



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

Stultus versus Sapientem :

IN THREE

LETTERS

TO THE

F O O L,

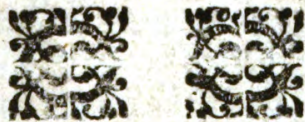
ON

SUBJECTS the most Interesting.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

*Foculare tibi videtur : & sane læve,
Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus,
Sed diligenter intueri has nœnias ;
Quantum subillis utilitatem reperies !*

PHÆD.



LONDON: Printed and
DUBLIN Re-printed by E. BATE, in
George's-Lane, 1749.



L E T T E R I.

To the F O O L.

Dear Cousin,

HAD I sooner discovered the Honour I have of being nearly related to you, sooner had I paid my Respects to the worthy Head of so illustrious a Family.

To convince you of my sincere Love, untainted with Flattery, permit me grievously to complain to you----*of yourself*. The constant *Maxim* of our *glorious Ancestors*, was, by their *Writings*, their *Eloquence*, and every other lawful Means, to encourage, promote, and if possible, make Universal the *great Doctrine of Folly*; but, with an aching Heart I speak it, you seem to dwindle from the fundamental Rule into downright *Understanding* and *Sense*.

Consider, my dear Cousin, that whilst you are amusing yourself with such Trifles, your *natural Enemies* gain ground; nay, a whole *neighbouring KINGDOM* have lately
A 2 taken

taken up *Arms* against Us, who for many Centuries were our firmest *Friends* and *Al-lies*.

Your inherent *Good-foolishness* will naturally imagine I mean *IRELAND*.-----This mighty *Monarchy*, for ages governed by Kings of our *House* ! ----- This extensive *Realm*, famous for the Title of *Isle of Saints*, the indelible Character of our noble Family ! ----- This *State*, peculiarly cherished and fed by our spiritual Father the *Pope* ! --- And yet, to our Shame be it spoken, this, so valuable a Part of our Dominions is likely to be *wrested* from Us.--- -- Yes, *Sir*, we shall soon lose our antient Inheritance, except we exert all our Faculties, and by *vigorous*, and *anti-salutary* Schemes, prevent what must be so *fatal* to our Interest.

Lest *Truth* should not have reach'd your Ears, (as what Monarch always hears it) permit me to inform you of the *present Con-duct* of this DEGENERATE NATION.----- Your *Foolishness* will scarcely believe the *melancholy Tidings* I bring ! ---- You will not be able to conceive, that these, your *old Friends*, now hold your *Authority* and *Fa-mily* in the *utmost Contempt* ! ----- That they have already trampled down Numbers of your *Altars* and *High-places*, and that all Hands are employed to finish the *execrable Work* ! ---- Believe me, *Sir*, this *misguided People*, are totally employed in *promoting*
Ma-

Manufactures, Labour, and Industry! Strange Revolution!

As *poor* and *deluded* as they are, they have *stumbled* on a *Project*, that will *infallibly ruin our Credit*.---- they have set the *Axe* to the *Root*, and the *mighty Tree*, that yielded the plentiful and delicious *Fruit of Pardons, Indulgencies*, and a thousand other *Sorts*, no less grateful to the *Soul*, *must fall*, and with it *all our Hopes!*---- In short, Sir, the *Wretches* seem *determined* to make it a *PROTESTANT KINGDOM*.---- I tremble at the *sequence*.

BLIND ZEAL urges them on. They give their *Money* with *Cbearfulness* to promote their *Darling Scheme* of *ENGLISH PROTESTANT WORKING-SCHOOLS*.----- I beg Leave, Sir, to set this *Matter* before you, in its *true Light*, that your *Foolishness* may consider of *Ways* and *Means* to prevent their *spreading*.

I am very well informed that this *Kingdom* from *N.* to *S.* is about 265 *Miles*, and from *E.* to *W.* about 150, and contains about *eighteen Millions* of *statute Acres* of (in general) *good Land*, with commodious *Harbours, Bays, and Rivers*.---- *Henry the Second* stole it from your *Ancestors*.---- Many *Struggles* were made by our *good Friends* to shake off this *Yoke*, but in vain.---- At that *Period*, vulgarly called, *the Reformation*, your *Friends* held fast to *Mo-*
ther

her-Church, but still PROTESTANTISM impudently rais'd *her Head*, and shamefully flourish'd. To such an Height she grew, that in 1641, when *England* was torn by *Civil War*, our natural Safety oblig'd, and our Holy Catholick Church compell'd Us, for the Sake of Salvation, to extirpate our Enemies. The glorious Call was, unhappily obey'd, but in part; for there fell in that Night but about ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of them.

