complaints and supplications my Friendship can put up: Madam, I am assured You love me, and that being once granted, 'tis out of dispute, that your *Love* must have nobler circumstances than mine, but because the greatness and reality of it must be always disputed with You, by me there must of necessity remain the obligingness of your Love to weigh down the Ballance, and give You that advantage over me in Friendship, which You unquestionably have in all things else, and if this reasoning be true, (as sure there are all Sciences in Friendship, and then *Logick* cannot be excluded) I have argued my self into a handsom necessity of being eternally on the receiving hand, but let me qualifie that seeming meanness, by assuring You, that even that is the greatest testimony of my esteem for Your Ladiship, that ever I can give; for I have a natural Pride (that I cannot
much

much repent of) which makes me very unwilling to be oblig'd, and more curious from whom I receive kindneses than where I confer them; so that being contented to be perpetually in Your debt, is the greatest Confession I can make of the Empire You have over me, and really that Priviledge is the last which I can submit to part withal, to be just done in Acts of Friendship, and that I do not only yield You in all my Life past, but can beg to have it continued by Your doing me the greatest favour that ever I receiv'd from You, by restoring me my dear and honoured *Berenice*: This, Madam, is but one Action, but like the Summ of an Account, it contains the Value of all the rest, and will so oblige and refresh me, that I cannot express the satisfaction I shall receive in it; I humbly thank Your Ladiship for the assurance you have given me, that You suddenly intend it, and that You were pleas'd to be accountable to me for Your stay till *Christmas*, which being now at hand, I hope You will have neither Reason, Importunity, nor Inclinations to retard the Happiness you intend me: Really, Madam, I shall and must expect it in these Holidays, and

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a disappointment to me is the greatest of Miseries; and then, Madam, I trust you will be convinc'd of this necessity there is of your Life and Health, since Heaven it self appears so much concern'd in it, as to restore it by a Miracle: And, truly had you been still in danger, I should have look'd upon that as more ominous than the *Blazing-Star*, so much discours'd of; but you are one of those extraordinary Blessings which are the Publick Concernments, and are, I trust, reserv'd to be yet many Years an Example of Honour and Ornament to Religion.

Oh, Madam, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not hasten to hear it, you will be almost as cruel as *Arsaces*; but you will come, and, if you find any thing in this Letter that seems to question it, impute it to the continual distrust of my own merit, which will not permit me easily to believe my self favoured: Dear Madam, if you think me too timorous, confute me by the welcome Experiment of your Company, which, really, I perpetually long for, and again beg, as you love me, and claim as you would have me
be-

believe it ; I am glad your Ladiship has pitch'd on a place so near me, you shall be sufficiently persecuted with *Orinda*. I know you will pardon me, for not acquainting you with the News you heard from other hands, when I tell you, there is nothing of it true, and the Town is now full of very different Discourse ; but I shall tell you more particularly, when I have the honour to see you ; and, till then, cannot with conveniency do it. I easily believe *Dons* factious ; but in those Disputes, I think he discovers more Wit than Wisdom, and your Ladiship knows they are inseparable ; I shall lose the Post, if I do not now hasten to subscribe, what I am always ready to make good, that I am more than any one living,

*Your Ladiships most faithful,
and most passionate
Friend and Servant,*

ORINDA.

Decemb. 30.
1658.

TO THE

Honourable BERENICE.

WITH the greatest Joy and Confusion in the World, I receiv'd, *Dear Madam*, your Ladiships most obliging Letter from *Kew*, and thus far I am reconciled to my own Omissions, that they have produc'd a *Shame*, which serves me now to allay a *Transport*, which had otherwise been excessive at the knowledge that I am to receive; that notwithstanding all my Failings, you can look upon me with so generous a Concern: I could make many Apologies for my self, and with truth tell you, That I have ventur'd Papers to kiss your Ladiship's Hand, since I received one from it; but really, *Madam*, I had rather owe my Restitution wholly to your Bounty, than seem to have any pretence to it my self, and I will therefore allow my self utterly unworthy of having any room in your Thoughts, in that I have not perpetually begg'd it of you, with that Assiduity as is suitable to so great and so valued a Blessing;

ing ; and I know that tho' a Sea has divided our Persons, and many other Accidents made your Ladiships Residence uncertain to me, yet I ought to have been restless in my Enquiries how to make my Approaches to you ; and all the Varieties, and Wandrings, and Troubles that I have undergone since I had the honour to see your Ladiship, ought not to have distracted me one moment from the payment of that Devotion to you, which, if you please I will swear never to have been one jot lessen'd in my Heart, as ill and as seldom as I have express'd it ; but now, that my good Fortune has brought me once more so near your Ladiship, I hope to redeem my Time, by so constant and fervent Addresses to you, as shall both witness how unalterably I have ever lov'd and honour'd you, and how extreamly glad I am still to be preserv'd in so noble and so priz'd a Heart as yours ; and, that I may the sooner be secur'd of that, and restor'd to your Converse, I must beg your Ladiship to find some occasion that may bring you to *London*, where I may cast my self at your Feet, both in repentance of my own *Faults*, and acknowledgment of your *Goodness*, and assure you that neither *Lu-*

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casia, nor any other Person, ever had the Will, the Power, or the Confidence to hinder the Justice of my most affectionate Service to your Ladiship, and tho' you fright me with telling me how much you have considered me of late, yet I will venture upon all the Severity that Reflection can produce; and if it be as great as I may reasonably fear, yet I will submit to it for the Expiation of my Failings, and think my self sufficiently happy if after any Penance, you will once more receive me into your Friendship, and allow me to be that same *Orinda*, whom with so much goodness you were once pleased to own as most faithfully yours, and who have ever been, and ever will be so: And, Dear, Dear Madam,

*Your Ladiship's most affectionate
humble Servant and Friend,*

K. PHILLIPS.

This was wrote but a Month before Orinda died.

To

To Mr. HERBERT

I Received your two Letters against *Hyprocrisie* and *Love*, but I must tell you, they have made me no Convert from Women, and their Favourite; for who, like *Simonides*, wou'd give nine scandalous Origins to Womankind, for one good one, meerly because the Follies and Vices of that Sex deserve it, and yet hope ever to make your Account of them? Or who, with *Petronius Arbiter* would tell the *Lawyers*,

*Quid faciunt Leges ubi sola pecunia regnat?
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest,
Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora cena,
Nonnunquam nummis vendere verba so-
lent,
Ergo iudicium, nihil est nisi publica Merces
Atq; eques in cause qui sedet empti probat.*

Thus English'd by Mr. Barnaby.
*Laws bear the Name, but Money has the
Power;
The cause is bad when e'er the Client's Poor;
Those*

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*Those strict-liv'd Men that seem above our
World,
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold:
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold;
And the Grave Knight that nods upon the
Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the
Cause.*

That the Bar is but a Market for the Sale of Right, and that the Judge sits there only to confirm what the *Bribe* had secur'd before, and yet hope ever to escape when you come into their Hands? Or what Man that has his Interest before his Eyes, would tell this dangerous Truth, *That Priests of all Religions are the same?*

No, no, Plain-dealing must be left to *Manly*, and confin'd to the Theatre, and permit *Hypocrisie* and *Nonsense* to prevail with those pretty Amusements, Women, that like their own Pleasure too well, to be fond of Sincerity. You declaim against Love on the usual *Topicks*, and have scarce any thing new to be answer'd by me, their profess'd Advocate, if by Repentance you mean the Pain that accompanies Love; all other Pleasures are mixt
with

A Letter by another Hand. 155

with that, as well as Love, as Cicero observes in his second Book *de Oratore*, *Omnibus rebus, voluptatibus maximis fastidium finitimum est: In all things where the greatest Pleasures are found, there borders a satiety and uneasy pain.* And Catullus, *Non est dea nescia nostri, quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiam: Nor am I unknown to that bright Goddess, who with my Cares mingles a sweet pleasing Bitter.* But I take this Pain in Love to proceed from the imperfection of our Union with the Object belov'd, for the Mind forms a thousand entrancing *Idea's*, but the Body is not capable of coming up to that satisfaction the Mind proposes; but this Pain is in all other Pleasures that we have, none of which afford that fulness of Pleasure, as Love, which bears some proportion to the vehemence of our Desires: Speak therefore no more against Love, as you hope to die in the Arms of *Sylvia*, or not perish wretchedly in the Death of a Pumpkin.
I am

Your Friend, &c.

LET-

LETTERS,

BY

Mr. *T H O. B R O W N.*

To *C. G. Esq;* in Covent
Garden.

MA Y I be forced to turn News-
monger for a wretched Subsi-
stence, and beat up fifty Coffee-houses e-
very Morning, to gather Scraps of Intel-
ligence, and fatherless Scandal; or, (to
Curse my self more emphatically) may
I live the restless Life of some gay youn-
ger Brother's starving Footman of the
Temple, who between his Masters Debts
and Fornication, visits once a Day half
the Shop-keepers in *Fleetstreet*, and half
the Whores in *Drury-lane*, if I am not as

ut-

utterly weary of hunting after you any longer, as ever Statesman was of serving the Publick, when the Publick forgot to bribe his private Interest. Should I but set down how many tiresome Leagues I have travell'd, how often I have shot all the City-gates, cross'd *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, pass'd the two Tropicks of the *Old* and *New Exchange*, and doubled the *Cape of Covent-garden Church* to see you, I should grow more voluminous than *Coryat*, and you'd fancy your self, without doubt, engag'd in *Purchase's* or *Hackluyt's* Itineraries. As you are a Person of half Business, and half Pleasure, (which the Wise say, is the best Composition in the World) I have consider'd you in your two Capacities, and order'd my Visits accordingly. Sometimes I called upon you betimes in a Morning, when nothing was to be met in the Streets, but grave Tradesmen, stalking in their Slippers to the next Coffee-house; Midnight-drunkards, reeling home from the *Rose*; industrious Harlots, who had been earning a Penny over-Night, tripping it on foot to their Lodgings; Ragmen, picking up Materials for *Grubstreet*; in short, nothing but

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but Bailiffs, Chimney-sweepers, Cinder-women, and other People of the same early Occupations, and yet, as my ill Stars contriv'd it, you were still gone out before me. At other times I have call'd at Four in Afternoon, the Sober Hour, when other discreet Gentlemen were but newly up, and dressing to go to the Play; but to as little purpose as in the Morning. Then, towards the Evening, I have a hundred times examin'd the Pit and Boxes, the Chocolate-Houses, the Taverns, and all places of publick resort, except a Church, (and there, I confess, I cou'd no more expect to meet you, than a Right *Beau* of the last *Paris* Edition in the *Bear-garden*) but still I fail'd of you every where, tho' sometimes you escaped me, as narrowly as a Quibble does some merry Statesmen I could name to you. Is it not strange, thought I to my self, that every paltry *Astrologer* about the Town, by the help of a foolish *Telescope*, should be able to have the Seven Planets at a Minute's warning, nay, and their very Attendants, their *Satellites* too, tho' some of them are so many hundred thousand Miles distant from us, to know precisely when they go to Bed, and what Rambles they

they take, and yet that I with all my pains and application should never take you in any of your *Orbits*, who are so considerably nearer to me? But, for my part, I believe a Man may sooner find out a true Key to the *Revelations*, than discover your By-haunts, and solve every Problem in *Euclid* much easier than Your self. With all Reverence be it said, Your Ways are as hard to be traced as those of Heaven; and the Dean of P——, who in his late History of Providence has explained all the several *Phænomena's* of it, but his own Conversions, is the fittest Person I know of in the World to account for your Eclipses. Some of your and my good Friends, (whom I need not mention to you) have cross'd the *German Ocean*, made the *Tour* of the *Low Countries*, seen the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Vaudemont*, and might, if they pleas'd, have got drunk with a dozen of *German Princes*, in half the time, I have been beating the Hoof up and down *London*, to find out you:——So that at last, after a World of mortifying Disappointments, taking a *Martial* in my hands, I happen'd to light upon an Epigram of his, address'd to *Decianus*, a very honest Gentleman it seems, but

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but one that was as hard to be met with
as your self: And this Epigram, suiting
my own case exactly, I here send you a
Paraphrase or Imitation of it, call it which
you please.

Ne valeam, si non totis Deciane Diebus.
Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

*In some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot:
To some worse Filt in Church-Indentures
bound,*

*Than ancient Job, or modern Sh—found,
And with more Aches visited, and Ills,
Than fill up Salmon's Works, or Tilburgh's
Bills:*

*If 'tis not still the Burden of my Prayer,
The Day with you, with you the Night to
share.*

*But, Sir, (and the Complaint, you know, is
true*

*Two damn'd long Miles there lye 'twixt me
and you:*

*And these two Miles, with little Calcula-
tion,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habita-
tion.*

You

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You near Sage Will^o, the Land of ^{Mr. M}
and Claret, ^{with two}
I live, stow'd up in a Whiterchapp'd Girl
Oft, when I've come so far your Hands to
kiss,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding
Bliss,
I'm told, you're gone to the Vexatious Hall,
Where, with eternal Lungs, the Lawyers
bawl,
Or else stole out, a Female Friend to see;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service, and that's
civil,
But to trudge four, and miss you, is the
Devil.

And now if you are not incurably lost
to all fence of Humanity, send me word
where it is you pass your Evenings, or in
one of your beloved Catullus's Expres-
sions,

Demonstres ubi sunt tue tenebrae.

But if you think that too hard upon you,
for I would not be thought to invade
your Privacies, appoint some common

M

Meet-

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Meeting-place, the *Griffin*, or the *Dog*:
where, with two or three more select
Friends, we may pass a few Hours over
a Righteous Bottle of Claret. As you
ever hope that Heaven will be merciful,
or *Sylvia* true to you, let this happy
Night be some time this Week. I am

Your most obliged Servant,

London, June
20. 1695.

T. BROWN.

Mo

To the Perjur'd Mrs. —

THis Morning I receiv'd the News, (which, knowing you to be a Woman, I confess, did not much startle me) that is, spight of all your Promises, you Vows, and Obligations, nay, and in spight of your Interest too; (which you Women so seldom sin against) you had sacrificed my worthy Friend Mr. —, and are to be married next Week to that nauseous, that insupportable, that everlasting Beast — Upon which I immediately repair'd to my Friend's Lodgings; and because I knew but too well how nearly he had taken you into his Heart, I carried him to that blessed Sanctuary of disappointed Lovers, a Tavern, the better to prepare him for the News of your *Infidelity*; I plied him warmly with the Juice of the generous Grape, and entertain'd him all the while with the most horrible Stories of your Sex, that my malice cou'd suggest to me; which Heaven be prais'd,

was fruitful enough upon this occasion ; for I don't believe I forgot one single Instance of Female Treachery, from Mother *Eve*, of wheedling Memory, down to your Virtuous self. At last, when Matters were ripe, I disclosed the unwelcome Secret to him — —. He raved, and wept, and after some interval, wept and raved again ; but, thanks to my pious Advice, and the kind influence of t'other Bottle, it was not long before the *Paroxisim* was over. I cou'd almost wish you had been by, to see how Heroically he threw off your Chains ; with what Alacrity he tore you from his Bosom ; and, in fine, with what a *Christian* Self-denial he renounc'd you ; more heartily, I dare swear than his Godfather abjur'd the Devil for him at his *Baptism*.

And now, Madam, tho' I confess you have prevented my Curses, by your choice of such a Coxcomb, and 'tis not good Manners to sollicit a Judgment from Heaven on every such Accident as this, (for Providence wou'd have a fine time on't, to be at the expence of a Thunderbolt for every Woman that forswears herself) yet so much do I resent the ill usage

usage of my Friend, that I cannot forbear to give you this Conviction, how earnestly I can pray, when I set my self to't. Therefore give me leave, Madam, to throw these hearty *Ejaculations* at your Head, now, since I shall not have the honour to throw a Stocking at you on the fatal Night of Consummation.

May the Brute, your Husband, be as jealous of you, as Usurpers are of their new Subjects, and, to shew his good opinion of your Judgment, as well as your Virtue, may he suspect you of a Commerce with nothing of *God's* making; nothing like a Gentleman that may serve to excuse the Sin, but lousie Bush-begotten Vagabonds, and hideous Rogues in Rags and Tatters, or Monsters that stole into the World, when Nature was asleep, with Ulcers all over them, and Bunches on their Backs as large as Hillocks. May you never actually Cuckold him, (for that were to wish you some Pleasure, which, *God* knows, I am far from being guilty of) but what will serve to torment him as effectually: May the Wretch imagine you've injur'd him that way; under which prepossession

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may he never open his Mouth, but to Curse, nor lift up his Hands, but to Chastise you. May that execrable Day be for ever banished out of the *Almanack*, in which he does not use his best endeavours to beat one into your Bones; and may you never go to Bed, without an apprehension that he'll cut your Throat: May he too have the same distrust of you. Thus may your Nights be spent in eternal Quarrels, and your Nuptial-sheets boast of no honourable Blood but what's owing to these Nocturnal Skirmishes. May he lock you up from the sight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conscience to keep you company, till at last, between his penurious allowance, and the sense of your own guilt, you make so terrible a figure, that the worst Witch in *Macbeth* would seem an Angel to you. May not even this dismal Solitude protect you from his Suspicions, but may some Good-natur'd Devil whisper into his Ear, That you have committed Wickedness with a Bed-staff, and, in one of his frantick Fits, may he beat out your Brains with that supposed Instrument of your Lust. May your History be transmitted to all Ages

m

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in the Annals of Grubstreet, and, as they
fright Children with Raw-head, and
Bloody-boxes, may your Name be quoted
to deter People from committing of Ma-
trimony. And to ratifie all this, (upon
my Knees I most devoutly beg it) may
Heaven hear the Prayers of

T. BROWN.

M 4

TO

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Honourable
In the Pallmall.

S I R,
LAst Night I had the following Ver-
fes, which, for my part, I confefs, I
never saw before, given me by a Gentle-
man, who assur'd me they were written
by my late Lord *Rochester*; and, knowing
what a just Value you have for all the
Compositions of that *Incomperable* Per-
son, I was resolv'd to fend 'em to you by
the first opportunity. 'Tis indeed very
strange how they could be continued in
private Hands all this while, since the
great care that has been taken to print
every Line of his Lordship's Writing
that would endure a publick view: But
I am not able to assign the reason for it.
All that you need know concerning the
Occasion of them, is, that they were writ-
ten in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

Fling

*Fling this useless Book away,
And presume no more to pray ;
Heav'n is just, and can bestow
Mercy on none but those that mercy show.
With a proud Heart, maliciously inclin'd.
Not to encrease, but to subdue mankind.
In vain you vex the Gods with your Petition
Without Repentance, and sincere Contrition, }
You're in a Reprobate Condition ;
Phillis, to calm the angry Powers,
And save my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from Dispair,
And justify the Gods that made you fair ;
And in those bright and charming Eyes
Let Pity first appear, then Love ;
That we by easie steps may rise
Through all the Joys on Earth, to those
Above.*

I cannot swear to their being genuine ; however, there's something so delicate in the Thought, so easie and beautiful in the Expression, that I am without much difficulty to be perswaded that they belong to my Lord. Besides, I cannot imagine with what prospect any Gentleman should disown a Copy of
Verses

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Verses, which might have done him no ill Service with the Ladies to father them upon his Lordship, whose Reputation was so well establish'd among them beforehand, by a numerous and lawful Issue of his own begetting. The Song that comes along with them, was written by Mr. G—— of *Lincolns-Inn*; and, I believe, you'll applaud my Judgment, for seeking to entertain you out of my Friend's Store, who understands the Harmony of an *English Ode* so well, since I have nothing of mine own that deserves transcribing.

I.

*Phillis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lovers Courting;
Wanton Nature, all the Art,
To direct her in her Sporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
All is real Inclination;
No false Raptures in the Bliss;
No feign'd Sighing in the Passion.*

II.

*But Oh! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousand ways of toying,
When she does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying?*

Who

*Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to the Blissés?
Who the Eyes that swim in Love,
Or the Lips that suck in Kissés?*

III.

*Oh the Freaks, when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the possessing!
Oh the silent Trance! which shows
The Delight above expressing.
Every way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying:
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her Dying.*

I could not but laugh at one Passage in your Letter, where you tell me, that you and half a dozen more, had like to have been talk'd to Death t'other day, by— upon the success of his late Play. For my part, I don't pity you at all; for why the Devil should a Man run his Head against a Brick-wall, when he may avoid it? On the other hand, I wonder why you Gentlemen of *Will's* Coffee-house, who pretend to study Pleasure above other People, should not as naturally scamper out of the Room, when your persecutor appears, as Monsieur *Misson* tells us, the

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the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of Church as soon as ever they see a *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit. I find by you, that the above mention'd everlasting *Babillard* plagued you with his Songs, and talked of out-doing *Don Quixot* of Melodious Memory ; so far I agree with him, that if he has any Genius, it lies wholly in Sonnet. But (Heaven be prais'd) notwithstanding all the feeble Efforts of his Enemies to depose him, Mr. *D'Urfey* still continues the only Legal, Rightful, and Undoubted King of *Lyrick-land*, whom God grant long to reign over all his Hamlets, and may no *Gallic* Attempt against his Crown or Person, ever prosper. So wishes

Your most obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

To

To My Lady —

I Found a Letter of your Ladiship's own Hand left for me last Night at my Lodgings. This Morning a Porter visited me with another of the sort, and just now going to dine with some Friends at the *Blue-pasts*, you sent me a third to refresh my Memory. I vow to God, *Madam*, if you continue to draw your Bills so fast upon me, I must be forced to protest them in my own Defence, or fly my Country. But, with submission, methinks the Language of all three was very surprizing: You complain of my Absence, and Coldness, and the Lord knows what, tho' 'tis but four days ago since I gave you the best convictions of my Love I cou'd, and you flatter'd me strangely, if you were not satisfied with them: May I be as unacceptable to all Womankind as an old *Eunuch* with *Jo. Haynes's* Voice, if there's a Person in the Universe whom I adore above your self; but the devoutest Lover upon Earth may sometimes be with-

without an Offering, and then certainly he's excused by all *Love's Cannon-Law* in the World, for not coming to the *Altar*. There are People I know that love to hear the ratling of the Boxes, and shew themselves at the Groom-Porter's, when they have not a Farthing in their Pockets : but for my part, I cou'd never endure to be an idle Looker-on. I have a thousand Obligations to your Ladiship, and till I am in a capacity to repay them, shou'd be as uneasy to see you, as any other Creditor, when I have no Money to send him going. I am so very honest in my own nature, that I wou'd not put you off with half Payments, and if I were not, your Ladishp is so discerning, that I might much easier palm Clipt-money upon a *Jew*, than succeed in such a trick with so nice a Judge. Perhaps, *Madam*, you are scrupulous in this matter, even to a fault. 'Tis not enough for you, that your Money is *Parliamentary*, and that other People would be glad on't, for if it is not of the largest size, or wants one Grain of its due weight, you reject it with indignation. But, what is the hardest case of all, (and you must pardon me, *Madam*, if I take this occasion
to

to reproach You with it) You are foren-
grossing a Man's whole Cash to Your
self, and, by Your good will, would
not leave him one solitary *Testar* to di-
stribute among the Needy elsewhere,
tho' you don't know what Objects of
Charity he may meet abroad. This, in
truth, is very severe usage: 'Tis the same
as if the Government shou'd only take
care to pay off the Soldiers in *Flanders*,
and suffer the poor Seamen to starve.
Even the *Royal Oak Lottery*, who are fit
to be imitated by You in this particular,
never strip a Man intirely of all, but let
him march off decently with a Crown or
two to carry him home. If this Example
won't work upon You, pray learn a piece
of *Tartarian-Mercy*; they are none of the
best bred People in the World, I confess,
but are so civil when they come to a
place, not to eat out the Heart of the Soil,
but, having served a present turn, shift
their Quarters, and forbear to make a
second Visit, till the Grass is grown up a-
gain. Nay, a *Nonconformist* Parson, who
is a kind of a rambling *Church-Tartar*,
but of the worser sort, after he has graz'd
a beloved Text as bare as the back of
one's Hand, is glad for his own convience,

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to remove to another. Both these Instances, you'll say, look as if I advised you to supply my defect in another place; I leave that to your own discretion; but really your humble Servant's present exigences are such, that he must be forc'd to shut up his *Exchequer* for some time.

I have a hundred times wished, That those unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged, (*Montague* before me did the same for the Statuaries) for giving you, Ladies such wrong Notions of things. By representing their *Heroes* so much beyond Nature, they put such extravagant *Idea's* into your Heads, that every Woman, unless she has a very despicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her share, and nothing below such a Monster will content her. You think the Men cou'd do infinitely more, if they pleased; and, as 'tis a foolish Notion of the *Indians*, that the *Apes* wou'd speak, if it were not for fear of being made slaves to the *Spaniards*; so you, forsooth, imagine,

gine, that we, for some such reason, are afraid of going to the full length of our Abilities. We cannot be so much deceived in our hopes of your Constancy, as you are disappointed in our Performances: so that 'twere happy for the World, I think, if Heaven wou'd either give us the Vigour of those Brawny Long-liv'd Follows, our Ancestors, or else abridge the Desires of the Women: But, *Madam*, don't believe a word, that those Romance Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the *Poets*, tell you. The latter prate much of one *Hercules*, (a Plague take him) that run the Gauntlet through fifty Virgin-sisters in one Night. 'Tis an impudent Fiction, *Madam*. The Devil of a *Hercules*, that there ever was upon the face of the Earth, (let me beg of you therefore, not to set him up for a Knight of the Shire, to represent the rest) or, if part of his History is true, he was a down right Madman, and prosper'd accordingly: For you know he died raving and impenitent upon a Mountain. Both he and his whole Family have been extinct these two thousand Years and upwards. Some Memoirs tell us, That the Country rose upon them, and dispatch'd
N them

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them all in a Night, as the *Glencow-men* were served in *Scotland*. I won't justify the truth of this ; but after you have tried the whole Race of us, on after another, if you find one Man that pretends to be related to this *Hercules*, tho at the distance of a *Welch* Genealogy, let me die the Death of the Wicked.

Therefore, *Madam*, take my Advice, and I'll engage you shall be no loser by it. If your Necessities are so pressing, that you can't stay, you must e'n borrow of a Neighbour ; since *Cheapside* fails you, a God's Name, try your Fortune in *Lombard-street*. But if you could order matters otherwise, and allow me a Week or so longer, to make up my Sum, you shou'd then be repaid with Interest, by

L Y S A N D E R.

A

*A Consolatory Letter to an Essex
Divine, upon the Death of his
Wife.*

OLD FRIEND,

A Gentleman, that lives in your Neighbourhood, told me this Morning, after we had had some short Discourse about you, that you have buried your Wife. You and I, Doctor, knew one another, I think, pretty well at the College; but being absolutely a stranger to your Wife's Person and Character, the Old Gentleman in Black take me, if I know how to behave my self upon this occasion: that is to say, whether to be sad or Merry; whether to Condole, or Congratulate you. But since I must do one or t'other, I think it best to go on the surer side: And so, Doctor, I give you Joy of your late great Deliverance. You'll ask me, perhaps, why I chose this Party? To which I shall only reply, That your Wife was a Woman; and 'tis an hundred to one that I have hit on the

right. But if this won't suffice, I have Argument to make use of, that you can no more answer, than you can confute *Bellermine*. I don't mean the *Popish* Cardinal of that Name, (for, I believe, you have oftener laid him upon his Back, than Mrs. *Mary*, deceas'd) but an ungodly Vessel holding about six Gallons, which in some parts of *England*, goes by another Name (the more's the pitty 'tis suffer'd) and is call'd, a *Jerokoarn*. ———

And thus I urge it — Mrs. *Mary* defunct, was either a very good, or a very bad, or an indifferent, a between Hawk and Buzzard Wife; tho' you know the *Primitive Christians*, for the four first Ages of the Church, were all of Opinion, that there were no indifferent Wives, however, *disputandi gratia*, I allow them here. Now if she was a good Wife, she's certainly gone to a better place; and then *St. Jerome*, and *St. Austin*, and *St. Ambrose*, and *St. Basil*, and in short, a whole Cart-load of *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers (whom 'tis not your Interest, by any means, to disoblige) say positively, That you ought not to grieve. If she was a bad one, your Reason will suggest the same to you, without

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out going to Councils and Schoolmen. So now it only remains upon my hands to prove, that you ought not to be concern'd for her death, if she was an indifferent Wife ; and Publick Authority having not thought fit as yet, to oblige us to mourn for Wives of that denomination, it follows, by the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, about things indifferent, that you had better let it alone, for fear of giving Scandal to weak Brethren.

