

38 E

THE  
CORRESPONDENT,

*SELECTION OF LETTERS,*

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME ORIGINALS,

*ADAPTED TO ALL THE PERIODS AND OCCASIONS OF LIFE:*

CALCULATED TO

FORM THE EPISTOLARY STYLE OF YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES;

TO IMPART A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD AND LETTERS;

AND

TO INSPIRE SENTIMENTS OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY.

---

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

HOR.

---

VOL. I.

---

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,  
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) STRAND.

---

1796.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

---

AMONGST the literary projects of the late Dr. Johnson, which death prevented his executing, and which are enumerated by his biographer, Mr. Boswell, two are mentioned under the following titles: "A Book of Letters on all Kinds of Subjects;" and, "A Collection of Letters from English Authors, with a Preface, giving some Account of the Writers, with Reasons for the Selection, and Criticism on their Styles, and Remarks on each Letter if necessary."

Had the life of the great English moralist been spared till he had perfected these works, there is no doubt but they would jointly have formed the completest model of epistolary perfection which any language can boast. His extensive acquaintance with "each scene of many-changing life," his facility of composition, and felicity of invention, on the one hand; and the vast fund of his literary acquirements, and the ease and readiness with which he applied those stores to immediate use in every exigency, on the other; must have furnished, in these two books, every thing that could be wanting to form the style

and extend the knowledge of his readers: those instructions he was so able, and, in general, so ready to communicate, would have completed the system, and ages might have elapsed before another work of the kind was called for.

The authority of so great a name, is sufficient to establish the fact of a publication of this kind being necessary, and useful; and that truly great man's intending so late in life to employ his talents in the production, demonstrates that he thought it of consequence to the rising generation that it should be executed with the greatest ability and judgment, and that, from its perfection, he was to expect an accession to his well-earned fame. The first-mentioned composition must necessarily have been incomplete without the last; for though it is impossible to read any writing of his without feeling the greatest admiration of, and respect for, the fecundity of his imagination, and solidity of his eloquence, there is yet in his style, as in that of almost every eminent author, a peculiarity which is ill adapted to a book the object of which is to teach by specimens.

In the writing of letters, where the chief aim ought to be to follow nature in her most genuine simplicity, and to discard every thing which may be construed into affectation, nothing can be more dangerous to the reputation of the writer than a style servilely copied from any particular individual, however animated, eloquent, or graceful. How many periods of ponderous inanity are committed to paper

from

from an absurd endeavour to imitate Johnson!— How many childish observations, and ridiculously affected half-sentences, flow from the copyists of Sterne! In fact, when nature and the real impulse of the occasion are buried in an effort to resemble some favourite individual, nothing but an awkward, unpleasing, and foppish manner can be acquired; and those who spend their time and efforts in attaining such an imitative manner, will most frequently find contempt and disgust, instead of admiration, for their reward.

If such are the effects to be dreaded from an imitation of the best originals, how much more have all persons interested in the education of youth to apprehend from their perusing those compilations daily vended under the name of *Letter Writers*, where a barren fancy and uninformed judgment present only such models as would serve to instruct by the exposure of absurdity, and, in the hands of an able tutor, afford a selection of the modes of composition which ought to be avoided. I do not wish to exalt this work at the expence of the reputation of others of the kind, but had only one of the many books on the subject of letter-writing already published contained a system approaching to correctness, or a series of examples worthy a more respectable place than the kitchen, it might, by care, have been so improved, as to have rendered a new one superfluous; but what hope is there of any person's learning to write even a tolerable letter from the perusal of books deficient in grammar and common sense, and abound-

ing in vulgarities of the coarsest and most disgusting description\*.

Had the selection of the Reverend Dr. Knox, called “Elegant Epistles,” been made with a view to instruction, in the elementary branches of composition; there is every reason to hope, from his profound erudition and correct judgment, that it would have contained every thing necessary to the perfecting of youth in that useful and elegant accomplishment: it is indeed a rich mass of unwrought ore, collected with great labour and care, but of more beauty than utility, from the neglect of arrangement and application of it to the various purposes of life. It contains some of the best epistolary productions in being, but they are arranged only in order of time, without reference to their contents; and their beauties are nowhere pointed out, or their faults descanted on. I had, previous to my perusal of that volume, selected

\* To prove the truth of this assertion, we take from one of these compilations, reckoned the best, and enjoying the most extensive sale, the following sentences, contained in letters supposed to be written by *young ladies!* “Alas, the transition! from yesterday, Henrietta-street, Mrs. L. and Mrs. ——, to a nasty inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp sheets, and perhaps the itch before the morning.”—“The weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted chestnut. Mrs. D. and Mrs. B. were under the same operation of the dog-star, with a little difference only to their complexions; one of them looking like a rose, and the other the express image of a rasher of bacon!”

many

many of the epistles contained in it, from the works of their authors, and I felt myself flattered by the coincidence of my judgment with that of the reverend editor; several others first met my notice in that compilation, and far from feeling a sense of shame in the acknowledgment of an obligation, I please myself in informing my reader that I have the authority of a person so deservedly, and generally admired, for the goodness and correctness of a few, at least, of the specimens presented by me.

The aim of the following sheets is to impart such instructions in the art of composing a letter, as without being irksome to, or meeting the contempt of the teacher, may by their plainness, facility, and correctness benefit and improve the pupil, and to illustrate them by such examples, drawn from the best works, as may not only answer the present purpose, that of teaching a good, pure, and elegant style, but by animating curiosity, and the honest love of knowledge, induce the student to extend his researches through the useful pages of history, biography, and philosophy. In a word, my effort has been directed so to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*, that the reader may take up his book, from day to day, with renewed pleasure and advantage, and, after many perusals, regret that he has reached the end.

It has been my constant care, not only to select such models of style as were in themselves unexceptionable, in point of morality, and decency, but to extract them from those authors whose works are

characterized by those qualities; the graces of eloquence, the temporary assumption of the appearance of virtue, the brilliancy of wit, or the neatness of satire, have never tempted me to risque turning the attention of youth to the perusal of the works of authors, who might on further acquaintance not prove so eligible, as from the first glance the reader might be taught to expect. That author must accuse himself of promoting the growth of vice and immorality, who instils into the minds of the rising generation the slightest predilection for writers whose works are a stain to the press, and the disgrace of literature; and he can hardly consider himself exempt from blame who by an extract, however innocent in itself, invites the curiosity of youth to those dangerous perusals from the effects of which on his mind, no after care can effectually discharge him: I can safely aver, that of all the authors from whose writings or collections the letters contained in the following pages are derived, there is not one whose works are not calculated “to raise the genius and to mend the heart,” and that, not only in particular instances, but almost without exception; for though in strictness some few sentences in the letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, and some of the philosophical opinions of Mr. Hume may be erroneous and reprehensible, yet as these writers have not made their appeal to the passions, but to the judgment, their influence is necessarily very contracted, in those matters where they err, but their names are of too much value in the

literary

literary world, and the general merits of their works too great, not to justify the insertion of the elegant and moral epistles derived from their pens.

Though I have not in the arrangement devoted any particular chapter or division to the instruction and use of the fair sex exclusively, I have never been inattentive to them in the prosecution of my work, and every specimen I have inserted is calculated for their edification, or applicable to their use, and I acknowledge with pride and gratitude that some of the best, most elegant, and useful letters in this work are the productions of female pens.

Considering order to be the soul of instruction, I have in this work followed that which appeared to me *the order of nature*, and pursued the course of human life from its commencement to its close, adapting moral instruction to every occasion, explaining and illustrating by historical extracts and anecdotes, whatever wanted elucidating, and pointing out by critical and literary remarks the beauties and defects of those compositions which appeared to stand in need of such illustration. I have begun with the age of puerility, when the power of making known a sentiment by writing is first acquired, and following the advance of years, supplied specimens on every occasion the varying face of circumstances presents, till that awful crisis which dissolves all earthly ties, and mingles, in undistinguished confusion, all the hopes, fears, cares and calamities of life. For the greater part of these specimens I am indebted to the respectable

able authors who are mentioned in the course of the work, having made it a rule never to obtrude on the reader a composition of my own, when I could, from the works of a writer of reputation, furnish one adequate to the occasion; this, however earnestly wished, could not always be done, and some letters of my own have therefore been necessarily inserted, to complete the work according to the plan by which I had proposed to regulate it. I can hardly suppose that were no distinguishing mark placed by which they might be discerned from others, many of my readers would fall into so gross a mistake as to attribute them to any of the eminent persons who claim the rest, but conscious that a desire to be useful, and not a foolish vanity, had induced me to place myself in the same line of observation with them; I shall await my sentence at the bar of candid criticism with fortitude, and not attempt by servile intercession to deprecate disgrace.

The plan above mentioned of making the progress of life my guide, in the order of the work, admits of the introduction of almost every topic by which a human being can be affected, and of the display of sentiments on every occurrence and passion by which he can be actuated in his passage through the world; but as many of these are not immediately interesting in the course of a work on a proposed model, and a premature attention to them would interrupt the chain of connexion, I have devoted chapters, at the end, to

letters

letters of wit, humor, and criticism, and to those which are narrative, and descriptive.

No grammar or dictionary is subjoined or prefixed to this work, from a confidence entertained, that those in whose hands it is placed, will have gained their knowledge of orthography, and syntax from more copious and authentic sources. Such aids to knowledge are to be found in many publications of this description, but they are so imperfect, and so ill calculated to illuminate the ignorant, that they are not to be urged as a precedent, or followed as a model.