That *Arch-Fiend* OLIVER CROMWELL, greatly disturb'd our Peace and holy Ignorance. His enthusiastick Sword swept all before him. His Madness drove Multitudes to *America*, and Numbers into one Corner of the Land, where still your Name is in some Veneration. — The total Ruin of your Empire was too arduous a Task even for *Oliver*, for on mustering our Forces in 1683, we found ourselves 37 to one.

Again we struggled, and follow'd the Standard of your illustrious God-Father, KING JAMES the Second. — Tho' the PRINCE OF ORANGE was our most inveterate Foe; tho' He had a little Courage, great Cunning, and a tolerable Army, our hopes were High, and we might have succeeded, had not that abominable filthy Town and Neighbourhood of ENNISKILLEN, rais'd a Regiment of HORSE, and one of FOOT, of as rank PROTESTANTS as ever occupy'd Church Lands, and sent
Them

Them and Their Hearts to the PRINCE.-----
 Oh fatal Hour !-----Our Enemies *Triumph*
 in it, and preserve these *Regiments*, even
 untill *this very Day*.

From that time, these *Miscreants* have
 been but *too careful* in *framing*, and what
 is worse, putting in *Execution* fundry *Laws*,
 destructive of our *antient Rights*. Thus
 have they proceeded for these *sixty Years*,
 without the *least Check*, and have so *art-*
fully managed their Affairs, that, withal
 the *Machinations* and *Contrivances* of fundry
Potentates, your *Friends* and *Allies*, they
 never could be brought even to *think* of
 REBELLION in support of your *Foolishness*
 or *Family*, except with *Horror*.-----So *averse*
 were these *Savages* to your *gentle Sway*,
 that, whilst *Numbers* of our *Relations*
 marched, even into the Heart of *England*
 in your *Cause*, They, the *Protestants*, raised
 upwards of *sixty thousand* Horse and Foot,
well armed, regimented, and mostly, *uni-*
formly cloathed, and effectually *guarded* IRE-
 LAND, in spite of your *legal Prerogative*,
 and *indefeasible Hereditary Right*.

I had a Degree of Happiness, on being
 informed that in 1742. our *Friends* there
 were about *seven to one Enemy*.-----But alas,
 Sir! on further enquiry, I am, but too
 well convinced, that in *fifty Years*, you, or
 your *Posterity*, will not have a *single Heart*
warm in your Cause.-----The Encourage-
 ment

ment given to Husbandry, Manufactures, Arts and Sciences, is *monstrous* ! Even beyond what any other Nation ever did !-----

They have *inverted* the whole Order of *Nature* ; they have extracted *Corn* from our old *venerable Bogs*, and feed Millions of *Sheep* and *Oxen* on those Plains, antiently consecrated to *holy* and *religious* Uses.-----
But what will not *Impiety* do ?

They have infatuated the *native Irish* to such a Degree, that they *beg* and *pray* to have their *Children* admitted into these *curst Protestant Schools*, now erected in most Parts of the Kingdom, to the Number of 400000.-----
In these *Seminaries*, they are taught to *read the Bible*, and instructed in their *Religion* for about two Hours every Day, and the remainder of their Time, still more *infamously*, employed in *tilling the Land*, *spinning*, *weaving*, or some other *manual* Operations, unknown to their *Fathers*.

The FUND to answer this *great Expence*, arises, from what they call, THE CHARITY OF WELL DISPOSED CHRISTIANS ; and so prevalent is this *specious Title*, that a KING, (whom your *Foolishness* never heard of) even GEORGE THE SECOND, has granted them a *Charter*, and set an example to his Subjects, by a Donation of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS a Year. ---An Example ! but too well followed by Numbers of *weak Minds* in this Kingdom.

I really

I really always imagined that these Contributors were of the *lowest Order* of the People; but great was my surprize to find, at a late Meeting, so many of the *first Fashion* and *Reputation* in the Kingdom. As they are Men of *dangerous* and *turbulent* Spirits, always *plotting* and contriving our *Ruin*, they must, by some Means or other, be *diverted* from this Work.