Therefore, Doctor, if you'll take my Advice, in the first place, Pluck up a good Heart ; secondly, Smoak your Pipe, as you used to do ; thirdly, Read moderately ; fourthly, Drink plentifully ; fifthly and lastly, When you are distributing Spoon-meat to the People next Sunday from your Pulpit, cast me a Hawk's Eye round your Congregation, and, if you can, spy out a Farmer's Daughter, plump and juicy, one that's likely to be a good Breeder, and whose Father is of some Authority in the Parish (because that may be necessary for the support of holy Church) say no more, but pelt her with Letters, Hymns and Spiritual Sonnets, till you have gain'd your

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Carnal Point of her. Follow this Coun-
sel, and I'll engage your late Wife will
rise no more in your Stomach; for, by
the unerring Rule of *Kitchin Physick*,
which, I am apt to think, is the best in
all Cases, one Shoulder of Mutton serves
best to drive down another. I am

Yours,

T. B R O W N.

TO

To the Fair LUCINDA,
at Epsom.

MADAM,

I Wish I were a Parliament-man for your sake. Another [now wou'd have wish'd to have been the *Great Mogul*, the *Grand Seignior*, or at least some Sovereign Prince ; but you see I am no ambitious Person, any farther than I aspire to be in your good Graces. Now, if you ask me the Reason, why I wish to be so ; 'tis neither to bellow my self into a good Place at Court, nor to avoid paying my Debts ; 'tis to do a Publick Service to my Country, 'tis to put the fam'd *Magna Charta* in force : In short, *Madam*, 'tis to get a Bill pass, whereby every pretty Woman in the Kingdom, (and then I am sure you'll be included in it) shou'd under the severest Penalties imaginable, be prohibited to appear in Publick without her Mask on. I have often wonder'd why our *Senators* flatter us with being a free People, and pretend they have done such mighty things to secure our *Liberty*, when

we are openly plunder'd of it by the Ladies, and that in the face of the Sun, and on His *Majesty's* Highway. I am a sad Instance, *Mariam*, of this Truth. I that, but twelve Hours ago, was as free as the wildest Savage in either *Indies*, that Slept easily, Talk'd cheerfully, took my Bottle merily, and had nothing to rob me of one Minute's Pleasure, now love to be alone, make answers when no Body speaks to me; Sigh when I least think on't; and, tho' I still drag this heavy lifeless Carcase about me, can give no more account of my own Movements, than of what the two Armies are doing this very moment in *Flanders*. By all these wicked *Symptoms*, I terribly suspect I am in Love. If that is my case, and *Lucinda* does not prove as merciful as she is Charming, the Lord have mercy on poor.

MIRTILLO.

To

To the same at L O N D O N.

M A D A M,

A T last, but after a tedious Enquiry, I have found out your Lodgings in Town, and am pleas'd to hear you're kept by ——— who, according to our last Advices from *Lombard-street*, is Rich and Old, two as good Qualities as a Man cou'd desire in a *Rival*: May the whole World (I heartily wish it) consent to pay Tribute to all your Conveniences, nay, to your Luxury; while I, and none but I, have the honour to administer to your Love. Don't tell me your Obligations to him won't give you leave to be complaisant to a Stranger. You are his Sovereign, and it is a standing Rule among us *Casuists*, that under that capacity you can do him no wrong. But you imagine he loves you, because he presents you with so many fine Things: After this rate, the most impotent Wretches wou'd be the greatest Lovers; for none are found to bribe Heaven or
Wo-

Women so high, as those that have the most defects to atone for. You may take it for granted, that half the Keepingdrones about the Town, do it rather to follow the Mode, or to please a vain Humour, than out of Love to the Party they pretend to admire so, and this foolish Affectation attends them in other things. I could tell you of a certain Lord, that keeps a Chaplain in his House, and allows him plentifully, yet this Noble *Peer* is a rank *Atheist* in his Heart, and believes nothing of the matter: I know another, that has a fine Stable of Horses; and a third, that values himself upon his great Library, yet one of them rides out but once in half a Year, and t'other never looked on a Book in all his Life. Admit your City-Friend loved you never so well, yet he's old, which is an incurable Fault, and looking upon you as his Purchase, comes with a Secure, that is with a Sickly Appetite; while a vigorous Lover, such as I am, that has honourable Difficulties to pass through; that knows he's upon his good Behaviour, and has nothing but his Merits to recommend him, is nothing but *Rapture*, and *Extasie*, and *Devotion*.

But

But oh, you are afraid it will come to *Old Limberham's* Ears; that is to say, You apprehend I shall make Discoveries; for 'tis not to be supposed you'll turn Evidence against your self. Prithee, Child, don't let that frighten you. Not a bribed Parliament-man, nor a drubb'd *Beau*, nor a breaking Tradesman; nay, to give you the last satisfaction of my Secresie, not a *Parson* that has committed *Symony*, nor a forraging *Author* that has got a private Stealing place, shall be half so secret, as you'll find me upon this occasion, I'll always come the back-way to your Lodgings, and that in the Evening, with as much prudent religious Caution, as a City Clergy-man steals into a Tavern on *Sundays*; and tho it be a difficult Lesson for *Flesh* and *Blood* to practise, yet, to convince you, *Madam*, how much I value your *Reputation*, above my own Pleasure, I'll leave you a Mornings before *Scandal* it self is up; that is, before any of the censorious Neighbourhood are stirring. If I see you in the Street, or at the *Play-house*, I'll know you no more than two *Sharps*, that design to bob a *Country-fellow* with a dropp'd *Guinea*, know one another when they meet in the
Ta.

Tavern. I'll not discover my Engagements with you by any *Overt-acts* of my *Loyalty*, such as drinking your Health in all Companies, and Writing your Name in every Glas-window, nor yet betray you by too superstitious a Care to conceal the Intrigue.

Thus. *Madam*, I have answered all the Scruples that I thought cou'd affect you upon this matter. But, to satisfy your Conscience farther, I am resolv'd to visit you to Morrow-night; therefore muster up all the Objections you can, and place them in the most formidable posture, that I may have the Honour to attack and defeat them. If you don't wilfully oppose your own Happiness, I'll convince you, before we part, that there's a greater Difference than you imagine, between your Man of *Phlegm*, and such a Lover as

MIRTILLO.

To

To VV. KNIGHT, *Esq;*
at *Ruscomb*, in *Berkshire*.

Dear SIR,

YOU desir'd me, when I saw you last, to send you the News of the Town, and to let you see how punctually I have obey'd your Orders, scarce a Day has pass'd over my Head since, but I have been enquiring after the freshest Ghost and Apparitions for you, Rapes of the newest date, dexterous Murders, and fantastical Marriages, Country Steeples demolished by Lightning, Whales stranded in the North, &c. a large Account of all which you may expect when they come in my way, but at present be pleas'd to take up with the following News.

On *Tuesday* last, that walking piece of *English Mummy*, that *Sybil* incarnate, I mean my *Lady Court-all*, who has not had one Tooth in her Head, since *King Charles's* Restoration, and looks old enough to pass for *Venerable Bede's* Grandmother,

mother, was married — Cou'd you believe it? — To young *Lisano*. You must know I did my self the honour now and then to make her Ladiship a Visit, and found that of late she affected a youthful Air, and spruc'd up her Carcase most egregiously ; but the Duce take me, if I suspected her of any lewd Inclinations to Marry : I thought that *Devil* had been laid in her long ago. To make my Visits more acceptable, I us'd to compliment her upon her Charms and all that; where by the by, my dear Friend, you may take it for a general Rule, that the Uglier your Women are, and the Duller your Men, they are the easier to be flatter'd into a Belief of their Beauty and Wit. I told her, she was resolv'd to act *Sampson's* part, and kill more People in the last Scene of her Life, than other Ladies cou'd pretend to do in the whole five Acts of theirs. By a certain awkward Joy, that display'd it self all over her Countenance, and glow'd even through her Cheeks of Buff, I cou'd perceive this nauseous Incense was not unwelcome to her. 'Tis true, she had the Grace to deny all this ; and told me, I rallied her, but deny'd it so, as intriguing *Sparks* deny they have

have lain with fine Women, and some *Wou'd-be Poets* deny their Writing of *Fatherless Lampoons*, when they have a mind at the same time to be thought they did what they coldly difown. I cou'd not but observe upon this, and several other occasions, how merciful *Heaven* has been to us, in weaving *Self-love* so closely into our *Natures*, in order to make *Life* palatable. The *Divines* indeed arraign it as a Sin; that is, they wou'd make us more miserable than *Providence* ever design'd us, tho were it not for this very Sin, not one of them in a hundred wou'd have *Courage* enough to talk in publick. For my part, I always consider'd as the best Friend, and greatest Blessing we have, without which, all those merry Farces that now serve to entertain us wou'd be lost, and the World it self be as silent and melancholly as a *Spanish Court*. 'Tis this blessed *Vanity* that makes all Mankind easie and chearful at home, (for no Body's a *Fool*, or a *Rascal*, or *Ugly*, or *Impertinent* in his own Eyes) that makes a *Miser* think himself *Wise*, an affected *Coxcomb* think himself a *Wit*, a thriving gay *Villain* think himself a *Polititian*; and in short, that makes my *Lady Court-all* believe her

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her self. But to quit this Digression, and pursue my *Story*.

On the Day above mentioned, this dry *Puss* of Quality, that had such a furious longing to be *Matrimonially* larded, stole out of her House, with two of her grave Companions; and never did a Country Justice's *Oatmeal-eating* Daughter of fifteen use more Discretion to be undone with her Father's *Clarke*, or *Chaplain*. *Gray's Inn Walks* was the place of *Rendezvous*; where, after they had taken a few Turns, *Lisano* and she walked separately to the Chapel, and the Holy *Magician* Conjur'd them into the *Circle*. From thence they drove home in several Coaches, Din'd together, but not a *Syllable* of the *Wickedness* they had committed, till towards Night, because then I suppose their *Blushes* were best concealed, they thought fit to own all. Upon this, some few Friends were invited, and the *Fiddles* struck up, and my *Old Lady* frisk'd about most notably; but was as much overtopp'd, and put out of *Countenance*, by the young Women, as *Somerset-House* with the *New Buildings*. Not to enter into a *Detail* of all that happen'd, the rusty *Gammon of Bacon* at last was dished

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dished up between a pair of clean Sheets, soon after the *Bridegroom* follow'd, going to act *Curtius's* Story, and leap alive into a Gulf. Let others envy his fine Equipage, and Brace of Footmen, that think it worth the while; as for me, I shall always pity the Wretch, who, to fill his Guts at Noon, obliges himself to work in a Mine all Night. A poor *Knight* of *Alfatia*, that Dines upon good wholesome Air in the Temple-Walks, is a *Prince* to him.

I met *Lisano* this Morning at the *Rain-bow*, and whether 'twas his *Pride*, or *Ill-humour*, since *Marriage*, I can't tell; but he looked as grum as a *Fanatick* that fancies himself to be in the State of Grace. I have read somewhere, that the *Great Mogul* weighs himself once a Year, and that the Courtiers rejoyce or grieve, according as the Royal Body increases or diminishes. I wonder why some of our *Nice Beaus*, that are married, don't do the like, to know exactly what depredations a *Spouse* makes upon the Body Natural. As for *Lisano*, I wou'd advise him never to do it, because if he wastes proportionably to what he has done this

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Week,

Week, a *Skeleton* will out-weigh him by the Year's End. But this is not half the *Mortification* that a Man must expect, who, to shew his *Courage*, ventures upon a Widow. Tho' he mounts the Guard every Night, and wears out his Carcase in her Service, till at last, like *Witherington*, in the Ballad, he fights upon his Stumps, yet he's never thank'd for his Pains; but labours under the same ill Circumstances with a *King* that comes after one that is depos'd, for he's sure to be told of his Predecessor upon all occasions. The second Temple at *Jerusalem*, was, without question, a Noble Structure, and yet we find the Old Fellow's wept, and shook their Heads at it: Every Widow is so far a *Jew* in her Heart, that as long as the World lasts, the second House will fall short of the Glory of the first. And indeed I am apt to imagine the Complaint is just; for a Maid and Widow are two different things; and how can it be expected that a Man should come with the same Appetite to a Second-hand Dish, as he brought with him when it was first served upon the Table.

And

And now, Mr. *Knight*, I am upon the Chapter of Widows, give me leave to add a word or two more. A true Widow is as seldom unfurnished of an Excuse to marry again, as a true *Tooper* is without an Argument for *Drinking*. Let it rain or shine, be hot or cold, 'tis all one, a true Son of *Bacchus* never wants a good Reason to push about the Glass. And so a Widow, if she had a good Husband, thinks her self oblig'd in meer Gratitude to *Providence*, to venture again; and if he was a bad one, she only tries to mend her hand in a second Choice. It was not so with the People of *Athens* and *Rome*: The former had a King that lost his Life in their Quarrel, and they would have no more, because he was too good for them, as the latter, because theirs was an ill one. But *Common-wealths*, you know, are Whimsical things. I have only one thing more to say, before I have done, which tho' it looks like a *Paradox* at first sight, yet after you have consider'd a while upon it, I fancy you'll grant to be true: 'Tis in short this, that a Man in the decay of his Vigour, when he begins to mistrust his Abilities, had much better

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marry

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marry a **Widdow** than a **Maid**: For as **Sir John Suckling** has long ago observ'd, a **Widow** is a sort of *Quag-mire*, and you know the **finest Racer** may be as soon founder'd there, as the heaviest **Dray-horse**. I am

Your most obliged Servant,

T. BROWN.

POSTSCRIPT.

I believe I shall see you in the Country, before you hear from me again. Least I should come down a Barbarian to you Fox-hunters, I have been learning all your noble Terms of Art for this Month; and now, God be prais'd, am a great Proficient in the Language, and can talk of Dogs and Horses half an hour, without committing one Solecism. I have lived as sober too all this while, as a Parson that stands Candidate for a Living, and with this Month's Sobriety in my Belly, design to do Wonders among you in the Country.

To

To a Gentleman that fell desperately in Love, and set up for a Beau, in the 45th Year of his Age.

I Never was a *Predestinarian* before, but now begin to think better of *Zeno* and *John Calvin* than ever, and to be convinc'd there's a *Fatality* attends us. What less could have made—— once the Gay, the Brave, the Witty (six Months ago I should have added the *Wife*) at the approach of *Gravity*, and *Gray Hairs*, forfeit his Character, fall in Love with *Trash*, and languish for a *Green Codling*, that sticks so close to the *Stem*, that he may sooner shake down the *Tree* than the *Fruit*? 'Tis true, the *foolish* Hours of our Lives are generally those that give us the greatest share of *Pleasure*, but yours is so extravagant, so unreasonable a *Frolick*, that I wonder you don't make your Life all of a piece, and learn at these Years to jump through a *Hoop*,

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and practise other laudable Feats of *Activity*. Oh, what a Conflict there is in your Breast, between *Love* and *Discretion*! 'Tis a motly Scene of *Mirth* and *Compassion*, to see you taking as much pains to conceal your Passion from the prying malicious *World*, as a bashful young *Sinner* does to hide her *Great Belly*, and to as little purpose, for 'twill cut. — You must be a *Touchwood-Lover*, forsooth, and *burn* without *Blaze* or *Smoak*. But why wou'd you feel all the *Heat*, yet want the Comforter *Light*? Such sullen Fires may serve to kindle your Mistress's *Vanity*, but never to warm her *Heart*. Well, *Love* I find operates with the *Grave*, like *Drink* with *Cowards*, it makes 'em most *valiant*, when least *able*. But why's the *Hair* cut off? Can you *dock* any Years with it? Or are you the Reverse of *Sampson*, the *stronger* for *shaving*? If so, let me see you shake off these *Amorous Fetters* to shew your Power. But you are *Bucaneering* for a Prize, and wou'd surprize a Heart under false *Colours*. Take my word for't, that *Stratagem* won't do, for the *Pinnacle* you design upon, knows you have but a crasie *Hulk*, in spite of your new *Rigging* and *Careening*. Wearing of *Perukes*,

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rukes, like advancing more *Standard* than there are Troops in an Army, is a stale Artifice, that rather betrays your weakness to the Enemy, than alarms them: For tho' powder'd *Vallancee*, like *Turkish Horse-tails*, may at a distance make a terrible shew of Strength, yet, my dear Friend, like them too, they are but very *unserviceable Weapons* at a close Engagement. After all, if you're resolv'd to play a *French Trick*, and wear a *Half-shirt* in *January*, to shew your Courage, have a little of the *Frenchman's Prudence* too, and line it with a *Swanskin Waistcoat*: That is, if you must needs at this Age make *Love*, to shew your *Vigour*, take care to provide store of *Comforters* to support your *Back*.

The Answer

WELL, but hark you, Friend *Harry*! And do you think now that *forty* Years (if a Man shou'd ever come to it) is as *fumbling* a doting Age in *Love*, as *Dryden* says it is in *Poetry*? Why then what will become of *Thee*, who hast made such *wicked Anticipations* upon thy Nature's *Revenue*, that thou art utterly *non-solvent* to any *Matrimonial* Expectations? Thou that in thy *Post-haste* of *Town-Riot* and *Excess*, *overleapest* all the Measures of *Time*, and art got to be *Fifty* in *Constitution*, before thy Age writes *Thirty*! Enjoy thy *acquir'd Jubilee*, according to thy wonted *Course*, but be assur'd no Body will ever be able to enjoy thee, *The Women-Prodicals*, feed upon *Husks*, when they have any thing to do with thee, thou *empty'd, raky, dry Bones*. My *Rheumatical Person*, as such, will be allow'd some *Moisture*, and *Gray Hairs* only tell you, the *Sap* is gone down to the *Root*, where it *should* be, and from whence
 thine

thine has been long since *exhausted* into every Strumpets *Cavarn* about the Suburbs; confound your *Widows*, and put your own *Farthing* Candle, lighted at *both Ends*, under one of their *Bushels*, if you please : I find I have *Promess* enough for the best *Maidenhead* in Town, and resolve to *Attempt* nothing under that *Honourable Difficulty*. And so much for the **Women**————

To his Honoured Friend, Doctor
BAYNARD, *at the Bath.*

My Dear DOCTOR,

I Have not writ to you these two Months, for which I expect to be severely reprimanded by you, when you come to Town. And yet why shou'd you wonder at such a poor Fellow as I am, for being backward in my Payments, if you consider 'tis the Case of *Lombardstreet*, nay of the *Bank*, and the *Exchequer* it self (you see I support myself by very honourable Examples) at this present melancholy juncture, when, with a little alteration of *Mr. Cowley's Words*, a Man may truly say,

Nothing of Ready Cash is found,
But an Eternal Tick goes round.

However, to make you some amends for so long a Delay, I come to visit you now, like *Noah's Dove*, with an Olive-branch in my Mouth ; that is, in plain
English,

English, I bring you News of a Peace, of a firm, a lasting, and a general Peace (for after this merry rate our *Coffee-house Politicians* talk) and pray do but consider, if it were only for the Pleasure of such an Amusement, what will be the happy Effects of it.

In the first place, this Peace will soon beget good store of Money, (the want of which, though we are sinful enough in all Conscience, is yet the most Crying Sin of the Nation) and this Money will naturally end in a great deal of *Riot* and *Intemperance*; and *Intemperance* will beget a jolly *Race* of brave *Diseases*, with new Names and Titles; and then, *My dear Doctor*, you *Physicians* will have a Blessed Time on't,

As for the *Lawyers*, who, were it not for two or three Noble Peers, some of their *Never-failing Clergy-Friends*, a few well dispos'd *Widows*, and stirring Solicitors, that keep up the Primitive Discipline of *Westminster-hall*, would perfectly forget the use of their Lungs, they too will see glorious Days again. I was told a melancholly Story t'other Day of two hopeful young Attorneys, who, upon the general Decay of their Profession,

were

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were glad to turn *Presbyterian* Divines ; and that you'll say is a damn'd Time indeed, when *Lawyers* are forc'd to turn *Peace-makers*. But as the World grows richer, People will recover by degrees out of this State of Laziness ; Law Suits will multiply, and Discord make as splendid a Figure in the Hall as ever. Headstrong Squires will Rebel against their Lady Mothers, and the Church no longer connive at the abominable Sacrilege of Tythe-Pigs and Eggs converted to Lay Uses.

And then, as for the honest Good fellows of the Town, whose Souls have mourn'd in Secret, ever since the unrighteous Abdication of *Claret* ; how will they rejoyce to see their old Friend fold at Twelve pence a Quart again ? What matter of Joy will it be to his *Majesty's* Liege-People, that they can get drunk with half the Cost, and consequently with half the Repentance next Morning ? This will in a particular manner revive the drooping Spirits of the *City Sots* ; for nothing goes so much against a true *Cheapside* Conscience, as an expensive Sin. As times go now, a younger Brother can hardly peep into a Tavern without

without entailing a Week's Sobriety upon himself; which, considering what Occasion there may be to drink away the Publick and Private Calamities, is a sad Mortification. *Wine* indeed is grown a fullen Mistress, that will only be enjoy'd by Men of some Fortune, and not by them neither, but upon Solemn Days; so that if these wicked Taxes continue, *Canary* it self, tho' a Confederate of ours, is like to meet the Fate of condemn'd Criminals, to return to the dismal Place from whence it came, an *Apothecary's* Shop; and to be distributed about by discreet Nurses in the Primitive sneaking Gill. 'Tis true, the *Parliament*, as it became those to whom the People had delegated their Power, thought to obviate these grievances, by the *Six-penny* Act, and laying a five hundred Pound Fine upon Cellar Adultery; but the Vintners (an impudent Generation) broke through these Laws as easily as if they had been Senators themselves; nay, had the boldness to raise new Exactions upon the Subject: This obliged one half of the Town, at least, to come down a Story lower, and take up with dull *Eng-lish* Manufacture, so that half our Wit
lies

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lies buried in execrable Flip, or fulsome *Nottingham*. To this may be ascribed all those Phlegmatick, Sickly Compositions, that have loaded of late both the Theatres, most of which puny Butter-prints, like Children begot by Pockey Parents, were scarce able to endure the Christning ; and others, with mighty pains and difficulty, lived just long enough (a *Methuselah's* Age !) to be Crown'd with Damnation on the third Day. But when Money circulates merrily, and *Claret* is to be had at the old Price, a new Spirit will appear abroad, Wit and Mirth will shake off their Fetters ; and *Parnassus*, that has made such heavy returns of late Years, will trade considerably. It would be too tedious to reckon up all the other Advantages that the Kingdom will receive by this joyful Turn of the Scene ; but there are some behind, which I must not omit, because the Publick is so nearly concern'd in them. We have a World of Married Men now, that, to save Charges, take *St. Paul's* Advice in the Literal Sence ; and, having Wives, live as if they had none at all, and so defraud both them and the Government ; but upon the happy

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py Arrival of Peace, they'll vigorously set their Hands to the Plough again, and the Stale Batchelors too will find encouragement to marry, and leave behind them a pious Race of Fools, that, within these Twenty Years, will be ripe to be knock'd in the Head, in defence of the Liberty of the Subject, and the Protestant Religion.

We hear there's such a thing as New Money in the City, but it only visits the Elect, for the Generality of People are such Reprobates to the Government, that they may sooner get *God's* Grace, than a Mill'd Crown Piece. To inflame our Reckoning, tho' there's so little Silver stirring in the Nation, that *Dr. Chamberlain* is in greater hopes than ever of making his Paper-project take, yet the World was never so unseasonably scrupulous. What an Usurer would have leap'd at in *King Charles's* Time, our very Porters now reject; which is full as ridiculous, as if in the present Difficulty of raising Recruits, a Captain should resolve to take no Men, but such as were eight Foot high; or a Gentleman in the last Ebb of his Fortune, when he can scarcely pay for *Small-beer*, should then,
and

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and never before, fall in Love with *Champagne*. The last Year we had Money enough, such as it was, merrily Circumcised, the *Lord* knows, however it made a shift to find us *Wine* and *Harlots*: Now 'tis all silenc'd, and in the room of it, (but that too, will soon suffer Circumcision) Faith passes for currant, and never was there a Time of more Universal Chalk, since the *Apostolical* Ages. This, among other Evils, cannot but have an ill Effect, *My dear Doctor*, upon the Gentlemen of your Profession; for People at present, are so taken up with the Publick Transactions, or their own Losses, that they have no Leisure, or are so poor, that they have no fancy to be Sick. The generality of those that are, Christen a Distemper as they do Shipwrecks in *Cornwall*, by the Name of *God's Blessing*, and tho a Legion of Diseases invest them, don't think it worth the while to send for a *Physician* to raise the Siege: If they do, 'tis for none of the College, 'tis for some Half-Crown *Chirurgeon*, who has cheated the World into an Opinion of his Skill, by putting *Greek* into his Sign, or for a Twelve-penny Seventh Son, that preaches on
Horse-

Horseback in the Streets; but in the Case of Chronical Diseases, *Let the World rub*, is the general Language. Men put off the mending of their Bodies, as they do of Ill-tenanted Cottages, till they have Money to spare. There's a Venerable Bawd in *Covent-garden*, that had her Windows demolish'd last *Shrove-Tuesday*, and she won't repair them neither, till there's a General Peace.

I blieve no Body in the Nation will be averse to it, but only our Friends in *Red*, and these find their Account so visibly in the continuance of the War, that if they ever pray, which, I believe, is but seldom, we must excuse 'em if 'tis against that Petition, *Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris*. Some of 'em quitted *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and some abandon'd other Stations to go into the Service; and these upon a Change of Affairs, must either turn *Padders* upon *Apollo's*, or the *King's High road*, and either turn Authors, or *Grands Voleurs*, in their own defence. But *Paul's* will be built in a short time; and then a *Low-Country* Captain will make as busie a Figure in the middle Isle, as ever his Predecessors did in the Days of *Ben-*

Johnson. Some of them may fight over the Battels of *Steenkirk* and *Lander* in Ordinaries, or demonstrate how *Namur* was taken, by scaling the walls of a *Christmas Pye*; and others set up Fencing-Schools, to instruct the City Youth. The latter indeed, will act most naturally: For I observe, that when People are forc'd to change their Professions, they keep to 'em as nigh as they can, tho' they act in a lower Sphere: So for instance, a battered Harlot makes a discreet Bawd; and a broken Cutler, an excellent Grinder of Knives. As for the Poets, I believe they are the most indifferent Men in the Kingdom, as to what happens: They have lost nothing by the *French Privateers*, since the Revolution; nor are like to do, if the War lasts Seven Years longer, so it may be supposed they will not be angry to see the only Calumny of their Profession, I mean their Poverty made universal; and indeed, if to pay People with fair words and no Performance, be Poetical, there's more Poetry in *Grocers-Hall*, than in *Parnassus* it self.