## CHAPTER I.

### INSTRUCTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

---

AS I design, through the whole of this work, to present my ideas of propriety in the style, and mode of address of letters on every occasion touched on in the progress of it, my task in this chapter is confined to general considerations, and directions; to matters which regard equally every kind, and apply to every subject of epistolary composition.

The utility and necessity of letter-writing are decanted on by so many excellent authors, and general rules are given with so much judgment, propriety, and force, that by a selection from their works the reader will be presented at once with argument, authority, and the most admirable composition the language affords...

In a letter, forming one of a series on the subject of education, written by Mr. Budgell, and inserted in the Spectator, he gives the following hint, which while it enforces the necessity of acquiring a good style, presents so easy and eligible a mean, that I think it deserving of attention.

"I cannot forbear mentioning," says he, "a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever

failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

"I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

"The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney."

Mr. Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, enters into the subject with that prevailing force of reasoning, and justness of thinking, which always distinguish him: He says, speaking of the education of young persons, "When they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters, wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness.

"The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid shewing himself in this kind of writing. Occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses; whose transient faults dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.

"To

"To write and speak correctly," continues he, "gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style."

But all that can be said on the subject of letter-writing in a general way, is so amply comprehended, and so admirably expressed by Dr. Johnson, in No. 152, of the Rambler, that I shall give his sentiments at length, which, considered as rules of composition, contain every thing to be derived from ancient and modern writers, and as a specimen, illustrate by the most happy brilliancy of style, and copiousness of allusion, the precepts they inculcate.

"It was the wisdom," says Seneca, "of ancient times, to consider what is most useful as most illustrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

"It has yet happened that, among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

"If it be inquired, by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not, without either

THE CORRESPONDENT.

bigotry or arrogance, inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes, from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay, should give way to the narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

“ A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts, by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

“ Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure, which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little, without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions, by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant burly.

“ Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by the natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the æpistolary style. The observation with which Walsh

has

has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the criticks.—“ Letters,” says he, “ are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation, are good-humour and good-breeding.”—This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

“ No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known, that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness, must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

“ As 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; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining, that a letter has no peculiarity but its 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 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 impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts 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 consequently 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.

“ If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace, to raise their language in the transports of anger, to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the episodary writer may likewise, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet, at which love or pity enters the heart.

“ Letters, that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm mellifluence; others,

others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party 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 fallies, 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."

To what has been so well and amply enforced by so great an author, it is not easy to add; but as he chiefly considers composition with respect to the oratorical part, and the graces and faults are not so particularly enumerated, as to afford full instruction on the whole matter; I shall venture to add a few

observations on the perfections and defects of epistolary composition, and consider separately, the subjects of style, or the essential part of a letter, and the minor graces, even to the form of folding it. And I trust I shall not be deemed too minute, considering I write for the instruction of the uninformed, and have so good an authority as Lord Chesterfield, who declares, that "neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing a letter should, by no means, be neglected; for there is something in the exterior, even of a letter, that may please or displease, and consequently deserves some attention."

---

## OF STYLE.

THE chief object of a person who writes a letter on any subject, is to please the person to whom it is addressed; there is but one exception to this rule, which is in the case of writing letters of anger, disdain, reproach, and the like, and in these the style ought to be more particularly guarded, to afford no opportunities of triumph or retort. The polite and accomplished Earl above quoted, is, in his letters to his son, unceasing in his recommendations of attention in this particular: "Think," says he "night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegancy of whatever you speak or write: take my word for it your labor will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise, and success which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegancy of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then, without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same, in dirty rags, or in the finest or best

best chosen cloaths; but in which of the two he is most likely to please, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.' These and other observations on the art of writing letters are so frequently repeated, and so ardently inforced in the course of his Lordship's correspondence, that it is easy to perceive that he had much at heart, a wish that his darling son should excel in it, and as he is exceedingly minute in his directions on every point, his ideas will be of great use to me in the course of this chapter.

One general rule, which, on a subject of this kind, comprises all others, is to FOLLOW NATURE; to say what the occasion dictates, and to regulate yourself only by a due attention to the station in life of those you address, and your own. "Letters," says the above noble author, "should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them, just what we would say to those persons, if we were with them." The efforts of the student should be unceasingly directed to the acquisition of a GENTEEEL, ACCURATE, and CORRECT manner of writing; and all his care directed to avoid every appearance of COARSENESS, AFFECTATION, and INCORRECTNESS.

In all these points the extremes of the good decline so rapidly into the vices of the bad style, that it is necessary to exert the utmost caution, and to keep attention alive by continual practice, to retain that happy medium in which correctness resides.

A GENTEEEL STYLE consists in the use of the most polished language, and best turned sentiments the nature of the subject admits of, and its impression is equally destroyed by grovelling in the mire of vulgarity, soaring on the pinions of pedantry, or confining yourself, by affectation, to the necessary introduction of certain terms and phrases commonly used in the *beau monde*. Ease is one of its essential

requisites, but ease injudiciously used, degenerates soon into vulgarity and plebeian inelegance. No terms which are in themselves base, and chiefly used by the lower class of people, ought even in your most familiar letters, and when jocularity is most unrestrained, to find a place, but those inelegancies of diction which mark a want of grammatical knowledge, or proper precision in the use of the minor parts of speech, are sure to expose the writer to never-dying ridicule.

Examples teach more effectually than precepts; the former make an instantaneous impression, and carry irresistible conviction; the latter may be multiplied till the subject becomes obscure and unintelligible, and the mind is bewildered in the midst of orders, injunctions, and prohibitory restrictions: I shall, therefore, conclude this part of my subject with an extract from the letters of Lord Chesterfield, and two from that work which so materially contributed to raise the style, and form the taste of Britons, the Spectator. The first relates to the inordinate use of expletives, the two latter to the improper extremes of low and flippant language, though in a familiar correspondence, and the use of an affectedly stiff and learned phraseology.

Lord Chesterfield says to his son, Letter 171. "Imagine yourself writing an office letter to a Secretary of State, which letter is to be read by the whole Cabinet Council, and very possibly afterwards, laid before Parliament; any one barbarism, solecism, or vulgarism in it, would, in a very few days, circulate through the whole kingdom, to your disgrace and ridicule. For instance; I will suppose that you had written the following letter from the Hague, to the Secretary of State at London; and leave you to suppose the consequences of it.

My Lord,

I had, last night, the honor of your Lordship's letter of the 24th ; and will set about doing the orders contained therein ; and if so be that I can get that affair done by the next post, I will not fail for to give your Lordship an account of it by next post. I have told the French minister, as how that if that affair be not soon concluded, your Lordship would think it all along of him ; and that he must have neglected for to have wrote to his Court about it. I must beg leave to put your Lordship in mind, as how, that I am now full three quarters in arrear ; and if so be that I do not very soon receive one half year, I shall cut a very bad figure ; for this here place is very dear. I shall be vastly beholden to your Lordship for that there mark of your favor ; and so I rest ;

Your, &c.

It is needless to inform my readers that the above letter, though the grammatical errors are but few, is such as could be expected only from the most ignorant person in the world ; but though we do not meet with vulgarisms or rhetorical errors in such a croud, we hear every one of those noted in this curious epistle, from time to time, and not unfrequently see them put into writing, by men whose education ought to exempt them from mistakes of every kind. I do not know how to reconcile to Lord Chesterfield's character for politeness, the observation, " that inaccuracies in orthography, or in style, are never pardoned but in ladies ; " it seems to convey an illiberal sarcasm, which, educated as the ladies of this country have been, for this last century, is so little justifiable in truth as to put it out of our power to applaud it for its wit.

The two following epistles, are those which I promised from the Spectator, they exhibit, forcibly,

B 6.

the

the difference affectation causes in the relation of the same events. The first, Sir Richard Steele accompanis with an observation, that “ Wit and humour are poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of *cant.*” It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the King’s coronation.

Past 2 o’clock, and a frosty morning.

Dear Jack,

I have just left the *right worshipful and his myrmidons* about a *sneaker* of five gallons. The whole magistracy was pretty well disguised before I gave them *the slip*. Our friend the alderman was *half seas over* before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other *bright fellows*; The Doctor plays least in sight.

At nine o’clock in the evening we set fire to the Pope. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a *tester a-piece*. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king’s health on their *marrow-bones*, in *mother Day’s double*. They whipped us half a dozen hogsheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king’s health, and *spoiled his tip*. The mob were very loyal till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have *dumfounded* the justice; but his clerk came in to his assistance, and *took them all down in black and white*.

When I had been huzzaed out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoreess clipped the king’s English. *Clack was the word.*

I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the *posse* had his hat cocked with a distich : the *senators* sent us down a cargo of ribband and metre for the occasion.

Sir Richard to shew his zeal for the protestant religion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty *bevy of spinsters*. My dear relict was amongst them, and ambled in a country-dance *as notably as the best of them*.

May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.

The following is an account of the same event, written with all the tumid verbosity of affected learning.

Dear Chum,

It is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of China, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, while a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid

of

of stack-faggots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze : the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making ; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles.. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tipped elemosinary till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a paste-board pontiff, with a little swarthy dæmon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who by the help of his amanuensis, took down their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter-sessions, &c: &c.