Your *Foolishness* will certainly demand and say----*Where are my holy Priests?*---*They are idle!*---*They are idle!*---No, Sir, accuse them not; they are there, and in *Numbers*, and at *Work* with all their *Might*; but these *subtile Protestants* take from them the *Tools* they *Work* with, by *transplanting* the innocent *Children* many miles distant from their *native Parishes*; by which *Contrivance*, their *Parents*, or *Priests*, are prevented from frightening them with *Purgatory* and *Hell*, or keeping them firm in the Cause of *Indolence* and *Rags*.---For now above 1500 of these little *Reptiles* Cloath themselves.

Permit me, *Sir*, in my next, to lay before you a few *Remarks*, and some *Schemes* to render useles the *Machinations* of all your *Enemies*, being

Your true and most
affectionate Kinsman,

THOMAS STURIDIUS.

B

L E T.

L E T T E R II.

*To the FOOL.**Dear Cousin,*

I N the last I had the Honour of writing to you, I traced out the *Rise and Progress* of WISDOM in your antient Kingdom of IRELAND.---Permit me, a little, to continue the Subject, and then I shall mention my *Ways* for making their *Wisdom* abortive.

Some of their Wise Heads have found out, that *Ireland* contains about *two Millions* of Inhabitants, and they have likewise found out, that the *Riches* and *Prosperity* of a Nation are in Proportion to their Inhabitants *properly employed*,---Such a discovery was infinitely against the *true Interest* of our Family.---On this they built, and then computed the Value to the Government of every *industrious Individual*, which, I think, they made amount to about *ten Pounds* a Year.

They then proceeded by a thing called *Arithmetick*.---If ONE *industrious Subject*--be worth TEN POUNDS a Year to the State--what will be the Value of TWO MILLIONS of such Subjects ?--And, such is the Power of Figures ! They made it plain that that Number was really worth TWENTY MILLIONS each Year.

In

In order to acquire such *Riches*, the first Care of these *avaritious Gentry* was to poison the Minds of their Tenants with Notions of *Industry*.---No easy Task! But as they knew, that the *Catholick Religion*,-----their having such Swarms of *Priests* to maintain,----their Number of *Holy Days*,--and their natural disposition to *Sauntring*, were so many drawbacks to *Wealth*, *Honesty*, and *Cleanliness*, it was thought necessary to change the *Religion* of the People, and make them spurn at our *holy Institutions*.---This cruel blow has been but too well followed;---Their *Labour* and *Industry* have marched with such gigantick Strides, that within these *twenty Years*, the whole Face of the Country is changed.--Now the Traveller journies on *Roads* the finest in Europe, and reposes himself, not in *Barns*, or *Hovels*, but in good, *clean*, and *commodious* Houses.--He may in time be entertained with all the Beauties of the Country, heightned and improved by *Art* and *Industry*.--He may behold *useful* and *ornamental* Structures arise; and see *Gardens* and Plantations flourish.--- These indeed would be shocking Sights!

'Tis amazing to observe, how the *trivial Præmiums* of a little Society in DUBLIN have spurred on *greedy Minds*. Scarcely has any Branch of *Manufacture*, or *useful Art*, escaped their Notice and *Encouragement*.--Such low Creatures are they, that they ransack even

the *Dungbills*, and give Præmiums to the old Women, who gather most *Rags to make Paper*.---Should our Schemes oblige the *Rebels* to return to your Obedience, I would except these *Fellows* out of the general Pardon.

What have we not to fear, should *Industry*, like other Novelties, become a *Fashion* in *Ireland*.---INDUSTRY! The *Parent* of every *social Virtue*;--the *Founder* of all *real Honour*;--the *Support* of *Government*, and *Preserver* of *true Religion*!--PROPERTY is her constant Attendant, and LIBERTY gives her Spirits *freely* to enjoy it.---*Virtue*, *Property*, and *Liberty*, are not Concomitants of our *Constitution*. They must be *banished*, or your *Foolishness* will be *deposed*. Therefore, THE PROTESTANT WORKING SCHOOLS must be *destroyed*.