But, *My dear Doctor*, after all this mighty Discourse of a Peace, for my
part,

part, I shou'd believe as little of it, as I do of most of Mr. *Aubrey's* Apparition Stories, but that we have not Money enough to carry on this great Law-Suit much longer, (for in effect *War* is no other, only you must fee more Council, and give greater Bribes) and the *Lord* have mercy, say I, on a Man that Sues, or a Prince that fights for his Right in *Forma pauperis*. This, and nothing but this, makes me imagine we shall have a Peace, and not the *Christian* Piety of one or t'other side. And to say the truth, half the Vertue in the World, if traced to the Cradle, will be found to be the lawful Issue of meer Necessity. People lay aside their Vices, to which their Vertues succeed, just as they do their Cloaths, sometimes when they are Unfashionable, but generally when they are worn Thread-bare, and will hang about them no longer. A Godly Rascal of the City leaves off Cheating, when the World will trust him no longer; and a Rakehell turns Sober, when his Purse fails, or his Carcase leaves him in the Lurch; And lastly, which word, I don't doubt, sounds as comfortably to you, as ever it did to a hungry Sinner

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in a long-winded Church; 'tis for want
of more Paper, more Ink, and more
Candle, that I persecute you no longer,
who am

Your most humble Servant,

T. BROWN.



To

To Mr. RAPHSON, Fellow of
the Royal Society.

I Send you by the Bearer hereof, Mr. Aubrey's Book, that you have so much long'd to see: 'Tis a Collection of *Omens, Voices, Knockings, Apparitions, Dreams, &c.* which, whether they are agreeable to your *System of Theology*, I cannot tell. And now I talk of *Dreams*, I have often wonder'd how they came to be in such request in the *East*; Whether their *Imaginations* in those hot Countries are more rampant than ours, or whether the *Priesthood*, for their own ends, cultivated this *Superstition* in the People, which I am rather inclin'd to believe; yet 'tis certain that Affairs of the last Consequence, have been determin'd by them. An Interpreter of *Dreams*, was, in some sort, a Minister of State in those Nations; and an *Eastern King* could no more be without one of that Profession in his Court, than an *European Prince* without his Chaplain, or Confessor. *Homer* too, the Father of the

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Bards, had a great Veneration for Dreams. *Ἄνιας ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶ.* He makes them all *Jure Divino*, you see; had he liv'd in Archbishop *Laud's* Time, he cou'd not have said more for *Monarchy*, or *Episcopacy*. If you can pardon this foolish Digression, (for which I can plead no other Excuse than the *Dog-days*) I have something of another nature to communicate to you, which I am confident will highly please a Gentleman of your Curiosity.

Dr. *Conner*, of the College of *Physicians*, and Fellow of the *Royal Society*, hath now publish'd in *Latin*, his *Evangelium Medici, seu Medicina Mystica de Suspensis Naturæ Legibus, sive de Miraculis*. He designs in this Book to shew by the Principles of *Reason* and *Physick*; as likewise by *Chimistry* and *Anatomy*, that the Natural State of any Body can never be so much over-turn'd, or the Scituation of its parts so extreamly alter'd, but it may be conceiv'd in our Mind. He treats of Organical Bodies, and the Human in particular: But because some Persons, who never gave themselves the Trouble, to be fully informed of what he means, have been pleas'd to censure his Under-
taking

taking as very Extravagant, I have his leave to lay open his Tenets before you, who are own'd by all that know you, to be so great a Master in all parts of Learning, and chiefly the *Mathematical*. Now the chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of, are as follows.

I. *Of the Nature of a Body, particularly an Organical one, where the Structure and Natural State of the Human Body is explain'd.*

II. *How many ways the Natural State of the Human Body, is said to have been Supernaturally alter'd.*

III. *Of the Laws of Motion, and of the three different Suspensions of the same, in order to explain all Miracles.*

IV. *How it can be conceiv'd, that Water can be changed into Wine.*

V. *How it can be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Invulnerable, Immortal, and can live for ever without Meat, as after the Resurrection.*

VI. *How a Human Body can be conceived to be in a Fire without burning.*

VII. *How we can conceive that an Army can pass through the Sea without drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.*

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VIII. *How it can be conceived, that a Man can have a Bloody Sweat.*

IX. *Of the different ways a Human Body can come into the World; where is given an Account of its Generation by Concourse of Man and Woman.*

X. *How we can conceive a Human Body can be form'd of a Woman without a Man, as Christ's.*

XI. *How to conceive a Human Body to be made without Man or Woman, as Adam's.*

XII. *How to conceive a Human Body dead, some Ages since, to be brought to Life again, as in the Resurrection.*

XIII. *How many ways it cannot be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Intire and Alive in two places at the same time.*

XIV. *Of the Natural State of the Soul, and its Instence upon the Body.*

XV. *Of the Supernatural, or Miraculous State of the Soul united to the Body.*

The Doctor desires, and I'm sure you'll own 'tis a very reasonable Request, that Gentlemen wou'd be pleas'd to suspend their Judgments, till they see his Reasons, which he will ingenuously submit, without any Presumption on his side, to their better Understanding. He is the more
en-

encouraged to publish his Thoughts about these Matters, because some of his Friends to whom he has communicated his Reasons, have told him, That none but such as will not rightly understand him, (and People of that Complexion are never to be convin'd) cou'd deny what he maintains; because his Reasons are not grounded upon any *Metaphysical* Abstract, or *Hypthetical* Notions, but entirely upon the visible Structure of the Human Body. When your Affairs will permit you to come to *London*, you and I will take an Opportunity to wait upon the Doctor, who I know will give you what farther Satisfaction you can desire.

And now, Mr. *Raphson*, I hope you have finish'd in your Country Retirement, your Treatise *de Spatio Infinito, Reali*, which the Learn'd World has so long expected from your Hands. All your Friends here earnestly long to see you in Town, and particularly my self, who am

Your most Obliged Friend and Servant,

T. BROWN.

T W O
L E T T E R S,
B Y
Capt. *ATLOFFE.*

To the Lord North and Grey.

My LORD,
YOU seem to wonder, what should be the reason that Men in Matters of *Gallanty*, generally have incur'd the Censure of Inconstancy, when Women prove Faithful even to an Inconveniency. One reason I believe is, that we hate to belong confin'd, and their Conversation soon palls; tho' what may be assign'd, with greater plausibleness, I think is, that those very Favours a Woman grants to her Lover, increase and continue her Affection, but withal lessen his. Mens Passion almost always extinguish

guish with Possession ; and what is the Parent of a Woman's Tenderness is the Paricide of ours : We seldom adore longer than we desire, and what we aim at most can be conferr'd but once. In our Sex there is not that fatal Distinction : but as a Virgin, after yielding, has dispossest'd her self of that Jewel, which every one was willing to have purchas'd, and only courted her for. I believe the demonstrations of *Love* from Women, are more real than ours ; there being too frequently more of *Vanity* than *Verity*, more of *Study* than *Affection* in our Pretences : But it's no small wound in a Woman's Heart, that constrains her to speak, and I really am of Opinion, that she can hardly love more violently, who confesses she loves at all. A word sometimes drops from their Mouths, which, as it was undesign'd, gives a clearer Evidence of a growing Inclination, than all the Elaborate Actions and Affected Languishings, the greatest part of *Gallants* put in practice. A Lovely Face is certainly the most agreeable Object our Eyes can behold, and the very Sound of the Voice of one we dearly love, is beyond the softest Harmony : Yet, by I know not what Fate,

Fate, I have seen the Juncture when both were without any effect, and this more than once. The Latitude (I fancy) which we take in our Addresses, makes the Impression but feeble: Variety of Objects distracts the Choice, and we conserve our Liberty, while we are pitching upon a Tyrant. The Indulgence of one Woman, who is not extremely charming, makes some sort of Reparation for the slighted Vows we vainly offer'd to a cruel *Beauty*. Few Men are so much in Love, as to be Proof against the continu'd Scorn of the most agreeable *Phillis*: We ask to obtain, not to be deny'd; and he that can find the same Satisfaction in every place, will hardly belong confin'd to any one, Not but that Women, speaking generally, are not so perfidious as Men; and it is Injustice, as well as Malice in us, to treat 'em as we do. They deserve really more than *Policy* will permit us to shew 'em they do.

Your Lordships humble Servant,

AYLOFFE.

To

To a Friend in the Country.

YOU have now, at length, left scouring the *Watch*, and teizing the *Exchange-women*, bid adieu to *Bourdeaux*, and taken up with *Barrel-ale*. You are all the Morning galloping after a *Fox*; all the Evening in a Smoaky Chimny-corner, recounting whose Horse leap'd best, was ofteneft in with the Dogs, and how readily *Lightfoot* hit the cooling Scent, and reviv'd your drooping Spirits with a prospect of more Diversion; which some Men, who think themselves as wise in the Enjoyment of this World, as all the Men in *Oxfordshire*, are pleas'd to term meer fatigue. And I believe your own Footman would not ride so far and so hard, to fetch a good Dinner, as both of you do, to see the Death of a stinking Beast. Has not the *Rose* as good Accommodation as your *Catherine-wheel* Inn? And does not a Masque give a more Christian-like chase, and conclude in more satisfaction than the Animal you wot of? I saw your Letters to some of
our

222 *Letters by Capt. Ayloff.*

our *Club*, and laugh'd not a little at the strangeness of your Style ; it smelt of filthy *Tobacco*, and was stain'd with your dropping Tankard. You acquainted 'em at large with the Scituation of your Mansion-house ; how a knot of branching *Elms* defended it from the *North-wind* ; that the *South-Son* gave you good *Grapes*, and most sort of *Wall-fruits* ; your *Melons* came on apace, and you had hopes of much good Fruit this *Summer*. After all, in *Covent-garden* Market, we can buy, in one quarter of an Hour, better *Plants* than your's, and richer *Melons*, for *Groats* apiece, than you have been poring over this three Months. You thank'd 'em for some News, that was so old we hardly could imagine what you meant, till *Tom*, who has all the *Gazets* and *Pamphlets* lock'd up in his Heart, as *David* did the *Commandments*, disclos'd the *Mystery* to us. I pity your new State indeed : Your *Gazets* are as stale as your Drink ; which, tho brew'd in *March*, is not broach'd till *December*. The chief *Topicks* of Discourse, (for *Conversation* you have none) are *Hawks*, *Horses*, and *Hounds* ; every one of 'em as much *God's Image*, as he that keeps them, and glori-
fies

ffes the *Creator* in a greater degree, and to more purpose. This you call a seasonable retreat from the *Lewdness* of *London*, to enjoy a *Calm* and *Quiet Life*: *Heaven* knows, you drink more there, and more ignoble and ungenerous *Liquors* than we in *Town*; for yours is down right *Drinking*: Your *Whoring* I will allow safer, but it is meer *Brutality* too; there is no such thing as *Intrigue* in all your *Country*, which is like an exquisite *Sawce* to good *Meat*, qualifying the *Palate* more voluptuously. Well, 'tis *Six*, and I must to the *Club*, where we will pity your *Solitude*, and drink your *Prosperity*, in a *Cup* that is worth a *Stable* of *Horses*, and a *Kennel* of *Hounds*. So adieu.

The Lord Rochester's Description
of a Maiden-head.

HAVE you not in a Chimney seen,
A sullen Faggot, wet and green,
How coyly it receives the heat,
And at both ends doth fume and sweat.

So fares it with the harmless Maid,
When first upon her Back she's laid;
But the well experienc'd Dame,
Cracks and Rejoyces in the Flame.

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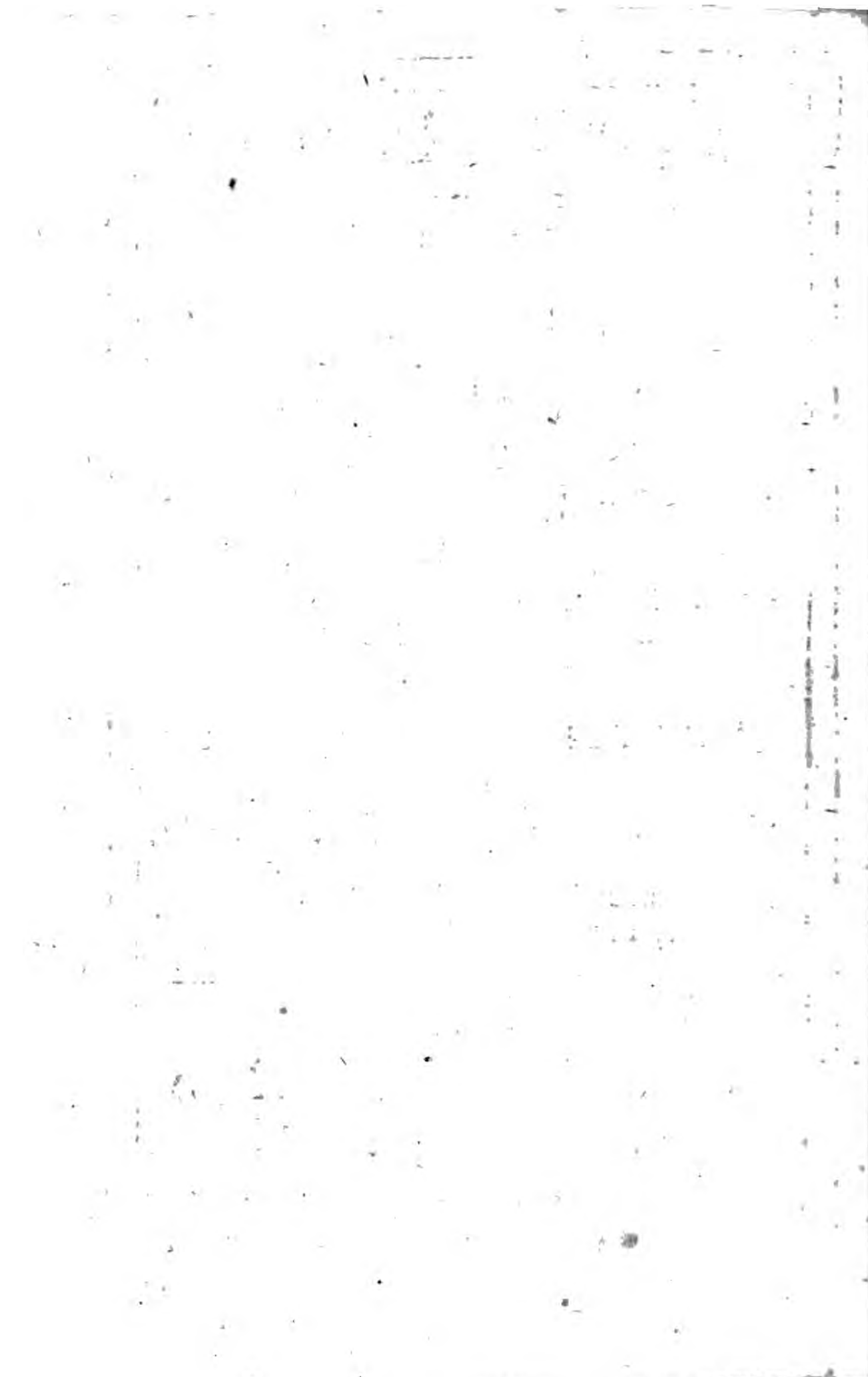
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And

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T O
Sir Edwin Sadler, B^t.

O F
Temple-Dinsley, in Hertfordshire.

Honoured S I R,

THough some may accuse me of Presumption, in offering this *Collection of Letters* to your Patronage, without having the Honour of your Acquaintance; yet, considering the *Merits* of the *Noble Authors* concern'd in it, and your own, all Impartial Judges will acquit me, and applaud my Choice. Since not to know the Interest you, Sir, have in the Republick of Letters, and what our Country has ow'd to the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

happy Counsels of your Great Ancestors, is to be equally unacquainted with our History, and with all those whom you Honour with any Intimacy, In the first we shall find what a considerable Figure Sir *Ralph Sadler*, your Noble Progenitor, once made in the Publick Affairs of this Nation. Among the latter, we shall meet with no Man more Celebrated for the Politer Studies, and that true *Generosity*, which compose a Fine Gentleman: and in you, Sir, give us an agreeable Proof of the present Care *Providence* takes of Eminent Merit.

The Reputation of the Vivacity and Wit of my Lord *Rocheſter*, is ſo eſtabliſhed, that it is not in the Power of thoſe Ill-natur'd *Criticks*, deſcrib'd by himſelf, that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Are dully vain of being hard to
please,*

to lessen his Esteem. The great Success of the First Volume, has made this evident ; of which this Second (I hope) will be a farther Proof.

The late Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Saville*, Sir *George Etheridge*, bring their own Credentials : And as for the rest that make up this Book, I shall leave them to their own Desert, being convinced that no *Apology* will ever prepossess a *Reader* to the Advantage of whatever wants Force enough to recommend it self ; and all that a Man can say, is taken (like Court Recommendations) for Words of Course ; tho' I might here be allow'd to be Impartial, where I have

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nothing of my own to bribe my
Opinion. But, Sir, as I offer the
Diverting Part to Your Pleasure,
so I must that, which may prove
otherwise to Your Generous Pro-
tection, with him, who begs leave
to subscribe my self,

S I R,

*Your most Humble and
Obedient Servant,*

Charles Gildon.

THE

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE *Extraordinary Success* of the *First Volume* of my *Lord Rochester's Letters*, and the *great Encouragement* of several *Persons of Quality*, (who had seen the *Original Papers*) to go on with the *Undertaking*, have engaged me to present You with this *Second Volume*, (in Compliance with the frequent *Importunities* of *Gentlemen* for the *speedy Edition* of it) before an *Excellent Collection* of *Fifty more* of my *Lord's*, and a *considerable number*

To the Reader.

ber of the Duke of Buckingham's, and Sir George Etheridge's came to my Hands ; and which are now transcribing for the Press, being sufficient to make a Volume by themselves ; and therefore I shall mingle none with them, unless any Gentleman or Lady, who have any of these Incomparable Authors by them, will send 'em me to gratifie the Publick, which has with so much pleasure received those already published. This Volume I design to get ready in Trinity Term.

If any one should doubt the Reality and Authentickness of these Letters in either of these Volumes, I have yet the Originals by me, and shall willingly shew 'em to any Gentleman or Lady that desires it ; which must convince all that know my Lord's Hand.

There's

To the Reader.

*There's a Letter, by Mistake,
put into this Volume, which was ne-
ver intendid for it, tho' not disco-
vered till the Sheet was wrought off,
for which I desire the Reader's
Pardon.*

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LOVE-LETTERS

By the Right Honourable

J O H N,

L A T E

Earl of ROCHESTER.

Printed from his Original P A P E R S.

V O L II.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,
S O much *Wit* and *Beauty*, as You
have, shou'd think of nothing less
than doing *Miracles*; and there can-
not be a *Greater*, than to continue to
love Me: affecting every thing is *mean*,
as loving *Pleasure*, and being *fond* where

B b

You

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You find *Merit* ; but to pick out the *wildest*, and most *fantastical odd* Man alive, and to place your *Kindness* there is an *Act* so *brave* and *daring*, as will shew the *Greatness* of Your Spirit, and *distinguish* You in *Love*, as you are in *all things* else, from Womankind. Whether I have made a *good Argument* for *my self*, I leave You to *judge*; and beg You to believe me, whenever I tell You what Mrs. R. is, since I give you so *sincere* an Account of her humblest Servant; Remember the Hour of a *strict* Account, when both Hearts are to be *open*, and we oblig'd to speak *freely*, as You order'd it *Yesterday*, for so I must ever call the *Day* I saw you *last* since all time between that and the next *Visit*, is no part of my *Life*, or at least like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-sickness*, wherein I am *dead* to all *Joy* and *Happiness*. Here's a damn'd impertinent *Fool* bolted in, that hinders me from ending my *Letter*; the Plague of——take him and any Man or Woman alive that take my *Thoughts* off of *You*: But in the *Evening* I will see You, and be *happy* in spite of all the *Fools* in the World.

To

To Mrs. _____

MADAM,

IF there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your kindness, as the younger, should out-live mine: Give me leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a share on my side, as will justifie me to you from all *Ingratitude*; tho your *Favours* are to me the greatest *Bliss* this *World*, or *Womankind*, which I think *Heaven*, can bestow; (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *Addition* to one of the highest Misfortunes, my *Absence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the least *Occasion* of doing you any *Servise* since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of *greater Merit*, you resolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at *all*. Pray consider when you give another leave to

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serve you, more than I, how much Injustice
you run the hazard of committing, when
it will not be in your power to reward
that More-deserving Man with half so
much Happiness as you have thrown a
way upon my Worthless Self,

Your Restless Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

I Know not well who has the *worst* on't, you, who love but little, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; sure, to be half-kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and *Madness*, both in *Love* and *Reason*, bears a better Character than a moderate state of either. Would I could bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then confidently pretend you had too just *Exceptions* either against me or my *Passion*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; I mean all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that *fat*, with the other *lean* One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man, upon *Earth*, who loves you best. I, who still perswade my self, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am Happy, find this none of the least, that you are too unlike these People every way, to agree with them in any particular. This is writ between sleeping and waking, and I will not answer for its being *Sence*; but I, dreaming you were

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at Mrs. N——'s with five or six *Fools*,
and the *Lean Lady* wak'd in one of your
Horrours, and, in Amaze, Fright, and
Confusion, fend this to beg a kind one
from you, that may remove my *Fears*,
and make me as Happy as I am Faith-
ful.

To Mrs. —

Dear M A D A M,

YOU are starke Mad, and therefore
the fitter for me to love; and that
is the reason, I think, I can never leave
to be

Your Humble Servant.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

TO convince you how just I must ever be to you, I have sent this on purpose, that you may know you are not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts*; and since so much Merit as you have, and such convincing Charms (to me at least) need not with a greater Advantage over any; to forget you, is the only *Relieve* possible for a Man so much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am so far from wishing, that I conjure you by all the assurances of *Kindnesses* you have ever made me proud and happy with, that not two Days can pass without some *Letter* from you to me: You must leave 'em, &c. — to be sent to me with *speed*. And till the *blest* Hour wherein I shall see you again, may Happiness of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both in *Love* and *Jealousie*, pray Mankind may be from you.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THERE is now no minute of my Life that does not afford me some new *Argument* how much I love you; the little *Joy* I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing *Perplexity* of endless *Thought*, which I fall into, where-ever you are brought to my *Remembrance*; and lastly, the continual *Disquiet* I am in, during your *Absence*, convince me sufficiently, that I do you *Justice* in loving you, so as *Woman* was never loved before.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

YOur safe *Delivery* has delivered me too from *Fears* for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as *burthensome* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wish*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the Child is of the *soft Sex* I love. Shortly my Hopes are to see you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no Body but your self open the *Box* I sent you; I did not know, but that in *Lying-in*, you might have use of those *Trifles*: *Sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I could come at no *more* of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power of use, to your *Service*, let me know it.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THis is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a *Cripple*, and I wou'd not imploy it in a *Lie* so soon; therefore, pray believe me *sincere*, when I assure you, that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you:

P. S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd write, but my *Heart* thinks a great deal more.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

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

To

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

NOW, as I love you, I think I have reason to be *jealous*; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the *Marks* and *Behaviour* of a *Spy*; every word and look employ'd that she came to solicit your *Love* or *Constancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I wish my *Fears*. May no Man share the *blessings* I enjoy, without my *Curses*; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho he deserves 'em not: but should you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon my self; for he, whom you are kind to, is so blest, he may safely stand the *Curses* of all the World without repining; at least, if like me, he be sensible of nothing but what comes from Mrs. —

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

YOU are the most afflicting fair Creature in the World ; and however you wou'd perswade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to excuse, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you : when you think of receiving an Answer with Common Sence in it, you must write *Letters* that gives less *Confusion* than your last : I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow weariest of it.

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

Yesterday it was impossible to Answer your Letter, which I hope, for that reason, you will forgive me ; tho indeed you have been pleas'd to express your self so extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to Answer to you. Give me some *Reason* upon your own account only, to be sorry I ever had the Happiness to know you, since I find you repent the *Kindness* you shew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you ; and, that I might be no happier in your Favours, than you could be in my *Love*, you have contriv'd it so well, to make them equal to my Hatred , since that cou'd do no more than these pretend to, take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this not to exempt my self from any Service I can do you, (for I can never forget how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the *Love* that gives you the *Torment* of *Repentance* on your side, and me the *Trouble* of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjust and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

You shall not fail of ——— on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I wrong such as they, to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* that matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one who belonged to you, and for your own share, If I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you shou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know, I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THO' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptness enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of your *Safety*, which is the only thing in the World *weighs* more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, That unless you can *deceive* them, they will certainly *cozen* you. If I am not so *wise* as they, and therefore less *fit* to advise you, I am at least more *concern'd* for you, and for that reason the likelier to prove *honest*, and the rather to be *trusted*. Whether you will come to the *Duke's* Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the *Bearer*.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M;

Might I be so happy to receive such *Proofs* of your *Kindness*, as I myself wou'd *choose*, one of the greatest I cou'd think of were, that all my *Actions*, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your *Service*; since nothing is so *agreeable* to my *Nature*, as seeking my own *Satisfaction*; and since you are the best *Object* of that I can find in the *World*, how can you entertain a *Jealousie* or *Fear*? You have the strongest *Security* our frail and daily changing *Frame* can give, that I can *live* to no end so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Have not finn'd so much as to deserve to live two whole Days without seeing of you. From your *Justice* and *Good-nature* therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your sake use not that Power (which you find you have absolute over me) so unmercifully as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you by all the Reasons imaginable, how necessary 'tis to preserve you faultless, and make me happy; and also, that you believe and use me like the most Faithful of all your Servants, &c.

Cc

To

To Mrs. _____

MADAM,

DEAREST of all that ever was Dearest to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wish it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I saw you last. I who have no way to express my Kindness to you, but Letters, which cannot speak it half; whether shall I think my self more unfortunate, who cannot tell you how much I love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd; I would fain bring it about, if it were possible, to wait upon you to day; for besides that I never am without the passionate Desire of being with you, at this time I have something to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleasant News, but I am in Chains here, and must seek out some device to break 'em for a quarter of an hour.

