

THE
Accomplished Letter-Writer ;
OR,
UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENT.

CONTAINING

FAMILIAR LETTERS

On the most common Occasions in Life.

ALSO

A Variety of more elegant Letters for Examples and Improvement of Style, from the best modern Authors, together with many Originals,

ON

BUSINESS,		COURTSHIP,
DUTY,		MARRIAGE,
AMUSEMENT,		FRIENDSHIP, and
AFFECTION,		OTHER SUBJECTS.

To which is prefixed

A Compendious GRAMMAR of the
ENGLISH TONGUE,

ALSO

A TABLE of the Clerk-like Contraction of Words,
for the Dispatch of Business;

AND

The proper Mode of addressing Persons of all Ranks,
either in Writing or Discourse; and some necessary
Orthographical Directions.

With a Selection of

Some beautiful Poetical Epistles, and various Forms
of polite Messages.

*The writing of Letters enters so much into all the Occasions of Life,
that no Gentleman can avoid showing himself in Compositions of
this Kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this Use of
his Pen, which lays open his Breeding, his Sense, and his Abilities,
to a severer Examination than any oral Discourse.* LOCKE.

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

*Containing Observations, and useful Directions, on the Art
of writing Letters.*

TH E R E is scarcely any Species of Composition deserves more to be cultivated, than THE ART OF WRITING LETTERS, since none is of more various or frequent Use, through the whole Course of human Life.

Letters are written on all Subjects, in all States of Mind; they cannot be properly reduced to settled Rules, or described by any single Characteristic: They have no Peculiarity but their Form; and nothing is to be refused Admission, which would be proper in any other Method of treating the same Subject. The Qualities of the Epistolary Style, most frequently required, are Ease and Simplicity, an even Flow of unlaboured Diction, and an artless Arrangement of obvious Sentiments. But these Directions are no sooner applied to Use than their Scantiness and Imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the Great and to the Mean, to the Learned and to the Ignorant, at Rest and in Distress, in Sport and in Passion. Nothing can be more improper than Ease and Laxity of Expression, when the Importance of the Subject expresses Solicitude, or the Dignity of the Person demands Reverence.

That Letters should be written with strict Conformity to Nature, is true; because nothing but Conformity to Nature can make any Composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from Familiarity of Language upon Occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the Sentiments, will raise the Expression; whatever fills us with Hope or Terror, will produce some Perturbation of Images, and some figurative Distortions of Phrase. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first Thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our Opinion by studied Ornaments, Accuracy of Method, and Elegance of Style.

Letters that have no other End than the Entertainment of the Correspondent, may be properly regulated by critical Precepts, because the Matter and Style are equally arbitrary, and Rules are more necessary, as there is larger Power of Choice. In Letters of this Kind, Art is deemed graceful by some, and Negligence appears beautiful to others; while some model them by the Sonnet, and will allow no epistolary Means of delighting but the easy Flow of calm Mellifluence: others adjust them by the Epigram, and expect pointed Sentences and forcible Periods. The one partly considers Exemption from Faults as the Height of Excellence, the other looks upon Neglect of Excellence as the most disgusting Fault; one avoids Censure, the other aspires to Praise: one is always in Danger of Insipidity, the other continually on the Brink of Affectation.

When the Subject has no intrinsic Dignity, it must necessarily owe its Attractions to artificial Embellishments, and may catch at all Advantages which the Art of Writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his Friend a Portion for his Daughter, will, without Pliny's Eloquence or Address, find Means of exciting Gratitude, and securing Acceptance; but he that has no Present to make but a Garland, a Ribbon, or some petty Curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his Manner of giving it.

The Purpose for which Letters are written, when no Intelligence is communicated, or Business transacted, is to preserve in the Minds of the Absent either Love or Esteem. To excite Love, we must impart Pleasure; and to raise Esteem, we must discover Abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as Abilities are displayed, by Scenes of Imagery, Points of Conceit, unexpected Sallies, and artful Compliments. Trifles always require Exuberance of Ornament; the Building which has no Strength, can be valued only for the Grace of its Decorations. The Pebble must be polished with Care, which hopes to be valued as a Diamond; and Words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for Things.

Neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing Letters, is by no Means to be neglected. There is something in the Exterior, even of a Letter, that may please or displease, and consequently deserves some Attention.—As to the Correctness and Elegance of Writing, Attention to Grammar does the one, and to the best Authors, the other.

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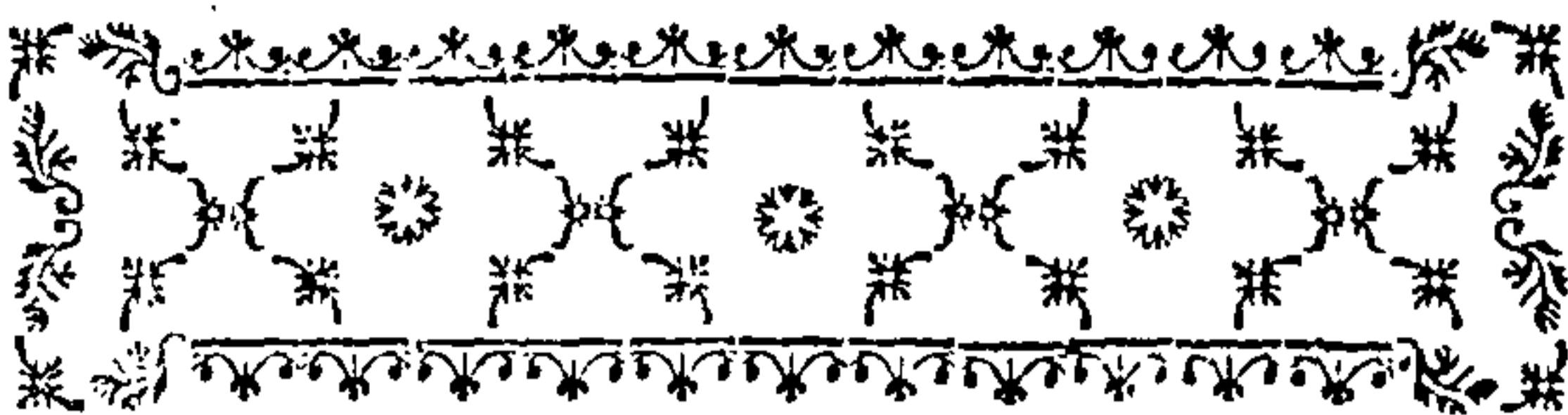
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A C O M-



A

COMPENDIOUS SYSTEM

OF

English Grammar.

GRAMMAR is the Art of speaking and writing a Language with Propriety. There are four Parts of Grammar: *Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody.*

Of ORTHOGRAPHY.

Orthography treateth of Letters and Syllables. It teaches how to spell and write every Word with proper Letters; and likewise how to divide Words rightly into Syllables.

Of Letters.

A Letter is a Mark or Character denoting a single Sound.

There are twenty six Letters in the English Language, viz. *a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z*, which are divided into Vowels and Consonants.

B

Of

A COMPENDIOUS SYSTEM

Of the Vowels.

A Vowel is a Letter which of itself makes a perfect Sound, and often a perfect Syllable.

There are five Vowels, *viz.* *a, e, i, o, u,* and also *y,* when it follows a Consonant; and these Vowels have generally each of them a long, and a short Sound.

A long Sound, when the Syllable, or Word, ends with a Vowel; except in Case of a double Accent; as in *Ba'lance, Cha'pel,* &c. where the former Syllable must be sounded short.

A short Sound, when the Syllable, or Word, ends with a Consonant.

Of the Vowel A.

A is not sounded in the Words *Chaplain, Diamond, Marriage, Parliament,* &c.

The Sound of *a* final is likewise lost in Monosyllables, where *e* comes before it; as *Flea, Pea, Plea, Sea, Tea,* &c.

Of the Vowel E.

Final *e* lengthens the Sound of the former Vowel in the same Syllable; as *Cure, here, mine, Mire, Sore, thine,* &c. except in *come, give, live, home,* &c.

Single *e* at the End of Words is seldom sounded; except in *Catastrophe, &c.* some proper Names; as *Eunice, Gethsemane, Jesse, Penelope, Phisbe,* &c. and in the Monosyllables *be, he, me, she, we, ye.*

Of the Vowel I.

I ends no English Word. It is sounded like *ee* in Words derived from the French; as in *Capuchin, Machine, Magazine, oblige,* &c.

I is not sounded in the Words, *Medicine, Niece, Piece, Salisbury,* &c.

Of the Vowel O.

The Sound of *o* is lost in the Words *Carrion, Chariot,* &c.

It

OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. 3

It is sounded like *i* in *Women*, &c. and like *u* in *Attorney*, *Compasses*, *Constable*, *London*, &c.

Of the Vowel U.

U ends no English Words, except *thou*, *you*; and *adieu*, *Beau*, *Lieu*, from the French.

It is sounded like *e* in *bury*, *Purial*; and like *i* in *busy*, *Business*.

The Sound of *u* is lost in the Words *Catalogue*, *collogue*, *Decalogue*, *Dialogue*, *disembogue*, *Epilogue*, *Guard*, *Guest*, *Guilt*, *Guide*, *Guile*, *League*, *Plague*, *Prologue*, *prorogue*, *Rogue*, *Tongue*, *Vogue*.

Of Diphthongs.

A Diphthong, or double Vowel, is the meeting of two Vowels in the same Syllable; of which there are two Sorts, viz. proper and improper.

A proper Diphthong, when both the Vowels are sounded; such are *ai*, *au*, *ei*, *oi*, *oo*, and *ou*.

An improper Diphthong, when but one of the Vowels is sounded; such are *aa*, *ac*, *ea*, *ee*, *eo*, *eu*, *ie*, *oa*, *oe*, *ue*, and *ui*.

Of Triphthongs.

A Triphthong, or treble Vowel, is the meeting of three Vowels in the same Syllable; and are generally these, *eau*, *ieu*, *uai*, *uea*, and *uee*.

Of the Consonants.

A Consonant is a Letter which makes no perfect Sound, except a Vowel be annexed to it.

There are twenty one in Number, viz. *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*; whereof *x* and *z* are called double, and all the rest single Consonants.

B, *c*, *d*, *g*, *j*, *k*, *p*, *q*, *v*, are called Mutes, or Letters which yield no Sound of themselves without a Vowel be added.

F, h, l, m, n, r, s, y, are called Half-Vowels, or Letters which have some imperfect Sound without a Vowel added; and four of them, *viz. l, m, n, r,* are called Liquids, because of the quick and smooth Manner of pronouncing them, when placed after a Mute in the same Syllable; as *Blis* in *Blister*, *Pro* in *Profit*.

B is not sounded in *Comb, Crumb, Debtor, Doubt, dumb, Lamb, Limb, Plumb, Thumb, Tomb, Womb, &c.*

C is sounded like / before *e, i, and y*; as in *Cellar, Circle, Cymbal*, except in *Sceptic*; it is also soft before an *Apostrophe*, where *e* is left out; as in *advanc'd, pranc'd, &c.*

C is sounded hard like *k* before *a, o, u*, and the Consonants *l* and *r*; as in *Card, Corn, Curb, Clock, Crown*; it is also hard at the End of a Syllable, or Word; as in *Ac-cent, Academic*; and sometimes before *h*; as in *Chaos, Char-a-ter, Chimera, Choler, Chorus, Christian, Chronicle, Chy-mist, &c.*

C is not sounded in *Indictment, Schism, Verdict, Vic-tuals, &c.*

Ch, in Words from the French, is sounded like *sh*; as in *Capuchin, Chaise, Champaigne, Chevalier, Machine, &c.*

G, like c, has two Sounds, the one hard and the other soft.

G is always sounded hard before *a, o, u, l, r*; as in *Garden, golden, Gum, Globe, Grove*; before *ui* at the Beginning, and *er* at the End of Words; as in *Guile, Monger, stronger*; and at the End of a Syllable, or Word.

When *gg* come together, they are both sounded hard; except in *suggest, Suggestion*.

G is generally sounded soft before *e and i*; as in *Gelly, Giant*; except in proper Names in the Bible, where it is sounded hard.

It is also sounded hard before *e and i* in *Geer, Geese, Gelding, get, giddy, Gift, gild, Gills, Gimlet, gird, Girdle, Girl, Girth, give, &c.*

G is not sounded in *arraign, assign, consign, deign, design, Ensign, feign, foreign, Phlegm, reign, Sign, Signior, Sov-reign, &c.*

Gh is sometimes sounded like *ff*; as in *cough, laugh, &c.* sometimes like *ro*; as in *Edinburgh, Hamburg, &c.* and in some other Words it is not sounded at all; as in *Almighty, Daughter, Delight, Right, though, &c.*

H is

H is not sounded in *Asthma*, *Catarrh*, *Ghost*, *Heir*, *Herb*, *honest*, *Honour*, *Hour*, *Jeremiah*, *John*, *Messiah*, *Rhenish*, *Rhetoric*, *Rheum*, *Rhine*, *Scheme*, *School*, *Thomas*, &c.

It is needless to insert the Letter *k* in the Ending *ick*, in Words of two or more Syllables; the *c* being always sounded hard at the End of a Syllable or Word; as was before observed.

L is not sounded in *Calf*, *half*, *Lincoln*, *Psalm*, *Salmon*, *walk*, *walk*, &c.

In Words of one Syllable the *l* is usually doubled at the End; as in *all*, *full*, *toll*, *well*, &c. except when a Diphthong comes before it; as in *feel*, *hai*, *soul*, &c.

Words compounded with *all*, are written with but one *l*; as *almost*, *although*, *always*, &c. and no Words of above one Syllable end in *ll*, except the Words be accented on the last Syllable.

M is sounded like *n* in the Words *Accompt*, *Accomptant*.

N is not sounded in *Autumn*, *Column*, *condemn*, *contemn*, *damn*, *Hymn*, *kin*, *linn*, *solemn*.

P is not sounded in *Psalm*, *Psalmisi*, *Psalter*, *Receipt*, *Sympтом*.

When *ph* is in one Syllable, it is sounded like *f*; as in *Epitaph*, *Pheasant*, *Sphere*, &c. except in the Words *Nephew*, *Stephen*, where it is sounded like *v*; and in the Words *Phthisic*, *phthisical*, it is quite silent.

The Ending *que* sounds like *k* in *antique*, *oblique*, *Pique*, &c.

S is not sounded in *Carlisle*, *Island*, *Isle*, *Viscount*, &c.

Ti before a Vowel is generally sounded like *sh*; except at the Beginning of Words, or when *s*, or *x* comes next before it.

Also Substantives plural; Comparatives in *er*, and Superlatives in *est*, from Adjectives in *ty*; and the second and third Persons of Verbs ending in *ty*, give *ti* its natural Sound.

W is not sounded in *Answer*, *swoon*, *Sword*, *Whore*, &c. nor ever before *r*, when they come together in the same Syllable.

W is sounded like a Vowel at the End, or in the Middle of a Syllable; as in *Cow*, *Fawn*, &c.

X at the Beginning of a Word is always sounded like *z*.

Of the right Division of Words into Syllables.

ASyllable is a complete Sound uttered in one Breath; and consists either of a single Vowel, or a Diphthong, joined to one or more Consonants: For no Syllable can be formed without a Vowel; and most frequently there is but one Vowel in one Syllable.

General Rules for dividing Words into Syllables.

RULE 1. If two Vowels, not making a Diphthong, but having different Sounds, come together in the Middle of a Word, they must be divided; as, *Bri-ar*, *Di-et*, *Li-on*, &c.

RULE 2. Two of the same Consonants must be parted; as, *Ad-der*, *But-ton*, &c.

RULE 3. A single Consonant between two Vowels must go to the latter; as, *a-dore*, *Ba-ker*, *di-reE*, &c. except *x*, which is always joined to the former.

RULE 4. Two Consonants between two Vowels must be parted; as, *ban-ter*, *Cap-tive*, *lim-pid*, &c. except the latter Consonant be *l*, or *r*; and then they are both joined to the latter Vowel; as, *Cy-cle*, *Ti-tle*, *A-pril*, *Fa-bric*, &c. Also *ch*, *ph*, *sh*, *th*, and *wh* always go together in the same Syllable.

RULE 5. *Prepositions* and *Terminations*, when joined to *original* or *primitive* Words, must be spelled separately and distinctly by themselves; as, *dis-a-gree*, *un-e-qual*, *Bond-age*, *co-ver-tous*, *form-ed*, *tempt-ed*, &c.

Except 1. When the *Termination* is made by the Letter *y*, so many of the foregoing Consonants must be joined to it as can begin a Word; as, *craf-ty*, *wor-thy*, &c.

2. When the *primitive* Word ends with a Vowel, and the *Termination* also begins with one, then the former Vowel is generally left out; as, *afish*, *dancing*, *desireable*, *writeſt*, &c. and the Words are to be divided by the common Rules:

But

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But if the *Termination* begins with a Consonant, the Vowel at the End of the *primitive Word* is still kept; and sometimes also before the Vowel *a*; as, *changeable, improveable, &c.*

Words of one Syllable ending with a Consonant, after a single Vowel, have always that Consonant doubled, when compounded with a *Termination* that begins with a Vowel; as, *dropping, manned, penned, stirred, &c.* also Words of more Syllables ending with a Consonant, have it also doubled in the *Derivative*, when the Accent lies on the last Syllable; as, *acquitted, compelled, preferred, &c.*

The Endings *cial, tial, cian, sion, tion,* should not be divided; as each of them, according to our best modern Poets, contains no more than one distinct Sound, or Syllable.

Of Stops and Marks.

THE *Stops* are used to shew what Distance of Time must be observed in Reading: They are so absolutely necessary to the better understanding what we read and write, that, without a strict Attention to them, all Writing would be confused, and liable to many Misconstructions.

Stops, considered as Intervals in Reading, are six; namely, a *Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, Interrogation, and Admiration.* A *Comma* stops the Reader's Voice, whilst one may deliberately count the Number *one*; the *Semicolon, one, two*; the *Colon, one, two, three*; the *Period, Interrogation, Admiration, or Exclamation, one, two, three, four.*

The Characters of *Stops* are, viz.

1. A *Comma*, placed at the Foot of a Word and marked thus (,)
2. A *Semicolon*, a Point over a *Comma* (;)
3. A *Colon*, two Points (:)
4. A *Period*, a single Point at the Foot of a Word (.)
5. A Note of *Interrogation*, or asking a *Question* (?)
6. A Note of *Exclamation*, or *Admiration* (!)

The

The Marks, &c. are these that follow.

1. Accent (')
2. Apostrophe (')
3. Asterism (*)
4. Breve (°)
5. Caret (^)
6. Circumflex (^)
7. Dieresis (°°)
8. Hyphen (-)
9. Index ({} ↗)
10. Obelisk (†)

11. Paragraph (¶)
12. Crotchets []
13. Parenthesis ()
14. Quotation ("")
15. The End of a Quotation (")
16. Section (§)
17. Ellipsis (—)
18. Brace ({} ~)

Stops exemplified and explained.

A *Comma* (,) may be used in several Situations; 1. After every distinct Word of Numbers; as, *one, two, three, six, ten, twenty, &c.*

—After every distinct Figure of Numbers; as, 1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 20, &c.

—After every Quality belonging to the same Name, except the last; as, *a discreet, sensible, generous, honest Man.*

—After bare Names of Persons, &c. called upon or spoken to; as, *Remember not, O Lord, our Offences*; or Things distinctly mentioned; as *Ash, Elm, Oak, &c. Sheep, Oxen, Horses, &c. James, Robert, William, Honour, Power, &c.*

—After every the least distinct Clause of a Sentence, which is Part of a more perfect one; as, *Nature cloaths the Beasts with Hair, the Birds with Feathers, and the Fishes with Scales.*

—An Interjection alone must be pointed from the rest; as, *Shah, trouble us not with Trifles.*

—Before the Conjunction *and*, when it connects the Parts of a Sentence; as, *Life is precarious, and Death is certain; but not when it couples only Words; as, the Critic and Pedant are too often united.*

2. A *Semicolon* (;) is made Use of when half the Sentence is left behind, and to distinguish Contrarieties; as,

Are

Are you humble, teachable, adviseable; or, stubborn, self-willed, and high-minded?

—When several Names with their different Qualities have equal Relation to the same Verb; as, *he was a Man of a regular Conduct; of a sweet, facetious, forgiving Temper; of a charitable, humane Disposition, &c.*

3. A * *Colon* (:) is made Use of to distinguish a perfect Sentence, which has a full Meaning of its own; but yet leaves the Mind in Suspence and Expectation to know what follows; as, *An envious Critic cannot forbear nibbling at every Author that comes in his Way: Nor can even the most admired Poet that ever wrote escape him.*

A Colon is generally used before a comparative Conjunction in a Similitude; for Example, *As an ill Air may endanger a good Constitution: So may a Place of ill Example endanger a good Man.*

—When the latter Clause is connected by a Relative referring to some Name in the former; as, *It is no Diminution to a Man to have been in the Wrong: Perfection is not his Attribute.*

4. The *Period*, or full Stop (.) is used at the Conclusion of a Sentence, and shews that the Sense is complete and ended; as, *Fear God. Honour the King.*

5. A Note of *Interrogation* (?) is put after a Question asked; as, *What shall we do? When shall we come?*

6. A Note of *Exclamation*, or *Admiration* (!) is used when something is admired, or exclaimed against; as, *Oh the Idleness! Oh the Perverseness of the Boy!*

Marks, &c. explained.

1. An *Accent* (!) being placed over a Vowel, denotes that the Tone, or Stress of the Voice in pronouncing is upon that Syllable; as, *Báptism.*

2. An *Apostrophe* (') at the Head of Letters, denotes some Letter or Letters left out for a quicker Pronunciation; as,

* *The Colon and Semicolon are used by many Authors indifferently.*

10 . A COMPENDIOUS SYSTEM

as, *I'll*, for *I will*; *lov'd*, for *loved*; *wou'dst*, for *wouldst*; *sha'n't*, for *shall not*; *ne'er*, for *never*.

3. *Asterism* (*) guides to some Remark in the Margin, or at the Foot of the Page: Several of them set together signify, that there is Something wanting, defective, or immodest in the Passage of the Author; thus ***

4. *Breve* (^) is a Curve, or crooked Mark over a Vowel, and denotes that the Syllable is sounded quick, or short; as, *Hāt*.

5. *Caret* (Λ) denotes a Letter, Syllable, or Word, to be left out in a Sentence, by Mistake, in Writing or Printing; and this Mark (Λ) is put under the Interlineation in the exact Place where it is to come in; as,

are
Justice and Temperance excellent Virtues.

6. *Circumflex* (^) is shaped something like the *Caret*; when used it is placed over a Vowel in a Word, to denote a long Syllable; as, *Euphrātes*.

7. *Dieresis* (‘‘) or *Dialysis*, is noted by two full Points at the Top of the latter of two Vowels, to dissolve the Diphthong, and to divide it into two Syllables; as, *Ca-pernaüm*.

8. *Hyphen* (-) is a streight Mark across, which being set at the End of a Line, denotes, that the Syllables of a Word are parted, and that the Remainder of it is at the Beginning of the next Line.

Whenever a Word is thus parted at the End of a Line, the Syllables must be carefully separated by the Rules for dividing.

It is used also to join or compound two Words into one; as, *Ale-house*, *Inn-keeper*, &c.

In this Case, the latter must never begin with a Capital, except Names of Countries, Towns, or Office; as, *South-Britain*, *North-Britain*, *Weſt-Aukland*, *Attorney-General*, &c.

If placed over a Vowel, it denotes it long; as, *hāte*; and in Writing it is called a *Dash*, and signifies the Omission of *m*, or *n*; as, *Nothing is more commendable thā fair Writing*.

9. *Index* (ꝝ) or the Fore-finger pointing, signifies that Passage to be very remarkable against which it is placed.

10. *Obelisk*

10. *Obelisk* (†) is used, as well as the *Asterism*, (*) to direct to some Note or Remark in the Margin, or at the Foot of the Page: And this is also done by parallel Lines, as (||); sometimes by a double *Obelisk*, as (††); and, at other Times, by Letters or Figures included within a *Parenthesis*, thus (c) (i), or thus a.

11. *Paragraph* (¶) is used chiefly in the Bible, and denotes the Beginning of a new Subject, or Matter.

12. *Parenthesis* () is used when, after a Sentence is begun; another Sentence, or Part of a Sentence is put in, before the first be finished, which serves to explain and enlarge the Sense; as, *If you take Pleasure in Lying, Truth will (in a Series of Time) become a Pain to you.*

13. *Crotchets*, or *Brackets*, [] inclose short Sentences that have no Connection with the Subject treated of, but serve for References to Passages of the same Book, Author, or Dates; as, [See p. 91, Vol. I. of this Book] [See———on this Subject] [This is very elegantly described by———].

14. *Quotation*, (‘‘) or double *Comma* turned, is put at the Beginning of such Words, or Lines, as are cited out of other Authors.

15. *End of the Quotation* (’’), or double *Apostrophe*, is put after the last Words, or Line, to shew that the Passage cited is finished.

16. *Section* (§) or *Division*, is used in subdividing a Chapter into less Heads, or Parts. It is also used to direct to some Note in the Margin, or at the Foot of the Page.

Ellipsis (—) or *Omission*, is when a Part of a Word is left out; as, K—g G—ge, for King George; or when a Word is omitted.

18. A *Brace* (~~) is to join several Words or Sentences together, particularly in Poetry; as,

*While thee, O Virtue, bright celestial Guest,
Who' er pursues, secures eternal Rest,
And cannot be unhappy, tho' opprest.*

}

By bad Pointing an Author's Meaning is not only inverted but often made nonsensical. Thus, it is said in the 11th. Edition of Drelincourt's *Consolations against the Fears of Death*, p. 310. *This Part shall not be taken from us; this bright*

bright Beam of our future Glory shall never be put out but in the Life to come. We shall possess as much of the Kingdom as we are able, and shall be cloathed with all the Light and Splendor of the heavenly Glory. Any Person may see the Error in that Sentence; which would have been prevented by putting a Colon after the Word *out*, and omitting the Period after the Word *come*.

A Bishop of *Ajello* ordered an Inscription to be put over his Gate, *viz.* *Porta patens esto nulli, claudaris honesto.* By the Painter's putting a Comma after *nulli*, instead of *esto*, it reads, *Gate, be thou open to no Body, but shut to an honest Man;* instead of, *Gate, be thou open, and not shut to an honest Man.* For which he lost his Bishopric.

Of E T Y M O L O G Y.

ETYMOLOGY treateth of the several Kinds of Words that make up a Language.

There are eight Kinds of Words; or Parts of Speech: *viz.* Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle; Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection.

Of a Noun.

THREE are two Sorts of Nouns; a Noun *Substantive*, and a Noun *Adjective*.

Of a Noun Substantive.

A Substantive expresseth the Thing itself, and requireth not the Assistance of any other Word to make it understood; and it is commonly known by taking the Articles, *a*, *an*, *the* before it; as, *a Man, an Heir, a Boy, the Boy*.

A and *an* are *indefinite* Articles, and signify some *one* Thing out of many, without determining which.

The is a *definite* Article, and means some particular Thing spoken of at the Time.

A is

A is put before a Consonant, and *an* before a Vowel or *h* silent.

Substantives, without an Article, are taken in the widest Sense; as, *Man is born to Trouble*; i. e. Men in general are born to Trouble.

Substantives are either *common* or *proper*.

A Substantive *common* expresseth a whole Kind; as, *a Man, a Book, a City*.

A Substantive *proper* expresseth some particular Person, Thing, Place, or Creature; as, *George, a Bible, London*.

Of a Noun Adjective.

An Adjective expresseth the Quality of a Thing; and it is commonly known by putting *Man*, or *Thing* after it; as, *a good Man, a good Thing*.

The Adjective is put before the Substantive; except it be emphatical; as, *Hail, Bard divine!* or some Word depend upon it; as, *a Man ambitious of Praise*.

Adjectives have three Degrees of Comparison; the *positive, comparative, and superlative*.

The positive Degree is the Adjective itself simply, and uncompared; as, *great, white, discreet, &c.*

The comparative Degree somewhat exceedeth the positive in Signification; and it is made by adding the Termination *er* to the positive, when it ends with a Consonant; or *r* when it ends in *e*; as, *greater, whiter*; or it is otherwise made by placing the comparative Adverb *more* before the positive; as, *more discreet*.

The superlative Degree exceedeth the positive in the highest Degree of Signification; and it is made by adding the Termination *est* to the positive, when it ends with a Consonant; or *st*, when it ends in *e*; as, *greatest, whitest*; or it is otherwise made by placing the comparative Adverb *most* before the positive; as, *most discreet*.

Adjectives of one Syllable are compared either way, but more elegantly by the Termination; as, *P. bold. C. bolder, or more bold. S. boldest, or most bold*.

Adjectives of two Syllables are generally compared by *more* and *most*; as, *mortal, more mortal, most mortal*. But

those which end in *y, le*, or are accented on the last Syllable, are compared either way; as, *happy, able, discreet*.

Adjectives of many Syllables must always be compared by *more* and *most*; as, *virtuous, troublesome, necessary, benevolent, laudable*.

The Termination and comparative Adverbs cannot be used at the same Time; as, *more happier, most happiest*, are absurd.

Note, the Words *very*, or *exceeding*, when placed before the positive, do also make the superlative Degree.

The following are irregular; *good, better, best; bad, evil* or *ill, worse, worst; little, less or iesser, least; much or many, more, most*.

Of Numbers.

IN Nouns are two *Numbers*; the *singular* and *plural*:

The singular speaketh but of one; as, *a Stone*; the plural of more than one; as, *Stones*.

The plural Number is generally made by putting *s* to the singular; as, *Book, Books; Pen, Pens*.

But Nouns ending in *ch, sh, ss, or x*, take *es*; as, *Church, Churches; Bush, Bushes; Glass, Glasses; Fox, Foxes*.

Nouns ending in *ce, ge, je, ze*, take *s*, and make a new Syllable; as, *Face, Faces; Age, Ages; Horse, Horses; Prize, Prizes*.

Nouns ending in *f, and fe*, change them into *ves*; as, *Calf, Calves; Wife, Wives*: Except *Brief, Dwarf, Handkerchief, Hoof, Roof, Wharf, Strife*.

Nouns ending in *ff*, are regular, and only take *s*; as, *Ruff, Ruffs*: Except *Staff, Staves*.

Nouns ending in *y* after a Consonant, change *y* into *ies*; as, *Mercy, Mercies*: After a Vowel they take *s* only; as, *Joy, Joys; Day, Days*.

The following have irregular Plurals; *Brother, Brethren* or *Ebrothers; Chick, Chicken; Child, Children; Die, Dies; Foot, Feet; Goose, Geese; Louse, Lice; Man, Men; Mouse, Mice; Ox, Oxen; Penny, Pence; Tooth, Teeth; Woman, Women*.

These make the singular and plural alike; *Deer, Fern, Hose, Sheep, Swine; Fish,* which sometimes makes *Fishes.*

The following want the singular Number; *Anals, Ashes, Bellows, Bowels, Breeches, Dregs, Entrails, Goods, Ides, Lungs, Nerves, Scissars, Shears, Snuffers, Thanks, Tonges, Wages.*

Some want the plural Number; as the Names of Men, Women, Cities, Countries, Mountains, Rivers, &c. and the Names of Liquors, Metals, Virtues, Vices, &c.

Note; Adjectives have no Difference of Number.

Of Genders.

GENDER is the Distinction of Sex.

Genders of Nouns are three; the *Masculine, Feminine, and the Neuter.*

Males are Masculine; Females Feminine; and all Things without Life are Neuter, except in figurative Language.

The Masculine and Feminine are distinguished by different Names; as, *M. Boy, F. Girl; M. Brether, F. Sister.*

Sometimes they are distinguished by prefixing *he* or *she;* as, *He-Goat, She-Goat;* or by adding *ix*, or *ess;* as, *M. Administrator, F. Administratrix; M. Heir, F. Heiress.*

Of Cases.

NOUNS in English have three States or Cases; the *Nominative, Genitive, and Objective; N. Master, S. Master's, O. Master.*

The Objective Case is the same as the Nominative, and always follows a Verb or Preposition.

The Genitive is often varied by the Objective Case with the Preposition *of;* as, *the Master's Learning, or the Learning of the Master.*

When a Genitive is followed by another Noun having *f* before it, the Termination *s* is put after the second; as, *the King of England's Power, i. e. the King's Power.*

Of Pronouns.

THREE are five Kinds of Pronouns.

1. The Personals; *I, thou, he* the Masculine, *she* the Feminine, *it* the Neuter.

The Personals have three Cases; the *Nominative, Genitive, and Objective.*

	N.	G.	O.		N.	G.	O.
Sing.	<i>I</i>	<i>mine</i>	<i>me</i>		<i>thou</i>	<i>thine</i>	<i>thee</i>
Plur.	<i>we</i>	<i>ours</i>	<i>us</i>		<i>ye or you</i>	<i>yours</i>	<i>you</i>
	N.	G.	O.		N.	G.	O.
Sing. {	<i>he</i>	<i>his</i>	<i>him</i>		Plur.	<i>they</i>	<i>theirs</i>
	<i>she</i>	<i>hers</i>	<i>her</i>				<i>them</i>
	<i>it</i>	<i>its</i>	<i>him</i>				

Note; *mine, ours, thine, yours, hers, theirs,* are used only when the Substantive is understood.

2. Possessives, which are undeclined; *my, our, thy, your, their.*

3. Relatives; *who, which, what, that, whether.*

Sing. and Plur. N. *who, that*, G. *whose*, O. *whom.* The rest are undeclined; except that *which* makes *whose* sometimes in the Genitive.

Who, in all Situations, is used in Relation to Persons only; and *which* only in regard to Things.

4. Demonstratives; *this, that, other, the same.*

S. *this, these;* S. *that, those;* S. *other,* P. *others,* when the Substantive is not expressed.

5. Compound Pronouns; as, S. *myself, ourselves;* S. *yourself, yourselves;* S. *himself, themselves;* S. *my own self, your own selves, &c.* *My own, your own, &c.* are not declined.

Note; the compound Pronouns are made by *orun,* *self,* and always express Emphasis or Distinction.

Of Verbs.

A Verb is that Part of Speech which betokens *doing, being, or suffering,* and is known by putting the *personal*

personal Pronouns before it; as, *I love, thou lovest, he loveth.*

The personal Pronouns in the Singular are, *I* the first; *thou* the second; *he, she, it* the third; in the Plural *we, ye, they.*

All Nouns are of the third Person.

Verbs in English are of three Kinds; *active, neuter, and passive.*

The active admits a Noun after it; as, *I love Virtue.* A Verb neuter signifies a Habit or State of being, and admits no Noun after it; as, *I fall, I run, I grieve.*

The active and neuter are declined alike; the passive is formed by the auxiliary Verb *am*; as, *I am loved.*

Verbs have three principal Times, or Tenses; the *present, past, and future.*

The Verb itself is formed in the present and past Times.

	I	thou	he
Present.	S. <i>love,</i>	<i>lovest,</i>	<i>loveth or loves.</i>
Past.	S. <i>loved,</i>	<i>lovedst,</i>	<i>loved.</i>

	we	ye	they
Present.	P. <i>love,</i>	<i>love,</i>	<i>love.</i>
Past.	P. <i>loved,</i>	<i>loved,</i>	<i>loved.</i>

Infinitive, *to love.* Participle present, *loving.* Participle past, *loved.*

These Times are also expressed by certain *Auxiliaries*, joined either to the Infinitives, or the Participles; as the future is expressed by *shall* and *will.*

Auxiliary Verbs of the present Time.

Singular.	I	thou	he	Plural.	we	ye	they
	<i>do</i>	<i>dost</i>	<i>doth or does</i>		<i>do</i>	<i>do</i>	<i>do</i>
	<i>am</i>	<i>art</i>	<i>is</i>		<i>are</i>	<i>are</i>	<i>are</i>
	<i>may</i>	<i>mayest</i>	<i>may</i>		<i>may</i>	<i>may</i>	<i>may</i>
	<i>can</i>	<i>canst</i>	<i>can</i>		<i>can</i>	<i>can</i>	<i>can</i>

Singular.	<i>must</i>	<i>must</i>	<i>must</i>	Plural.	<i>must</i>	<i>must</i>	<i>must</i>
-----------	-------------	-------------	-------------	---------	-------------	-------------	-------------

Auxiliaries of the Past Time.

I	thou	he		we	ye	they
did	didst	did		did	did	did
was	wast	was		were	were	were
might	mightest	might		might	might	might
could	couldest	could		could	could	could
should	shouldest	should		should	should	should
would	wouldest	would		would	would	would
have	hast	hath or has		have	have	have
had	hadst	had		had	had	had

Plural.

Auxiliaries of the Future Time.

shall	shalt	shall		shall	shall	shall
will	wilt	will		will	will	will

Verbs have two other Forms, the *Imperative*, used in commanding, permitting, or exhorting; and the *Subjunctive*.

Imperative Form.

Singular	love thou	love he	
	or	or	
Plural	do thou love	let him love	
	or	or	
Plural	love we	love ye	love they
	or	or	or
	let us love	do ye love	let them love

Subjunctive Form.

Present. S. *love, love, love*. P. *love, love, love*.
 Past. S. *loved, loved, loved*. P. *loved, loved, loved*.

Note; *have, do, am*, are perfect Verbs when followed by a Noun; and then *have* signifies the Present Time, and *had* the Past Time.

Am has a peculiar Form; as,

Present. S. *I am, thou art, he is..* P. *we are, &c.*
 Past. S. *I was, thou wast, he was..* P. *we were, &c.*
 Infinitive,

Infinitive, *to be*. Participle present, *being*. Participle past, *been*.

Imperative Form.

S. *be thou, let him be.* P. *let us be, be ye, let them be.*

Subjunctive Form.

Present. S. *be, be, be.* P. *be, be, be.*

Past. S. *were, were, were.* P. *were, were, were.*

The Use of the Auxiliaries.

One or more *Auxiliaries* are joined to the principal Verb; but the first is only inflected.

The *Auxiliaries* and Verb express but one Action, and must be taken together, though divided by other Words; as, *you may perhaps have often heard so*, i. e. *you may have heard so.*

The Verb *am* is joined to the past Participle, to express the passive Verb; as, *I am loved, I was loved, I have been loved.*

Except with the Neuter Participles, *set, gone, risen, run, fled, &c.* where it expresses Action; as, *the Sun is set, i. e. has set; the Sun was set, i. e. had set.*

The Verb *am*, joined to the Present Participle, always expresses Action; as, *I am loving, or do love.*

The Power and Signification of the Auxiliaries.

Do and *did* express Emphasis; as, *I do love you, i. e. I really love you.* They are also necessary in negative Sentences; as, *I do not love a Liar.*

I have, signifies a past Action just or precisely finished; as, *I have dined, i. e. I have just dined; I have quite dined, and choose no more.*

I loved; this Verb signifies a past Action done at some indeterminate Space of Time; as, *I dined—yesterday—a Month—a Year ago.* To say, *I have dined yesterday,* is absurd.

Will signifies, in the first Persons, an Intention to do a Thing; in the other Persons it barely foretells; as, *I will love,*

love, i. e. I intend to love: Thou wilt love, i. e. thou certainly wilt love.

Shall, in the first Persons, foretells; in the others it implies Command, or Permission; as, *I shall love, i. e. I shall certainly love: Thou shalt love, i. e. I command or permit thee to love.*

Shall foretells also in the second and third Persons in a conjunctive Clause; as, *When he shall come hither, &c.*

The rest are easily understood,

Of Participles.

A Participle is a Part of Speech derived from a *Verb*, and signifies *being, doing, or suffering*, and also implies *Time*, as a *Verb* does; but is otherwise like an *Adjective*. It is particularly known by placing both a Pronoun and a Verb before it; as, *he loves walking.*

There are two Sorts of Participles; the *Active* Participle, that ends always in *ing*; as, *loving*; and the *Passive* Participle, that ends always in *ed, t, or n*; as, *loved, taught, slain.*

The past Time of *Active* Verbs, ending in *ed*, or in *t* when contracted, is very often regularly the same with the *Passive* Participle; as, *Present, hate; Past, hated; Participle, hated; teach, taught, taught.*

When the *Passive* Participle ends in *n*, it is often the same as the present Time of the *Active* Verb, the *n* only being added; as, *see, saw, seen; give, gave, given; rise, rose, risen; &c.* yet it is sometimes irregular, and otherwise formed or made; as, *die, died, dead; fly, flew, flown; freight, freighted, fraught; help, helped, holpen; spring sprang, sprung; &c.*

Participles, when they signify a Quality without Time, become *Adjectives*; as, *a knowing Man.*

Of Adverbs.

A N *Adverb* is a Part of Speech joined to a *Noun*, or *Verb*, to express its Signification; as, *here, often, wisely, yesterday, &c.*

Some

Some *Adverbs* admit of Comparison; as, *often, oftener, oftenest; wisely, more wisely, most wisely.*

Adverbs are known by not answering the Definition of any other Part of Speech.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a Word, or Part of Speech, that joins Words or Sentences together.

The English *Conjunctions* are, *and, also, both, neither, nor, either, or, than; though, although, albeit; but, yet, notwithstanding, nevertheless; for, because, therefore, wherefore, seeing, since, forasmuch as, whereas; that, to the end that, so that, if; unless, except; at least, whether, &c.*

Of Prepositions.

A *Preposition* is a Part of Speech, most commonly set separate or before other Parts, to express the Relation that Words bear to one another.

The English *Prepositions* are, *above, about, after, against, among or amongst, at, before, behind, beneath, below, between, beyond, by, for, from, in, into, of, on or upon, out or out of, over, through, till or until, to, toward, under, with, within, without.*

There are *Prepositions* used in Composition of Words.

The English *Prepositions* are, *a, be, for, fore, miss, over, out, un, up, with.*

The Latin *Prepositions* are; *ab or abs, ad, ante, circum, con co com, contra, de, dis, di, e or ex, extra, in or im, inter, intro, ob, per, post, pro, preter, re, retro, se, sub, subter, super, trans.*

The Greek *Prepositions* are, *a or an, amphi, anti, hyper, hypo, meta, peri, syn.*

Of Interjections.

A N *Interjection* expresseth some sudden Passion of the Mind; as, *pish! Oh! alack! O strange! tush!*

Of

Of SYNTAX.

SYNTAX is the right placing of Words together in a Sentence; and consists of two Parts, *Concord* and *Governement*.

Preliminary Rules.

A Sentence is either *simple*, or *compound*.

Every *simple* Sentence must have a Nominative Case and Verb; as, *Learning refines human Nature*.

Every Member of a *compound* Sentence, except the Case absolute, must have its Nominative Case and Verb.

A *compound* Sentence is made either by a Conjunction, or a Relative Pronoun; as, *if you do amiss, you shall be punished. Learning, which refines human Nature, is the best Treasure.*

Under this Rule are comprehended Sentences beginning with the Adverbs *when*, *whencever*, *as soon as*, &c. which, in this Construction, may be considered as Conjunctions.

Every conjunctive Clause must have its correspondent Clause to complete the Sense; as, *if you do amiss*, leaves the Sense imperfect.

The Nominative is generally put before the Verb; except when a Question is asked, or when *it*, *there*, or Imperative Verbs are used; as, *Did Kna very ever prosper? It was he, that did it. There was a Man. Love thou.*

The Infinitive often serves for the Nominative; as, *To err is human; to forgive divine.*

I. Concord.

The Verb agrees with its Nominative Case in Number and Person; as, *I love. Thou negle~~c~~test thy Learning. Innocence is the best Defence. Thanks are due to Benefactors.*

The Plural *you* is used, in the Language of Ceremony, to a single Person, and always requires a Verb Plural; as, *You were [not was] idle yesterday.*

Two or more Substantives singular, with a Conjunction copulative

copulative coming between them, will have a Verb Plural; as, *Danger and Adversity discover true Friendship.*

A Noun of Multitude admits either a Verb Singular, or Plural; as, *The Vulgar imitate*, (or *imitates*) *the Great.*

II. Concord.

The Pronoun Adjectives *this* and *that* agree with their Substantives in Number; as, *these Men*; *those Boys.*

So *other* makes *others* in the Plural, when the Substantive is understood; as, *Other do the same.*

All other Adjectives, as well as Participles, agree with their Substantives, without Change; as, *many Men*; *other Men*, &c.

Substantives Singular joined together by a Copulative, and Nouns of Multitude also, require a Pronoun Plural; as, *Danger and Adversity discover true Friendship*; they *cannot serve the selfish Friend.* *The Vulgar imitate their Betters.*

III. Concord.

The Relatives *who* and *which* agree with the Antecedent or foregoing Substantive, in Gender, Number and Person; as, *Thou, who art so idle, shalt be punished.* *The Time which is mispent in Youth, will be regretted in old Age.*

If a Nominative Case cometh between the Relative and Verb, the Relative must be of the Objective Case; as, *God, whom we thoughtlessly offend, sees all our Actions.*

That often supplies the Place of *who* and *which*; as, *The Boy, that tells Lies, must be punished.* *The Book, that was lost, is found.*

What, *who*, and their Compounds, supply the Place both of Antecedent and Relative; as, *What you say is true.* *Who steals my Purse, steals Trash.* *Whosoever offends, must be punished.*

The Relative is frequently understood in English; as, *The Time, you spend in Study, is well employed*, i. e., *which you spend.*

Government.

Substantives, signifying the same Thing, are put in the same Case by Apposition.

When

When two Substantives come together, the latter, or Possessive Noun is put in the Genitive; as, *The Palace of the King, or the King's Palace.*

The Verb *to be* governs a Nominative; as, *What then am I? This is he, [not him].* But in the Infinitive it governs the Objective Case; as, *Though you took it to be him.*

Verbs Active require an Objective Case.