Hitherto, Sir, I have considered this Matter in its *worst Light*; but be assured your *Foolishness* has many and powerful *Friends* both *Here* and in *Ireland*, who constantly espouse your *Cause*. These *Forces* properly collected, and well posted, must make a *powerful Diversion*, and greatly retard the Operations of the *Enemy*.

Our Friends in the CONCLAVE and SORBONNE perfectly understand the *noble Doctrine*,--DIVIDE AND GOVERN.--Through all the Labyrinths of *Policy*, from *Xenophon*, and *Tacitus*, to *Richlieu* and *Anti-Machiavel*, this
Maxim

Maxim is the *Soul* and *Essence*.---When it fails, I know but of a *Ponyard* or *Poison* that can supply its Place.

Rightly to *divide*, we must sub-divide *Truth*: Or, in other words, we must propagate *Falshoods*. 'Tis certain, that *Lying* is a Sin the *Vulgar only* can commit; for all the Princes of your *House* gloryed in it; and your *Foolishness* follows those bright examples.-Let it be privately hinted, *That the whole affair is a Jobb, and a contrivance to cozen the Weak*.---Assert positively, *that every Donation to these scandalous working Schools centers in the Pockets of particular Persons,--or, where these Schools are really erected, 'tis but with a view of augmenting the Estate of the Lord of the Manor, by having so many Slaves to work for him Gratis*. Thanks be to *Ignorance*! Thousands of your *Leige Subjects* will subscribe to these Articles, with *Implicit Faith*.

Tho' it happens that *GREAT BRITAIN* and *IRELAND* are governed by the same *Monarch*, and the same *Laws*, and tho' the *principal* Inhabitants of the *latter*, spring from the *former*; yet Nature, indulgent to your Interest, has divided them by a *little Sea*.---Be it therefore our peculiar care to *divide their Minds*, by encouraging *Jealousy*, and the salutary Seeds of *Derision* and *Animosity*.---By all Means, prevent the *English* from ever getting the better of their *Prejudices* to the *Irish*, and keep the *Irish* in a perpetual *envicous* disposition to the
English

English. For, though we cannot prevent their being, IN FACT but *one* and the *same* People, this Conduct will give them *two distinct Minds*, and make their UNION *useless*.

Every Instrument must be employed to keep up the *general Opinion*, that *Ireland* must be *bridled and curbed*.--- Never permit them to discover, that it would be *unjust* to make *different Laws* for the *Isle of Wight*, or, that the County of *Surry* should have *less Freedom* than the County of *Middlesex*; because the *Thames* divides them.--How fatal had it been to our *good Cause*, and to our faithful Friends, the *Disturbers of Europe*, had *Ireland* been joined to the narrow Part of the *Western Shore of England*!--- They would then have been *all Protestants*.--- This Kingdom would have been *Two-thirds* larger than it is,---have had *four or five millions* more of Inhabitants, and a proportionable Increase of *Taxes* to the Government; consequently the Government less in *Debt*, if at all; or, if in Debt, better enabled to pay that Debt.--*France* and *Spain* would have been unsupplied with *Irish Officers and Soldiers*, who happen, though our Relations, not to be the *worst* of the Profession.

That your *Foolishness* has many *Friends* of different Orders cannot be denied; but the *Two*, most firm in your Interest, are those *Gentlemen of England*, who regard the *other Isle* but with a certain degree of *Contempt*, and view the *Inhabitants* but as *Aliens to the State*; and

and those *Gentlemen of Ireland*, who contemning her new-adopted Maxims, *live* out of her *Pale*, nor visit her, but by their *Proxies* in the form of *Bills of Exchange*.---These are your *true* and *genuine Subjects*, meriting every *Honour* your *Foolishness* can confer on them.

It must be confessed, there are some *poor* and *dastardly* Spirits in this Kingdom; who, afraid of exerting their power over the *other*, have, unaccountably, run into the opposite Extream, and *joined* with all their might to promote their *Linen Manufacture*. Nay, their MONARCH, and most of his *Nobility*, *feel* it every Day on their *Tables*, their *Backs*, and in their *Beds*.---Too serious a Truth!--I have been informed, that in 1680 their whole Export of *Linen Cloth* amounted to about *ten Thousand Pounds*, but now,---Can you believe it?---'Tis swelled to above a *Million*. This has so enraged me, I am not at present able to proceed; but permit me to refer your *Foolishness* to my next, and always be assured of the utmost sincerity of

Your most faithful

and affectionate Kinsman.

