



J. G. Kneller Pin.

M. J. G. Scaup.

Mr. William Congreve

Vol. I. Title.

Familiar Letters
OF
LOVE, GALLANTRY,
And several OCCASIONS,
By the WITS of the last and present Age.

VIZ.

- | | | |
|--|---|-----------------------|
| Mr. BUTLER, Author of
<i>HUDIBRASS.</i> | } | Mrs. MANLY. |
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| Mrs. BEHN. | | D. of BUCKINGHAM. |
| | | D. of DEVONSHIRE, &c. |

From their ORIGINALS.

With their EFFIGIES Curiously Engraved by the Best Masters
Together with

Mr. T. Brown's Remains;

Being LETTERS and DIALOGUES on the
Times, not Printed in his Works.

The whole in Two Volumes, Compleat.

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without Temple-bar: J. Barnes, J. Greaves, in St.
James's; and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1718.



TO THE
NOBILITY and GENTRY
OF
BRITAIN.

Right Honourable, &c.

THIS Work should have been inscrib'd to the *Lovers of Learning, and the Encouragers of Wit*: But when I reflect, *first*, that *Such* are all *truly Honourable*; and then, That our *Nobility and Gentry* are generally *Such*, I omitted it in meer Aversion to Tautology.

It is to do Justice to the present Age, and not to flatter any, I shall take the Freedom to say, That tho' the last produc'd a glorious Number of Men of Genius and Performance, yet the present exceeds all that ever went before it, especially in the true Taste of Reading; and therefore it may be said, That tho' we

The DEDICATION.

we do not flourish in Brighter Antiquity than they did, yet those we have, meet with greater Encouragement.

It is the just Character of the Nobility and Gentry of this Island at this Time, that they know how to revalue, and reward, Men of Merit, at another Rate than their Fathers; and if we have no such, or so many Exquisite Writers as before, we have now more Exquisite Judges of Wit and Learning than they had. And this is the Reason why we see Men of Polite Parts snatch'd up from the Pen-Ink Labour to the greatest Employment in the Government, made Parliament Men, Commissioners, Secretaries of State, &c.

It is this glorious Genius that this Collection is brought to shew, and which the last Age knew not how to value, and therefore recommends it self now to a Generation of better Taste; and without question the Treatment they shall meet with from this generous Polite Age, will differ so much from the Usage they had from our unfinish'd Forefathers, that Letters could really be written from the Dead to the Living, I make no Doubt

The DEDICATION.

but *Tom Brown*, the best humour'd Man of Wit that ever liv'd, would let us hear from him in Acknowledgment of the good Treatment he met with.

Had the rough Days of *K. Charles II.* newly recover'd from the Confusion of a Civil War, or the tempestuous Time of *King James the Second*, had the same Sense of Wit as our Gentlemen now appear to have, the first Impressions of *Milton's Paradise lost*, had never been sold for waste Paper; the Inimitable *Hudibras* had never suffered the Miseries of a Neglected Cavalier; *Tom Brown*, the merriest and most diverting'st Man, had never expir'd so neglected: *Mr. Dryden's* Religion would never have lost him his Pension; or *Mrs. Behn* ever had but two Lines upon her Grave-stone; *Sir Roger L'Estrange* would have been made a Commissioner of Enquiry, or some such valuable thing: Instead of an empty Knight-hood, *Sir John Denham* would have been sent as an Ambassador rather than a Beggar into Poland; and the Incomparable *Waller* would have been a Secretary of State as well as *Mr. Addison*.

But the Times understood not the Value

The DEDICATION.

Value of those Men; the *Gentry* knew not how to shine, and therefore entertain'd no Notion of those that did.

Thank the Stars, that guide the Brains of Men, the Case is alter'd now, the Nation's *Genius* is now alter'd, and polish'd by the Exercise of *Books*, the *Names* and *Works* of Men of *Wit* revive, and their Memory becomes truly immortal.

This happy Change has encourag'd this *Work*, and we daily receive new Additions to our Design, by the Favours of some *Gentlemen* who send us Valuable Pieces of the Performance of the *Politest Men* which the Unkindness of the Age they liv'd in, justly provok'd them to suppress in their Lives, as Sir *Walter Raleigh* did his second Volume of the *History of the World*.