Participles in *ing* govern an Objective Case; as, *By loving me.*

When an Article goes before Participles in *ing*, they become Substantives, and have the same Construction; i. e. they govern an Objective Case with a Preposition before it; as, *By the loving of me.*

The Infinitive is put after Nouns, Verbs and Participles; as, *A Desire to play. Desirous to play. I desire to play. Desiring to play.*

The Infinitive is often turned into the Participle in *ing*; as, *He loves playing.*

Prepositions govern an Objective Case; as, *He told this of me. He gave it to him.*

The Prepositions are often understood; as, *He sent (to) me a Present. He did (for) me this Favour.*

A Preposition, governing a Relative, may be put either before it, or at the Close of the Sentence; as, *And they, whom God delights in, must be happy. Or, in whom God delights.*

The Conjunctions *and, nor, or, than*, couple like Cases; as, *He loves thee and me. Socrates was wiser than he; i. e. than he is. You favour him more than me; i. e. than you favour me.*

But *than* always governs the Objective Case of the Relative; as, *Honour your Parents, than whom, nothing ought to be dearer to you.*

The Conjunctions *if, though, ere, before, whether, except, unless, lest,* and all Words put indefinitely, govern most elegantly the subjunctive Verb; as, *If he were in my Situation, he would think otherwise. Or, were he in my Situation, &c. the Conjunction being understood.*

The Conjunctions *whether and either* require *or*; and *neither*

ther requires *nor*, to follow them in a Sentence; as, *Whetker he or you do it. Neither he nor I care.*

Two Negatives always affirm, though in a weaker manner than direct Terms; as, *It is not unpleasant; i.e. it is pleasant, somewhat pleasant.*

The Negative Adverb *not* is always put after the Verb or Auxiliary; as, *He loves me not. He will not receive me.*

Of PROSODY.

DRosody treateth of the *Quantity* and *Accent* of Syllables, and of the Arrangement of Words in Verse.

Quantity is the Length and Shortness of a Syllable; as, *rōve* is long; *lōve* is short.

Accent is the Stress or Elevation of the Voice in pronouncing a Word; as, *Páper, Divíne, Témperance, Malécon-* *ént.*

When the same Word is both a Noun and a Verb, the *Quantity* of the former is mostly short, and the latter long; *a Hoūse, to hoūse; &c.*

When the same Word is both a Noun and a Verb, the *Accent* of the Noun is mostly on the first Syllable, and of the Verb on the last; as, *a Rébel, to rebél; a Cóntract, to intráct; a Présent, to presént; &c.*

The rest may be easily learnt from Observation.

There are three Kinds of Feet used in English Verse; the *Iambic*; as, *crēate*: *Trochée*; as, *lōfly*: And the *Ana-* *ps*; as, *ādāmānt*.

English *Iambics* in common Use consist of eight Syllables, or four Feet; as,

In oīhēr Mēn wē Faūls cān sp̄,
And blāme thē Mōte thāt dīms their Eyē;
Eāch līttlē Spēck ānd Blēmish fīnd;
To our oīvn strōngēr Errōrs blīnd. GAY.

And of ten Syllables, or five Feet; as,
A Wit's a Feāther and a Chief's a Rōd;
An honeſt Mān's the noblēſt Wōrk ſ of Gōd. POPE.

Or ſome times twelve, called an *Alexandrine*; as,
The long majēſtic Mārch, the Enērgy dēvīne. POPE.

The common English *Trochaics* consist of ſeven Sylla-bles, or three Feet, and a long Syllable; as,

Fairēſt Piēce ſ of wēl fōrm'd Eārth,
Urge nōt thūs your haughthy Birth.

The *Anapestic* consists of twelve Syllables, or four Feet; as,

Māy I govern my Pāſſions with abſolute Swāy,
And grow wiſer and better as Life weārs awāy.

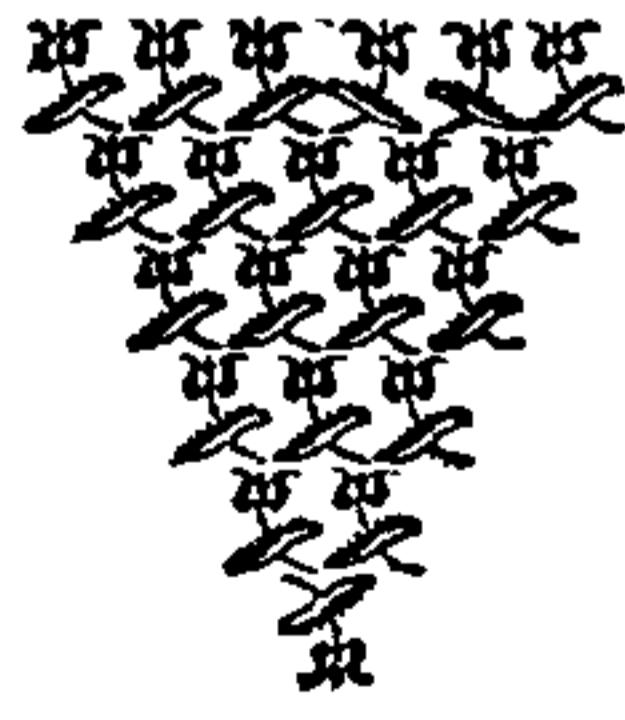
Sometimes of eleven, taking an *Iambic* in the firſt Place; as,
The Mīrth of the Sinner muſt end with his Life.

Note; these ſeveral Kinds are beautiſully varied by taking double Endings; as,

Who with his Tongue hāth Armies rōuted,
Mākes ev'n his real Courāge dōubted. GAY.

Those Syllables in English Poetry are conſidered as *long*, without Regard to Vowels, Diphthongs, &c. which eaſily and naturally admit the *Accent*,

DIRECTIONS



DIRECTIONS for SUPERSCRIPTIONS, 27

HAVING observed the Mistakes young Persons are liable to, for want of an Opportunity of informing themselves of the Stile and Titles due to Persons in Office, and those of elevated Rank and Fortune, it cannot be improper, in this Place, to shew the fitting Directions and Addresses to Persons of Distinction, the Chief of which being known, the rest will be attained without much Difficulty.

* * Note, *The Terms of Address are put in a different Character.*

To the Royal Family.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. *Sire, or May it please Your Majesty.*
To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. *May it please Your Royal Highness.*
And in like manner to any other of the Royal Family, changing what is to be changed.

To the Nobility.

To His Grace *L.* Duke of D.* My Lord Duke, Your Grace.*

* *The Learner is to substitute real Names and Titles in the Place of these initial Letters all through the following Directions.*

To the most Noble *P. Lord Marquis of C. My Lord Marquis, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable *J. Earl of B. My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable *G. Lord Viscount T. My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable *T. Lord O. My Lord, Your Lordship.*

The Wives of Noblemen are addressed in Terms equal to their Husband's Rank.

The Title of *Lord* and *Right Honourable* is given, by Courtesy, to all the Sons of *Dukes* and *Marquises*, and

28 DIRECTIONS for SUPERSCRIPTIONS,

to the eldest Sons of *Earls*; and the Title of *Lady* and *Right Honourable* to all their Daughters: The younger Sons of *Earls* are all *Honourable* and *Esquires*.

The Sons of *Viscounts* and *Barons* are stiled *Esquires* and *Honourable*, and their Daughters are directed to, *The Honourable Mrs. N. N.* but without other Stile; they have however Rank among the first Gentry without Title.

The King's Commission confers the Title of *Honourable* on any Gentleman in a Place of Honour or Trust.

The Stile of *Right Honourable* is due to no Commoner, but such as are Members of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council; except the three Lord Mayors, of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during Office.

Every considerable Servant to the King; upon the Civil or Military List, or to any of the Royal Family, is stiled *Esquire, pro tempore*.

To the Parliament.

TO the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament of Great-Britain, assembled. *My Lords; May it please Your Lordships.*

To the Honourable the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses, in Parliament of Great-Britain, assembled. *Gentlemen, May it please Your Honours.*

P. C. To the Right Honourable Sir G. H. Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, *Sir.*

P. C. in the Margin denotes a Privy-Counsellor, and therefore Right Honourable.

To the Clergy.

TO the Most Reverend Father in God W. Lord Archbishop of C. *My Lord, Your Grace.*

To the Right Reverend Father in God E. Lord Bishop of L. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of C. Lord Almoner to His Majesty. *To*

To the Reverend Mr. (or Dr. if the Degree of Doctor has been taken) *A. B.* Dean of *C.*

To the Reverend Dr. —— Chancellor of *D.*

To the Reverend Dr. —— Archdeacon of *E.*

To the Reverend Mr. —— Prebendary of *F.* —— Rector of *G.* —— Vicar of *H.* —— Curate of *J.* ——

The proper Address to these last Gentlemen is in general only, Sir; and being written to, Reverend Sir. Deans and Archdeacons are usually called Mr. Dean, and Mr. Archdeacon.

To the Officers of His Majesty's Household.

THEY are generally addressed to according to their Rank and Quality, but sometimes according to their Office; *My Lord Steward, My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Comptroller, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain.*

In Superscriptions of Letters, relating to Gentlemen's Employments, their Style of Office ought never to be omitted.

To the Commissioners and other Officers on the Civil List.

To the Right Honourable *R.* Earl of *W.* ——* Lord Privy-Seal.

To his Grace *J.* Duke of *M.* Lord President of the Council.

To the Right Honourable *N.* Viscount *P.* Lord Great Chamberlain —— Earl Marshal of *England* —— One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Ditto, of Trade and Plantations. Ditto, of the Admiralty, &c.

Note, If there be a Nobleman, or even a Commoner, who is a Privy-Councillor, among any Set of Commissioners, it will be proper to style them collectively Right Honourable. The usual Address then is, Your Lo:ships.

30 DIRECTIONS for SUPERSCRIPTIONS,

To the Honourable the Commissioners of—* His Majesty's Customs. Ditto, of the Revenue of Excise. Ditto, for the Duty on Salt. Ditto, for His Majesty's Stamp-Duties. Ditto, for Victualling His Majesty's Navy, &c.

To the Soldiery.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant General of His Majesty's Forces. Ditto, Major General. Ditto, Brigadier General of His Majesty's Forces. Sir; Your Honour. To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of His Majesty's First Troop of Horse Guards. Ditto, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. Ditto, Band of Yeomen of the Guard, &c.

To the Honourable Colonel Thomas Pitt. To Major Faubert. To Captain Audley, &c. Sir.

To the Principal Officers of His Majesty's Ordnance, Your Honours.

To A. B. Esq; Lieutenant General of the Ordnance Ditto, Surveyor General of the Ordnance, &c.

To the Officers of the Navy.

To His Grace C. Duke of D. Lord High Admiral of Great-Britain. Your Grace.

To the Right Honourable G. Lord Viscount T. Vice or Rear Admiral of Great-Britain.

To the Honourable Sir P. Q. Admiral of the Blz. Ditto, Vice Admiral of the Red. Ditto, Rear Admiral of the White. Sir; Your Honour.

To Captain R. L. Commander of His Majesty's Ship the Shoreham, riding at Spithead.

To the Ambassadry.

To His Excellency Sir A. B. Bart. His Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte. Your Excellency.

* These Blanks are also to be filled up as before with Names and Dignities, and made so many several Directions, repeating always the general Stile preceding the Blank, for Directions here put in the Italic Character.

To

To His Excellency *C. D.* Esq; Ambassador to His most *Christian* Majesty. *Your Excellency.*

To His Excellency the Baron de *E.* His *Prussian* Majesty's Resident at the Court of *Great-Britain*. *Your Excellency.*

To Seignior *F. G.* Secretary from the Republic of *Venice*, at *London*. *Sir.*

To Seignior *H. J.* Secretary from the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, at *London*.

To *K. L.* Esq; His *Britannic* Majesty's Consul, at *Smyrna*.

To the Judges and Lawyers.

TO the Right Honourable *M.* Baron of *N.* Lord High Chancellor of *Great-Britain*. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

P. C. To the Right Honourable Sir *O. P.* Knight, Master of the Rolls. *Sir, Your Honour.*

P. C. To the Right Honourable Sir *R. S.* Bart. Lord Chief Justice of the King's-Bench. Ditto, of the Common Pleas. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable Sir *W. W.* Knight, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

To the Honourable *G. S.* Esq; one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. Or, to Judge *S.* *Sir.* Or, *May it please you Sir.*

To Sir *S: M.* His Majesty's Attorney General. Ditto, Solicitor. Ditto, Advocate-General. *Sir.*

To *Y. Z.* Esq; Serjeant—Barrister, or Counsellor at Law. *Sir.*

To Mr. *Edward Bumble*, Attorney at Law. *Sir.*

* * * N. B. Upon the Circuits, and when they sit singly, every one of the Judges are addressed to and treated with the same Respect and Ceremony as the Chief Justices.

To the Lieutenancy and Magistracy.

TO the Right Honourable *S.* Earl of *B.* Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of *H.*

To *P. E.* Esq; High Sheriff for the County of *C.* *Mr. High Sheriff; Sir.* To

32 DIRECTIONS for SUPERSCRIPTIONS,

To the Right Honourable Sir *A. B.* Knight, Lord Mayor
of the City of *London*. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Worshipful *C. D.* Esq; Alderman of *Tower*
Ward, London.

To the Right Worshipful Sir *E. F.* Recorder of the City
of *London*.

To the Worshipful *G. H.* Esq; Mayor of *C.* *Mr. Mayor,*
Sir; Your Worship.

To the Worshipful *J. K.* Esq; one of His Majesty's Justices
of the Peace for the County of *S.* *Your Worship.*

To *L. M.* Esq; Deputy Steward of the City and Liberty
of *W.* *Mr. Deputy; Sir.*

To the Governors under the Crown.

TO His Excellency *J.* Lord *C.* Lord Lieutenant of
the Kingdom of *Ireland.* *My Lord Lieutenant; Your*
Excellency.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of the Kingdom of
Ireland. *Your Excellencies.*

To the Right Honourable *J.* Earl of *L.* Governor of
Dover Castle, and Lord-Warden of the Cinque-Ports.
My Lord, Your Lordship.

To the Right Honourable *C.* Lord Viscount *D.* Constable
of the Tower.

To His Excellency *J. H.* Esq; Captain General and Go-
vernour in Chief of the *Leeward Caribbee Islands, Amer-*
rica. *Governor; Your Excellency.*

To the Honourable *F. N.* Esq; Lieutenant-Governor of
South Carolina.

To the Honourable *J. G.* Deputy-Governor of *Portf-*
mouth.

To the Honourable *G. P.* Esq; Governor of Fort *St.*
George, Madras, in East-India.

To the Worshipful the President and Governors of *Christ's*
Hospital, London.

The Second Governors of Colonies, appointed by the King,
are styled Lieutenant-Governors: Those appointed by
Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are called
Deputy-Governors. *To*

To Incorporate Bodies.

TO the Honourable the Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants of *England*, trading to the *East-Indies*.

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the *South-Sea Company*.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the *Bank of England*.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of *Drapers*.

To the Gentry.

TO the Honourable Sir *C. W.* Bart. at *B.* near *L.*

To the Honourable Sir *W. S.* Knight, at *G.* in *Suffolk*.

To *R. Y.* Esq; at *M.* in *Cheshire*: Or, to Mr. *Y.* &c.

* * * *The Wives of Knights and Baronets, are called Lady W. or Lady S. But the Wives of Esquires and other Gentle-women, only Mistress, &c.*

To Men of Trade and Professions.

TO Mr. *G. F.* Merchant in *Austin-Friars, London*.

To Dr. *R. M.* in *Bloomsbury-Square, London*.

To Mr. *D. S.* Surgeon, in *Covent-Garden, London*.

To Mr. *X. Y.* Pewterer, in *Friday-Street, London*.

To Mr. *J. D.* Writing-Master, at *Rotherhithe, near London*.

* * * *It will be proper to mention the Designations of the Abodes of less eminent Traders, as well as their Professions.*

*A Table of the Clerk-like Contractions of Words,
for Dispatch of Business.*

A. Answer.

A. B. Bachelor of Arts.

A. Bp. Archbishop.

A. D. *Anno Domini*; in the
Year of our Lord.

Acct. Accompt.

Adml. Admiral.

Admr. Administrator.

agst. against.

A. M. Master of Arts.

A. M. *Anno Mundi* in the
Year of the World.

Amst. Amsterdam.

Aff. Assigns.

B. D. Bachelor of Divinity.

Bart. Baronet.

Bp. Bishop.

B. V. Blessed Virgin.

Bucks. Buckinghamshire.

C. in Number 100; *Centum*.

C. C. Corpus Christi
College.

Capt. Captain.

Cent. or *Centum*, an Hundred.

Chap. Chapter.

Ch. Church.

Cit. City, Citizen, Citadel.

Cl. Clerk, Clergyman.

C. P. S. Keeper of the Privy-
Seal; *Custos Privati Sigilli*.

Col. Colonel.

Collr. Collector.

Comp. or *Co.* Company.

Comrs. Commissioners.

Conſt. Constable.

C. S. Keeper of the Seal.

Cr. Creditor.

Curt. Current.

D. in Number 500.

D. Duke, or Duchess.

D. D. Doctor of Divinity.

d. a Penny; *denarius*.

dld. delivered.

Dep. Deputy.

Devon. Devonshire.

Do. Ditto, the same.

Dr. Debtor, Doctor.

Dorſet. Dorsetshire.

E. Earl, Evening, or East.

Esqr. Esquire.

Engd. England.

Exa. Example.

Exr. Executor.

Exon. Exeter.

Frd. Friend.

Fr. French.

Fra, France.

F.R.S. or *R. S.* S. Fellow of
the Royal Society; *Frater
Regalis Societatis*, or *Regalis
Societatis Socius*.

Gar. Garrison.

Gent. Gentleman.

Genl. General.

Govr. Governor.

G. R. King George.

Gr. Gross.

Hants. Hampshire.

Honble. Honourable.

Hond. Honoured.

Honrs. Honours.

I. in Number 1.

J. D.

J. D. Doctor of Laws.	N. S. New Stile.
J. H. S. Jesus the Saviour of Men.	O. S. Old Stile.
Inst. Instant.	Omnip. Omnipotent.
ibid. in the same place; <i>ibidem</i> i. e. that is; <i>id est.</i>	Oxon. Oxford.
<i>id.</i> the same; <i>idem.</i>	pd. Paid.
Just. Justice.	Philomath. a Lover of Learning.
Kg. King.	Proct. Proctor.
Kn. Knight.	Prop. Proposition.
L. in Number 50.	Q. Question, Query.
l. Book; <i>liber.</i>	qrt. Quart.
L. C. J. Lord Chief Justice.	qt. Quantity.
Ld. Lord.	qr. Quarter or $\frac{1}{4}$ part.
L. L. D. Doctor of Laws.	Revd. Reverend.
L. S. the Place of the Seal.	Regt. Regiment.
Lieut. Lieutenant.	Recd. Received.
Lib. Liberty.	Remr. Remainder.
£. a Pound Sterling.	Regr. Register.
lb. a Pound Weight; <i>Libra.</i>	Rotto. Rotterdam.
Lan. Lancashire.	Salop. Shropshire.
Lon. London.	S. South.
M. in Number 1000; <i>Mille.</i>	Sol. Solution.
M. Monsieur, Marquis.	S. T. P. Doctor of Divinity.
M. D. Doctor of Physic.	Tr. Tare.
Mdm. Memorandum.	Trt. Tret.
Mr. Master.	V. in Number 5.
Mrs. Mistress.	viz. that is to say.
Meth. Mathematics.	v. see.
Messrs. Masters.	Ult. the last.
Mercht. Merchant.	W. West.
Middx. Middlesex.	Westmr. Westminster.
Mon. Month.	Wilts. Wiltshire.
Mss. Manuscripts.	wt. weight or weighing.
M. S. Sacred to the Memory.	X. in Number 10.
N. North.	ye. the.
N. B. Remark.	yn. then.
Northa. Northampton.	ys. this.
No. Number.	yt. that.
Nt. Neat, or Netto.	&c. and.
	&c. and so forth.

Some necessary Orthographical Directions for Writing correctly, and when to use Capital Letters and when not.

1. *Direction.* LET the first Word of every Book, Epistle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.

2. *Direction.* Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, &c. begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, &c.

3. *Direction.* 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous.

4. *Direction.* None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a full Stop.

5. *Direction.* Qualities, Verbs, or Particles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period or Colon; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.

6. *Direction.* If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period or Colon.

7. *Direction.* Let not a Capital be written in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.

8. *Direction.* Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in Titles of Books for Ornament's Sake.

9. *Direction.* The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with a Capital.

10. *Direction.* The Letter *q* is never used without the Letter *u* next following.

11. *Direction.* The long *s* must never be inserted immediately after the short *s*, nor at the End of a Word.

The ACCOMPLISHED
LETTER-WRITER,
OR,
Universal CORRESPONDENT.

P A R T I.

LETTERS between Parents and their Children.

LETTER I.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Pappa, written by a School-Fellow.

Dear Pappa,

ACCORDING to your Commands, when you left me at School, I hereby obey them; and not only inform you that I am well; but also, that I am happy in being placed under the Tuition of so good a Master, who is the best natured Man in the World; and, I am sure, was I inclinable to be an idle Boy, his Goodness to me would prompt me to be diligent at my Study, that I might please him: Besides, I see a great Difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent; idle Boys being punished as they deserve, and diligent Boys being encouraged: But you know, Pappa, that I always loved my Book; for you have often told me, if I intended ever to be a great Man, I must learn to be a good Scholar, lest, when I am grown up, I should be a Laughing-Stock or Make-Game to others, for my Ignorance: But I am resolved to be a Scholar.

Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, and my Love to my Sister.

I am, dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

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LETTER II.

Another on the same Subject.

Dear Pappa,

AS I know you will be glad to hear from your little Boy, I should be very naughty if I did not acquaint you that I am in good Health, and that I am very well pleased with my Master; for he is very kind to me, and tells me, that he will always love young Gentlemen that mind their Learning: Therefore, I am sure, he will still love me; because you know, Pappa, I always loved my Book: For you have told me, that Boys who do not mind their Learning, will never become Gentlemen, and will be laughed at for their Ignorance, though they have ever so much Money: And as I am sure you always speak Truth, and I would willingly be a Gentleman, like you, I am resolved to be a good Scholar, which, I know, will be a Pleasure to you and my Mamma, and gain me the Love of every Body.

Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, my Uncle, and my Aunt, and my Love to my Sister and Cousins.

I am, dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER III.

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

Honoured Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for all your Favours; all I have to hope is, that the Progress I make in my Learning will be no disagreeable Return for the same. Gratitude, Duty, and a View of future Advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour for my own Improvement, and your Satisfaction, and to shew myself, upon all Occasions,

Your most obedient, and ever dutiful Son,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

A Letter of Excuse to a Father or Mother.

Honoured Sir, or Madam,

I AM informed, and it gives me great Concern, that you have heard an ill Report of me, which, I suppose, was raised by some of my School-Fellows; who either envy my Esteem, or by aggravating my Faults, would endeavour to lessen their own; though, I must own, I have been a little too remiss in my School-Business, and am now sensible: I have lost in some Measure my Time and Credit thereby; but by my future Diligence, I hope to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a strict Regard to all your Commands, which I am bound to, as well in Gratitude as Duty; and hope I shall ever have Leave, and with great Truth, to subscribe myself,

Your most dutiful Son.

PHILIP COLLINGS.

L E T T E R V.

From Robin Redbreast in the Garden, to Master BILLY CARELESS Abroad at School.

Dear Master Billy,

AS I was looking into your Pappa's Library Window, last Wednesday, I saw a Letter lie open, sign'd *William Careless*, which led my Curiosity to read it; but was sorry to find there was not that Duty and Respect in it, which every good Boy should shew to his Pappa; and this I was the more surprised at, when I found 'twas to ask a Favour of him. Give me Leave, therefore, dear *Billy*, to acquaint you, that no one should ever write to his Pappa, or Mamma, without beginning his Letter with *Honoured Sir*, or *Honoured Madam*, and at the same Time, not forget to observe, thro' his whole Epistle, the most perfect Obedience, in a very obliging, respectful Manner. By these Means, you may not only increase your Pappa's Affection, but obtain almost any Thing from him, that you can reasonably ask, provided it be proper, and in his

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Power to grant; what can any good Boy desire more? But here you must permit me, dear *Billy*, to whistle an unpleasing but very useful Song in your Ear; which is,

" That you will never get so much as an Answer to any
" Letter that is not also wrote *handsome, fair and large*;
" which, as I know you are very capable of, am surprised
" you will ever neglect it." And this you may depend
on, for I know your Pappa extremely well, having fre-
quently sat for Hours at his Study Window, hearing him
deliver his Sentiments to your Sisters, and advising them,
in the most good-natured, affectionate Manner, always to
behave obedient to their Parents, and pretty and agreeable
to every Body else, as well Abroad as at Home; and I
must say it, his Advice and Commands, together with
your Mamma's Care and Instruction, have had so charm-
ing an Effect, that they are beloved and admired where-
ever they go; and at Home every Servant is extremely
fond of them, and always ready to oblige and please them
in every Thing, which I see daily, when I hop down in-
to the Court to breakfast on the Crumbs from the Kitchen.
How easy then is it for you, my dear *Billy*, who are so
much older and wiser than your Sisters, to behave and
write in the most dutiful and engaging Manner. And
further let me advise you, never to lose Sight of the Love
and Esteem of your Mamma, to whom you are all par-
ticularly obliged, for her constant Care to supply your
continual Wants, which your Pappa, you are sensible, has
not Leisure even to think of; besides, her good Sense and
amiable Conduct, have so gained the Ascendant of your
Pappa, that he does nothing relating to any of you with-
out her Consent and Approbation; so that in gaining her
Esteem, you are almost certain of his: But this you are
very sensible of already, and I only just chirp it in your
Ear, to remind you of good Conduct, as well as filial Du-
ty.

But the Morning draws on, and my Fellow Songsters
are Abroad to whistle in the Day; so I must take my
Leave on the Wing, and for the present bid you farewell;
but beg I may never have Occasion again to write to you
an unpleasing Letter of Rebuke; and that you will always
remember, however distant you are, or however secret you
may think yourself from your Friends and Relations, you
will

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will never be able to conceal your Faults ; for some of our prying, tattling Tribe, will be continually carrying them Home, to be whistled in a melancholy Strain, in the Ears of your Pappa, much to your Shame and Discredit, as well as his Dislike, and my great Concern, who am, dearest *Billy*, your ever watchful and most affectionate Friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

From my Hole in the Wall, at Sun-rising, the 1st of June, 1769.

P. S. However negligent you may be of your Duty, I know you have too much good Sense, as well as good Nature, to take any Thing amiss that I have said in this Letter, which is wrote with the Freedom and Concern of a Friend, and to which I was prompted both by Love and Gratitude, in Return for the Plenty of Crumbs I have received at your Hands, and the kind Protection you have always shewn me, both in the Court and in the Garden, from some of your idle Companions, who, with Sticks and Stones, have often, in your Absence, aimed at my Life.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LETTER VI.

From a young Gentleman to his Pappa, desiring that he may learn to dance.

Dear Pappa,

Y O U R affectionate and paternal Behaviour convinces me, that you are absolutely resolved to spare no Cost in any Branch of Education that is essentially necessary in the Employment you propose I shall hereafter follow : And though I am certain you intend that Dancing shall have a Share in my Studies, nevertheless, permit me to put you in mind of it, and also to desire you will no longer, on Account of the Strength of my Limbs, (which I am sensible is the Motive that retards me from beginning) delay your Orders to my Master ; for I am persuaded, from an Instance I am Witness of in our School of a young Master, who is much weaker in his Limbs than ever I was, that Dancing will rather strengthen than weaken my Joints.

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It is not my Emulation for dancing a Minuet, that is the Motive that induces me to be thus pressing ; for, I presume, there are other Things more necessary belonging to this Qualification than that ; such as to walk well ; to make a Bow ; how to come properly into a Room, and to go out of it ; how to salute a Friend or Acquaintance in the Street, whether a Superior, Equal, or Inferior ; and several other Points of Behaviour, which are more essential than dancing a Minuet.

These Points of Behaviour I often blush to be ignorant of ; and have several Times been the Ridicule of those young Chaps, who are advanced in the Knowledge of this Accomplishment : And, as I am persuaded you would not chuse I should be a Make-Game to any of my School-Fellows, I doubt not but you will send your immediate Orders for my beginning ; which Favour, added to many others you have already conferred, will greatly oblige,

Dear Pappa,

Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER VII.

From a Youth at School to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

YOUR kind Letter of the 24th Inst. I received in due Time, and soon after the Things you therein mentioned, by the Carrier, for which I return you my sincere Thanks. They came very opportunely for my Occasions. I hope soon to improve myself at School, though I own it seems a little hard and irksome to me as yet ; but my Master gives me great Encouragement, and assures me I shall soon get the better of the little Difficulties that almost every Boy meets with at first, and then it will be a perfect Pleasure instead of a Task, and altogether as pleasant and easy as it is now disagreeable and hard.

My humble Duty to yourselves ; and I beg the Favour of you to give my kind Love to my Brothers and Sisters, and remember me to all Friends and Acquaintance ; and you'll oblige.

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son,

CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

L E T -

L E T T E R VIII.

To a young Gentleman.

S I R,

I Dare venture to affirm that Learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the Gentleman, and that a wise Man is as much superior to an ignorant Person, as a Man is above the Level of a Brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than to apply yourself seriously to the Cultivation of your Mind; to which Purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing yourself a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for Reading than any other Part of the Day; because the Mind is then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless I would not affect to read over a Multitude of Volumes, nor read with Greediness; I would rather chuse to read a little and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

From a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a Letter of Rebuke.

Honoured Sir,

I Received your kind Advice, and by the Contents of your Letter perceive I have been represented to you as one of immoral Principles. I dare not write you any Excuse for the Follies and Fraughties of Youth, because in some Measure, I own I have been guilty of them, but not to that Degree which you have had them represented; however, your Rebuke is not unseasonable, and it shall have the desired Effect, as well to frustrate the Designs of my Enemies, (who aim to prejudice you against me) as to please you, and obey all your Commands and Advice; which I now sincerely thank you for giving me, and promise, for the future, I will make it my Study to reform, and regain, by adhering strictly to your Instructions, the good

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good Opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me.
I beg my Duty to my Aunt, and am,

Your most obliged and ever dutiful Nephew,

HENRY MONTAGU.

LETTER X.

From a young Apprentice to his Father, to let him know how he likes his Place, and goes on.

Honoured Sir,

I Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you, and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happily in my Business; and my Master, seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a Manner, that I have great Delight in it; and hope I shall answer in Time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is such good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as I, knows his Duty, and does it with Pleasure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity, is observed in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest, worthy Man; every Body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful, sweet-tempered Woman; and rather heals Breaches than widens them. And the Children, after such Examples, behave to us all like one's own Brothers and Sisters. Who can but love such a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistress: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be as happy as they are, and as you, Sir, and my dear Mother, have always been. If any Thing can make me happier than I am, or continue to me my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of your's, and my good Mother's Prayers, for, honoured Sir,

Your ever dutiful Son.

LETTER XI.

From an Apprentice to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

BY these I let you know, that by your good Care and Conduct I am well settled; and pleased with my Station,

tion, and think it my Duty to return you my hearty Thanks, and grateful Acknowledgment for your Love and tender Care of me: I will endeavour to go through my Business chearfully: And having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the End, that I may be a Comfort to you hereafter, and in some Measure make a Return for your Love and Kindness to me, who am,

Your most dutiful and obedient Son and Servant,

CHARLES SEDGELY.

LETTER XII.

From an Apprentice in Town, to his Parents in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE Bearer, Henry Jones, came to see me last Night, and told me he should set out for Home the next Morning. I was not willing to let slip the Opportunity of sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am very well, and like both my Master and Missress, and by what I can see of it, I like the Business extremely well, and do intend (please God) to use my utmost Endeavours to make myself Master of every Thing that belongs to it, in which I shall have treble Satisfaction; first, in pleasing my Master; secondly, in pleasing my Friends, and thirdly in benefiting myself. I have but little Leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but will take every Opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great Gratitude,

Your ever dutiful and most obedient Son, T. R.

LETTER XIII.

From an elder Brother to a younger.

Dear Brother,

AS you are now gone from Home, and are arrived at Years of some Discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in mind, that your childish Affairs ought now to

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to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them, more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place ; whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for 'twill be an Ornament in Youth, and a Comfort in old Age.

You have too much Good Nature to be offended at my Advice, especially when I assure you, that I as sincerely wish your Happiness and Advancement in Life as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remembered to you : Pray write as often as Opportunity and Leisure will permit ; and be assured a Letter from you will always give great Pleasure to all your Friends here, but to none more than

Your most affectionate Brother
And sincere humble Servant,
EDWARD STANLEY.

LETTER XIV.

From an elder Brother in the Country to his younger Brother put Apprentice in London,

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new Situation into which the Care of your Friends has put you ; but I would have you pleased not with the Novelty of it, but with the real Advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less Restraint than you were, for a Master neither has Occasion nor Inclination to watch a Youth, so much as his Parents : But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish Satisfaction, may, in the End, betray you into Mischief ; nay, to your Ruin. Though your Father is not in Sight, dear Brother, act always as if you were in his Presence ; and be assured, that what would not offend him, will never displease any Body.

You have more Sense, I have often told you so, than most Persons at your Age. Now is the Opportunity to make

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make a good Use of it; and take this for certain, every right Step you enter upon now, will be a Comfort, to you for your Life. I would have your Reason as well as your Fancy pleased with your new Situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, Brother, that the State of Life that charms you so at this Time, will bring you to Independency and Affluence; that you will, by behaving as you ought now, become Master of a House and Family, and have every Thing about you at your own Command, and have Apprentices as well as Servants to wait upon you. The Master with whom you are placed, was some Years ago in your Situation; and what should hinder you from being hereafter in his? All that is required, is Patience and Industry; and these, Brother, are very cheap Articles, with which to purchase so comfortable a Condition.

Your Master, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withal: In that he was worse than you; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome Manner. So you have sufficient Inducements to be good, and a Reward always follows it. Brother, farewell! Obey your Master, and be civil to all Persons; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most that you will meet with, is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault confess it at once; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself. Go to Church constantly; and write to us often. I think I need not say more to so good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue so,

I am your affectionate Brother.

LETTER XV.

From an Apprentice to his Uncle, about a Fraud committed by his Fellow-Apprentice to their Master.

Dear Uncle,

I Am under greater Uneasiness than I am able to express. My Fellow 'prentice, for whom I had a great Regard, and from whom I have received many Civilities, has involved me in the deepest Affliction. I'm unwilling to tell you, and yet I must not conceal it, that he has forfeited the Confidence

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dence reposed in him, by a Breach of Trust, to which he ungenerously gained my Consent, by a Pretence I did not in the least suspect. What must I do? My Master is defrauded: If I discover the Injury, I am sure to ruin a young Man I would fain think possessed of some Merit; If I conceal the Injustice, I must at present share the Guilt, and hereafter be Partaker in the Punishment. I am in the greatest Agony of Mind, and beg your instant Advice, as you value the Peace of

Your dutiful, tho' unfortunate Nephew.

LETTER XVI.

The Uncle's Answer.

Dear Nephew,

YOUR Letter, which I just now received, gives me great Uneasiness: And as any Delay in the Discovery may be attended with Consequences which will probably be dangerous to yourself, and disagreeable to all who belong to you; I charge you, if you value your own Happiness, and my Peace, to acquaint your Master instantly with the Injustice that has been done him; which is the only Means of vindicating your own Innocence, and preventing your being looked upon as an Accomplice in a Fact, to which I wish you may not be found to have been too far consenting. As to the unhappy young Man who has been guilty of so fatal an Indiscretion, I wish, if the known Clemency and Good-nature of your Master may pardon this Offence, he may let his Forgiveness teach him the Ingratitude and Inhumanity of injuring a Man, who is not only the proper Guardian of his Youth, but whose Goodness deserves the best Behaviour, tho' he be generous enough to excuse the worst. Let not a Minute pass after you receive this, before you reveal the Matter to your Master. For I am in Hopes, that your Application to me, and your following my Advice, will greatly plead in your behalf. I will very speedily call on your Master; and am, as far as an honest Regard for you can make me,

Your loving Uncle.

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LETTER XVII.

From an Apprentice to his Master, begging Forgiveness for a great Misdemeanor.

Good Sir,

I Am so ashamed of myself for the last Occasion I have given you to be angry with me, after my repeated Promises of Amendment, that I have not the Courage to speak to you. I therefore take this Method of begging you to forgive what is past; and let this Letter testify against me, if ever I wilfully or knowingly offend again for the future. You have Children of your own. They may possibly offend; tho' I hope they never will as I have done. Yet, Sir, would you not wish they might meet with Pardon, if they should, rather than Reprobation? —— My Making, or my Ruin, I am sensible, lies in your Breast. If you will not forgive me, sad will be the Consequence to me, I fear. If you do, you may save a Soul, as well as a Body, from Misery; and I hope, Sir, you will weigh this with your usual Goodness and Consideration. What is past, I cannot help; but for what is to come, I do promise, if God gives me Health and Power, that my Actions shall testify for me how much I am, good Sir.

Your repentant and obliged Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

The Master's Answer.

JOHN,

YOUR Letter has affected me so much, that I am willing once more to pass over all you have done; Surely I may at last depend on these your solemn Assurances, and, as I hope, deep Contrition! If not, be it as you say, and let your Letter testify against you for your ungrateful Baseness; and for me, in my Readiness (which however shall be the last Time) to forgive one that has been so much used to promise, and so little to perform. But I hope for better, because I yet wish you well; being, as you use me,

Yours, or otherwise.

F

L E T.

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LETTER XIX.

A Father to a Son, to dissuade him from the Vice of Drinking to Excess.

My dear Son,

IT is with a Grief proportioned to my Love, which is extreme, that I understand you have of late neglected your Studies, and given yourself up to the odious Vice of drinking: What shall I say, what shall I do, to engage you to quit this pernicious Practice, before it becomes such an Habit, that it will be impossible, or at least very difficult, for you to cast it off? Let me require, let me intreat you, to give a suitable Attention to what I have to say on this Head, which I shall offer rather as a warm Friend, than an angry Father; and as I address myself to your Reason, I will leave it to yourself to judge of the Truth of the Observations I have to make to you.

In the first Place, with respect to *Health*, the greatest Jewel of this Life, it is the most destructive of all Vices: *Asthmas, Vertigoes, Palsies, Apoplexies, Gouts, Colics, Fevers, Dropes, Consumptions, Stone, and hypochondriac Diseases*, are naturally introduced by excessive Drinking.

All the rest of the Vices, together, are not so often punished with sudden Death as this one; what fatal Accidents, what Quarrels, what Breaches between Friend and Friend, are owing to it!

Then, in the second Place; how does it deface Reason, destroy all the tender Impulses of Nature, make a wise Man a Fool, and subject Persons of the brightest Parts to the Contempt of the weakest, and even in Time, extinguish those shining Qualities which constitute the Difference between a Man of Sense and a Blockhead? For, as a certain very eminent Author well observes, Fools having generally stronger Nerves, and less volatile Spirits, than Men of fine Understandings, that which will rouse the one, will make the other either stupid or frantic; and though it sometimes, while the fit continues, strengthens the Imagination, yet it always depresses the Judgment; and, after the Fit is over, both those Faculties languish together, till in Time, it quenches the Imagination, impairs the Memory, and drowns the Judgment.

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Most other Vices are compatible, as the same Author observes, with several Virtues; but Drunkenness runs counter to all the Duties of Life. A great Drinker can hardly be either a good Husband, a good Father, a good Son, a good Brother, or a good Friend: It lays him open to the worst Company, and this Company frequently subjects him to lewd Women, Gaming, Quarrels, Riots, and often Murders. All other Vices, even the greatest of Vices, as Ambition, Unchastity, Bigotry, Avarice, Hypocrisy, detest this unnatural and worse than beastly Vice; for the Beasts themselves, even the uncleanest of them, know nothing of it, much less practise it.

Other Vices, indeed, make Men *worse*, says this judicious Author; but this *alters* Men from *themselves*, to that Degree, that they differ not more from their *present Companions*, than from their *former Selves*. An Habitude of it will make the Prudent inconsiderate, the Ambitious indolent, the Active idle, and the Industrious slothful; so that their Affairs are ruin'd for want of Application, or by being intrusted in the Hands of those who turn them wholly to their own Advantage, and, in the End, to the Ruin of those who employ them.

I have written a long Letter already: Yet have I still more to say; which, that I may not tire you, I will leave to another Letter; which the next Post shall bring you. And I am, mean Time, in Hopes *this* will not lose its proper Effect.

Your most indulgent Father.

LETTER XX.

The same Subject pursued.

My dear Son,

BY my former you will see, that hard Drinking is a Vice that breaks a Man's Rest, impairs the Understanding, extinguishes the Memory, inflames the Passions, debauches the Will, lays the Foundation of the worst and most dangerous Distempers, incapacitates a Person from pursuing his Studies, and from applying to the Duties of his Calling, be it what it will; begets Contempt from the

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World; and even if a Man's Circumstances were above feeling the Expence, which can hardly be, alters and changes the Practiser of it from himself; and if he is not *above* feeling it, often reduces him to Want and Beggary: And if he has a Family, his Children, who by their Father's Industry and Sobriety might have made a creditable Figure in Life, are left to the Mercy of the World; become the Outcasts of the Earth, possibly Foot-soldiers, Livery-servants, Shoe-cleaners, Link-boys, and, perhaps, Pick-pockets, Highwaymen, or Footpads; and, instead of a comfortable Livelihood, and a Station above Contempt, are intitled only to Shame, Misery, and the Gallows.

And do you judge, my Son, how a Man can answer this Conduct to God, to his Parents, and other Relations, to his Wife, to his Children, to himself, and perfist in a barbarous and an unnatural Vice, which makes himself not only miserable and contemptible, but transmits the Mischief to his unhappy, and innocent Children, if he has any.

Add to all this, that it is a Vice a Man cannot easily master and subdue; or which, like some others, may be cured by *Age*; but it is a Vice that feeds and nourishes itself by Practice, and grows upon a Man as he lives longer in the World, till at last, if it cuts him not off in the Flower of his Days, his Body expects and requires Liquor: And so, tho' a Man, when he enters upon it, may be single, yet if ever he should marry, it may be attended with all the frightful and deplorable Consequences I have mentioned, and ruin besides an innocent and perhaps prudent Woman, rendering her, without *her own* Fault, the joint unhappy Cause of adding to the Number of the miserable and profligate Children, with which the World too much abounds, and which is owing to nothing so much as this detestable Sin in the Parents.

Consider all these Things, my dear Son; and, before it be too late, get the better of a Vice that you will find difficult to subdue, when it is grown to a Head, and which will otherwise creep upon you every Day more and more, till it shuts up your Life in Misery, as to yourself, and Contempt, as to the World; and, instead of giving Cause even to your nearest, and best Friends to Remember you with Pleasure, will make it a Happiness to them to forget thay ever had in the World, if a Parent; such a Son; if a Tutor,

tor, such a *Pupil*; if a *Brother*, or *Sister*, such an unhappy *near Relation*; if a *Wife*, such an *Husband*; if a *Child*, such a *Father*; and if a *Friend*, such a *wretched one*, that cannot be thought of without Pity and Regret, for having shortened his Days, and ruined his Affairs, by so pernicious a Habit.

What a Joy, on the contrary, will that noblest of Conquests, over yourself, yield to all those dear Relations! And, in particular, what Pleasure will you give to the aged Heart, and declining Days, of (my dear Child,) .

Your indulgent and most affectionate Father.

LETTER XXI.

A Widow-Mother's Letter, in Answer to her Son's complaining of Hardships in his Apprenticeship.

Dear Billy,

I Am very sorry to hear of the Difference between your Master and you. I was always afraid you would expect the same Indulgence you had met with at Home; and as you know, that in many Instances I have endeavoured to make any seeming Hardship as easy to you as I could, if this causes you to be harder to be satisfied, it will be a great Trouble to me. Your Uncle tells me, I am afraid with too much Truth, that the Indulgences you have received from me, have made your present Station more disagreeable than it would otherwise have been. What I have always done for you was intended for your Good, and nothing could so deeply afflict me as to see my Tenderness have a contrary Effect: Therefore, dear Child, to my constant Care for your Welfare, do not add the Sorrow of seeing it the Cause of your behaving worse than if it had not been bestow'd upon you; for, as before we put you to your Master, we had an extraordinary Character of him from all his Neighbours, and those who dealt with him; and as Mr. Joseph, who is now out of his Time, gives him the best of Characters, and declares your Mistress to be a Woman of great Prudence and good Conduct, I know not how to think they would use you ill in any Respect. But, consider, my Dear, you must not, in any Woman beside myself.

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myself, expect to find a fond, and perhaps partial Mother; for, the little Failings which I could not see in you, will appear very plain to other Persons. My Love for you would make me wish you always with me; but as that is what your future Welfare will no way permit, and as you must certainly be a Gainer by the Situation you are now in, let a Desire to promote my Happiness, as well as your own, make every seeming Difficulty light; which, I hope, will appear much lighter for being what I intreat you to dispense with; who am

Your ever loving Mother.

I have desired your Uncle to interpose in this Matter, and he writes to you on this Occasion; and has promised to see Justice done you, in Case your Complaints be reasonable.

L E T T E R XXII.

An Uncle's Letter to the Youth; on the same Occasion.