---

The affectation of learning is one of the greatest blemishes of style ; there are two distinct modes of speaking the English language, so different from each other, that a person speaking the superior, may render himself unintelligible to one accustomed only to the inferior phraseology : the reason is, that many words and phrases are to be expressed by Saxon as well as Roman derivatives ; the former are in common use, the latter are more peculiarly in the possession of the learned. The medium ought constantly to be kept in view ; and the polite writer, while he makes such display of the more learned language, as can leave no doubt of his possessing an abundant stock of it for more elevated occasions, will yet use so much of the

the easier as to render his letter intelligible and agreeable to those of inferior attainments, to whom chance or necessity may occasion a communication of it.

But this affectation is of small inconvenience, compared to that of too frequent quotation; a vice in style, which is always sure to draw on the person using it the imputation of the grossest pedantry. Many a youth, fresh from his studies, struck with the beauties of the classics, and replete with sentences of wit and wisdom, indulges himself in the unrefined application of them, and gets the name of a pedant; till ashamed of the knowledge he has gained, instead of the misapplication of it, he labours to forget what has brought him nothing but disgrace, and in the end becomes, from a hopeful scholar, as great a blockhead as if he had never been at school.

Ladies are apt to introduce into their epistolary compositions French and Italian phrases, according to the fashion; and sprigs of poetry, and scraps of plays: a quotation or happy phrase judiciously introduced, certainly is an elegance in style, but the too frequent introduction of them can only proceed from the most unpardonable affectation.

To write with ease is absolutely necessary to the formation of a graceful epistolary style, but if ease is confounded with, and permitted to degenerate into carelessness, its effect is entirely lost; no one can give pleasure without taking some pains to do so, and the effect of ease in writing ought to be, not an idea or impression in the mind of the reader that what he peruses cost the writer no pains in the composition, but that it is so constructed as to give him no difficulty in the perusal, in searching for obscure and ambiguous meanings, reconciling paradoxical assertions, or developing concealed mysteries; and this is not to be done by carelessness or inattention, but by the use of a style in the highest degree finished, by a lucid arrangement of the topics, and a facility of diction which

which prevents doubt, and gratifies curiosity at the very moment of exciting it.

---

---

#### OF GRAMMAR.

THOUGH I do not purpose to give, in this work, any grammatical treatise, I cannot omit saying a few words on the necessity of a critical attention to every part of grammar; as the most trifling inaccuracy not only confounds the sense, and puzzles the reader, but exposes the writer to reflections from persons much his inferiors in every attainment, correctness excepted.

ORTHOGRAPHY is the principal thing to be attended to; an incorrectness in that is always considered a certain mark of ill-breeding, vulgar education, and stupidity: the correctness of your orthography ought not only to be general, but descend to the minutest particulars without mistake. To attain this perfection it is absolutely necessary to depend on memory, and a knowledge of the etymology of words, but chiefly the former. The idle resource of a pocket-dictionary is vain and ineffectual, for pride, indolence, and confidence will prevent the necessary use of it; and those who rely on such aids are generally so unacquainted with grammar, that the compound and participial formations of verbs incessantly betray their ignorance.

Fashion makes frequent alterations in the orthography of words, particularly those derived from foreign languages; for example, it has obtained within these few years to dismiss the *u* from the final syllable of words ending in *our*, as *honour*, *labour*, &c. and the concluding *k* from some words ending in *ck*, as *almanack*, *tragick*, *comick*, &c. Now, in these cases, it is no error to adhere to the old orthography, though

it

it is more polite, and has less appearance of singularity, to conform to the new; but the principle on which these letters have been dismissed, their inutility, would, if generally admitted, and attended with the same effect, destroy the language, by confounding all distinction of words pronounced alike, and obliterating most of the traces of etymology.

An inattention to the CONCORDS is one of the grossest faults which can be made, and yet it is most frequently seen in writing and heard in conversation; we condemn the vulgarity of the speaker who uses such phrases as *I goes* and *I comes*, and *says I*, and *thinks I*, but these reduced to writing are still more shocking than when their effect is mitigated by the rapidity of speech. In the use of relatives, great care ought to be taken to distinguish properly between *who* and *that* or *which*; an inattention in this particular is not only a great fault in composition, but often creates irreparable confusion in a sentence. The distinction between the nominative and other cases of pronouns is of consequence, as from not attending minutely to that, many errors in speech gain ground; as for instance, that abominable vulgarity, *between you and I*.

In forming the plural terminations of words derived from the Greek, Latin, and French, the capriciousness of our grammarians is such, that no general rule can be laid down, but the student must depend on his own judgment and observation; it is the fashion in those words which are of recent derivation from the Greek and Latin to form the plural according to the rules of those languages; and in words derived from the French to preserve both the pronunciation and plural termination of the original; thus the plural of *automaton* is *automata*; of *phænomenon*, *phænomena*; *presentiment*, *presentimens*; but in words of more remote importation, as *memorandum*, *sentiment*, *courage*, *equipage*, &c. the established rules

rules of English grammar are preserved inviolate. It is necessary to be apprized of these distinctions, and to comply with the reigning custom, though it may be thought absurd; for though an argument might demonstrate the correctness of your opinion, it would often happen that, in such a matter as a letter, you would be arraigned while absent, and condemned unheard; of ignorance or affectation.

To write with elegance and correctness, it is necessary to acquire a precise and critical knowledge of the meaning of every word used, so as not to run into tautology by the use of words exactly synonymous, or to create confusion and indistinctness by the application of words in senses they will not strictly bear; but above all it is necessary to caution my young readers to avoid the grossness of the vulgar error which confounds *learn* with *teach*, and many other terms with their opposites.

PUNCTUATION, or the insertion of proper stops, is a subject to which early, strict, and unremitting attention ought to be paid; if it is not duly attended to, the sense of the best written sentences becomes obscure, indefinite, and not unfrequently indiscernible. The grammatical rules on this subject are so few, so simple, and, with a little care, so easy in practice, that a neglect of, or a mistake in them is unpardonable: and I cannot omit to caution the reader against the too frequent use of notes of admiration, an affectation which has gained ground within these few years, and is at once ungrammatical and absurd.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

IT is not my intention to enter at much length into a consideration of the structure of sentences, and

and the use of the figures of rhetoric, but I shall make a few general remarks; referring my reader's for all the information the subject is capable of to Dr. Blair's admirable *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres*.

It is of the greatest consequence in writing, to avoid all expletives; to refrain as much as possible from the insertion of parentheses; to use periods of moderate length, and not consisting of too many parts; and to avoid as much as possible terminating a sentence with an unimportant word, or indeclinable part of speech. I forbear to descant on these rules, as a moderate attention to the works of the best authors, in the specimens herein selected, will best illustrate, inforce, and exemplify them;

TAUTOLOGY is so great a fault in composition, that too much care cannot be taken to avoid it; the young student should read his letters aloud, first to himself, then to some judicious friend, and take immediate advantage of every idea in his own mind, or theirs, tending to clear his style of so disgraceful a blemish. The suggestions of indolence and confidence must be disregarded, and, whatever pains it may cost, a thorough reform must be made in every sentence where so glaring a defect is discovered.

The use of FIGURES OF RHETORIC must always be moderate and judicious; in letters of business they ought to find no place; when a more elevated occasion demands a superior style, they may be resorted to, but must be introduced in the most sparing and delicate manner, to escape the charge of affectation, and the conviction of absurdity. I shall not give any rules respecting the use of them, but observe, that there is not so great a blemish in style as what is termed a *broken metaphor*: A metaphor is an expression where the figure of one thing is used to signify another, on account of its resemblance; but if the parts of the resemblance do not perfectly agree, they

they produce a discordance in the whole, destructive of grace and propriety: for example, it is very proper to say, "He who would *climb* to the highest eminence must *step* with caution;" but if it were said, *He who would soar*, &c. it would be nonsense.

There is a species of literal tautology, called alliteration, which consists in assembling, in one sentence, a number of words beginning with the same letter or letters; this some people condemn altogether, and others addict themselves to a frequent use of it. As it has no effect on the sense of what is written, but is calculated merely to please the ear, it should be used as all other ornaments, with great taste, very sparingly, and without ostentation; instances of the abuse of it are very copious, and a striking one may be found in the sonnet of *Holfernes*, in Shakespeare's comedy of *Love's Labour's lost*.

#### OF THE MINOR GRACES..

AT the head of these I place THE ART OF WRITING WELL. Lord Chesterfield is incessantly admonishing and reproving his son on this score, "Your hand, at present," says he, "is an *illiberal one*, it is neither a hand of business, nor of a gentleman, but the hand of a school-boy writing his exercise, which he hopes will never be read;" and he frequently repeats the observation, "that every man who has the use of his eyes and of his right-hand, can write whatever hand he pleases."

As an idea that it is not *genteel* to write a good hand is very prevalent, and industriously circulated by those whom indolence deters from acquiring that accomplishment, I am happy to be able to quote, in contradiction to their judgment, this noble Earl, who was the acknowledged model of politeness, and min-

riion of the graces; argument would be sufficient to convince those who seek conviction through the medium of reason only, but some persons are more fond of authority; and follow it with more implicit confidence. "If you write epistles," says he, "as well as Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and ill spelled, whoever receives will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it will disgust instead of pleasing." And again, "I do not desire you should write the laboured, stiff character of a writing-master: a man of business must write *quick and well*." In a word, they who excuse their bad writing on account of inability, deserve censure for their childish indolence; they who attribute it to carelessness, pay the rest of the world a very bad compliment; and they who persevere in it from an opinion of its being *genteel*, err against reason and authority. None of my readers, I should hope, would wish to be the object of the censure contained in the following letter; which, though quaintly expressed, is just and judicious.