To

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

IT is impossible for me to neglect what I love, as it would be impertinent to profess love where I had none; but I take the vanity to assure my self, you cannot conclude so severely both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of those Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Censure, but do me the right to believe the last thing possible in the World, is the least Omission of either Kindness or Service to you: I wish the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reason to complain of any Body; at least, it wou'd be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Those wretcher you speak of in your Letter, are so little valuable, that you will easily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more considerable part of the World, who will ever find it their Interest, and make it their vanity to serve you. And now to

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let You know how soon I propose to be out of pain, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as Your Kindness can make me, I shall have but very little room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. *This Morning*
your Messenger came.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,
I Found You in a Chiding Humour to Day, and so I left you; to Morrow I hope for better Luck: till when, neither You, nor any you can employ, shall know whether I am under or above Ground, therefore lie still, and satisfie your self, that you are not, nor can be half so kind to Mrs. ——— as I am:

Good-Night.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

MY Faults are such, as, among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to You I will make none, You are so very full of *Mystery*: I believe You make Your *Court* with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure You, You shall never be my *Pattern*, either in *Good nature*, or *Friendship*, for I will be after my own rate, not Yours,

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Am far from delighting in the *Grief* I have given you, by taking away the *Child*; and you, who made it so absolutely necessary for me to do so, must take that excuse from me, for all the ill Nature of it. On the other side, pray be assur'd, I love *Betty* so well, that you need not apprehend any *Neglect* from those I employ; and I hope very shortly to restore her to you a finer *Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little shew soever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very successful, if you please to follow it; and since *Discretion* is the thing alone you are like to want, pray study to get it.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Came to Town late last Night, tho time enough to receive News from the King very surprizing, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may speak with you this morning, at ten a Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: The *Affair* is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none, more than that it has disturb'd the *Heaven* of *Thought* I was in, to think, after so long an *Absence*, I had liv'd to be again blest with seeing my Dearest Dear, Mrs. ———

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Am forc'd at last to own, That 'tis very uneasie to me to live so long without hearing a word of You, especially when I reflect how *Ill-natured* the World is to *pretty* Women, and what occasion You may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied Yet, why that *Inconsiderable* Service You gave me leave to do you, and which I left positive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the *Omission* reflect upon my *Servant*, or my self, that I might punish the one, and clear the other. I have often wish'd, I know not why, but I think for your sake more than my own, that Mrs. — might forget me quit: but I find it wou'd trouble me of all things, shou'd she think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but when-ever she wou'd make me happy; if she can yet wish me so, let her command some real Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the best *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not *Din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho for a certain *Reason* I cou'd not very well exprefs with *Words*) was however fufficiently made appear, fince you could not be fo very *Ill-natur'd* to make fevere Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em love You fo blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what fault You cou'd find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of *Kindness* and *Duty* to you; and whileft thefe two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear ftaying at Home fo much gives You the *Spleen* (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore fent You the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon; if that *Diverfion* cou'd put You into fo good a Humour, as to make You able to endure me again. I fhould be very much oblig'd to the *Stage*. However, if your *Anger* continue, fhew Your felf at the *Play*, that I may look upon

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upon you, and go *mad*. Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*; and if I must suffer I wou'd chuse that way.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THO not for *real Kindness* sake, at least to make your own Words good, (which is a Point of Honour proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me some *undeniable Proofs* that you love me. If there be any in my *Power* which I have yet neither given nor offer'd, you must explain your self; I am perhaps very dull, but withall very sincere: I could wish, for your sake, and my own, that your Failings were such; but be they what they will, since I must love you, allow me the liberty of telling you sometimes unmannerly *Tracts*, when my *Zeal* for your Service causes, and your own *Interest* requires it: These *Inconveniencies* you must bear with from those that love you with greater regard to you than themselves; such a One I pretend to be, and I hope, if you do not yet believe it, you will in time find it.

You

You have said something that has made me fancy to Morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me see you before you speak with any other Man, there are Reasons for it, *Dearest* of all my *Desires*. I expect your *Commands*.

An Hour after I left You.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Have a very just *Quarrel* to *Business*, upon a thousand *Faults*, and will now continue it, whilst I live, since it takes from me some Hours of your Company. Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my *Ill-fortune*, and send me word where I shall then find you.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

I Was just beginning to write You word, that I am the most *Unlucky* Creature in the World, when Your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for You tempt me by desiring me to do the thing upon Earth I have the most *fondness* of, at this time; that is, going with You to *Windsor*; but the *Devil* has laid a *Block* in my way, and I must not, for my Life, stir out of Town these ten Days. You will scarce believe me in this particular, as You shou'd do, but I will convince You of the Truth, when I wait on You; in the mean time (to shew the *Reality* of my *Intentions*) there is a Coach ready hired for to morrow, which, if not true, You may disprove me by making use of it.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

BELIEVE me, (*Dearest of all Pleasures*) that those I can receive from any thing but You, are so extreamly dull they hardly deserve the Name. If You distrust me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of *Truth* and *Honour*, at least let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my greatest Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *Notorious*, that I mind nothing but my own *Satisfaction*. You may be sure I cannot chuse but love You above the World, whatever becomes of the *King*, *Court*, or *Mankind*, and all their *Impertinent* Business. I will come to You this Afternoon.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THat I do not see You, is not that I wou'd not, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not do every Day of my Life, but for these Reasons You shall know hereafter. In the mean time, I can give You no Account of Your *Business* as yet; but of my own part, which I am sure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full *Satisfaction* in a very short time, to all Your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will tell You something that, perhaps, may make You think that I am Mrs. ———

Sunday.

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

Till I have mended my Manners I am asham'd to look you in the Face, but seeing You is as necessary to my Life, as Breathing; so that I must see You, or be Yours no more; for that's the Image I have of Dying. The Sight of You then, being my Life, I cannot but confess, with an humble and sincere Repentance, that I have hitherto liv'd very ill; receive my Confession, and let the promise of my future Zeal and Devotion obtain my Pardon, for last Night's *Blasphemy* against You, my *Heaven*; so shall I hope, hereafter, to be made partaker of such Joys, in your Arms as meeting Tongues but faintly can express. *Amen.*

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Assure You I am not half so faulty as unfortunate in serving You ; I will not tell You my Endeavours, nor excuse my Breach of Promise ; but leave it to You to find the cause of my doing so ill, to one I wish so well to ; but I hope to give You a better Account shortly. The Complaint You spoke to me, concerning *Miss*, I know nothing of, for she is as great a Stranger to me, as she can be to You. So, thou pretty Creature Farewell.

Your humble Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

Your Letter so transports me, that I know not how to answer it, the Expressions are so soft, and seem to be so sincere, that I were the unreasonablest Creature on Earth, could I but seem to distrust my being the happier: and the best Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Foot-man*, where-ever I am, whether at St. *Jame's*, *Whitehall*, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to see You there; but I will wait on You at any other place, what time you please.

D d

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Could say a great deal to you, but will conceal it till I have Merit: so these shall be only to beg your Pardon, for desiring your Excuse till Monday, and then you shall find me an Honest Man, and one of my Word. So
Mrs. —

Your Servant,

To

To Mrs. —

Dear M A D A M,

MY Omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Errour, had I been guilty of it through *Neglect* towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two days in a place, since Mrs. — went away, which I ought to have given you Notice of, and have let you know, that her Crime was, making her Court to — with Stories of you; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* she underwent to be seen in Company of so horrid a Body as yourself, in order to the obtaining of her — — — — —'s *Employment*; and lastly, that my — — was ten times prettier than that nasty B — — I was so fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgment she made you for all your *Favours*; and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*, which, upon your Account, she received from,

Your humble Servant, &c.

D d 2

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

A Nger, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me disown this great *Truth*, That I love you above all things in the World: But, I thank God, I can distinguish, I can see very *Woman* in you, and from your self am convinc'd I have never been in the wrong in the Opinion of *Women*: 'Tis impossible for me to curse you; but give me leave to pity my self, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it; but I am sorry you make me an Example to prove it: It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow less in that noble Quality of Using your *Servants* very hardly: You do well not to forget it and rather practice upon me, than lose the Habit of being very *Severe*, for you that chuse rather to be Wise than Just or Good-natur'd, may freely dispose of all things in your Power, without Regard
to

to one, or the other. As I admire you, I would be glad I could imitate you; it were but Manners to endeavour it; which, since I am not able to perform, I confess you are in the right to call that Rude, which I call Kind; and so keep me in the Wrong for ever, which you cannot chuse but take great Delight in: You need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want something to upbraid me with.

*Three a Clock in the
Morning.*

The End of the E. of R.'s Letters.

LETTERS

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Written by

Mrs. J. PRICE.

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

HAVING so much Wit, I wonder you shou'd in the least mistake Kindness for Prudence; that's a thing I never had yet laid to my Charge. In time I doubt not but you will know me better: I am the sorrier for my Indisposition, since I cannot comply with your *Desires*; however, if you please to come hither, you shall be extreamly welcome to her that will esteem her self happy in your *Friendship*.

Thursday.

J. PRICE.

To

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

I Were very dull and ill-natur'd in me, to forget the Joy and Satisfaction I receiv'd in your last Kindness; and seeming to do it, were a Fault not pardonable: therefore, *Madam*, forgive this *Impertinence*, since there is no way that can tell so much the Sence of your *Favours* as this; and I have had a Hope that you wou'd be so Good-natur'd as to have seen me: But the same Cross-fate, which generally pursues me, leaves me not in this concern: Let me know that you are well, and 'twill make some Reparation for the Pain I suffer in not seeing you; and, if you think I deserve your Kindness, 'tis a Happiness, which shall never be forgot, by

Your most humble Servant,

J. PRICE.

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

I Have this Morning acquainted the Party with the Honour you did me last Night ; and, as you express your self to me only in general Terms, I cou'd do no more to him : I find him very sensible of his Obligation to you, and willing to comply in any thing, in his own Power, reasonable for your Service ; it is an easier Task for *Beauty* to get twenty *new* Servants, than recover one *old* one ; and, truly, I conceive him in a desperate condition: He was a little surpriz'd to find me your *Embassadour*, but, I believe, took it better from my Mouth, than he would have done from any other.

J. PRICE.

A

A Letter to Mrs. Price.

MADAM,

I Need not tell you how drunk we were on *Saturday*; since, as I remember, we gave you good proof of it under our own Hands: however, I made a shift to ride home, but am now galloping to *Poltimore*; and, if I am not mistaken, you will have occasion to take a little Journey too; Mum! for that. Here's not a Syllable of News, but that all things of our Concern stand fair and well; and if it should ever happen otherwise, which I'm confident it will not, be assur'd it shall not be the Fault of,

Your Love,

A

LETTER,

Written by the Honourable

HENRY SAVILE.

To HENRY KILLIGREW, Esq;

Noble HENRY.

Sweet Namesake of mine, happy Humour'd Killigrew, Soul of Mirth, and all Delight; the very Sight of your Letter gave me a kind of Joy, that I thought had been at such a Distance with me, that *She* and *I* were never more to meet: For, since I have been at *St. Albans*, *Heaven* and *Earth* were nearer one another, than *Joy* and *Fermyn*; for, here, some half a Mile out of Town, absent from all my Friends, in the fear of being forgot by 'em, I pass my wearisom time, in a little melancholly Wood, as fit for a restless Mind to complain of his sad Condition,

A Letter to H. K. Esq; 43

dition, as I am unfit to relate my Sufferances, to one so happy as your Blessed Humour makes you; therefore as freely I quit you of Hearing what I cou'd say on this Subject: likewise allow me the Liberty of not answering in your own Stile; yet, dear *Harry*, write still the same way: Once I could drink, talk strangely, and be as mad as the best of you, my *Boys*; who knows but that I may come to it again? Comfort me, 'tis well I can stay thus long upon the matter, after the Life I have led, it is more than I did believe was possible for me to do; therefore do not abandon me yet, try two or three Letters more, there is great hopes of me; and if that does not do the business, send me to my *Wood* again, and allow me not other *Correspondent*, but pert and dull *Mast-----*'s a Punishment great enough for a greater Offender; for in this my Misery, he plays the *Devil* with me, surpasses himself by much: Prithee, *Killigrew*, allay his Tongue with two or three such sharp things, as you and I us'd to say of, you know *who*, for I lost mine. And so *Farewel*.

H. SAVILE.

LET.

LETTERS
IN
PROSE and VERSE,
ON
Several Occasions,
BY
Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE,
Knight.

To his Friend in London.

Dear SIR,
MY Letters from *England* tell me,
that this Summer My Lord
Chamberlain has won the Money at
Bowls, and my Lord *Devonshire* at *Dice*;
I hope neither of 'em have been lucky at
your cost. Before you receive this, I
reckon you will be in your *Winter Quar-*
ters,

Sir G. Etheridge's Letters. 45

ters, where you may have leisure to give me a short Account of what pass'd at the Campaign at *Tunbridge*. I cannot but remember Mr. M. tho' he seems to have quite forgot me; he is a very extraordinary Person, I find he had rather lend a Friend a hundred Pounds, than take the pains to write to him. I'm sensible his many Employments afford him little leisure, and I should pity his Mistress, but that I am perswaded his Prudence has made him chuse her in the Family. The Women here are not generally handsom; yet there is a file of young Ladies in this Town, whose Arms wou'd glitter, were they drawn up against the *Maids of Honour*; but the *Devil's* in't, Marriage is so much their Business, that they cannot satisfie a Lover that has Desires more fervent than *Frank Villers*. 'Tis a fine thing for a Man, who has been nourish'd so many Years with good substantial Flesh and Blood, to be reduc'd to Sighs and Wishes, and all those Airy Courses which are served up to feast a *Belle* Passion; but to comfort my self, in my Misfortune, I have learn'd to *Ogle* and *Languish* in Publick, like any *Walcup*; and to content my self in private, with a piece of Household-bread,

46 Sir G. Etheridge's Letters.

bread, as well as some of my Friends. However unkind Fortune has been to you, don't revenge your self on me; force the Sullenness of your Temper, and let me hear from you; it is not reasonable I should lose a *Friend*, because you have lost your *Money*.

From Ratisbon,
Aug. 23d, 88.

Tours,

G. ETHERIDGE.

To

To the Earl of MIDDLETON

Since Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
Now Age it self begins to freeze;
Yet this I patiently could bear,
If the rich Danube's Beauties were
But only two Degrees less fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle Thames,
Who warm me hither with their Beams;
Such power they have, they can dispence
Five hundred Miles their Influence:
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Tho' no Temptation's in the Meat.
How wou'd the Ogling Sparks despise.
The Darling-damsel of my Eyes,
Should they behold her at a Play,
As she's trick'd up on Holiday,
When the whole Family combine,
For publick Pride, to make her shine?
Her Locks, which long before lay cratted,
Are, on this day, comb'd out and platted,
A Diamond-bodkin in each Tress,
The Badges of her Nobleness;
For every Stone, as well as She,
Can boast an ancient Pedigree:

These

48 Sir G. Etheridge's Letters.

*These form'd the Jewel Crest did grace
The Cap of the first Grave o' th' Race,
Preferr'd by Graffin Maryan,
To adorn the handle of her Fan ;
And, as by old Record appears,
Worn since in Renigundus Years,
Now sparkling in the Fraulin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air,
Can with her starry Head compare ;
Such Ropes of Pearl her Arms incumber,
She scarce can deal the Cards at Omber ;
So many Rings each Finger freight,
They tremble with the mighty Weight ;
The like in England ne'er was seen,
Since Holbin Drew, Hal, and his Queen.
But after these fantastick Flights,
The Lustre's meaner than the Lights :
The Thing that bears this glittering Pomp,
Is but a tawdry ill-bred Ramp,
Whose Brawny Limbs and Martial Face,
Proclaim her of the Gothick Race,
More than the painted Pageantry
Of all her Father's Heraldry.
But there's another sort of Creatures,
Whose ruddy Looks, and grotesque Features,
Are so much out of Nature's way,
You'd think 'em stamp'd on other Clay,
No lawful Daughters of Old Adam.
'Mongst these, behold a City-Madam,*

With

Sir G. Etheridge's Letters. 49

*With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
A Dapper Cloak, and Reverend Ruff.*

*No Farce so pleasant as this Mawkin,
And the soft sound of High-Dutch talk-
The pretty Jet she has in walking: [ing,*

*Here unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a sad Case is;*

*Nature, her Active Minister,
Neglects Affairs, and will not stir,*

*Thinks it not worth the while to please,
But when she does it for her Ease;*

Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,

With wand'ring thoughts appear before her,

And when I'm making an Oblation,

Am fain to spur Imagination,

With some old London-Inclination.

The Bow is bent at German Dame,

The Arrow flies at English Game;

Kindness, that can Indifference warm,

And blow that Calm into a Storm,

Has, in the very tender'st Hour,

Over my Gentleness no Power,

True to my Country-Womens Charms,

When Kiss'd and Press'd in Foreign Arms.

G. ETHERIDGE.

 To the Earl of MIDDLETON.

From hunting Whores, and hanting
 Play,
 And minding nothing else all Day,
 And all the Night too, you will say,
 To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
 Converse with Fops, and write dull Letters,
 To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
 And sleep away my precious Time,
 In such a idle sneaking Place,
 Where Vice and Folly hide their Face :
 And in a troublesome Disguise,
 The Wife seems honest, Husband wise ;
 For Pleasure here has the same Fate,
 Which does attend Affairs of State ;
 The plague of Ceremony infects,
 Even in Love, the Softer Sex,
 Who an essential Will neglect,
 Rather than lose the least Respect :
 In regular Approach we storm,
 And never Visit but in Form ;
 That is, sending to know before,
 At what a-clock they'll play the Whore,
 The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,
 One scarce can guess who 'tis they drive at,
This

Sir G. Etheridge's Letters. 51

*This seems to me a Scurvy Fashion,
Who have been bred in a Free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Passion:
Yet cannot I forbear to Spark it,
And make the best of a Bad-market;
Meeting with One, by Chance, Kind-hearted,
Who no Preliminaries started,
I enter'd beyond Expectation,
Into a close Negotiation;
Of which, hereafter, a Relation:
Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I still was pleas'd with what she gave:
And with a firm and cheerful Mind,
I steer my Course with every Wind,
To all the Ports she has design'd.*

G. ETHERIDGE.

A
L E T T E R
 F R O M
E N G L A N D.

To Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE,
 Knight.

TO you who live in chill Degree,
 As Map informs, of Fifty-three,
 And do not much for Cold attone,
 By bringing thither Fifty-one :
 Methinks all Climes should be alike,
 From Tropick to the Pole Arctick,
 Since you have such a Constitution,
 As no where suffers Diminution ;
 You can be Old in grave Debate,
 And Young in Love-Affairs of State ;
 And both to Wives and Husbands show,
 The Vigour of a Plenipo————

Like

*Like mighty Missi'ner you come,
Ad partes Infidelium:
A Work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much endure,
And all to preach to German Dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came;
Less had you done, had you been sent,
As far as Drake, or Pinto went
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or even for Oranges to China;
That had indeed been Charity,
Where, Love-sick Ladies helpless lye,
Chopt, and for want of Liquor dry,
But you have made your Zeal appear,
Within the Circle of the Bear;
What Region of the Earth so dull,
That is not of your Labours full?
Triptolemy, so sung the Nine,
Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine;
But, spite of all these Fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain-Acres;
No, that was left, by Fate's Decree,
To be perform'd and sung by Thee.
Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease,
As the French King thro' Articles.
In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,
In waging weighty Compliment,
With Such as Monarchs represent;*

54 *A Letter to Sir G. E.*

*They whom such vast Fatigues attend,
 Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
 To shew the World that now and then,
 Great Ministers are Mortal Men ;
 Then Rhinish Rummors walk the Round,
 In Bumpers every King is crown'd ;
 Besides three Holy Miter'd Hectors,
 And the whole Colledge of Electors ;
 No Health of Potentate is sunk,
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk :
 These Dutch Delights I mention'd last,
 Suit not, I know, your English Taste ;
 For Wine, to leave a Whore or Play,
 Was ne'r Your Excellency's way ;
 Nor need the Title give Offence,
 For here you were his Excellence ;
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
 Now if You Tope in Form, and Treat,
 'Tis the sowre Sawce to the Sweet Meat, }
 The Fine You pay for being Great :
 Nay, there's a harder Imposition,
 Which is (indeed) the Court-petition,
 That setting Worldly Pomp aside,
 (Which Poet has at Font defy'd.)
 You wou'd be pleas'd, in humble way,
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play ;*

This

A Letter to Sir G. E. 55

*This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation,
Next to your wise Negotiation:
If You pretend, as well You may,
Your high Degree; Your Friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignan made a Play;
If Gallick Peer convince you scarce,
His Grace of B—— has writ a Farce:
And You, whose Comick Wit is Terseal,
Can hardly fall below Rehearfal.
Then finish what you once began,
But scribe faster, if You can:
For yet no George, to our Discerning,
Has e'er writ under ten Years Warning.*

A Letter to a Lady that design'd
to Marry a Courtier.

What Irreligious Courses have you run,
That such hard Penance must be un-
dergone ?

Have you, like Harlots, made your Tail your
Trade,

And whor'd you into Sustenance and Bread ?

Have you to Hospital some Lover sent ?

And for that Mischief, by this worse, repent.

At Rome one Penance for their Ills they
bear ;

But you will all in this united share. [past,
None e're this dangerous Sea of Mischief
Who did not suffer, or repent at last.

The giddy Passions of a youthful Mind,

Are oft by Wishes sway'd or Beauty blind.

Girls chuse their Husbands as they do their
Cloaths ;

Where, if without no Fault they can dis-
They easly espouse the Pageant Show,

In hopes the Colour will the Service do :

So you on Marriage look, are more intent

Upon a fine trimm'd Coat, than settlement.

One,

One, who tho' destitute of Wit and Sense,
Is stockt with Essence, Powder, and Pretence,
What tho' without he seems design'd for
Show,

The greatest Ass is still the greatest Beau :
And Asses always are esteem'd by you.

Don't tell me that his Promises are great ;
Who e'r forbore 'em, that design'd to cheat?
Lovers and Courtiers, you must know, by
course,

Are much as fickle as your self, or worse :
Nor that his Page that follows at his Tail,
Will e're secure him, upon Change, from
Fail.

There's great Uncertainty in Human Life,
And he must stick to's place, as well as Wife :
And that you'll say, is a laborious thing ;
All Night to serve his Wife, all Day the
King.

Don't tell me of his Gardens and Retreat ;
Fine Wives and Horses seldom make Men
great.

Except we do'em, as some Hackneys take,
More for our Interest, than our Pleasure's
sake :

Both to recreate by turns, when first enjoy'd ;
But, by Possession of them both, we're cloy'd.
Would you procure a Husband for your Ease,
Who for his Folly, not his Parts, might
please ;

Then

Then take a Statesman, when he's gone to
Court,

You may contrive how to promote your Sport,
In every Instant deal for fresh Delight;
And fill his Wishes, and his Arms at
Night.

Or if his Bus'ness be't a fit Disguise,
To give admittance to a Harmless Vice:
Yet his great Folly will contribute still
To help your Wishes, and promote your Will.
Under the Notion of a Country Friend,
You many pretty Pleasures may intend.
But to reserve your Virtue for a Fool,
Exceeds the Limits of Prudential Rule.
For a dull Ass, whose Passion's like his
Brain,

Rather than Pleasure, will create your Pain.
And Lover's Extasies are ne'r so great,
As when in Sympathetick Fire they meet:
For Fools in Love, with Soldiers may com-
pare,

Who, stunn'd with clamorous Noise of Guns
and War,

Are silently regardless of Command,
And, senseless of your Pleasure useless
stand.

Thus they, when Pulse of Passion e're beats
high,

Seem quite regardless of the profer'd Joy;

And,

*And ignorant of the Symptoms of Delight,
Smoak out the Day, and Snore away the
Night.*

*Don't tell me, You'r excessively in Love ;
Your Wit will soon that vain Pretence dis-
prove.*

*Blockheads much labour'd under that of old ;
But none dies now, but for their Darling
Gold,*

*Great is your Love, and great the Risque
you run,*

To be Unhappy, or at least Undone.

*Those Pleasures Young Girls fancy are so
Good,*

Are seldom felt, but always understood.

*'Tis but the Magick Spell, which Nature
yields,*

*To bring such untry'd Lovers to its Fields :
A specious Bait, fit Mankind to enslave,
And to bereave us of the Joys we have.*

*Would you be vertuous, get a Man of Juice, }
Fertile in Wit, and of his Love profuse ; }
For only such are fit for Womens Use : }*

*Where you in mutual Bonds of Joy may
range,*

And in your Kisses may your Souls exchange.

*One, with such Qualities, wou'd a Nun in-
vite,*

To quit Eternal Day for Earthly Night.

Such

Such would your lavish Wishes all engage,
And guard your Vertue as secure as Age.

In Joys unknown you then might pass the
Day,

Till Night shall take the Sun's bright
Beams away,

And both in clammy Joys, and Slumber,
quit the Fray.

J. W.

To

To Mr. CONGREGVE.

Dear SIR,

THE last Fortnight which I past in Town, and the first which I past in the Country, I had so much Sickness, and so much Spleen, that the greatest Kindness I could do my *Friends*, was, to let them know nothing of me. And yet, unless I had been silent so long, I should hardly know what to write to you. The Excuse for having held my Tongue, affords me Matter to talk of. Otherwise I could find nothing to say to you, unless I would send you Professions of *Friendship*; which, I hope, are wholly needless: or entertain you with talk of my self. And I am yet more unwilling to do the last than the first: For I have observ'd, That, for the most part, a Man who talks much of Himself, talks of a Subject which he does not at all understand. But you are to be excepted from this General Rule; and you could oblige me with nothing more grateful than

than some News of your self. I long to know how you proceed in your *Tragedy*, and should be glad to be inform'd how many are making a Party for it; that is, how many are writing Plays besides. I make no doubt but it will appear at the Head of a numerous Train; yet I believe you will have reason to be asham'd of some of your Equipage. I hear of three or four, who have a couple of Plays a-piece, which are to go into the House, as Vermin entred into the *Ark*, by Pairs; where they are both received and preserved with as much care, as the most Reasonable, and the most Noble Productions. Since *Providence* will have it so, we ought to conclude, that it is fitting it should be so. And indeed, why may not their *Songs* and *Madrigals*, and absurd and Speechless *Farces*, help to constitute the Beauty and Harmony of the *Intellectual World*, as well as *Owls*, and *Stotes*, and *Polecats*, do that of *Material Beings*. However, these Fellows Productions are fit to discover one Truth to us, which we should not have imagin'd without them; and that is, that there are greater *Sots* than themselves; for such are all their Applauders.

Bnt

But to leave them for better Company, give my Service to all my *Friends* at *Will's*; both to those who shew their Wit by their Writing, and to those who by their Silence shew their Judgments. Tell ——— and ——— and ———, that I would fain know of them; nay, and of you too; so as *D* ——— says, *What a Devil have I done to you, that you cannot let a Man alone in his Solitude, but that you must disturb the Tranquility of his Mind*: I mean that little I have here. For hither come your *Idea's* at Five every Day precisely, and give me furious Desires to be at *Covent-garden*. I am forced to make use of a little piece of *Philosophy*; for I fancy you Quibbling there, and then I am as calm as a Matron. For I am apt to believe, that I have better Diverſion here. I am lately, you must know, grown a great *Angler*; perhaps the greatest Man in the Age for *Gudgeon-fishing*; tho' I say it, who should not say it. That is Pastime which probably you may despise. However, as I take it, it is better than lying upon the *Catch* at *Will's*, and laying snares for Puns, as Spiders do for Flies. But I am about to fall into the Vice, which I de-

64.

Familiar-Letters.

design'd to avoid. For I am about to talk of my self to you, which is a Subject of which I am sure I ought to say nothing, since its needless to assure you, that I am

Your humble Servant.

Newport,
Aug. 96.

To

To Mr. Wycherly.

Dear S I S,

THO I have enough to alledge in the behalf of my silence, to excuse it to any Man living but You; yet I have always profess'd that peculiar Esteem for you, that to make a sufficient Apology for my self, when Appearances are so much against me, I had need have an equal share of Wit with You. But since I come infinitely short of that, You would oblige me extreamly, if You would instruct me by the next Post, what thoughts and what Words I should use to make You forgive me. Yet to engage You to that I know You expect something at least that is like Wit from me. But You may every jot as reasonably expect a lusty Letter of Credit from me. And who the Devil, at this Conjunction, should expect, that the Post should bring either Wit or Money with him, when the Paper-credit of the Nation is lost in relation to both. Yet we have reason to believe, since You are resolv'd to turn Author again, that You may retrieve it in regard to one of them. I wish You all the Success to which Your

F f

Merit

Merit entitles You; and that is another Reason to make me wish for a Peace. For the Men who are able to judge, have now no leisure to read: They who have the greatest share of Wit and Spirit, being engaged in the Armies, or in Affairs. When *Appollo* now-a-days inspires a Poet, he did as when he fed *Admetus* his Sheep, and the God sings now to Cattle. Wit certainly never was at so low an Ebb, of which the *Coffee-house* is a lamentable example, as it is a miserable Spectacle. When you, and one or two more went out of Town, the great Supports of Politeness left it, and then the Enemy broke in upon us; and scarce any thing has appeared ever since in it, unless it be that Anti-wit, a Gamester. We almost regret those moments of abominable Memory, when Puns flew about as thick as Squibs upon a City-Festival. Even Quibbles, and Quarter-quibbles, if they could now be found, would be as much valu'd as Vermine are in Dearth. But what shall we say?