Cousin William,

I Am sorry you should have any Misunderstanding with your Master; I have a good Opinion of him, and I'm unwilling to entertain a bad one of you. It is so much a Master's Interest to use his Apprentices well, that I am inclinable to think, that when they are badly treated, it is oftener the Effect of Provocation than Choice. Wherefore, before I give myself the Trouble of interposing in your behalf; I desire you will strictly inquire of yourself, whether you have not, by some Misconduct or other, provoked that Alteration in your Master's Behaviour of which you so much complain. If, after having diligently complied with this Request, you assure me, that you are not sensible of having given Cause of Disgust on your Side, I will readily use my best Endeavours to reconcile you to your Master, or procure you another. But if you find yourself blameable, it will be better for you to remove by your own Amendment, the Occasion of your Master's Displeasure, than to have me, or any other Friend, offer to plead your Excuse where you know it would be unjust to defend you. If this

should

should be your Case, all your Friends together could promise your better Behaviour, indeed; but as the Performance must even then be your own, it will add much more to your Character to pass through your whole Term without any Interposition between you. Weigh well what I have here said; and remember that your future Welfare depends greatly on your present Behaviour. I am,

Your loving Kinsman.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From an Apprentice, where the Master is too Remiss in his own Affairs.

Honoured Sir and Madam,

YOU desire to know how I go on in my Business. F must needs say, very well in the main; for my Master leaves every Thing, in a Manner, to me. I wish he did not, for his own Sake: For tho' I hope he will never suffer on the Account of any wilful Remissness or Negligence, much less want of Fidelity, in me, yet his Affairs do not go on so well as if he was more about them, and less at the Tavern. But it becomes not me to reflect upon my Master, especially as what I may write or say on this Head, will rather expose his Failings, than do him Service; for as they must be his Equals that should reprove him, so all a Servant can observe to others will do more Harm than Good to him. One Thing is at present in my own Power; and that is, to double my Diligence, that his Family suffer as little as possible by his Remissness: And I hope, by God's Grace, hereafter to avoid those Failings which I see so blameable in him. And as this will be benefiting properly by the Example; so it will give you a Pleasure of knowing that your good Instructions are not thrown away upon me: And that I am, and ever will be,

Your dutiful Son.

L.E.T.

LETTER XXIV.

From an Uncle to a Nephew, on his keeping bad Company, bad Hours, &c. in his Apprenticeship.

Dear Nephew,

I Am very much concerned to hear that you are of late fallen into bad Company ; that you keep bad Hours, and give great Uneasiness to your Master, and break the Rules of his Family : That when he expostulates with you on this Occasion, you return pert and unbecoming Answers ; and instead of promising or endeavouring to amend, repeat the Offences ; and have enter'd into Clubs and Societies of young Fellows, who set at nought all good Example, and make such Persons as would do their Duty, the Subject of their Ridicule, as Persons of narrow Minds, and who want the Courage to do as they do.

Let me, on this Occasion, expostulate with you, and set before you the Evil consequence of the Way you are in.

In the first Place: What can you mean by breaking the Rules of a Family you have bound yourself by Contract to observe ? Do you think it is Honest to break thro' Engagements into which you have so solemnly enter'd ; and which are no less the Rules of the Corporation you are to be one Day free of, than those of a private Family ? — Seven Years, several of which are elapsed, are not so long a Time, but that you may see it determined before you are over fit to be trusted with your own Conduct. Twenty-one or twenty-two Years of Age is full early for a young Man to be his own Master, whatever you may think ; and you may surely stay till then, at least, to choose your own Hours, and your own Company ; and, I fear, as you go on, if you do not mend your Ways, your Discretion will not then do Credit to your Choice. Remember, you have no Time you can call your own, during the Continuance of your Contract: And must you abuse your Master in a double Sense ? rob him of his Time, especially if any of it be Hours of Business, rob him of his Rest, break the Peace of his Family, and give a bad Example to others ? And all for what ? Why to riot in the Company of a Set of Persons, who Contemn, as they teach you to do, all Order and

and Discipline; who, in all likelihood, will lead you into Gaming, Drinking, Swearing, and even more dangerous Vices, to the unhinging your Mind from that Business, which must be your future Support.

Consider, I exhort you in Time, to what these Courses may lead you. Consider the Affliction you will give to all your Friends, by your Continuance in them. Lay together the Substance of the Conversation that passes in a whole Evening, with your frothy Companions, after you are come from them; and reflect what solid Truth, what useful Lesson, worthy to be inculcated in your future Life, that whole Evening has afforded you; and consider, whether it is worth breaking thro' all Rule and Order for?— Whether your present Conduct is such as you would allow in a Servant of your own? Whether you are so capable to pursue your Business with that Alacrity next Morning, as if you had not Drunk, or kept bad Hours, over night? If not whether your Master has not a double Loss and Damage from your mis-spent Evenings? Whether the taking of small Liberties, as you may think them, leads you not on to greater? for, let me tell you, you will not find it in your Power to stop when you will; and then, whether any Restraint will not, in Time be irksome to you?

I have gone thro' the like Servitude with Pleasure and Credit. I found myself my own Master full soon for my Discretion: What you think of yourself I know not; but I wish you may do as well for your own Interest, and Reputation too, as I have done for mine: And I assure you, I never did think it either creditable or honest to do as you do. I could have stood the Laugh of an hundred such vain Companions as you choose, for being too narrow minded to break through all Obligations to my Master, in order to shew the Bravery of a bad Heart, and what an abandoned Mind dared to perpetrate. A bad Beginning seldom makes a good Ending, and if you were assured that you could stop when you become your own Master, which is very improbable, how will you answer it to Equity and a good Conscience, that you will not do so for your Master? There is, let me tell you, more true Bravery of Mind in forbearing to do an Injury, than in giving Offence.

You are now at an Age, when you should Study to improve,

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prove, not debase your Faculties. You should now lay in a Fund of Knowledge, that in Time, when ripened by Experience, may make you a worthy Member of the Commonwealth. Do you think you have Nothing to learn, either as to your Busines, or as to the forming of your Mind? Would it not be much better to choose the silent, the sober Conversation of Books, than of such Companions as never read or think? An Author never exposes any but his best Thoughts; but what can you expect from the laughing noisy Company you keep, but frothy Prate, indigested Notions, and Thoughts so unworthy of being remembered, that it is the greatest Happiness to forget them?

Let me intreat you then, my dear Kinsman, for your Family's Sake, for your own Sake, before it be too late, to reflect as you ought, upon the Course you are entered into. By applying yourself to Books, instead of such vain Company, you will be qualified in Time for the best of Company, and to be respected by all Ranks of Men. This will keep you out of unnecessary Expences, will employ all your leisure Time, will exclude a Number of Temptations, and open and inlarge your Notions of Men and Things, and finally, set you above that wretched Company which you now seem so much delighted with. And one Thing let me recommend to you: That you keep a List of the young Men of your Standing within the Compass of your Knowledge, and for the next Seven Years observe what Fate will attend them: See, ifthose who do not follow the Course you are so lately entered into, will not appear in a very different Light from those who do; and from the Industry and Prosperity of the one, and the Decay or Failure of the other (if their vain Ways do not blast them before, or as soon as they begin the World), you'll find abundant Reason every Day to justify the Truth of the Observations I have thrown together. As nothing but my Affection for you could possibly influence me to these Expostulations, I hope for a proper Effect from them, if you would be thought well of by, or expect any Favour from,

Your loving Uncle.

Your Master will, at my Request, send me word of the Success of my Remonstrances.

L E T-

LETTER XXV.

From Lady Goodford to her Daughter, a Girl of fourteen Years old, then under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country.

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no Precepts under my Mother's Care to instruct you in all moral and religious Duties, yet there are some Things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I could wish you to do:—I am certain you will be kept up to your Music, Singing, and Dancing, by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifery is a most commendable Quality.—I would have you, indeed, neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at least, every Day to Reading.—My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in Being, and as you are tolerably well acquainted with the French and Italian, would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the Ideas and harmonizes the Soul; and well wrote Novels are an Amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself; But History is what I would chiefly recommend; —without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler;—I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you sit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you slightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiosity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Research will afford you little Advantage.—You must, therefore, consider what you read;—

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mark well the Chain of Accidents which bring on any great Catastrophe; and this will shew you that nothing happens by Chance, but that all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power:—In distinguishing the true Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, and those strange Revolutions that have happened in most Kingdoms of the World, you will admire the Divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all Rights both Human and Divine sacrilegiously trampled upon, a mock Authority established in the Place of a real one, and a lawless Usurpation prosper; because at the same Time, you will see that this does not happen till a People grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppression; and though innocent Individuals may suffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a just Sense of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways:—This the Historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this, the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I should be glad to see you have some Smattering in Natural Philosophy: For which Purpose let me recommend to your Perusal a Work intitled, *Spectacle de la Nature*; or *Nature delineated, from the French of Abbe Le Pluche*; being very entertaining Philosophical Conversations, wherein the wonderful Works of Providence, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral Creation are laid open, in four Pocket Volumes; in which are interspersed, a great Variety of useful and explanatory Cuts.—Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents Nothing that affords not infinite Matter for delightful Speculation; and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you

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you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature,
the Fountain of all Pleasure.

I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries after new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work:— This may inform you that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in.—I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate Mother,

SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XXVI.

From a young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a Favour.

Dear Mamma,

THE many Instances you have given me of your Affection, leave me no Room to believe that the Favour I presume to ask will be displeasing: Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear Mamma has too good an Opinion of my Conduct, to imagine I would ever advance any Thing that might give her the least Satisfaction.

The Holidays are nigh at Hand, when all of us young Ladies are to pay our several personal Respects and Duties to our Parents, except one; whose Friends (her Parents being dead) reside at too great a Distance, for her to expect their Indulgence in sending for her: Besides, were they to do so, the Expence attending her Journey would be placed to Accompt, and deducted out of the small Fortune left her by her Parents.

This young Lady's Affability, Sense, and good Nature, have gained her the Friendship and Esteem of the whole School; each of us contending to render her Retirement (as I may justly call it) from her native Home and Friends, as comfortable and agreeable as we can.

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young Ladies, if you will give me Leave to engage her

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to spend the Holidays with me at Home ! And I doubt not but her Address and Behaviour will attract your Esteem, among the rest of those she has already acquired.

Your Compliance with this Request, will greatly add to the Happiness I already enjoy from the repeated Indulgencies and Favours conferred on her, who will always persevere to merit the Continuance of them.

I am, with my Duty to Pappa,
Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXVII.

From a young Woman just gone to Service, to her Mother at Home.

Dear Mother,

IT is a Fortnight, this very Day, that I have been at Mr. Johnson's; and I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of our Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every Thing looked so strange about me: And when John got upon his Horse, and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the Window, and looked after him, till he turned into the London Road, (for you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the farther Side of it) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some Relief. Many a Time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my Tears, and to appear as cheerful as I can.

Dearest Mother, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the kind Advice you were so good as to give me at parting; and I think it over very often: But yet, methinks, it would be better if I had it in Writing; that would be what I would value above all Things: But I am afraid to ask for what would give you so much Trouble. So, with my Duty to you and my Father, and kind Love to all Friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

Her Mother's Answer.

My Dear Child,

I Am very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time, I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every Thing. You must consider, that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family will love and esteem you. You will get new Friends there; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no Love here; for we all talk of you every Evening; and every Body speaks as fondly or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time, keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place; and be always ready to assist your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any Body living, for I know you never used to do it: But if you hear a bad Story of any Body, try to soften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it, the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions: That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily. I might have said hourly: And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any Thing of your Health in your last; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Cooper's young Man, who said he called upon you in his

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Way from London, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird.—You know James's Way of talking.—However, I was glad to hear you were well, and desire you will not forget to mention your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you my dear Child ! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXIX.

The Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother,

WHO we begin to have such cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bedfellows; and she, and Robin, and Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarcely say which is the kindest. My Master is sixty-five Years of Age next April; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy smiling Countenance; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the Chambers, or in the Passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on more pleasantly. My Mistress is as thin as my Master is plump: Not much short of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be born; for I have never heard my Master say a single Word to any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Business, with which he purchased his Estate here, and another in Sussex, some Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good House in London. But my Master and Mistress both love the Country best, and so they sometimes stay here for a whole Winter, and all

all the Summer constantly; of which I am very glad, because I am so much nearer you: And I have heard so much of the Wickedness of London, that I don't at all desire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that Betty (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to say the Truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promised to one another. Our Coachman, Thomas, seems to be a very good, worthy Man: You may see by his Eyes that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. Robin, the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I am sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such Fellow-Servants, and such a Master, I think, it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in Spirits; only my Heart will heave a little every Time I look towards the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there! and make me a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother.

LETTER XXX.

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

THE next Piece of Advice that I gave you, was, "To think often how much a Life of Virtue is to be preferred to a Life of Pleasure; and how much better, and more lasting, a good Name is than Beauty."

If we call Things by their right Names, there is nothing that deserves the Name of Pleasure so truly as Virtue: But one must talk as People are used to talk; and, I think, by a Life of Pleasure, they generally mean a life of Gaiety.

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in

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the procuring them, and Fatigue in the very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life: They spend the greatest Part of the Night in Balls and Assemblies, and fling away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep, their Life is too much opposed to Nature, to be capable of Happiness: 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either); a perpetual seeking after what they call Diversions; an Insipidity, and Want of Taste, when they are engaged in them, and a certain Languishing and Restlessness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant Endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Constitution, make it worse by their absurd Way of Life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous: than the seeing their wrinkled fallow Faces all set off with Diamonds. Poor mistaken Gentlewomen! they should endeavour to avoid People's Eyes as much as possible, and not to attract them; for they are really a deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a standing Lesson against the strange Lives they lead.

People in a lower Life, 'tis true, do not act so ridiculously as those in a higher, but even among them too there's vast Difference between the People that live well, and the People that live ill: The former are more healthy, in better Spirits, fitter for Busines, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more uneasy, more contemptible, and more diseased.

In Truth, either in high or low Life, Virtue is only another Name for Happiness, and Debauchery is the High-Road to Misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that Moderation is always good for us, and Excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be follow'd and admir'd,—to have Presents offer'd from all sides,——to be invited to all Diversions, and to be distinguished by the Men from all the rest of the Company?—Yes, my dear Child, All this would be charm-

charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Presents, and if this Distinction of you was to last always: But the Mischief of it is, that these Things cannot be enjoyed without increasing your Vanity every Time you enjoy them, and swelling up a Passion in you, that must soon be baulked and disappointed. How long is this Beauty to last? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some Time, to sink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very Persons who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you.

Do you remember the Gentleman that was with us last Autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty Flower one Day, on his coming out of the Garden. I don't know whether you understood him or not; but I could read it in his Looks, that he meant it for a Lesson to you. 'Tis true, the Flower was quite a pretty one; but though you put it in Water, you know it faded, and grew disagreeable in four or five Days; and had it not been cropped, but suffered to grow on in the Garden, it would have done the same in nine or ten. Now a Year is to a Beauty, what a Day was to that Flower; and who would value themselves much on the Possession of a Thing, which they are sure to loose in so short a Time:

Nine or ten Years is, what one may call the natural Term of Life for Beauty in a young Woman: But by Accidents, or Misbehaviour, it may die long before its Time. The greater Part of what People call Beauty in your Face, for Instance, is owing to the Air of Innocence and Modesty, that is in it; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base Man, all that would soon vanish, and impudence would come in the Room of it.

And if other bad Consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more sorts than one) you would loose your Bloom too, and then all's gone! But keep your Reputation, as you have hereto kept it, and that will be a Beauty which shall last to the End of your Days; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by Time: That will secure your Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into

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into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as a Blessing, and remember they come from the Heart of a tender and affectionate Mother. E. C.

LETTER XXXI.

From a Daughter to her Mother, by Way of Excuse for having neglected to write to her.

Honoured Madam,

TO the agreeable News of your Health, and Welfare, which was brought me last Night by the Hands of my Uncle's Man Robin, gives me an inexpressible Pleasure; yet I am very much concerned that my too long Silence should have given you so much Uneasiness, as I understand it has. I can assure you, Madam, that my Neglect in that Particular was no Ways owing to any want of filial Duty or Respect, but to a Hurry of Business, (if I may be allowed to call it so) occasioned by the Honour of a Visit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty Niece Miss Charlotte, who are exceeding good Company, and whom our Family are proud of entertaining in the most elegant Manner. I am not insensible, however, that neither this Plea, nor any real Business, of what Importance soever, can justly acquit me for not writing oftener to a Parent so tender and indulgent as yourself: But as the Case now stands, I know no other Way of making Attone-ment, than by a sincere Promise of a more strict Observ-ance of my Duty for the future. If therefore, Madam, you will favour me so far as to forgive this first Transgres-sion of the Kind, you may depend on my Word, it shall never be repeated by, Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXXII.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sister,

EVER since you went to London, your favourite Ac-quaintance, Mrs. Friendly, and myself, have thought

our

our Rural Amusements dull and insipid, notwithstanding we have the Players in Town, and an Assembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember, you passed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but instead of that, it is now almost a Quarter of a Year. How can you serve us so? In short, if you keep us in Suspence much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence, and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Request, will highly oblige, not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Sister.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sister,

I Received your Summons, and can assure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourself, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have been indulged with, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you within the Time proposed. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for the Uneasiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavours to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month at least, if not longer. I would advise you therefore to save an unnecessary Expence, as well as Fatigue, and rest contented where you are, till you see,

Your ever loving,
And affectionate Sister.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIV.

To a Friend on her Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.

Dear Madam,

I have received, with great Delight, the good News of your Recovery from the dangerous Illness with which it pleased God to afflict you. I most heartily congratulate you and your good Family upon it; and make it my Prayer, that your late indisposition may be succeeded by such a Renewal of Health and Strength both of Body and Mind, as may make your Life equally happy to yourself, as it must be to all who have the Pleasure to know you. I could not avoid giving you this Trouble, to testify the Joy that affected my Heart on the Occasion; and to assure you, that I am, with the greatest Affection and Respect, Madam,

Your faithful humble Servant.

LETTER XXXV.

From a young Lady to her Pappa, who lately embarked for the East-Indies, in the Company's Service, but was detained at Portsmouth by contrary Winds.

Dear Pappa,

I flatter myself you are too well convinced of my steady Adherence to my Duty, and Affection, ever to imagine I will omit the least Opportunity that offers, to pay you my most humble Duty.

I beg, my dear Pappa may not be offended if I say, that it gives me a secret Satisfaction to hear you are still within the reach of a Post Letter: And though I cannot have the pleasure of a paternal Embrace, yet I rejoice in the Expectation of receiving the wished for Account of the Continuance of your Health; which to me, my dear Mamma, and Brother, is the greatest Blessing that Providence can possibly bestow upon us.

Oh! Sir, though short to some is the Interval of Time since I received your Blessing, at your departure from us

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to me it seems an Age! And when I reflect how many such I am doomed to bear in the Absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable! And if it were possible that Nature could subsist on Sleep alone, I could with Pleasure renounce every Amusement whatever, and make the silent Pillow my Retreat, and endeavour to forget my Existence.

Oh! may the Divine being be your Protector against the many Dangers of that boisterous Element you are obliged to traverse! May he direct such gentle and favourable Breezes as may conduct you to your destined Port! May he grant you a happy and successful Voyage! and to crown all my Wishes, grant you a speedy and safe Return.

I have nothing worthy Notice to advise you of, but that we are all (God be praised) in the same good Health you left us, and we are in great Expectation of the same comfortable Account in your Answer to this, from

Dear Pappa, your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXXVI.

From a young Lady, in Answer to a Letter she had received from her Mamma, advising her to persevere in the Christian Duties she had been instructed in.

Most honoured Madam,

I Am at a Loss for Words to express the Joy I felt at the Receipt of your Letter; wherein you are pleased to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear Mamma greater Pleasure, and Satisfaction, than the Account I have given her of the Conduct I observe in my Spiritual Affairs; and that I may still add to that Comfort (which shall ever be my Study) when an Opportunity offers itself, I presume to continue the Information.

When I have properly discharged my Duty to that Divine Being, to whom I am indebted for my Existence, I repair to my Toilet; but not with an Intent to cloath my Body (which I know must sooner or later fall into Corruption) with vain Attire, but with such as is decent and innocent; regarding fine Robes as the Badges of Pride and Vanity; keeping those Enemies, to our Sex in particular,

at

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at too great a Distance, ever to dare an Attempt upon my Mind.

When public Prayers, and Breakfast are over, I apply my Thoughts to the Duties of the School; and divide the Time appointed for them as equally as possibly I can, between the several Branches of Education I am engaged in, both before and after Dinner

When School is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady, who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourselves by Reading. Books of Piety are our most common Choice: These form our Wills: Enlarge our Capacities: They instruct us in our Duty, and Secure us against the Dangers of Thoughtless and unguarded Youth: They neither flatter a dignified Title, nor insult the Peasant; but, teach us to look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

Having finished our Reading, either of Piety, or History, which I prefer next, (especially such as relates to our own Country) after Supper, and Prayers are over, we retire alone to our Room, to take an impartial View of the Actions of the Day. If my conscience does not accuse me of having committed any Thing criminal, I give Glory to God; and with bended Knees, and an humble Heart, return him unfeigned Thanks for protecting me against those Temptations which the Enemy to Mankind is ready to allure us with: For, I am persuaded, it was not my Strength of Virtue that withstood the Temptations, but his assisting Grace that enabled me to over-come them; and if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sue for Pardon, and lay not my Body to rest, till I have procured Peace to my Soul.

If at any Time I am permitted to pay a Visit, (which Liberty your Indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly; for there are certain Times when Visits become rather troublesome than friendly. Wherefore I avoid it when much Company is expected; or when I am certain that Family Affairs will not admit of sufficient Leisure to receive them: The former on my own Account, the latter on my Friends: That is, much Company assembled

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bled together, serves rather to confuse our Ideas, than enliven them. Wherefore, when I am so unfortunate to ill-time a Visit, I withdraw as soon as Civility and Ceremony will permit me; for, in my weak Opinion, Madam, long Conversations grow dull, as few of our Sex are furnished with a sufficient Fund of Materials for long Discourses, unless it be to comment upon the Frailties of the Absent, and turn their Misfortunes into a subject for our most cruel Diversion.

This, Madam, is a Vice you have often cautioned me against, and I shall be particularly careful to avoid it; being both an unchristian and disingenuous Principle, to feast ourselves at another's Expence.

This is all I have to offer at present; and am, with great Humility,

Most honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXXVII.

From a Brother to his Sister in the Country, upbraiding her for being negligent in Writing.

My dear Sister,

I Write to you, to acquaint you how unkindly we all take it here, that you do not write oftner to us, in relation to your Health, Diversions and Employment in the Country. You cannot be insensible how much you are beloved by us all! Judge then if you do right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction Absence affords to true Friends, which is, often to hear from one another. My Mother is highly disengaged with you, and says you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the same Opinion; and I would fain, like a loving Brother, excuse you, if I could. Pray, for the future, take care to deserve a better Character, and by writing soon, and often, put it in my Power to say what a good Sister I have; for you shall always find me.

Your most affectionate Brother.

Due Respects of every one here to my Aunt, and all Friends in the Country.

H

L E T-

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LETTER XXXVIII.

In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Brother,

MOST kindly, and too justly, do you upbraid me. I own my Fault, and never will be guilty of the like again. I write to beg my Mother's Pardon, and that she will procure for me that of my good Aunt, on Promise of Amendment. Continue my dear Brother, to be an Advocate for me in all my unintended Imperfections, and I will never err voluntarily for the future; that so I may be as worthy as possible of your kind Constructions, and shew myself what I truly am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate and obliged Sister.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the Daughter to her Mother, in excuse for her Neglect.

Honoured Madam,

I Am ashamed I staid to be reminded of my Duty by my Brother's kind Letter. I will offer no Excuse for myself, for not writing oftener, tho' I have been strangely taken up by the Kindness and Favour of your good Friends here, particularly my Aunt *Windus*: For I do well know, that my Duty to my honoured Mother ought to take place of all other Considerations. All I beg therefore is, that you will be so good to forgive me, on Promise of Amendment, and to procure Forgiveness also of my Aunt *Talbot*, and all Friends. Believe me, Madam, when I say, that no Diversions, here or elsewhere, shall make me forget the Duty I owe to so good a Mother, and such kind Relations; and that I shall ever be

Your gratefully dutiful Daughter.

My Aunt and Cousins desire their kind Love to you, and due Respects to all Friends. Brother *John* has great Reputation with every one for his kind Letter to me.

The

The ACCOMPLISHED
LETTER-WRITER;
OR,
Universal CORRESPONDENT.

PART II.

LETTERS ON BUSINESS.

*General Directions for Penning Letters of
Business.*

A Tradesman's Letters should be plain, concise, and to the Purpose, free from quaint, or studied Expressions; always pertinent, and conceived in so clear Terms, as may neither give his Reader Hesitation or Doubt. And as there ought to be nothing obscure or superfluous in them, so ought they to have no affected Abbreviations; for these will often make them ambiguous, or too generally expressed.

All Orders, Commissions, and material Circumstances of Trade, are to be plainly and explicitly delivered; nothing should be presumed, understood, or implied. Your Correspondent is to be expressly told, what you would have done on his Part, and what he may depend on, on yours. There should be no Possibility of a Disappointment left, through his not being fully informed of your Intentions: For, when Orders are darkly given, they are doubtfully observed; and a Mistake in Commerce must always be of Consequence.

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Nor ought the Correspondent, on the Receipt of Letters, to be less punctual in answering every Article therein referred to him; to each Particular whereof, he is to reply distinctly and directly. Nothing must be omitted by him, or left in Suspence, lest the Correspondence should suffer, for want of proper Intelligence.

The Stile fit for Letters, should be short, familiar, neat, and significant; like that of Conversation. The Trader should converse with his Correspondent, by Letter, just as he would do, were he to meet him Personally upon *Change*; and whatever he would say, Face to Face, that is proper to be written, on any Point of Business.

LETTER. I.

From a Father to his Son, just beginning the World.

Dear Billy,

AS you are now beginning Life, and you will probably have considerable Dealings, in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate Acquaintance one or two, whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary; for by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal Effects you may hereafter experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a Judgment of those who are fit to be your Advisers by the Conduct they have observed in their *own Affairs*, and the *Reputation* they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a Land-Mark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

Old Age is generally slow and heavy, Youth headstrong and precipitate; but there are old Men who are full of Vivacity, and young Men replete with Discretion; which makes me rather point out the Conduct than the Age of the Persons with whom you should chuse to associate; though, after all, it is a never-failing good Sign to me of Prudence

Prudence and Virtue in a young Man, when his Seniors chuse his Company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense, and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, *A Man is known by the Company he keeps.* If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice; and be sure Remember one Thing, that tho' you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear, than speak; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a Man two Ears, and but one Tongue. Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas, that you may, at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other People's Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who, having seen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out by open Mouths and closed Ears, all possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement! A silent young Man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. When therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this Means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recal; when perhaps a silent Genius in Company has burst out upon them with such Observations as have struck Consciousness and Shame into the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly, from Time to Time, communicate to me whatever you may think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you; for I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives

me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER II.

To a Friend against Waste of Time.

Dear SIR,

CONVERSE often with yourself, and neither lavish your Time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many Hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away; but of both these Losses, the most shameful is that which happens thro' our own Neglect. If we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable Part of our Life is spent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We don't seem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is; nor do we consider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. Reflect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a strict Account of Time. Procrastination is the most dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Instant we breathe in, and all the Rest is nothing; it is the only Good we possess; but then it is fleeting, and the first Comer robs us of it. Men are so weak, that they think they oblige by giving of Trifles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the most grateful Person in the World can never make amends. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From a Country Chapman beginning Trade, to a City Dealer, offering his correspondence.

SIR,

Manchester, Oct. 20.

THE Time of my Apprenticeship with Mr. Dobbins of this Town, being expired, I am just going to begin for myself in Chesterfield, having taken a Shop there for that Purpose. And as I know the satisfaction you always gave.

gave to my Master in your Dealings, I make an Offer to you of my Correspondence, in Expectation that you will use me as well as you have done him, in whatever I may write to you for. And this I the rather expect, as you cannot disoblige Mr. *Dobbins* by it, because of the Distance I shall be from him; and I shall endeavour to give you equal Content with regard to my Payments, &c. Your speedy Answer, whether or no you are disposed to accept of my Offer, will oblige

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R IV.

In Answer to the foregoing.

SIR,

I Have received yours of October 20th, and very chearfully accept the Favour you offer me. I will take care to serve you in the best Manner I am able, and on the same Terms with Mr. *Dobbins*; not doubting but you will make as punctual Returns as he does; which entitles him to a more favourable Usage than could otherwise be afforded. I wish you Success with all my Heart, and am

Your obliged Servant.

L E T T E R V.

An Apprentice's Letter, giving Advice of a Remittance, to one of his Master's Correspondents.

Mr. Charles Walker,

SIR,

London, June 11, 1769.

MY Master has kept his Bed this Fortnight, with the Gout, but is at present better. He orders me to acquaint you, that having an Opportunity of paying some Part of your Balance, he has inclosed remitted you a Bill, for 65l. 14s. 1d. on Mr. *Thomas Wright*, your Townsman, to be paid at Sight. He is beginning the World, and my Master being partly a Stranger to him, desires when you write.

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write, to advise something of his Character and Circumstances. Please to give a Line upon the Receipt of the Bill, and as opportunity presents, you may depend upon the rest. This at present with the Family's Service, is all from, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Robert Smith.

LETTER VI.

An Order for Goods.

Exon, June 16, 1769.

Mr. Nich. Johnson and Comp.

THIS is to desire you to send by next Vessel, bound for Exeter, the Goods following, viz. Galls 3 Bags; Indigo, 5 Barrels; Allom, 17 Cwt. Logwood, $\frac{1}{2}$ a Ton; Madder, 14 Cwt. Copperas, $3\frac{1}{2}$ Tons; Bahia Brazil, 4 Cwt. For the Balance of my last Accompt, being 295l. 14s. 9d. I have here inclosed sent you a Bill of Exchange, at 12 Days Sight, on Mr. Lawrence Brown, Merchant in London, to whom I have given Advice this Day. Set the Prices as low as you can, and when you expect your Money for this Parcel, draw your Bills on me, they shall receive due Honour, from

Your loving Friend,

Zach. Thompson.

LETTER VII.

A Letter of Advice upon the beforementioned Draught, to Mr. Lawrence Brown.

Sir,

YOURS of the 20th past came to Hand, the Day the Vessel sailed with your Goods on Board; I shall however, take the first Opportunity to send the Stuffs mentioned in your last Order: Mean time, have this Post drawn on

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on you for 295l. 14s. 9d. at 12 Days Sight, to Mr. Nich.
Johnson, or Order, which please to honour as usual, to
oblige, Sir,

Your affectionate Kinsman,
and humble Servant,
Zach. Thompson.

LETTER VIII.

*An Apprentice's Answer to the foregoing Letter, for Mr.
Zach. Thompson.*

SIR, London, June 24, 1769.
MY Master received yours of the 16th Instant, with the
Bill of Exchange inclosed, which is now accepted.
The Parcel of Goods, wrote last for, I have this Day ship-
ed on board the Coaster, of Exon, *John Miller*, Master.
being marked and numbered as per Margin. The Bill of
Lading, and the Bill of Parcels, are both annexed. My
Master and Partner are now out of Town; for that Rea-
son, I have taken all possible care to please you in both
Goods and Prices. What you have further Occasion for
in our way, be pleased to signify your Order, and it shall
faithfully and diligently be performed, by, Sir,

Your humble Servant,
George Robinson.
Servant to Mr. *Nich. Johnson* and Comp.

LETTER IX.

An Order from the Country for Goods,

Mr. Thomas Simpson, Worcester, July 24, 1769.
I Am sorry you should meet with a Disappointment, in
the Return of Money, which I ordered *James Nicholson*
to pay you, when he was in London last Week; The
first

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first opportunity that offers, I shall take care to remit you a Bill, or if you have any Opportunity draw your Bill on me, it shall be paid at Sight. Be pleased to send me by the Carrier, the next Return, 3 Pieces of Dowlas; Hollands, at 2s. 6d. 2s. 8d. 3s. 2d. 3s. 9d. of each 2 Pieces, and 3 Pieces of Bag Holland, at 4s. 8d. 5 Pieces of Cambricks, from 3l. 10s. to 5l. 3 Pieces of Checks, 10 Pieces of Blue Hertfords, 6 Pieces of Ghentings, 4 Pieces of Mullins; from 4l. to 8l. Send the lowest Price, and in the Time of Payment, I shall be punctual, being

Your loving Friend,

Samuel Nelson.

LETTER X.

A Servant's Answer.

Mr. Samuel Nelson,

London, Aug. 10, 1769.

YOURS of the 24th of July last was received. I have by John Grey, Worcester Carrier, sent you the Goods wrote for in your last; the Bill of Parcels have hereunto annexed. My Master's Affairs calling him to Bristol, I have done my utmost to content you, both in Goods and Prices; being of Opinion you never had better Goods, or a better Pennyworth. For what remains on the old Ac-compt, an Opportunity will offer to draw a Bill on you next Week. What you have Occasion for farther, signify your Order, it shall be carefully followed; and as to Time of Payment, my Master will be as reasonable as any Man. I add no more at present, but that I am,

Your humble Servant,

Thomas Martin, Servant to Thomas Simpson.

LETTER XI.

A Letter from a Merchant to his Factor.

Mr. Isaac Sharp,

Sir,

YOURS of the 11th current I received, and am glad to understand you will recover good Part of your Loss,

Loss, from the Insurers of the Swan. My Account of Sales inclosed I have examined, and am satisfied with the Net Proceed, and your Management therein. With Convenience, please to buy 10 Hhds. of White Biscuit, and 49 Barrels of Beef, and send them by the first Vessel to Jamaica, consigned to Mr. *Thomas Gunston*, for my Accomp't: Pray engage your Victualler to get the Beef carefully salted and barrelled, considering the climate to which it is sent. I am, Sir.

Your Friend and Servant,

London, July 19, 1769.

Richard Jackson.

L E T T E R XII.

Answer from the Factor to his Employer.

Mr. *Richard Jackson*,

SIR,

I Nclosed are the Invoice and Bill of Lading of 49 Barrels of Beef, and 10 Hhds of White Biscuit, bought and consigned by your Order, to Mr. *Thomas Gunston*, at Port-Royal; which being well casked, I hope will prove well, and arrive to a good Market. An Opportunity presents of drawing upon you for the value, payable at one and twenty Days Sight, to the Commissioners of the Customs at London, which I must entreat you to honour, and hope in a very short Time to answer your expectations, as to my Balance depending: In the mean Time, as Occasion offers, let me have the Honour of your Commands, who am, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1769.

Isaac Sharp.

L E T T E R XIII.

To a Country Correspondent, modestly requesting a Balance of Accounts between them.

SIR,

I Find myself constrained by a present Exigence, to beg you to balance the Account between us. Though Mat-

ters

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ters have run into some Length, yet would I not have applied to you, had I known so well how to answer my pressing Occasions any other way. If it suits you not to pay the Whole, I beg, Sir, you will remit me as much towards it as you can, without Prejudice to your own Affairs; and you will extremely oblige

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XIV.

In Answer to the preceeding.

SIR,

I Am very glad I have it in my Power to send you Immediately, one hundred Pounds, on Account between us, which I do by our Carrier, who will pay you in Specie. I will soon remit you the Balance of your whole Demand, and am only sorry, that I gave Occasion for this Application for what is so justly your Due. When I send you the rest, which will be in a few Days, if I am not greatly disappointed, I will accompany it with an Order, which will begin a new Debt; which I hope to be more punctual in discharging, than I have been in the last. I am, very sincerely,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

A more pressing and angry Letter, from a City Dealer, on the same Account.

Mr. Barret,

I Am sorry your ill usage constrains me to write to you in the most pressing manner. Can you think it is possible to carry on Business after the manner you act by me? You know what Promises you have made me, and how from time to time you have broken them. And can I depend upon any new ones you make? If you use *others* as you do me, how can you think of continuing Business? If you do *not*, what must I think of a Man who deals worse with

with me, than he does with any body else? —— If you think you may trespass more upon me, than you can on *others*, that is a very bad compliment to my *Prudence*, and your own *Gratitude*. For surely good Usage should meet with a suitable Return. I know how to allow for Disappointments as well as any Man; but can a Man be disappointed for ever? Trade is so dependant a Thing, it cannot be carried on without mutual Punctuality. Does not the Merchant expect it from me, for those very Goods I send you? And can I make a Return to him, without receiving it from you? What End can it answer to give you two Years Credit, and then be at an Uncertainty, for Goods which I sell at a small Profit, and have not six Months Credit for myself? Indeed, Sir, this will never do. I must be more punctually used by you, or else must deal as little punctually with others; and what then must be the Consequence? —— In short, Sir, I expect a handsome Payment by the next Return, and Security for the Remainder; and shall be very loth to take any harsh Methods to procure this Justice to myself, my Family, and my own Creditors. For I am, if it be not your own Fault,

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

LETTER XVI.

In Answer to the preceding.

SIR,

I Must acknowledge I have not used you well, and can give no better Answer to your just Expostulations, than to send you the inclosed Draught for 50l. which you will be pleased to place to my Credit; and to assure you of more punctual Treatment for the future, Your Letter is no bad Lesson to me; I have conn'd it often, and hope I shall improve by it. I am ready to give you my bond for the Remainder, which I will keep paying every Month something, till 'tis all discharged; and wh. t I write to you for in the Interim, shall be paid for on the Receipt of the Goods. This I hope, Sir, will satisfy you for the present. If I could do better, I would; but shall be streightned to

I do

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do this; But, I think, in Return for your Patience, I cannot do less, to convince you, that I am now, at last, in Earnest. I beg you'll continue to me the same good Usage and Service I have met with from you hitherto and that you'll believe me to be, unfeignedly,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XVII.

From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him.

SIR,

YOUR Demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared to answer it. I know the stated Credit in this Article used to be only four Months; but as it has been a Custom to allow a moderate Time beyond this, and as this is only the Day of the old Time, I had not yet prepared myself. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any Deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little Time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the Trade. If you will be pleased to let your Servant call for one Half of the Sum this Day three Weeks, and the Remainder a Fortnight afterwards, it shall be ready. However, in the mean Time, I beg of you not to let any Word slip of this, because a very little Thing hurts a young Beginner. Sir, you may take my Word with the greatest Safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular Cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the Money; for if I want Credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the World, not knowing what it is that can have given you these distrustful Thoughts concerning,

Your Humble Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

The Wholesale Dealer's Answer.

SIR,

I AM very sorry to press you, but if I had not Reason I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any

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any Disrespect to you that I have made the Demand, but we have so many Losses that it is fit we should take Care. However, there is so much seeming Frankness and Sincerity in your Letter, that I shall desire Leave first to ask you whether you have any Dealings with an Usurer in Bread-Street, and, if you please, what is his Name? Until you have given me Satisfaction on this Head, I shall not any farther urge the Demand I have made upon you; but as this may be done at once, I desire your Answer by the Bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your Servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in Consideration of the great Opinion I have of your Honour, that I refer the Demand I have made to this Question; for it is not customary, and is supposed not to be fair and prudent, to mention our Reasons on these Occasions. If this is cleared up to me, Sir, as I wish, but I fear it cannot be, I shall make no Scruple of the Time you mention. I beg your Answer without Delay, and am sincerely,

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER XIX.

*From a Tradesman to a Correspondent, requesting the Payment
of a Sum of Money.*

SIR,

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in Hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging it, you will readily excuse the Freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an Affair of such Consequence to my Family, I know the Friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

ROBERT JONES.

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LETTER XX.

The Answer.

SIR,

IT gives me singular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to answer your Demand, and am able to serve a Man I so much Esteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for Half of which I have procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and sent one Half by the Carrier, as you desired, and have here enclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other Difficulty that lies in the Road to Happiness, and am,

Sir, Yours sincerely,
RICHARD TOMPKINS.

LETTER XXI.

To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money for a little Time.

Dear SIR,

IF it be quite convenient and agreeable to you, I will beg the Favour of you to lend me fifty Pounds for the Space of three Months precisely: Any Security that you shall require, and I can give, you may freely ask. A less Time would not suit me; a longer, you, may depend on it, I shall not desire. Your Answer will oblige, Sir, your very humble Servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

LETTER XXII.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Dear SIR,

ANY Thing in my Power is always very much at your Service; the Sum you mention I have now by me, and can very conveniently spare it for the Time you fix, and you are most heartily welcome to it: Any Hour that you shall appoint To-morrow I'll be ready; and am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

CHARLES NUGENT.
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LETTER XXIII.

From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship, to a Relation, requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money.

SIR,

I Can remember nothing but Kindness from you to our unhappy Family ever since my Infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any Thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your Favour, provided you retain the same kind Thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the Assistance of some generous Friend; and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour in the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you should seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman with a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being a Master in one of the most advantageous Trades that can be thought of: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least, I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk to lose any Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 200 l. carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniences about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to complete the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your lo-

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sing any Part of it; nor shall any Thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and
most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

To a young Trader generally in a Hurry in Business, advising
Method as well as Diligence.

Dear Nephew,

THE Affection I have always born you, as well for your own sake, as for your late Father's and Mother's, makes me give you the Trouble of these Lines, which I hope you will receive as kindly as I intend them.

I have lately called upon you several times, and have as often found you in an extraordinary Hurry; which I well know cannot be sometimes avoided; but, methinks, need not always be the Case, if your Time were disposed in regular and proper Proportions to your Business. I have frequently had Reason to believe, that more than half the Flutter which appears among Traders in general, is rather the Effect of their *Indolence*, than their *Industry*, however willing they are to have it thought otherwise; and I will give you one Instance in Confirmation of this Opinion, in a Neighbour of mine,

This Gentleman carried on for some Years a profitable Business; but, indulging himself every Evening in a Tavern Society, or Club, which the Promotion of Business (as is usually the Case) gave the first Pretence for, he looked upon those Engagements as the natural Consequence of the Approach of Night; and drove on his Business in the Day with Precipitation, that he might get thither with the earliest. He seldom kept very late Hours, tho' he never came home soon. The Night being gone, and his Bottle empty'd, the Morning was always wanted to dispel the Fumes of the Wine. Whoever therefore came to him before nine, was desired to call again; and when he rose, so many Matters waited for him, as directly threw him into a Flutter; so that, from his Rising till Dinner-time, he seem-

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ed in one continued Bustle. A long Dinner-time he always allowed himself, in order to recover the Fatigues he had undergone; and all his Table-talk was, how heavy his Business lay upon him! And what Pains he took in it! The hearty Meal, and the Time he indulged himself at Table, begot an Inappetency for any more Business for that short Afternoon; so all that could be deferred, was put off to the next Morning; and the longed-for Evening approaching, he flies to his usual Solace: Empties his Bottle by Eleven: Comes home: Gets to Bed, and is invisible till next Morning at Nine; and then rising, enters upon his usual Hurry and Confusion.

Thus did his Life seem, to those who saw him in his Business, one constant Scene of Fatigue, though he scarce ever applied to it Four regular Hours in any one Day: Whereas had he risen only at seven in the Morning, he would have got all his Business under by Noon; and those two Hours, from seven to nine, being before many People go abroad, he would have met with no Interruption in his Affairs; but might have improved his Servants by his own Example, directed them in the Business of the Day, have inspected his Books, written to his Dealers, and put every thing in so regular a Train, for the rest of the Day, that whatever had occurred afterwards would rather have served to divert than fatigue him.

And what, to cut my Story short, was the Upshot of the Matter? Why, meeting with some Disappointments and Losses (as all Traders must expect, and provide for) and his Customers not seeing him in his Shop so much as they expected, and when there, always in a disobliging pe-tulant Hurry; and moreover, Mistakes frequently happening, through the Flurry into which he put himself, and every one about him; by these means his Business dwindled away insensibly; and, not being able to go out of his usual Course, which helped to impair both his Capacity and Ardor to Business, his Creditors began to look about them, and he was compelled to enter into the State of his Affairs; and then had the Mortification to find a Balance of 2000*l.* against him.

This was a shocking Case to himself: but more to his Family; for his Wife had lived, and his Children had been educated, in such a manner, as induced them to hope their,

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their Fortunes would be sufficient to place them in a State of Independence.

In short, being obliged to quit a Business he had managed with so little Prudence, his Friends got him upon a charitable Foundation, which afforded him bare Subsistence for himself; his Children were dispersed some one way, and some another, into low Scenes of Life; and his Wife went home to her Friends, to be snubb'd and reflected on by her own Family, for Faults not her own.

This Example will afford several good Hints to a young Tradesman, which are too obvious to need expatiating upon. And as I dare say, your Prudence will keep you from the like Fault, you will never have reason to reproach yourself on this score. But yet, as I always found you in a Hurry, when I called upon you, I could not but give you this Hint, for fear you should not rightly proportion your Time to your Business, and lest you should suspend to the *next* Hour, what you could and ought to do in the *present*, and so not keep your Business properly under. Method is in every Business, next to Diligence. And you will, by falling into a regular one, always be calm and unruffled, and have Time to bestow in your Shop, with your Customers; the Female ones especially; who always love to make a great many Words in their Bargainings, and expect to be humoured and persuaded: And how can any Man find Time for this, if he prefers the Tavern to his Shop, and his Bed to his Business? I know you will take in good part what I have written, because you are sensible how much I am,

Your truly affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXV.

A Letter from a Servant in London, to his Master in the Country.

SIR,

AS I find you are detained longer in the Country than you expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at Home; and to assure you that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity.

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lity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your Return as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and faithful Servant,

SAM. TRUSTY

LETTER XXVI.

An Offer of Assistance to a Friend who has received great Losses by a Person's Failure.

Dear SIR,

I Am exceedingly concerned at the great Loss which you have lately sustained, by the Failure of Mr. Transfer. I hope you behave under it like the Man of Prudence you have always shewn yourself, and as one who knows how liable all Men are to Misfortunes. I think it incumbent, on this Occasion, not to console you by Words only; but in the Spirit, and with the Chearfulness, of a most sincere Friend, to offer my Service to answer any present Demand, so far as 200 l. goes, which you shall have the use of freely for a Twelvemonth, or more, if your Affairs require it; and I will even strain a Point rather than not oblige you, if more be necessary to your present Situation. You'll do me great Pleasure in accepting this Offer as freely, as it is kindly meant by, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully.