*From James Howel to his Cousin.*

Cousin,

Westm. 20th Sept. 1629.

A letter of yours was lately delivered me; I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wondered what language it might be in which it was written. At first I thought it was Hebrew, or some other dialect, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left, to read it, but could make nothing of it: then I thought it might be the Chinese language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. Greek I perceived it was not; nor Latin or English; so I gave it for mere gibberish, and your characters

to

to be rather hieroglyphics than letters. The best is, you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery-bills, which, as the clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the clients should have room enough to walk between them without jostling one another: yet this wideness had been excusable, if your lines had been straight; but they were full of odd kind of undulations and windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner; I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more gibberish or hieroglyphics from you, but legible letters, that I may acquaint your friends accordingly of your good proceedings. So I rest your very loving cousin.

---

Different opinions prevail respecting the use of *capital letters*; all writers agree that every sentence should begin with one, and that proper names, and the emphatical words in a sentence should be distinguished by them; but many begin every noun substantive with a capital, which others hold to be improper. I incline to the latter opinion, because the too frequent use of capitals produces an ungraceful effect in writing, and because the indiscriminate application of them to all substantives does not sufficiently mark the distinction between common and appellative names.

From the confusion introduced by using too many capital letters, may have been derived the affectation of *drawing a line under the important words of a sentence*, to mark the emphasis; a custom at once unhandsome to the eye, and affronting to the reader, or disgraceful to the writer; as it must lead to a supposition that the passage is obscure, or that the person

to whom it is addressed wants intellect. It may be sometimes necessary, but ought to be done very seldom.

There are several other little matters to be attended to, to make a letter appear like the production of a well bred person. Some of these, such as *the leaving a margin on the left hand*; the *distance from the top of the sheet* where the letter ought to begin; and the *place for the date*, whether it shall be at the top or bottom of the page, with some other minute niceties, are regulated entirely by fashion, and written rules would only mislead and puzzle the reader. The mention of these points will gain for them a proper share of attention, and a little enquiry will procure such information as to preclude the possibility of a mistake.

Some other points, having relation to positive ideas of beauty and propriety, are not at all influenced by fashion, which cannot interfere with them, such as *an attention to the straightness of your lines*; which ought to be strictly regulated, and no auxiliary rejected which can prevent the disagreeable and inelegant exhibition of diagonal or zigzag lines. If you are under the necessity of marking lines with a lead pencil, take care to rub them out with India rubber or bread before your letter is sent away.

*In making up a letter*, care ought to be taken to fold it so as to leave room to conceal the wafer or display the seal intended for it; the folds ought to be strongly pressed with an ivory folder, or the hand, so as to lay flat, and make the corners sharp, that when they are sealed they may not shew an uneven surface, or unhandsome shape.

The superscription, or address of letters, should contain every thing necessary to enable the postman or messenger to deliver them without mistakes; for this purpose, the name and title, or other proper addition, of the party to whom they are written should be

be set forth; and the street, town, or other place, of their residence, together with the name of the county, district, nearest market town, or, in the metropolis, the nearest great public street, square, church, or other well known building, as custom may direct. There is an honourable exception to this rule, in the case of merchants, in London; to whom letters are directed, without the addition of the street or place where their counting-house is situated, merely in this way, "Mr. Edward King, Merchant, London."

I have subjoined a table of the proper modes of beginning and addressing letters to every class of people in this kingdom, together with the proper terms of respect to be used in the course of the letter, where the structure of the sentence renders the introduction of them necessary; this will obviate a great difficulty in the minds of many persons who have been misinformed, or not at all instructed in these particulars.

Modern refinement has excluded from the directions of letters the preposition "To," which is now considered a vulgarism, as well as the words "present" and "these," which, in former times, formed part of the superscription.

It is a great error, and no mark of true politeness, which is good-nature and self-denial, tempered by a knowledge of the world, to thrust on a person a greater title than, from his rank, he can lay claim to; a member of parliament, not being a privy-counsellor, should not be styled "Right Honourable;" a merchant, or attorney at law, however wealthy and respectable, have no right to be called "Esquire."

#### TABLE

TABLE  
OF  
*MODES OF ADDRESS,*  
AND  
*SUPERSCRIPTION OF LETTERS.*

---

TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE KING—*To the King's most excellent Majesty; Sire; Most gracious Sovereign; or May it please your Majesty. And in the course of the letter, not you, but your Majesty.*

THE QUEEN—*To the Queen; or To the Queen's most excellent Majesty. Madam; or May it please your Majesty. Your Majesty.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES—*His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. Sir; or May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES—*Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. Madam; or May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

All other Princes and Princesses of the Blood are addressed by the style of “Royal Highness,” to which is superadded any other title his Majesty may have thought proper to bestow on them, as “Duke of York,” &c.

TO THE CLERGY.

THE ARCHBISHOPS—*His Grace, the Archbishop of C. My Lord Archbishop; or May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

**BISHOPS**—*The right reverend Father in God, T. Lord Bishop of L. My Lord; or May it please your Lordship. Your Lordship.*

**DEANS, &c.**—*The Revd. Dr. F. Dean of Y. Canon of IV. Prebend of C. Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of B. &c. &c. Reverend Sir; or Sir.*

**RECTORS, CURATES, &c.**—*The Revd. Mr. B. Reverend Sir; or Sir.*

N. B. If a clergyman be the son of a Duke, he is styled *Lord*, as, *Lord G. M.* If the son of a Peer of less rank, he is styled *the honourable*, or *the reverend Mr. A. or B.* indiscriminately.

## TO THE OFFICERS, &c. OF THE LAW.

**THE LORD CHANCELLOR**—*The right honorable the Lord Chancellor. May it please your Lordship; or My Lord, your Lordship.*

**THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER**—*The right honourable W. P. Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir.*

**CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH**—*The right honorable Lord K. My Lord. May it please your Lordship.*

**CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COMMON PLEAS**—*The honorable Sir James E. My Lord (though not a peer.) Your Lordship.*

**THE LORD CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER**—*The same.*

**THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS**—*His Honor, the Master of the Rolls. Sir; or May it please your Honor. Your Honor.*

**THE PUISNE JUDGES AND BARONS**—*Mr. Justice R. Mr. Baron T. or if they have a title, by that title, as, Sir F. B. Bart. Sir.*

- MASTERS IN CHANCERY—*W. G. Esq. Sir.*  
 ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR GENERAL—*Mr. Attorney, or Mr. Solicitor General. Sir.*  
 RECORDER, COMMON SERJEANT, &c.—*Mr. Recorder, &c. Sir.*  
 SERJEANTS AT LAW—*Mr. Serjeant A. Sir.*  
 BARRISTERS—If younger sons of Peers, by their proper style of Honorable; as, *The Honorable T. E.* If otherwise, *E. B. Esq. Sir.* And all Barristers are styled Esquires, whether King's Counsel or not.

## TO THE OFFICERS OF STATE, &c.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL—*His Grace, the Duke of L. Lord President of the Council. My Lord Duke, your Grace.*

SECRETARY OF STATE—*The right honorable W. W. one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State. Sir.*

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—*The right honorable W. A. Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir.*

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY, &c.—If addressed collectively, *The right honorable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. My Lords. Your Lordships.* If individually, according to their ordinary rank in life.

THE OFFICERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD—If upon business relating to their office, by the style of that office; as, *The most noble the Marquis of S. Lord Chamberlain. My Lord Chamberlain, &c. &c.*

## TO THE NOBILITY.

DUKES—*His Grace the Duke of L. My Lord Duke; or May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

MARQUISSES—*The most noble Marquis of S. My Lord; or My Lord Marquis. Your Lordship.*

EARLS—*The right honorable the Earl of M. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

VISCOUNTS—*The right honorable Lord Viscount F. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

BARONS—*The right honorable Lord D. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

LADIES—According to the rank of their husbands; as, *Her Grace the Duchess of A. Madam. Your Grace.*

*The right honorable the Marchioness of S. My Lady; or Madam. Your Ladyship.*

*The right honorable the Countess of M. My Lady. Your Ladyship. &c. &c.*

N. B. The eldest sons of Dukes, are, by courtesy, styled Marquises; the eldest sons of Marquises, Earls; those of Earls, Viscounts; and the sons of Viscounts and Barons, The honorable. The younger sons of Dukes, are called Lords; and the daughters of these nobility, and their sons wives, are styled according to the title given by courtesy to their husbands or brothers.

TO GOVERNORS OF ISLANDS,  
COLONIES, &c.

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND—*His Excellency the Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. My Lord; or May it please your Excellency. Your Excellency.*

Go-

GOVERNORS OF COLONIES, FORTS, &c.—*The Honorable T. S. Governor of his Majesty's Leeward Charribbee Islands. Sir.*

TO THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE, OR  
AMBASSADORS, ENVOYS, &c.

*His Excellency the Earl of B. his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Spain. My Lord. Your Excellency.*

*His Excellency Count de G. his Swedish Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain. Sir. Your Excellency.*

### COMMANDERS AND OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

If these gentlemen possess any titles of nobility, or honor, they are superadded to those which denote their rank.

