A LETTER TO A FRIEND

Concerning the Next

PARLIAMENT'S

Sitting at *OXFORD.*

Honest Tom,

HAving undergone the Gloomy Day and Newes of the *Parliaments* Dissolution, &c. as also the good Newes that it is his Majesties pleasure to Order my Lord Chancellor to issue out Writs in Order to the Election of another, all I say by the way is this, (*Cavete Angli*) Look to it you Freeholders of *England*, that you observe the good Advice contained in the Writ: But they are to Sit at *Oxford*: And indeed, *honest Tom*, I think that in the time of the Sickness the then *Parliament* sat at the said Place. And alas! now *Tom* it's a sick State, a sick Nation, a sick People, all sick, and to be feared near Death; And now to *Oxford* again must the *Parliament* go. But *Tom*, dost think *London's* Air to be infected? I must confess, a bold Rogue of our Intimacy said, If it were, or any parts adjoyning, it was then the Western end. But however, we know *Oxford* is a clear Air, and a goodly Place, likewise a Sumptuous *Theatre* for them to Act their parts in, and so let 'um *march* thitherwards. And I wish them all Prosperity and Felicity, and withall that there may be no *Rogues*, *Pensioners*, or *Fellowes* that love their *Pockets* better than their *Countrey*; which I cordially wish for, who am,

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Honest Tom,

Thy Old Friend and Companion,

Philanglus.

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