LETTER XXVII.

The Friend's Answer, accepting the kind Offer

My dear Friend,

HOW shall I find Words to express the grateful Sense I have of your Goodness? This is an instance of true Friendship indeed! I accept most thankfully of some Part of your Offer, and will give you my Bond, payable in a Year, for 100 l. which is, at present, all I have Occasion for; and if I did not know I could then, if not before, answer

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sver your Goodness as it deserves, I would not accept of the Favour. This loss is very heavy and affecting to me, as you may suppose; yet your generous Friendship is no small Comfort to me in it. For so good a Friend is capable of making any Calamity light. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and
obliged humble Servant,

LETTER XXVIII.

The Friend's Answer, supposing he has no Occasion.

Dear SIR,

A Thousand Thanks to you for your generous Offer, and kind advice. I have been not a little affected at the unexpected Failure of a Man all the World thought as good as the Bank. But, at present, I have no Occasion for your friendly Assistance. If I should, I know no one in the World I would sooner choose to be obliged to: for I am, dear, kind Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XXIX.

An Excuse to a Person who wants to borrow Money.

SIR,

I Am very sorry, that your request comes to me at a time when I am so press'd by my own Affairs, that I cannot with any Convenience comply with it. I hope, Sir, you will therefore excuse.

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XXX.

On the same Subject.

SIR,

I Have, on an urgent Occasion, been obliged to borrow a Sum of Money myself within ten Days past: Hence you'll

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you'll judge of my Want of Capacity, rather than Inclination, to comply with your Request. For I am

Your sincere Friend.

LETTER XXXI.

On the same Subject.

SIR,

IT is with no little Pain, that I am obliged to lay open to you, on the Occasion of the Loan you request of me, my own Inability. I shall make very hard Shift to answer some demands, which must be comply'd with by a certain Time; and so can only say, I am sorry I have it not in my Power to shew how sincerely I am

Your most humble Servant,

LETTER XXXII.

From a Friend offering Assistance in a great Emergency.

SIR,

I Have heard of the Casualties which have involved you in extreme Distress at this time; and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-nature, Industry and Probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer, the Bearer brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your drawing as much more on my Account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your Relief; but you may value yourself with me to the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds; for I can very clearfully run the Hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXXIII.

To one who, upon a very short Acquaintance, and without any Merit but Assurance, wants to borrow a Sum of Money.

SIR,

YOU did me the Favour of inquiring for me too or three times while I was out of Town. And among my Letters I find one from you, desiring the Loan of 50 Guineas. You must certainly have mistaken yourself or me very much, to think we were enough known to each other for such a Transaction. I was twice in your Company; I was delighted with your Conversation: You seemed as much pleased with mine: And if we both acted with Honour, the Obligation is mutual, and there can be no room to suppose me your Debtor. I have no churlish nor avaricious Heart, I will venture to say; but there must be Bounds to every thing; and Discretion is as necessary in conferring as in receiving a Kindness. To a Friend my helping Hand ought to be lent, when his Necessities require it: You cannot think our Intimacy enough to commence that Relation; and should I answer the Demands of every new Acquaintance, I should soon want Power to oblige my old Friends, and even to serve myself, Surely, Sir, a Gentleman of your Merit cannot be so little beloved as to be forced to seek a new Acquaintance, and to have no better Friend than one of Yesterday. I will not do you the Injury to suppose, that you have not many, who have the best Reasons, from long Knowledge, to oblige you: And by your Application to me, I cannot think Bashfulness should stand in your way to them. Be this as it may, it does not at all suit my convenience to comply with your Request; and so I must beg you to excuse

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Another on the same Occasion, limiting the Repayment to a certain Time.

SIR,

THE Intimation you give me, that the Sum of fifty Pounds will be of great Use to you, and that you shall

shall be able to repay it in Four Months, makes me resolve to put myself to some Difficulty to oblige you. Accordingly, I inclose a Bank Note to that Amount. But I must, in the Name of Friendship, beg of you to return it to me unused, if you cannot keep your Word in the Repayment; for my accomodating you with this Sum is rather, at present, a Testimony of my Inclination than Ability to serve you: I am

Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXXV.

To a Friend, on a Breach of Promise in not returning Money lent in his Exigence.

SIR,

WHEN you apply'd to me in your Straits, for Assistance, and made such strong Promises of returning in Four Months what I advanced; little did I think, you would give me this irksome Occasion, either of reminding you of your Promise, or of acquainting you with the Difficulties in which I am involv'd by my Friendship for you. I have always endeavour'd to manage my affairs with so much Prudence, as to keep within myself the Power of answering Demands upon me, without troubling my Friends; and I told you, I must expect you, would keep your Word exactly to the Four Months, or else I should be distress'd, as much as you were when you apply'd to me. Six Months passed, and you took no manner of Notice of the Matter, when I was forced to remind you of it, having been put to it, as I told you I should. You took a Fortnight longer, under still stronger Promises of Performance. And three Weeks are now expir'd, and your second Promises are still as much to be performed as your first. Is this kind, is this friendly, is it grateful, Sir, let me ask you? And ought I to be made to suffer in my Credit, who was so ready to save yours?—When, too, mine had been in no Danger, had I not put out of my own Power what was then actually in it? I will only say, That if any consideration remains with you for one so truly your Friend, let me immediately be paid, and take from me the cruel

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Necessity

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Necessity of reproaching you for Ingratitude, and myself for Folly: Who am, Sir,

Your unkindly used, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

To a Friend, who had promised to lend a Sum of Money, to answer a critical Exigence, and drove it off to the last.

Dear SIR,

YOU were so kind as to tell me, a Fortnight ago, that you would lend me one hundred Pounds on my Bond, to answer a Demand that my Credit would be otherwise a Sufferer by. And you were pleased to say, you would have me look no further, and that I should certainly have it in time. I have looked no further, Sir; and the Day of Payment approaching, you cannot imagine how my Mind has suffered by being not absolutely sure of having the Money to answer the Occasion. I hope, Sir, nothing has happened to make you alter your Mind; for, at this short Notice, I shall not know to whom to apply to raise it. In the utmost Perturbation of Mind, for fear of the worst, my Credit being wholly at Stake, I beg your Answer, which I hope will be to the Satisfaction of, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XXXVII.

The Answer, excusing the Pain he had given his Friend by his Remissness.

Dear SIR,

I Will attend you this Afternoon with the Money, which I had always great Pleasure in the Thought of supplying you with; and I am most heartily vexed with myself, for giving you the Pain and Uneasiness that must have attended a Mind so punctual as yours, and in a Case so critically circumstanced. But I hope you'll forgive me, tho' I can hardly forgive myself. I am, Sir, as well on this, as on any other Occasion in my Power,

Your sincere Friend and Servant.

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LETTER XXXVIII,

To a Person of Note, in Acknowledgement of great Benefits received.

Honoured SIR,

PERMIT me to approach you with the thankful Acknowledgments of a grateful Heart, on the Favour and Benefit your Goodness has conferred upon me. It shall be the Business of my whole Life, to the utmost of my Power, to deserve it: and my whole Family, which you have made happy by your Bounty, will every Day join with me in Prayers to God, to bless you with the Continuance of your valuable Health, a long Life, and all worldly Honour; for so it will become us to do, for the unmerited Favours conferred upon, honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXXIX,

Another for Favours of not so high, yet of a generous Nature.

Worthy SIR,

I Should appear ungrateful, if I did not add this further Trouble to those I have already given you, of acknowledging your Goodness to me, in this last Instance of it. May God Almighty return to you, Sir, an hundred-fold, the Benefit you have conferr'd upon me, and give me Opportunity, by my future Services, to shew my grateful Heart, and how much I am, worthy Sir,

Your for ever obliged
and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XL.

From a Son reduced by his own Extravagance, requesting his Father's Advice, on his Intention to turn Player.

Honoured SIR,

AFTER the many Occasions I have given for your Displeasure, permit me to ask your Advice in an Af-

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fair which may render my whole Life comfortable or miserable. You know, Sir, to what a low Ebb my Folly and Extravagance have reduced me. Your generous Indulgence has made you stretch your Power, to my shame I speak it, even beyond the Bounds which Wisdom, and a necessary Regard to the rest of your Family, would permit; therefore I cannot hope for further Assistance from you. Something, however, I must resolve upon to gain a Maintenance: And an Accident fell out Yesterday, which offers me, at least, present Bread.

Mr. Rich, Master of one of the Theatres, happened to dine at my Uncle's when I was there: After Dinner, the Subject of Discourse was the Art of a Comedian: On which my Uncle took Occasion to mention the little Flights in that way with which I have diverted myself in my gayer Moments; and partly compelled me to give an Instance of my abilities. Mr. Rich was pleased to declare his Approbation of my Manner and Voice; and, on being told my Circumstances, offer'd at once to take me into his Company, with an Allowance sufficient for present Subsistence, and additional Encouragement, as I should be found to deserve it. Half a Benefit he promised me the first Season; which, by my (otherwise too) numerous Acquaintance, might I believe be turned to pretty good Account. I am not fond of this Life; but see no other means of supporting myself like a Gentleman. Your speedy Answer will be ever gratefully acknowledged by, honoured Sir,

Your dutiful, tho' unhappy Son.

LETTER XLI.

The Father's Answer, setting forth the Inconveniences and Disgrace attending the Profession of a Player

Dear Gilbert,

I Should be glad to have you in any Situation which would afford you a comfortable and reputable Subsistence: But cannot think the life of a Stage-player proper for that End. You must consider, that tho' in the gay Trappings of that Employment a Man may represent a Gentleman, yet none can be farther from that Character, if

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if a perpetual Dependence be the worst Kind of Servility. In the first Place, the Company you will be in a manner obliged to keep, will be such as will tend little to the Improvement of your Mind; or Amendment of your Morals: To the Master of the Company you list in, you must be obsequious to a Degree of Slavery. Not one of an Audience that is able to hiss, but you must fear; and each single Man you come to know personally, you must oblige, on every Occasion that Offers, to engage their Interest at your Benefit. A Thought the most shocking to a free and generous Mind! And if to this you add the little Profit that will attend making a low Figure on the Stage, and, besides the Qualifications necessary, the incredible Fatigue attending the Support of a good Figure upon it; you will easily see, that more Credit, more Satisfaction, more Ease, and more Profit, may be got in many other Stations, without the mortifying Sense of being deemed a Vagrant by the Laws of your Country. I hope this will be enough to dissuade you from farther Thoughts of the Stage: And in any other Employment, you may yet expect some small Assistance from.

Your loving Father.

LETTER XLII.

From a Father to a Son, on his Negligence in his Affairs.

Dear Jemmy,

YOU cannot imagine what a Concern your Carelessness and Indifferent Management of your Affairs give me. Remissness is inexcusable in all Men, but in none so much as in a Man of Business, the Soul of which is Industry, Diligence, and Punctuality.

Let me beg of you to shake off the Idle Habits you have contracted; quit unprofitable Company, and unseasonable Recreations, and apply to your Compting-house with Diligence. It may not be yet too late to retrieve your Affairs. Inspect therefore your Gains, and cast up what Proportion they bear to your Expences: and then see which of the latter you can, and which you cannot, contract.

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tract. Consider, that when once a Man suffers himself to go backward in the World, it must be an uncommon Spirit of Industry that retrieves him, and puts him forward again.

Reflect, I beseech you, before it be too late, upon the Inconveniences which an impoverish'd Trader is put to, for the Remainder of his Life; which, too, may happen to be the prime Part of it; the Indignities he is likely to suffer from those whose Money he has unthinkingly squandered: the Contempt he will meet with from all, not excepting the idle Companions of his Folly; the Injustice he does his Family, in depriving his Children, not only of the Power of raising themselves, but of living tolerably; and how, on the contrary, from being born to a credible Expectation, he sinks them into the lowest Class of Mankind, and exposes them to the most dangerous Temptations. What has not such a Father to answer for! and all this for the sake of indulging himself in an idle, a careless, a thoughtless Habit, that cannot afford the least Satisfaction beyond the present Hour, if in that; and which must be attended with deep Remorse, when he comes to reflect. Think seriously of these Things, and in time resolve on such a Course as may bring Credit to yourself, Justice to all you deal with, Peace and Pleasure to your own Mind, Comfort to your Family; and which will give, at the same time, the highest Satisfaction to

Your careful and loving Father.

LETTER XLIII.

The Son's grateful Answer.

Honoured SIR,

I return you my sincere Thanks for your seasonable Re-proof and Advice. I have indeed too much indulged myself in an idle careless Habit, and already begun to see the evil Consequences of it, when I received your Letter, in the Insults of a Creditor or two, from whom I expected kinder Treatment. But indeed they wanted but their own; so could only blame myself, who had brought their rough Usage

Usage upon me. Your Letter came so seasonably upon this, that I hope it will not want the desired Effect; and as, I thank God, it is not yet too late, I am resolved to take another Course with myself and my Affairs, that I may avoid the ill Consequences you so judiciously forewarn me of, and give to my Family and Friends the Pleasure they so well deserve at my Hands; and particularly that Satisfaction to so good a Father, which is owing to him by

His most dutiful Son.

LETTER XLIV.

From a Person in Distress to his Friend requesting his Countenance and Protection.

SIR,

IT is in vain to multiply Words and make Apologies for what is never to be defended by the best Advocate in the World, the Guilt of being Unfortunate. All that a Man in my Condition can do or say, will be received with Prejudice by the Generality of Mankind, but I hope not with you: You have been a great Instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that Reason, as well as your Kindness to me) you cannot but be in Pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a Man incapable of bearing Calamity, I will, though a poor Man, lay aside the Distinction between us, and talk with the Frankness we did when we were nearer to an Equality: As all I do will be received with Prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with Partiality. What I desire of you, is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that Grace and Favour which your Fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the Coldness and Indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous Men will have an Eye of Kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the World will regard me for yours. There is a happy Contagion in Riches, as well as a destructive one in Poverty: The Rich can make Rich without parting with any of their Store, and the Conversation of the Poor makes Men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know

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not ; but Men's Estimation follows us according to the Company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great Way towards my Recovery ; if you are not, my good Fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower Approaches.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant.

LETTER XLV.

The Friend's Answer.

Dear Tom,

I Am very glad to hear that you have Heart enough to begin the World a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous Family at all diminished (in the Gifts of Nature for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your Affairs with my Appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable Sum at common Interest for three Years. You know I could make more of it ; but I have so great a Love for you, that I can wave Opportunities of Gain to help you ; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand Pounds more than I wanted when I was living. I am, dear Sir,

Your assured Friend.

LETTER XLVI

From a Town-Tenant to his Landlord, excusing Delay of Payment.

Honoured SIR,

I Am under great Concern, that I cannot at present answer your just Expectations. I have sustained such heavy Losses, and met with such great Disappointments of late, that I must intrude another Quarter on your Goodness.

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ness. Then, whatever Shifts I am put to, you shall hear with more Satisfaction than at present, from, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XLVII.

From a Country Tenant to the same Purpose.

Honoured SIR,

THE Season has been so bad, and I have had such unhappy Accidents to encounter with in a sick Family, Loss of Cattle, &c. that I am obliged to trespass upon your Patience a Month or two longer. The Wheat-harvest, I hope, will furnish me the Means to answer your just expectations: which will be a great Contentment to

Your honest Tenant,

and humble Servant.

LETTER XLVIII.

The Landlord's Answer.

Mr. Jacobs,

I Have yours: I hope you will be as good as your Word at the expiration of the Time you have mentioned. I am unwilling to distress any honest Man; and I hope, that I shall not meet with the worse usage for my forbearance: For Lenity abused, even in generous Tempers, provokes Returns, that some People would call severe; but should not be deemed such, if just. I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

A threatening Letter from a Steward on Delay of Payment.

Mr. Atkins,

I Have mentioned your Case to Sir John, as you requested. He is exceedingly provoked at your Usage, and swears

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swears bloodily he will seize, and throw you into Goal, if he has not 20 l. at least paid him by Quarter-day; which is now at hand. So you know what you have to trust to; and I would have you avoid the Consequences at any rate; for he is resolved otherwise to do as he says. Of this I assure you, who am

Yours, &c.

LETTER L.

The poor Tenant's moving Answer.

Good Mr. Taverner,

I Am at my Wit's End almost on what you do write. But if I am to be ruined, with my numerous Family, and a poor, industrious, but ailing Wife, how can I help it? For I cannot possibly raise 20 l. any manner of way by the Time you mention. I hope Sir John will not be hard-hearted. For if God Almighty our common Landlord, should be equally hard upon us, what would become of us all? Forgive my boldnes to talk of God Almighty to his Honour, in this free manner.

I would do it, if it was to be done; but you know, Sir, what a Season we have had. And an honest Tenant his Honour will never have, that I am sure of. But if Money will not rise, what can I do? Should I sell my Team, and my Utensils for Labour, there is an End of all. I shall have no Means left me then wherewith to pay his Honour, or any body else. If his Honour will not be moved, but will seize; pray, good Mr. Taverner, prevail on him not to throw me into Gaol; for a Prison pays no Debts; but let my poor Wife and six small Children lie in the Barn, till I can get a little Day-labour; for that must be all I can have to trust to, if his Honour seizes. I hear my Man William, that was, has just taken a Farm; may be, he will employ his poor ruin'd Master, if I am not 'prison'd. But if I be, why then the Parish must do something for my poor Children, tho' I hoped they would never trouble it Lay these things before his Honour, good Sir, and forgive this Trouble from

His Honour's honest, tho' unfortunate Tenant.
LET-

L E T T E R. LI.

The Steward's Reply, giving more Time.

Mr. Atkins,

I Have laid your Letter and your Case before Sir John: He is moved with it, and says he will have Patience another Quarter, to see what you will do. Consider, Man, however, that Gentlemen at a great Expence; are obliged to keep up their Port; and if their Tenants fail them, why then they must fail their Tradesmen, and suffer in their Credit. You have good Crops of all Kinds on the Ground; and surely may, by next Quarter, raise 40 or 50l. tho' you could not raise 20l. in a Fortnight. This Sir John will expect at least, I can tell you. And you may comply with it from the Produce of so good a Farm, surely. I am

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R LII.

The poor Man's thankful Letter in Return.

GOD bless his Honour, and God bless you Mr. Taver-
ner, that is all I can say. We will now set our
Hands to the Plough, as the saying is, with chearful Hearts
and try what can be done. I am sure, I, and my Wife
and Children too, tho' three of them can but lisp their
Prayers, shall, Morning, Noon, and Night, pray to God
for his Honour's Health and Prosperity, as well as for you
and yours; and to enable me to be just to his Expectations.
I am sure it will be the Pride of my Heart to pay every
body, his Honour especially. I have not run behind-hand
for want of Industry; that all my Neighbours know; but
Losses and Sickness I could not help; and nobody could
live more frugal and sparing than both my Wife and I.
Indeed we have hardly allowed ourselves Cloaths to our
Backs, nor for our Children neither, tight, and clean, and
wholsome as they may appear to those who see them: And
we will continue to live so low as may only keep us in
Heart

Heart to do our Labour, until we are got before-hand; which God grant. But all this I told you before, Mr. *Taverner*; and so will say no more, but I will do all I can, and God give a Blessing to my Labours, as I mean honestly. So no more, but that I am, Sir,

Your ever-obliged Servant.

On *BILLS of Exchange in general.*

BILLS of Exchange being a necessary and common Part of Business, we thought proper to add a general Account of their Nature and Properties, with a few Specimens of the Manner of drawing them.

THE Bill of Exchange, in Use among Persons of Correspondence and Dealing, is a short Order for Money, to be received in one Place or Country, for the Value paid in another; to which Men of Credit pay a very strict Honour and Regard. In it are specified; 1. The Place of the Drawer's Residence. 2. The Time of payment. 3. To whom. 4. The Sum. 5. Usually at what Rate of Exchange. 6. Of whom the Value was received, or to whose Accompt the Draught is to be placed. 7. The Drawer's Name. 8. By Whom, and Where to be paid.

In Bills of Exchange there are commonly Four Persons principally concerned: 1. The Remitter, who pays the Value to. 2. The Drawer, who receives it in one Place, and furnishes him with a Bill upon, 3. The Acceptant, who is expected to pay it in due Time, to, 4. The Poffessor or Presenter, who is to receive the Contents in another Place; not but sometimes there are only Three Persons concerned in Remittance, and sometimes, though but seldom, Two.

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All Bills of Exchange, upon their coming to the Presenter's Hands, from the Remitter, are immediately to be tendered to the Person on whom they are drawn, for Acceptance, which, by legal Appointment, ought to be made in Writing under the Bill.

If a Bill be payable at Usance, or after Date, the Acceptant's subscribing his Name, or making any other Mark on the same, is sufficient and valid Acceptance; but if it be payable after Sight, the Day on which it is tendered for Acceptance must be also mentioned upon it; because, upon that depends the Time of Payment; by which Acceptance he becomes absolutely and irrevokably Debtor to the Presenter, for the Contents; or the Course of Exchange would, otherwise, be subject to great Hazards and Uncertainties.

But if the Party, to whom a Bill is directed, refuses to accept it, after twenty-four Hours Deliberation, if it be a Foreign Bill, or upon Presentment, if an Inland Bill, Protest must be made for Non-Acceptance at the Place of his Abode, by a Notary-Public, who is to be Witness of that Refusal; which Protest should, for the Security of the Presenter, be returned the first Post, to the Remitter, that he may furnish a new Bill, or take his proper Measures with the Parties concerned.

The Drawer of a Bill should always, the same Post, take Care to give his Correspondent Notice, by Letter, that he has drawn upon him for so much, payable as in the Bill, to prevent its being Protested, and sent him back Non-Accepted, for want of Advice; for in that Case, his Correspondent may refuse to accept, till Advice arrives, if the Bill mentions Advice to be expected.

To prevent Interruption of Business by Miscarriage of Letters, or other Accidents, Merchants always draw *two*, and often *three* Foreign Bills, all of the *same* Tenor and Date, excepting in the *second* against the *first*, and if there be *three* drawn, against the *third* also, and in the *third* against the *first* and *second*, to prevent the Acceptor's paying more than one of them by Mistake; which Bills, the Remitter takes Care to send his Correspondent, to whom they are made payable, by different Posts, one of which being answered, the rest are of no Force.

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If an accepted Bill be not paid upon Demand, the very Day it falls due, it must be Noted, that is, put into the Hands of a Notary-Public, by the Presenter, in order to have a Protest drawn up, under a Copy of the Bill, for Non-Payment; which Protest, within fourteen Days at farthest, must be returned (but not the Bill itself, unless for special Reasons) to the Remitter, who paid the Value, and who is to give Satisfaction for his Concern therein, to the Presenter, and who is to procure Satisfaction of the Drawer; not only with respect to the Principal Sum, and the Interest thereof, from the Day of Protest, but also may recover the Re-exchange of the said Sum, with Charges of Protest, and whatever Damages shall be incurred, by the Default of his Correspondent, the Acceptant; though Re-exchange is not always insisted on.

The Neglect of Protest in due Time, leaves the Presenter or Possessor of a Bill no Security, but that of the Acceptant; whereas he has otherwise, the Drawer, and every one of the Indorsers, (if any) besides the Acceptant, to depend on, for the Principal and Damages; and if but *one* of them prove sufficient, he will be no Loser.

No Bill of Exchange can be Protested, unless the *Value* be mentioned therein to be *received*, and the Person named *of whom*; nor is it usual among Dealers, to note an Inland Bill under 20*l.* Value, such Bills are commonly returned without Charges; not but that it may, after Acceptance, be lawfully done, if the Bill be above 5*l.* Value.

If you Discount, or pay a Debt with an Inland Bill, payable to your *Self* or *Order*, you write your *Name* on the Backside, and deliver it into the Possession of the Person you intend to make it over to, which is called *Indorsing*, whereby you assign all your Property therein to him; and in Case of the Acceptant's Failor before it is paid, *You* are by Virtue thereof, as responsible to such your *Assign* for the *Contents* and *Damages*, upon *Protest* made, as the *Remitter* is to you, and the *Drawer* to him, In like Manner, let a Bill be indorsed by *several Persons*, the *Possessor*, or Person to whom it was last assigned, in Case of Non-Payment, causes Protest to be made, which being returned to the *last Indorser*, he is obliged to satisfy the *last Possessor*, as to the *Contents* and *Charges*, and returns it in the same Manner,

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to the *Second*; he to the *Third*, &c. till at last, it recurs upon the *Drawer*, who is obliged to answer all Damages, as before. In the same Manner ought Promissory Notes to be treated, they being, in the Eye of the Law, of the Nature of Inland Bills of Exchange.

But, on a Foreign Bill, besides the Indorser's Name; it is usual to fill up the Indorsement, by appointing Payment to his *Order*, naming the *Person* he assigns it over to, specifying the Conditions and Reasons that induced him to make such Indorsement; as, *Pay Mr. R. W——, or Order, Value in Accomp^t, S. S.* And if Mr. R. W—— should assign it to another; *Pay Mr. P. D——, or Order, Value of himself, R. W——* remembering always, that unless the Word *Order* be inserted, no Bill of Exchange, or Promissory Note, is indorsable to another.

If the Acceptant of a Bill should chance to fail, between the Time of Acceptance, and that of Payment, Protest may be made in that Case, for *better Security*, before the Bill becomes due; not but, by the good Understanding among Dealers, the Damages, as Brokerage, Interest, &c. that would follow Protest, are frequently prevented, especially if the Drawer, or any of the Indorsers, be sufficient Persons; for any of their Correspondents, out of Respect, may Re-accept the Bill, for *Honour* of the Drawer, or Indorser, if applied to by the Possessor, after he has, for Security of the Re-accepter, caused the Bill to be protested, with a Declaration, that the Bill was re-accepted for Honour of the Drawer, &c. underwriting it, *Accepted for Honour of the Drawer, per L. L.* Or, if the Respect was shewn to an Indorser; *Accepted, for Honour of the Indorser, W. W. by L. L.* In the same Manner are to be served such Bills as are Drawn upon a Person, who has not equivalent Effects of the Drawer's in his Hands, or that has not received due *Advice* of the Bill presented to him for Acceptance; which will entitle him to a legal Claim upon the Drawer, if he thinks he may venture, under those Circumstances, to honour his Bills.

When these Bills, accepted under Protest become due, it is the Custom of Merchants to have a second Protest for Non-Payment, made by the Possessor, with a Declaration, as before, that the Re-accepter, did pay the same with

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Charges, for Honour, as aforesaid; which Protests, the Recipient, for his own Security, will take Care to return, with the first Opportunity, to his Friend and Correspondent, in whose Favour he advanced the Money.

Protest for *better Security* may also be made, if the Acceptant be under an *ill Repute*; upon which, if he give *Security* for the Payment of the Bill in due Time, the *Security* becomes responsible, as well as the *Drawer*, should the *Acceptant* prove insolvent.

The Usance, or Usage of Merchants, with respect to Foreign Bills of Exchange, to and from London to Rotterdam, Antwerp, or any Part of the Low Countries, is *one* Kalendar Month, after the *Date* of the Bill; double Usance *two Months*, &c. Usance from Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Lubeck, Strasburgh to London, and *Contra*, is also *one Month*; though Bills from those, and other distant Places, are commonly drawn payable *after Sight*, because of the Uncertainty of their Arrival. Usance from London to Lisbon or Madrid, is *two Months*; to Leghorn, Venice, or any Part of the Levant, is *three Months*, and *Contra*.

In computing the Time, when a Foreign Bill, payable at Usance, becomes due, Respect is to be had to the Stile of the Country in which the same was drawn; they who make Use of the New Stile, being Eleven Days at present, in Account, before those who adhere to the Old.

The Old Stile is used no where but in the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland; the rest of Europe, that is Christian, make use of the New Stile, as appointed by Pope *Gregory XII.* who reformed the *Julian* Kalendar, which before that Time was generally used.

After Bills of Exchange become due, whether Inland or Foreign, payable at *Sight*, or *otherwise*, there are, by Custom of Merchants, certain *Days of Grace* allowed the Acceptor, over and above the Time prescribed by the Bill, which are more or less, according to the Usage of the Country wherein they are to be paid; as in Rotterdam they allow three Days; Rouen, five; Paris, ten; Hamburg, twelve; Antwerp and Madrid, fourteen; and London always three: And on the *third Day before Sun-set*, Payment must be demanded on the Part of the Presentor; and, if not complied with, the Bill mulf that very Day (being the

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the utmost Time allowed by the Law for that Purpose) be *Noted*, in order to be protested for Non-Payment.

If a Bill fall due on a Sunday, or other great Holiday, it is to be demanded, and paid or protested, the *Day before*. In any other Case, no Bill of Exchange ought to be paid by the Acceptor before it is *fully* due, unless the Remitter shall signify his Allowance of it in Writing. For, as the Remitter delivered his Money to the Drawer, in order to have it paid again to such a Person as he shall direct, it is, and ought to be, in his Power to guide, and even divert the Payment, by altering the Bill, and making it payable to any other Person, whom he shall think fit, during the whole Interval between the Acceptance and Day of Payment. And if the Acceptor shall voluntarily pay it before to any one, and that Person should fail, before it falls due, he will be liable to pay it to the Remitter's Order a second Time.

Inland Bills of Exchange.

£. 64 0 0

Worcester, April 15, 1770.

AT Sight, pay Mr. *William Nichols*, or Order, the Sum of Sixty-four Pounds, the Value received of Captain *John Anderson*, and place it to Accompt, as by Advice from To Mr. *Michael Hale*, at the Red Lion, Smithfield, London. *Edward Dealmech.*

£. 42 15 0

Norwich, June 1770.

SIR,

AT six Days Sight, pay Mr. *Jeremiah Snow*, or Order, forty-two Pounds fifteen Shillings, Value of himself, and place it, without farther Advice, to Accompt of, To Mr. *John Sherman*, Cheesefactor, Chester. *Samuel Pryer.*

£. 8 8 6

Salisbury, July 14, 1770.

SIR,

TWENTY Days after Date, pay *William Crafts*, eight Pounds eight Shillings and six Pence, Value received of the Right Honourable the Lady *Northall*, and place it, as by Advice from Yours,

To Alderman *Jof. Pitts*,

Exon.

Benjamin Busy.

£. 50

THE first of November next, pay Sir *William Methwold*,
or Order, fifty Pounds Sterling, Value in ourselves,
and place it, without more Advice, to Accompt of,

To Sir John Patterson,
Limestreet, London.

Jonath. and David Bruce.

Limestreet, London.

N. B. If Sir William sends his Servant Valentine Live-
ly, to receive this Bill, after he has indorsed it, which is
his Order, the servant may write over it;

Received, Nov. 4, 1770, the Contents.

William Methwold.

£. 50 0 0 Witness, Val. Lively.

Or only witnessing it will serve; and so of any other.

Men of great Business seldom trouble themselves with Receipts and Payments of Cash, but give an Order on their Banker, thus :

~~£.50 0 0~~

London, Nov. 4, 1770.

Mess. Norman and Fox,

PAY Sir William Methwold, or Bearer, fifty Pounds, on
Accompt of,

John Patterson.

On Foreign BILLS of Exchange.

Foreign Cities drawing Bills of Exchange upon London, always mention the Rate of Exchange, because they draw in their own Money; but when Bills are drawn by London on Foreign Cities, in their Money, the Rate of Exchange is not mentioned, that being a particular Agreement between the Remitter and the Drawer, which concerns not the Acceptant, nor the Receiver, so that they run absolutely for so many Pieces, or so much of their Current Money; except in Holland, in which Case the Sum is first prescribed in Sterling and than at what Rate of Exchange.

Foreign

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Foreign Bills of Exchange.

612 Crowns.

London, June 10, 1770.

AT Usance, pay this my first of Exchange, to Col. *John Ward*, or Order, six hundred and twelve Crowns, for the Value here received of the Right Honourable *Charles*, Earl of *Wrexham*, and place it to Accompt, as by Advice from

To Mr. *Moses Maybew*,
Merchant, in Calais,

Godfrey and Gower.

612 Crowns.

London, June 10, 1770.

AT Usance, pay this my second of Exchange, my first not paid, to Col. *John Ward*, or Order, six hundred and twelve Crowns, for the Value here received of the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Wrexham*, and place it to Accompt, as by Advice from

To Mr. *Moses Maybew*,
Merchant, in Calais.

Godfrey and Gower.

London, Aug. 9, 1770.

395 £. Sterl. at 34s. 8d. Flem. per £. Sterl.

AT Usance, pay this first of Exchange, to *Jacob Vanderladen*, or Order, three hundred and ninety five Pounds Sterl. at thirty four Shillings and eight Pence Flem. per Pound Sterl. Value of *James Moreton*, Esq; and place it as by Advice, from Yours,

To Mr. *Edward Towers*,
Merchant, Rotterdam.

Edward Eaton.

London, Aug. 9, 1770.

395 £. Sterl. at 34s. 8d. Flem. per £. Sterl.

AT Usance, pay this my second of Exchange, my first not paid, to *Jacob Vanderladen*, or Order, three hundred and ninety five Pounds Sterl. at thirty four Shillings and eight Pence Flem. per Pound Sterl. Value of *James Moreton*, Esq; and place it, as by Advice, from Yours,

To Mr. *Edward Towers*,
Merchant, in Rotterdam.

Edward Eaton.

159 Crowns, at 31½ d.

Paris, Sep. 1, 1770.

AT double Usance, pay this first of Exchange to Mr. *Richard Rich*, or Order the Sum of one hundred and fifty Crowns,

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Crowns, at thirty one Pence half Penny per Crown, Value of
Mr. *David Le Petre*, and pass it to Accompt, as by Advice.

To Mr. *Paul Puttoff*, London.

Frederick Farfetch.

150 Crowns, at $31\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Paris, Sep. 1, 1770.

AT double Usance, pay this my second of Exchange, my first not paid, to Mr. *Richard Rich*, or Order, the Sum of one hundred and fifty Crowns, at thirty one Pence half penny per Crown, Value of Mr. *David Le Petre*, and pass it to Accompt, as by Advice.

To Mr. *Paul Puttoff*, London.

Frederick Farfetch.

The Protest of the abovesaid Foreign Bill, for Non-Acceptance.

150 Crowns, at $31\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Paris Sep. 1, 1770.

AT double Usance, pay this first of Exchange to Mr. *Richard Rich*, or Order, the Sum of one hundred and fifty Crowns at thirty one Pence half Penny per Crown, Value of Mr. *David Le Petre*, and pass it to Accompt, as by Advice.

To Mr. *Paul Puttoff*, London.

Frederick Farfetch.

ON the second Day of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy, New Stile, at the Instance and Request of Mr. *Richard Rich* of London, Merchant, I *Jonas Useful*, Public-Notary, sworn and admitted by Royal Authority, did go to the Dwelling-house of Mr. *Paul Puttoff*, upon whom the above Bill of Exchange is drawn; and shewed the Original unto the said *Paul Puttoff*, demanding his Acceptance of the same, who answered me he would not accept the said Bill, for Reasons best known to himself, of which he should inform the Drawer, Mr. *Frederick Farfetch*: Wherefore, I the said Notary did protest, and by these Presents do solemnly protest, as well against *Frederick Farfetch*, as against the said *Paul Puttoff*, as also against all other Persons, Indorsers, and all others concerned, for all Changes, Re-changes, Damages and Interests, already suffered and sustained, for want of due Acceptance of the said Bill; Thus done and protested, at my Office in London aforesaid, in Presence of *A. B.* and *C. D.* Witnesses hereunto required.

Quod attestor rogatus.

Jonas Useful, Notary-Public.

The

The ACCOMPLISHED
LETTER-WRITER;
OR,
Universal CORRESPONDENT.

P A R T III.

LETTERS on COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

Instructions to young Orphan Ladies, as well as others, how to judge of Proposals of Marriage made to them without their Guardian or Friends Consent, by their Mileners, Manteau-makers, or other Go-betweens.

A Young Orphan Lady, of an independent Fortune, receivable at Age, or Day of Marriage, will hardly fail of several Attempts to engage her Affections. And the following general Rules and Instructions will be of Use to her on these Occasions:

In the first Place, she ought to mistrust all those who shall seek to set her against her Guardian, or those Relations to whom her Fortune or Person is intrusted: And next to be apprehensive of all such as privately want to be introduced to her, and who avoid treating with her Guardian first for his Consent. For she may be assured, that if a young Man has proposals to make, which he himself thinks would be accepted by a Person of Years and Experience, he will apply in a regular way to her Friends; but if he has not, he will hope to engage the young Lady's Affections by the Means of her Milener, her Manteau-maker, or her Servant; and so by Bribes and Promises endeavour to make his way

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to her Favour, in order to take advantage of her Youth and Inexperience: For this is the constant Method of Fortune-hunters, to which many a worthy young Lady, of good Sense and good Fortune, has owed her utter Ruin.

These following are generally the Methods taken by this Set of Designers:

These industrious Go-betweens, who hope to make a Market of a young Lady's Affections, generally by Letter, or Word of Mouth, if they have Opportunity, set forth to the young Lady,

" That there is a certain young Gentleman of great Merit, of an handsome Fortune, and fine Expectations, or prosperous Business, who is fallen deeply in Love with her.
" And very probably the young Lady, having no bad Opinion of herself, and loving to be admired, believes it very easily.

" That he has seen her at the Church, or the Opera, the Play, the Assembly, &c. and is impatient to make known his Passion to her.

" That he is unwilling to apply to her Guardian, till he knows how his Address will be received by herself.

" That, besides, it may very probably be the Case, that her Guardian may form Obstacles, which may not be reasonable on her Part to give into.

" That, if he has Daughters of his own, he would perhaps rather see them marry'd first.

" That he may not care to part with her Fortune, and the Reputation and Convenience the Management of it may give him.

" That he may design to marry her, when he thinks proper, to some Person agreeable to his own Interest or Inclinations, without consulting hers as he ought.

" That, therefore, it would be best, that her Guardian should know nothing of the Matter, till she saw whether she could approve the Gentleman, or not.

" That even then she might encourage his Address, or disown it, as she pleased.

" That for her the Proposer's Part, she had no Interest in the World, one way or other; and no View, but to serve the young Lady, and to oblige a young Gentleman so well qualify'd to make her happy." And such like

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like plausible Assurances; ending, perhaps, "with desiring to bring on an Interview, or, if that will not be admitted, that she will receive a Letter from him."

This kind of Introduction ought always to be suspected by a prudent young Lady. She ought with Warmth and Resentment to discourage the officious Proposer. She ought to acquaint her,

"That she is resolved never to give way to a Proposal of this Importance, without the Consent and Appobation of her Guardian or Friends.

"That her good Father or Mother, who had seen the World, and had many Years Experience of her Guardian's Honour and Qualifications for such a Trust, knew what they did, when they put her under his Care.

"That he had always shewn an honest and generous REGARD for her Welfare.

"That she took it very unkindly of the Proposer to offer to inspire her with Doubts of his Conduct, when she had none herself, nor Reason for any.

"That it was Time enough when he gave her Reason, to be apprehensive of his sinister Designs, or of his preferring his own Interest to hers. *

"That it was a very strange Attempt to make her mistrust a Friend, a Relation, a Gentleman, who was chosen for this Trust by her dear Parents, on many Years Experience of his Honour and Probity, and of whose Goodness to her, for so long Time past, she herself had many Proofs; and this in Favour of a Person who had a visible Interest to induce him to this Application; whose Person she hardly knew, if at all; whose Professions she could not judge of; who began by such mean, such groundless, such unworthy Insinuations: Who might, or might not, be the Person he pretended; and who wanted to induce her to prefer himself, on no Acquaintance at all, to a Gentleman she had so many Years known; and whose Honour, good Character, Reputation, and Conscience, were all engag'd to her as so many Pledges for his honourable Behaviour to her.

"That she the Proposer, and the young Gentleman too, must have a very indifferent Opinion of her Gratitude, her Prudence, her Discretion, to make such an Attempt upon her. "That

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“ That if he could approve himself to a Man of Years
“ and Experience, who was not to imposed upon by blind
“ Passion, in the Light he wanted to appear in to her,
“ why should he not apply to him first.

“ That surely it was a very ungenerous as well as sus-
“ picious Method of proceeding, that he could find no o-
“ ther way to give her an Opinion of himself, but endea-
“ vouring to depreciate the Character of a Gentleman,
“ who, by the Method, plainly appeared to his own Ap-
“ prehension to stand in the way of his Proceedings; and
“ that too before he had try'd him; and which shewed,
“ that he himself had no Hope of succeeding, but by Arts
“ of Delusion, Flattery, and a clandestine Address; and
“ had nothing but her own Inadvertence and Inexperience
“ to build upon.

“ That, therefore, it behoved her, had she no other rea-
“ son, to reject with Resentment and Disdain a Conduct
“ so affrontive to her Understanding, as well as selfish and
“ ungenerous in the Proposer.

“ That, therefore, she would not countenance any In-
“ terview with a Person capable of acting in such a man-
“ ner, nor receive any Letter from him.

“ And lastly, that she desires never to hear of this Mat-
“ ter again, from her the Proposer, if she would have her
“ retain for her that good Opinion which she had hither-
“ to had.”

This prudent Reasoning and Conduct will make the Intervener quit her Design upon the young Lady, if she is not wholly abandoned of all Sense of Shame, and corrupted by high Bribes and Promises; and in this Case, the young Lady will judge how unfit such a Person is either for her Confident or Acquaintance. Nor will the Lady loose an humble Servant worthy of being retain'd or encourag'd: For if he be the Person he pretends, he will directly apply to her Guardian, and have an high Opinion of her Prudence and Discretion; and if she hears no more of him, she may conclude, he could not make good his Pretensions to a Person of Discernment, and will have Occasion to rejoice in escaping his designing Arts with so little Trouble to herself.

If a Lady has actually a Letter delivered from such a
Pretender

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Pretender, and that by means of a Person who has any Share in her Confidence, and wants a Form of a Letter to send to the Recommender to discourage the Proceeding ; the following, which has been sent with good Effect on a like Occasion, may be proper :

LETTER I.

Mrs. Pratt,

I Inclose the Letter you put into my Hands, and hope it will be the last I shall ever receive from you, or any Body else, on the like Occasion. I am entirely satisfied in the Care and Kindness of my Guardian, and shall encourage no Proposal of this Sort, but what comes recommended to me by *his* Approbation. He knows the World. I do not; and that which is not fit for *him* to *know*, is not fit for *me* to *receive*; and I am sorry either you or the Writer looks upon me in so weak a Light, as to imagine I would wish to take myself out of the Hands of so *experienced* a *Friend*, to throw myself into those of a *Stranger*. Yet I would not, as this is the first Attempt of the Kind from you, and that it may rather be the Effect of Inconsideration than Design, shew it my Guardian; because he would not perhaps impute it to so favourable a Motive in you, as I am willing to do, being

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER II.

From a Gentleman to his Mistress, who, seeing no Hopes of Success, respectfully withdraws his Suit.

MADAM,

I Make no doubt but this will be the welcomest Letter that you ever received from me; for it comes to assure you, that it is the last Trouble you will ever have from me. Nor should I have so long withheld from you this Satisfaction, had not the Hope your Brother gave me, that in Time I might meet with a happier Fate, made me willing

ling to try every Way to obtain your Favour. But I see, all the Hopes given me by his kind Consideration for me, and those that my own Presumption have made me entertain, are all in vain : And I will therefore rid you of so troublesome an Importuner, having nothing to offer now but my ardent Wishes for your Happiness ; and these, Madam, I will pursue you with to my Life's latest Date.

May you, whenever you shall change your Condition, meet with a Heart as passionately and as sincerely devoted to you as mine ! and may you be happy for many, very many Years, in the Man you can honour with your Love ! For, give me Leave to say, Madam, that in *this* my End will be in Part answered, because it was most sincerely *your* Happiness I had in View, as well as *my own*, when I presumptuously hoped, by *contributing* to the *one*, to *secure* the *other*. I am, Madam, with the highest Veneration,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER III.

From a Daughter to a Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had proposed to her, with a Gentleman older than herself.

Honoured Sir,

THO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgences towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. 'Tho' the Consequences thereof should prove ever so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in Case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommend to my Choice may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be

not

not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady of more Experience and of a more advanced Age, would, in my humble Opinion, be a much fitter Help-Mate for him. To be ingenuous (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man almost in his Grand Climacteric, can never be an agreeable Companion for me; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over agreeable to him. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet, as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarred of every Diversion suitable to my Years, tho' never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recells, and there, like my *Lady Grace* in the Play, sit pensive and alone, under a green Tree. Your long experienced Goodness, and that tender Regard which you have always expressed for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown, and that my Compliance with so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of

His ever obedient Daughter.

LETTER IV.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

MADAM,

YOU must not be surprised at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one who cannot but have Reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company.

You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished : And if I refuse to believe my Eyes, when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly ; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while : Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage ; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancies himself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me ? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve ; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it : But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry (for it is best to be plain on these Occasions) for Heaven's Sake what is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them ? And what can be the Meaning that, I am told, you, last Night in particular, was an Hour with Mr. Marlow, and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company ? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of ; and I should be sorry to imagine, that, when I had given you my Heart so entirely, I shared yours with any-body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more ; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for Want of Respect to you. While I write this, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

Your most unhappy.

L E T.

LETTER V.

From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her of receiving the Addresses of another. In Answer to the above.

SIR,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But altho' I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any Thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen: However, I wonder that other Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice as yours by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute (for I do not think so lightly of Lovers' Quarrels as many do) I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself; and I shall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that State with any other, nor courted by any Man in the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon, and might not be so easily overlooked, tho' I should wish to do it. I shouold say, I will not see you To-day, but you have an Advocate that pleads much better for you than you do for yourself. I desire

you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come or not, as you please.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

From a Lover who had Cause of Displeasure, and determines never to see the Lady again.