*His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Field Marshal. Sir; or May it please your Royal Highness. The Honorable Sir R. H. Admiral of the Blue. Sir.*

Majors, &c. in the Army, and Captains in the Navy, are addressed, *Major P. Sir. Captain B. Sir. &c. &c.*

### BODIES CORPORATE.

*The honorable the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England. Gentlemen; or May it please your Honors. Your Honors.*

*The honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Gentlemen, &c.*

*The Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. Gentlemen, &c.*

## COMMONERS.

BARONETS—*Sir T. H. Bart.* Sir.

KNIGHTS—*Sir B. H.* Sir.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—If Privy Counsellors, Officers of State, in the army or navy, or royal household, or sons of Peers, according to such situation: otherwise, *M. A. T. Esq. M. P.* Sir.

DOCTORS OF PHYSIC, LAWS, &c.—*Dr. B. Dr. L. &c.* Sir.

## PERSONS IN PROFESSIONS OR TRADES:

*Messrs. R. and Co. Merchants, London.*

*Mr. T. G. Attorney at Law, Paper Buildings, Temple.*

*Mr. H. L. Apothecary, S. Street, Charing Cross.*

*Mr. A. M. Mercer, Cheapside, &c. &c. &c*

## CHAPTER II.

## LETTERS ADAPTED TO THE AGE OF PUERILITY.

IN this chapter, according to the plan proposed in the introduction, I shall give instructions for, and specimens of, correspondence in the first stage of life; namely, from the first dawn of reason, to the time of leaving those seminaries where the first principles of education are received.

I have made no distinct chapters of letters for ladies and gentlemen, but have taken the utmost care so to adapt my specimens that they may equally suit both; not to be copied verbally, but to present such ideas as the parties may use to advantage.

The first entrance into existence has hardly ever been considered as a period of commencing an epistolary correspondence; but there is, in the following letter, such an engaging mixture of amiable levity and sound sense, that I have placed it at the beginning of these letters, as it is, at least, favorable to the system I mean to follow, so far as relates to order.

*Letter from Miss Talbot to a new-born infant.*

You are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, that may not talk an

immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition ; the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate ! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charm in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendour. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress ; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Brítel's\* first rule of conversation, Silence ; though tempted to transgres it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will, by degrees, wear off : the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you ; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities ; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex : oh ! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother

\* " Secker is decent." Pope.

come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance), that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied shine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but as I dare say you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well; in the mean time, I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent,

Most affectionately yours, &c.

---

#### LETTERS OF SOLICITATION.

The most obvious subject of puerile correspondence, is the making of such requests as their circumstances render necessary; in writing such letters, great care must be taken not to ask any thing which is not in itself necessary and reasonable, to express a sincere gratitude for past favors and indulgences, and a reliance on the kindness of the person to whom the letter is addressed to grant any thing which is asked in reason; and the writer should arm his mind with gratitude, forbearance, and resignation, to enable himself to bear a repulse without murmuring or feeling unhappy. Parents are most pleased with, and grant most readily, those requests which are made with a view to the advancement of their children, or charges in the various branches of their education,

and none are so honorable to the writer as those which refer to that subject.

*From a young Gentleman to his Father, desiring leave to learn French.*

Honored Sir,

If you continue to wish that I should become master of the French language, as you hinted the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, an opportunity now offers which I should be very sorry to lose; we have at this time several boarders in the house lately arrived from France, for the purpose of being instructed in the English language; their society would be of great advantage to me in learning to speak and pronounce the French, which renders me very desirous to obtain your permission to begin learning it without delay: if you are so kind to grant me this favor, in addition to my other improvements, I flatter myself that I shall in this particular deserve your approbation.

I am, honored Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son.

*His Father's Answer.*

Dear George,

I comply with pleasure with your request to begin learning so polite and useful a language as the French, and congratulate you on the very fortunate opportunity which presents itself to forward your proficiency. As your Mamma and I speak the language, we shall expect that, when with us, you use it chiefly in conversation, and shall receive with the greatest pleasure such of your future letters as are written in French. I must caution you against too much diffidence, or mauvaise honte, which is the bane of learners on the one hand, and that self-confidence and impatience of correction which is no less fatal to them

them on the other; but I forbear to dwell on these topics, not doubting that your worthy and discreet master, Mr. E. will have said to you every thing which can forward or facilitate your improvement.

I remain, dear George,  
Your affectionate Parent.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Mamma, desiring leave to learn Arithmetic.*

Dear Mama, or Honored Madam,

Many of the young ladies here, whose ages do not exceed mine, have begun to learn arithmetic, which is taught by our writing master, Mr. Butler; he has written a very entertaining book, which unites the science of figures with a great many anecdotes, and narratives historical, biographical and chronological, and several parts of useful and entertaining knowledge. The pleasure I see other young ladies take in this study, and the advantage it seems to give them, in conversation, render me desirous to be similarly accomplished. I throw myself with confidence on the kindness of my dear, and ever indulgent Mamma to favor me in this particular, and flatter myself that her approbation of my proficiency in this branch of education, will be equal to that she was pleased to bestow on me in the last holidays, and which contributed so much to the felicity of

My dear Mamma's  
Most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

---

THAT a knowledge of arithmetic is essentially necessary to every man in every station of life, from a prime minister, to the lowest retail shopkeeper, is

generally acknowledged, and that it is of use and ornament to ladies, may be learned by the following letter from the great DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, author of The Rambler, the Lives of the Poets, and many other moral and useful works, and compiler of the celebrated English Dictionary, known by his name; to Miss SOPHIA THRALE, daughter of his deceased friend Mr. Thrale, by whom he, the Doctor, had been constituted one of her guardians. Dr. Johnson was born 1709, died 1784.

London, July 24, 1783.

Dearest Miss Sophy,

By an absence from home, and for one reason and another, I owe a great number of letters, and I assure you, that I sit down to write your's first. Why you should think yourself not a favourite, I cannot guess; my favour will, I am afraid, never be worth much; but be its value more or less, you are never likely to lose it, and less likely, if you continue your studies with the same diligence as you have begun them.

Your proficience in arithmetic is not only to be commended, but admired. Your master does not, I suppose, come very often, nor stay very long; yet your advance in the science of numbers is greater than is commonly made by those who, for so many weeks as you have been learning, spend six hours a day in the writing school.

Never think, my sweet, that you have arithmetic enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries. A thousand stories, which the ignorant tell and believe, die away at once, when the computist takes them in his gripe. I hope you will cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical inquiries; they will give you entertainment in solitude,

solitude, by the practice; and reputation in public, by the effect.

If you can borrow *Wilkin's Real Character*, a folio, which the bookseller can perhaps let you have, you will have a very curious calculation, which you are qualified to consider, to shew that Noah's ark was capable of holding all the known animals of the world, with provision for all the time in which the earth was under water. Let me hear from you soon again.

I am, Your, &c.

---

*From a Young Gentleman to his Guardian, acquainting him that he has begun to learn Geography.*

Dear Sir,

I have lately enlarged the circle of my studies, by beginning to learn geography, I find it very entertaining, and it promises not only pleasure but profit. Without a knowledge of this science, one cannot read a common newspaper with any degree of intelligence; and were this to be the only advantage derived from it, the attention bestowed in the acquiring it would be well repaid: of what infinite service must it be in reading histories, tours, travels, &c. A person must frequently be very much at a loss even in common conversation, without a competent knowledge of this valuable science.

I do not thus dilate on the value of this acquisition on a presumption that I am conveying information to you, but merely to shew that I am perfectly sensible of the advantage to be derived from it. The young gentlemen who are engaged in the same study, have entered into a subscription to purchase a pair of globes to facilitate their improvement, and I trust to that liberality and kindness I have so constantly experienced

at

at your hands, to be supplied with the sum necessary to deposit my quota, it is fifteen shillings.

Give me leave, dear Sir, on this occasion to repeat my thanks for all the kind attentions I have heretofore received from you, and to assure you that by so well supplying the place of parents, I have been so unhappy to lose, you and Mrs. G. intitle yourselves, and shall always receive from me all the respect and love, which they would, if living, have claimed, from

Your affectionate and obliged Ward,  
and humble Servant.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Father, requesting leave to learn to Dance.*

I address myself to my dear Papa, with a degree of trepidation I seldom feel on such an occasion, because I am going to ask a favor of him, of the greatest importance to my present happiness. It is that I may be permitted to join with the rest of the young ladies of my age, in taking instructions from Mons. B. the dancing-master. I assure, my dear Papa, that so far from remitting my attention to the other branches of my education, this indulgence will operate as a spur to my industry and assiduity; but though I have so earnest a desire to attain this very polite and graceful accomplishment, I intreat you to believe, that if your answer should not be favorable to my wishes, I shall feel no other sensation than regret at having made an improper request, being convinced that your affection and judgment will lead you to grant liberally, whatever can conduce to my improvement, and to withhold nothing without the best and wisest reasons. I remain

Dear Papa,  
Your most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

THE

THE graces and advantages to be derived from excelling in this very polite accomplishment, are described with so much warmth, and in a manner so truly paternal, in the following letter, that I have transcribed it from the Spectator ; it is supposed to be the production of Sir Richard Steele, one of the compilers of that admirable miscellany.

Sir,

I am a widower with but one daughter ; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out : I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before ; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I have ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think

I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Sir, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant, insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, shewed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I will strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball

for

for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honor, dance with her.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Guardian, desiring permission to learn Music.*

Dear Sir,

Your disposition is of that kind, that to please others is to confer the same agreeable sensation upon yourself; I have experienced this truth on several occasions, and your friendship and kindness for me never fail. I think music a most charming amusement, and for a lady an universal and elegant accomplishment. If you will permit me, I will devote some part of my time to the study of it. We have a good master, who attends the school three times a week, he is much esteemed by his scholars, and highly approved by Mrs. T. The harpsichord is the instrument I should prefer; your next letter will, I trust, commission me to call in the assistance of Mr. S. to instruct me in this charming science, which will add to the many obligations already conferred on

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful Ward.