THOMAS STUPIDIUS.

L E T T E R

LETTER III.

To the F O O L.

Dear Cousin,

J O Y N with me to curse the Memory of the old Wretch, who invented the Fable of *the Belly and Members*. Certainly it contains more *Wisdom* than half the modern Follies. From this *Tale* sprung every faint Endeavour to make these *three Kingdoms* subservient to the interest of *each other*, and Be in Reality *one great and mighty Empire*. But their boasted TRIA JUNCTA in UNO is merely ideal ; for our Family have ever found Means, nor wanted Interest, to make ineffectual such *pernicious Schemes*.

Linen gave rise to *Industry* in IRELAND. ---*Industry* soon shewed her alluring Charms, and diffused her *baneful Influence* over the Land. Ten Thousand *odious Beauties* issued from her, and at last produced these horrid *working Schools*, which *must* make it a *Protestant Kingdom*, and consequently *enrich England* by an Addition of some *Millions* of *useful* and *faithful Subjects*.

ENGLAND discovered this *Benefit*, and *wisely* encouraged the *Irish Linen* ; but particularly
by

by the *Bounty* they allowed on its being *exported* to foreign Countries. The Effects were soon felt in *Ireland*, and the *Creatures* expressed their *awkward Gratitude* by running in Crouds to the *Hackle* and *Loom*.

As this is the *Source* of all our *Misfortunes* in *Ireland*, let all our Attention be given to *Ruin it*; which, when once effected, believe me Sir, they will *fly* with more Alacrity to bend the Knee before you, than they did to *rebel* against your *Authority*.--- Let us not tamely submit to see triumphant those Monsters, *Industry* and *Protestantism*.---Our Troops are still numerous, and in good order; but alas! of what use, if not led on to *Action*.

Your *Foolishness* knows, that some of the *northern Provinces* of this Kingdom have embarked in this *Branch of Business*.---A most lucky Incident! which if *properly* improved, all your *Wishes* will be accomplished.---Let us *magnify* their Performances.--- Let us *invent* plausible Tales of the *Progress* they have made, and see our Friend SOPHISTRY to demonstrate, that the *Interest of England* requires *their* being greatly *supported* and *encouraged*, and then your faithful Minister CUNNING may slyly insinuate,
 C that

that *Ireland* can now *stand alone*, nor needs the *usual Bounty*, which by all *true Policy* ought to bend its *Course due North*.

I am in Raptures at the Thought!---- Pursue it, Sir, in the Name of *Ignorance*; and instantly you will see, all their *mighty Fabrick tumble to the Ground*, and your *Fame* will be exalted for ever!---*Ireland* must then infallibly become a *Drain* of Riches from *England*, and not a *Source* of *Plenty*---She may *want Assistance* from *England*, but will *never be able* to return the Compliment.----Thus enervated, no more can she support *thirty seven Regiments* of *British Subjects*, always ready to obey their *Monarch*.----She may indeed have an Army quartered on her; but *their Pay* must issue from the same Fountain which supplies the Army in *Scotland*.---Her present *Absentees* must then become *Resident*; for by *ruining this*, her *only Branch* of valuable Commerce, she can never send out the twentieth part of the *annual Million* she now bestows on them.

'Tis impossible to mention the innumerable Advantages arising to us from such a *Project* well executed. -----ROME would
be

be glad, and *France* rejoyce at it.---*Ignorance* would triple her number of *Beads*, and *Sloth* would multiply her pleasant *Bogs*, and *Indolence* live magnificently in *Smoak*, and *Mud-walls* ! In fine, all our *Family*, to the most distant *Relation*, would be properly and munificently provided for, and your *Throne* established as in the Days of *Roderick O' Connor*, of gallant Memory.

'Tis in vain to attempt in *England* a thorough Reformation in our Favour ; but we can always throw in such *Bars* to their *Happiness*, and so weaken the *Nerves* and *Sinews* of their Government, that all their *Conquests* over us shall avail them little, or perhaps even become a *Charge* to them.

