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Letters.

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in this Colony, the whole expence of a Law-suit is but a single shilling for a Summons. I say a Summons, because the body of no inhabitant can be arrested except for a criminal offence: But the inconveniences which might result from this useful regulation are prevented, by a Law, which prohibits all inhabitants from leaving the Colony without a passport, which can only be obtained, either by previously notifying the intention of departure, or by providing security for the discharge of any remaining debts.

The Company has reserved to itself the right of regulating our commerce for the mutual advantage of the Parentcountry and Colonies; but in exercising this right they have been particularly attentive to the interest of the latter, as they are sensible that colonization can only be promoted by indulgence: and though we are obliged to transmit our Sugar, Coffee, Cotton, Cacao, &c. to the Province of *Sealand*, yet we have liberty to export Rum, Melasses, Timber, &c. to foreign countries, and to import from them all commodities which we want, without distinction, and uncharged with duties.

L E T T E R S . *)

A. Pope to Henry Cromwell, Esq;

I have been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, or inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense **), which there for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another which ravishes you. So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any

*) Alex. Pope's Works. Lond. 1752. 9 Vol. 8. &c.

***) His hearing.

any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works, and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season: So much fine weather; I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest, he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wicherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: How much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope is not; and it is with the utmost that I am,

Sir, &c.

H. Cromwell to A. Pope.

Mr. Wicherley visited me at Bath in my sickness, and expressed much affection to me: Hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he presently wrote to you; in which I inserted my scrawl, and after, a second. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath; then he shewed me your answer to his letters, in which you speak of my good nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at reading; yet you allow for my illness. I could not possibly be in the same house with Mr. Wycherley, though I sought it earnestly, nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but whenever we met, we talked of you. He praises your poem *), and even outvies me in kind expressions of of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every post; I put him in

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mind

*) Essay on Criticism.

mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural disposition to you was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: Now he will come this winter to your house and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. Lewis shewed me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherly came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprised me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health*. He said he would go to Mr. Thorold's, and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that when you please to come, you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination, so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

A. Pope to H. Cromwell.

I received your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing), and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier path, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest? but these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the muses, for the want of your better company.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable

yourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour. For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to

Your, &c.

Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.

This is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a chearful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope's Answer.

I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: Yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The *) work you mention, will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn

N 5

to

*) The Translation of the Iliad.

to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country-business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

I have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose *) will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to contend yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

Your last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of and every body as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession

*) The notes to his translation of Homer.

session an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeas'd that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I wrote with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: That in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: Yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics. Though it is said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) it is not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evening in the conversation of such

as

as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax.

My Lord,

I am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeable in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am)

Your, &c.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.

I have the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good look to see the Dean before I left the town: It is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect

effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble service, and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better.

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Fenton.

Sir,

I had not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks. In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly,

writing

writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undefigning men, and which makes me always (even by all natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c.

Rev. Dean Berkeley to Mr. Pope.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it: And the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeable enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, promegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle.

Several

Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barrer spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene, is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano,) its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, the greatest part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: And yet, by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: Besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *unca bella devotione* i. e. a sort of religious opera), they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that, being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: He liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need wish
you

you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by
 Your, &c.

Dr. Atterbury Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.

I had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future: and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord ** has pressed me terribly to see him at **, and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twittenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sundial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like. If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withall, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like: For that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right-hand is at ease; else I should not have
 over-

overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation at the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe, that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as I esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: Nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf, frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

I am extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine, which you received, and I never wrote.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you wrote like our brother-poets of these days.

The Dutchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated

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like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me, she has much outshined all the French ladies, as she did the English before.

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake; for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as cheerful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a court; even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: The Doctor tells me all.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears.) It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have

have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows: as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite of this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far; his qualities were the gentlest: But I love you as well and as firmly. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu; I can add nothing but what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better; I believe no man ever did, than

A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P. S. by Dr. Arbuthnot.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had a line from you these two years. I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, &c.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Warburton.