We bespeak the *Gentlemen*, as a Token of their Acceptance of this *Work*, that if they have any *Remains* left of like Kind, they would communicate them in order to another Volume, assuring them such acceptable Things shall be gratefully acknowledg'd to the Giver: all possible Justice be done to the Author's by

Your most Obedient Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE



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Yet I to You my Love and Verse submit,
 Without your Smile, That Hope, and These want Wit.
 For, as some hold, no Colours are indeed,
 But from Reflection of the Light proceed;
 So as You shine, my Verse and I must live,
 You can SALVATION add DAMNATION give.

J. DENHAM

To Mrs. HUNT at Epsom.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

ANGEL,

WINDSOR, July 26, 1694.



HERE can be no stronger Motive to
 bring me to Epsom, or to the North of
 Scotland, or to Paradise, than your be-
 ing in any of those Places; for you
 make every Place alike Heavenly
 where-ever you are. And I believe if
 any thing could cure me of a natural Infirmity, see-
 ing and hearing you would be the surest Remedy:
 at least, I should forget that I had any thing to
 complain of, while I had so much more Reason to
 rejoice. I should certainly (had I been at my own
 Disposal) have immediately taken Post for Epsom,
 upon Receipt of your Letter: But I have a Nurse
 here, who has Dominion over me; a most unmerciful

ful She-As. Balaam was allow'd an Angel to his
 As; I'll pray, if that will do any good, for the
 same Grace. I would have set out upon my As to
 have waited upon you, but I was afraid I should
 have been a tedious while in coming, having great
 Experience of the Slowness of that Beast: For you
 must know, I am making my Journey towards Health
 upon that Animal, and I find I make such slow
 Advances, that I despair of arriving at you, or any
 great Blessing, till I am capable of using some more
 expeditious means. I could tell you of a great In-
 ducement to bring you to this Place, but I am sworn
 to Secrecy; however, if you were here, I would
 contrive to make you of the Party. I'll expect you,
 as a good Christian may every thing that he devout-
 ly prays for. I am

Your everlasting Adorer,

W. CONGREVE.

A Letter to WALTER MOYLE, Esq;

By ANTHONY HAMOND, Esq;



EAR MOYLE, blest'd Youth, whose
 forward Wit pursues
 The noble Pleasures Reason bids thee
 [choose:

Reason, which ruling by the Laws of Sense,
 Does a just, easie Government dispense;

E 5

Quitting

84 A LETTER by ANTH. HAMOND, Esq;


Quitting those Laws, turns Tyrant, wildly reigns
By reveal'd Projects of distemper'd Brains.
Dear Move, what shall I fancy now employ
Thy Time? what prudent, what well-chosen Joy?
Dost thou with Speed the flying Fair pursue?
Beauty leads on, and Pleasure's in thy view;
Oh! boldly follow, she's rescu'd for You.
Retiring *Modesty* and triumphant *Love*,
In her warm Breast a doubtful Combat move:
She yields, she yields; I see, the blushing *Maid*,
Storm'd from without by you, within betray'd
By her own Heart, no longer can hold out,
The Victor enters now the long-maintain'd Redoubt.
Or to this Joy do choicest *Books* succeed,
Which you with Judgment choose, with Judgment
[read;

Searching the antient Stores of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And bring from thence their useful Treasures home?
Or does some honest, some delightful Friend,
With easie Conversation, recommend
The sparkling Wine, while Wit and Mirth attend?
Congreeve, the matchless, rising Son of Fame,
Whom all Men envy, tho' they dare not blame;
Hopkins, whose Mind and Muse, both without Art
Gives him a well-fix'd Title in your Heart:
DUNKAN;

A SATYR against POETRY. 85

Devos, whose Wit and Reason each Man loves,
Charms us like Beauty, and like Books improves.
Etton, whom Vice becomes, of Vigour full,
Ise to the Godly, Covetous and Dull.
Thu, while in Town, so early you possess
Whatever perfects Life and Happiness,
And in their Turns do all the Pleasures know,
Which Learning, Beauty, Friendship can bestow;
In this Retreat I'm pleas'd, in following you
In a wild Maze of Thoughts: And so, dear Friend,
Adieu.

A SATYR against POETRY, in a
LETTER to the Right Honourable
the Earl of Dorset.

ET my Endeavours, as my Hopes, de-
pend
On you, the Orphan's Trust, the Muse's
Friend:
The great good Man, whose kind Resolves declare
Virtue and Verse the Object of your Care,
When hungry Poets now abdicate their Rhimes,
For some more darling Folly of the Times.

SHAD