— *Etiam periere ruinae.*

The very Ruines of Wit have perish'd.
So much of the *Coffee-house* in general.
Now

Now for one or two of the noble Members in particular. And first, I have Wonders to tell you of *Lucifer*.

*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Lucifer is grown the most regular Fellow in the Universe: For he rises still exactly after Sun-setting, and ges to Bed still precisely before Sun-rising; and he and his Father, I mean his Spiritual Father, that is his Father *Phæbus*, live just as he and his Natural Father did, without ever seeing the Face of one another. But he has just sent a Message to me from the *Rose*; where, as the Drawer tells me, he has the most earnest Business in the World with me. The most earnest Business in the World to *Lucifer*, is, the securing a Man to sit up till five with him. However, I will just go and hear what he says, and drink Mr. *Wycherley's* Health with him. I am,

Lond. Sept. 10.
1696.

Dear Sir,
Your most humble Servant,

J. DENNIS.

T O D O R I N D A.

M A D A M,

OH! how tedious is Absence from the Persons we adore! And with what killing Anguish did I receive the doleful News of your Departure! Where a mutual Inclination has united two tender Hearts, a Separation is more insupportable than Death it self: Yet if my *Dorinda* left the Town without a Sigh, I am more miserable still. You could not sure forget (so soon at least) all those obliging Vows you so frequently made; Vows, whose Solemnity and Frequency were no inconsiderable part of my Felicity. Alas! 'tis equally impossible for me to express the Horrors I now feel, or the powerful Lustre of those victorious Eyes that gave Birth to my raging Passion. Since that fatal Minute, that ravish'd from me all my Joys, in your leaving *London*, Heaven's my Witness, and every Divinity that conspired my Ruine; nay, by your own beloved Self I swear

swear, (the greatest Oath my Love can invent) That my Heart has known no other Bliss than the endearing Thoughts of you. The pleasing *Idea* your irresistible Beauties have imprinted on my faithful Breast, at present constitutes all the easie Moments I enjoy ; and how few they must be, under the rated Circumstances of being depriv'd of your Sight, none can know, but those that love as well. Two Post-days are now past, and not one Line from my *Dorinda!* Oh ! what can mean this Silence ? Do you then joyn with *Fate* to break a Heart, that would not vouchsafe to live, but to be yours ? An unusual Shivering darts through every Vein, and my drooping Spirits presage some other evil, which your unhappy *Strephon* must undergo. Were it only want of Health, and not of Love, that prevented your writing, my grief wou'd be less wounding. You may have a Fever ; but that you shou'd be false, I will not as yet believe possible. One Proof of your Infidelity would terminate all my Pain : For I were utterly unworthy of your Affection, if mine cou'd support so fatal an Assurance. But such Suspicions are injurious ; and I wou'd rather

rather question the Testimony of my Senses, than think you were Untrue, Oh ! let me hear from you, tho' but one Word ; the Rigors of Absence from your Arms and Eyes, will be less intolerable : Till then, my Torments are more than *Arithmetick* can number, or *Rhetorick* describe. Oh, *Dorinda* ! that I were at your Feet, to give you fresh Assurances of the Inviolableness of my Passion, whose Greatness was once your Wonder and Delight.

LET.

LETTERS
AND
SPEECHES,
ON
SEVERAL SUBJECTS,
By the Late
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

To the Lord BERCLEY.

My LORD,

I Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse, for not waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons: The first is, Because Mrs. B—— refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am. The other, That Sir Robert C—— is to go into the Country upon *Monday* and has desir'd me to stay within to

F f 4

Morrow,

72 *The Duke of B.'s Letter.*

Morrow, about Signing some Papers, which must be dispatch'd for the clearing so much of my Estate, as in spite of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have receiv'd from the Court, is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend, not to give me leave to look after my temporal Affairs if you do but consider how little I'm like to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. B—— be very much in the wrong: Pray, tell her I am resolv'd hereafter, never to swear by any other than *Jo. Asb*; and if that be a Sin, 'tis as odd a one as ever she heard of. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most faithful Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

The

*The DUKE'S SPEECH in a
Conference.*

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I Am commanded by the House of Peers, to open to You the Matter of this Conference ; which is a Task I could wish their Lordships had been pleas'd to lay upon Any-body else, both for their own sakes and mine: Having observed, in that little Experience I have made in the World, there can be nothing of greater Difficulty, than to Unite Men in their Opinions, whose Interests seem to disagree.

This *Gentlemen*, I fear is at present our Case ; but yet I hope, when we have a little better consider'd of it, we shall find, that a greater Interest does oblige us at this time, rather to joyn in the Preservation of both our Priviledges, than to differ about the Violation of either.

We acknowledge it is our Interest to defend the Right of the *Commons* ; for, should we suffer them to be oppress'd, it
would

74 *The Duke of B.'s Speeches.*

would not be long before it might come to be our own Case : And I humbly conceive it will also appear to be the Interest of the *Commons* to uphold the Priviledge of the *Lords* ; that so we may be in a condition to stand by and support them.

All that their *Lordships* desire of you on this Occasion, is, that you will proceed with them as usually Friends do, when they are in Dispute one with another, that you will not be impatient of hearing Arguments urged against your Opinions, but examine the Weight of what is said, and then impartially consider which of us two, are likeliest to be in the wrong.

If we are in the wrong, we and our Predecessors have been so for these many hundred of Years ; and not only our Predecessors, but yours too : this being the first time that ever an Appeal was made in point of Judicature, from the *Lords* House, to the house of *Commons*. Nay, those very *Commons*, which turn'd the *Lords* out of this House, tho they took from them many other of their Privileges, yet left them the constant practice of this till the very last day of their Sitting. And
this

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this will be made appear by several Precedents, these Noble *Lords* will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do.

Since this Business has been in Agitation, their *Lordships* have been a little more curious than ordinary, to inform themselves of the true nature of these Matters now in Question before Us; which I shall endeavour to explain to you, as far as my small Ability, and my Aversion to hard Words will give me leave. For however the Law, to make it a Mystery and a Trade, may be wrapt up in Terms of Art, yet it is founded in Reason, and is obvious to common Sence.

The Power of Judicature does naturally descend, and not ascend; that is, no Inferiour Court can have any Power, which is not derived to it from some Power, above it.

The *King* is, by the Laws of this Land, Supreme Judge, in all Causes Ecclesiastical and Civil. And so there is no Court, High or Low, can Act, but in Subordination to Him; and tho they do not all Issue out their Writs in the *King's* Name,
yet

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yet they can Issue out none but by virtue of some Power they have received from him.

Now every particular Court has such particular Power as the *King* has given it, and for that reason has its Bounds: But the Highest Court, in which the *King* can possibly Sit; that is, His Supreme Court of *Lords* in Parliament, has in it all Judicial Power, and consequently no Bounds: I mean no Bounds of Jurisdiction; for the Highest Court is to Govern according to the Laws, as well as the Lowest.

I suppose none will make a Question, but that every Man, and every Cause, is to be tried according to *Magna Charta*; that is, by Peers, or according to the Laws of the Land. And he that is tried by the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Court of Admiralty, or the High Court of *Lords* in Parliament, is tried as much by the Laws of the Land, as he that is tried by the *King's-Bench*, or *Common-Pleas*.

When these Inferior Courts happen to wrangle among themselves, which they must often do, by reason of their being bound up to particular Causes, and their
having

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having all equally and earnestly a Desire to try all Causes themselves, then the Supreme Court is forc'd to hear their Complaints, because there is no other way of deciding them. And this, under favour, is an Original Cause of Courts, tho' not of Men.

Now, these Original Causes of Courts, must also of necessity induce Men, for saving of Charges, and dispatch sake, to bring their Cause originally before the Supreme Court. But then the Court is not oblig'd to receive them; but proceeds by Rules of Prudence, in either retaining, or dismissing them, as they think fit.

This is under Favour, the sum of all that your Precedents can shew us; which is nothing but what we practise every day: That is, that very often, because we would not be molested with hearing too many particular Cases, we refer them back to other Courts. And all the Argument you can possibly draw from hence, will not in any kind lessen our Power, but only shew an Unwillingness we have to trouble our selves often with Matters of this Nature.

Nor

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Nor will this appear strange, if you consider the Constitution of our House; it being made up, partly of such whose Employments will not give them leisure to attend the hearing of Private Causes; and entirely of those that can receive no Profit by it.

And the truth is, the Dispute at present is not between the House of *Lords*, and the House of *Commons*, but between Us and *Westminster-hall*: For as we desire to have few or no Causes brought before us, because we get nothing by 'em; so they desire to have all Causes brought before them, for a Reason a little of the contrary nature.

For this very Reason, it is their Business to invent new ways of drawing Causes to their Courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for example, this very Cause of *Skinner*, that is now before us, (and I do not speak this by Roat, for I have the Opinion of a Reverend Judge in the Case, who informed us of it the other day in the House;) they have no way of bringing this Cause into *Westminster-hall*, but by this Form, the Reason

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son and Sence of which I leave to you to judge of :

The Form is this, That instead of speaking as we ordinary Men do, that have no Art, That Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies*; to bring this into their Courts, they must say, that Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies*, in the Parish of *Islington*, in the Country of *Middlesex*.

Now some of us, *Lords*, they did not understand the Refineness of this Stile, began to examine what the reason of this should be; and so we found, that since they ought not by Right to try such Causes, they are resolved to make bold, not only with our Priviledges, but the very Sence and Language of the whole Nation.

This I thought fit to mention, only to let you see, that this whole Cause, as well as many others, could not be try'd properly in any place but at our Bar; except Mr. *Skinner* would have taken a Fancy, to try the right of Jurisdictions between *Westminster-hall* and the Court of Admiralty, instead of seeking relief for the Injuries

juries he had received in the place, only where it was to be given him.

One thing I hear is much insisted upon which is, the trial without Juries; to which I could answer, that such trials are allow'd of in the *Chancery*, and other Courts: and, that when there is occasion for them, we make use of Juries to both by directing them in the *King's Bench*, and having them brought up to our Bar.

But I shall only crave leave to put you in mind, That if you do not allow Us in some Cases, to try Men without Juries, you will then absolutely take away the use of Impeachments; which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

*The DUKE'S SPEECH in the
House of LORDS.*

My LORDS,

THERE is a Thing called *Property*, which (whatever some Men may think) is that the People of *England* are fondest of, it is that they will never part with, and it is that His *Majesty*, in His *Speech*, has promised Us to take a particular care of.

This, my *Lords*, in my Opinion, can never be done, without giving an *Indulgence* to all *Protestant-Dissenters*.

It is certainly a very uneasie kind of Life to any Man that has either *Christian Charity*, *Humanity*, or *Good nature*, to see his Fellow-Subjects daily abus'd, divested of their Liberty and Birth rights, and miserably thrown out of their Possessions and Freeholds, only because they cannot agree which others in some *Niceties of Religion*, with their *Consciencs* will not give them leave to consent to; and which, even by the Confession of

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Those who would Impose it upon them, is no way necessary to *Salvation*.

But, my *Lords*, besides this, and all that may be said upon it, in order to the Improvement of our Trade, and the Increase of the Wealth, Strength, and Greatness of this *Nation*, (which, under Favour, I shall presume to discourse of at some other time) there is, me thinks, in this Notion of *Persecution*, a very gross Mistake, both as to the Point of *Government*, and the Point of *Religion*.

There is so as to the Point of *Government*, because it makes every Man's Safety depend on the wrong place, not upon the *Governour*, or a Man's living well towards the *Civil Government* established by *Law*, but upon his being transported with Zeal for every Opinion that is held by those that have Power in the *Church* then in Fashion.

And it is, I conceive, a Mistake in *Religion*, because it is positively against the express Doctrine and Example of *Jesus Christ*.

Nay, my *Lords*, as to our *Protestant Religion*, there is something in it yet worse;

worse; for we *Protestants* maintain, That none of those *OPINIONS*, which *Christians* differ about, are *Infallible*; and therefore in Us, it is somewhat an inexcusable Conception, That Men ought to be deprived of their *Inheritance*, and all the certain *Conveniencies and Advantages of Life*, because they will not agree with us in our uncertain *Opinions of Religion*.

My humble Motion therefore, to your Lordships, is, That you will give me leave to bring in a Bill of *Indulgence to all Dissenting-Protestants*.

I know very well, That every *Peer* of the Realm has a Right to bring into *Parliament* any Bill which he conceives to be useful to this *Nation*: but I thought it more respectful to your Lordships, to ask your Leave for it before; I cannot think the doing of it will be of any *Prejudice to the Bill*, because I am confident the *Reason, the Prudence, and the Charitableness* of it, will be able to justify it self to this *House*, and to the whole *World*.

The D U K E ' s S P E E C H *in the*
House of L O R D S .

My L O R D S ,

I Have often troubled your *Lordships* with my Discourse in this *House*; but, I confess, I never did it with more trouble to my self, than I do at this time, for I scarce know where I should begin, or what I have to say to your *Lordships*: On the one side, I am afraid of being thought an Unquiet and Pragmatical Man; for in this Age, every Man that cannot bear every thing, is called Unquiet; and he that does but ask Questions, for which he ought to be concerned, is looked upon as Pragmatical. On the other side, I am more afraid of being thought a dishonest Man; and of all Men, I am most afraid of being thought so by my self; for every one is best Judge of the Integrity of his own Intention: And tho it does not always follow, that he is Pragmatical whom others take to be so; yet this never fails to be true, That he is most certainly a Knave, who takes himself to be so. No body is answerable for more Understanding than

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G O D Almighty had given him : And therefore, tho I should be in the wrong, if I tell your *Lordships* truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I shall behave my self like an honest Man : For 'tis my Duty, as long a I have the Honour to sit in this *House*, to hide nothing from your *Lordships*, which, I think, may concern either his *Majesty's* Service, your *Lordships* Interest, or the Good and Quiet of the People of *England*.

The Question, in my Opinion, which now lies before your *Lordships*, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament ; it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is Dissolved : And if, in this Opinion, I have the Misfortune to be mistaken, I have another Misfortune joyned in it, I Desire to maintain the Argument with all the Judges and Lawers in *England*, and leave it afterwards for your *Lordships* to decide, whether I am in the right or no.

This, my *Lords*, I speak not out of Arrogance, but in my own Justification; because if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge were grounded upon the Fundamental Laws

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of *England*; and that the not pressing it at this time might prove to be of a most dangerous Consequence, both to his *Majesty*, and the whole Nation, I should have been loath to start a Motion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to some People: And yet my *Lords*, when I consider where I am, whom I now speak to, and what was spoken in this Place, about the time of the last Prorogation, I can hardly believe that what I have to say, will be distasteful to your *Lordships*. I remember very well how your *Lordships* were then disposed with the *House of Commons*, and remember too as well what Reasons they gave to be so: It is not so long since, but that I suppose your *Lordships* may easily call to mind, that after several odd Passages between Us, your *Lordships* were so incensed, that a Motion was made here for an Address to his *Majesty* about the Dissolution of this Parliament; and tho it fail'd of being carried in the Affirmative, by two or three Voices, yet this in the Debate was remarkable, the Cit prevail'd much with the Major part of your *Lordships* that were here present, and were only overpowered by the Proxies of those *Lords*, who

who never heard the Argument. What change there hath been since, either in their behaving, or in the state of our Affairs, that should make your *Lordships* change your Opinions, I have not heard; and therefore, if I can make it appear, (as I presume I shall) that by Law the Parliament is dissolved, I hope your *Lordships* ought not to be offended at me for it.

I have often wondred how it should come to pass, that this *House of Commons*, in which there are so many honest, and so many worthy Gentlemen, should be less respectful to your *Lordships* (as certainly they have been) than any *House of Commons* that ever were chosen in *England*; and yet if the matter be a little enquired into, the Reason of it will plainly appear: For, my *Lords*, the very Nature of the *House of Commons* is changed; they do not think now they are an Assembly that are to return to their Houses, and become as private Men again (as by the Laws of the Land, and the Ancient Constitution of Parliament, they ought to do) but they look upon themselves as a standing Senate, and as a Company of Men pick'd out to be *Legislators* for the rest of their whole Lives; and if that be the cause my

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Lords, they have reason to believe themselves our Equals. But, my *Lords*, it is a dangerous thing to try new Experiments in Government. Men do not foresee the ill Consequences that must happen, when they go about to alter those Essential parts of it, upon which the whole Frame of the Government depends, as now in our Fall the Customs and Constitutions of Parliament; for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a Dependance one upon another. As in Clocks and Watches, if you should put great Wheels in the room of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the Fabrick would stand still: So you cannot alter any one part of the Government, without prejudicing the Motions of the whole. If this my *Lords*, were well considered, People would be more cautious how they went out of the old *English* Way and Method of Proceedings. But it is not my business to find fault, and therefore, if your *Lordships* will give me leave, I shall go on to shew you, why in my Opinion, we are at this time no Parliament.

The ground of this Opinion of mine, is taken from the ancient and unquestionable

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tionable State of this Realm : And give me leave to tell your *Lordships*, by the way, that Statutes are not like Women, for they are not one jot the worse for being Old.

The first Statute that I shall take notice of, is, That in the Fourth Year of *Edward* the Third, *Cap.* 14. and it is thus set down in the Printed Book, Item, *It is accorded, that a Parliament shall be holden every Year once, and more often if need be.* Now these words be as plain as a Pike-staff, and that no Man living that is not a Scholar, could possibly mistake the meaning of them. It is the Gramarians of those Days that make a shift to explain, that the Words, *If need be*, did relate as well to the Words, *Every Year once*, as to the Words, *More often*. And so by this Gramatical Whimsy of theirs, had made this Statute to signifie just nothing at all. For this Reason, my *Lords*, in the 36th Year of the same *King's* Reign, a new Act of Parliament was made, in which those unfortune Words, *If need be*, are left out, and that Act of Parliament is Printed thus, relating to *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes, made for the
Publick

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Publick Good; Item, For maintenance of these Articles and Statutes, and the Redress of divers Mischiefs and Grievances, which daily happen, a Parliament shall be holden every Year, as at other time was ordained by another. Here now, my Lords, there is not left the least Colour or Shadow for any further Mistake; for it is plainly declared, That the King of England must call a Parliament once within a Year: And the Reasons why they are bound to do so, are as plainly set down; namely For the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes of the same Importance, and for the preventing the Mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen.

The Question then remains, Whether these Statutes have been since repealed by any other Statutes, or no? The only Statutes I ever heard mention'd for that, are the two Triennial Bills, the one made in the last King's, the other made in this King's Reign. The Triennial Bill in the last King's Reign, was made for the Confirmation of the two Statutes of *Edward the Third*, before mention'd; For Parliaments having been omitted every Year, according to these Statutes, a Statute

tute was made in the last *King's* Reign to this purpose, That if the *King* should fail of Calling a Parliament according to these Statutes of *Edward* the Third, then the third Year the People should Meet of Themselves, without any Writs at all, and choose their Parliament-men of Themselves. This being thought disrespectful to the *King*, a Statute was made by this last Parliament, which repealed the Triennial Bill; but after the Repealing Clause, which took notice only of the Triennial Bill made in the last *King's* Reign, there was then in this Statute a Paragraph to this purpose, That because the ancient Statutes of the Realm, made in *Edward* the Third's Reign, Parliaments were to be holden very often, it should be Enacted, That within three Years after the Determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three Years at most, and should be holden oftener, if need required. These have been several false kind of Arguments drawn out of these Triennial Bills against the Statutes of *Edward* the Third; which I confess I could never remember; nor, indeed, those that urged them to me ever durst own;

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own; for they always laid their Faults upon Somebody else: Like ugly aukish Children, which because of their Deformity and want of Wit, the Parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out to the Parish. But, my *Lords*, let the Argument be what it will, I will have this short Answer to all that can be wrested out of the Triennial Bills, That the first Triennial Bill was repeal'd before the matter now disputed of was in question; and the last Triennial Bill will not be of force till the Question be decided; that is, till the Parliament be Dissolved. The whole matter therefore, my *Lords*, is reduced to this short *Dilemma*, Either the *Kings of England* are bound by the Acts mentioned of *Edward the Third*, or else the whole Government of *England* by Parliament, and by Law, is absolutely at an end: For if the *Kings of England* have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of *Magna Charta* they have also a Power by an Order of theirs, to invalidate *Magna Charta* it self; and if they have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of the Statute *De Telligio non concedendo*, they have also

also a Power, when they please, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate the Statute it self; and they may, not only without the Help of Parliament, raise what Money they please, but also take away any Man's Estate when they please, and deprive one of his Liberty and Life, if they please. This, my Lords, is a power, I think, that no Judge or Lawyer will pretend the *Kings of England* have; and yet this Power must be allowed them, or else we that are met here this Day cannot act as a Parliament; for we are not met by vertue of the last Prorogation; then Prorogation is an Order of the *King's*, and a point-blank Contrary to the two Acts of *Edward the Third*: For the Acts say, *That the Parliament shall be holden within a Year.* And the Prorogation says, *That Parliaments shall not be held within a Year, but some Months after.* This, I conceive is a plain contradiction, and consequently that the Prorogation is void.

Now, if we cannot act as a Parliament by vertue of the last Prorogation, I beseech your *Lordships*, by vertue of what else can we act? Shall we act by vertue of the *King's Proclamation*? Pray, my
Lords,

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Lords how so? Is a Proclamation of more force than a Prorogation? Or if any thing that has been ordered a first time be not valued, does the ordering it a second time make it good in Law? I have heard, indeed, That two Negatives make an Affirmative: But I never heard before, That two Nothings ever made Any-thing. Well; but how then do we meet? Is it by our own Adjournment? I hope that No-body has the Confidence to say so. Which way then is it we do meet here? By an Accident: That, I think, may be granted. But an accidental Meeting can no more make a Parliament, than an Accidental Clapping of a Crown on a Man's Head can make a *King*. There is a great deal of Ceremony required to give a Matter of that Moment a Legal Sanction. The Laws have repos'd so great Trust and Power in the Hands of the Parliament, that every Circumstance relating to the manner of their Electing, Meeting, and Proceeding, is lookt after with the most Circumspection imaginable. For this Reason the *King's* Writs about the Summons of *Parliament* are to be issued out *verbatim*, according to the Form Prescribed

scribed by the Laws, or else the Parliament is void, and nulled. For the same Reason, that a Parliament is summoned by the *King's Writs*, does not meet at the very same Day it's summoned to meet at, that Parliament is void and nulled; and by the same Reason, if a Parliament be not legally Adjourned *de die & in diem*, these Parliaments must also be void, and nulled. O, but some say, there is nothing in the two Acts of *Edward the Third*, to take away the *King's Power* in Prorogation, therefore Prorogation is good.

My *Lords*, under Favour, it is a very gross Mistake: For pray, examine the Words of the Acts; and the Acts say, *Parliaments shall be holden Once a Year*. Now, to whom can these Words be directed, but to them that are to call a Parliament? And who are they, but the *Kings of England*? It is very true, this does not take away the *King's Power* of Proroguing Parliaments, but it most certainly limits it to be within a Year.

Well then, it is said again, *If the Proroguing be null and void, then things are just as they were before*: And therefore the Parliament is still in being.

My

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My Lords, I confess there would be some weight in this, but for one thing, which is, That not one word is true; for if, when the King had prorogued, we had taken no notice of his prorogation, but had gone on like a Parliament, and had adjourn'd our selves the *die in diem*, then I confess things had been just as they were before: but since, upon the Prorogation, we went away, and took no care our selves for our Meeting again, if we cannot meet and Act again by virtue of the Prorogations, there is an Impossibility of our Meeting and Acting any other way; and one may as probably say, that a Man who is killed by Assault, is still alive, because the Assault was unlawful.

The next Arguments that those are reduced to, who would maintain to be yet a Parliament, is, That the Parliament yet prorogued *sine die*, and therefore a King may call them by Proclamation.

To the first part of the Proposition, I shall not only agree with them, but also do them the Favour to prove, that it is so in the Eye of the Law, which I have never heard they have yet done: For the Statutes say, *A Parliament shall be had once within a Year.* And that Prorogation
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having put them off till a Day without the Year, and consequently excepted against by the Law, that Day, in the Eye of the Law, is no Day at all, that is *sine die*, and the Prorogation might as well have put them off till so many Days after Doomsday; and then, I think, No-body would have doubted but that had been a very sufficient Dissolution. Besides, my *Lords*, I shall desire your *Lordships* to take notice, That, in former time, the usual way of Dissolving Parliament, was to dismiss them *sine die*; for the *King*, when he used to dissolve them, said no more, but desired them to go Home, till he sent for them again; which is a Dismission *sine die*. Now if there were forty ways of dissolving Parliament, if I can prove this Parliament has been dissolved by any one of them, I suppose there is no great need of the other thirty nine.

Another thing, which they most insist upon, is; That they have found a Precedent in *Q. Elizabeth's* Time, when the Parliament was once prorogued three Days beyond a Year: In which I cannot chuse but observe, That it is a very great Confirmation of the Value and Esteem all People have had of the forementioned

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Acts of *Edward* the Third; since, from that time to this, there can be but one Precedent found for the Prorogation of a Parliament above a Year, and that was but three Days neither. Besides, my *Lords*, this Precedent is of a very odd kind of Nature; for it was in the Time of a very great Plague, when every one of a sudden was forc'd to run away one from another; and so, being in hast, had not leisure to calculate well the time of the Prorogation; tho the appointing of it to be within three Days after a Year, is an Argument, to me that their Design was to keep within the Bounds of the Acts of Parliament; and if the Mistake had been taken notice of in *Q. Elizabeth's* Time, I make no question but She would have given a lawful Remedy to it.

Now, I beseech your *Lordships*, what more can be drawn from the producing this Precedent, but only because once upon a time a thing was done Illegally, therefore your *Lordships* should do so again: Now, my *Lords*, under Favour, this of ours is a very different Case from theirs; for as to this Precedent, the Question was never made; and all *Lawyers* will tell you, That Precedent that passes

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sub silentio, is of no validity at all, and will never be admitted in any judicial Court where it is pleaded: Nay, Judge *Vaughan* saith in his Reports, 'That in Cases which depend upon Fundamental Principles, from which Demonstrations may be drawn, Millions of Precedents are to no purpose. O but, say they, you must think prudentially of the Inconvenience that will follow it; for if this be allowed, all these Acts which are made in that Session of Parliament, will be then void; whether that be so or no, I shall not now examine.