---

*From a Young Gentleman to his Uncle, desiring to learn to Fence.*

Dear Sir,

I have long had a great desire to learn the art of fencing, and, if I am favoured with your consent, I have now an opportunity of indulging my wish. I hope

hope never to have occasion to reduce the science to practice, nor do I entirely wish to learn it for the sake of being a good swordsman, but it is a most agreeable exercise, and contributes very much towards opening the chest, strengthening the body, and improving the whole frame. The master's terms are rather high, which must be the case, as it is an accomplishment peculiar to the liberal, the well bred, and the affluent. Your compliance with this request will much oblige,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Nephew.

---

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, requesting to learn the Military Exercise.*

Honored Sir,

I take the liberty of soliciting your consent that I may learn the military exercise. A serjeant who has served in the army many years, a very honest, and for his station in life, gentlemanlike man, attends our school twice a week, and many of the young gentlemen are much improved by his instructions.

The advantages to be derived from the acquisition of such knowledge are, of the utmost consequence both to health and appearance, the first is preserved by assisting the play of the chest, and giving every part of the body its proper situation and action; and the latter is benefited by being freed from every thing like rusticity or vulgarity.

My saying so much on such a subject may possibly excite a smile; it is easy to find words to express one's sentiments on common occasions, but I can never convey by language an adequate idea of the affection and sincerity with which

I am, honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

*From*

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, claiming a promised increase of Allowance.*

Honored Sir,

You were so kind to promise when last I had the pleasure of seeing you, that when I had finished reading the fourth Book of the Æneid, you would make an addition to my allowance for pocket money; I have the pleasure to inform you that I completed it yesterday, and am proud to add, to the intire satisfaction of my master.

I take so early an occasion to convey this information to you, not from an eagerness to obtain the promised pecuniary recompense, but that I may afford you the pleasure I perceive you derive from a knowledge of my making a progress in my learning; at the same time I do not mean to say that the anticipation of your promised bounty gives me no pleasure, it is flattering to me in a most interesting point, and I shall consider it an addition to the load of obligation already laid on,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Son.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Aunt, requesting to learn Drawing.*

Honored Madam,

I feel no embarrassment in making application to that liberality which has so often supplied every want and every wish of mine, before I had time to reduce it to the form of a request, but I feel conscious of a daily increase of obligation, which the attention and gratitude of my whole life can hardly repay: yet I should hold myself inexcusable were I to conceal any

any laudable inclination from you, who have so often, with the kindest assurances, enjoined me to impart to you all the wishes of my heart. I have, at present, a great desire to learn to draw and paint, a very fashionable, and truly feminine employment; the amiable Lady Caroline C. Miss B. and several more of the most distinguished young ladies at this school have made some proficiency in the art, and I trust to your kindness to give the necessary orders, that I may be included in the list of Mr. L's. pupils; I long to begin learning, and anticipate the pleasure of surprising my dear Aunt with the improvement of

Her obliged and affectionate Niece.

---

*From Young Gentlemen on the approach of the Holidays.*

Honored Sir,

A few weeks will now give me an opportunity of revisiting H—, and of renewing those pleasing scenes which have been interrupted by my being at school. The separation has been attended with very pleasing effects; for had I never been divided from you, I should have never felt that lively joy which now plays around my heart, and will endear our meeting.

Be so kind to inform all my friends that distance has made no alteration in my sentiments, that I remember them with the highest respect, and look forward with earnest expectation to that joyful moment when we shall meet again.

I flatter myself that my improvements will equal your wishes, and that you will have no occasion to tax me with negligence. Mr. and Mrs. H. beg their respectful compliments: please to accept of, and present my duty to my Mamma, respects to all my friends, and love to my brothers and sisters.

I am, honored Sir,

Your dutiful Son.

Honored

Honored Sir,

It gives me much pleasure to inform you that our vacation commences the 21st instant, on which day most of my school-fellows will be conducted to their respective homes in town; as I am informed you are still at C——, I shall be much obliged to you to let me know where I am to be left in London till your servant comes for me: if I may be allowed to express my wish on the subject, it is that I may stay with Mr. H. in S—— Street, till Robert reaches town, as the kindness of that gentleman and his family to me on a former occasion, excite in me the warmest gratitude, and an earnest desire to see them again.

I trust this specimen of my penmanship will meet your approbation, and that you will be equally satisfied with my proficiency in other branches of my education. And I flatter myself you will be pleased to learn that Mr. E. permits me to say that my general conduct during the last half year entitles me to his applause. He and Mrs. E. desire me to present their compliments to you and my mamma.

Pray accept of, and present my duty to my mamma and aunt, love to my brothers and sisters, and respects to all friends, and believe me,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Son.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Mamma, on the same  
Occasion.*

Dear Mamma,

I received your very kind letter, in which you speak of the pleasure you promise yourself in my company these Christmas holidays; I beg leave to offer

offer you my most sincere thanks for your obliging expressions, the satisfaction I feel from them can be better conceived than committed to paper. It shall be my constant desire, to merit similar sentiments from you, and may every wish of your heart be as compleatly gratified as I trust this will be, the 21st. being fixed for the day of our going home.

Present my duty to my papa, and affectionate and respectful remembrances, to my relations and friends, and believe me

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

In the three last specimens I have inserted a paragraph of complimentary remembrances, I have not done so in every letter to avoid repetitions, but the student *must never omit it*; and take particular notice that no opportunity of closing his letter gracefully with another subject, or fancied advantage or elegance of any kind, must tempt him to leave it out of the body of his letter, and throw it into a postscript.

---

*From a Young Gentleman to his Uncle, desiring leave to accept an Invitation.*

Honored Sir,

Our vacation commences the 21st inst. and I am invited to pass the holidays at the house of the Rev. Mr. L. father of one of my school-fellows. I lament the impossibility of my passing my time with you, and still more the occasion of it, your precarious state of health. Next to that satisfaction, however, will be the pleasure I shall feel in being permitted to accept the invitation my school-fellow has been so kind to procure for me, to which I hope and trust you will have no objection, as the known respectability, and

and excellent character of Mr. L. leave no doubt that I shall find both pleasure and improvement in my residence with him.

I am, honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Nephew,

And obliged humble Servant.

---

---

#### LETTERS OF THANKS.



ON a compliance, from the person solicited, with any request, a certain gratitude is due, and ought on no occasion to be omitted; it is no excuse to say, that you expect to see the party in a short time; that you fear being troublesome by too many letters; or that you feel the sentiment though you omit to express it; an imputation of ingratitude, though but momentary, and perhaps erroneous, is the most disgraceful, and injurious that can possibly attach to any person's character, how careful then ought every one to be to avoid it.

#### *General Letter of Thanks, from a Young Gentleman to his Father.*

Honored Sir,

I have just received your letter, in which you consent to the request I made you in my last; indeed I never doubted your acquiescence, as your kindness is so extensive towards me as almost to prevent my wishes, and your watchful attention provides every thing that may conduce not only to my improvement, but pleasure. Give me leave then to return you my sincerest thanks for this, and the many other favors

favors I have experienced from you. I trust that they will not be thrown away, but that the seed will be sown in a fruitful soil, and produce a plentiful increase of affection and gratitude in,

Dear Sir,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Mamma, thanking her for permission to learn to Dance.*

My dear Mamma,

I was this day made happy by the receipt of your letter, where you grant the request I formerly made of being taught to dance, and will not delay a single post to convey to you an idea of the heartfelt gratitude with which so ready a compliance with my wishes inspires me. When I feel a desire to possess more good qualities of mind, or more personal accomplishments than I do already, my chief motive is an inclination to approach as near as possible, or, at least, not totally to degenerate from that pattern of excellence and elegance, which I always see you display, and which renders you the admiration of all your acquaintance, and me the envy of mine. I remain,

My dear Mamma,  
Your most affectionate and grateful Daughter.

---

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, who had given him leave to learn to Fence.*

Honored Sir,

I thank you no less for the salutary advice, than the indulgent permission contained in your letter which

which I have just received: I hope I shall always be incapable of deviating so far from the precepts of religion, and the effects of your excellent example and admonitions, as to entertain a desire of acquiring a talent which I could only display to the injury or (horrid to think of) destruction of my fellow-creatures.

When I requested your permission to learn the elegant accomplishment of the use of the small sword, it was, as I truly stated, with no other view than that of gaining an additional mark of my having received at your hands the education of a gentleman. Believe me, my dearest father, if I could conceive for a moment, or would you assure me that it is your opinion, that my learning that art will beget, or encourage in me a quarrelsome or captious disposition, I would, without the least abatement of gratitude, approach you for permission to countermand the orders Mr. E. has just sent to Mr. R. the fencing master, to furnish me with foils, gloves, and the other necessaries. I value one moment of your good opinion, and the heartfelt satisfaction imparted by one humane sensation, or act of manly self-denial, infinitely more than all the applause which can accrue from the possession of accomplishments, which are of no value but as the ornaments of virtue, and benevolence.

