

brought with them; the men the greatest drinkers that ever I saw, which did not at all agree with my brother, who would not be drawn to it to save a kingdom if it lay at stake and no other way to redeem it? But, in earnest, there was one more to be pitied besides us, and that was Colonel Thornhill's wife, as pretty a young woman as I have seen. She is Sir John Greenvil's sister, and has all his good-nature, with a great deal of beauty and modesty, and wit enough. This innocent creature is sacrificed to the veriest beast that ever was. The first day she came hither he intended, it seems, to have come with her, but by the way called in to see an old acquaintance, and bid her go on, he would overtake her, but did not come till next night, and then so drunk he was led immediately to bed, whither she was to follow him when she had supped. I blest myself at her patience, as you may do that I could find anything to fill up this paper withal. Adieu.

*Letter 68.*—In this scrap of writing we find that Temple is again in England with certain proposals from his father, and ready to discuss the "treaty," as Dorothy calls it, with her brother Peyton. The few remaining letters deal with the treaty. Temple would probably return to London when he left Ireland, and letters would pass frequently between them. There seems to have been some hitch as to who should appear in