MADAM,

THERE was a Time when, if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a Letter as I am now writing, I would as soon have believed that the Earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains arising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen: One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which is, that you should have given me the Cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer when I impose this Command upon my own Heart; but I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility of changing my Resolution.

It gives me some Pleasure that you will feel no Uneasiness for this, tho' I should also have been very averse, some Time ago, even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy of the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday, to your Behaviour to Mr. *Henry*. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own: But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Authority, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such a Man as

Your humble Servant, R. S.

L E T.

L E T T E R - VII.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear MADAM,

I have long struggled with the most honourable and respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man; I have often tried to reveal it personally, as often in this Way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated, as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Dissidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this a strong Token of ardent Love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations! since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not say my Designs and Motives are honourable: Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition that such an Assurance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion by one favourable Line, that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble Address will not be quite unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer,

and devoted Servant.

L E T-

LETTER VIII.

The Answer.

Sir,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory in our Sex, surely it cannot be Blame-worthy in yours. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and a high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and, if you are sincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER IX.

A Sailor to his Sweetheart.

My dear PEGGY,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every Hour; for you are never out of my Thoughts; and when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear Peggy. I wear my Half-Bit of Gold always at my Heart, tied to a blue Ribbon round my Neck; for True Blue, my dearest Love, is a Colour of Colours to me. Where, my dearest, do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it: For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear: For God will never bless you if you break the Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman

man besides my Peggy. O ! my dearest Love, you are the Joy of my Life ! my Thoughts are all of you ; you are with me in all I do ; and my Hopes and my Wishes are only to be yours. God send it may be so !

Our Captain talks of soon sailing for England ; and then, and then, my dearest Peggy !—O how I rejoice ! how my Heart beats with Delight, that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in England, and joining Hands with my Peggy, as we have our Hearts before, I hope. I am sure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship Elizabeth, Captain Winterton, which is returning to England, as I hope we shall soon, promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand ; and he will bring you too six Bottles of Citron-Water, as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Lady's Taste, it is so good ; and is what they say Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John says he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest Peggy for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love ; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my dearest, than so. But oh ! that I was in his Place !—One Kiss should not serve my Turn, tho' I hope it may his.—Yet if he takes two, I'll forgive him, one for me and one for himself. For I love John dearly, and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say more ?—or rather what shall I say next ? for I have an hundred Things crowding in upon me, when I write to my Dearest ; and alas ! one has so few Opportunities : But yet I must leave off ; for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends, and Duty to both our Mothers, conclude me

Your faithful Lover till Death.

L E T T E R X.

Her Answer.

Dear WILLIAM,

FOR so I may call you now, we are sure ; and so my Mother says ; this is to let you know that nothing shall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you when we parted : With heavy Hearts enough, that's true ; and

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and yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But do you think I wuld suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be sure I will. These Sailors run such sad Chances, said one; that you and I both know. They may return, and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his Friends their dear Billy so many a Time, and often. They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I; and I'll trust Billy Oliver all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro? and for me, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but yours.

God send us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against Sailors; they are the Glory and Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of Old England long ago but for them? I am sure the lazy, good-for-nothing Land-lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me; and of all Sailors, my dear Billy Oliver: Believe this Truth from

Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you, as I had an Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with hers. That's very kind and condescending, is it not?

LETTER XI.

From a young Officer in the Army to a Gentleman's Daughter, with whom he is in Love.

Dear SOPHIA,

WHEN our Regiment received Orders to march from Salisbury, I was almost in a State of Distraction. To be forced to leave her who is already in Possession of my Heart, and separated to such a Distance, had almost induced me to give up my Commission; nor have

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have I any Resource left but that of the Pen. · After a long and tedious March we arrived here, where we are to remain till next Summer. But alas! how insignificant are all the Allurements of the Place, and the Gaiety of fellow Officers, when compared with the pleasing Moments spent in your Company. How long, my dear, must I be unhappy! will not your sympathizing Nature pity my distracted Mind? How tormenting the Thought, that whilst I am writing this, some more fortunate Lover may be making his Addresses to my Charmer, and even obtaining a Place in her Heart: But what am I saying? Whither does my Delirium drive me? No, my Angel, I know the Generosity of your Nature; I dare not suspect your Sincerity, and will still believe you mine. The principal Gentlemen in Manchester invited the Officers of our Regiment to a Ball, and all but myself considered the Entertainment as a very great Honour, each danced with his Partner, as I was told. In order to avoid the Company without giving Offence, I mounted Guard for the Day, and enjoyed myself, either thinking of you, or conversing with the Soldiers.

According to my Promise, I have sent the inclosed to your Father, and I doubt not of his being surprized, unless you have mentioned it to him. I am impatient for his Answer as well as yours. My Uncle has promised to procure me Preferment as soon as the Parliament meets, Adieu, my Chānier, let me hear from you immediately.

I am yours for ever,

LETTER XII.

The Officer's Letter to the Lady's Father.

Honoured SIR,

YOUR Generosity to me whilst our Regiment lay at Salisbury, will ever lay me under the highest Obligations; but at present I have something of a more important Nature to communicate, upon which all my Happiness or Misery in this World depends, and your Answer will

will either secure the one, or hasten the other. The many amiable Accomplishments of your beloved Sophia stole insensibly on my Heart, and I found myself passionately in Love before I was able to make a Declaration of my Sentiments, nor did I do it until the Day we were ordered to march. I hope you will forgive my not mentioning it to you; I was really so much agitated as scarce to be able to attend my Duty. I doubt not but one of your Sensibility knows what it is to be in Love. Your Daughter, I freely acknowledge, is adorned with so many Virtues, that she is entitled to the best Husband in England; and although I dare not hope to merit that Appellation, yet I will make it my constant Study to promote her Happiness.

I have often told you that my Parents died whilst I was young, and left me to the Care of an Uncle lately returned from the East-Indies, where he had acquired a considerable Fortune. My Inclinations led me to the Army, and my Uncle procured me a Commission. Ever since he has treated me as his own Son, and, being a Bachelor, has made a Will in my Favour. He is now Member of Parliament for T——, and has given me Leave to chuse a Wife for myself, without any other Qualification besides Virtue. I have written to him concerning your Daughter, and his Answer is, that he shall consider me as extremely happy in being connected with so worthy a Family as yours. I hope you will not have any Objection against my being in the Army. It was originally my own Choice, and I doubt not of rising in Time to the Command of a Regiment. There is a Sort of reverential Fear upon my Mind whilst I am writing to so worthy a Person as the Father of my beloved Sophia. Dear Sir, excuse my Youth, and the Violence of my Passion. Let me beg your Answer, and O! let it contain your Approbation.

I am, honoured Sir,

Yours with the greatest Respect,

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

The young Lady's Letter to her Lover.

Dear BILLY,

NOT more welcome is the Appearance of an Inn to a weary Traveller, than your kind Letter was to me. But how is it possible that you should harbour the least Suspicion of my Infidelity? Does my Billy imagine that I would suffer the Addresses of any Fop or Coxcomb after I was bound in the most solemn Manner, I mean by Promise, and be assured I pay the same Regard to my Word as my Oath. If there is ever an Obstruction to our Love, it must arise from yourself. My Affections are too permanently fixed ever to be removed from the beloved Object; and my Happiness or Misery will be in Proportion to your Conduct. The inclosed from my Father will, I hope, be agreeable; I have not seen it, and therefore can only judge of its Contents by the Conversation last Night at Supper. When your Letter was delivered, my honoured Father was extremely ill of a Cold, so that I did not deliver it to him till next Morning at Breakfast. He retired to his Closet to read it, and at Dinner told me he would deliver me an Answer in the Evening. Accordingly after Supper, and the Servants being retired, the best of Parents spake as follows: ‘My dear Child, from the Principles of that Education which you have received, I doubt not but you must be convinced that it is my Duty to promote your Interest as far as I am able, and how far my Conduct as a Father has been consistent with that Rule, I appeal to yourself; your own Conscience will witness, whether I have not at all Times studied to promote your Interest, and it is with Pleasure that I now say, that your filial Duty was equal to my highest Wishes.— With respect to the Subject of the Letter you gave me this Morning, I can only say that I have no Objection to your complying with the young Gentleman’s Request, as I think it may be for your mutual Happiness. Indeed I had some Suspicions of it before he left this Place; but being well convinced of his merit, I was almost assured

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no Step of that Nature would be taken without my Consent. That Consent you now have, and even my Approbation. May you both be as happy as I wish, I desire no more." Here the good Man stopped ; Tears hindered him from proceeding, and me from making a Reply. A Scene of Tenderness ensued, which you may feel, altho' I cannot describe. His own Letter will convince you, and you may make what Use of it you please.

I cannot conclude without mentioning your Conduct at the Manchester Ball. Was there none among so many Beauties able to attract my Billy's Notice ; and will he at all Times prefer my Company to that of the gay and the beautiful ? I will hope so, and happy shall I be if not disappointed. In hopes of hearing from you soon, I shall subscribe myself

Yours for ever.

LETTER XIV.

The Father's Answer to the young Gentleman.

My dear young Friend,

EVER since I first had the Pleasure of your Conversation, I considered you as a young Gentleman of real Merit, who would not be guilty of an ungenerous Action ; and to that was owing not only the Respect I always treated you with, but also the common Indulgence to converse freely with my Daughter. I can freely excuse your not communicating your Sentiments to me before you left this Place. Your Ardour was somewhat precipitate, and as you well observe, I know what it is to be in Love.—The Account of your Uncle and Family I know to be true, for I met with that worthy Person who is your Benefactor a few Days ago at the Red-Lion in this City, and he confirms the Truth of all you have written. My dear Sir, if ever you live to be a Father, you will know what I feel on the present Occasion : A Willingness to give her to you, from a firm Persuasion of your Merit, and Anxiety for her Preservation, from a Conviction in my own Mind that

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that there is nothing permanent in this World. However, Sir, you have my free Consent to marry my Child, and may the Divine Providence be your Guide in the whole of your Progress through this Life. My ill State of Health serves as a Monitor to inform you, that my Time in this World will be but short; and there is nothing would give me greater Pleasure than to see my dear Sophia happily settled, before I retire to the Land of Forgetfulness, *where the Wicked cease from troubling, and where the Poor are at Rest.* How great, Sir, is the Charge which I commit to your Care!—the Image of a beloved Wife long since dead, and the Hope of my declining Years. Her Education has been consistent with her Rank in Life, and her Conduct truly virtuous. I have not the least Doubt of her conjugal Duty, nor your Felicity in acting conformably to the Character of a Husband. Upon that Supposition I leave her entirely to you; and as soon as you can obtain Leave from the Colonel, I shall expect to see you at this Place, to receive from my Hands all that is dear to me in the World. Your Uncle has likewise promised to be here, so that all Things are according to your professed Wishes.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely.

LETTER XV.

From a young Gentleman, in Expectation of an Estate from his penurious Uncle, to a young Lady of small Fortune, desiring her to elope with him to Scotland.

My dear MARIA,

MY Uncle laying his Injunctions upon me never to see you more, has only served to add Fuel to my Passion. I cannot live without you, and if you persist in refusing to comply, I am miserable for ever. I pay no Regard to his Threatenings, when put in Competition with the Love I have for you. Don't be afraid of Poverty; if he should continue inexorable, I have still Education sufficient to procure a genteel Employment in one of the public Offices, where I may rise to Preferment.—

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Therefore, if ever you loved me, let me beg that you will not make me any longer unhappy. Let me intreat you, by all that is dear, to comply with my Request, and meet me at six on Sunday Evening, at the Back-door of the Garden, where a Chaise and four will be ready. I will fly on the Wings of Love to meet my Charmer, and be happy in her Embraces for ever.

I am your dear Lover.

LETTER XVI.

The Lady's prudent Answer.

SIR,

THO' thoroughly conscious that in this Act I make a Breach of those Laws said to be laid down for Lovers, especially such of our Sex as would rather be celebrated for a romantic Turn of Mind, than for what is far more preferable, a prudent Decorum ; yet I cannot be persuaded but there may occur such a Crisis as may make it consistent with the strictest Rules of Honour and Justice, which at least ought to be put in the Balance, if not outweigh, whatever Custom may have prescribed. That such a Crisis now exists, your Letter and former concurring Testimonies make manifest. For I have too high an Opinion of your Integrity to doubt their Truth ; and believe me, when I assure you most solemnly, I place their Validity to that Account, and not to a mistaken Notion or Consciousness of my own Merit. No, Sir, 'tis from a too sensible Conviction of your own injurious Error in your Passion, I have been induced to commit this Violence to my Sex — I had almost made my Sentiments conjure you to desist, ere it be too late, in the Pursuit of a Passion that cannot but bring with it a Train of inevitable Miseries, since it must be attended with the Violation of your Duty to that Relation to whom you are bound to pay implicit Obedience, by the Laws of Nature, Gratitude, and Heaven. I will not offend your Delicacy in urging those of Interest and Dependance, though each Consideration ought to have its Prevalence, against making a Sacrifice of it to an impetuous Passion for one, whose single Desert is,

is, that she dreads your Indigence more than she regrets that of the unfortunate

M A R I A.

LETTER XVII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

I Am much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a Husband : But I must be so free to tell you he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance, but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Fingers Ends, that it was very cold ; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm : and, in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over ; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquility of a Man a Twelvemonth married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country ? I said, I hoped very well ; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam !— And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire ; and after two or thre Hems, and a long Pause,—

I have heard, says he, a most excellent Sermon just now : Dr. Thomas is a fine Man truly : Did you ever hear him, Madam ? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish Church. That's right, Madam, to be sure : What was your Subject To-day ? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly : Dr. Thomas would have made fine Work upon that Subject : His Text To-day was, Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir ; I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make

a bad one upon any Subject.—I rung for the Tea-Kettle, for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked ; and how many Boys they had put out Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word, I find) a very excellent one truly ; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no doubt, as you say : I am sure I have found it, blessed be God ! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband ! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave ; for I would not ask him to stay Supper : And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helen's. And then, (though I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes and No all the Time ; for he took the Vapours he had put me into for Devotion or Gravity ; at least, I believe so) he prest my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear, in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband !

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know, but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Richards an honest Man ; but am at the same Time afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

The

The ACCOMPLISHED
LETTER - WRITER;
OR,
UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENT.

P A R T IV.

LETTERS on FRIENDSHIP, &c.

LETTER I.

The following Letter on Friendship was written by a Gentleman lately deceased, and found amongst his Papers.

My dear Friend,

IT was a strange Notion of Paschal, that he would never admit any Man to a Share of his Friendship. Had that great Man been a Misanthrope, or an Enemy to his fellow Creatures, I should not have been much surprised; but as his Love to Mankind extended as far as either his Knowledge or Influence, it is necessary to consider his Reasons, for a Conduct apparently so strange. Paschal had such elevated Notions of the Deity on the one Hand, and so low an Opinion of human Nature on the other, that he thought, if he placed his Affections on any created Being, it would be a sort of Insult to the Creator, and a robbing him of that Worship which was due to him alone. But whatever were the Notions of that great Man, yet there is such a Thing as real Friendship, and there is also a Necessity for it. It is true, indeed, that God is our only Friend, and that on him our Affections ought principally to be fixed. But those who are acquainted with human Nature, well know that we are such a Composition of Flesh

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Flesh and Spirit, that however we may wish to keep up an Intercourse with the Deity, yet our Inclinations are such that we are more desirous of being conversant with those of our own species, to whom at all Times we can be able to confide ourselves.

Friendship is as old as the first Formation of Society, and there is scarce one ancient Writer now extant, who has not said something in Praise of it. Of this we have a fine Example in the Story of David and Jonathan, as recorded in the second Book of Samuel. In the same sacred Oracles we are told that Love is stronger than Death; and even the great Redeemer of the World had a beloved Disciple.—The pious and ingenious Dr. *Watts* has finely described Friendship in one of his Poems, which I doubt not but you have read.

- Friendship, thou Charmer of the Mind,
Thou sweet deluding Ill ;
The brightest Moments Mortals find,
And sharpest Pains we feel.

Fate has divided all our Shares
Of Pleasure and of Pain ;
In Love the Friendship and the Cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

The same ingenious Author, in another Place, says,
'Tis dang'rous to let loose our Love
Beneath th' eternal Fair.

But whatever the wise or learned may say, yet we know that Man is a social Being, and consequently has a Capacity, and even a Desire for Friendship. Friendship is in its own Nature so necessary, that I know not how a social Being can exist without it. Are we by any providential Occurrence raised from Poverty to Affluence, to whom can we communicate the delightful News but our Friend? On the other Hand, are we reduced from the highest Pinnacle of Grandeur to the most abject State of Poverty, to whom can we look for Consolation but God and our Friend? Indeed there is not one State or Condition in Life where Friendship is not necessary. What wretched Mortals would Men be were they not endowed with so noble a Principle!

Friendship

Friendship is of a very delicate Nature, and either the Happiness or Misery of both Parties may, in some Sense, be said to depend on it. Friendship is somewhat like Marriage, it is made for Life, or, as Cæsar said, The dye is cast. Mrs. Rowe, in one of her Letters to the Countess of Hertford, says, "When I contract a Friendship it is for Eternity." Her Notions were always elevated, and the chief Business of her Life seems to have been promoting the Interest of her fellow Creatures. Friendship obliges the Parties engaged to lay open their Minds to each other, there must not be any Concealment. There is not an endearing Attribute of the Deity, not an amiable Quality in Man, but what is included in the Word Friendship. Benevolence, Mercy, Pity, Compassion, &c. are only Parts of it.

From all this we may learn, that great Care ought to be had in the Choice of Friends; and should they unhappily betray the sacred Trust reposed in them, yet we ought not to pursue them with unrelenting Fury.

In the Course of my Experience I remember two Instances of the Breach of Friendship, which were attended with very different Effects. Two Gentlemen contracted a Friendship for each other, which lasted some Years; at last one of them unhappily revealed a Secret to his Wife, who told it to the Wife of the other, in Consequence of which an unhappy Division took Place in the Family of the latter. The injured Person upbraided his Friend with Infidelity, told him of the fatal Effects occasioned by this Imprudence; but (says he) although I cannot be your Friend any longer, yet I wil' never be your Enemy. My Heart will pity you, whilst my Hand shall be open to relieve your Necessities. Such a Declaration was consistent with the Prudence of a Man, and the Piety of a Christian; but that of the other was of a Nature totally opposite, and (in my Opinion) truly diabolical. A Difference of a similar Nature happened, attended with the like Circumstances; but the injured Person, instead of sympathizing with the Weakness of his Friend, pursued him with unrelenting Cruelty, nor ever ceased until he had accomplished his Ruin, and even triumphed over it. You may make what Comments you please, I can only assure you that both

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both are Facts.—How different, my Friend, has our Conduct to each other been! During these thirty Years no Breach has ever happened; and it seems as new this Day as at the Beginning. As this is probably the last Letter you will ever see in my Hand-Writing, accept of my sincere Thanks for the many Benefits I have received from your faithful Admonitions, and your benevolent Consolations; and when we meet in the Regions of Bliss, our Happiness will then remain uninterrupted.

I am yours sincerely,

LETTER II.

To Lucinda, on the Happiness of a domestic matrimonial Life.

July 5. 1777.

AFTER so many Years which we have passed, my Lucinda, almost without Separation, one would naturally imagine that the few Days Absence I have known should not be displeasing; and yet, believe me, I am already tired of the Town, and am preparing to leave it with the utmost Expedition, to return to domestic Joys.

When I reflect on my Disposition, I am greatly thankful to Providence that the same Dislike for public Pleasures has always prevailed in Lucinda as myself, and that we have been actuated by the same Inclinations during the Tenor of our Lives.

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the Town, yet I never fail of seeing Objects in it which remind me of my own Felicity, and increase the Love I bear you. Alas! my Dear, the fashionable Tenor of matrimonial Lives is so little suited to my Turn of Mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a very good Wife. I could by no Means have endured to see the Heart of the Woman I loved entirely devoted to Pleasure, nor have been content to share it with the King of Trumps.

It is, however, happy for Mankind, that the same Delicacy does not universally prevail, as there are now many

Couples

Couples who are thought to be happy, because the Wife has never transgressed the Bounds of Virtue, nor the Husband treated her with Language which he would be ashamed to use to a Stranger. Their Amusements are distinct from each other; they know nothing of that Heart-felt Joy which arises from being with those they love, secluded from every Eye, and breathing the Sweets of the balmy Evening. Their only Care is refining those Pleasures which Repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new Arts to pass the tedious Day, which, notwithstanding their Endeavours, affords some Hours in which that most impertinent of all Companions, called *Self*, never fails to intrude.

There are many in the World, I believe, to whom I might have made a good Husband; but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda who could have made me a happy one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy amiable Disposition and Virtues, since Indifference and Content are incompatible in the Marriage State. To Heaven, likewise, my sincerest Thanks are due, for preserving its best and most valuable Gift to bless my Life. For, as Milton elegantly expresses it,

With thee conversing, I forget all Time;
All Seasons and their Change, all please alike.
Sweet as the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
Glist'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft Showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven, her starry Train:
But neither Breath of Morn when she ascends,
With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glist'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; nor Walk by Moon
Or glittering Star-light,—without thee is sweet.

Having

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Having once begun those beautiful Lines of my Lucinda's favourite Poet, I found it impossible to break off sooner ; nay, I was pleased to be able to express so elegantly the Language of my Heart.

Aranthes, who is just come in, and has looked over my Shoulder, upon seeing so much Poetry, cried out, very fine, truly ! I shall take the first Opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I assure you. If you have any Thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make Use of me, for I am writing to her. How's this, says Aranthes, what, larding your Letters with Poetry, after more than twenty Years Marriage ? I concluded you were addressing some Fair One, and endeavouring to soften her inexorable Heart by the Muse's Assistance. But come with me to Lady ----'s. Not a Word, however, of Lucinda all Night ; to be seen with such an old-fashioned Creature as you, would spoil my Reputation entirely, if your Character should once be known.

You know Aranthes, my Lucinda, extremely well, and will perceive by this that he is still the same Man as ever. He desires me to apologise for his taking me from you, as he calls it, and at the same Time to send you his Compliments. My Blessing to the Children, whom I shall make happy by some little Presents at my Return ; to thee, my Love, I shall bring a Heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy Virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own Felicity. Believe me, &c.

LETTER III.

To Cleanthes, on Friendship, Age, and Death.

Nov. 15. 1777.

IT is no small Alleviation of that Anxiety which the Loss of a Friend produces, to reflect that the same Virtues which procured him our Esteem, will likewise entitle him to eternal Happiness. This Consolation I received upon closing the Eyes of Aristus, the last and most melancholy Office which Friendship can perform.

At

At length, my Cleanthes, that Friendship which we once divided is now confined to ourselves. We have seen those who advanced with us along the Vale of Life, sink into the Grave, and have lived to be the only Links of the Chain of Friendship which we helped to constitute at our Enterance on the World. We have together, in the Hours of Youth, looked back and despised the Toys of Infancy, in our Manhood we have smiled at the Pleasures of our Youth, and are now come to that Age in which we look back on all alike, and consider every Prospect that terminates on this Side the Grave, as beneath our Notice or Regard.

At this Season of Life, one of the most considerable Pleasures which remain to human Nature, is the Recollection of the Moments which are past. Now, whilst I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with Satisfaction the Time in which we were induced, by a Parity of Sentiments, to form the social Connection, and the steady Union in which we have passed from that Hour to the present. The Time approaches which must put a Period to our Friendship. None hope that Providence will extend their Lives to an unusual Length but those who fear to die; as for ourselves, we have reached that Age which few are born to attain, and which, in the Language of an admired Writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myself, that our Days have been so spent, that we have no Reason to tremble at the Thought of our last, nor imbitter the remaining Part of our Life with Apprehensions for the inevitable Hour to come.

We have lent the Tear of Pity to Distress, and alleviated the Misfortunes of our Fellow Creatures; we have neither indulged our Passions, nor neglected the Praise we owe the Author of our Mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble? We leave a World whose Pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing; we have passed through its Enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happiest of States: And yet the tender Tie of Parents holds us; we must leave those whom Nature obliges us to love: Yet let us remember that we leave them to the Care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilst their Minds were yet unformed,

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or we had conducted them from the Budding to the Bloom of Reason.

If at any Time a kind of Wish arises which would defer the Hour that Heaven has allotted for my last, 'tis when I am surrounded by my Family, and observe the Looks of Tenderness which they gratefully bestow on me; yet sometimes their being present has the opposite Effect, and I am apprehensive lest the Moment should not arrive till I mourn the Loss of a Child.

I know not that any Thing would give more considerable Amusement than our reviewing together our past Lives, and recollecting the Dangers we have past from the Storms of our Passions, when now Time has lulled them to rest. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various Opinions and Ideas we have had of the same Object, and mark the Progress of the human Mind through the different Stages of Life. Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the Blessing of Health in a more eminent Degree than his Friend, will hasten to see and give him the greatest Satisfaction he can possibly know.

I write this from the Grotto which Lucinda's Fancy decorated, and where we have passed so many happy Hours. Providence has taken Care to wean us from the Love of Life by Degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened Age of Manhood before we have more Friends in the Grave than surviving, and from that Moment, which is almost the first of serious Reflection, we begin to perceive the Vanity of human Happiness. It was the Will of Heaven that I should mourn the Loss of my Lucinda, and feel the Pang of Separation, yet not till we had grown old in Love, and sweetened the greatest Part of our Lives with connubial Happiness. Since the retrospect Part of our Lives presents us with nothing which should terrify our Imagination, let us pass the remaining Days which Heaven shall allot us in calm Serenity, and Resignation to the divine Will.

Whenever the destined Hour shall come, my Cleanthes, may we sink contented from the World, and in the perfect Assurance of eternal Happiness.

I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R IV.

A Letter from Bishop Atterbury to his Son Obadiah, at Christchurch College, in Oxford.

(Containing some useful Hints in regard to writing Letters.)

Dear OBBY,

I Thank you for your Letter, because there are manifest Signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and of consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both Respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling Nature, pass through your Pen negligently : get but the Way of writing correctly and justly, Time and Use will teach you to write readily afterwards ; not but that too much Care may give a Stiffness to your Stile, which ought in all Letters, by all Means, to be avoided. The Turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an Image of private and familiar Conversation. I mention this with Respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an Air of Poetry, and do therefore naturally resolve themselves into Blank Verse. I send you your Letter again, that yourself may now make the same Observation. But you took the Hint of that Thought from a Poem, and it is no Wonder, therefore, that you heightened the Phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be ; and particularly there is an Air of Duty and Sincerity, which, if it come from your Heart, is the most acceptable Present you can make me. With these good Qualities an incorrect Letter would please me, and without them the finest Thoughts and Language will make no lasting Impression on me. The great Being says—*My Son, give me thy Heart*; implying, that without it all other Gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any Thing, either in a Letter or common Conversation, that you do not think ; but always to let your Mind and your Words go together on the most trivial Occasions. Shelter not the least Degree of Insincerity under the Notion of a Compliment, which, as far as

it deserves to be practised by a Man of Probity, is only the most civil and obliging Way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away Truth for Breeding: I need not tell you how little his Character gets by such an Exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any Part of your Letter you intended to write what was proper, without any Regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in Earnest from the Beginning to the End of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am

Your loving Father, &c.

LETTER V.

From a Country Gentleman in Town, to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution in London.

Dear Brother,

I Have this Day been satisfying a Curiosity, I believe natural to most People, by seeing an Execution at Tyburn: The Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person, at a Spectacle so awful and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same Species with the unhappy Sufferers.

That I might the better view the Prisoners, and escape the Pressure of the Mob, which is prodigious, nay, almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month; I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were five in Number. I was much disappointed at the unconcern and Carelessness that appeared in the Faces of three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other two were spread with that Horror and Despair which is not to be wondered at in Men whose Period of Life is so near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being hastened by their own voluntary Indiscretion and Misdeeds. The Exhortation spoken by the Bellman, from the Wall of St. Sepulchre's

Sepulchre's Church-yard, is well intended ; but the Noise of the Officers and Mob was so great, and the silly Curiosity of People climbing into the Cart to take Leave of the Criminals, made such a confused Noise, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when spoken ; tho' they are as follow :

" All good People pray heartily to God for these poor Sinners, who now are going to their Deaths ; for whom this great Bell doth toll.

" You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable Tears. Ask Mercy of the Lord for the Salvation of your own Souls, through the Merits, Death, and Passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-Hand of God, to make Intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

" Lord have Mercy upon you ! Christ have Mercy upon you ! " — Which last Words the Bellman repeats three Times.

All the Way up Holbourn the Crowd was so great, as, at every twenty or thirty Yards, to obstruct the Passage ; and Wine, notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice, was brought the Malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I thought did not suit well with their deplorable Circumstances. After this, the three thoughtless young Men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew most shamefully daring and wanton, behaving themselves in a manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumstances whatever : They swore, laughed, and talked obscenely ; and wished their wicked Companions good Luck, with as much Assurance as if their Employment had been the most lawful.

At the Place of Execution the Scene grew still more shocking ; and the Clergyman who attended was more the Subject of Ridicule than of their serious Attention. The Psalm was sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandoned and profligate of Mankind : Upon whom (so stupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparation of the unhappy Wretches seems to serve only for the Subject of a barbarous kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as soon as the poor Creatures were half dead, I was much

surprised, before such a Number of Peace-Officers, to see the Populace fall to haling and pulling the Carcasses with so much Earnestness, as to occasion several warm Rencontres, and broken Heads. These, I was told, were the Friends of the Persons executed, or such as, for the Sake of Tumult, chose to appear so, and some Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Dissection. The Contests between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at ; so that I made the best of my Way out of the Croud, and, with some Difficulty, rose back among a great Number of People, who had been upon the same Errand with myself. The Face of every one spoke a kind of Mirth, as if the Spectacle they had beheld had afforded Pleasure instead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other Nations common criminal Executions are said to be little attended by any beside the necessary Officers, and the mournful Friends : but here, all was Hurry and Confusion, Racket and Noise, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and singing Psalms : I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own from the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures, to which Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, ascribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast ; but in this, the Behaviour of my Countrymen is past my accounting for ; every Street and Lane I passed through bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Death of five Members of the Community.

One of their Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the Way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of, and when none would buy it, they rubbed Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly covered with Earth.

This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to see. I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

On the Utility of studying the Sciences.

My dear Friend,

THAT Wonder is the Effect of Ignorance, has often been observed. The awful Stilness of Attention, with which the Mind is overspread at the first View of an unexpected Effect or an uncommon Performance, ceases when we have Leisure to disentangle Complication, and investigate Causes. Wonder is a Pause of Reason, a sudden cessation of the mental Progress, which lasts only while the Understanding is fixed upon some single Idea; and is at an End when it recovers Force enough to divide the Object into its Parts, or mark the intermediate Gradations from the first Motive to the last Consequence.

It may be remarked, with equal Truth, that Ignorance is often the Effect of Wonder. It is common for those who have never accustomed themselves to the Labour of Enquiry, nor invigorated their Confidence by any Conquests of Difficulty, to sleep in the gloomy Quiescence of Astonishment, without any Effort to animate Languor or dispel Obscurity. What they cannot immediately conceive, they consider as too high to be reached, or too extensive to be comprehended; they therefore content themselves with the Gaze of Ignorance, and forbearing to attempt what they have no Hopes of performing, resign the Pleasure of rational Contemplation, to find more pertinacious Study, or more active Faculties.

The Production of mechanic Arts, many are of a Form so different from that of their first Materials, and many consist of Parts so numerous and so nicely adapted to each other, that it is not possible to consider them without Amazement. But when we enter the Shops of Artificers, observe the various Tools by which every Operation is facilitated, and trace the Progress of a Manufacture through the different Hands that, in Succession to each other, contribute to its Perfection, we soon discover that every single Man has an easy Task, and that the Extremes, however remote of natural Rudeness and artificial Elegance, are joined

joined by a regular Concatenation of Effects, of which every one is introduced by that which precedes it, and equally introduces that which is to follow.

The same is the State of intellectual and manual Performances. A long Calculation or a complex Diagram affrights the timorous and unexperienced from a second View; but, if we have Skill sufficient to analyse them into simple Principles, it will generally be discovered that our Fear was groundless. Divide and conquer, is a Principle equally just in Science as in Policy. Complication is a Species of Confederacy, which, while it continues united, bids Defiance to the most active and vigorous Intellect; but of which every Member is separately weak, and which may therefore be quickly subdued, if it can once be broken.

The chief Art of Learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but a little at a Time. The farthest Excursions of the Mind are made by short Flights frequently repeated, the most lofty Fabrics of Science are founded by the continued Accumulation of single Propositions

It often happens, whatever be the Cause, that this Impatience of Labour, or Dread of Miscarriage, seizes those who are most distinguished for Quickness of Apprehension; and that they who might with greatest Reason promise themselves Victory are least willing to hazard the Encounter. This Diffidence, where the Attention is not laid asleep by Laziness, or dissipated by Pleasure, can rise only from confused and general Views, such as Negligence snatches in Haste, or from the Disappointment of the first Hopes formed by Arrogance without Reflection. To expect that the Intricacies of Science will be pierced by a careleſs Glance, or the Eminence of Fame ascended without Labour, is to expect a peculiar Privilege, a Power denied to the rest of Mankind; but to suppose that the Maze is inscrutable to Diligence, or the Heights inaccessible to Perseverance, is to submit tamely to the tyranny of Fancy,* and enchain the Mind in voluntary Shackles.

It is the proper Ambition of the Heroes in Literature, to enlarge the Boundaries of Knowledge by discovering and conquering new Regions of the intellectual World. To the Success of such Undertakings, perhaps, some Degree

gree of fortuitious Happiness is necessary, which no Man can promise or procure to himself; and, therefore, Doubt and Irresolution may be forgiven in him that ventures into the untrodden Abysses of Truth, and attempts to find his Way through the Fluctuations of Uncertainty, and the Conflicts of Contradiction. But when nothing more is required than to pursue a Path already beaten, and to trample on Obstacles which others have demolished, why should any Man so much suspect his own Intellects as to imagine himself unequal to the Attempt.

It were to be wished that they who devote their Lives to Study, would at once believe nothing too great for their Attainment, and consider nothing as too little for their Regard; that they would extend their Notice alike to Science and to Life, and unite some Knowledge of the present World to their Acquaintance with past Ages and remote Events.

Nothing has so much exposed Men of Learning to Contempt and Ridicule, as their Ignorance of Things which are known to all but themselves, and their Inability to conduct common Negotiations, or extricate their Affairs from trivial Perplexities. Those who have been taught to consider the Institutions of the Schools as giving the last Polish to human Abilities, are surprised to see Men wrinkled with Study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute Circumstances of Propriety; and quickly shake off their Reverence for Modes of Education, which they find to produce no Ability above the rest of Mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the Use of Books. The Student must learn, by Commerce with Mankind, to reduce his Speculations to Practice, and accommodate his Knowledge to the Purposes of Life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic Professions, and passed much of their Time in Academies where nothing but Learning confers Honours, to disregard every Qualification, and to imagine that they shall find Mankind ready to pay Homage to their Knowledge, and to croud about them for Instruction. They, therefore, step out from their Cells into the open World, with all the Confidence of Authority and Dignity of Importance; they look round about them at once with Arrogance

rogance and Scorn on a Race of Beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose Manners they must imitate, and with whose Opinions they must comply, if they mean to pass their Time happily among them.

To lessen that Disdain with which Scholars are inclined to look on the common Business of the World, and the Unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any System of Philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that, though Admiration is excited by abstruse Researches and remote Discoveries, we cannot hope to give Pleasure, or to conciliate Affection, but by softer Accomplishments, and by Qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon Questions, about which only a small Part of Mankind has Knowledge sufficient to be curious, must pass his Days in unsocial Silence, and live in the Crowd of Life without a Companion. He that can only be useful on great Occasions, may die without exerting his Abilities, and stand a helpless Spectator of a thousand Vexations which fret away the Happiness of being, and which nothing is required to remove but a little Dexterity of Conduct and Readiness of Expedients.

No Degree of Knowledge, attainable by Man, is able to set him above the Want of hourly Assistance, or to extinguish the Desire of fond Endearments and tender Officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those Arts by which Friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant Reciprocation of Benefits, or Interchange of Pleasures; but such Benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such Pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this Descent from the Pinnacles of Art, no Honour will be lost; for the Condescensions of Learning are always overpaid by Gratitude. An elevated Genius, employed in little Things, appears, to use the Simile of Longinus, like the Sun in his Evening Declination, he remits his Splendor, but retains his Magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

I am, Sir, yours affectionately.

L E T.

L E T T E R VII.

To Demetrius, with a *Present of Fruit, on early Rising.*

June 28, 1777.

YOU would have received a much larger Quantity of Fruit, but, to say the Truth, my Band of Musicians have made bold with more of it this Summer than usual; however, when I consider that 'tis the only Wages I pay them, I am no otherwise displeased with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my Friends in Town as I could wish.

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of Birds, and she says, it would be cruel to deprive them of their Liberty, when we can be entertained with their Songs without it; to encourage then their Residence amongst us, they are not denied a great Share of the Productions of my Garden.

We were this Morning at Six o'Clock in our Garden, an Hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithstanding, affords the noblest Scene which a human Creature can be present at.

The Sun, my Demetrius, was just risen above the Horizon, and all the Eastern sky was tinged with Blushes; the Zephyrs, as they passed, were fraught with Fragrance from the opening Flowers, and the feathered Songsters were waked to their respective Parts, in the Morning Hymn to the Author of Nature.

Whilst my Lucinda and I were walking, like a fond old-fashioned Couple, Arm in Arm, I could not but recollect that Part of the Paradise Lost where Milton has described our first Parents as rising to their Labours, and addressing their grateful Orisons to the bounteous Father of every Blessing.

There is indeed something which, at this Time, inspires us with Gratitude to our Maker, and produces Sentiments in almost every Bosom, like those which are given to Adam :

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,

Thus

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Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who first above these Heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest Works, yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

There is likewise something which must create a grateful Sense of our Obligation to Heaven, when we wake again to Life, with the Blessing of Health, and recollect that many have passed the Night in all the Anguish of Pain and Disease. As for myself, I should retire to Sleep with no little Anxiety, if I were not assured that we are protected in those Hours by our Maker, when we are not conscious of our own Existence. There cannot surely be a more comfortable Reflection, than being convinced that a Power who directs and commands all Nature is our Guard, without whose Knowledge no Action is committed, nor even the most secret Thought can arise.

With this Confidence of Security, the good Man commits himself to the Arms of Sleep, where all besides must fear it, and feels Serenity, where every other Breast must be discomposed.

The unusual Serenity of the Morning, which inspired every Warbler with Chearfulness, detained us in the Garden till our little Boy came running to inform us that the Breakfast waited.

' Is it not extiemely absurd, said Lucinda, as we returned, for Mankind to complain of the short Duration of their Lives, when they even refuse to live a Number of Hours which Providence has bestowed on them.—
' How many can we recollect amongst our Acquaintance who have been lost to every Joy this Morning has afforded us, and who may, notwithstanding, before Night, assert, that the Age which Men in general attain to, serves only to conduct them to a superficial Knowledge of the Sciences ; or, that Old-age approaches almost as soon as we begin to live! '

Such, indeed, is frequently the Language of human Creatures, who lose the most valuable Parts of every Day. Such too have I heard from your Mouth, but then, indeed, you rise—by Eleven.

Lucinda and myself, who are great Advocates for early Hours,

Hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes ; and should therefore rejoice to see you amongst us ; there will then be some Probability of your seeing the Sun rise, which I sincerely believe you have not done for many Years, and which is one of the most pleasing Scenes upon the Theatre of Nature.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

*From a Clergyman in the Country to a Lady in London, on
the Death of a valuable Friend.*

MADAM,

DEATH, that King of Terror, having pierced with his fatal Shaft the Heart of the generous Pollio, I went to pay my last Duties to my deceased Friend ; but who can describe that Torrent of Sorrow which overwhelmed my Breast on my Arrival at the House of Mourning ? He had just compleated an ample and commodious Seat, but was not permitted to spend one joyful Hour under its Roof. His Gardens were planted with the choicest Fruits, and decorated in the most graceful Manner ; but their Master is gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Since Death is the Portion of every Individual, we should engrave the Thought, in the most legible Characters, on the Tablets of our Memories. We see our Neighbours fall, we turn pale at the Shock, and feel a trembling Dread. No sooner are they removed from our Sight, but, driven in the Whirl of Busness or lulled in the Languors of Pleasure, we forget Providence, and neglect its Errand. The Impression made on our unstable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow through the penetrated Air, or the Path of the Keel in furrowed Waves. Did we reflect seriously on the numberless Disasters, such as no human Prudence can foresee, nor the greatest Care prevent, that lie in Wait to accomplish our Doom, we would be obliged to look upon ourselves as Tenants at Will, and liable to be dispossessed of our earthly Tabernacle

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nacle at a Moment's Warning. The last Enemy has not only unnumbered Avenues for his Approach, but even holds his Fortress in the Seat of our Life. The crimson Fluid which distributes Health is impregnated with the Seeds of Death. Some unforeseen Impediment may obstruct its Passage, or some unknown Violence may divert its Course; in either of which Cases it acts the Part of a poisonous Draught or a deadly Wound. The Partition which separates Time from Eternity is nothing more than the Breath of our Nostrils, and the Transition may be made in the least Particle of Time.

If we examine the Records of Mortality, we shall find the Memorials of a mixed Multitude resting together, without any Regard to Rank or Seniority. None are ambitious of the uppermost Rooms, or chief Seats in the Mansions of the Dead. None entertain fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted in their darksome Cells. The Man of Years and Experience, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, is content to lie down at the Feet of the Babe. In this common Receptacle, the Master is equally accommodated with his Servant. The poor Indigent lies as softly as the most opulent Possessor. All the Distinction that subsists is a grassy Hillock bound with Osiers, or a sepulchral Stone ornamented with Imagery.

Why then should we raise such a mighty Stir about Superiority and Precedence, when the next Remove will reduce us all to a State of equal Meanness? Why should we exalt ourselves and debase others, since we must all one Day lie upon a common Level? We must all be blended together in the same common Dust. Here Persons of contrary Interests and different Sentiments, sleep together. Death having laid his Hands on the contending Parties, and brought all their Differences to an amicable Conclusion.

Eternity! how are our boldest, our strongest Thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can set Land-marks to limit thy Dimensions, or find Plummets to fathom thy Depths? What Numbers can state, what Lines can gauge the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? Mysterious mighty Existence! When Ages numerous as the Bloom of Spring, increased by the Herbage of the Summer, both augmented by

by the Leaves of Autumn, and all multiplied by the Drops of Rain which drown the Winter—ten thousand more than can be represented by any Similitude, or imagined by any Conception, are all revolved in Eternity,—vast, boundless Eternity! After all those numerous Ages are expired, Eternity is only beginning to begin.

I am, Madam,

Your sincere, though afflicted Friend.

LETTER IX.

A young Woman in Town to her Sister in the Country, recounting her narrow Escape from a Snare laid for her on her first Arrival, by a wicked Procurer.

Dear Sister,

WE have often, by our good Mother, been warned against the Dangers that would too probably attend us on coming to London; though, I must own, her Admonitions had not always the Weight I am now convinced they deserved.

I have had a Deliverance from such a Snare, as I never could have believed would have been laid for a Person free from all Thought of Ill, or been so near succeeding upon one so strongly on her Guard as I imagined myself: And thus, my dear Sister, the Matter happened:

Returning, on Tuesday, from seeing my Cousin Atkins, in Cheapside, I was overtaken by an elderly Gentlewoman of a sober and creditable Appearance, who walked by my Side some little Time before she spoke to me; and then guessing (by my asking the Name of the Street) that I was a Stranger to the Town, she very courteously began a Discourse with me; and after some other Talk, and Questions about my Country, and the like, desired to know if I did not come to Town with a Design of going into some genteel Place? I told her, if I could meet with a Place to my Mind, to wait upon a single Lady, I should be very willing to embrace it. She said, I looked like a

creditable, sober, and modest Body; and at that very Time she knew one of the best Gentlewomen that ever lived, who was in great Want of a Maid to attend upon her own Person; and that if she liked me, and I her, it would be a lucky Incident for us both.

I expressed myself so thankfully, and she was so very much in my Interest, as to intreat me to go instantly to the Lady, lest she should be provided, and acquaint her I was recommended by Mrs. Jones; not doubting, as she said, but, on Inquiry, my Character would answer my Appearance.

As that, you know, was partly my View in coming to Town, I thought this a happy Incident, and determined not to lose the Opportunity; and so, according to the Direction she gave me, I went to inquire for Mrs. C——— in J——n's Court, Fleet-Street. The Neighbourhood looked genteel, and I soon found the House. I asked for Mrs. C———; she came to me dressed in a splendid Manner; I told her what I came about; she immediately desired me to walk into the Parlour, which was elegantly furnished; and after asking me several Questions, with my Answers to which she seemed very well pleased, a Servant soon brought in a Bowl of warm Liquor, which she called Negus, consisting of Wine, Water, Orange, &c. which, she said, was for a Friend or two she expected presently; but as I was warm with walking, she would have me drink some of it, telling me it was a pleasant innocent Liquor, and she always used her Waiting-maids as she did herself. I thought this was very kind and condescending, and being warm and thirsty, and she encouraging me, I took a pretty free Draught of it, and thought it very pleasant, as it really was. She made me sit down by her, saying Pride was not her Talent, and that she should always indulge me in like Manner, if I behaved well, when she had not Company; and then slightly asked what I could do; and the Wages I required? With my Answers she seemed well satisfied, and granted the Wages I asked, without any Offer of Abatement.