Yours is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it.—Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G's executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would but just see ***, though, when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town; and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London, I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may tend to meet you and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribler again, I know not.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Warburton.

I am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyesight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends

friends than I, esteem and enjoy you equally.—I have again heard from Lord ** and an other hand, that the Lord *) I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life, if once he served or obliged you; but that I was certain you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude.—Dear Sir, adieu; and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual, and my affection the same, always yours.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Warburton.

I am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th; and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder ** from printing the comment on the *use of riches* too hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twickenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship.

I am, &c.

A Letter from Abr. Castres, Esq; Envoy Extrordinary to the King of Portugal.

Sir,

Lisbon. Nov. 6. 1765.

You will, in all likelihood, have heard before this of the inexpressible calamity befallen the whole maritime coast, and in particular this opulent city, now reduced to a heap of rubbish and ruins, by a most tremendous

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*) Granville.

mendous earthquake on the 1st of this month, followed by a conflagration, which has done ten times more mischief than the earthquake itself. I gave a short account of our misfortune to Sir Benjamin Keene, by a Spaniard, who promised, as all intercourse by post was at a stand, to carry my letter as far as Badajoz, and see it safe put into the Post-house. It was merely to acquaint his Excellency, that, God be praised, my house stood out the shocks, tho' greatly damaged; and that happening to be out of the reach of the flames, several of my friends, burnt out of their houses, had taken refuge with me, where I have accomodated them, as well as I could, under tents in my large garden; nobody but Lord Charles Douglas, who is actually on board the packet, besides our chaplain and myself, having dared hitherto to sleep in my house since the day of our disaster.

The consul and his family have been saved, and are all well in a country house near this city. Those with me at present, are the Dutch minister, his Lady, and their three children, with seven or eight of their servants. The rest of my company, of the better sort, consists of several Merchants of this factory, who, for the most part have lost all they had; tho' some indeed, as Mrs. Purry and Mellish's house, and Mr. Raymond and Mr. Burrell's, have had the good fortune to save their cash, either in whole or in part. The number of dead and wounded I can give no certain account of as yet; in that respect our poor factory has escaped pretty well, considering the number of houses we have here.

I have lost my good and worthy friend the Spanish ambassador, who was crushed under his door, as he attempted to make his escape into the street. This, with the anguish I have been in for these five days past, occasioned by the dismal accounts brought to us every instant of the accidents befallen one or other of our acquaintance among the nobility, who, for the most part, are quite undone, has greatly affected me; but in particular the miserable objects among the lower sort of his majesty's subjects, who all fly to me for bread, and lie scattered up and down in my garden, with their wives and children. I have helped them all hitherto, and shall continue to do so as long as provisions do not fail us, which I hope will not be the case, by the good orders Mr. de Carvalho has issued in that respect. One of our great misfortunes is, that we have neither an
English

English nor Dutch man of war in this harbour. Some of our carpenters and sailors would have been of great use to me on this occasion, in helping to prop up my house, for as the weather, which has hitherto been remarkably fair, seems to threaten us with heavy rains, it will be impossible for the refugees in my garden to hold it out much longer; and how to find room in my house for them all, I am at a loss to devise, for the floors of most of them shake under our feet, and must consequently be too weak to bear any number of fresh inhabitants.

The roads for the first days having been impracticable, it was but yesterday I had the honour, in company with M. de la Calmelte of waiting upon the King of Portugal, and all the royal family, at Belém, whom we found encamped, none of the royal palaces being fit to harbour them. Tho' the loss of his most faithful majesty has sustained on this occasion is immense, and his capital city is utterly destroyed, yet he received us with more serenity than we expected; and among other things, told us, that he owed great thanks to providence for saving his and his family's lives; and that he was extremely glad to see us both safe. The queen in her own name and all the young princesses, sent us word, that they were obliged to us for our attention, but that being under their tents, and in a dress not fit to appear in, they desired that for the present we would excuse their admitting our compliments in person.