But this I will pretend to say, That no Man ought to pass for a Prudential Person, who only takes notice of the Inconveniencies on one side; it is the part of a wise Man to examine the Inconveniencies on both, to weigh which are the greatest, and to be sure to avoid them; and, my *Lords*, to this kind of due Examination, I willingly submit this Cause; for, I presume, it will be easie to your *Lordships* to judge which of these two will be of most dangerous Consequence to the Nation, either to allow that the Statutes made, in that particular Sessions, in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time, are void,

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which may easily be confirm'd at any time by a lawful Parliament ; as, to lay down for a Maxim, That the *Kings* of *England*, by a Titular Order of Theirs, have Power to break all the Laws of *England* when they please : And, my *Lords*, with all the Duty we owe to His *Majesty* it is no disrespect to Him, to say, That His *Majesty* is bound by the Laws of *England* ; for the Great *King* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, *G O D Almighty* Himself, is bound by His own Decrees ; and what is an Act of Parliament, but a Decree of the *King*, made in the most solemn manner ? It is possible for Him to make it, that is, with the Consent of the *Lords* and *Commons*.

It is plain then, in my Opinion, that we are no more a Parliament ; and I humbly conceive your *Lordships* ought to give *G O D* thanks for it, since it has pleased Him thus, by his Providence, to take you out of a Condition wherein you must have been intirely uselefs to his *Majesty*, to your selves, and the whole Nation.

For, I beseech your *Lordships*, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable Excuse could be found for acting again with this *House of Commons*, except we would pretend to such
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an exquisite Act of Forgetfulness, as to avoid calling to mind all that passed last Sessions; and unless we could also have a Faculty of teaching the same Art to the whole Nation! What Opinion would they have of us, if it should happen, that the very same Men that were so earnest, the last Sessions, for having this *House of Commons* dissolv'd, (when there was no question of their lawful Sitting) should now be willing to joyn with them again, when, without question, they are dissolved?

Nothing can be more dangerous to a *King* or People, than the Laws should be made by an Assembly, of which there can be doubt whether they have a Power to make Laws or no; and it would be in us so much the more inexcusable, if we should overlook this Danger, since there is for it so easie a Remdy; a Remedy which the Law requires, and which all the Nation longs for, the calling a New Parliament.

It is that can only put his *Majesty* into a possibility of receiving Supplies; that can secure your *Lordships* the Honour of Sitting in this *House of Peers*, and of being Serviceable to the *King* and Country, and

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that can restore, to all the People of *England*, their undoubted Rights of choosing Men frequently to represent their Grievances in Parliament; without this, all we can do is in vain; the Nation might languish a while, but must perish at last; we should become a Burthen to our selves, and a Prey to our Neighbours.

My Motion to your *Lordships*, therefore, shall be, That we humbly address Our selves to His *Majesty*, and beg of Him, for His own Sake, as well as for all the Peoples sake, to give us speedily a New Parliament, that so we may unanimously, before it is too late, use Our utmost Endeavours for His *Majesty's* Service, and for the Safety, Welfare and Glory of the *English* Nation.

THE
 Emperor of MOROCCO'S
 LETTER
 TO
 CHARLES the Second.

WHEN these Our Letters shall be so happy as to come to Your Majesty's Sight, I wish the Spirit of the Righteous God may so direct your Mind, that You may joyfully embrace the Message I send. The Regal Power, allotted to Us, makes Us first *Common Servants* to Our Creator, then of those People whom we Govern: So that, observing the Duties we owe to God, we deliver Blessings to the World. In providing for the Publick Good of our Estates, we magnifie the Honour of God, like the *Celestial Bodies*, which, tho' they have much Veneration,

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ration, yet serve only to the Benefit of the World. It is the Excellency of Our Office to be Instruments, whereby Happiness is delivered to Nations.

Pardon Me, Sir! this is not to *Instruct*, (for I know I speak to One of a more clear and quick *Sight* than My self;) but I speak this, because God hath pleased to grant me a happy *Victory* over some part of those *Rebellious Pyrates*, that so long have molested the peaceable Trade of *Europe*; and hath presented further Occasion to root out the Generation of those, who have been so pernicious to the Good of our Nations: I mean, since it hath pleased God to be so auspicious to our *Beginnings*, in the Conquest of *Sallee*, that we might joyn and proceed in hope of like Success in the Wars of *Tunis*, *Algiers* and other Places (*Dens* and *Receptacles* of the Inhumane Villanies of those who abhor Rule and Government.) Herein, whilst we interrupt the Corruption of malignant Spirits of the World, we shall glorifie the *Great G O D*, and perform a Duty, that will shine as glorious as the *Sun* and *Moon*, which all the Earth may see and reverence: A *Work* that shall ascend

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ascend as sweet as the Perfume of the most precious Odour in the *Nostrils of the LORD*; a *Work* grateful and happy to Men; a *Work*, whose Memory shall be revered so long as there shall be any remaining amongst Men, that love and honour the Piety and Vertue of Noble Minds. This Action I here willingly present to You, whose Piety and Vertues equal the Greatness of Your Power; that We, who are *Vice-gerents* to the *Great and Mighty GOD*, may hand-in-hand Triumph in the Glory which the Action presents unto Us.

Now, because the Islands which You Govern, have been ever famous for the Unconquered Strength of their Shipping, I have sent this my Trusty *Servant* and *Ambassadour*, to know, whether, in Your Princely Wisdom, You shall think fit to Assist me with such Forces by Sea, as shall be answerable to those I provide by Land? Which if You please to grant, I doubt not but the *L O R D of Hosts* will protect and assist those that fight in so Glorious a Cause. Nor ought You to think this strange, that I, who so much Reverence the Peace and Accord of Nations,

tions,

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tions, should Exhort to a War: Your Great Prophet *Christ Jesus*, was the *Lion of the Tribe of Judah*, as well as the *Lord and Giver of Peace*; which may signifie unto You, That He which is a Lover and Maintainer of Peace, must always appear with the Terror of his Sword; and wading thro' *Seas of Blood*, must arrive to *Tranquillity*. This made *James*, Your Grand-father, of Glorious Memory, so happily Renown'd amongst all Nations. It was the Noble Fame of Your *Princely Vertues* which resounds to the utmost *Cornors of the Earth*, that perswaded me to invite You to partake of that Blessing wherein I boast My self most happy. I wish *G O D* may heap the Riches of his Blessings on You, encrease Your Happiness with Your Days, and hereafter perpetuate the Greatness of Your *Name* in all Ages.

To

To Mr. BULSTRODE, at
White-hall.

S I R,

THE *Turks* breaking their Truce, and besieging *Vienna*, is very deplorable, but might reasonably enough have been foreseen, and is therefore the more strange the Emperor should be so unprovided. From the Princes of the Empire, surely no great Matters are to be expected, for they have their various Interest, and such Confederate Armies seldom do great things: and, should they call in the *French* to their Assistance, the end of that may easily be discerned; for, in all kind of Probability, it must make that *King* the Universal Emperor, and perhaps they may then bring amongst themselves as dangerous an Enemy as him, they now fear: The old Saying is a Truth, *Every-body for himself, and God for us all*; and therefore, I confess, I think it better for these Parts of the World, the *Turks* should have that part of *Germany* than the *French*; for that

Al-

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Almighty Neighbour, (should he acquire the Empire) will be a perpetual Plague to the Northern Countries, and in time to the warmer Climates too ; for he has already made one Step into *Italy*, by *Casal*, and more than two Strides into *Spain* by his other Conquests, tho' he had solemnly protested, at the Holy Altar, Religiously to observe the Peace of the *Pyreneans* ; but, we see, these Protestations are no Tye upon this *Most Christian King* ; for when ever (that he calls) the Advancement of his own Glory, comes in Competition with his Justice to His Neighbour, the Latter is sure to be the Sufferer. I doubt you will think me very impertinent, in meddling in State Affairs, but I rely upon your Goodness to forgive me, since you know, I am

Your most humble Servant,

M. PEACHEY.

To

To ———

Dear Sir *Politick*.

TO prepare my self for writing to you, I wish I could conjure up the Spirit of *Nick Machiavel*; for how can I be able to make good my Promise to you, who are the Great *Anima Mundi Politici*? I have naturally a strange unhappy Honesty, which makes me not the best qualified for Politicks. I suppose you have heard over and over, of the Action in *Hungary*, where we have been as honourably beaten, as a Man could well desire. The Business of our Coin, which, under the new Dispensation, has been more than *Mosaically* Circumcised, begins now to make a very handsome Appearance, there being great store of new Money. To tell you my poor Opinion, the Nation has suffer'd the Fate of a Man that has got the *Pox*, who yet very wisely rejects all the *Quacks*, and relies upon the known approv'd Method of Fluxing: She throws off all the unsound Part, the bad Money, and in its room gets up a fresh Stock of Vigour. You very well know how Mat-
ters

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ters have gone with the *Bank*: Their Abatements are not so great as they have been, and it is hoped it will be again in a flourishing Condition. You and I have private Reasons to wish well, besides this publick one, That the *Bank* is one of the Pulses of our Government, and, as it beats high or low, a Man may make his Inferences: And thus much for State Affairs; for really, Sir, I have but a mean Opinion of that sort of Study. Politicks in *Italy*, may be refin'd Understanding; in *France*, a genteeler sort of Villany; in *Holland*, Interest coarse spun; but in *England*, are certainly *Flatus Hypochondriaci*. If this be not an effectual Plea for my Carelesness, you ought to consider, I am out of the Road of *Government*, and of an Age when Men generally mind other things: People under Seven and Twenty, tho' they live about Town, either are for none, or else for a lower Species of Politicks; such as which, in the present War of Pleasure, shall get the better, *King Thomas*, or the Confederacy of Players.

Octob. the first,

1696.

Sir,

I am, &c.

To

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I Esteem, tho' I cou'd not merit your Salute; and, while I return you mine in exchange, I acknowledge you a Loser by the friendly Venture you have made; yet, let not one Loss deter you from a farther Correspondence: The Amorous, or rather Wanton Widow, bears her Loss like a *Christian*; her Grief proceeds more from your Absence than his Death. I have the Secret, but am not beholding either to him that is dead, or her that is living for it. I am sorry to hear you made no greater Progress in that Affair; but do not wonder the Spirit moves not your Fancy so little, since you make all your Courtship to the Ladies; those more substantial Mistresses, the *Muses*, are but thin airy *Phantoms*, and I know you have more of the Real, than the *Platonick* Lover, in you. When you come to my years, perhaps, you'll be more inclin'd to court the latter; yet, I must confess, when we come to be Fumblers in *Love*, we are but Bunglers

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glers in *Poetry*: The *Muses*, as well as the Ladies, are for the brisk, young and gay: I know not how well (the Ladies you mention) were pleas'd with hearing my Plays read; if they were delighted, I'll assure you, 'twas more with the *Reader*, than the *Writer*. Children have oft been kiss'd for their handsome Nurses sakes; 'twas you they liked, and not the Plays; the Pleasure was in your Company, and not in their *Wit* and *Merit*. You please to say the Ladies often wish'd my Company; that indeed wou'd have given 'em Diversion, for then they'd have laugh'd at me too, or if they did heartily wish it, I suppose you did not tell 'em I was an Author of *Fifty*; which now you may, and so preserve all their kind Thoughts for your self: But had they their Wish, I should ne'er have had mine; they would wish me gone from 'em, and I should wish to stay with 'em; I should admire them, and they would admire at the folly of *Wishing*. The Sighs the Fair One sent in the Paper, are not come to hand; but if I know by what Messenger you sent the Letter, I wou'd go and enquire what is become of 'em; the *fragrancy* of their Breath is wanting too, but that
may

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may be blown away by the Wind, since the Paper pass'd the Region of Thirty Five Miles at least, for so I take it from *Mayfield to London*; or at least the Wind turning, drove back their Sighs and Breath to you agen——. Every thing favours the youthful *Lover*; but give my humble Service to the fair Ladies; for as Youth is pleas'd with real Favours, Age is not displeas'd with being handsomly flatter'd. As a farther Token of your Friendship, Sir, pray, kiss these Ladies Hands for me; your Kisses will be felt, tho these I send be invisible—. I have kiss'd it twenty times: Pray, make just payment, for I think I am indebted so many to 'em at least. Sir, I hope this last Commission will make amends for the Errors of this Epistle.

Sir, your most oblig'd

and humble Servant,

E. RAVENSCROFT.

*From a Gentleman in the Country, to
a Lady in the City.*

M A D A M,

I Was as apprehensive of the tediousness of my Journey, as the Effects of my arrival, for the Persecution of my Thoughts; each step, I trod, seem'd like a Journey from the Land of the Living: I am certain, if Any-body had spoke to me, they could not look upon me in my Wits, and perhaps you'll say so too, for degenerating into so unmanly a Condition. At the same time, *Madam*, I'll be judg'd by your Conscience, I won't say your self, (for Womens Modesty, like false Glasses, discommend 'em only for Flattery) whether or no I am not a *Martyr* to a true Cause or not. I may well say I've made a Sacrifice of my Heart to you; for ever since I saw you, *Victims* on their Altars ne'r burnt with greater Heat and Ardor. I am as solitary as the place I reside in: Methinks I could wish we might converse in Thoughts, or that our Souls might meet sometimes in Sighs; but
Thoughts

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Thoughts and Sighs are Airy Substances, and barren Food for Womens Souls; such fond *Platonicks* as my self may languish under them in a Burrough, where *Innocence, Rusticity, and Ignorance* agree, but here I waste my time and wishes in vain: My Writing to you, is like my keeping of you Company, in this, that the Hearing from you, and ceasing to write to you, seems equally perplexing, and at the same time equally unavoidable; for the *Idea* I have of you, has so transfix'd my Mind, that even my breath and sighs can scarce forbear to speak the *Wishing-flame* of,

Madam,

Your most afflicted Sufferer,

DAMON.

Three L O V E - L E T T E R S.

To Madam. —

My Charming TYRANT,
THo' you forbid me to repeat Suns
Rocks, Mountains, Earth-quakes,
which are as essential to a Letter of this
kind, as Gilt-paper; yet you forgot to ex-
cept against Sighs, Prayers, Vows, Tears,
and the many other little Reliefs the Un-
happy fly to; however, I'll now conceal
the Trouble of my own Breast, rather
than disturb your Patience: I have found,
by experience, that neither despair, nor
any other Perturbation of Mind, can
kill me, since I have born a Fortnight's
Absence from you, and am yet alive:
'Tis true, Life is more supportable this
Morning, than Yesterday: For, if *Hamlet*,
had not been murther'd at the Play-house
last Night, I had been worse than dead
to Day. Tell me, Dear *Madam*, how
long must I live on the Plenty of my last
Night's

Night's Feast? Must I quickly again be happy, or linger out a tedious Life under your Displeasure? Let me know my Sentence in one Line; speak truth, and say, you hate me, because I love you. 'Tis a Pleasure to be out of Pain, and when One's going to be executed, the greatest Cruelty is the greatest Mercy. Once more let me beg a short Letter from you, tho it be to chide me, for troubling you with so long a one as this: I swear, to hear only you were well, I'd give my Eyes; nor would the loss be considerable, because they are of no manner of use to me in your absence, unless to read those Letters, which, I hope, Heaven will dispose you to write to,

Y O U R S.

To Madam. —

MADAM,

Hope is like the Heart ; and as it is the first thing that lives, so 'tis the first thing that dies in us, otherwise I cou'd despair of seeing you any more ; but me thinks 'tis impossible for one to have the Beauty and Brightness of Heaven in her Eyes, without gentle Compassion in her Heart : Reflect upon your Angel's Frame ; Consider, *Madam*, how that Tongue, that was fashion'd by Nature, to pronounce nothing but Blessings to your Adorers, will be mis-employed, when you Curse so much, as to forbid me seeing you. I'm not so vain as to expect any Return to my Passion ; only suffer it, and I am happy ; call it by no less familiar Name, than *Love*. Let it be Adoration, and even that the *Gods* will allow of : They refuse not our Sacrifices, nor are they angry at our *Anthems* : and if they with-hold their Blessings, they plead *Predestination* for their Excuse. Cruel, as
you

you are, I must thank the Weather, or I'd met you no more; your Journey was fixt for this Morning, but Yesterday's Rain did more than a Flood of Tears, from the Eyes of,

YOURS.

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To Madam. —

Dear MADAM,

NEVER cou'd the Author of *Don Quixot* more handsomly ridicule the Mad and Airy Gallantries of Roman-tick *Heroes*, than you did in your last, your most unfortunate humble Servant. Your Letter has had so good effect upon me, that I have not executed my Resolution; tho this *Scribble* will seem to signify, that the Lead has entred my Skull already: Truly, Madam, I have so much occasion for Brains, especially when I write to a Lady of your apprehension, that I can as little part with any, as a Member of ——— would do with his Priviledges; but, it is possible, *Madam*, that a Pistol can do more to your Admirer than the Conclusion of your Letter. You tell me there, I must not hope to see you more; you may from thence imagine, that no other Attempt can be equally fatal to a Man of *Errantry*. I have only the Satisfaction left, to know that I cannot be more Miserable, for he that's drown'd,

drown'd, needs no more fear Rain, than the withered Flowers does the hot Sunshine. Now, Madam, to free you from the pain of Reading any more, (which, I suppose you'll take care to do your self, by not calling for them) I'll only ask leave to tell you, That *Cruelty* becomes the *Nymphs*, as little as an *Effeminacy* does the *Swains*, nor can I study any Revenge half so terrible to you, as your acting against your self, which is, in designing to Marry. I hope before you leap down the Precipice, you'll once more take leave of,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

I dare not tell you how things go, lest you should laugh at me; but if you will lose your time at the Play, in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, on *Tuesday*, I'll be the Subject of your *Diversion*.

 A LETTER by Mr. M.

To Mr. G. ———

Dear G. ———

THE dull Business of the Day is over, and our *Cushion Cuffer* has given me leisure for a better Employment than hearing him cant over his musty *Morals*; 'tis not the least Grievance, in the Country, to do Penance once a Week, and sit with passive Ears, two live-long Hours, and put such a *Violence* on One's Nature: Heaven be prais'd, in this lukewarm Age, nothing is so easily counterfeited as *Devotion*, otherwise poor *Cub-pit* would have a hard part to play. 'Twas the Opinion of a sage *Monk*, that the Torment of *Hell* was nothing but an eternal Crowding and Elbowing; but I think it an everlasting Solitude; for, I assure you, I think that the Country is but a State of *Probation* for *Hell*, and an Earnest of *Damnation*: I was revived,

with

with your Letter, from a stupid sort of a *Lethargy*; for any thing that comes from *London*, in my forlorn Circumstances, must needs be a Cordial, like poor *Divis* in *Hell*, viewing the great *Gulph* between and begging some Small-beer of the *Beggar* in *Abraham's* Bosom; even so your desolate Friend, begs the Favour of a Letter to comfort him in the midst of his Afflictions, who am,

Your Friend and Servant,

M————

 LETTERS,

Written by a

 PERSON of HONOUR.

To————

 From on Board———at St. Hellens,
 May 27th, 1694.

Here we are still, Sir, at your Service ;
 Bragging, and Lying, and Hector-
 ing, and Bouncing of what we are going
 to do ; but the Proof of the *Pudding* be-
 ing in the Eating, a Month hence you
 may expect a truer Account of our Con-
 duct and Courage, than I'll pretend to
 give you now : However, this is cer-
 tain, we have Mischief in our Hearts.
 'Tis positive, we are going to do or undo
 something ; here are strong *Simptoms* of
 War : I have not heard, since I came on
 Board,

Board, one Sentence (except when the *Chaplain* says *Grace*) without *Blood, Plunder, Fire, or Rape* in't. Yesterday I could not bear it, nor my Lord C ——— neither: so we flunk into a little Boat, and made a Descent on the *Ile of Wight*, where I was presently seiz'd, and had like to have did of a Disease call'd, *Rapture*: Such *Hills*; such *Vallies*; such *Woods*; such *Plains*; such *Faces*; such *A——s*. Look you, Sir, I'll say no more, but one Expedition under *M——s*, is worth two under *M——s*; and so I'll tell you what I did three Nights since: Hearing there was a *Cargo* of *French Protestants* newly debarked, about four Leagues off, a certain Lord and your humble Servant, having a mind to inform our Selves of the State of the Enemy, went a-shore, and enquir'd 'em out: We found in a *Cow-house*, full of *Straw*, sixteen Women, nine Children, eight *Lap-dogs*, and a *Tup-cat*, all at Supper together.

We ask't 'em what part of *France* they came from: They all answer'd at once, and every one nam'd a different Place.

We

We ask't 'em what rate **Bread** was at :
They all answer'd together again, and
every one nam'd a different Price.

With that, he singled out one, and I
another : We prest 'em about half an
hour, with a closer Examination, and,
comparing of Notes, we found, That the
Spirit is sometimes as weak as the *Flesh* ;
and that Women, as well as *Priests*, of all
Religions, are the same.

A D I E U.

To

To Mrs. ———

Better late than never, is an old Proverb, *Madam*; and, I hope, a true one; at least I rely so much upon it, that I venture to write to you after six Months Neglect. Not that I think you care much for my Letters neither; don't mistake. But perhaps you may be apt to say, *People need not be so sparing of 'em, unless they were of greater value*; and perhaps you'd say right: but that does not hinder People from being as lazy as ever; nor from continuing to be so impudent to expect Pardon, without being able to urge one tolerable Excuse: *For what's bred in the Bone, you know, will never out at the Flesh*. So there's another Proverb for you: Half a dozen more would stand me in great stead to make out my Letter: For I know my Lady — gives you an Account of all material Things, Intrigues and new Petticoats. As for *Politicks*, you'd clap them under Minc'd-pies, and well if they far'd no worse. In short, I know nothing but *Religion* you care a Farthing

Farthing for ; and that's the Town's so bare of at present, I cou'd as soon send you Money. No-body prays but the Court ; and, perhaps, they had as good let it alone ; at least No-body fees, by the Effects, what they pray for ; 'tis thought a general Excise. But Heaven, who knows our Wants better, seems to be of Opinion a General Peace will do as well. They say, The Bully of *France* is leaving all in the Lurch ; for which he has both the Blessings and Curses of many a poor Dog about this Town. For as to matters of Wealth and Plenty, you must know the Impartiality of our Men of Business has been such, they have brought *Williamite* and *Jacobite* to much about the same Pitch. But now we are all going to flourish again : so I hope, we shall see your Ladship in Town against the Peace is proclaim'd, that upon the *Bonfire-night* your Billet may burn too.

I can tell you one thing : You ought to appear in your own Defence ; for the first time I shew'd my self, since I came to Town, upon that Theatre of Truth and Good Nature, the *Chocolate-house*, I was immediately regal'd with the old Story, (tho' from another Hand) *That*

now

now you were gone for certain. But, that worthy Knigh-Errant, Mr. W——, that Mirrour of Chivalry, for all wrong'd Ladies, drew his Tongue in your Defence; and I, Madam, had the Honour to be his *Sancho Pancho* in your Justification. But how long we shall be able to stand our Ground, I can't tell, unless you'll come and lug out too, and then I don't doubt but we shall make our Party good. Now you must know, Madam, *One good turn deserves another*, (there's a Proverb again) I stand as much in need of your Weapon, as you can do of mine. Here's a scoundrel Play come out lately, by which the Author has been pleas'd to bring all the Reverend Ladies of the Town upon his Back, with my Lady——at the Head of 'em, for saying, *An old Bawd was good for nothing*. But that is not all his Misfortune; there's a younger Knot, who having grimac'd themselves into the Faction of Piety, say, 'Tis a wicked Play, and a Blasphemous Play, and a Beastly, Filthy, Bawdy Play; and so never go to it, but in a Mask. Dear Mrs. S—— come to Town again quickly, and don't put your Country-tricks upon us any longer, for here's a World of Mischief in your Absence: The V—— is

Leaner than ever. I am grown Religious. My Lord *W*—— is going to be Married. Sir *John Fenwick* is going to be Hanged. The *W. L*—— is Boarded by a Sea-Officer: The Lady *Sh*—— is Storm'd by a Land one. *Yel*—— has got a high Intrigue; and the *P*—— has got the Gripes. For *God's* sake come to Town quickly: You see all's in Disorder; nor are things much better in the Country, as I hear: For, 'tis said, the Spirit of Wedlock haunts Folks in *Shropshire*, and has play'd the Devil with the Flesh. Some-body swore by —— t'other Day, you were Married; to whom, I have forgot, tho' that was sworn too. But, pray, let's see you here again; and don't tell us a Scripture-story, That you have married a Husband, and can't come; the Excuse, you see, was not thought good, even in those Days, when things wou'd pass on Folks that won't now.

My due Respects to the Mayor and
Corporation of S —————

 To the Lord H—

Paris, Octob. 21. 1681.

NOW things mend, my Lord; and an *Italian* Abbot makes a good Pimp: His only Fault is, he's damn'd hard of Hearing; a Shout in another Man's Ear, is but a Whisper in his: A vile Quality for a Bawd. However, he's a Person of Business, and one of his *Belles Dames* is a better *Sophister* than you are; for you pretend but to argue *Fornication* no Sin, whilst she proves it a Vertue; and (all L—apart) wou'd ——— for the down-right sake of Religion. Her Case is this: She's a Sister of the String, tickles a *Guitar* to a Miracle, and that she gets her Living by. Her Beauty, her Modesty, her Wit, and her Youth, would help her to a better Livelihood, if her Conscience would give her leave to lay about her like the rest of her Sex; but her Inclinations being Upwards, and having a sower Contempt of this vile Earth, she desires to give her

self to her good *God*, and faunter out her Days in a *Nunnery*: But she wants Five Hundred Pistoles to introduce her; and that she's willing to — for. She computes about a Twelve-month's Run may satisfy any reasonable Gentleman, and that he'll then give her leave to quit that same filthy Business, for a Swing of Spiritual L——

So, if your Lordship knows ever a Knight-Errant, whose Purse is as lavish as his—— and will both —— for the Relief of Distressed Vertue; pray, tell him this pitiful Story, which is a Truth by J ——

The *French* say, You'll be altogether by the Ears about six Weeks hence; and that they are to go over, and take Possession of some Houses and Parks, that belong to *Des Bougres d'Anglois, qui vont à leur ordinaire se soulever contre leur Prince Naturel*. God send this Invasion, I say, 'twill at least have one good Effect, 'twill Legitimate *Adultery* here, which I have been seeking Arguments for in vain; for if they enter our Houses, *Lex Talionis*, we whip into their Wives.
Rapes

Rapes will be lawful too, by the same Morality. So, pray my Lord, come over; for here's like to be Work for a better—than mine.

My Lord S———has got a nauseous Mistress here; a cry'd-up Beauty, a flatteringly Sow, founder'd of both her Feet: In short, I hate her; and so I do Everybodies, but my own; and her I like so well, I believe I shall have my Bones broke about her, before I have done; there being some impertinent People akin to her, who won't let her —— in quiet.

My Lord, the Soup's upon the Table, you'll excuse me: for there are four tall *Germans* about it, who will swallow it down scalding hot, in less time than an *English-man* can say Grace. May Heaven preserve you still fifty Years more, and kill your Father betwixt this and *Christmas*.

Je suis tout à Vous.

Two Days since my Lord S—— being in appearance at the Door of Death, he repented, as is usual ; but there is now hopes of a Return to his Health, and Relapse to his Vices.

To

To Mr. T——

Rakehelly T——

JUST now, stroling thro' my Pocket-Book, I stumbl'd upon your Name : Mrs. P——'s Name, *Charing-cross*, and the Sign of the *Elephant*, which gave Remembrance such a Bang, I have made a Collection of Pen, Ink and Paper, with a design to be as good as my Word, and write to you. So the Question how I shall write, and the Question whether I shall write or not, are indeed become no Questions at all ; but the Question what I shall write, is a great Question still. The House of Office may perhaps help me. You'll excuse me for a Moment.