And then I rose up in order to take my Leave, telling her I would, any Day she pleased of the ensuing Week, bring my Cloaths, and wait upon her.

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She said, that her own Maid being gone away, she was in the utmost Want of another, and would take it kindly if I would stay with her till next Day, because she was to have some Ladies to pass the Evening with her. I said, this would be pretty inconvenient to me; but as she was so situated, I would oblige her, after I had been with my Aunt, and acquainted her with it. To this she replied, there was no manner of Occasion for that, because she could send the Cook for what I wanted, who could, at the same Time, tell my Aunt how Matters stood.

I thought this looked a little odd; but she did it with so much Civility, and seemed so pleased with her new Maid, that I scarcely knew how to withstand her: But the Apprehension I had of my Aunt's Anger for not asking her Advice, in what so nearly concerned me, made me insist upon going, though I could perceive Displeasure in her Countenance when she saw me resolved.

She then plied me very close with the Liquor, which she again said was innocent and weak; but I believe it was far otherwise; for my Head began to turn round, and my Stomach felt a little disordered. I intreated the Favour of her to permit me to go, on a firm Promise of returning immediately; but then my new Mistress began to raise her Voice a little, assuring me I should on no Account stir out of her House. She left the Room in a sort of Pet; but said she would send the Cook to take my Directions to my Aunt; and I heard her take the Key out of the outward Door.

This alarmed me very much; and in the Instant of my Surprise, a young Gentlewoman entered the Parlour, dressed in white Sattin, and every Way genteel: She sat down in a Chair next me, looked earnestly at me a while, and seemed going to speak several Times, but did not. At length she rose from her Chair, bolted the Parlour Door, and, breaking into a Flood of Tears, expressed herself as follows:

" Dear young Woman, I cannot tell you the Pain I feel on your Account; and from an Inclination to serve you, I run an Hazard of involving myself in greater Misery than I have yet experienced, if that can be. But my Heart is yet too honest to draw others, as I am

desired to do, into a Snare which I have fallen into myself. You are now in as notorious a Brothel as is in London; and if you escape not in a few Hours, you are inevitably undone. I was once as innocent as you now seem to be. No Apprehension you can be under for your Virtue, but I felt as much. My Reputation was as unspotted, and my Heart as unversed in ill, when I first entered these guilty Doors, whither I was sent on an Errand, much like what I understand has brought you hither. I was by Force detained the whole Night, as you are designed to be; was robbed of my Virtue; and knowing I should hardly be forgiven by my Friends for staying out without their Knowledge, and in the Morning being at a Loss, all in Confusion as I was, what to do, before I could resolve on any Thing, I was obliged to repeat my Guilt, and had hardly Time afforded me to reflect on its fatal Consequences. My Liberty I intreated to no Purpose, and my Grief served for the cruel Sport of all around me. In short, I have been now so long confined, that I am ashamed to appear among my Friends and Acquaintance. In this dreadful Situation, I have been perplexed with the hateful Importunities of different Men every Day; and tho' I long resisted to my utmost, yet downright Force never failed to overcome. Thus, in a shameful Round of Guilt and Horror, have I lingered out ten Months, subject to more Miseries than Tongue can exprefs. The same sad Lot is intended you, nor will it be easy to shun it: However, as I cannot well be more miserable than I am, I will assist you what I can; and not, as the wretched Procureress hopes, contribute to make you as unhappy as myself."

You may guess at the Terror that seized my Heart on this sad Story, and my own Danger: I trembled in every Joint, nor was I able to speak for some Time; at last, in the best Manner I could, I thanked my unhappy new Friend, and begged she would kindly give me the Assistance she offered: Which she did; for the first Gentleman that came to the Door, she leapt up herself for the Key to let him in, which the wretched Procureress gave her; and I took that Opportunity, as she directed, to run out of the House, and that in so much Hurry and Confusion, as to leave my Hood, Fan, and Gloves, behind me.

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I told my Aunt every Circumstance of my Danger and Escape, and received a severe Reprimand for my following so inconsiderately, in so wicked a Town as this, the Direction of an entire Stranger.

I am sure, Sister, you rejoice with me for my Deliverance. And this Accident may serve to teach us to be upon our Guard for the future, as well against the viler Part of our own Sex, as that of the other. I am, dear Sister,

Yours affectionately.

LETTER X.

From a Gentleman lately returned from his Travels, to his Friend, concerning Loyalty.

Dear SIR,

IT is very natural for the most curious Travellers, after having spent some Time abroad, to return with Joy to their own Country, but much more pleasant to me who did not go out of it by my own Choice, but impelled by Necessity.

When I returned I hoped to find a general Tranquillity among all Ranks of People, and the Animosities which subsisted when I went abroad buried in perpetual Oblivion. But I was strangely amazed to find the same Spirit of Murmuring as before. In one Place the Ministry are said to be seeking the Loaves and Fishes, and the Patriots are endeavouring to dispossess them, with no other View than to obtain their Places. In another Place we are told that the Ministers are a Set of abandoned Debauchees, and when the Courtiers return the Compliment to the Patriots, the Answer is, that a Man may be an abandoned Villain, a Scandal to human Nature, and yet a Lover of his Country. If you ask these several Sorts of Gentlemen what it is they wish for, you will find they have several Ends in View. Some of them are Men that have, by their Extravagance, spent their Fortunes, lost their Credit, and therefore are in a violent Haste for a War, in hopes

hopes by Plunder to replenish their Pockets, like Vultures who keep hovering over a dead Carcase. They speak aloud just as they would have it, that all Things are running to Confusion. Others, like Crows, love the Fruits of the Earth, but hate the Smell of Gunpowder; and these affirm as positively, though not so loudly, that we shall be inevitably ruined unless there is a Change of the Ministry. A third Sort of this disaffected Party, are a Set of Men, like Moles, that are always digging under Ground, and no Kind of Soil can escape their Talons.

Besides these there is another Party, whose Designs are extremely foreign to any of the rest, and yet they are equally pernicious. There are several select Companies of Drunkards, who, instead of minding their own Business, assemble at different Alehouses to settle the State of the Nation over a Tankard of Porter, or a Bowl of Punch. These may properly be called,

“A pamper'd People, and debauch'd with Ease,
“No King can govern, and no God can please.”

The above Gentry are a real Nuisance to human Society, as they raise groundless Fears in the Minds of peaceable People, who think it high Time to feel their Grievances, when they really happen.

No Man can be more a Friend, and even an Advocate for the Liberties of his Country than myself, and a patriotic King will at all Times attend to the Voice of his People, and, as a common Father, love to be put in Mind of his Duty. But when I find no Fault committed by Administration except such as is inseparably connected with human Nature, I consider the Abettors as real Incendiaries, who want to create Dissentions amongst a brave united People, and make their beloved Sovereign conceive an Antipathy against his loyal Subjects.

For my own Part, when I consider the present distracted State of Affairs, and compare it with my Duty as an Individual, I am ready to cry out with the Psalmist, “May Peace be within her Walls, and Plenteousness within her Palaces,” may they prosper who wish her well and seek her Peace continually, and in this Wish I doubt not but you will join heartily with your Friend.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman to his Friend on Happiness.

Dear SIR,

IT seems to be the Fate of Man to seek all his Consolations in Futurity. The Time present is very seldom able to fill Desire or Imagination with immediate Enjoyment, and we are therefore forced to supply the Deficiencies by Recollection or Anticipation.

Every one so often experiences the Fallaciousness of Hope, and the Inconveniences of teaching himself to expect what a thousand Accidents may preclude, that, when Time has abated the Confidence with which Youth rushes out to take Possession of the World, we naturally endeavour, or wish at least, to find Entertainment in the Review of Life, and to repose upon real Facts and certain Experience.

But so full is the World of Calamity, that every Source of Pleasure is polluted, and Tranquillity disturbed. When Time has supplied us with Events sufficient to employ our Thoughts, it has mingled them with so many Disasters and Afflictions, that we shrink from the Remembrance of them, dread their Intrusion on our Minds, and fly from them to Company and Diversion.

No Man that has past the middle Point of Life, can sit down to feast upon the Pleasures of Youth, without finding the Banquet embittered by the Cup of Sorrow. Many Days of harmless Frolic, and many Nights of honest Festivity will recur; he may revive the Memory of many lucky Accidents, or pleasing Extravagancies; or, if he has engaged in Scenes of Action, and been acquainted with Affairs of Difficulty and Vicissitudes of Fortune, may enjoy the nobler Pleasure of looking back upon Distress firmly supported, upon Danger resolutely encountered, and upon Oppression artfully defeated. Æneas very properly comforts his Companions, when, after the Horrors of a Storm, they have landed on an unknown and desolate Country, with the Hope that their Miseries will, at some distant Period, be recounted with Delight. There are, perhaps,

perhaps, few higher Gratifications than that of Reflection on Evils surmounted, when they were not incurred by our own Fault, and neither reproach us with Cowardice or Guilt.

But this kind of Felicity is always abated by the Reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it, are now in the Grave. A few Years make such Havock amongst the human Race, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the World. The Man of Enterprize, when he has recounted his Adventures, is forced, at the Close of the Narration, to pay a Sigh to the Memory of those who contributed to his Success; and he that has spent his Life among the gayer Part of Mankind, has quickly his Remembrance stored with the Repartees of Wits, whose Sprightliness and Merriment are now lost in perpetual Silence. The Trader, whose Industry has supplied the Want of Inheritance, when he sits down to enjoy his Fortune, repines in solitary Plenty, and laments the Absence of those Companions with whom he had planned out Amusements for his latter Years; and the Scholar whose Merit, after a long Series of Efforts, raises him from Obscurity, looks round in vain from his exalted State, for his old Friends, to be Witnesses of his long-sought for Affluence, and to partake of his Bounty.

Such is the Imperfection of all human Happiness; and every Period of Life is obliged to borrow its Enjoyments from the Time to come. In Youth we have nothing past to entertain us; and in Age we derive nothing from the Retrospect but fruitless Sorrow. The Loss of our Friends and Companions impresses hourly upon us the Necessity of our own Departure. We find that all our Schemes are quickly at an End, and that we must lie down in the Grave with the forgotten Multitude of former Ages, and yield our Places to others, who, like us, shall be driven a while by Hope or Fear about the Surface of the Earth, and then, like us, be lost in the Shade of Death.

Beyond this Termination of our corporeal Existence we are therefore obliged to extend our Hopes, and every Man indulges his Imagination with something which is
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not to happen till he has lost the Power of perceiving it. Some amuse themselves with Entails and Settlements, provide for the Increase and Perpetuation of Families and Honours, and contrive to obviate the Dissipation of Fortunes, which it has been the whole Business of their Lives to accumulate. Others more refined and exalted, congratulate their own Hearts upon the future Extent of their Reputation, the lasting Fame of their Performances, the Reverence of distant Nations, and the Gratitude of unprejudiced Posterity.

It is not, therefore, from this World that any Ray of Comfort can proceed to chear the Gloom of the last Hour. But Futurity has still its Prospects; there is yet Happiness in Reserve sufficient to support us under every Affliction. Hope is the chief Blessing of Man, and that Hope only is rational, which we are certain cannot deceive.

I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER XII.

From his Friend, in Answer, concerning the Immortality of the Soul.

My dear Friend,

THE Picture you have drawn of human Nature is too true to be denied, and what you have said of the Impossibility of enjoying real Happiness in this Life, has led me to consider that pleasing Subject, the Immortality of the Soul.

The Soul has been treated of by many Philosophers; several have pretended to define it, some to describe its Substance, and, in a Word, many have attempted to say what it really is in itself. For my part, I fairly renounce every Attempt to explain either its Nature or Connection with the Body: I am content with my Confidence that I have a reasoning Faculty within myself, of which, together with my visible Body, I am composed and constituted.— It must be allowed, that through all the Parts of Nature there appears a most benevolent Intention in the Providence

dence of God for Man's Preservation and Comfort. The Earth and Waters administering to his Food and Raiment, Animals of various Kinds are preserved for him in due Season, as we every Day experience. But these Pleasures are but of a subordinate Degree ; he enjoys something of a far more sublime Nature, his Power of contemplating on the Goodness of his Maker in the Creation of all these Things, which renders him desirous of something above and beyond them all.

Can it therefore be suggested that Beings capable of the most refined Contemplations on the Works of the Creation ; Beings capable of being moved and affected even to an inexpressible Degree of Pleasure, by the combined Harmonies of Sound ; Beings capable of increasing and advancing their Knowledge and Speculation in all things, even to their last Moments ; Beings capable of conceiving Notions which no Part of their mortal Frame can possibly convey to their Understanding, and in which no instrumental Influence can have any Share ; Beings that are never satisfied in searching after Truth through all the winding Labyrinths and hidden Recesses of Nature : I say, can it be imagined, that such Beings should be deprived of all Existence, in the midst of these growing Speculations, which can have no Origin but what is truly divine ? Its Fulness must be in hereafter. Our very Imagination reaches to Eternity, in spite of all that can be said by the most obstinate Atheist, or our own Doubts can devise.— Hope is a constant Instinct, which inspires Men with a Desire of finding some better State, and is a sure Message of Futurity ; nor could any Man on Earth be possessed of it, if that State were not certain, no more than he could shrink at committing a wicked Act, if there were no Power within himself that is to live hereafter. Another strong Proof of the Immortality of the Soul flows from the infallible Goodness and Justice of the divine Being ; for if it were not immortal, and ever conscious of Good and Evil done in this Life, that Goodness and Justice would be liable to be called in Question. This Notion has often confounded some of the greatest Philosophers, and is at the same Time one of the greatest Considerations to prove a future State, when entered upon with Deliberation.

Deliberation. Can we hesitate to believe the Immortality of the Soul, when we see how the most abandoned Miscreants live and prosper in Affluence of Fortune, carrying it with a high Hand against their Neighbours, distressing all in their Power, enjoying and rioting on the Substance of the Widows and Orphans, and, at last, going to the Grave unpunished ; whilst the innocent and virtuous suffer a Series of Afflictions and Miseries by the Means of these powerful Tyrants all their Lives, and, at length, lie down in the Dust wronged and unredressed in this Life ? If then there be not an hereafter for the Soul, and if it be not conscious of past Good and Evil, where is the Justice ? where is the Goodness ? where is the Mercy ? where is the Benevolence in giving Being to Mankind, for no other End, but to suffer Pains and Misery at the Hands of another ? And what but Partiality, which is Injustice in itself, would have ordered Sufferings like these for some, and a Power of tyrannising to others, for the short Date of the Life of Man here, were there no Punishment for the unjust and base, no Happiness for the virtuous and injured hereafter ? This is a Consideration dreadful in its very Essence, if Justice was no where to ensue. But who can behold the Beauties of all the Parts of the Creation ? Who can see himself and know he exists, and at the same Time observe not only the careful Provision made for him, but also the numberless Methods of propagating and preserving them for his Use, without knowing, at the same Time, that they were created for him as well as the Tyrant who deprives him of them ; and the avaricious, who abuses the good Things of this Life by denying them not only to others, but even to himself. I say, who can be sensible of these Things, who observe this divine Impartiality, and doubt of future Rewards for the virtuous, and future Punishments for the wicked ? For millions of evil Deeds are unpunished, and as many Wrongs done without Restitution in this Life ; and therefore though a wicked Man may escape Punishment in this Life, it is impossible he should ever shun the Justice of that divine Law, which necessarily points out, that social Virtues and Benevolence should be the reciprocal Commerce between Man and Man, during his short Stay here,

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and that under the severest Restrictions and Penalties. Where then must the unerring Justice of the divine Being take Place? If not on this Side the Grave, it must certainly be after the Soul is separated from the Body.— Such, my dear Friend, are my Thoughts on that most important Subject, and I leave it with you as a Testimony of my unfeigned Affection. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

From a Gentleman to his Friend concerning Prejudice.

I Was lately in Company with several Gentlemen, and as the Conversation turned upon a Variety of Subjects, I was much surprized to find every one prejudiced to his own favourite Opinion, without being able to assign a Reason why they could so hastily take upon themselves to dogmatise with so much Assurance.

What we call Prejudice, or Prepossession, is certainly that which stands foremost in the Rank of Servility. It is the great Ringleader of almost all the Mistakes we are guilty of, whether in the Sentiments of our Hearts, or the Conduct of our Actions. As Milk is the first Nourishment of the Body, so Prejudice is the first Thing given to the Mind to feed upon — No sooner does the thinking Faculty begin to shew itself, than Prejudice mingles with it, and spoils its Operations: Whatever we are either taught, or happen of ourselves to like or dislike, we, for the most part, continue to applaud or condemn to our Life's End. So difficult is it to eradicate, in Age, those Sentiments imbibed in our Youth.

To avoid being led astray by such a dangerous Error, we should take nothing upon Trust, but all upon Trial. Whether in the Study of the Arts, or in our Inquiries concerning Religion, Politics, or any thing else, we should sit down with a determined Resolution to hear impartially both Sides, and to be directed by that which our Reason most approves. Had not some great Persons divested themselves of Prejudices, we had never been favoured with all those valuable Improvements in experimental Philosophy made of late Years in different Parts of Europe.

I am, Sir, your sincere Friend,

The

The ACCOMPLISHED
LETTER-WRITER;
OR,
UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENT.

P A R T V.

Elegant Letters, selected from various Authors.

The Five following are part of the epistolary Compositions of the late Pope CLEMENT XIV. (GANGANELLI) previous to his Arrival at the Pontificate.

LETTER I.

*To Count *****

IT is incredible; my most intimate Friend, how much your three Visits have comforted my Soul. The Tears you shed in my Presence; the Confession you made to me, clapping your Cheek to mine, pressing my Hands, protesting that you never would forget the Eagerness with which I sought after you, promising me, in the strongest manner, to repair your past Life, and to labour seriously to enter again into the Favour of God—all this will never be effaced from my Memory and Heart. I all along used to say to myself, he has had too Christian an Education not to return again to his Duty; I shall see him; his going astray is only a Storm that will soon blow over. The Calm is returned, God be praised; for it is him alone, my dear Friend, and not me, you are to thank.

Since you desire a Plan of Life drawn up by me for your Direction, I will trace out for you, in a plain manner, what my weak Lights, and strong Friendship can inspire me with, and it shall be short.—The Command-

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ments of God, those first and sublime Laws, from whence all others emanate, are reduced to a few Words. When Precepts are clear and grounded on Reason, as well as productive of our own Happiness, they stand in no Need of Commentaries or Dissertations.

You will read every Morning the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and recite the *Miserere*, or the 51st Psalm, with a contrite and humble heart: and that shall be all your Prayers. You will read some pious Book during the Course of the Day; not like a Slave performing his Task, but like a Child of God, who is returned to his Father, and who looks for every Thing from his Mercy. Read not for a long Time together, for fear of taking a Dislike to Reading.

Make it a Point of Duty, every Day, to bestow some Alms on the Poor, to repair the Injury you have done them, by giving to criminal Pleasures and Superfluities, what belonged to them. Renounce all that Company which has withdrawn you from God, yourself, and your true Friends: and form new Connections, such as Honour, Decency, and Religion may own. It is an easy Matter to get rid of our Companions in Debauchery, without being rude to them. A Person tells them civilly of the Plan of Life he is determined to pursue: he is for engaging them to conform to it: he talks to them of the Regret he feels for what is past; and the good Resolutions he has formed respecting the Time to come: after this he sees them no more: or should they appear again in his Company, it is a Proof they have changed their Conduct: and then, instead of shunning them, he receives them with greater Pleasure than ever.

Often walk out, lest too great Retirement plunge you into Melancholy. Contrive also to have always with you either a Man of mature Age, or a virtuous young Man. Go out alone as seldom as you can help it; especially at first, before your Resolutions are well strengthened. It may happen, that indulging wandering Thoughts, and soon growing tired of yourself, you may seek out such Occasions as will plunge you again into the Precipice.

Take some amusing but instructive Book, to keep up a modest Cheerfulness. Grief is a Rock to young People, when

when on their Conversion. They draw a Parallel between their former Dissipation, and the serious Life now prescribed them: and the Conclusion is, that they return to their former irregular Courses.

Keep an exact Account of your Debts and your Income; and, by your Frugality, you will be able to pay your Creditors—A Man is always rich, who can deny himself; as he is always poor, who refuses himself nothing.

Settle something for Life on the Woman you seduced, (provided always that she keeps at a Distance from you) that Want may not oblige her to continue in an irregular Course. Make known your Intentions to her by Writing; at the same Time ask her Pardon for having debauched her; conjure her to forget Creatures, and to attach herself henceforward only to the Creator.

When an Occasion offers, refuse not to play at small Game for Company's Sake; it will be an innocent Amusement; and by thus complying, you will not expose yourself to the Raillery of Worldlings, who seek every Pretext of ridiculing Piety.

Dress like other People, according to your Rank, without being either a Fop or a Sloven. True Devotion dreads Extremes; it is always counterfeit when it affects dirty Cloaths, hanging down the Head, an austere Look, and a whining Language.

Send away the Servants who have been Accomplices in your Intrigues, and Sharers in your Iniquities; though it would be proper to edify them, after having scandalized them. But it is to be feared that, knowing your Weakness, they may lay Snares to bring you back to the Ways of Perdition—You are yet too young not to surround your Heart with a double Fence and a double Ditch.

Live with your new Servants (whose good Conduct and Fidelity ought to be well attested) as a Master who understands the Duties of Humanity; as a Christian, who knows that, in the Sight of God, we are all equal, notwithstanding the Inequality of Conditions. Set them a good Example; watch over their Behaviour, without being either a Plague to them or a Spy; and you will gain their Affection by your Mildness and Benevolence—Nothing can give greater Pleasure than to make those who are about us happy.

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I exhort you to visit the Chapel which Cardinal CIBO (whose Memory I infinitely respect) built for himself in the Inclosure of the *Carthusians*. Rather than blend his Ashes with those of his illustrious Ancestors, which are inclosed in the most superb Tombs, he chose to be buried among his Domestics, whose Epitaphs he himself composed, reserving for his own only these Words, full of Humility: HERE LIES CIBO, AN UNCLEAN WORM.

This Sepulchre is totally concealed from the Sight of Men; but God, who sees every Thing, will know how to shew it at the last Day: and that Circumstance will be an overwhelming Reproach to those proud ones, who are vain, even in their Graves.

You must think of some Employment. A Man always does ill when he is doing nothing. Sound your Capacity; consult your Taste; interrogate your own Soul; but, above all, address yourself to God, that you may know what is fittest for you, either in the military or civil Line. You are no longer qualified for the Ecclesiastical State. No one ought to carry into the Sanctuary the Remainder of a Heart polluted with the Commerce of the World, unless the Lord should manifest his Will in an extraordinary Manner; a Thing indeed very rare, and the Instances of it are much more to be admired than imitated.

Your Friends will think hereafter of marrying you; and my Advice is, not to defer it too long. Marriage, when entered on with Purity of Heart, preserves young People from a Multitude of Rocks and Shelves: but do not rely on me to look you out a Wife. I made a Promise to God, at the very Time I embraced the religious State, never to meddle with Marriages, or last Wills and Testaments. A Monk or Friar is a Man buried, and ought to give no Signs of Life but in spiritual Concerns; for the Soul never dies.

Your Kinsman, a Man so discreet, of such Integrity, and so obliging, (with whom I have happily reconciled you) has it in his Power to find out a proper Match for you. When a Person settles for Life, Religion and Reason ought to be more consulted than Inclination. Marriages, grounded solely on Love, are seldom attended with lasting

lasting Happiness. That Passion is admirable in Pastorals and Romances; but of no Use in Practice.

Go only now and then to your Country Seat. If you live there constantly, and especially at this Time, you will bury your good Resolutions, as well as your Education. Rural Society only leads to Dissipation; and however little we keep there, it ends at last in becoming rustic, ignorant, and clownish. Hunting, Love, and the Bottle too often employ the whole Time of Gentlemen who live continually in the Country. The Town polishes the Manners, adorns the Mind, and hinders the Soul from contracting Rust. Be not over nice with respect to the Hour of your getting up and going to Bed. Order is necessary in every State of Life; but Restraint and Monotony too often only contract the Soul.

Do not take Counsel indifferently of every one: for in the Maladies of the Soul, as well as in those of the Body, every one is for giving his Advice. Shun Bigots as much as the giddy and dissipated; both one and the other will hinder you from arriving at the End we propose. I rely not on your Conversion, till you have tried yourself for a long Time. It is no easy Thing to pass from a Life of Licentiousness to the Practice of Virtue: Above all, let there be no Excess in your Piety, nor run into any Extremes; that would be the Way soon to relapse again into Vice,

This, my dear Child, my dear Friend, is what I thought myself under an Obligation of sketching out for you. I could not do it with greater Tenderness, were I to write it with my Blood. You would make me die of Grief, if the Resolutions you lately took in my Presence were to come to nothing. What encourages me is, that you are without Guile, that you love me, that you are thoroughly convinced of my sincere Attachment to your Welfare; and, lastly, that you have experienced an irregular Life to be an Assemblage of Vexations, Remorses, and Torments.

Hearken to the Voice of a Father, who cries out to you from the Bottom of his Tomb, that there is no Happiness here below, but for the Friends of God; and who summons you to keep the Promise you formerly made him, of living, with the Assistance of Heaven, like a good Christian, —— I am more yours than my own, &c.

LETTER II.

To the Abbé LAMI, Author of a periodical Paper at Florence.

I KNOW not where I am in the midst of the Disorder that reigns in my Cell and in my Head. Every thing is in Confusion : I must write to an Author as methodical as you are, to clear up such a Chaos.

Your last Letter on Poetry would have been a Master-piece in my Eyes, had you but characterized the poetic Genius of each Nation. The Italians are not Poets after the manner of the English ; nor the Germans after the manner of the French. In the first Principles they resemble each other ; but they differ in Warmth and Enthusiasm. The German Poetry is a Fire that gives Light ; the French a Fire that crackles ; the Italian a Fire that burns ; the English a Fire that blackens.

In our poetical Pieces we heap too many Images one upon another ; we ought to use them more sparingly, if we would have them excite a livelier Sensation. Nothing awakes a Reader better than surprising him ; but this cannot be done, when the things capable of producing that Effect are too much multiplied.

Happy that temperate Genius, which equally in Poetry as in Prose, manages with Delicacy the Episodes and Situations ! I soon grow tired of a Garden, where I find nothing but Cascades and Groves ; whereas one enchant's me, when I find in it only here and there verdant Alcoves and Pieces of Water-works. Violets gain infinitely by being only half seen through a thick Foliage. A Flower that conceals itself from Sight excites the greater Curiosity.

Beauties are only relative. If every thing was equally grand, the Eyes would soon tire with admiring. Nature, which ought to be the Model of every Writer, varies its Landscapes in such a Manner, that they never fatigue the Sight. The finest Meadows are found in the Neighbourhood of the most simple Valley, and often a delightful River runs at the Foot of a lonesome Hill.

Repeat these Lessons, my dear Abbé, in order, if possible, to correct our Poets of that Effusion of Beauties, which

which are no more than so much Gold heaped up without Order or Taste. Your Sheets are as much esteemed, as your Genius is admired; and when a Journalist has acquired that double Glory, he may talk like a Master, well assured that Attention will be paid to what he says.

When I was a young Scholar, I lost one of my Companions, to whom a Sympathy of Nature had intimately united me. Alas! after many a solitary Walk together, many a Reflection on things we did not then understand, but which we were desirous of understanding—he died: and I thought nothing could better mitigate my Grief, than to address to him some Verses; being convinced, even at that Age, that we only changed Life when we seemed to die.

I praised, above all, his Candour and his Piety; for he was really an Example of every Virtue. But this Elogium, as I was then made sensible, was faulty on account of the Paintings with which it was overcharged. I introduced into it all the Beauties of the Country, and did not allow my Readers Time to breathe.—It was a Tree choaked with too much Wood, and a Luxuriancy of Leaves, so that no Fruit was seen on it.

From that Moment I never again attempted Verse. I contented myself with reading the Poets, and I endeavoured to find out their Faults and their Beauties. What vexed me was, that my Work, being full of Imperfections, would never be handed down to Posterity, and that my Friend, on every Consideration, deserved the Honour of Immortality.

Never will he be blotted out of my Heart; and thus it is Friends have a Resource in Sentiment, when their mental Abilities are not capable of making a Return of Friendship—This is my Case with Regard to you. Abstract from my Thoughts, and think only on the Attachment I have vowed to you; and you will find that, if I am not a good Speaker, I am at least a true Friend and a good Servant.—Make a Trial of me.

Rome, Dec. 10, 1755.

L E T.

LETTER III.

To Count GENORI.

COUNT,

MY Books, my monastic Exercises, my Employment, all oppose the Pleasure I could otherwise take in coming to see you. Besides, what can you do with a religious Man, whose Time is perpetually divided between Reading and Prayer, which would interrupt our Walks and Conversation?

I am so habituated to my Hours of Solitude and Work, that I should think my Existence at an End, were I once put out of my Way. All the Happiness of a Religious consists in knowing how to be alone—to pray—to study. I have no other Enjoyment; and I prefer it to all the Pleasures of the World. I set an infinite Value on the Conversation of a few learned Men, or a few Friends, provided always that they do not encroach on the Distribution I have made of my Time. It never was my Design to make myself a Slave to a Minute of those Hours which are at my own Disposal, for I detest every thing that is punctilious and trifling: but I love Order; and I see nothing but the Love of Order that can maintain the Harmony between the Soul and the Senses.

Where there is no Order, there is no Peace of Mind. Tranquillity is the Daughter of Regularity; and it is by Regularity that a Man keeps himself within the Sphere of his Duties. All inanimate Creatures preach to us an exact Regularity. The Planets perform their respective Revolutions in periodical Times; and the Plants assume a new Life at the Moment pointed out to them. The Instant is known when Day is to appear, and it never fails: the Moment of Night is known, and then Darkness covers the Earth.

The true Philosopher never inverts the Order of Time, unless forced to it by his Occupations, or some Usages or Customs require it.

To return to Natural History, which you mentioned to me, it is certain that we have studied it less than we have studied Antiquity, though the one be of far greater Advantage

Advantage than the other. Italy, nevertheless, offers, at every Step, enough to exercise, and even to satisfy, all the Curiosity of a Naturalist. Phenomena are observed there, which are seen no where else, and which Nations, said to be less superstitious than the Italians, would most certainly take to be Miracles.

A French Abbé, who has been here some time, and whom I became acquainted with at Cardinal *Passionei's*, was in the greatest Astonishment at the Wonders which Nature here presented to his Sight. I shall never forget having gone with him to the Neighbourhood of the City of *Mattei*; and, although it is not far, the Walk took us up near five Hours; for he stopped at every Step. He is a Man of great Knowledge, and has such a Taste for natural History, that he becomes glued to an Insect or a Flint, and there is no getting him away. He looked so long at every Stone, that I was apprehensive he would have become one himself: in that Case, I own, I should have been a great Loser, for his Conversation is as engaging as it is cheerful and lively. He is the same Person who wrote against the Systems of Mons. *Buffon*. How much longer would he have stopped, had he been so happy as to have had you for his Companion!

I have the Honour, dear Count, to be, with the warmest Gratitude and the most respectful Attachment, your very humble, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the Prelate C E R A T I.

MONSIGNOR,

I Have just now seen your good and old Friend, Monsignor *Bottari*, and I found him, according to Custom, buried in the most profound Reading. From that State he passed to the most picturesque Conversation, which afforded me singular Pleasure; for he never speaks but he paints. Every thing is Sentiment, every thing a Picture; and every thing characterizes the Books and Persons he points at.

We conversed for a long time on the Roman Antiquities, and our different Libraries, which, more or less excellent,

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cellent, form a wonderful Collection. Two sensible Englishmen partook of our Entertainment, and talked so as to be hearkened to. That Nation travels to great Advantage, and improves by every thing it sees. The English are said to lay hold of the Substance of things, while the French content themselves with the Surface. But I leave you to determine whether, with respect to the Commerce of Life, it is not better to be agreeably superficial than gloomily profound.

It was a Saying of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, that “when a Man wanted to think, he ought to see the English; and the French, when he wanted to converse.” I open my Cell both to the one and the other with the greatest Pleasure; though I own to you, at the same time, that there is something in the French Vivacity, which particularly attracts me. There is a pleasure in meeting with one’s self; for you know that I am neither dull, nor a Man of few Words.

You must have read the Book that Father *Maffoleni*, of the *Oratory*, sent you. You will find it as interesting, as neatly bound. I see you over Head and Ears in that Work, without being able to quit it. The studious Man really enjoys Pleasures which surpass all those of the World. But hush! these are Secrets known only to the Studious, and must not be divulged.

I have the Honour to be, &c.

Rome, Nov. 13, 1753.

LETTER V.

To Lady PIGLIANI.

YOUR keeping your two Daughters with you is not a Concern of no Consequence: the Quality of a Mother imposes on you the most important Duties. The World will be continually thrusting itself in between you and your Children, if you take not care to keep it off; not with that Austerity which excites Murmurs, but with that Prudence which gains Confidence.

Your Daughters will be no more than Hypocrites, if you overload them with Instructions; or if you make them uneasy;

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uneasy; whereas they will love Religion if, by your Examples and Mildness, you can render it amiable to them.

Persons of twenty Years of Age are not to be governed like those of ten. Different Ages, as well as the different Conditions of Life, require different Treatment, and different Lessons.

Keep up, as much as you can, a Taste for good Books and Work; but with that Liberty and Ease, which ties not down to a Minute; and with that Discretion, which knows how to make a Difference between living in a Cloister and in the World.

Marry your Daughters according to their Fortune and Rank; and force not their Inclinations, unless they should want to marry with Spendthrifts or Debauchees. Marriage is the natural State of Mankind: to dispense therewith is an Exception from the general Rule.

Without being in Love with the Maxims and Practices of the World, make not yourself ridiculous with respect to its Usages. Piety becomes a Subject of Raillery when shewn with any external Singularities: the wise Woman shuns being pointed at—When our Birth demands a particular Dress, we must wear it; but always with that Decency in Form and Manner which is agreeable to Modesty.

You will take care that the young Ladies frequent Company. True Devotion is neither rude nor unsociable. Injudicious Solitude irritates the Passions, and it is often safer for young People to see choice Company than to be alone. Inspire Chearfulness, that they may not appear to drag along Piety—Let your Recreation consist in taking a Walk, or sitting down a little to play a moderate Game; and when they are to apply to Study, neither mention such as are profound, nor the abstracted Sciences, which serve only to make the Sex vain and talkative.

Above all things gain their Love: it is the greatest Pleasure to which a Mother can aspire, and the greatest Prerogative she can enjoy, since she is thereby empowered to do what Good she pleases.

Take care that your Servants have Religion and Honesty: they are capable of every Vice, if they have not the Fear of God. We ought to act towards them neither with Haughtiness nor Familiarity, but to treat them as

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Men and Inferiors. Justice is the Mother of Order :— Every thing is in its Place, when a Person behaves with Equity.

Never punish but with Pain to yourself, and always pardon with Pleasure.

Frequent your Parish-Church, that the Sheep may often meet with their Pastor. It is a Practice agreeable both to the holy Canons and ancient Usage.

Your own Prudence and Discretion will teach you the rest. I rely much on your Sense and good Disposition, as you may be truly assured of the respectful Consideration with which I have the Honour to be, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. F——, on the remarkable Death of two Lovers by Lightning; with their Epitaph.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! for unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech Tree.—*John Hewst* was a well-set Man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction; if she

she milked, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand; it was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posie on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding-cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field-flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon, on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm.—Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field; no Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they slept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and then spied this faithful Pair; *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in that tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furnished the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eastern Lovers feed the fun'ral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:

Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.*

Your, &c.

* The Epitaph was this :

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish ;
Who, being at Harvest-work,
(With several others)
Were in one Instant killed by Lightning,
The last Day of July, 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,
A Pair so faithful could expire ;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden Fate ;
When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
Alike 'tis Justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save ;
Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call,
And face the Flash that melts the Ball.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. Pope to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in Answer to his Letter on Buckingham-house,

PLINY was one of those few Authors who had a warm House over his Head, nay two Houses, as appears by two of his Epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary Authors durst have informed the Public where they lodged, we should have found the Garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street : but 'tis dangerous to let Creditors into such a Secret ; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their Booksellers.

It

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no Lodging at all: he first introduced himself to Augustus by an Epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an Observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all Night in the Street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm: but in one of his Satires he complains of the excessive Price of Lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's Bed, if there had been Room for a Bedfellow in it.—I believe, with all the Ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his Houses for your Grace's one; which is a Country-house in the Summer, and a Town-house in the Winter, and must be owned to be the properest Habitation for a wise Man, who sees all the World change every Season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the Description of Pliny's House with an Eye to yours; but finding they will bear no Comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large Country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what Figure it may make by the Help of a florid Description.

You must expect nothing regular in my Description, any more than in the House; the whole vast Edifice is so disjointed, and the several Parts of it so detached the one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical Fits, I imagined it had been a Village in Amphion's time, where the Cottages, having taken a Country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with Amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A Stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the House the right Way. One would reasonably expect, after the Entry thro' the Porch, to be let into the Hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the House of Office. From the Parlour you think to step into the Drawing-room, but upon opening the iron nailed Door, you are convinced, by a Flight of Birds about your Ears, and a Cloud of Dust in your Eyes, that it is the Pigeon-house. If you come into the Chapel, you find its Altars, like those of the Ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the Steams of the adjoining Kitchen.

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The great Hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one Side with a very long Table, a true Image of ancient Hospitality : the Walls are all over ornamented with monstrous Horns of Animals, about twenty broken Pikes, ten or a dozen Blunderbusses, and a rusty Matchlock Musket or two, which, we were informed, had served in the Civil Wars. Here is one vast arched Window, beautifully darkened with divers Scutcheons of painted Glass ; one shining Pane in particular bears Date 1286, which alone preserves the Memory of a Knight whose iron Armour is long since perished with Rust, and whose alabaster Nose is mouldered from his Monument. The Face of Dame Eleanor, in another Piece, owes more to that single Pane than to all the Glasses she ever consulted in her Life. After this who can say that Glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human Beauty or Glory ! and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic Record of so ancient a Family should lie at the Mercy of every Infant who flings a Stone. In former Days there have dined in this Hall gartered Knights, and courtly Dames attended by Ushers, Sewers, and Seneschals ; and yet it was but last Night that an Owl flew hither, and mistook it for a Barn.

This Hall lets you (up and down) over a very high Threshold into the great Parlour. Its Contents are a broken-bellied Virginal, a couple of crippled velvet Chairs, with two or three mildewed Pictures of mouldy Ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from Hell with all their Brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the farther Corner ; for the Windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a Place to dry Poppies and Mustard-seed, that the Room is appropriated to that Use.

Next this Parlour, as I said before, lies the Pigeon-house, by the Side of which runs an Entry, which lets you on one Hand and t'other into a Bed-chamber, a Buttery, and a small Hole called *the Chaplain's Study* : then follow a Brew-house, a little green and gilt Parlour, and the great Stairs, under which is the Dairy ; a little farther on the right the Servants Hall, and by the Side of it, up six Steps, the old Lady's Closet for her private Devotions ; which has a Lattice into the Hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same Time as she prayed, she might have an Eye
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on the Men and Maids. There are upon the Ground-floor in all twenty-six Apartments, among which I must not forget a Chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of Timber, that seems to have been either a Bedstead or a Cyder-prefs.

The Kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast Vault to the Top of the House ; where one Aperture serves to let out the Smoke, and let in the Light. By the Blackness of the Walls, the circular Fires, vast Cauldrons, yawning Mouths of Ovens and Furnaces, you would think it either the Forge of Vulcan, the Cave of Polyphe me, or the Temple of Moloch. The Horror of this Place has made such an Impression on the Country People, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a Year the Devil treats them with infernal Venison, a roasted Tiger stuffed with tenpenny Nails.

Above Stairs we have a Number of Rooms : you never pass out of one into another but by the Ascent or Descent of two or three Stairs. Our best Room is very long and low, of the exact Proportion of a Band-box. In the most of these Rooms there are Hangings of the finest Work in the World, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own Bowels. Were it not for this only Furniture, the whole would be a miserable Scene of naked Walls, flawed Cielings, broken Windows, and rusty Locks. The Roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a Crop of Mushrooms between the Chinks of our Floors. All the Doors are as little and low as those to the Cabins of Packet-boats. These Rooms have for many Years had no other Inhabitants than certain Rats, whose very Age renders them worthy of this Seat, for the very Rats of this venerable House are grey. Since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient Mansion may not fall during the small Remnant these poor Animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small Subsistence left them in the few remaining Books of the Library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an Antiquity as any in this Place, and looks like an old Family-picture walked out of its Frame. He entertained us as

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we passed from Room to Room with several Relations of the Family ; but his Observations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellar. He informed us where stood the triple Rows of Butts of Sack, : and where were ranged the Bottles of Tent, for Toasts in a Morning ; he pointed to the Stands that supported the iron-hooped Hogsheads of strong Beer ; then stepping to a Corner, he jugged out the tattered Fragments of an unframed Picture ; ‘ This (says he, with Tears) was poor Sir Thomas ! once Master of all this Drink. He had two Sons, poor young Masters ! who never arrived to the Age of his Beer ; they both fell ill in this very Room, and never went out on their own Legs.’ He could not pass by a Heap of broken Bottles without taking up a Piece, to show us the Arms of the Family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding stone Steps, which landed us into several little Rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our Guide whispered to us as a Secret the Occasion of it : it seems the Course of this noble Blood was a little interrupted about two Centuries ago, by a Freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the Fact with a neighbouring Prior ; ever since which the Room has been nailed up, and branded with the Name of the *Adultery Chamber*. The Ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying Maids of the Family report, that they have seen a Lady in a Fardingale through the Key-hole ; but this Matter is hushed up, and the Servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long Description : but what engaged me in it was a generous Principle to preserve the Memory of that which itself must soon fall into Dust, nay perhaps part of it before this Letter reaches your Hands.

Indeed we owe this old House the same kind of Gratitude that we do to an old Friend, who harbours us in his declining Condition, nay even in his last Extremities.— How fit is this Retreat for uninterrupted Study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an Inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our Roof ! any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely Place to converse with the Dead in. I

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had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer : but when I return to the Living, I shall have the Sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in Person how much I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

The two following are from Mr. EVERARD to his Friend, describing a pathetic Scene in the Mines at IDRIA.

THE Pleasure I take in writing to you wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present Uneasiness ; an Uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable Aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable Circumstances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayest, the most agreeable Persons at the Court of Vienna, at once the Example of the Men, and the Favourite of the fair Sex. I have often heard you repeat his Name with Esteem, as one of the few that did Honour to the present Age, as possessed of Generosity and Pity in the highest Degree ; as one, who made no other Use of Fortune but to relieve the Distresses of Mankind. That Gentleman, Sir, I wish I could say—is now no more : yet, too unhappily for him, he exists, but in a Situation more terrible than the most gloomy Imagination can conceive.

After passing through several Parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not return Home without visiting the Quicksilver Mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterraneous Caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all Hopes of ever seeing the cheerful Light of the Sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable Life under the Whips of imperious Task-masters. Imagine to yourself a Hole in the Side of a Mountain, about five Yards over; down this you are let, in a kind of a Bucket, more than 100 Fathom, the Prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible Suspence for some time in this precarious Situation, you then reach

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the Bottom, and tread on the Ground, which, by its hollow Sound under your Feet, and the Reverberations of the Echo, seems thundering at every Step you take. In this gloomy and frightful Solitude you are enlightened by the feeble Gleam of Lamps, here and there dispersed, so as that the wretched Inhabitants of these Mansions can go from one Place to another without a Guide ; and yet, let me assure you, that though they by Custom could see Objects very distinctly by these Lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing, not even the Person who came with me to shew me these Scenes of Horror.

From this Description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable Idea of the Place ; yet let me assure you, that it is a Palace, if we compare the Habitation with the Inhabitants : such Wretches my Eyes never yet beheld. The Blackness of their Visages only serves to cover an horrid Paleness, caused by the noxious Qualities of the Mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of Malefactors condemned for Life to this Task, they are fed at the public Expence ; but they seldom consume much Provision, as they lose their Appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two Years expire, by a total Contraction of all the Joints of the Body.

In this horrid Mansion I walked after my Guide for some time, pondering on the strange Tyranny and Avarice of Mankind, when I was accosted by a Voice behind me, calling me by my Name, and enquiring after my Health with the most cordial Affection. I turned, and saw a Creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a piteous Accent demanding, “ Ah, Everard, do you not know me ? ” Good God ! what was my Surprise when, through the Veil of this Wretchedness, I discovered the Features of my dear and old Friend Alberti. I flew to him with Affection ; and, after a Tear of Condolance, asked how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a Duel with an Officer of the Austrian Infantry, against the Emperor’s Command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into the Forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some Banditti, who had long infested that Quarter. With these he lived nine Months, till, by a close Inves-

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titure of the Place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate Resistance, in which the greater Part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive upon the Wheel. However, upon arriving at the Capital, he was quickly known, and several of the Associates of his Accusation and Danger witnessing his Innocence, his Punishment of the Rack was changed into that of perpetual Banishment and Labour in the Mines of Idria—a Sentence, in my Opinion, a thousand times worse than Death.

As Alberti was giving me this Account, a young Woman came up to him, who at once I saw to be born for better Fortune: the dreadful Situation of this Place was not able to destroy her Beauty; and even in this Scene of Wretchedness, she seemed to have Charms sufficient to grace the most brilliant Assembly. This Lady was, in Fact, Daughter to one of the first Families in Germany; and having tried every Means to procure her Lover's Pardon without Effect, was at last resolved to share his Miseries, as she could no: relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these Mansions, from whence few of the Living return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting the Gaieties of Life, and with him to toil, despising the Splendor of Opulence, and contented with the Consciousness of her own Constancy.