Most of the considerable families in our factory have already secured to themselves a passage to England by three or four London traders, that are preparing for their departure. As soon as the fatigue and great trouble of mind I have endured for these first days are a little over, I shall be considering of some proper method for sheltering the poorer sort; either by hiring a Portuguese hulk, or, if that is not to be had, some English vessel, till they can be sent to England: There are many who desire to remain, in hopes of finding among the ruins some of the little cash they may have left in their habitations.

The best orders have been given for preventing rapine and murders, frequent instances of which we have had within these three days, there being swarms of Spanish deserters in town, who take hold of this opportunity of doing their business. As I have large sums deposited

in my house, belonging to such of my countrymen as have been happy enough to save some of their cash, and as my house was surrounded all night with ruffians, I have this morning written to M. de Carvalho, to desire a guard, which I hope will not be refused.

We are to have in a day or two a meeting of our scattered factory at my house, to consider of what is best to be done in our present wretched circumstances. I am determined to stay within call of the distressed as long as I can remain on shore with the least appearance of security; and the same Mr. Hay seemed resolved to do the last time I conferred with him about it.

I must humbly beg your pardon, Sir, for the disorder of this letter, surrounded as I am by the many in distress, who, from one instant to another, are applying to me either for advice or shelter. The packet has been detained at the desire of the factory, till another appears from England, or some man of war drops in here for the Streights. This will go by the first of several of our merchant ships bound to England. I must not forget to acquaint you, that Sir Harry Frankland and lady are safe and well.

Castres.

Lord Littleton to James Boswell Esq;

London. Feb. 21. 1768.

Sir,

I think myself greatly obliged to you, and desire you to accept my most grateful thanks, for the valuable present you have done me the honour to make me, of your *Account of Corsica*, which has given me the pleasure of being more perfectly acquainted with the greatest Character of this age: I had gained some knowledge of it, before I saw your book, from the letters of another English gentleman on that subject; but you have added many curious and interesting particulars, which I have read with much delight and admiration. If I were a few years younger, I would go in pilgrimage to Corsica (as you have done) to visit this living image of ancient virtue and to venerate in the Mind of *Pascal Paoli* the spirit of Timoleon and Epaminondas. But I must now be content with seeing him in your description, the vivacity of which shews that your heart is enflamed with the same generous passion which glows

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so brightly in his wish with you, that our government had shewn more respect for Corsican liberty; and think it disgraces our Nation, that we do not live in friendship with a brave people, engaged in the noblest of all contests; a contest against tyranny! and who have never given us any cause of complaint. Besides sympathy of sentiment, which is a natural bond of union, we ought in policy to shew as much regard for them, as the Genoese their oppressors have shewn for the French in our late war with that nation. Believe me with sincere regard and esteem

Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged
humble servant

Littleton.

DESCRIPTION OF SOME QUADRUPEDS. *)

Animals of the Ape kind are in *Guiana* in greater number and variety, than in any other part of the known world.

The Orang-Outang in this part of *America* is much larger than either the *African* or *Oriental*, if the accounts of the natives may be relied on; for I do not find that any of them have been seen by the White Inhabitants on this Coast, who never penetrate far into the woods. These animals, in all the different languages of the natives, are called by names signifying a Wild Man. They are represented by the *Indians* as being near five feet in height, maintaining an erect position, and having a human form, thinly covered with short black hair; but I suspect that their height has been augmented by the fears of the *Indians*, who greatly dread them, and instantly fly as soon as one is discovered, so that none of them have ever been taken alive, much less any attempts made for taming them. The *Indians* relate many fabulous stories of these animals; and like the inhabitants of *Africa* and the *East*, assert, that they will attack the males and ravish the females of the human species.

The Ape, here called a Quato, is large, and covered all over with long black hair, except the face, which is bald, and wrinkled. The ears are large, and of a human form, the eyes deeply sunk in their orbits, and the

*) Bancroft's Essay on the Natural History of Guiana. London 1769. 8.