I am return'd, and by Providence's help, have done your Business as well as my own. I have found six leaves of a *Dutch* Sermon ; the Title page I have made use of, the rest I send you inclos'd, I don't understand much of the Language, but I think it gives you an Ac-

K k 4

count

count how many Tun of Saints the *Pagans* shipp'd off for the Spiritual *Indies*, when the *Christians* lived in *Holland*: He says the Manufacture now is quite destroy'd, and the Trade is not worth a T—— Now you must know, Parsons in this Country tell Truth in their Sermons; so, as to a lover of Truth and Sermons both, I send you this. The Postage won't cost you above half a Piece; a Dog Penny-worth, I think.

All I have to say, is, That this is a scoundrel Town. The *Dutch* Women here are greasie and fat, the *English* sawcy and ugly. Here's a great deal of Snow, and very bad Fires; cursed Meat, and worse Company: That for our Diversions. As for Business: My Lord *W*—— is asleep by the Fire-side; Mr. *Ruf*—— is picking his Nose; the *P*——s is Quilting a Petticoat; her Maids are all at their Prayers; *Ju*—— is Expounding the *Revelations*; *B*——t is writing of Libels; the *Pr*—— is studying, I guess what; and the *English* Embassador is a Fool: Zoons, Sir, I have got the Cramp; OG—! how many damn'd Tricks has Nature to plague Mankind—— I can't
write

Familiar Letters. 137

write a word more. You'll fend me an Answer to this, won't you? Do, prithee do; and don't be long about it now.

If you direct your Letter to me at *Youfrow Zouterkin's*, in *Cut-street*, 'tis fix to four but my Hand and my A---will have it in their turns.

To

*To the Chevalier De Choiseul, at
La Hogue.*

De l' Enfer, ce 18. Avril, 1692.

Mon Cher Chevalier,

SI vostre Voyage a este aussi agreable que vostre bonne Compagnie l'estoit aux pauvres Prisonniers à la Bastille, je m'en rejouiray for : Car, sans Compliment, je m'interesse beaucoup à tout ce qui vous regarde. Et quoy que (la Charite commençant chez foy) je me plaigne de vostre absence, j'ay assez de bon Naturel, pour me rejouir de vostre Liberte.

Pour moy ; je suis, comme j'ay long tems este, (en apparence) sur la veille de sortir : Cependant, la Porte n'est pas encore ouverte.

Le pauvre my Lord a prit les devants ; & il est presentement à Boulogne, ou il attend l'arrivee du General Hamilton. Ainsi voila la Bastille plus triste que jamais.

mais. Le Marquis pourtant continue a nous divertir, & à nous incommoder : Le voicy, Mort Die, qui entre avec toute sa fuitte. Que le Diable les emporte tous ensemble. Ils font tant de bruit, qui'il est impossible d'ecrire davantage. Ainsi Adieu, jusqu'à tantost —————

Il y a deux heures que j'ay este obligé de quitter ma Lettre, & depuis ce temps la, j'ay este entretenu, comme quoy, c'est une chose qui choque l'honneur de la France, qu'un Fils d'un Duc & Pair, de la Noble Race de Crusole, descendu des anciens Comtes de Tholouse, soit detenu Prisonnier à la Bastille, pendant que la Nation a besoin de ses plus grands Capitaines, pour repousser une foule d'Ennemis qui l'attaquent. Mais, Monsieur, (luy repondi-je) les choses ne sont pas encore à l'extremite ; la France n'est pas encore perdue. Quand le Roy la verra en danger, ce fera alors qu'il se servira de ses dernieres ressources ; & se fera alors qu'il vous sortira glorieusement de la Bastille, pour vous placer à la teste de ses Armees. Si vous estiez deja dehors, il scait que vous vous exposeriez trop, vostre valeur luy est connue ; c'est pour l'amour
de

de vous, & de luy mesme, qu'il veut vous conserver ; c'est pour vous conserver qu'il vous a donné en charge à Monsieur de Besmeaux.

F——tre de Besmeaux, (dit-il) F——tre de la Bastille, F——tre de Sodome, & F——tre de Gommone ; je suis Fils d'un Duc & Pair, moy :

Monsieur (luy dis-je) vostre Illustre Naissance est desja connue à tout le monde ; un peu de Patience feroit aussi eclater vostre Vertu.

*Je me F—— de la Vertu——
Mais, Monsieur, un peu de Modération——
Point : Je veux fortir, moy—— Je
veux me signaler——
Mais écoutez, Marquis. Si vous sortiez,
& que Monsieur de Besmeaux——*

F——tre des Besmeaux, je vous dis——
Je me mocque de luy, qu'il laisse les Gens en repos, s'il le veut ; ou je luy F——tray vingt coups de Pied dans le Ventre, & autant de coups de Poing sur le Nez ; & flingue & flanque, & l'Abere, & Garagnet,

net, & encore cent milles F——tus Gafcoignes, Mort Die, je les feray tous trembler.

Monfieur le Marquis, (luy dis-je) je fuis voftre tres humble Serviteur ; mais comme je n'ay point de Cuiraffe, je ne veux plus demeurer feul avec vous. O (dit-il) vous ne rifquez rien.

Pardonnez moy (repartis-je) on rifque beaucoup, quand le Sang des Crufoles est bouillant. Adieu.

Je descendis donc, & il evacua ma Chambre : & à mon Retour, pour achever ma Lettre, j'ay bien barricade ma Porte.

Comme tout le monde icy, pretend que vous allez droit en Angleterre, pour Retablir le Roy Jacques, bon gre, mal gre. Et que je confidere, que dans les Expeditions de Mars, Venus ne manque jamais de fe mettre de la Partie : Je vous prie d'avoir foin, que fi mes Sœurs doivent estre baifees, du moins elles puiffent avoir la Confolation d'estre bien baifees. Il y en a à choisir ; mais la troifieme, en
etant

etant la plus Belle, je vous la recommande pour vostre propre Bouche. Si vous la trouvez Vierge (car je ne repons de rien) allez doucement ne faites point trop de fracas ; de peur de faire pleurer la pauvre Fille. Mais quand vous aurez pris le Fort, je vous supplie de n'y pas laisser Garnison.

Pour nos Eglises: Remettez-y tout ce qu'il vous plaira, hors le Pouvoir Despotique du Prestre ; car je ne desire pas d'aller au Ciel la Fourche au Cul.

Dans la Police, faites moy la grace de pendre tous les Procureurs ; mais traitez avec beaucoup the Respect un certain Avocat, qui s'appelle *Habeas Corpus*. C'est un veritable honneste Homme : mal gre sa Robe longue, vous pouvez vous souvenir que nous avons quelque fois beu à sa Sante. En verite il le merite bien : c'est un Amy à tout le monde, & qui en mesme temps ne flatte personne : il est vray qu'il va souvent à la Court, mais il n'est pas du tout Courtizan. Il faut que vous sachiez qu'il a des manieres qui ne s'accomodent pas tout à fait avec ses Messieurs la : ils luy donnent de bonnes paroles,

roles, mais ils ne l'aiment pas trop. Que cela ne vous empêche pas de luy faire la Reverence : Tost ou tard, vous en pourrez avoir besoin. Je vous prie de luy faire bien mes Compliments, & de luy asseurer que je me souviens fort souvent de luy.

Au reste : Crevez moy toutes les Vieilles, qui refusent d'estre Maquerelles ; car il n'est pas pour le bien publicq, que des choses inutiles, mangeassent le Pain de l'Etat.

Etoufez tous les petits Chiens de Village, & les Enfans qui crient ; car tout ce qui fait du bruit me desole.

Enfin, si vous rencontrez (ce que je ne crois pas) un Fils d'un Duc & Pair, pareil au Marquis, envoyez le a la Tour, pour le repos de sa Famille.

Et voila, mon cher Compatriot de malheur, toutes les Commissions que j'ay a vous donner. Si je vous voy a Paris, d'icy en six Mois, vous me rendrez Compte comment vous les aurez executez. Si c'est bien, je vous en loueray fort :

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fort : si c'est mal, je vous pardonneray volontiers. Car je suis (sans Compliment) tout a fait de vos Amis, & fort vostre Serviteur.

To

To Mr. ———

HARRY,

I'M afraid thou'rt turn'd a meer *Adamite*, that is, hast forfeited thy Health and Happiness to purchase more knowledge, or else thou are plaguily belyed. Oh! that Pleasure, *Harry*, is a Hellish Pleasure. How sweet in the Enjoyment, and how sower in the event! Well, I suppose thou'rt throughly convinc'd, there's no such thing as Heaven upon Earth, as a great many vain Fellows imagine; since our Pleasures are not only bounded in one particular thing; but the greatest variety of Enjoyments finish in the uneasy Desire of their Continuance, or the more torturing Experience of its *Impossibility*; or at least, their Punishment by a prodigious Fluxing. The most permanent of all our Habits is that part of 'em which are vicious; or that which we are taught to believe so. A good Thought is as easily spoil'd in Devotion, as 'tis in Study. The obscenest B—

in one Moment will ruine the strongest Efforts of a pious Preparation. Oh! this Nature of ours, tho it be the most prevailing *Rhetorick*, is yet a Compound of Extreame: the minute that gives Birth to the most endear'd of our Entertainments, gives such an assurance of their Conclusion, that palls them in the possession: Our Entertainment is very often uneasy to us, from the Care we take to be Regular; and we are seldom guilty of so great *Solecism*, as when we endeavour to avoid all for *Silence*, which is a peculiar remedy against 'em, is at the same time the greatest *Solecism* in Conversation. Why, this moment I was thinking to treat you as one of my Familiars; and in my very design of being so, my Deficiency has carried me to a quite opposite Matter, and I am unawares an unskilful Moralist, or an unbiting *Satyr*. I hope you will pardon my Impertinence, and accept this small Epistle from him, who is your affectionate.

Humble Servant.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Cou'd no more hope to see you (considering the time of your Letter's coming to my hands) than I could have any Peace without it. Not all the Objects in the World could divert my Melancholy, but your Letter, which had done it effectually, but that it gave me the sensible Mortification of despairing to find you. Lord, Madam, how insensible of Passion are you, to see and reject such evidence of my Love? I am sorry you give me so great a shew of your Levity, and so much Apprehension of my ill Fortune. If my Condition be not answerable to your Beauty, this I can tell, my Passion is the most exalted in Nature. I wish Nature would afford me some signal Method to convince you of it, that I might at least hope a reciprocal one from you. In my own Brain, I feel both all the Pain and Love, which *Poets* feign *Romantick Heroes* to have done;

L 1 2

and

and am scarce less mad to let you know,
how much I wou'd be thought to be
your Humble Servant.

DAMON.



To

To Sir John —

*In Imitation of a Letter in the Histoires
Facetieuses, p. 78.*

Dear KNIGHT,

THIS comes to inform you, that I am
in the Land of the Living ; and
that's all. But as for the Pleasures of
this Transitory World, (which the *Hy-*
pocrites that use them, and the *Rakebells*
that are past them, call *Vanities*) I am
no more the better for them, than a *Lap-*
lander is for the Sun of *Italy* ; or, to come
nearer Home, than *Grocer's Hall* is for
the Wealth of the Bank at *Amsterdam*. A
Curse on that unlucky Night, when you
and I got so drunk at the *Blue-Posts* to-
gether : for do but observe what were
the Effects on't. Drunkenness, Sir *John*,
drew Fornication after it ; and these
two Sins in wicked Conjunction begot a
most un dutiful Child, the Lord knows,
between 'em, who before he was a Fort-
night old, depos'd both his Father and

Mother. Thus being disabled from Whoring, and out of respect to my own Carcase not daring to drink, I am grown as grave, and as contemplative, and as virtuous a Person, as you could desire to stick your Knife in. Like the rest of the World too, when they turn *Saints*, I find the Devil and all of *Ill Nature* has come upon me with my *Virtue*. I am as *splentick* and *peevish* as a poor Dog of an *Author* that has been bilked in a *Dedication*. Neither Man, Woman, nor Child can escape my *Censures*. I roar against Sir, louder than a Fellow that is paid to do it in *Publick*, tho at the same time wishes it no mischief in his Heart. I rail at Every-body, whether I know them or no; and in some of my moody fits don't care a Farthing if half the Men in the Kingdom were hang'd, and all the Women sent pick-a-pack to Old Clowen-foot.

Once more, a Curse on that unlucky Night, when this Disaster befel me. Dear Sir *John*, for Heavens sake, help me to pelt it with some *Vigorous*, some *Emphatical*, some *Gigantick* Curses. May it hereafter know no Mirth nor Pleasure,
not

not even that of *Lamblacking* Signs and rubbing out of *Milk-scores*; no Balls nor Serenades; no Jollity of *Drukards*, nor Enjoyment of Lovers. May it hear of nothing but Execrations of Losing Gamesters, Fires, Burglaries, and slaughtered Watchmen. *Magistrates* of the Night surrendering up their pious Souls in *Kennels*, and the *Withered Bullies* that did it, dying and blaspheming by their side. *Murders* hideous enough to fright an *Italian*, and unnatural *Rapes*, that would make even a *Pamper'd Cardinal* tremble. But Pox on't, I don't curse worth a straw. One *Scotch Pedlar* heartily warm'd wou'd out-do half a dozen such puny Fellows as I am. Therefore, dear Sir *John*, come to my Assistance, and help me out at a pinch. Curse that unlucky *Night*, or curse the *Wine*, or curse the *Master*; 'tis all one in the *Original Hebrew*, so you do but curse. But especially pour a double Vial of your wrathful Spirit upon the Discourteous Damfel that brought me to this. May Providence everlastingly toss her from the *Chirurgeons's* Hands to the *Bayliff's*, and so back again in *Sacula Saculorum*: Or may her Ill Fate force her in her Old

Age to *Scotland*, where may the *Kirk* condemn her to be roasted alive for a *Sorcerefs*; and may she be as long a burning, as the *Universe* will be at the *Conflagration*.

T. BROWN.

To Mrs. —

Dear MADAM,

NEVER any Mortal laboured under such a Perplexity of Fortune, or Variety of Confusions: I should certainly put a period to this Being of mine, but that I am still willing to submit to you the Triumph: As you have had it so indisputably over my Heart, even so take it over my Life, since it offends you, and affords me no Comfort. How can you imagine, that one bereft of his Soul, can survive its Absence? No more can you the possibility of mine, and at the same time be convinc'd of the Reality of my Passion. These twelve Months at least have I been endeavouring to cast off my Chains, and to quit a Cause which I cou'd no more hope to triumph in, than I had to be happy without it: but find as impossible as to abandon my Breath, and retain my Vital Motion. I conjure you *Madam*, by all the Ties of Nature, pity me, and the mischievous Circumstances of my ill Fortune, that has plac'd me in a Sphere,

Sphere, which can no more entitle me to your esteem, than encourage my Pre-
sumption. But pardon me, *Madam*, if I
wish *Fortune* had been less benevolent to
you, that I might have given you a more
ample evidence of my Passion, and my
self a greater Prospect of Success; and
believe assuredly, 'twou'd be the greatest
Inhumanity in the World in ceasing to
kill, or ceasing to make me the happiest
of your Humble Servants.

Adieu.

To a Gentleman in Cambridge.

Honest SAM,

Since you are so stout, I'll be so too, and pick your Pocket of two Pence; a thing I hope excusable in a Friend. But perhaps you'll say, some people have a plaguy deal of Impudence, to call themselves so, since you give 'em no encouragement by your Letters; but, at the same time, that does not suppress this Impudence: For *what's bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh*; and so there's a Proverb for you. Why, I'll promise thee, Sam, I wish thoud'ft pick my Pocket after such a friendly manner. But, I see, absent Acquaintance are as little thought of, as past Iniquities; and the Devil of Forgetfulness reigns as much in *Cambridgeshire*, as that of Poverty does in *London*. However, I heartily wish thee void of both; for these Devils are bloody things to be dispossefs'd, when they have once got a footing: As an instance of which, there's a good honest Follow has sent his Wife to the other World under
the

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the same Predicament. Your Brother and I are consulting now to make you Penniless; for we are plaguily afraid, that you eat so much of the *Divine Banquet*, that you can afford none of your absent Friends so much as a Refreshment: And so, Honest Sam, good Night to thee.

To T — W — Esq;

May the 19th. 93.

S I R,

TIs strange, that what e're Noddle akes,
 Some Friend or other still partakes;
 Whoever wrote, have always sought
 Some one for Gossip to their Thought.
 I, after hunting long in vain,
 To vent th' Incumbrance of my Brain,
 (Like spurious Race of humble Whore)
 Resolve to lay it at your Dore.
 And just as other Writers use,
 Shall plead Prescription for Excuse:
 For Custom that does still dispense
 With Universal Influence,
 And makes things right or wrong appear,
 Just as they do her Liv'ry wear;
 Can justifie Impertinence,
 And stamp it into Sterling Sence.
 I therefore care not what I write,
 For tho I Scribble, You Endite;
 I treat you at Your own Expence,
 And furnish words, but You the Sence.

And

And therefore fear not to miscarry;
 Since I am but Your Secretary :
 For as our Eyes but passive are,
 (As learned Philosophers aver)
 And only convey to the Mind,
 Idea's, which first there we find ;
 Yet are themselves but Helps to see,
 As other Optick-Glasses be,
 So in these Lines, what ever's meant,
 I only am Your Instrument ;
 And nothing have at my command,
 But the meer Motion of my Hand :
 For all the Sence, You must expect,
 Springs from Your proper Intellect.
 The learned'st Book that e're was wrot,
 To him that understands it not,
 No other prospect e're affords,
 Then a meer Anarchy of Words :
 For Books (like all things else) are good
 Or bad, but as they are understood ;
 And when Men quote 'em, they mistake,
 They did not find it so, but make :
 So whatsoe're from them we smatter,
 Is but the Sense of Commentator :
 For Words indeed, altho' sown thick
 Like Cyphers in Arithmetick,
 When all cast up, to nothing come,
 The Figure only makes the Sum :

So Readers must to Books supply,
 What feeble Characters deny.
 And hence it is that all things sound,
 Just as their Fancies do expound;
 And if they take 'em in a wrong sence,
 All Authors have been serv'd so long since.
 Did they not make old Homer prate
 Of Boots and Shoes, and God knows what?
 Made him hold-forth on Philosophy,
 And Vertuous of Sage, Tea and Coffee;
 And Jests too up and down to scatter,
 Where he thought nothing of the matter?
 Made they not Virgil strange things write,
 And prophesie by After-light;
 Fore-tell the Means of our Salvation,
 And all this by their Inspiration?
 Make they not him Mens fortunes tell,
 Of which he ne're thought Syllable;
 Pronounce the Fate of Men in Battle,
 And of Invaders of strange Cattle;
 Detect by Whole-sale in his Verse,
 Thieves, Pick-pockets and Conjurers;
 And surer tell who drives that Game on,
 Than P—dge, G—ry, or S—on?
 Mean time, perhaps, there's but one Leaf,
 Betwixt the Justice and the Thief?
 His Worship wou'd a little later,
 Have found it quite another matter,

And

*And had been, to his sole jeopardy,
 Suspended for meer being tardy;
 Or acted at the Ramp of Cart,
 With Spartian Patience his part.
 Make they not Horace a stark Ass,
 Reduc'd to Du——Ballad Class,
 Strip him of all that's gay and Witty,
 To fit him up to doleful Ditty?
 Tagg'd forth with miserable Rhimes,
 From Bulks, and in the Streets he chimes;
 With Rosamond now Lydia vies,
 And fills the Milk-maids maudlin Eyes;
 While Hopkins is forgot and Sternhold,
 So often chanted forth in Barn old.
 Was not Sage Terence at adventure,
 By Oily Shadwell turn'd to banter?
 And taught, for duller Sence of 's own?
 The brisk gay Nonsense of the Town?
 And his insipid Tale improv'd,
 By what the Town and Sh—— ll lov'd?
 Sh—— ll, whose whole stock is, a Bully,
 A Wench, a Usurer, a Cully.
 From whence, with little pains, (straightway,
 Or Wit, he oft does launch a Play:
 As Cits; with Blue, secure from staining,
 A Heroe fit on days of Training.
 I need not tell of late Projectors,
 That Stories tell of Witches, Spectres;
 Hold*

Hold forth, with learned Theory,
 On the Proboscis of a Flea,
 Pursue with Microscope, the Tract
 Of List upon a Grey-louse Back;
 Philosophize upon Salt-waters,
 And other much surprizing Matters.
 Those Pedlars in all sorts of Wares,
 That Haberdash in Love-Affairs,
 Mechanicks, Metre, Politicks,
 And forty other modish Tricks,
 As Tumbling, Jugling, Vaulting, Dancing,
 Intriguing, Ridling, and Romancing,
 That do with Pamphlets Epidemick,
 Laden with Billingsgate Polemicks,
 Confound the Jacobites and Quakers,
 With their Adherents, and Partakers,
 To th' ruin of their Grace, and quite
 Extinguishing their inward Light;
 That fill Men for a Dish of Coffee,
 With Politicks and Philosophy;
 And for a single Penny can
 Instruct at once a whole Divan
 Of Coblers, Chimney-sweepers, Car-men,
 And the whole Tribe of Two-legg'd Vermin.
 Nor need I mention foreign Journal,
 Translated to Gallants Diurnal,
 Where Verses given, and stolen Prose,
 A motly Rhapsody compose,

To teach poor Prentice, sadly panting,
 More modern Methods of Gallanting;
 And Sempstress, the most recent Arts,
 Of captivating stragling Hearts,
 And exercise the Wit of Youth,
 On Snails, Tobacco-pipes and Truth.
 Nor him that late in sparkish Prose,
 Appear'd to edifie the Beaus,
 Who, with soft Lines, and softer Looks,
 Expertly baits his Amorous Hooks,
 And brings with Elegant Epistle,
 Each melting Damsel to his Whistle,
 And makes her stoop to him as sure
 As hungry Hawk does to his Lure;
 Who lately drew, in Vindication,
 Of all the Beauties in the Nation,
 And boldly tilted with his Pen,
 'Gainst all that durst oppose him then;
 Which some Apology mis-call, some Satyr,
 Both equi-distant from the Matter;
 For surely no Design was in't,
 But barely to appear in Print.
 Which he as kindly since has done,
 Gallants, for your Instruction;
 Where the Grand Secrets he imparts,
 For battering Obdurate Hearts;
 How you to Vizard-mask, or Coach,
 May make a Regular Approach:

He

*He shews you how you shall prevail
With Lines as fenceless as a Flail ;
For Letters Missive, Weapons are,
Which Lovers combat with from far :
Shews how to take 'em by Surprize,
Or use the Artillery of Eyes :
But if Necessity oblige
To Methods of a closer Siege,
He shews such Means as might improve
The greatest Engineer in Love ;
To bribe the Sentinel, her Maid,
Or storm her with a Serenade :
And if by these she be not won,
Bombard with Sonnet, or Lampoon ;
If these Attempts she still defies,
To blow her up with Mines of Sighs ;
For Sighs indeed, altho' no powder,
Are the Discharge of Love's White-pow-
And therefore 'tis they seldom fail, [der ;
To blow up Petticoats full well :
But if so fortify'd she prove,
To baffle all the Assaults of Love ;
And, on strict Scrutiny, you are
Oblig'd in Honour to despair ;
He's deepest read in all those Laws,
That relate nearest to your Cause ;
Can tell you whether, soon as known,
'Twere properer to Hang or Drown ;*

*Instruct you too what Streams or Boughs,
 It were convenient you shou'd chuse,
 What Art is requisite, what Care
 To plunge, or swing with moving Air ;
 What Rules are order'd by Romance,
 And which are A la mode de France :
 For these things must be nicely done,
 Or else the Glory of 'em's gone ;
 By one Mistake more Honour's lost,
 Than being beaten from your Post.*

*I pass by S——tle, D——rs, A——es,
 For Doggrel celebrated Names ;
 With Authors of substantial Prose,
 That dress like Wits, and write like Beaux.*

*But, to return to Application,
 That is, to Self-justification ;
 From citing Verse-wrights of great Name,
 That oft fill every Mouth of Fame,
 Render'd by her so necessary,
 To Grocer, Cook, Apothecary :
 In doing which, my sole Intent,
 Was meerly to shew Precedent,
 And prove, that fine things may be writ,
 With very little, or no Wit,
 For Wit (some Authors do maintain)
 Is but a Fungus of the Brain,
 The Off-spring of superfluous Thought,
 By too luxuriant Fancy wrought :*

*A hasty and abortive Birth,
 Like that of over-teeming Earth,
 Which doth to thousand Figures vary,
 And therefore not held salutary;
 And tho' for wanton Palates drest,
 Counted uneasy to digest;
 And then too, must be taken young,
 Before its Venom grow too strong:
 So Wit's anomalous and rude,
 Of ill digestion, and crude,
 Till after needful Preparation,
 With wholesome Picle of Discretion;
 And, where it is of constant use,
 Does Surfeits in the Mind produce;
 Breeds strange Diseases in the Purse,
 And is its own Admirers Curse:
 They therefore Pardon surely merit,
 Who in their Writings do forbear it;
 And rather chuse to feed in quiet,
 On homelier, but more wholesome Diet;
 From whence, if peccant Vapours breed,
 Or turgid Flatulence proceed,
 The only Symptoms they produce
 And Danger's, but a Crepitus;
 Which (as we do in Authors read)
 Springs from the Bowels, not the Head;
 And, tho' received with publick scorn,
 Expires as soon as it is born:*

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*So Writings, which no Sence affords,
Are but a Crepitus of Words ;
And, tho' with windy Lines they swell ye,
Rise from a Vacuum in the Belly ;
In which no Meaning's to be found,
Or any Scope, beside the Sound.*

*But, Sir, I have almost forgot,
What I intended to have wrote,
And my first Subject worse neglect,
Than modern Pulpiteer his Text,
Who take the freedom to digress,
And vary Subjects as they please ;
While with Rhetorical Harangue,
And Voice tun'd to Religious Twang,
He treats all those that come to hear it,
With choicest Gifts of purest Spirit :
Where Pious Folks convene, drawn thither
By th'help of stiff erected Leather ;
With Dresses, Faces, Mien and Air,
Screw'd up to Piety and Pray'r ;
Where Holy Man in all he saith,
Lays Salt of Grace on Tails of Faith ;
Where Saints are sous'd in Gospel-pickle,
By Moderns styl'd, A Conventicle.*

LETTERS

O F

LOVE *and* GALLANTRY.

To Eugenia.

MADAM,

THOU' it be not a full Week since I received the Honour of my dear *Eugenia's* Letter, yet it has been long enough for me to wish a thousand times I were Left-handed; since, by an unlucky *Sprain* in my Right-hand, I've been forced to omit the Duty these three Posts. My Building is near finish'd; and when it is so, I hope my dear *Eugenia* will be so kind to her constant *Slave*, to furnish my new House with an *Engaging* new Mistress; if not for my sake, at least for her own; since I vow I shall

Mm 4

come

come into——with a most fierce Design on *Love* and *Matrimony*: And *Love*, you know, is a Spirit, that when once a Woman has conjur'd up, she must find it some Employment, or else 'twill tear the Charming Sorceress her self to pieces. Therefore, fair Widow, beware!