I am, honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

---

#### PARENTAL AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

IN writing letters to parents, children cannot be too copious, and frequent in those effusions of affection, which are the chief delight, and only recompence for inexpressible care, anxiety, and good-will;

VOL. I. D and

and an expence often supplied by the sacrifice, not only of the luxuries and comforts, but sometimes those conveniences which approach nearest to necessities of life.

Parents in general express and feel more affection than is similarly returned by their children; this does not invariably flow from a bad disposition in the latter, but from the levity, and inconsiderateness of youth; I trust, such of my readers as are parents, will, on this occasion, excuse my obtruding on them my ardent wish that heaven may avert from them the experience

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
"To have a thankless child."

*Letter from a Young Lady to her Mamma, containing an Apology for not writing sooner.*

Honored Madam,

I lament exceedingly that I have so long deferred writing to you, and sincerely beg pardon for a neglect, which, I trust, I shall never be guilty of again.

I will take shame to myself, and confess it proceeded from carelessness, lest you should impute it to a want of attachment to you and my papa. Affection and thanks is the least return which can be made by children to their parents, for the numberless obligations they owe them. It would give me the severest pain to subject myself to the charge of so black a crime as ingratitude; especially to a parent to whose tender care and constant solicitude I feel an increase of obligation every day, and which I will endeavour, for the future, never to cease displaying by unremitting acts of duty and attention. I am,

Honored Madam,

Your most affectionate Daughter.

From

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father, on the like Occasion.*

Honoured Sir,

I heartily beg your pardon for having omitted to write to you the moment I reached this place. I intreat you not to impute it to the failure of that respectful attention I shall ever consider due from me to you, for absence, and time will never have power to eradicate from my heart those sentiments of affection, duty, and sincere love, which repeated obligations have aided the hand of nature in cultivating there. The reason of my delay was, that I had not yet been able to execute the commission with which you honored me till yesterday; I have sent the articles you desired by the B—— waggon this day, and hope that you will get them safe, and be not only satisfied with my execution of this commission, but receive it as a testimony of that unalterable affection, with which I am,

Honored Sir,

Your most dutiful Son.

*From Young Gentlemen to their Parents from whom they had not heard as they expected.*

Dear Papa and Mamma,

My brother and I have for some days expected a letter from you, the disappointment has given us great concern. Our separation from you, though attended with the most beneficial consequences to us, must naturally occasion some regret, and the hearing from you causes such sensations, as they alone can feel who are blest with parents so indulgent. May we solicit an answer to this by return of post, as our present anxiety

jety is of the most distressing nature, from the apprehension that indisposition or misfortune has so long delayed our expected pleasure. We are,

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Your dutiful and affectionate Sons.

*Answer to the preceding Letter, from the Father of the Writers.*

Dear Boys,

I comply with the request contained in your very affectionate letter of yesterday, because I would not, on any account, seem to trifle with feelings so honorable to yourselves, and agreeable to your Mamma and me.

We are both, thank God, in good health, but the reason we did not write before has been the illness, and death of your poor Grand-mamma. She was attacked with a fever, and ended her mortal course the day before yesterday; her end was exemplary, and she mentioned you in her last prayers. You possess so just a sense of filial duty, that I am sure you can form a conception of the acuteness of my feelings on the loss of so valuable a parent, and you must, from a principle of gratitude, regret the decease of a person, to whose tender care you owe your safe passage through the difficult and dangerous æra of infancy, exempt from those accidents which produce death or deformity, and remain a perpetual scourge and stigma through life.

The pleasure your very timely and dutiful letter has given to your mamma and me, has greatly alleviated our sense of pain at the loss of the deceased, this fact may give you to understand of how much consequence to our happiness it is, that you should persevere in the same laudable course. I shall send Mr. C. to you in a few days, to take measure of you for mourning,

mourning, which you will receive as soon as possible after the funeral. May the Almighty prosper all your endeavours, and favour the growth of goodness in your hearts, is the prayer as well of your Mamma as of

Your affectionate Father.

---

#### ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION.

THESE are the most interesting topics on which parents can address letters to their children, and those which the latter should receive with most pleasure, and treasure with that care which in fairy legends is related to have attached to talismans ; as a frequent perusal of, and recurrence to these sources of action, would guard the heart against the approach of vice and folly, as the talisman was fabled to preserve the body from witchcraft and danger.

This observation leads me to take notice of the prevailing practice amongst young people of losing and destroying the letters they receive from their parents, and friends, a practice by which they not only shew a great contempt of, and rudeness towards the writers, but deprive themselves of the very great pleasure they enjoy in their maturer years, who in the first stages of life have preserved these testimonies of the affection of their friends.

The six letters next following, are from those written by the late Philip Earl of Chesterfield, to his Son, afterwards Envoy at the Court of Dresden, a work from which I should have selected many more specimens than I have, but for fear of the too great sameness, which the taking of too many letters from one author would have created in my work ; and a

knowledge that most of his letters are selected in various small works, generally in the hands of young persons. With respect to the merits of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, a great diversity of opinion prevails; a true estimate may be formed of them from the following lines of Mr. Hayley's Triumphs of Temper:

“ A volume of the Wit lay near the fair,  
“ Whose value tried by fashion's varying touch,  
“ Once rose too high, and now is sunk too much.”

His Lordship died in 1773.

*Lord Chesterfield to his Son; on Modesty and Mau-  
vaise-honte.*

My Dear Child,

If it is possible to be too modest, you are; and you deserve more than you require. An amber headed cane, and a pair of buckles, are a recompence so far from being adequate to your deserts, that I shall add something more. Modesty is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true morals: it engages and captivates the minds of people; as on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgusting, than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavors to conceal his own merit; who sets that of other people in its true light; who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty: such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

There is, however, a great difference between modesty, and an awkward bashfulness; which is as ridiculous as

as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton, as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. The English are generally apt to be bashful; and have not those easy, free, and at the same time polite manners, which the French have. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company: he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks even to people he does not know, without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good-breeding: a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentleman-like behaviour.

These are matters worthy your attention; reflect on them, and unite modesty, to a polite and easy assurance.

Adieu.

I this instant receive your letter of the 27th, which is very well written.

---

*The same to the same; on proper and foolish Ambition.*

N. B. The weak pun or quibble with which this letter sets out, is unworthy the *Wit* or the *Scholar*, it would hardly have been excuseable in the little

boy to have made such a silly attempt at facetiousness.

Dear Boy,

I send you here a few more Latin roots, though I am not sure that you will like my roots so well as those that grow in your garden; however, if you will attend to them, they may save you a great deal of trouble. These few will naturally point out many others to your own observation; and enable you, by comparison, to find out most derived and compound words when once you know the original root of them. You are old enough now to make observations upon what you learn; which, if you would be pleased to do, you cannot imagine how much time and trouble it would save you. Remember, you are now very near nine years old; an age at which all boys ought to know a great deal, but, you, particularly, a great deal more, considering the care and pains that have been employed about you; and if you do not answer these expectations, you will lose your character; which is the most mortifying thing that can happen to a generous mind. Every body has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed: the difference is, that the ambition of silly people, is a silly and mistaken ambition, and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance; the ambition of a silly boy, of your age, would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away on idle follies; which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in shewing good-nature and compassion, in learning

learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition; and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men, as well as in boys: the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have a fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things which any body, that has as much money, may have as well as he; for they are all to be bought: but the ambition of a man of sense and honor is, to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedemonians and the Romans, when they made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will always be.

Adieu.

---

*The same to the same; on Oratory.*

Dear Boy,

Let us return to oratory, or the art of speaking well; which should never be entirely out of your thoughts, since it is so useful in every part of life, and so absolutely necessary in most. A man can make no figure without it, in parliament, in the church, or in the law; and even in common conversation, a man that has acquired an easy and habitual eloquence, who speaks properly and accurately, will have a great advantage over those who speak incorrectly and inelegantly.

The business of oratory, as I have told you before, is to persuade people; and you easily feel, that to please people is a great step towards persuading them. You must then, consequently, be sensible

how advantageous it is for a man, who speaks in public, whether it be in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar (that is in the courts of law) to please his hearers so much as to gain their attention: which he can never do without the help of oratory. It is not enough to speak the language, he speaks in, in its utmost purity, and according to the rules of grammar; but he must speak it elegantly; that is, he must chuse the best and most expressive words, and put them in the best order. He should, likewise, adorn what he says by proper metaphors, similes, and other figures of rhetoric; and he should enliven it, if he can, by quick and sprightly turns of wit. For example; suppose you had a mind to persuade Mr. Maittaire to give you a holiday, would you bluntly say to him, give me a holiday? That would certainly not be the way to persuade him to it. But you should endeavour first to please him, and gain his attention, by telling him; that your experience of his goodness and indulgence encouraged you to ask a favour of him; that, if he should not think proper to grant it, at least you hoped, he would not take it ill that you asked it. Then you should tell him, what it was that you wanted; that it was a holiday; for which you should give your reasons; as that you had such or such a thing to do, or such a place to go to. Then you might urge some arguments why he should not refuse you; as that you seldom asked that favour, and that you seldom will; and that the mind may sometimes require a little rest from labour, as well as the body. This you may illustrate by a simile, and say, that as the bow is the stronger for being sometimes unstrung and unbent, so the mind will be capable of more attention, for being now and then easy and relaxed.

This is a little oration, fit for such a little orator as you; but, however, it will make you understand what is meant by oratory and eloquence: which is to

persuade. I hope you will have that talent hereafter in great matters.