LETTER IX.

MY last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy Situation of my Mind. I own the deplorable Condition of the worthy Man described in it was enough to add double Severity to the hideous Mansion. At present, however, I have the Happiness of informing you, that I was a Spectator of the most affecting Scenes I ever yet beheld. Nine Days after I had written my last, a Person came Post from Vienna, to the little Village near the Mouth of the great Shaft; he was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. The first Inquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I happening

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ing to overhear the Demand, gave them the best Intelligence. Two of these were the Brother and Cousin of the Lady, the third was an intimate Friend and Fellow-soldier to the Count. They came with his Pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the Duel had been fought, and who was perfectly cured of his Wounds. I led him, with all the Expedition of Joy, down to this dreary Abode, and presented to him his Friends, and informed him of the happy Change of his Circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the Joy that brightened upon his Grief-worn Countenance; nor were the young Lady's Emotions less vivid at seeing her Friends, and hearing of her Husband's Liberty.

Some Hours were employed in mending the Appearance of this faithful Couple; nor could I, without a Tear, behold him taking Leave of the former wretched Companions of his Toil. To one he left his Mattock, to another his Working-cloaths, to a third his household Utensils, such as were necessary for him in that Situation. We soon emerged from the Mine, where he once again revisited the Light of the Sun, which he had totally despaired of ever seeing again. A Post-chaise and four were ready the next Morning to take them to Vienna, where, I am since informed by a Letter from himself, they are returned. The Emperor has again taken him into Favour, his Fortune and Rank are restored, and he and his fair Partner have now the pleasing Satisfaction of feeling Happiness with double Relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable.

LETTER X.

A Lover to his Mistress. [By T. Smollet.]

Dear MADAM,

WERE it possible for the Powers of Utterance to reveal the soft Emotions of my Soul, the fond Anxiety, the glowing Hopes, the chilling Fears, that rule my Breast by turns; I should need no other Witness than this Paper, to evince the Purity and Ardour of that Flame your Charms have kindled in my Heart. But alas! Expression

pression wrongs my Love! I am inspired with Conceptions that no Language can convey! Your Beauty fills me with Wonder! your Understanding with Ravishment! and your Goodness with Adoration! I am transported with Desire, distracted with Doubts, and tortured with Impatience! Suffer me then, lovely Arbitress of my Fate, to approach you in Person, to breathe in soft Murmurs my Passion to your Ear, to offer the Sacrifice of a Heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested Love, to gaze with Ecstasy on the divine Object of my Wishes, to hear the Music of her enchanting Tongue, and to rejoice in her Smiles of Approbation! which will banish the most intolerable Suspense from the Bosom of

Your enraptured R—— R——.

LETTER XI.

The Lady's Answer.

SIR,

TO say I look upon you with Indifference, would be a Piece of Dissimulation, which I think no Decorum requires, and no Custom can justify. As my Heart never felt an Impression that my Tongue was ashamed to declare, I will not scruple to own myself pleased with your Passion, confident of your Integrity, and so well convinced of my own Discretion, that I should not hesitate in granting you the Interview you desire, were I not overawed by the prying Curiosity of a malicious World, the Censure of which might be fatally prejudicial to the Reputation of

Your NARCISSA.

LETTER XII.

The Five following are from the late Mr. GRAY to his Friends, and contain the Particulars of a Tour through part of France and Italy.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. WEST.

Paris, May 22, 1739.

AFTER the little Particulars aforesaid, I should have proceeded to a Journal of our Transactions for this Week past, should have carried you post from hence to

S Versailles,

Versailles, hurried you through the Gardens to Trianon, back again to Paris, so away to Chantilly. But the Fatigue is perhaps more than you can bear, and moreover I think I have reason to stomach your last Piece of Gravity. Supposing you were in your soberest Mood, I am sorry you should think me capable of ever being so *dissipé*, so *evaporé*, as not to be in a Condition of relishing any thing you could say to me. And now, if you have a mind to make your Peace with me, arouse ye from your Megrims and your Melancholies, and (for Exercise is good for you) throw away your Night-cap, call for your Jack-boots, and set out with me, last Saturday Evening, for Versailles —and so, at eight o'Clock, passing through a Road speckled with Vines, and Villas, and Hares, and Partridges, we arrive at the great Avenue, flanked on either Hand with a double Row of Trees about half a Mile long, and with the Palace itself to terminate the View; facing which, on either Side of you, is placed a Semicircle of very handsome Buildings, which form the Stables. These we will not enter into, because you know we are no Jockies.—Well! and is this the great Front of Versailles? What a huge Heap of Littleness! it is composed, as it were, of three Courts, all open to the Eye at once, and gradually diminishing till you come to the royal Apartments, which on this Side present but half a dozen Windows and a Balcony. This last is all that can be called a Front, for the rest is only great Wings. The Hue of all this Mass is black, dirty red, and yellow; the first proceeding from a Stone changed by Age; the second, from a Mixture of Brick; and the last, from a Profusion of tarnished Gilding. You cannot see a more disagreeable *tout-ensemble*; and, to finish the Matter, it is all stuck over, in many Places, with small Busts, of a tawny Hue, between every Window. We pass through this to go into the Garden, and here the Cafe is indeed altered; nothing can be vaster and more magnificent than the back Front; before it a very spacious Terras spreads itself, adorned with two large Basons; these are bordered and lined (as most of the others) with white Marble, with handsome Statues of Bronze reclined on their Edges. From hence you descend a huge Flight of Steps into a Semicircle formed

formed by Woods, that are cut all round into Niches, which are filled with beautiful Copies of all the famous antique Statues in white Marble. Just in the midst is the Bason of Latona ; she and her Children are standing on the Top of a Rock in the middle, on the Sides of which are the Peasants, some half, some totally changed into Frogs, all which throw out Water at her in great Plenty. From this Place runs on the great Alley, which brings you into a complete Round, where is the Bason of Apollo, the biggest in the Garden. He is rising in his Car out of the Water, surrounded by Nymphs and Tritons, all in Bronze, and finely executed, and these, as they play, raise a perfect Storm about him ; beyond this is the great Canal, a prodigious long Piece of Water, that terminates the whole : All this you have at one *Coup d'œil* in entering the Garden, which is truly great. I cannot say as much of the general Taste of the Place ; every thing you behold savours too much of Art ; all is forced, all is constrained about you ; Statues and Vases sowed every where without Distinction ; Sugar-loaves and Minced-pies of Yew ; Scrawl work of Box, and little squirting Jets-d'eau, besides a great Sameness in the Walks, cannot help striking one at first Sight, not to mention the silliest of Labyrinths, and all Æsop's Fables in Water ; since these were designed in *usum Delphini* only. Here then we walk by Moon-light, and hear the Ladies and the Nightingales sing.— Next Morning, being Whitsunday, make ready to go to the Installation of nine Knights du Saint Esprit, Cambis is one : high Mass celebrated with Music, great Croud, much Incense, King, Queen, Dauphin, Meldames, Cardinals, and Court : Knights arrayed by his Majesty ; Reverences before the Altar, not Bows, but Curtseys ; Stiff Hams ; much tittering among the Ladies ; Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and Fifes.—My dear West, I am vastly delighted with Trianon, all of us with Chantilly ; if you would know why, you must have Patience ; for I can hold my Pen no longer, except to tell you that I saw Britannicus last Night ; all the Characters, particularly Agrippina and Nero, done to Perfection ; To-morrow Phædra and Hippolitus. We are making you a little Bundle of petites Pièces ; there is nothing in them, but they are acting at

present; there are too *Crebbeillon's Letters*, and *Amusemens sur le Langage des Bêtes*, said to be of one Bougeant, a Jesuit; they are both esteemed, and lately come out. This Day se'nnight we go to Rheims.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

Rheims, June 21, N. S. 1739.

WE have now been settled almost three Weeks in this City, which is more considerable upon account of its Size and Antiquity, than from the Number of its Inhabitants, or any Advantages of Commerce. There is little in it worth a Stranger's Curiosity, besides the Cathedral Church, which is a vast Gothic Building, of a surprizing Beauty and Lightness, all covered over with a Profusion of little Statues and other Ornaments. It is here the Kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first Peer, and the Primate of the Kingdom: The holy Vessel made use of on that Occasion, which contains the Oil, is kept in the Church of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an Angel from Heaven at the Coronation of Clovis, the first Christian King. The Streets in general have but a melancholy Aspect, the Houses all old; the public Walks run along the Side of a great Moat under the Ramparts, where one hears a continual Croaking of Frogs; the Country round about is one great Plain cover'd with Vines, which at this time of the Year afford no very pleasing Prospect, as being not above a Foot high. What Pleasures the Place denies to the Sight, it makes up to the Palate; since you have nothing to drink but the best Champaigne in the World, and all sort of Provisions equally good. As to other Pleasures, there is not that Freedom of Conversation among the People of Fashion here, that one sees in other Parts of France; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any

any great Familiarity with one another. As my Lord Conway had spent a good part of his time among them, his Brother, and we with him, were soon introduced into all their Assemblies. As soon as you enter, the Lady of the House presents each of you a Card, and offers you a Party at Quadrille; you sit down, and play forty Deals without Intermission, excepting one Quarter of an Hour, when every body rises to eat of what they call the *Gouter*, which supplies the Place of our Tea, and is a Service of Wine, Fruits, Cream, Sweetmeats, Crawfish, and Cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play; after that, they make little Parties to go to the Walks together, and then all the Company retire to their separate Habitations. Very seldom any Suppers or Dinners are given; and this is the manner they live among one another, not so much out of any Aversion they have to Pleasure, as out of a sort of Formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by People who have lived at Paris. It is sure they do not hate Gaiety any more than the rest of their Country-people, and can enter into Diversions, that are once proposed, with a good Grace enough; for instance, the other Evening we happened to be got together in a Company of eighteen People, Men and Women of the best Fashion here, at a Garden in the town to walk; when one of the Ladies bethought herself of asking, Why should not we sup here? Immediately the Cloth was laid by the Side of a Fountain under the Trees, and a very elegant Supper served up; after which another said, Come, let us sing; and directly began herself: From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a Round; when somebody mentioned the Violins, and immediately a Company of them was ordered: Minuets were begun in the open Air, and then came Country-dances, which held till four o'Clock next Morning; at which Hour the gayest Lady there proposed, that such as were weary should get into their Coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the Music in the Van; and in this Manner we paraded through all the principal Streets of the City, and waked every body in it Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a Custom of the Thing, and would have given a Ball in the same Manner next

Week, but the Women did not come into it ; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull Cards and usual Formalities. We are not to stay above a Month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief City of Burgundy, a very splendid and a very gay town ; at least such is the present design.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739.

I AM this Night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight Days tiresome Journey : For the three first we had the same Road we before pass through to go to Geneva ; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that Day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps ; the Way commonly running through a deep Valley by the Side of the River Arc, which works itself a Passage, with great Difficulty and a mighty Noise, among vast Quantities of Rocks, that have rolled down from the Mountain Tops. The Winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the Beauty of the Prospect ; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the Savageness and Horror of the Place : The sixth we began to go up several of these Mountains ; and as we were passing one, met with an odd Accident enough : Mr. Walpole had a little fat black Spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the Chaise Side. We were at that Time in a very rough Road, not two Yards broad at most ; on one Side was a great Wood of Pines, and on the other a vast Precipice ; it was Noon-day, and the Sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the Wood Side, (which was as steep upwards as the other Part was downwards) out rushed a great Wolf, came close to the Head of the Horses, seized the Dog by the Throat, and rushed up the Hill again with him in his Mouth. This was done in less than a Quarter of a Minute ; we all saw it, and yet the Servants

Servants had not time to draw their Pistols, or do any thing to save the Dog*. If he had not been there, and the Creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the Horses ; Chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty Fathoms perpendicular down the Precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last Town in Savoy ; it lies at the Foot of the famous Mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no Room for any Way but over the very Top of it. Here the Chaise was forced to be pulled to Pieces, and the Baggage and that to be carried by Mules : We ourselves were wrapped up in our Furs, and seated upon a sort of matted Chair without Legs, which is carried upon Poles in the manner of a Bier, and so begun to ascend by the Help of eight Men. It was six Miles to the Top, where a Plain opens itself about as many more in Breadth, covered perpetually with very deep Snow, and in the midst of that a great Lake of unfathomable Depth, from whence a River takes its Rise, and tumbles over monstrous Rocks quite down the other Side of the Mountain. The Descent is six Miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up ; and here the Men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from Stone to Stone with incredible Swiftness in Places where none but they could go three Paces without falling. The Immensity of the Precipices, the Roaring of the River, and Torrents that run into it, the huge Craggs covered with Ice and Snow, and the Clouds below you and about you, are Objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them ; and though we had heard many strange Descriptions of the Scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five Hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the Rapidity of the Men's Motion. We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small Village about three Quarters of the Way down, but still among the Clouds, where we began to hear a new Language spoken round about us ; at last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Suse, a nar-

* This odd Incident might have afforded Mr. Gray a Subject for an Ode, which would have been a good Companion to that on the Death of a favourite Cat.

now Road among the Alps, defended by two Fortresses, and lay at Bossolens : Next Evening, through a fine Avenue of nine Miles in Length, as straight as a Line, we arrived at this City, which, as you know, is the Capital of the Principality, and the Residence of the King of Sardinia. We shall stay here, I believe, a Fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four Day Journey to go Post. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

Rome, April 2, N. S. 1740.

THIS is the third Day since we came to Rome, but the first Hour I have had to write to you in. The Journey from Florence cost us four Days, one of which was spent at Sienna, an agreeable, clean, old City, of no great Magnificence, or Extent ; but in a fine Situation and good Air. What it has most considerable is its Cathedral, a huge Pile of Marble, black and white laid alternately, and laboured with a Gothic Niceness and Delicacy in the old-fashioned Way. Within too are some Paintings and Sculpture of considerable Hands. The Sight of this, and some Collections that were showed us in private Houses, were a sufficient Employment for the little Time we were to pass there ; and the next Morning we set forward on our Journey through a Country very oddly compoted ; for some Miles you have a continual Scene of little Mountains cultivated from Top to Bottom with Rows of Olive-trees, or else Elms, each of which has its Vine twining about it, and mixing with the Branches, and Corn sown between all the Ranks. This, diversified with numerous small Houses and Convents, makes the most agreeable Prospect in the World : But, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren Hills, as far as the Eye can reach, that seem never to have been capable of Culture, and are as ugly as useless. Such is the Country for some time before one comes to Mount Radicofani, a terrible black

black Hill, on the Top of which we were to lodge that Night. It is very high and difficult of Ascent; and at the Foot of it we were much embarrassed by the Fall of one of the poor Horses that drew us. This Accident obliged another Chaise, which was coming down, to stop also; and out of it peeped a Figure in a red Cloak, with a Handkerchief tied round its Head, which, by its Voice and Mien, seemed a fat old Woman; but, upon its getting out, appeared to be Senesino, who was returning from Naples to Sienna, the Place of his Birth and Residence. On the highest Part of the Mountain is an old Fortress, and near it a House built by one of the Grand Dukes for a Hunting-seat, but now converted into an Inn: It is the Shell of a large Fabric, but such an Inside, such Chambers and Accommodations, that your Cellar is a Palace in Comparison, and your Cat sups and lies much better than we did; for, it being a Saint's Eve, there were nothing but Eggs. We devoured our meagre Fare; and, after stopping up the Windows with the Quilts, were obliged to lie upon the Straw Beds in our Cloaths. Such are the Conveniences in a Road that is, as it were, the great Thoroughfare of all the World. Just on the other Side of this Mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the Patrimony of the Church; a most delicious Country, but thinly inhabited. That Night brought us to Viterbo, a City of a more lively Appearance than any we had lately met with; the Houses have Glass Windows, which is not very usual here, and most of the Streets are terminated by a handsome Fountain. Here we had the Pleasure of breaking our Fast on the Leg of an old Hare and some boiled Crows. Next Morning, in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty Miles Distance) the Cupola of St Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman Pavement, with now and then a ruined Tower, or a Sepulcher on each Hand. We now had a clear View of the City, though not to the best Advantage, as coming along a Plain, quite upon a Level with it: however, it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent Villas and Gardens. We soon after crossed the Tiber, a River that ancient Rome made more considerable than any Merit of its own could have done:

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However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome Stream; very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy Complexion. The first Entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble Gate, designed by Michel Angelo, and adorned with Statues; this brings you into a large Square, in the middle of which is a vast Obelisk of Granite, and in Front you have at one View two Churches of a handsome Architecture, and so much alike that they are called Twins; with three Streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my Expectation was raised, I confess, the Magnificence of this City infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a Street but you have Views of some Palace, or Church, or Square, or Fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set about considering its Beauties, ancient and modern, with Attention; but have already taken a slight transient View of some of the most remarkable. St. Peter's I saw the Day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with Wonder. I there saw the Cardinal d'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who, upon coming off his Journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his Vows at the high Altar; and went directly into the Conclave; the Doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other immured Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his Entrance they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an Agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the Confinement is very disagreeable. I have hardly Philosophy enough to see the Infinity of fine Things that are here daily in the Power of any Body that has Money, without regretting the Want of it; but Custom has the Power of making Things easy to one. I have not yet seen his Majesty of Great-Britain, &c. though I have the two Boys in the Gardens of the Villa Borgeſe, where they go a-shooting almost every Day; it was at a Distance, indeed, for we did not chuse to meet them, as you may imagine. This Letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the Hands of that Family, before it comes to those it was intended for. They do it more Honour than it deserves; and all they will learn from thence will be, that I desire you to give my Duty to my Father, and wherever else it is due, and that I am, &c.

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L E T T E R XVI.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

Naples, June 17, 1740.

OUR Journey hither was through the most beautiful Part of the finest Country in the World; and every Spot of it, on some Account or other, famous for these three thousand Years past. The Season has hitherto been just as warm as one would wish it; no unwholesome Airs, or violent Heats, yet heard of: The People call it a backward Year, and are in Pain about their Corn, Wine, and Oil; but we, who are neither Corn, Wine, nor Oil, find it very agreeable. Our Road was through Velletri, Cisterna, Terracina, Capua, and Aversa, and so to Naples. The Minute one leaves his Holiness's Dominions, the Face of Things begins to change from wide uncultivated Plains to Olive Groves and well-tilled Fields of Corn, intermixed with Ranks of Elms, every one of which has its Vine twining about it, and hanging in Festoons between the Rows from one Tree to another. The great old Fig-trees, the Oranges in full Bloom, and Myrtles in every Hedge, make one of the delightfulest Scenes you can conceive; besides that, the Roads are wide, well kept, and full of Passengers, a Sight I have not beheld this long time. My Wonder still increased upon entering the City, which I think, for Number of People, outdoes both Paris and London. The Streets are one continued Market, and thronged with Populace so much that a Coach can hardly pass. The common Sort are a jolly lively kind of Animals, more industrious than Italians usually are; they work till Evening; then they take their Lute or Guitar, (for they all play) and walk about the City, or upon the Sea-shore with it, to enjoy the Fresco. One sees their little brown Children jumping about stark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with Castanets, while others play on the Cymbal to them. Your Maps will shew you the Situation of Naples; it is on the most lovely Bay in the World, and one of the calmest Seas: It has many other Beauties besides those of Nature. We have spent two Days

Days in visiting the remarkable Places in the Country round it, such as the Bay of Baiae, and its Remains of Antiquity; the Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara, Charon's Grotto, &c. We have been in the Sybils' Cave, and many other strange Holes under Ground (I only name them, because you may consult Sandy's Travels); but the strangest Hole I ever was in, has been To-day at a Place called Fortici, where his Sicilian Majesty has a Country-seat. About a Year ago, as they were digging, they discovered some Parts of ancient Buildings above thirty Feet deep in the Ground: Curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the Passage they have made, with all its Turnings and Windings, is now more than a Mile long. As you walk, you see Parts of an Amphitheatre, many Houses adorned with marble Columns, and incrusted with the same; the Front of a Temple, several arched Vaults of Rooms painted in Fresco. Some Pieces of Painting have been taken out from hence, finer than any Thing of the kind before discovered, and with these the King has adorned his Palace; also a Number of Statues, Medals, and Gems; and more are dug out every Day. This is known to be a Roman Town *, that, in the Emperor Titus's Time, was overwhelmed by a furious Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is hard by. The Wood and Beams remain so perfect, that you may see the Grain; but burnt to a Coal, and dropping into Dust upon the least Touch. We were To-day at the Foot of that Mountain, which at present only smokes a little, where we saw the Materials that fed the Stream of Fire, which about four Years since ran down its Side. We have but a few Days longer to stay here; too little in Conscience for such a Place.

* It should seem, by the Omission of its Name, that it was not then discovered to be Herculaneum.

L E T T E R XVII.

Lady Luxborough to Mr. SHENSTONE.

Barrells, October 16, 1748.

SIR,

THE Impatience with which I waited for the Pleasure of hearing from you, in Answer to my last, I looked upon as a Proof that nothing I could read was so agreeable to me as what you wrote: and had I been doubtful in my Opinion, your Letter and Autumn Verses would have confirmed it. This is no Compliment, nor am I guilty of Flattery. I speak my Mind; so that if I am guilty of an Error, it must be in Judgment: and I do not believe it possible, even for all your Modesty, to pack a Jury that would find me so in this Case: yet just as I am to your Writings, I am partial to the Autumn Season:— perhaps you will become so when grown somewhat older; and not exclaim against the *pensive* Season (as you call it) which, if it does not afford all the Gaieties of Spring and Summer, is however attended with fewer Disappointments. Would you in Spring enjoy the Beauty of your Parterre, a sudden Shower drives you Home; in Summer you are obliged to shut out the delicious Prospect of the ripened Grain and the various Labours of the Peasant, left, like him, you should be scorched by the Sun-beams, which your spreading Waters reflect the more strongly, or be caught, though under the Shelter of an Oak, by the merciless Lightning: whereas in Autumn, though more languid, the Sun has still Power to clear, and its gentle Heat causes no Pain; it still serves to ripen Fruits, which are to be your Consolation in Winter; and though the Days are short, every Hour of them may be enjoyed in Meads and Groves, where indeed the Trees lose their Verdure; but it is no more than changing their Dress (as some lowly Nymphs have done of late) from a plain green Gown to a rich Brocade mixed with ten thousand Shades: and as it is wove by the Hand of Nature, should still please in its Variety, though not equally as in its Bloom; nor should

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its more solemn and decent Appearance anticipate by Reflection the Rigours of Winter. Too soon she will make her shivering naked Appearance, and make us wish ourselves buried with the Ant, till Spring returns, unless some social Friends assemble (as at Barrells in 1747) to supply with their Conversation the Absence of the Sun.—I cannot persuade Mr. Outing to allow of my Indulgence to Autumn; though, to favour my Argument, Nature has been so remarkably kind this last October to adorn my Shrubbery with the Flowers that usually blow at Whitsuntide, and deck my Apple-trees with Blossoms, which we saw upon two of the Trees three Days ago, and have now Primroses and Polyanthus growing. Perhaps it is not so at the Leafwes; for though the same Sun lights us, it may be clouded over there, and your Flowers *withered all when Thompson died*.—Nature indeed should mourn for one who sung so well her Praises; but *that* Debt paid, and his Urn placed in your Grove, (so worthy of its Reception) she will no longer weep her Poet, but adopt you her Favourite to succeed him.—His *Castle of Indolence* I have read at last, and admire several Parts of it. He makes the Wizard's Song most engaging: but, as Lady Hertford observes, it is no Wonder; for

“ He needs no Muse who dictates from the Heart;
and Thompson's Heart was ever devoted to that Archimage. Do not copy him too nearly in that; it would be cruel to your Friends, if, like him,

“ ——————your Ditty sweet

“ You loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat.”

I shall be glad to see the Model of your Urn; but more glad to see the Urn itself in your Grove, and its Shadow trembling in your transparent Stream. I hope it will be well executed, as it will give you a pensive Pleasure, and to all who see and read how you have celebrated the Memory of one who so well deserved it. Future Urns no Doubt will be raised to you, but long may they remain unnecessary! though, according to your proposing to *end your Labours* (which is ending your Pleasures) as soon as two more Things are erected, I should look upon your Death as very near, and that you imagine he is to snatch

you

you to his Arms just as you are laying the last white Brick of the second Garden-seat: for no less a Monarch than he could stop the Course of your elegant Improvements. If I guess right, the most rapid Current, or (what is yet stronger) the most aspiring Ambition, might as well be stopped as your Inclination cease which forces you to adorn your Villa, or ever your Taste descend to the vulgar Rule of leaving Things as you found them. I often wish I had had that same useful vulgar Prudence; and yet how ashamed should I have been of it, when Friends of Taste had seen me enjoy the Thistles and Nettles that adorned this savage Place, as contentedly as the Ass that feeds on them!

As to your Thought about improving the Show-Box, I do not despise it for believing you took it from the Thing called London Cries, which Children play with; for the great Handel has told me that the Hints of his very best Songs have several of them been owing to the Sounds in his Ears of Cries in the Street: and why may your Eyes not take a Hint from the Manner in which they are exhibited in the forementioned little Machine? but I question if it can be so well performed in so large a Thing as these Machines we have. The Paper would rumple if not fastened to Pasteboard, and if fastened, would be too stiff to roll round the Rollers; yet I do not know whether, as you observe, some sort of Canvas might not do. It would be a good Amusement in the Wizard's Castle; for by this Means it would give no Trouble to bring all the beautiful Gardens and Palaces of the World to your View, as his Chrystal Globe by turning shewed him the various Turns of Man. For my part, I propose to have at my Castle of Barrells, Æolus's Harp; a Music which will never cease here as long as the Winds maintain their Power.

LETTER XVIII.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

If you feel any of that Compassion which you recommend to others, you will not disregard a Representation of a Cafe which I have reason, from Observation, to

believe very common, and which I know by Experience to be very miserable. And though the querulous are seldom received with great Ardour of Kindness, I hope to escape the Mortification of finding, that my Lamentations spread the Contagion of Impatience, and produce Anger rather than Tenderness. I write not merely to vent the Swellings of my Heart, but to inquire by what Means I may recover my Tranquillity, and shall endeavour at Brevity in my Narrative, having long known that Complaint quickly tires, however elegant, or however just.

I was born in a remote County, of an ancient Family, that boasts of Alliances with the greatest Names of the English History, and extends its Claims of Affinity to the *Tudors* and *Plantagenets*. My Ancestors had, by little and little, wasted their Patrimony, till my Father had not enough left for the Support of a Family, without descending to the Cultivation of his own Grounds, being condemned to pay three Sisters the Fortunes allotted them by my Grandfather, who is suspected to have made his Will when he was incapable of adjusting the Claims of his Children in due Proportion, and who, perhaps without Design, enriched his Daughters by beggaring his Son.—My Aunts being, at the Death of their Father, neither young nor beautiful, nor very eminent for Softness of Behaviour, Benevolence of Temper, or Extent of Knowledge, were suffered by the Neighbours to live unsolicited, and, by the Accumulation of the Interest of their Portions, grew every Day richer and prouder. My Father pleased himself with foreseeing that the Possessions of those Ladies must revert at last to the hereditary Estate, and, that his Family might lose none of its Dignity, resolved to keep me untainted with any Profession or lucrative Employment; whenever therefore I discovered any Inclination to the Improvement of my Condition, my Mother never failed to put me in mind of my Birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I should come to my Aunts' Estate.

In all the Perplexities or Vexations which want of Money brought upon us, it was our constant Practice to have Recourse to Futurity. If any of our Neighbours surpassed us in Appearance, we went home and contrived an Equi-

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page, with which the Death of my Aunts was to supply us. If any Purse-proud Upstart was deficient in Respect, Vengeance was referred to the Time in which our Estate was to be repaired. We registered every Act of Civility and Rudeness, inquired the Number of Dishes at every Feast, and minuted the Furniture of every House, that we might, when the Hour of Affluence should come, be able to eclipse all their Splendor, and surpass all their Magnificence.

Upon Plans of Elegance and Schemes of Pleasure the Day rose and set, and the Year went round unregarded, while we were busied in laying out Plantations on Ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the Manor-house should be rebuilt or repaired. This was all the Amusement of our Leisure, and all the Solace of our Exigencies; we met together only to contrive how our approaching Fortunes should be enjoyed; for in this our Conversation always ended, on whatever Subject it began. We had none of the collateral Interests which diversify the Life of others with Joys and Hopes; but had turned our whole Attention to one Event, which we could neither hasten nor retard; and had no other Object of Curiosity than the Health or Sickness of my Aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early Intelligence.

This visionary Opulence for a while soothed our Imagination, but afterwards fired our Wishes, and exasperated our Necessities, and my Father could not always restrain himself from exclaiming, that no Creature had so many Lives as a Cat and an old Maid. At last, upon the Recovery of his Sister from an Ague, which she was supposed to have caught by sparing Fire, he began to lose his Stomach, and four Months afterwards sunk into the Grave. My Mother, who loved her Husband, survived him but a little while, and left me the sole Heir of their Lands, their Prospects, their Schemes, and their Wishes. As I had not enlarged my Conceptions either by Books or Conversation, I differed only from my Father by the Freshness of my Cheeks and the Vigour of my Step; and, like him, gave Way to no Thoughts but of enjoying the Wealth which my Aunts were hoarding. At length the eldest fell ill. I paid the Civilities and Compliments

which Sickness requires, with the utmost Punctuality. I dreamed every Night of Escutcheons and white Gloves, and enquired every Morning, at an early Hour, whether there were any News of my dear Aunt. At last a Messenger was sent to inform me that I must come to her without the Delay of a Moment. I went, and heard her last Advice ; but, opening her Will, found that she had left her Fortune to her second Sister. I hung my Head ; the younger Sister threatened to be married, and every thing was Disappointment and Discontent. I was in Danger of losing irreparably one third of my Hopes, and was condemned still to wait for an Accession to my Fortune. Of part of my Terror I was soon eased ; for the Youth, whom his Relations would have compelled to marry the old Lady, after innumerable Stipulations, Articles, and Settlements, ran away with the Daughter of his Father's Groom ; and my Aunt, upon this Conviction of the Perfidy of Man, resolved never to listen more to amorous Addresses.

Ten Years longer I dragged the Shackles of Expectation, without ever suffering a Day to pass in which I did not compute how much my Chance was improved of being rich To-morrow. At last the second Lady died, after a short Illness, which yet was long enough to afford her Time for the Disposal of her Estate, which she gave to me after the Death of her Sister. I was now relieved from part of my Misery ; a large Fortune, though not in my Power, was certain and unalienable ; nor was there any longer Danger that I might at last be frustrated of my Hopes by a Fit of Dotage, the Flatteries of a Chamber-maid, the Whispers of a Tale-bearer, or the Officiousness of a Nurse. But my Fortune was yet in Reversion, my Aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to Grandeur and to Pleasure ; and there were yet, according to my Father's Observation, nine Lives between me and Happiness. I however lived on, without any Clamours of Discontent, and comforted myself with considering, that all are mortal, and they who are continually decaying, must at last be destroyed.

But let no Man from this Time suffer his Felicity to depend on the Death of his Aunt. The good Gentlewoman was very regular in her Hours and simple in her Di-

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et, and in walking or sitting still, sleeping or waking, had always in View the Preservation of her Health. She was not subject to any Disorder but hypochondriac Depression ; by which, without any Intention, she increased my Miseries, for whenever the Weather was cloudy, she would take to her Bed, and send me Notice that her Time was come. I went with all the Haste of Eagerness, and sometimes received passionate Injunctions to be kind to her Maid, and Directions how the last Offices should be performed ; but if before my Arrival the Sun happened to break out, or the Wind to change, I met her at the Door, or found her in the Garden, bustling and vigilant, with all the Tokens of long Life. Sometimes, however, she fell into Distempers, and was thrice given over by the Doctors, yet she found Means of slipping through the Gripe of Death ; and after having tortured me three Months with violent Alternations of Hope and Fear, came out of her Chamber, without any other Hurt than the Loss of Flesh, which in a few Weeks she recovered by Broths and Jellies.

As most have Sagacity sufficient to guess at the Desires of an Heir, it was the constant Practice of those who were hoping at Second-hand, and endeavoured to secure my Favour against the Time when I should be rich, to pay their Court, by informing me that my Aunt began to droop, that she had lately a bad Night, that she coughed feebly, and that she could never climb May Hill ; or at least, that the Autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the Winter with the piercing Winds of March, and in Summer with the Fogs of September. But she lived through Spring and Fall, and set Heat and Cold at defiance, till, after near half a Century, I buried her the fourteenth of last June, aged ninety-three Years, five Months, and six Days.

For two Months after her Death I was rich, and was pleased with that Obsequiousness and Reverence which Wealth instantaneously procures. But this Joy is now past, and I have returned again to my old Habit of wishing. Being accustomed to give the future full Power over my Mind, and to start away from the Scene before me to some expected Enjoyment, I deliver up myself to the Tyranny.

ranny of every Desire which Fancy suggests, and long for a thousand Things which I am unable to procure. Money has much less Power than is ascribed to it by those that want it. I had formed Schemes which I cannot execute, I had supposed Events which do not come to pass, and the rest of my Life must pass in craving Solicitude, unless you can find some Remedy for a Mind corrupted with an inveterate Disease of wishing, and unable to think on any Thing but Wants, which, Reason tells me, will never be supplied,

I am, &c. CUPIDUS.

LETTER XIX.

From the celebrated Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford.

[Written the Day before her Death.]

MADAM,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from me; the last Assurances I shall give you on Earth, of a sincere and stedfast Friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the Heights of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival to the happy Shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my Concern for your Happiness is: Thither I have sent my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering Delusions of the World; and, after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested joy.—I am now taking my last Farewel of you here, but it is a short Adieu, with a full Persuasion that we shall soon meet again.—But oh! in what Elevation of Happiness! in what Enlargement of Mind, and what Perfection of every Faculty!—What transporting Reflections shall we make on the Advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed!—To him that loved us in his Blood, shall we ascribe immortal Glory, Dominion, and Praise for ever; this is all my Salvation, all my Hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom

whom all the Families of the Earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence. In his Worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite Purity and Justice.—How poor were my Hopes, if I depended on those Works which my Vanity, or the Partiality of Man, have called good ; and which, if examined by divine Purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious Sins ! The best Actions of my Life would be found defective, if brought to the Test of that unblemished Holiness, in whose Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes, but for a Redeemer's Merit and Atonement ?—How desperate, how undone my Condition !—With the utmost Advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty !—Oh JESUS ! what Harmony dwells in thy Name !—Celestial Joy, and immortal Life, are in the Sound !—Let Angels set thee to their golden Harps ; let the ransomed Nations for ever magnify thee.—What a Dream is mortal Life ! what Shadows are all the Objects of mortal Sense ! All the Glories of Mortality (my much beloved Friend) will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you must be separated from this lower Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immortal World.

Something persuades me this will be the last Farewell in this World ; Heaven forbid it should be an everlasting Parting ! May that divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you stedfast in the Faith of Christianity, and guide your Steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue. Adieu, my most dear Friend, until we meet in the Paradise of God,

E. R O W E.

LETTER XX.

An Epistle from a Wit.

MADAM,

I Must acquaint you, in short, that you must either pull out your Eyes, or I must pull out mine ; either you must not be so handsome, or I must be blind. Yet, though my

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my Passion is as violent, perhaps, as any Man's, you must not expect I shou'd either hang or drown. I should betray great Want of Sense, and little Knowledge of your Merit, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely the Happiness of living with you, before the Glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your Sense, to believe you prefer the living Lover to the dead; the Lips that are warm, to those that are cold; the Limbs which have Motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill me with your Kindness, but not with your Cruelty: Let me expire rather upon your Bosom than at your Feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a Death of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms: Appoint but your Place, and I shall not fail to meet my fair Murderer.

LETTER XXI.

Translation of a Letter said to have been written by a certain Great Princess, to the King of Prussia.

May it please your Majesty.

I Am at a Loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late Victory, since the same Success which has covered you with Laurels has overspread the Country of Mecklenburgh with Desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my Sex, in this Age of vicious Refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the Horrors of War, or wish for the Return of Peace. I know you may think it more properly my Province to study the Arts of Pleasing, or to inspect Subjects of a more domestic Nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the Duties of interceding for this unhappy People.

It was but a very few Years ago that this Territory wore the most pleasing Appearance. The Country was cultivated, the Peasant looked cheerful, and the Towns abounded with Riches and Festivity. What an Alteration at present from so charming a Scene! I am not expert at Description,

Description, nor can my Fancy add any Horrors to the Picture; but sure even Conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous Prospects now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful Waste, presenting only Objects to excite Terror, Pity, and Despair. The Business of the Husbandman and the Shepherd are quite discontinued; the Husbandman and the Shepherd are become Soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the Soil they formerly cultivated. The Towns are inhabited only by old Men, Women, and Children; perhaps here and there a Warrior, by Wounds or Loss of Limbs rendered unfit for Service, left at his Door; his little Children hang around him, ask an History of every Wound, and grow themselves Soldiers before they find Strength for the Field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate Insolence of either Army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the Operations of the Campaign: It is impossible to express the Confusion, even those who call themselves our Friends create: Even those from whom we might expect Redress, oppress with new Calamities. From your Justice, therefore, it is that we hope Relief; to you even Children and Women may complain, whose Humanity stoops to the meanest Petition, and whose Power is capable of repressing the greatest Injustice.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry VIII.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure and my Imprisonment are Things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant: Whereas you send unto me, (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed Enemy. I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my

my Safety, I shall, with all Willingness and Duty, perform your Commands. But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof proceeded. And to speak a Truth, never had Prince a Wife more loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn; with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased.— Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as I now find; for the Ground of my Preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Object. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace, let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain; that unworthy Stain, of a disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most dutiful Wife, and the infant Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Trial, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already settled on that Party, for whose Sake I am now as I am; whose Name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death, but an infamous Slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness; then I desire of God that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and like-
wife

wife mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage of me, at his general Judgement-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose Judgement, I doubt not, (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only Request shall be, that myself may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen who (as I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my Sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request: And I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions.

*From my doleful Prison
in the Tower, this
6th of May.*

Your loyal, and
ever faithful Wife,
ANN BOLEYN.

LETTER XXIII.

Description of the Passion of Love.

I Passed Part of the Winter in all the Pangs of Suspense; my Lord's Attention, his Assiduity redoubled: a thousand little Cares, which proceed from the Heart alone, and which the Heart alone knows how to set a just Value on, all persuaded me that I was beloved; but he had never told me so: And that Doubt, inseparable from true Passion, that Fear which raises Obstacles to our Desires, and destroys our fondest Hopes, made me always distrust those Proofs that I thought he gave me of his Tenderness. Whilst he was with me, the softest Tranquillity reigned in my Soul, my dearest Wishes seemed fulfilled; when he was absent, I felt all my Inquietudes revive.

We were one Evening in Lady Osmond's Closet; every Body was at Cards, except my Lady Ossory and myself;

U

I was

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I was standing, leaning on Lady Dursley's Chair, and observing her play. She called my Lord Offory to ask him a Question ; as he stooped down to speak to her, happening to move my Hand, it fell by mere Accident on my Lord's : I withdrew it hastily, but he, fixing on me the most passionate Look, carried it to his Mouth, and kissed that Part of it which mine had touched. I was affected by this Action, it softened me, it charmed me ; and, during the Remainder of the Evening, I could not keep myself from regarding him with a Look of Embarrassment, which told him too plainly what it endeavoured to conceal.

Pardon me, my Lord, if I am prolix in relating these little Particulars : This inhuman Passion has been so dear to me, all that relates to it is yet so recent in my Memory, that it is impossible for me to speak on the Subject without recalling every Circumstance that led me to give myself up to an Inclination which has been the Source of all my Misfortunes.

Early in the Spring we returned to Hertford ; Lord Offory begged to be of our Party. I felt an extreme Joy at it ; I flattered myself it was on my Account only ; I was charmed that he preferred me to those Amusements which public Places offered him : Alas ! I was but too grateful for so trifling a Sacrifice ! Less interrupted than in Town, we passed whole Hours in those beautiful Gardens which Lord Osmond has adorned with every Charm of Art and Nature. My Lord improved me in the French Language, and I instructed him in the Spanish : Our Studies led us to Reflections, of which our Sentiments were always the Foundation. The Secret of our Souls seemed every Moment ready to escape us ; our Eyes had already betrayed it ; when one Day, reading an affecting Story of two tender Lovers, who had been cruelly torn from each other, the Book fell from our Hands, our Tears began to flow, and, seized with I know not what kind of Fear, our Eyes were fixed ardently on each other. He put one of his Arms round me, as if to detain me ; I leaned towards him, and breaking Silence at the same Time, we exclaimed both together, Ah ! how unhappy were these Lovers !

With what Fire did he then paint to me his Love ! How often did he swear, that his Happiness, that his Life, de-

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pended on my returning his Passion ! How melting were his Looks ! how ardent his Expressions ! His Discourse, the very Sound of his Voice, penetrated my Soul : His Words are engraven there in Characters never to be effaced.—Ah ! my Lord, what a Moment ! The Confession of a Passion which one partakes, is like a sudden Flash of Light, which carries a new Day into one's Ideas. An unspeakable Charm was diffused on every Thing around me ; every Object became more smiling, more amiable in my Eyes ; all Nature seemed more adorned and lovely. That Garden, where I had just learned I was beloved, appeared to me the Abode of some benevolent Being, who had withdrawn the Veil which had so long hid my Happiness from me.

Seized with Astonishment and Joy, how could I hide those rapid Emotions ; Emotions to which I had been till then a Stranger ! And why should I have restrained them ? I suffered him to see the Pleasure his Confession had carried into my Soul ; he enjoyed it, and augmented it by his Transports, and by the Gratitude with which he received the Vows I made, never to cease loving him.

From that Instant Lord Ossory has engrossed all the Tenderness of my Soul, and I have only breathed to love him.

Six Months passed in this agreeable Situation : Towards the Middle of Autumn Lord Ossory was obliged to return to London, to be present at the Marriage of Lord Newport with Lady Mortimer. He shewed an extreme Repugnance to leaving us, and quitted me with an unaffected and lively Sorrow. He wrote to me two or three Times a Day ; his Letter breathed the Soul of Tenderness ; he spoke only of the ardent Desire he had to return, to see me again, and of the Hopes he had of soon being united to me in those soft Bonds, he came from seeing tied. My Replies expressed the Grief his Absence gave me ; and which nothing was able to dissipate. He returned, and the Joy of seeing him again effaced the Remembrance of those tedious Hours I had passed without him.

Your, &c.

JULIET CATESBY.

LETTER XXIV.

Lord Ossory to Lady Henrietta Belmont.

YOU write, lovely Henrietta, to Lady Catesby : Your Hand, your Arms, were known : But to whom were they to give your Letter ? Is there such a Person in the World as Lady Catesby ? If there is, it is not, however, at Hertford you must seek her. If, instead of that Friend, so deservedly dear to you, your Heart will admit a new Object of its Esteem, Lady Ossory is ready to answer your tender Congratulations : She has opened your Letter with a Freedom which will, perhaps, surprize you : But what Rights has not this charming Woman, this Juliet ?—She is mine, for ever mine : No longer Lady Catesby, she is my Wife, my Friend, my Mistress ; the good Genius who has restored to me all those Blessings of which I have been so long deprived. Permit me, Madam, to thank you for the generous Warmth with which you have always interceded with your lovely Friend for my Pardon : She has condescended to grant it, and has shewn, in this Act of Goodness, all the Nobleness of Sentiment of which you know her capable. Yesterday was the Day for ever happy.

Lady O s s o r y.

This impudent Creature ! He will leave me nothing to say to you. O, my dear Henrietta ! they are all united against me : I was only invited hither to be drawn into a Snare : My Cousin managed the Conspiracy ; they did not give me Time to breathe. A repenting Lover at my Feet, Relations so dear to me soliciting for him, a tender Heart, the Minister present.—Upon my Word, they married me so hastily, I do not believe the Marriage is valid. Lady Osmond is so urgent—so very absolute—

Lady O s m o n d.

I come just in Time to vindicate myself; *a Snare, a Conspiracy, a Marriage which is not valid!* What would you think of me, my dear Henrietta, if you were less acquainted with my Sentiments in Regard to our fair Friend ?

Yes,

Yes, my Dear, I have married her to the most amiable Nobleman in England. The Marriage is valid, I assure you: None of the Parties concerned have the least Desire to break it. Juliet has certainly great Reason to complain of me: Her Happiness has always been one of my most ardent Wishes: I believe it now perfect, and I expect your Compliments on this Occasion.

Lady O s s o r y.

You are expected here with Impatience. No Feasts, no Balls, without my dear Henrietta; I should have said, no Happiness, if the Person whose Eyes follow my Pen was not already a little jealous of my tender Friendship.

LETTER XXV.

H. Mandeville to George Mordaunt, Esq.

MORDAUNT, the Die is cast, and the whole Happiness of my Life hangs on the present Moment. After having kept the Letter, confessing my Passion, three Days, without having Resolution to deliver it, this Morning in the Garden, being a Moment alone with Lady Julia in a Summer-house, the Company at some Distance, I assumed Courage to lay it upon a Table whilst she was looking out at a Window which had a Prospect that engaged all her Attention: When I laid it down, I trembled; a Chillness seized my whole Frame; my Heart died within me; I withdrew instantly, without even staying to see whether she took it up: I waited at a little Distance, hid in a close Arbour of Woodbines, my Heart throbbing with Apprehension, and by the Time she staid in the Summer-house, had no Doubt of her having seen the Letter: When she appeared, I was still more convinced; she came out with a timid Air, and looked round as if fearful of Surprise: The lively Crimson flushed her Cheek, and was succeeded by a dying Paleness; I attempted to follow, but had not Courage to approach her. I suffered her to pass the Arbour where I was, and advance slowly towards the House: When she was out of Sight, I went back to the

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Summer-house, and found the Letter was gone. I have not seen her. I am called to Dinner: My Limbs will scarce support me: How shall I bear the first Sight of Lady Julia! how be able to meet her Eyes!