If my Hand were not still in great Pain, I'd give you a thousand Thanks for your dear Letter; and, perhaps, pick as many Quarrels with you about it: But Heaven forgive you your want of Charity, when you think I could write the same things to my Grand-mother, I do to *Eugenia*; when my Conscience can't reproach me with thinking the youngest of your Sex charming enough to extort one of this kind from me, excepting your self. Nor is it, *Madam*, the easiest thing in the World to feign a Passion, say things of that Force and Tenderness, or act an absent *Lover* for so many Years together, as I have been *Eugenia's* Votary. I'm sure the whole *Legend* of *Love* can't furnish you with one Example of so constant an *Hypocrite*, as I have been, if I must needs be so. Therefore,

if

ii

if I can't convince you of my Sincerity, and by that plead a Merit to your Love; yet let the Novelty of the thing, at least, move your Pity, when you think what Pains I've taken (since all that comes not Naturally is so) to say so many kind, tender, and passionate things of one I have no concern for. Think whether it be not almost equally difficult to write passionately to one I am not really in love with, and to paint a Sound. Who can act Hunger without an Appetite? Or long Scene of Fury and Anger, without being perfectly heated.

But if you are so severe, to think that my first Pretences were all Fiction; yet, *Madam*, pray, consider that Liars often tell Stories of their own Invention so long, till at last they themselves believe 'em true: And, as the *Roman* in *Martial* counterfeited the *Gout*, till he had it in earnest; so, supposing my Vows at first but feign'd, they must by this time be ripened into *Truth* by your Influence, (like the *Dew drops* of *Heaven* into *Precious Stones* by the heat of the *Eastern Sun*) and so become Sacred, as all things addressed to you must be, *Madam*.

But

But if I lov'd not *Eugenia* with the greatest and most sincere Passion that ever Man lov'd a Woman, I know not what Reason, what Interest, or what Design I could have to pretend it, since I am not so vain to expect any other Benefit of it than her Laughter, and in that my Trouble. However, *Madam*, I have this Satisfaction in my own Mind, that I love the best and finest of her Sex, (tho' a Mother) who, like a Taper, has not suffer'd the least Diminution of her own Lustre, by the lighting others into the World; but still preserves her Original Light so firmly, as to enslave all that behold her, as well as, *Madam*,

Your Eternal Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

NO desperate Wretch, guilty of the most execrable Murders, had ever that Trouble, that Agony of Mind, that I have endured since the Receipt of Your last; in which you discovered so severe and cruel a Resentment of a Crime I was not guilty of. If I have ever offended You, I ask Your Ladiship ten thousand, thousand Pardons. Ah! *Madam*, if my *Love* were not as lasting as my *Life*, and so were as inseparable as *Soul* and *Body*: Nay, were there any Prospect, any Possibility of my ever loving You less, I should not need to be thus troublesome to Your Ladiship, to beg You not to use the Extent of Your Power over me, to punish me for a Crime I was never guilty of: Yet, whether I'm guilty or not, so much, so extravagantly I love You, that if You yet convict me, I shall stand condemned even in my own Opinion. Nay, if You, *Madam*, will positively accuse me of all the Ills in the World, I'll own 'em; for it shall

shall never be said, That for the sake of my own Happiness, Interest, or Honour, I ever contradicted the Assertion of her I profess'd the greatest and most generous Passion for, that ever unhappy Man experienc'd. But, *Madam*, had I been guilty of any little Error, consider it as coming from a Man almost distracted: — *Distracted, Madam*, for the Love of you; for I'm sure I appear so to all that visit me; yet, tho' most guess the Cause, the Person is only known to the wounded Heart of,

Madam,

Your Constant Slave,

L Y S A N D E R.

Ah! *Madam*, don't use a Passion so tender as mine with so much Tyranny, since the Power you have is but what I give; and it is not generous enough for *Eugenia* to turn against its Original, tho' he's incapable of with-holding it.

By

By the same.

MADAM,

HOW can the Unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for his Divine *Eugenia's* Pardon, thus daily to torment her with his Impertinence, if she were not the best, and most generous Woman living. As for the Character of a *Beau*, which you're pleas'd to honour me with, I pretty well guess whence you had it; a very honest good-humour'd Lady as lives, I mean Mrs. S—, who Din'd with me once at my Lodging, where Night nor Day you were not forgot. I need not tell you, that Mrs. S—is as good a Woman as lives, since all that you recommend must be so. Whenever she minds to oblige me most, and render her House most agreeable, she tells me, many think her like *Eugenia*: But cou'd she make me believe so too, she had done her Business: For (as I told her) that was the way to make her House my Prison; for had *Eugenia* been Mistress of it, I cou'd with Pleasure have been confin'd to it for ever. If you would do an Act of *Charity*, (as Widows, you know,
are

are good for nothing else) you would come up to Town, and help marry me to some old rich Woman, that would be sure to die quickly, in order to the marrying a young one; at least, you wou'd speak a good Word for me to my Lady--, whom if ever I was to marry, my Lord D— should give her, as you should me.

I hope, fair Widow, after this long Silence, your Pen will venture on some other Subject besides Business. If your Letters were sometimes dash'd with *Love, &c.* 'twere but a Venial Sin, and what I weekly pardon to some young Women in the *Mal*, of your Acquaintance; from whom, by my Soul, I've as good Letters, as those celebrated Nuns Letters. My two Mistresses *Valeria* and *Belinda*, I serve under the Name of *Polydorus*; but would be ten times more proud and happy to serve your Ladiship under any Title or Name, whereby I might merit the Character so long since engraven in the Heart of,

Madam,

Your humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

THis Day's Post made me the happiest Man living, in receiving the Honour of a most obliging Letter from my dear *Eugenia*, who can never do any thing that is otherwise: However, did I not know your Modesty was so extream, as to look on the smallest *Encomiums* as Flatteries, tho' your real Merit keeps the greatest from being so: I confess it would be a real trouble to me, that one, whom I so cordially honour, should mis-interpret the unfeign'd Dictates of my Soul, for Compliments. A Devotion, so justly grounded on Merit, can never be judg'd counterfeit; for the Glory of the Sun, and the Benefits Mankind reap'd from his Beams, were allow'd as sufficient Arguments, to justify the *Persians* Adoration of him. Your generous Invitation of me into—— is so much to my own Advantage, that a dying Man, when he knows there are but two ways to go, wou'd sooner refuse

fuse an Invitation to Heaven. I beg you, *Madam*, make an Experiment of your Dominion over me, in imposing some Commands, that you judge the most Rigorous, and that may appear as Difficult, as this is pleasing. I wou'd fain see how Ill-natur'd you can be, as well as give a Proof of my Pride, in obeying you. As for *London*, every thing that is worth a Visit there, will be gone the very Minute you leave it: And therefore, till your Return, I declare for an Abdication of it, and will here, like another *Timon of Athens*, live retir'd, and in hatred of all Mankind, for your Sexes sake.

But now, Fair Widow, you must give me my Revenge, and let me give you Advice, in Return of what I have receiv'd from you, tho' mine, I promise you, shall be more conscionable than yours was: For you advise me to marry an Old Woman (blest'd, for ought I know, with a stinking Breath, Rheumatism, Coughs, Catarrhs, false Teeth, and the other damn'd Accomplishments, which may entitle her to the honourable Appellation of *Venerable*:) But I am,
Madam,

Madam, better natur'd in my choice for your Ladiship, and recommend to you a young Man that prefers the Widow to the Jointure, and leaves all but the Treasure of her Heart to others; one who wou'd be confin'd to a Desert (if to be in Heaven can be a Confinement) with her, where the perpetual Business of his Life shou'd be *Immortal Love*; and I swear, he that would not do all this, and ten thousands times more, is not worthy of her. Such a one, *Madam*, I chuse for you, and if that will not please, forbear Wedlock for ever, as I will do, rather than take up with that reverend piece of Antiquity you mention. In the mean time, the only Alms I beg, is, your Pity and Pardon for,

Madam,

Your most sincere, oblig'd

humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

By the same.

MADAM,

TO express the real Sense I have of all the Noble Favours conferr'd on me at your House, during the long Persecution I gave you there, were as impossible as to give your Ladship a full and perfect Character of the Pangs and Tortures of Mind I have been under ever since my departure from the Divine *Eugenia*, whose *Idea* perpetually swims before my Sight in all Companies and Places. *Madam*, I am sensible, I have ten thousand Pardons to ask for the Extravagance of my Passion in the Presence of the Divine *Eugenia*: But I can appeal to Heaven and my own Conscience, that never any Prophane Thought enter'd my Breast, reflecting on the Divinity I with so unfeign'd a Zeal adore, since no Man living has that Sacred Opinion of the exalted Honour, Vertue, Wit and Beauty of any Woman, that I have of my too Dear and Destructive *Eugenia*.

Your

Your Caution, *Madam*, of the *Bath*, might have been necessary to one that lov'd less than I do; the variety of Company that Place now affords, with its other diverting Amusements, might have some influence over an *Amorous Friend*, or *Common Lover*: But as my Passion is proportionable to the Object, so nothing on Earth is Diversion or Pleasure to me, but the Thoughts of Her I love: I can be alone even in a Crowd, and therefore make it my endeavour *to avoid so troublesome a solitude*. Good G O D, *Madam*! What is there I can do to shew how miserable I am for your sake? 'Tis true, *Madam*, my Misery derives it self partly from my Unworthiness; But ah! more! much more, from your not knowing what it is to love: For who can have a real Sense of another's Pain, but they who have felt the same? How can the Unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for one kind Thought from his Ador'd *Eugenia*, while her Heart's not touch'd with his Sufferings, nay, fortify'd against Compassion, by her being surrounded by none but his Enemies? Some may think it a *Reflection on their Friends*, to be refus'd, if you shou'd honour any other with your Favour, but

them: And others think it impossible, that a *Passion for Eugenia* shou'd last an Age, since they never had Merit enough to procure an Hour's Love for Themselves. Thus *Madam*, between the Vanity of the Old, and the Ignorance, Envy, and impotent Charms of the young, I may well expect to be sacrific'd; but, however, I shall have the satisfaction of being distinguish'd from the rest of your Adorers, by being at least your Martyr,

LYSANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lysander, Madam, can never banish nor lessen that *Passion* you mention for *Eugenia*, yet my Esteem of Friendship is so great, that I could present you with a Pillow of *Love*, to repose your charming Head on, it should be stuff'd with *Friendship*; if with a Landskip of *Love*, the Shadows should be *Friendship*; if with an Embroidery, the Ground shou'd be *Friendship*; tho' in the Gardens of *Venus* I can never allow Friendship to be

be more than a *Winter-fruit*, which, when the Delicacies of the *Summer* is over, may be comfortable enough to the Reverend Old Couple, sitting by a Fire-side, in a long *Winter's* Night, ev'n as good as roasted Apples.

LYSANDER to **EUGENIA**,
whom he had desired to write Letters enough to him to make him a Shroud.

Dear M A D A M,

THis Day was I Blest with a Letter from *Eugenia*, which comes far short of finishing my Shroud ; a Ream, at least, will modestly suffice to keep even Death from blushing at himself ; and then, for Warmth, another Ream, I'm sure, you'll not deny, when cold *Lysander* begs

That Heat and Flame which now your Beauty gives.

Can then alone be by your Wit supply'd.

*Entomb'd in Amber, Bees may boast their turn;
 And wrapt in Flames, let pious Martyrs burn ;*

Stretch'd in your Letter, Death will be my Triumph.

Em.

Embalm'd in Sense, who would not wish to die?

And Sense that comes from so Divine a Hand?

*Egyptian Mummies perish and decay ;
But Shrouds, like mine, will Time it self
out-live,*

*Wear out his Scythe, and every fleeting Sand,
One Dram of Body cannot here be lost :*

*But, like a Summer-sute, laid safely by ;
When Spring appears, are fit to wear again.*

So true a Resurrection will be rare ;

*The self-same Body, with the self-same Soul.
Who then can doubt but the same Passions*

too?

*The same my Love, the same my Mistress
Y O U.*

*Madam, tho' I design'd these Thoughts
in down-right Prose, yet in the Ardor of
writing they run into Blank Verse, whe-
ther I would or no. I hope your Lady-
ship receiv'd my last Godly Letter, by
which, you may perceive, I can be
Devilishly Devout upon Occasion. The
Truth on't is, I have often wondred,
Why all the Young Fellows of the Town set
up for Atheism, since they can be so much
more conveniently leud under the Masque*

of Religion. If *Belinda*, in the Letters I've communicated to your Ladiship, has behav'd her self in any kind disagreeable to her Sex, let me know it, and I'll engage she shall mend her Manners for the future. If you don't think she loves enough, she shall grow jealous, and never speak well of him her self, nor suffer Any-body else to speak ill of him, (the surest sign of Love in the World) Or if you think her too kind to her Lover, she shall set up for *Religion*, be very Godly, and very ill-natur'd, rail at *Profaneness*, and in a Pious *Christian* way enjoy Somebody she likes better.

Your Ladiship is pleas'd to censure my *Jealousie* as incurable: But pray, *Madam*, be pleas'd to consider, where Men are apt to be jealous out of Fondness, as they are often jealous without a Cause; so they're as often satisfy'd without Reason. I'm surpriz'd at *Eugenia's Apology* for her writing Non-sense, when there's no Woman living, but what might be proud to copy after her: so Free, so Easie, so Witty are her Letters: Besides were it not so, as *Mr. Congreve* has it, there would be more Eloquence in your false-spelt Supercri-

Familiar-Letters.

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perfection, than in all *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* his Orations, to me, *Madam*,
who am

Your most constant and faithful

Humble Servant,

LYSANDER,

By

By the same.

MADAM,
TEN Thousand Thanks to the Divine *Eugenia* for this Morning's Blessing of a Letter, full of the Charms of her that sent 'em; full of Honour, Wit, and Good-humour: nay, more than *Providence* could spare to you, without forming a Mass of Fools at the same time to retrieve the Expence.

*On You the Image of Himself he stamp'd,
 And every part He most Divinely hit;
 Your Eyes his Glory, and his Power your
 Wit.*

Pardon me, *Madam*, for this Start of *Poetry*; for tho' I have no Skill in it, I have yet a double Pretence to the Attempt, both as *Lover* and *Fidler*. Besides, your *Ladiship's Poetry* (the finest, as well as the easiest in the World) provoked me to return the Debt; not that I presum'd, *Madam*, that I could pay you in the same *Sterling*, but in such *Birmigham Coin* as I can compass. Tho' I'am perswaded there's
 so

so much of the *Poetick* Fire in yours, that more of them will do with me, what the *Hermetick* Fire does with Metals, transmute me into true Standard Gold, and make my *Poetry* as engaging as your Charms, that inspire me with a Love as lasting as your Slave.

LYSANDER.

Bj

By the same.

MADAM,

HOW long must I Write and Sigh in vain? Not one line, not one word, to the Man that loves and adores you next Heaven? Why should I grieve for her, that hates me? Or write to her, that scorns to answer me? That, after all her Professions of Friendship to her *Lysander*, forgets him, now *Alpionso's* in the Country? As if she measur'd Love by the proud weight of the Person, and not of the Passion; that after so many Years of sincere Love, after the faithful Service of the old Patriarch's waiting, turns him off, for a New-comer; as if you did it to fulfil what is written, in giving the Laborer that came the last Hour, the same wages with him that came the first. For my part, *Madam*, I never knew what it was to compound a Debt with a Mistress; and for Love to dwindle into Friendship, is not so much as to pay Twelve-pence in the Pound: No, *Madam*, Time has not made me such a Bankrupt, and I've an ho-

honester Principle, than to break, when I'm so well stock'd with Love.

This is the third Letter, *Madam*, I've sent you, since I've heard from you: Town and Country are equally uneasy to me, when I hear not from *Eugenia*, when I'm depriv'd from the sight of her: But I shall find more frequent Oportunity of seeing you, designing *Don Quixot* like, with my *Sanco Panca*, to travel about in pursuit of Adventures, that may bring me to *Eugenia* or Death.

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

MADAM,

THe Letter this Day's Post brought me, wou'd have surpriz'd any one but me, whom you have so inur'd to Injuries, that I look on my ordinary Injustice as an Obligation, having had the honour to have receiv'd an hundred times more than this from your Ladiship. I was telling my Friend, last Night, That I had read several *Encomiums* on the *Gout*, *Fever*, *Plague*, &c. written by witty Men; to which I thought the Praise of Women might be annex'd; but little expected so home and serious a Proof of the Reasonableness of my Jest. Faith, *Madam*, you have such ill success in the Counsels of your *Allies*, that I would, were I you, for once, try my own. You seldom find Confederates successful against a single Foe, who has No-body to consult but his own Will and Pleasure. We take the Field when we will; march when we will, and do what we will, while the
diffe-

different Powers, that make up a Confederacy, draw each a several way, and by the slowness of their Resolutions, lose the Opportunity of their Fortune. However, *Madam*, 'tis not your Severity can destroy my Passion, I must and will be yours one way or other ; no Resolutions, no Unkindness can ever alter me. My Love, *Eugenia*, is like the Appearance of a *Phoenix*, not to be seen, but once in a thousand Years: My Tongue never professes what my Heart is not possess'd with. No, no, *Madam*, Love is too noble a Passion to be fool'd with. Your laying Addresses elsewhere to my Charge, is Obliging ; for nothing could please me more than your Jealousie ; yet, let me assure the Divine *Eugenia*, that 'tis no easie matter for a Man bred up in an Adoration, for twice seven Years together to change his Devotion ; and whatever little Excursions I might make, all this time, 'twas but to pray to others for your sake. And thus you see, *Madam*, how little Pains I spare to win the Empire of the World, *Your Love*,

*If only to be happy, be to live,
As all the Brave and Generous believe;
You'll in one Year within my Arms live
more.*

*Than all the tasteless Years you liv'd be-
fore;*

*One blast of Breath will never then be lost
But Lip from Lip, each others Soul be tost:
Thus by a new Philosophy, we'll prove,
Perpetual Motion, and Eternal Love.*

Dearest *Eugenia*, Adieu; never again
be so cruel to throw away any more
fruitless Advice, about changing my Ad-
dress; for 'tis impossible I shou'd ever be
other than

Your Constant Slave,

LYSANDER.

To my Lady—

Richmond, March 4.

Here I am at last, *Madam*, to shew you the force of my Resolution; and here I positively stay till *Saturday*: Nay, I don't know but I may stretch it to *Monday*: For if once I get into Town again, the *Lord* knows when I get out on't; and I'm afraid, I shan't suck so much of this heavenly Air in two Days, as I may possibly stand in need of: For I don't find my Legs of half that Importance to me they us'd to be. Half a Mile up Hill makes 'em grumble cursedly. I have a scoundrel pair of Bellows too, that puff and blow, and make a damnable Splutter. In short, the present Scituation of my Affairs are such, I can give but a very scurvy Account of the pertest part about me.

That things may mend, is my Hope and my Comfort, *Madam*; for were they to hang long thus, 'twere no great Loss, either to my self, or other Folks, if I were hang'd too. Possibly your Ladiship may

O o

be

be of my Opinion ; if you are, pray, toss me a short Prayer into your *Lent-devotions* for my Re-establishment. I would have begg'd one from a *Catholick* Lady in the next Room, who is puzzling over a long lewd Account she's to make up against *Easter* ; but she's so taken up with her Sins and her *Crucifix*, she cares not if I were damn'd. If I am not, I hope she will ; for she's so ugly, I desire I may never be in the same place with her again.

The Penny-post, *Madam*, is to hand this to the Town's-end, and he's just starting: So, if my Letter's too short, 'tis he's the Puppy-dog this time, not I.

To Mr. ———

Honest D I C K,

I Have not only heard of, but born a part in some of your Frolicks ; yet never observ'd any so extravagant, as gave me reason to apprehend you wou'd ever be so mad as to marry. Sure the Devil is in thee, or her ; for without *Fascination* this Miracle could never be wrought? To be very sick of *Love* is no wonder, but that can't last long ; the raging *Fever* must pass, or kill. Your *Fate* is soon determin'd ; a few Days bring it to its *Crisis*: And is it not better dying quietly in your own Sheets, than in a whining Wife's Arms? You can never live in Charity with her ten days together, unless you are a stricter *Christian* than I take you, or think it possible for one of nineteen to be. Experience, dear-bought Experience has convinc'd me, that the Difference between Women consists more in our Capricious Humours, and the Sense of Variety, than any intrinsic Goodness, not very common to their Sex. The Novelty may please, 'tis true ; but after the first

Week's Enjoyment, a Wife is eternally the same: the Ruin of your Estate, and the Disquiet of your Bed. If she live three Years, she'll spend more than her Fortune in Cloaths. If she bring you any Children, these are so many fresh Additions to your Misfortunes, creating Torments if they live, and Grief if they die. Which of thy Sins, *Dick*, has been so black in it self, or so heinous in its Circumstances; so frequently repeated, or so long unrepented of, as to deserve so heavy, so lasting a Damnation? You that cou'd never like a Woman above a Week, and chang'd your Mistresses faster than they did their Lodgings: How, alas! do you think it possible not to be miserable under this Pagan Yoak? Tho' I don't pretend to the Spirit of Prophecy, yet I dare engage you'd give five times her Estate, within the Year, to be at Liberty again. Alas! *Dick*, this is not a Confinement that ten *Guinea's* will bear you out of; but, what is the greatest Mischief, 'twill last all your Life. The knowing that we can't alter our Condition, I believe, is the most sensible Affliction that can besal us. You know the Story of the Man that broke his Heart with the Thoughts

Thoughts of being forbidden to walk without the Walls of a great City, tho' he had never stirr'd a Foot out of it before. Besides, a Husband is the most insipid Character of all Mankind, never pleasing, and seldom pleased; tormented in his own Person, and more feelingly in that of his Children, who are continually whipp'd and beaten, to be reveng'd of his Unkindness, or to provoke his Anger. Be sober once in thy Life, and renounce the Thoughts of so fatal a Consequence. Why will you affect drinking out of *Horn*, when you have so much *Plate*? You had best shew this to your fair *Charmer*, and demonstrate the Powers of her Eyes, by resisting so wholsom and seasonable Advice. If you think fit, do so; I had rather lose her Good-will, than not shew my own *Integrity*; and wou'd refuse your *Friendship*, if I might not shew my own.

To Mrs. —

Lovely Object of my solicitous Desires!

IT IS impossible for me to resist the Charms of your bewitching Face; and if you are not less cruel than you're fair, I shall be eternally miserable. Heaven knows with what an unusual throbbing my Heart was seiz'd, when first I saw you. And who, indeed, could behold, without a tender Concern, the beautifullest Creature, that Nature ever made, or our Eyes at least beheld? And from whence cou'd proceed so unaccountable a Disorder, unless from *Love*? It is not superfluous to confess a Flame, I cou'd not possibly avoid. And what needs there more to convince the World of my Passion, than the Assurance I had seen you? *Love* is so charming in its Birth, that we readily yield to his softer Impulses; but so powerful withal, that we as vainly oppose them. In your Company consists my Happiness; and I am wretched, when I am forc'd from your Feet. Could my dear *Dorinda* know, with what Anguish and Horror I pass every

every tedious Hour away, while at this distance from her, she wou'd doubtless wish my Condition less wretched. Common Gratitude obliges us to Pity, if we can't redress the Miseries we cause. Since this is the only Happiness I can at present enjoy, be so indulgent as to permit it: For why shou'd you refuse me a Felicity, that can stand you but in two Pence? If the declaring my Passion you imputed to me as a Crime, the Torments it creates me, are a sufficient Punishment, and you are reveng'd of all my Faults in my own Despair.

A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, who was afterwards Pope PIUS the Second, to his Father, about a Bastard-Son, whom he sent to him.

Translated from the *Latin*, by Mr. T. Brown.

Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 510. Edit. Basil.

YOU sent me word in your last, That you could not tell whether you were to rejoyce, or grieve at the late *Present* that *Providence* made me of a Son. For my part, I see reason enough for the former, but not the least pretence for the latter: For tell me, what pretier Sport is there, than for a Man to beget his own Likeness? Or what more refreshing sight can there be, on this side Heaven, than to see on's Table well stock'd with Olive-branches? As for my self, without blushing, I own to you, That 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, to find, that I have not bestow'd my Pains in a barren Soil; and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven, for sending

sending me no *Cloven Present*, no whimpering, silly Girl; but a fine chopping, lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother, with his innocent Prattling. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why shou'd not the Cockles of your old Heart dance upon this occasion; or why shou'd you not be as well pleas'd to behold my Picture in a Grand-son? But, perhaps, you'll tell me, That your Conscience is somewhat uneasy, because the poor Child was begotten in Sin, and out of the Pale of *Matrimony*. If the Shooe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I compos'd of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone, or Iron, or any such unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood, and, if I have committed any Crime, in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next place, do but consider how it was with your self at my Years: You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no blot

to your Family, I hope : no *Eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I *Hypocrite* enough, to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own, I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my time ; but, to my great Comfort, *David* and *Solomon*, went the same road before me: and, as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me, if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say abundance of shrewd things for it self ; it can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quotes the *Lord* knows how many Texts out of the new and old Testament ; and, to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or another been guilty of it in Thought or Deed. This Corruption (if it may be call'd a Corruption for a Man to imploy his Natural Talent) is of all Countries and Regions : But, under the Rose, Sir, why shou'd *Copulation* be treated with such ill Language, as generally 'tis ; or why shou'd our *Casuits* so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has

has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions, and inspired the whole Creation with an eternal desire to continue their own Species? But, I suppose you'll reply, That there are certain limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted, That as Man ought never to get up and ride, without the Priests Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there never any Sin; do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets? I hope, Old Gentleman, you'll not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man, in a thousand, is such a slavish Coxcomb, as to be confin'd to them? Some Whining-grave Rascals may tell you, They were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it; but I hate all Liars, and since I carry human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But because you seem to distrust, that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and wou'd fain be satisfi'd whether the Child really belongs

longs to me or no : Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been *Envoy* at *Strasburg* some two Years, and, as it happen'd, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arriv'd from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the same Inn where I lodg'd : She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those parts of the World. In short, what with her *Wit* and *Beauty*, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart ; so that, as often as I beheld her, I cou'd not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a pair of Asses of *Julius Cæsar* and *Mark Antony*. Thought I, to my self, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am, for doing what the most illustrious *Heroes* of Antiquity have justified by their own Examples ? Sometimes I supported my self by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Ari-*

Aristotle, and sometimes by famous Instances in the *Christian Church*. To make short of my Story, I was passionately in love with this *Belle Tramontane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted all my Protestations; so that, for three long-liv'd Days, (an Age in the *Chronicles of Love*) I found I had made little or no progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Vertue*, her *Fear*, or *Discretion*, I won't be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter. For, as it appear'd, she stood in some awe of the House, from whom she expected certain Kindnesses.

The fatal Night now approach'd, and next Morning early she was to pursue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehensions* reached my Soul, lest the *Quarry* should escape me? I threw my self down at her Feet, embraced her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I wou'd steal to her Chamber, and give her the last Convictions, that I was her most devoted Vassal. She refus'd to comply with my Desires, stood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the least Hopes of succeeding

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ing. I still importun'd her upon the same Chapter, but she still made me the same Answer, and insisted upon her *Vertue*. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, said I to my self, shall I see whether the Lady has done as I desired her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the matter; and, after all, 'tis no great trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was hushed, I groped my way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into Bed, and after a little foolish struggling, got Possession of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene besel me about the beginning of *February*, and nine Months after, my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whose Name was *Betty*, dropt in two, and was deliver'd of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this Story, on purpose to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great heed to it: But then considering, that the Enjoyment of her at *Strasburg* had not cost me a Farthing,
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but only put me to the expence of a few foolish Oaths, and so forth, which are easily coined in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect mercenary Ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her Integrity? Besides, the Time, and all other Circumstances agreed so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being at a Juncture, when she cou'd expect no great matters from me. These Reasons induced me to believe, that the Child was begot with the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray Sir, take him into your Family; bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the young Rogue, breed him up in the Fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the way to his Daddy.

Farewell.

FINIS.

