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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t' est glorieux ;
 Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
 Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre :
 J' adore en perissant la raison qui t' aigrit,
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

“ If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place
 “ them in a proper light ; and am ever, with great sincerity,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 517. Thursday, October 23.

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! ----- Virg.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-fessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured

Honoured Sir,

“ **K** Nowing that you was my old Master’s good friend, I could not
 “ forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which
 “ has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved
 “ him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught
 “ his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice
 “ done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had
 “ been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, my good
 “ master was always the poor man’s friend. Upon his coming home, the
 “ first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach,
 “ not being able to touch a firloin, which was served up according to
 “ custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From
 “ that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good
 “ heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recove-
 “ ry, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow Lady whom
 “ he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only pro-
 “ ved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as
 “ a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver brace-
 “ lets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his mo-
 “ ther: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a
 “ hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind
 “ to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed
 “ to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It
 “ being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning,
 “ to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a
 “ black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of
 “ his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were
 “ not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown
 “ grey-headed in our dear master’s service, he has left us pensions and
 “ legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part
 “ of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which
 “ is not yet come my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish,
 “ that he has left money to build a steeple to the Church; for he was
 “ heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, *Coverly*
 “ Church should have a steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body
 “ that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.
 “ He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of
 “ the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The
 “ Coffin

“ Coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the Pall held up by six of
 “ the *Quorum*: the whole parish followed the corps with heavy hearts, and
 “ in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-
 “ hoods. Captain SENTRY, my master’s nephew, has taken possession
 “ of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw
 “ him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished
 “ him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to
 “ make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts
 “ of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate.
 “ The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He
 “ makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kind-
 “ ness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond
 “ of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the
 “ dumb creature made on the day of my master’s death. He has never
 “ joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melanco-
 “ liest day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worcestershire*.
 “ This being all from,

Honoured Sir, Your most sorrowful servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P. S. “ My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book
 “ which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir ANDREW
 “ FREEPORT in his name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler’s manner of writing it,
 gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it
 there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the book,
 found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particu-
 lar the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir RO-
 GER’S own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or
 three points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time he
 appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at
 such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man’s hand-
 writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain
 SENTRY informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for
 every one in the Club.

VOL. IV. *Saturday,*
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