I have seen her, but my Fate is yet undetermined; she has avoided my Eyes, which I have scarce dared to raise from the Ground. I once looked at her when she did not observe me, and saw a Melancholy on her Countenance which stabbed me to the Soul. I have given Sorrow to the Heart of her whom I would wish to be ever most happy; and to whose Good I would sacrifice the dearest Hope of my Soul. Yes, Mordaunt, let me be wretched, but let every Blessing Heaven can bestow, be the Portion of the loveliest of her Sex.

Oft have I, during the Sallies of Youth, laid Seige to Beauty, and pretended Love with no other Design than to satiate my own selfish Wishes, at the Expence of the Fair; but now, I think, I am arrived at Years of Maturity, and view Things in a better Light. My Tenderness for Lady Julia is more warm, more animated, more violent, and has a Delicacy of which those only who love like me can form any Idea: Independent of the Charms of her Person, it can never cease but with Life; nor even then, if in another State we have any Sense of what has passed in this; it is eternal, and incorporated with the Soul; above every selfish Desire. The first Object of my Thoughts and Wishes is her Happiness, which I would die, or live wretched to secure: Every Action of my Life is directed to the sole Purpose of pleasing her: My noblest Ambition is to be worthy her Esteem. My Dreams are full of her; and when I wake, the first Idea which rises in my Mind is the Hope of seeing her, and of seeing her well and happy: My most ardent Prayer to the Supreme Giver of all Good is for her Welfare.

In true Love, my dear Mordaunt, there is a Pleasure abstracted from all Hope of Return; and were I certain she would never be mine, nay, certain I should never behold her more, I would not, for all the Kingdoms of the World, give up the dear Delight of loving her.

Those who never felt this enlivening Power, this Divinity of the Soul, may find a poor insipid Pleasure in Tranquillity,

quillity, or plunge into vicious Excesses to animate their tedious Hours; but those who have, can never give up so sweet, so divine a Transport, but with their Existence, or taste any other Joy but in Subordination.

O Mordaunt! when I behold her, read the soft Language of those sparkling Eyes, hear those harmonious Sounds,—who that has a Soul can be insensible!—Yet there are Men dead to all Sense of Perfection, who can regard that Angel Form without Rapture, can hear the Music of that Voice without Emotion! I have myself, with Astonishment, seen them, inanimate as the Trees around them, listen coldly to those melting Accents.—There is a Sweetness in her Voice, Mordaunt, a melodious Softness, which Fancy cannot paint: The Enchantment of her Conversation is inexpressible.

Four o'Clock.

I am the most wretched of Mankind, and wretched without the Right of complaining: The Baseness of my Attempt deserves even the Pangs I suffer. I have attempted to seduce the Heiress of him on Earth to whom I am most obliged. O Mordaunt! have we indeed two Souls? Can I see so strongly what is right, yet want Power to act up to my own Sentiments? The Torrent of Passion bears down all before it. I abhor myself for this Weakness. I would give Worlds to recall that fatal Letter: Her Coldness, her Reserve, are more than I can support. My Madness has undone me.—My Assiduity is importunate—I might have preserved her Friendship. I have thrown away the first Happiness of my Life. Her Eyes, averted, shun me as an Object of Hatred. I shall not long offend her by my Presence. I will leave her for ever. I am eager to be gone, that I may carry far from her—O Mordaunt! who could have thought that Cruelty dwelt in such a Form? She hates me, and all my Hopes are destroyed for ever.

Monday Evening.

This Day, the first of my Life; what a Change has this Day produced! These few flying Hours have raised me above Mortality. Yes, I am most happy; she loves me, Mordaunt: Her conscious Blushes, her downcast Eyes, her heaving Bosom, her sweet Confession, have told me what

her

her Tongue could not utter: She loves me, and all else is below my Care: She loves me, and I will pursue her. What are the mean Considerations of Fortune to the tender Union of Hearts? Can Wealth or Titles deserve her? No, Mordaunt, Love alone.—She is mine by the strongest Ties, by the sacred Bond of Affection. The Delicacy of her Soul is my certain Pledge of Happiness: I can leave her without Fear; she cannot now be another's.

I told you my Despair this Morning; my Lord proposed an Airing; Chance placed me in Lady Julia's Chaile. I entered it with a beating Heart: A tender Fear of having offended, inseparable from real Love, kept me some Time silent; at length, with some Hesitation, I begged her to pardon the Effect of Passion and Despair, vowed I would rather die than displease her; that I did not hope for her Love, but could not support her Hate.

I then ventured to look up to the loveliest of Women; her Cheeks were suffused with the deepest Blush; her Eyes, in which was the most dying Langour, were cast timidly on the Ground; her whole Frame trembled, and with a Voice broken and interrupted, she exclaimed, “Hate you, “Mr. Mandeville, O Heaven!” She could say no more; did she need, the dear Truth broke like a sudden Flash of Light on my Soul.

Yet think not I will take Advantage of this dear Pre-possession in my Favour, to seduce her from her Duty to the best of Parents; from Lord Belmont only will I receive her: I will propose no Engagement contrary to the Rights of an indulgent Father, to whom she is bound by every Tie of Gratitude and filial Tenderness: I will pursue my Purpose, and leave the Event to Heaven, to that Heaven which knows the Integrity, the disinterested Purity of my Intentions: I will evince the Reality of my Passion, by endeavouring to be worthy of her. The Love of such a Woman, is the Love of Virtue itself: It raises, it refines, it ennobles every Sentiment of the Heart; how different from that Fever of selfish Desire I felt for the amiable Countess!

O Mordaunt! had you beheld those blushes of reluctant Sensibility, seen those charming Eyes softened with a Tenderness as refined as that of Angels—She loves me—let me

me repeat the dear Sounds.—She loves me, and I am
happier than a God! Adieu.

All the Time is thrown away
That is not spent in Love.

LETTER XXVI.

Lady Offory to Lady Henrietta Belmont.

WE are now, my dear Henrietta, at a most delightful Seat; during two Months, Gaiety has presided here: It belongs to a Widow scarce twenty. Enchanted with her new State, she comes to pass the Year of her Mourning here, only to meditate in Peace on her future Choice, when Decency will permit her to make herself Amends for what she suffered with her first Husband, whom she hated with all her Heart. She has the most beautiful Face you can conceive, a fine Height, an Air of Dignity, and a most engaging Sincerity. In giving an Account of her Sufferings, she can scarce smother her Laughter.—*The old Lord was jealous, and she could have over-reached him; she could.*—This agreeably silly Creature has just as much Sense as is necessary to amuse herself, and to please.

Miss Annabella, her Sister, is a very different Creature: Was never out of this magnificent Seat, where she has always lived with her Father only. Her Figure is noble and interesting; her Air is sweet and delicate; she has a great deal of Breeding, and more Sentiment. She wants nothing, in short, but Knowledge of the World; but if she has not all the Graces which that bestows, she is free from the Vices to which it leads; Vices, which it is so difficult to avoid in polite Circles, where they have found the contemptible Art of forgiving mutually every Defect of the Heart. I am always enraged, when I hear this criminal Indulgence honoured with the Name of Softness of Manners, Knowledge of human Nature, and a Condescension indispensable in Society. O! this Sir Harry; he is insupportable; every Thing displeases him.—I thought him of

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of a more equal Temper: People must be very amiable to appear so to those who see them every Day; I am out of Patience with him: He advises me to throw away a Nosegay that Sir James has gathered himself, and has given me; Sir Harry has not breathed since I have had it; he brings me twenty Examples of Illness, occasioned by the too strong Perfume of Jonquils; he assures me they are very bad for the Head. As I see his impertinent Jealousy, I shall keep the Nosegay; I would keep it, if it gave me a thousand Head-achs. I shall be at Winchester To-morrow; I shall find your Letters there; it is the only Pleasure I promise myself. Adieu! My tenderest Respects to my Lord Castle-Cary.

LETTER XXVII.

On City Luxury.

Good Sir,

I Am an old Man, and little used to writing; but, Sir, as I see you are so obliging to others as to communicate their Sentiments and Complaints to the World, I dare say you will mine.

I was many Years resident in London; but an old Uncle, in the Year 1729, dying, and leaving me a tolerable Estate in Gloucestershire, I preferred Ease to Affluence, and retired from Noise and Bustle to Peace and Quiet.

Among my Friends in Town was one Mr. Holland, a Draper in Cheapside: He was a good, honest, pains-taking Man; if you dined with him, a Joint of Meat and a Pudding was the utmost of his Entertainment; I never saw Wine in his House but at Christmas, or on a Wedding-day; we had a Glaſs of good Ale, and after Dinner we went to our Business, and did not sit three or four Hours as you do now. He wore his Cap the greatest Part of the Day, and was not ashamed to take the Broom and the Scraper, and clean before his Door. He had a good Understanding, and was honest to a Degree of Admiratioñ: I fear I shall never see his like again: He is dead, poor Man!

Man ! he died in July, 1750, leaving ten thousand seven hundred Pounds, all got by Care and Industry, between seven Children, Share and Share alike.

Business, Sir, calling me to Town this Spring, (my Daughter's Marriage, good Sir, if you must know) I resolved to inquire after my old Friend's Family : He had three Sons; the eldest I found was ruined by Horse-racing, and went to settle at Lisbon ; the next, Tom by Name, became a Bankrupt in Sixty, by Vice and Extravagance, and went to America, where we must all go soon, at least the younger Part of us. I got a Direction for Jack, a Haberdasher near the 'Change ; I trudged to see him last Wednesday Morning ; I asked for Mr. John Holland, and, to my very great Surprize, was introduced to a Gentleman as fine as my Lord Cockatoo, and his Hair dressed as high and powdered as white ; I begged Pardon, and told him, I supposed the Man had made a Mistake ; on which he, re-collecting me, called me by my Name, and run across the Room and kissed me (the Devil take his French Fashions !) he expressed great Joy, indeed, at seeing me, and insisted on my dining with him at his House in the Country ; " My Coach," said he, " will be at the Door directly ; " Miss Pattypan, and her Papa, the great City Cook, will " favour us with their Company, and you shall make one." Not being engaged, Curiosity induced me to take the spare Corner of the Coach, and go with them into the Country, as they called it ; that is, to Highgate. I will not trouble you with all the Particulars of our Journey and Dinner, but only tell you, that it cut me to the Heart to see my Friend's Son so great a Contrast to his Father. On the Road they entertained me with all that passed in public ; they all belonged, I understood, to the City Concert and the Assembly ; never failed at Mrs. Thingamy's, in Soho-square ; had been at two Ridottos this Winter ; loved the Opera ; and Miss Pattypan sung us an Italian Air ; an impudent Minx ! I could have knocked her empty Pate against her Father's Jolter ! When we arrived, we were introduced to Madam Holland ; how she was dressed in Jewels and Gold ! and then her Hair cur'd six Inches from her Head, (God forgive me if I am mistaken, but I believe it was a Wig.) Then, when the Dinner came in,

how

how was I amazed to see the Table covered with seven Dishes, and more so when I was told there was a second Course! The Turbot cost eighteen Shillings, the Turkey Poult fourteen Shillings; Madam told us, for she gloried in her Shame.

I beg Pardon, Sir, for having detained you thus long with such Trifles, but you know old People will be prating. What I meant to tell you was our Discourse after Dinner. As I came from the Country, Mr. Holland and Mr. Pattypan attacked me on the high Price of Provisions : “ An’t it a Shame (says Mr. Holland) that we poor Londoners should be paying such extravagant Prices, when we live in the Land of Plenty ; Poultry, Meat, and Butter, double the Price they were twenty Years ago ; Oats twenty Shillings a Quarter, Hay three Pounds ten Shillings ; it costs me more in one Month than it did my Father in a Year. I shall, instead of saving ten thousand Pounds, be obliged to run away, if something an’t done to reduce the Price of Provisions.” My Blood boiled with Indignation ; I hastily replied, “ Whether something is done or not, Mr. Holland, you must run away, if you live thus : don’t name your poor Father, his Table would have been furnished for a Week for the Money your Turbot cost : Provisions were less, you say, by a Half in your Father’s Time : But why were they so ? Because People lived with more Frugality, and the Consumption was less : A City Haberdasher, in those Days, would have thought he entertained his Friends nobly with a Piece of Beef and Potatoes in the Pan ; but I see fourteen Dishes, in these luxurious Times, are scarcely sufficient : If your Father, even in those cheaper Times, had furnished his Table like the Prodigals of the present, he must, instead of leaving ten thousand Pounds, have lived and died a Beggar. Your Father had no Country-house ; he had a Saying, that,

*“ Those who do two Houses keep
“ Must often wake when others sleep.*

“ Though the Verse is not extraordinary, the Moral is good ; he had no Coach, therefore the Price of Oats or Hay hurt not him ; he neither subscribed to, nor idled his

" his Time at public Assemblies; I may say to you as the
 " Friend in Dan Prior says to the fat Man, You are mak-
 " ing the very Evil you complain of. In my younger Days
 " there was not a Shopkeeper in London kept his Coach;
 " now scarce one is to be found who condescends to walk;
 " and not only Shopkeepers, but Whores, Dancing-ma-
 " sters, and Fidlers, have their Equipages; you use a hun-
 " dred Times as much Butter as was used formerly, with
 " your Sauces, Fricassees, and Teas; your Vanity employs
 " five hundred Times the Horses; you confound more of
 " God's good Creatures at one Dinner, than would have
 " feasted your Ancestors for a Month, and yet pretend to
 " be amazed that Things are not so plentiful as they were:
 " The same Ground cannot keep Cows, grow Oats, breed
 " Cattle, produce Hay, pasture your Horses, and supply
 " you with Grain; the Consequence of which is, you
 " fetch your Luxuries at great Expence from seventy Miles
 " Distance; whereas, in our Time, ten Miles round Lon-
 " don supplied the Town with all Necessaries." I was
 going on, when Mr. Pattypan yawned and said, " He did
 " not come here for a Lecture;" and before I could an-
 swer him, Mr. Jackanapes, the Haberdasher, said, " Let
 " us take a Turn in the Garden, and leave old Square-
 " Toes to swallow his Spittle." I here grew too angry to
 stay with the empty Coxcombs: I took up my Hat and
 Cane, and marched to the Door; when the Pastry Cook
 called out, " You had better go back in Mr. Holland's
 " Coach, for it is too late to walk, and it will break your
 " frugal Heart to spend a Shilling for a Place in the Stage."
 Says I, " No, Mr. Puffpaste, though I am an Enemy to
 " Profusion, I spend my Money as cheerfully as any Body
 " when my Convenience requires it. Though I cannot
 " live at the Expence of either of you, I believe I have
 " Estate enough to buy all the Pies and Tapes in your two
 " Shops. I mean to live, and give my Children something
 " at my Death; but you cannot support your Profusion
 " long, you will be Bankrupts soon, and cheat your Cie-
 " ditors out of nineteen Shillings in the Pound. You will
 " live to feast on Gravy Beef instead of having Sauces,
 " and at last die in a Gaol, or feed Hogs, and eat the
 " Husks, like your Brother Prodigal in the Gospel." Here
 I flounced out of the Room, and so ended our Scolding.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Poet Waller's entertaining Letter to Lady Sidney.

MADAM,

IN the common Joy at Penshurst I know none to whom Compliments may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship ; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress ; and, therefore, you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to the Imprecations of the deserted ; which just Heaven, no Doubt, will hear !

May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her : And may this Love, before the Year goes about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother ! May her First-born be none of her own Sex ! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself !

May she, that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children ; and hereafter of her Grandchildren ! And then may she arrive at that great Curse, so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old Age ! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young ; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth ! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where, we are told, there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage ; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again ! My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End, and afterwards !

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things ; and that this Loss may, in good Time, be happily supplied with a more constant Bedfellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hand, and beseech you for this Trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XXIX.

A consolatory Letter to my Lady ———, upon the Death of her Husband.

MADAM,

I was very much surprised to hear that your Ladyship takes so much to Heart the Loss of your Husband; that your Relations should not be able to conquer so obstinate a Grief; and that a Person of your good Sense and Resolution should be so unfashionable and so weak, as to pay that Respect to the Ashes of the Dead, which well-bred Women, now-a-days, can scarce afford to the Living.

I will not pretend to attack your Grief in the common Forms; I will not represent to you that all Flesh is Grass, that nothing is exempted from the Laws of Fate, and that 'tis in vain to regret a Loss which it was not in our Power to prevent; these thread-bare Topics I shall leave to Divines and Philosophers, and shall content myself to oppose your Lamentations with Arguments better suited to your present Condition.

'Tis true, Madam, you have lost a Husband, and what of that? Have not thousands done so before you? But then consider, that this Death makes Room for a new Election. A Widow ought no more to afflict herself for the Death of her Husband, than a Country Corporation is obliged to go into Mourning for the Death of the Member that represented them in Parliament; for, without staying for a Writ from the Clerk of the Crown, she may proceed to a new Choice, as soon as she sees convenient. Your Husband, God be thanked, has neither carried your Youth with him into the other World, nor your Jointure; could he have robbed you of either of these Blessings, you might have just Reason to complain; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very desperate when her two surest Friends, her Beauty and her Wealth, stick close to her.

As you have Charms and Money enough to procure you Store of Lovers, so, in my Opinion, it must needs be an agreeable Diversion to you in your present Sorrow (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up your Appearance of it) to observe the different Address and Language of your Admirers.

One will tell you that he adores the Perfections of your Soul, exclusive of all worldly Considerations ; but, Madam, have a Care of these Platonics, for a Man that makes a vigorous Court to the Body, is worth a thousand Cox-combs that pretend I know not what mighty Kindness to the Soul.

Another will tell you, that he is ready to hang or drown for your Sake, and desires you to chuse what Sort of Death for him you think fit, if you deny him that Blessing wherein his Life can be only happy. Be governed by me, Madam, and take such a Lover at his Word ; if he decently dispatch himself, you may take it from me that he loved in earnest ; but if he fails to give you this Testimony of his Affection, you may conclude he was a Hypocrite, and consequently not worth the saving.

A third, perhaps, will boast of his Acres, and tell you what a large Settlement he will make you ; whatever you do, pray take Care of these Smithfield Gentlemen, these Land and Tenement Panders, for not one in a thousand is honest at the Bottom ; and if he can but join you Estate to his, never troubles his Head about the more comfortable Conjunction of Persons and Affections.

It will be a pleasant Amusement for you to manage these humble Servants so artificially, as to make all of them hope, yet at the same Time jealous of one another ; to steal a kind Glance sometimes at one, and bestow a gracious Nod sometimes upon another ; to see them languish at your Feet, and hear the different Turns of their Rhetoric ; then, after you have thoroughly examined their several Merits and Qualifications, it will be high Time to proceed in your Choice : But whenever you go about that, Madam, let me advise you to observe the same Policy that Cardinals do at the Election of a Pope, and pitch upon one who, in all Probability, is soonest like to make a *sede vacante*. Thus, Madam, instead of dwelling upon the illustrious Qualities of the Defunct, according to the threadbare Method of common Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the Measures you are to take with the Living. I confess I have ventured upon a Task for which I am in no wise qualified. Solomon has told us, that the Hearts of Kings are unsearchable ; which, I suppose,

pose, he knew to be so by his own : He might have added, when his Hand was in, that the Hearts of Widows have the same occult Quality, and are as hard to be understood.

Thus, Madam, you are not to wonder, if the Directions I have given you are none of the properest ; however, such as you see them they are at your Service, as is likewise,

Madam,

Your most obedient and faithful, &c.

L E T T E R XXX.

A comical Letter, by the famous Mons. Collitier.

MADAM,

DID you ever see an Almanac in your Life ? You will say this is an odd Question. I will give the Reason, then, why I ask it : There is an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictured in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him ? cry you. Why, Madam, he is only a Type of your humble Servant ; for that Son of a Whore, Cupid, has pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like,—let me think,—like what ? like your Ladyship's Pincushion. But this is not all : Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than Cupid and all his Roguery : For, Madam, while I was Star-gazing the other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plump into your Fish-pond ; by the same Token, that I hissed like a red-hot Horse-Shoe flung into a Smith's Trough, it was a hundred Pound to a Penny but I had been drowned ; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish that were as plenty as HERRINGS at Rotterdam. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,

Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

C O L L I T I E R.

X 3

The

The ACCOMPLISHED

LETTER - WRITER;

O R,

UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENT.

P A R T VI.

POETICAL EPISTLES.

An Epistle from a Midshipman in the Navy to his Mess-Mate, on the Admiralty Order for the Alteration of the Captains' Uniform.

SO, you see by the Papers, at last, my Boy Ned,
That this Mountain of Mountains is now brought to
Bed!
The Labour was hard, though the Birth it was small;
"Tis a Button produc'd through a *wee* Button-hole.
Dan Sandwich, that sensible, smiling old Wag,
Of our Captains' Disputes and Resolves he would brag;
And calmly would say, as he cut off his Mutton,
"They're not to be fear'd who can't settle a Button."
However, for once he hath thrown out a Fable;
For the Button's come forth with *an Anchor and Cable*.
And this proves the Captains all Lubbers, my Cock,
Two Turns of the Cable they've got round the Stock;
But they, cuning Wags! to get clear of the Thing,
Most kindly give out, it was made by the K—g.
Now, 'tis cruel to say it, supposing it true;
For what could he learn by the Naval Review?
His Mind was with every Rarity struck—
What Surprise he declar'd at the Boy on the Truck!

And

And when that the Boy wav'd his Hat like a *Vane*,
 With true Condescension he wav'd his again !
 And therefore, I say, that the Sailors are wrong
 To make a good Monarch the Tune of their Song.
 But this Coat is the Thing that perplexes us all,
 And the Uniform, now, by whose Name must we call ?
 For you know in the Cause, too, that many a Sailor
 Stood forth, from the List, to assist as the Taylor.
 But who is the Father I cannot find out ;
 The Midwife is *Stevens*, who hands it about.
 It is none of your *Hawkes*, your *Saunders*, or *Keppels* ;
 They know nothing of Collars, Cuffs, Buttons, or Lappels :
 They are Sailors, not Taylors; they'll stick by their Mess ;
 If they can't rigg a Captain—a Frenchman they'll dress.
 Some delicate Mizen hath trim'd up our Blue,
 For we're all Macaronies from *Earing* to *Clue*.
 Twelve Holes are allowed to ev'ry Commander ;
 No more to creep out at had great Alexander.
 These Holes are distinguish'd by two's and by three's,
 That the Ranks may be known on the Shores and the Seas.
 They have now full Allowance, I think, my good Cousin !
 Thirteen they have got—a complete Baker's Dozen :
 And Holes he hath plenty, in Times known so frail,
 Who hath twelve in his Coat—besides one in his T—I.

ELOISA to ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Passion. After a long Course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this Separation, that a Letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the History of his Misfortune, fell into the Hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a Picture of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

IN these deep Solitudes and awful Cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And

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And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;
 What means this Tumult in a Vestal's Veins ?
 Why rove my Thoughts beyond this last Retreat ?
 Why feels my Heart its long-forgotten Heat ?
 Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet most kiss the Name.

Dear fatal Name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these Lips in holy Silence seal'd :
 Hide it, my Heart, within that close Disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies :
 O write it not, my Hand—the Name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my Tears !
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her Heart still dictates, and her Hand obeys.

Relentless Walls ! whose darksome Round contains
 Repentant Sighs, and voluntary Pains :
 Ye rugged Rocks ! which holy Knees have worn ;
 Ye Grots and Caverns, shagg'd with horrid Thorn !
 Shrines ! where their Vigils pale-ey'd Virgins keep,
 And pitying Saints, whose Statues learn to weep !
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to Stone.
 All is not Heav'n's; while Abelard has part,
 Still Rebel Nature holds out half my Heart ;
 Nor Prayers nor Fasts its stubborn Pulse restrain,
 Nor Tears for Ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known Name awakens all my Woes.
 Oh Name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
 Still breath'd in Sighs, still usher'd with a Tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire Misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after Line my gushing Eyes o'erflow,
 Led through a sad Variety of Woe :
 Now warm in Love, now with'ring in my Bloom,
 Lost in a Convent's solitary Gloom !
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling Flame,
 There dy'd the best of Passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy Griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.
 Nor Foes nor Fortune take this Power away ;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ?

Tears

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in Prayer ;
 No happier Task these faded Eyes pursue ;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy Pain, allow that sad Relief ;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy Grief.
 Heaven first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
 Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid ;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
 Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires ;
 The Virgin's Wish, without her Fears, impart,
 Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart,
 Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And waft a Sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy Flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's Name ;
 My Fancy form'd thee of angelic Kind,
 Some Emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling Eyes, attemp'ring every Ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial Day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd ; Heaven listen'd while you sung ;
 And Truths divine came mended from that Tongue.
 From Lips like those what Precept fail'd to move ?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no Sin to love :
 Back thro' the Paths of pleasing Sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
 Dim and remote the Joys of Saints I see ;
 Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to Marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all Laws but those which Love has made !
 Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
 Spreads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.
 Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded Dame,
 August her Deed, and sacred be her Fame ;
 Before true Passion all those Views remove,
 Fame, Wealth, and Honour ! what are you to Love ?
 The jealous God, when we profane his Fires,
 Those restless Passions in Revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken Mortals groan,
 Who seek in Love for ought but Love alone.
 Should at my Feet the World's great Master fall,
 Himself, his Throne, his World, I'd scorn them all :

Not

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Not Cæsar's Empress would I deign to prove ;
No, make me Mistress to the Man I love.

If there be yet another Name more free,
More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh happy State ! when Souls each other draw,
When Love is Liberty, and Nature Law :
All then is full, possessing and posses'd,
No craving Void left aching in the Breast :
Even Thought meets Thought, ere from the Lips it part,
And each warm Wish springs mutual from the Heart.
This sure is Bliss (if Bliss on Earth there be)
And once the Lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd ! what sudden Horrors rise !
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies !
Where, where was Eloise ! her Voice, her Hand,
Her Poniard had oppos'd the dire Command.
Barbarian, stay ! that bloody Stroke restrain ;
The Crime was common, common be the Pain.
I can no more ; by Shame, by Rage supprest,
Let Tears and burning Blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn Day,
When Victims at yon' Altar's Foot we lay ?
Canst thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
When, warm in Youth, I bade the World farewell ?
As with cold Lips I kiss'd the sacred Veil,
The Shrines all trembled, and the Lamps grew pale :
Heaven scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread Altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my Eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not Grace or Zeal, Love only was my Call,
And if I lose thy Love, I lose my All.
Come ! with thy Looks, thy Words, relieve my Woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that Breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious Poison from thy Eye,
Pant on thy Lip, and to thy Heart be prest ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no ! instruct me other Joys to prize,
With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes,
Full in my View set all the bright Abode,
And make my Soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah

Ah think at least thy Flock deserves thy Care,
 Plants of thy Hand, and Children of thy Prayer.
 From the false World in early Youth they fled,
 By thee to Mountains, Wilds, and Deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd Walls ; the Desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.

No weeping Orphan saw his Father's Stores
 Our Shrines irradiate, or emblaze the Floors ;
 No silver Saints, by dying Misers given,
 Here brib'd the Rage of ill-requited Heaven ;
 But such plain Roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's Praise.

In these lone Walls (their Days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown Domes with spiry Turrets crown'd,
 Where awful Arches make a noon-day Night,
 And the dim Windows shed a solemn Light ;
 Thy Eyes diffus'd a reconciling Ray,
 And Gleams of Glory brighten'd all the Day.

But now no Face divine Contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank Sadness, or continual Tears.
 See how the Force of others Prayers I try,
 (O pious Fraud of amorous Chastity !)

But why should I on others Prayers depend ?
 Come thou, my Father, Brother, Husband, Friend !
 Ah let thy Handmaid, Sister, Daughter move,
 And all these tender Names in one, thy Love !

The darksome Pines that o'er yon Rocks reclin'd,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind,
 The wand'ring Streams that shine between the Hills,
 The Grots that echo to the tinkling Rills,
 The dying Gale, that pant upon the Trees,
 The Lakes that quiver to the curling Breeze ;
 No more these Scenes my Meditation aid,
 Or lull to Rest the visionary Maid.

But o'er the twilight Groves and dusky Caves,
 Long-sounding Isles, and intermingled Graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like Silence, and a dread Repose ;
 Her gloomy Presence saddens all the Scene,
 Shades ev'ry Flower, and darkens ev'ry Green,
 Deepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,
 And breathes a brawner Horror on the Woods.

Yet

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
 Sad Proof how well a Lover can obey !
 Death, only Death, can break the lasting Chain ;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold Dust remain ;
 Here all its Frailities, all its Flames resign.
 And wait till 'tis no Sin to mix with thine.

Ah Wretch ! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.
 Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that Pray'r ?
 Sprung it from Piety, or from Despair ?
 Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the Lover, nor lament the Fault ;
 I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
 Repent old Pleasures, and solicit new ;
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past Offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my Innocence.
 Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest Science to forget !
 How shall I lose the Sin, yet keep the Sense,
 And love th' Offender, yet detest th' Offence ?
 How the dear Object from the Crime remove,
 Or how distinguish Penitence from Love ?
 Unequal Task ! a Passion to resign,
 For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
 Ere such a Soul regains its peaceful State,
 How often must it love, how often hate !
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, despair,—do all Things but forget ?
 But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd ;
 Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspir'd !
 Oh come ! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my Love, my Life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot !
 The World forgetting, by the World forgot :
 Eternal Sunshine of the spotless Mind !
 Each Prayer accepted, and each Wish resign'd ;
 Labour and Rest, that equal Periods keep ;
 " Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep ;"

Desires

Desires compos'd, Affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heaven.
 Grace shines around her with serenest Beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
 For her th' unfading Rose of Eden blooms,
 And Wings of Seraphs shed divine Perfumes,
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal Ring,
 For her white Virgins Hymenæals sing,
 To Sounds of heavenly Harps she dies away,
 And melts in Visions of eternal Day.

Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
 Far other Raptures of unholy Joy :
 When at the Close of each sad, sorrowing Day,
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
 All my loose Soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear Horrors of all-conscious Night !
 How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight !
 Provoking Dæmons all Restraint remove,
 And stir within me every Source of Love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
 And round thy Phantom glue my clasping Arme.
 I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,
 The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty Arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing Eyes ;
 Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise !
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary Wastes, and weep each other's Woe,
 Where round some mould'ring Tower pale Ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the Skies ;
 Clouds interpose, Waves roar, and Winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad Prospect find,
 And wake to all the Griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool Suspense from Pleasure and from Pain ;
 Thy Life a long dead Calm of fix'd Repose ;
 No Pulse that riots, and no Blood that glows.
 Still as the Sea ere Winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow ;

Soft as the Slumbers of a Saint forgiven,
And mild as opening Gleams of promis'd Heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The Torch of Venus burns not for the Dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Even thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting Flames ! like those that burn
To light the Dead, and warm th' unfruitful Urn.

What Scenes appear where'er I turn my View ?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the Grove, before the Altar rise,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes.
I waste the Matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image steals between my God and me ;
Thy Voice I seem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too soft a Tear.
When from the Censer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul,
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to Flight,
Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my Sight :
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops just gathering in my Eye ;
While praying, trembling, in the Dust I roll,
And dawning Grace is op'ning on my Soul ;
Come, if thou dar'st, all-charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my Heart ;
Come, with one Glance of those deluding Eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the Skies ;
Take back that Grace, those Sorrows, and those Tears ;
Take back my fruitless Penitence and Pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest Abode ;
Assist the Fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole Oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one Pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I view !)
Long-lov'd, ador'd Ideas, all adieu !

O Grace serene ! Oh Virtue heav'ly fair !
 Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care !
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky !
 And Faith, our early Immortality !
 Enter, each mild, each amicable Guest ;
 Receive and wrap me in eternal Rest !

See in her Cell sad Eloïsa spread,
 Propt on some Tomb, a Neighbour of the Dead.
 In each low Wind methinks a Spirit calls,
 And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying Lamps around,
 From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow Sound.
 " Come, Sister, come" ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 " Thy Place is here, sad Sister, come away !
 " Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's Victim then, tho' now a sainted Maid :
 " But all is calm in this eternal Sleep ;
 " Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
 " Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry Fear ;
 " For God, not Man, absolves our Frailities here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate Bow'rs,
 Celestial Palms, and ever-blooming Flow'rs.
 Thither, where Sinners may have Rest, I go,
 Where Flames refin'd in Breasts seraphic glow :
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad Office pay,
 And smooth my Passage to the Realms of Day ;
 See my Lips tremble, and my Eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last Breath, and catch my flying Soul !
 Ah no — in sacred Vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy Hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted Eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !
 It will be then no Crime to gaze on me.
 See from my Cheek the transient Roses fly !
 See the last Sparkle languish in my Eye !
 Till ev'ry Motion, Pulse, and Breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be heard no more.
 O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove
 What Dust we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair Frame destroy,
 (That Cause of all my Guilt, and all my Joy)

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In Trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,
Bright Clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round ;
From op'ning Skies may streaming Glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a Love like mine.

May one kind Grave unite each hapless Name,
And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame !
Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,
When this rebellious Heart shall beat no more ;
If ever Chance two wand'ring Lovers brings
To Paraclete's white Walls and silver Springs,
O'er the pale Marble shall they join their Heads,
And drink the falling Tears each other sheds ;
Then fadly say, with mutual Pity mov'd,
“ O may we never love as these have lov'd ! ”
From the full Choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,
Amid that Scene, if some relenting Eye
Glance on the Stone where our cold Relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a Thought from Heav'n,
One human Tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if Fate some future Bard shall join
In sad Similitude of Griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole Years in Absence to deplore,
And image Charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender Story tell !
The well-sung Woes will sooth my pensive Ghost ;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

A D V I C E T O A L A D Y.

TH E Counsels of a Friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a Lady's Ear,
Unlike the Flatteries of a Lover's Pen,
Such Truths as Women seldom learn from Men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female Vanity might fear to know :
Some Merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater yours, Sincerity to bear.

Hard is the Fortune that your Sex attends ;
Women, like Princes, find few real Friends :

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All who approach them their own Ends pursue :

Lovers and Ministers are seldom true.

Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,

And the most trusted Guide the most betrays :

Hence by fond Dreams of fancy'd Power amus'd,

When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your Sex's earliest, latest Care,

Your Heart's supreme Ambition ? To be fair :

For this the Toilet every Thought employs,

Hence all the Toils of Dress, and all the Joys :

For this, Hands, Lips, and Eyes are put to School,

And each instructed Feature has its Rule ;

And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,

Not to disgrace the partial Boon of Heaven ?

How few with all their Pride of Form can move !

How few are lovely, that were made for Love !

Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess

An Elegance of Mind, as well as Dress ;

Be that your Ornament, and know to please

By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease.

Nor make to dangerous Wit a vain Pretence,

But wisely rest content with modest Sense ;

For Wit, like Wine, intoxicates the Brain,

Too strong for feeble Woman to sustain ;

Of those who claim it, more than half have none, .

And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your Sex's Arts,

Nor think Dishonesty a Proof of Parts ;

For you the plainest is the wisest Rule,

A CUNNING WOMAN is a KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's Shame

Can raise your Merit, or adorn your Fame.

Prudes rail at Whores, as Statesmen in Disgrace

At Ministers, because they wish their Place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,

Without, all Beauty, and all Peace, within :

The Honour of a Prude is Rage and Storin,

'Tis Ugliness in its most frightful Form :

Fiercely it stands defying Gods and Men,

As fiery Monsters guard a Giant's Den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :

A Woman's noblest Station is Retreat;

Her fairest Virtues fly from public Sight,
Domestic Worth, that shuns too strong a Light.

To rougher Man Ambition's Task resign ;
'Tis ours in Senates or in Courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted State,
Or dare the Rage of Envy, and be great.
One only Care your gentle Breasts should move,
Th' important Business of your Life is Love ;
To this great Point direct your constant Aim,
This makes your Happiness and this your Fame.

Be never cool Reserve with Passion join'd :
With Caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish Heart, that but by Halves is given,
Shall find no Place in Love's delightful Heaven ;
Here sweet Extremes alone can truly bless,
The Virtue of a Lover is Excess.

A Maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd Flame,
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is Shame.

Contemn the little Pride of giving Pain,
Nor think that Conquest justifies Disdain :
Short is the Period of insulting Power ;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful Hour,
Soon will resume the Empire which he gave,
And soon the Tyrant shall become the Slave.

Blest is the Maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose Soul entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every Vanity in Fondness lost,
And asks no Power, but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the Bliss in just Return to prove
The honest Warmth of undissembled Love ;
For her, inconstant Man might cease to range,
And Gratitude forbid Desire to change.

But lest harsh Care the Lover's Peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender Buds of Joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's Bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded Pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their Union frown :
Soon will the flatt'ring Dream of Bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then waking to the Sense of lasting Pain,
With mutual Tears the nuptial Couch they stain ;

And

And that fond Love, which should afford Relief,
Does but increase the Anguish of their Grief ;
While both could easier their own Sorrows bear,
Than the sad Knowledge of each other's Care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous Pain,
Than sell your violated Charms for Gain ;
Than wed the Wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain Glare of useless Wealth or State.
The most abandon'd Prostitutes are they,
Who not to Love, but Av'rice fall a Prey :
Nor ought avails the specious Name of WIFE ;
A Maid so wedded, is a WHORE FOR LIFE.

Even in the happiest Choice, where fav'ring Heaven
Has equal Love, and easy Fortune given,
Think not, the Husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The Prize of Happiness must still be won ;
And oft, the Careless find it to their Cost,
The Lover in the Husband may be lost :
The Graces might alone his Heart allure ;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let even your Prudence wear the pleasing Dress
Of Care for him, and anxious Tenderness.
From kind Concern about his Weal or Woe,
Let each domestic Duty seem to flow ;
The Household SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,
Make it your Pride his Servant to appear :
Endearing thus the common Acts of Life,
The Mistress still shall charm him in the Wife ;
And wrinkled Age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his Eye perceives one Beauty gone :
Ev'n o'er your cold and ever-sacred Urn,
His constant Flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your Charms improve,
And form your Heart to all the Arts of Love :
The Task were harder to secure my own
Against the Power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret Chains that bind
With gentle Force the captivated Mind,
Skill'd every soft Attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring Hope, and each alluring Joy ;
I own your Genius, and from you receive
The Rules of Pleasing, which to you I give.

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*To a Friend, describing the Sorrow of an ingenuous Mind, on
the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.*

WHY mourns my Friend? why weeps his downcast
Eye?

That Eye where Mirth, where Fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful Meads reprove that swelling Sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer Meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm Embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial Care?
Bless'd in thy Sons, and bless'd in ev'ry Grace,
That wins the Friend, or that enchant's the Fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial Praise restrain;

Nor Damon's Friendship can thy Peace restore;
Alas! his very Praise awakes my Pain,
And my poor wounded Bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my Birth had frown'd!

Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly Cell!

Then had my Bosom sap'd this fatal Wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal Sweets, Farewell.

But led by Fortune's Hand, her darling Child,

My Youth her vain, licentious Bliss admir'd;

In Fortune's Train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,

And rashly hallow'd, all her Queen inspir'd.

Of Folly studious, ev'n of Vices vain,

Ah! Vices gilded by the Rich and Gay!

I chas'd the guilty Daughters of the Plain,

Nor dropt the Chace till Jesty was my Prey.

Poor artless Maid! to stain thy spotless Name,

Expence, and Art, and Toil, united strove;

To lure a Breast that felt the purest Flame,

Sustain'd by Virtue, but betray'd by Love.

School'd in the Science of Love's mazy Wiles,

I cloath'd each Feature with affected Scorn;

I spoke of jealous Doubts, and fickle Smiles,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancied Rage alarm'd her Care,

Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;

I bade my Words the wonted Softness wear,

And seiz'd the Minute of returning Love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?

Will yet thy Love a candid Ear incline?

Affur'd that Virtue, by Misfortune prest,

Feels not the Sharpness of a Pang like mine.

Nine envious Moons matur'd her growing Shame;

Ere-while to flaunt it in the Face of Day;

When scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,

Low at my Feet desponding Jessy lay.

" Henry, (she said) by thy dear Form subdu'd,

" See the sad Relics of a Nymph undone!

" I find, I find this rising Sob renew'd:

" I sigh in Shades, and sicken at the Sun.

" Amid the dreary Gloom of Night I cry,

" When will the Morn's once pleasing Scenes return?

" Yet what can Morn's returning Ray supply,

" But Foes that triumph, or but Friends that mourn?

" Alas! no more that joyous Morn appears

" That led the tranquil Hours of spotless Fame;

" For I have sleep'd a Father's Couch in Tears,

" And ting'd a Mother's glowing Cheek with Shame.

" The vocal Birds that raise their matin Strain,

" The sportive Lambs, increase my penive Moan;

" All seem to chace me from the chearful Plain,

" And talk of Truth and Innocence alone.

" If through the Garden's flow'ry Tribe I stray,

" Where bloom the Jasmins that could once allure,

" Hope not to find Delight in us, they say,

" For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

" Ye Flow'rs! that well reproach a Nymph so frail,

" Say, could ye with my virgin Fame compare?

" The brightest Bud that scents the vernal Gale

" Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave Old alarm the gentler Young;

" And all my Fame's abhor'd Contagion flee;

" Trembles each Lip, and faulters ev'ry Tongue,

" That bids the Morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus for your Sake I shun each human Eye;

" I bid the Sweets of blooming Youth adieu;

" To die I languish, but I dread to die,

" Lest my sad Fate should nourish Pangs for you.

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" Raise me from Earth ; the Pains of Want remove,
 " And let me silent seek some friendly Shore ;
" There only, banish'd from the Form I love,
 " My weeping Virtue shall relapse no more.
" Be but my Friend ; I ask no dearer Name ;
 " Be such the Meed of some more artful Fair ;
" Nor could it heal my Peace, or chace my Shame,
 " That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.
" Force not my Tongue to ask its scanty Bread ;
 " Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar Crew ;
" Not such the Parent's Board at which I fed !
 " Not such the Precept from his Lips I drew !
" Happily, when Age has silver'd o'er my Hair,
 " Malice may learn to scorn so mean a Spoil ;
" Envy may slight a Face no longer fair ;
 " And Pity welcome to my native Soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage Race ;
 Nor could these Hands a niggard Boon assign ;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last Embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her Life in Prayers for mine.

I saw her Foot the lofty Bark ascend ;
 I saw her Breast with ev'ry Passion heave ;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly Friend ;
 Oh ! my hard Bosom, which could bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal Storm arose :
 The Billows rag'd ; the Pilot's Art was vain :
O'er the tall Mast the circling Surges close :
 My Jessy floats upon the wat'ry Plain !

And—see my Youth's impetuous Fires decay :
 Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter Tear :
But warn the Frolic and instruct the Gay,
 From Jessy floating on her wat'ry Bier !

VARIOUS FORMS OF
POLITE MESSAGES BY CARDS.

MISS WILLIS sends her Compliments to Miss Byron, and desires to know how she does ; if well enough to see Company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea.

Wednesday Morn.

Miss Byron, instead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miss Willis her best Thanks for her very obliging Card, and is extremely sorry she is not well enough to have the Pleasure of her Company ; which, however, she hopes very soon for a full Enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wednesday Noon, and not up.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and desire the Favour of their Company on Wednesday next, to drink Tea, and spend the Evening.

Monday Morn.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and will certainly do themselves the Pleasure to wait on them.

Monday Noon.

Mrs. Wyndham presents her Compliments to Mrs. Pemberton, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Quadrille.

Thursday Afternoon.

Mrs. Pemberton's Compliments, is not so well as she could wish, but much at Mrs. Wyndham's Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thursday Even.

Mr. Bedford, after the Honour of dancing last Night with Miss Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a sudden Call to Town ; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Message will find her in perfect Health, and that she took no Cold.

Friday Morn, Eight o'Clock.

Mrs

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Miss Wansey is sorry to trouble Miss Cooper on so trifling an Occasion as how to direct to her Aunt Waterland, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by the Bearer.

Sunday Evening.

Mrs. Chedworth's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and, if not engaged, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is desired this Evening at a Party of Quadrille, about four Tables in the whole.

Monday Morn.

Miss Charlton's best Services; she has the Pleasure of Mrs. Chedworth's respectful Message, and 'tis much against her Inclination that she is obliged to say she can't possibly wait on her, having this Evening a previous Engagement that can't be dispensed with.

Tuesday Morn.

Mrs. Shaw does herself the Honour to send her Compliments to Miss Burnett. Hopes she is very well; and flatters herself that she has Good-nature enough to pardon this Impertinence. She begs to be favoured with the Pattern of the Vandyke Handkerchief, which Miss Burnett had on at the Opera. Mrs. Shaw does not imagine this will fit on any other Neck as it does on Miss Burnett's; but she is ambitious to appear like what is agreeable, if she cannot arrive at the Thing itself; to which, indeed, she has no Pretensions.

Wednesday Morn.

Miss Burnett's Compliments to the obliging Mrs. Shaw. She has sent her the Patterns of three Vandykes. That with the Collar is what she had on at the Hay-Market; but she thinks the fringed one is prettier. As there is something particular in the Way of cutting them out, Miss Burnett sends her Servant with the Patterns, whose Assistance she begs Mrs. Shaw will accept; and believes that she understands this Request as the greatest Compliment.

Friday.

The Bride and Bridegroom dine with Mrs. Jones Tomorrow, and they join with her in soliciting the Favour of Mrs. Thompson's good Company, as the only Thing that can add to their Happiness.

F I N I S.