Dullness be praised, all Thoughts are now dropt of making *Ireland* a *Corn Country*. I own, I am surpris'd their *Clergy* do not attempt it, as it would so much encrease their *Tythes*. They have talked of *publick Granaries*, but it was meer talk ; nor shall I remind them of it.---Indeed an Attempt was once made to encourage *Tillage*, by granting, as in *England*, a *Bounty on Corn exported* ; but your *Foolishness* nobly exerted yourself on that Occasion, and defeated the *Project*. You rightly judg'd, that though

Pasturage employed the *Land*, it was in *no* *Shape* so prejudicial to your *Interest* as *Ploughing*, which fills a *Country* with laborious *Inhabitants*.

Without *Vanity* I may say, I gave the first *Hint* of *restraining* *Ireland*, with *Re-*
gard to *Wool*, and then, I *dexterously* *con-*
trived, that the *English* might *smuggle* it as
 well as *themselves*. The happy *Consequence*
 is, *That* *thousands* of the *French* are *amused*
 in *manufacturing* of it, whilst as many of your
Rebel-Subjects are *starving* at *Home*.-----To
 my great *Joy*, this cannot *suddenly* be altered ;
 for so long as the *Irish* love *Mutton*, and feed
 millions of *Sleep* ; and so long as they have
 more *Wool*, than their *home* *Consumption* *re-*
quires, so long will they *act* on the *Princi-*
ples of their *Neighbours*, and sell it to the
best *Bidder*.----- Perhaps your *Foolishness*
 will be surprized that so large a *Kingdom* as
France or *Spain* should want *Irish* or *English*
Wool : But---let me whisper in your *Ear*---
All their *Wool* cannot make one *Piece* of *Serge*.
 ---Why this is so, *MANCHESTER*, and
 every *Cloathing* *Town* in *England* can
 better explain than I. --- Should they ever
 attempt a *Change* in this *Matter*, let us
 get a *Burrough* or two to *petition* against it,
 and order your *Brother* *CLAMOUR* to at-
 tend.

tend, --- They are truly, in *this Respect*, in the *Way* we wish them in; nor do I believe they will alter, till they are convinced, *that it is more eligible to encourage the Subjects of Ireland in some certain Branches of Trade, than by a contrary Conduct, drive those Branches into the Arms of the common Enemy.*

The *general Rule*, and the most successful is, *eternally to play one Part of the Monarchy against the other*, and constantly to keep up *that noble Spirit of grumbling*, and *turning every Act of their Government into Ridicule*. What *MACHIAVEL* says of a *Prince*, may well be applied to *GREAT BRITAIN* and *Ireland*. "They ought above all things carefully to avoid rendering themselves odious or despicable; for such a Conduct protects them from every Danger." --- Could we contrive, not only to make them odious and despicable in the Eyes of their Neighbours, but likewise to each other, how happy should we be!

MAY our Endeavours prosper! and may your Foolishness once more shine on the Throne of your Ancestors! --- May ENGLAND think hardly of SCOTLAND. --- May SCOT-

SCOTLAND *abuse* IRELAND, ----- and may IRELAND *envy* one, and *reproach* the other! ---May this *regular Confusion* have no *End*, until *that Day*, when your *Foolishness*, in the Fullness of your *Glory*, shall say, " *Now indeed are ye all my Children!*"

Should the Reverse happen, and their *Wisdom* prevail over us; ----- should the PROTESTANT WORKING SCHOOLS in *Ireland* continue to be supported by the *Charity* of *England*, without which *they cannot subsist*.---Should the *Linen Manufacture* of that *Kingdom*, instead of being ruined, become *more powerfully protected* and encouraged by *this*.---Should they fall on *equitable Ways* to prevent *exporting Wool* to *France*.---In short, should they become *wise* and *industrious*, and by the natural Union of the *Members* to the *Head*, *assist*, and not *destroy each other*. --- Should these come to pass, what must become of *Us* and our numerous *Offspring*! ----- Forbid it all ye *Gods of Error*! ---- Oh *Misery*! all that could remain for us would be to fly to *ROME*, *AVIGNON*, *Boulogn*, or *St. Germain*s.--- There bemoan our *unhappy Fate*, talk of our *former Splendor*, and *live* on the *Bounty* of our *Relations*; for *work* we cannot,

(23)

cannot, but to beg we are not ashamed.
---- There with my latest Breath I shall honour and revere your Name, and expire in a *Wish* for your *Restoration*. I am with all Duty.

Your most faithful and

Affectionate Kinsman,

THOMAS STUPIDIUS.

F I N I S.

