

have no son, no child: nor is this loss, my dear brother, confined to me alone; the acquaintance of my Felix was universally sought for; he accommodated himself to all tempers, without seeming to be under the least constraint himself, or obliging others to be so. He was pleasant with the gay, and serious with the grave; whatever stile you saw him in, that seemed to be the most natural to him; yet was he exempt from cunning or finesse: if he had any art, it was only that of making himself universally esteemed. The services he undertook for his friends, he effected with no less ardor than pleasure; and those favors he could not, or ought not to grant, he refused with
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