---

*The same to the same; on Insignificance of Character.*

Dear Boy,

I was very sorry that Mr. Maittaire did not give me such an account of you, yesterday, as I wished and expected. He takes so much pains to teach you, that he well deserves from you the returns of care and attention. Besides, pray consider, now that you have justly got the reputation of knowing much more than other boys of your age do, how shameful it would be for you to lose it; and to let other boys, that are now behind you get before you. If you would but have attention, you have quickness enough to conceive, and memory enough to retain; but without attention, while you are learning, all the time you employ at your book is thrown away; and your shame will be the greater, if you would be ignorant, when you had such opportunities of learning. An ignorant man is insignificant and contemptible; nobody cares for his company, and he can just be said to live, and that is all. There is a very pretty French epigram, upon the death of such an ignorant, insignificant fellow, the sting of which is, *that he was once alive, and that he is now dead.* This is the epigram which you may get by heart:

Colas est mort de maladie,  
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort,  
Que diable veux tu que j'en die?  
Colas vivoit,—Colas est mort.

## IMITATED.

'Tis done then—Colas is no more,  
 In plaintive strains can I deplore  
 His loss? No—all that can be said  
 Is—Colas liv'd—Colas is dead.

Take care not to deserve the name of Colas; which I shall certainly give you, if you do not learn well: and then that name will get about, and every body will call you Colas; which will be much worse than Frisky.

You are now reading Mr. Rollin's Ancient History: pray remember to have your maps by you, when you read it, and desire Monsieur Pelnote to shew you, in the maps, all the places you read of.

Adieu.

*The same to the same; on Improvement in Learning.*

Dear Boy,

I write to you now on the supposition that you continue to deserve my attention, as much as you did when I left London; and that Mr. Maittaire would commend you as much now, as he did the last time he was with me; for otherwise, you know very well, that I should not concern myself about you. Take care, therefore, that when I come to town, I may not find myself mistaken in the good opinion I entertained of you in my absence.

I hope you have got the linnets and bullfinches you so much wanted; and I recommend the bullfinches to your imitation. Bullfinches, you must know, have no natural note of their own, and never sing, unless taught; but will learn tunes better than any other birds. This they do by attention and memory;

memory; and you may observe, that, while they are taught, they listen with great care, and never jump about and kick their heels. Now I really think it would be a great shame for you to be out done by your own bullfinch.

I take it for granted, that, by your late care and attention, you are now perfect in Latin verses; and that you may at present be called, what Horace desired to be called, *Romane fidicen Lyræ*. Your Greek too, I dare say, keeps pace with your Latin; and you have all your paradigms *ad unguem*.

You cannot imagine what alterations and improvements I expect to find every day, now that you are more than *Oetennis*, and at this age, *non progredi* would be *regredi*, which would be very shameful.

Adieu! do not write to me; for I shall be in no settled place to receive letters, while I am in the country.

---

- From the same to the same; on advancing in Years, and exalting his Views. Translated from the Latin in which the Earl wrote it.

Philip Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope, yet a little Boy; but to-morrow going out of Childhood.

This is the last letter I shall write to you as a little boy; for to-morrow, if I am not mistaken, you will attain your ninth year; so that for the future, I shall treat you as a *youth*. You must now commence a different course of life, a different course of studies. No more levity: childish toys and playthings must be thrown aside, and your mind directed to serious objects. What was not unbecoming of a child, would be disgraceful to a youth. Wherefore,

Wherefore, endeavour with all your might to shew a suitable change; and by learning, good-manners, politeness, and other accomplishments, to surpass those youths of your own age, whom hitherto you have surpassed when boys. Consider, I entreat you, how shameful it would be for you, should you let them get the better of you now. For instance, should Onslow now a Westminster scholar, lately your companion, and a youth of nine years old, as you are; should he, I say, deservedly obtain a place in school above you, what would you do? where would you run to hide yourself? you would certainly be glad to quit a place where you could not remain with honour. If, therefore, you have any regard for your own reputation, and a desire to please me, see that, by unremitting attention and labour, you may, with justice, be styled the head of your class. So may the Almighty preserve you, and bestow upon you his choicest blessings! I shall add, what Horace wishes for his Tibullus:

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde;  
Et mundus vicitus, non deficiente Camenâ.

Of friendship, honor, health possess,  
A table, elegantly plain,  
And a poetic, easy vein.

FRANCIS.

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Jane Langton, Daughter of  
his intimate and dear Friend Bennet Langton,  
Esq. then a very Young Lady.*

My dearest Miss Jenny,

I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but when I am not well, I do

I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book, and your needle, for they are all necessary: your books will give you knowledge and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic; and, above all, that through your whole life, you will carefully say your prayers, and read your bible.

I am, my dear,  
Your most humble Servant.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Susannah Thrale; on Study, Religion, &c.*

Dearest Miss Susy,

When you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done or suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account;

count; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you will materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning, or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to your, &c.

---

*The same to the same; on Gluttony.*

London, July 26, 1783.

Dear Miss Susan,

I answer your letter last, because it was received last; and when I have answered it, I am out of debt to your house. A short negligence throws one behind hand. This maxim, if you consider and improve it, will be equivalent to your parson and bird, which is however a very good story, as it shews how far gluttony may proceed, which, where it prevails, is, I think more violent, and certainly more despicable than avarice itself.

Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman glutinous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

A friend of mine, who courted a lady, of whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat, and if she was voluptuous at table, to forsake her.

He

He married her however, and in a few weeks came to his adviser with this exclamation, "It is the disturbance of my life, to see this woman eat!" She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal, and after some years of discord they parted, and I believe came together no more.

Of men, the examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned and the witty world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment, with such contortions of delight as he exhibited, when he talked of eating the young ones.

When you do me the favour to write again, tell me something of your studies, your work, or your amusements.

I am, Madam, your, &c.

---

IT would be easy, from the numerous productions in our language, to add many excellent epistles to the above, but it would exceed the bounds of a book of instruction, of this kind, to transcribe letters of advice on every possible topic; the intention of the book is, to shew in what manner they should be written, not to present letters for use on all occasions; the three following, however, are so much recommended by their general utility, and applicability, that no apology is necessary for their insertion.

*Letter from William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, to his Son, giving him good Counsel.*

THE writer of this sensible letter was Prime Minister and favourite of the unfortunate King Henry VI. and

and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou; he was banished in consequence of the remonstrance of the House of Commons, suggesting, amongst other things, that he was accessory to the murder of the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; this letter was written just before his departure: he was taken by a pirate, and murdered at sea.

My dear and only well-beloved Son,

I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him, and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you, and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with his great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

And that, also weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And there as (*whenever*) any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him above all earthly things, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our alder most (*greatest*) high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highnes have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother;

mother; and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you.

And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease.

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, who of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living; and that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise as after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they, may glorify him eternally amongst his angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand,

The day of my departing fro this land.

*From*

*From Sir Henry Sydney to his Son Philip, then at School, under twelve Years of Age.*

PHILIP SYDNEY, afterwards Sir Philip, to whom this letter was written, grew up one of the bravest and most accomplished men of his time, which abounded in wise and brave men; he died at an early age, in the year 1589, fighting in Flanders; and the story of his heroic self-denial, in giving, in his last moments, a cup of water which was offered him to a thirsty and wounded soldier, is well known. He was author of a mixed composition, partaking of the nature of the pastoral and the romance, called, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that, which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient

sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you.

Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost.

Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed.

Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will encrease your force, and enlarge your breath.

Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword.

Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it.

Let

Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry ; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself.

Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness.

Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member.

Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth ; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame ; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.

Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side ; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family ; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *latus generis*, one of the greatest curses than can happen to man.

Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

*From the late Colonel Stedman to his Son, to be delivered after his Death.*

THIS letter is taken from that valuable miscellany, *The European Magazine*; the composition is very affecting, and the sentiments just; that part where he recommends to his son an affectionate care of his mother-in-law, and half-brothers, is intitled to particular attention. The young gentleman himself died in Jamaica, at the age of seventeen.

My dear John,

As the last good I can do for you in this world, I now join to the trifles I leave you, these few lines, and which I beg of you often to read for my sake, who ever loved you so tenderly. Above all things fear God, as the Supreme Author of all good; love him in your soul, and be religious: but detest every tincture of hypocrisy.

Regard your neighbour, that is, all mankind, and of whatever nation, profession, or faith, while they are honest, and be ever so thyself; it is the best policy in the end, depend upon it.

Guard against idleness; it is the root of every misery, to which bad company gives the finishing stroke.

Love economy without avarice, and be ever thyself thy best friend.

Fly from the excesses of debauchery; they will rot thy body, while they are a canker in thy mind. To keep both sound, my dear, be never behind-hand with thy correspondent, with thy creditor, with thy daily occupations, or with thy conscience, and thy soul shall enjoy peace.

By using air, exercise, diet, and recreation, thy body shall possess health and vigour.

Dear

Dear John, should fortune frown (which depend upon it sometimes she will), then look round on thousands more wretched than thyself, and who, perhaps, did less deserve to be so, and be content. Contentment is better than fine gold.

Wish not for death, it is a sin; but scorn to fear it, and be prepared to meet it every hour, since come it must; while the good mind smiles at its sting, and defies its point.

Beware of passion and cruelty; but rejoice in being good-natured, not only to man, but to the meanest insect, that is, the whole creation without exception: detest to hurt them but for thy food or thy defence. To be cruel is the portion of the coward, while bravery and humanity go hand in hand, and please thy God.

Obey with temper, and even pleasure, those set over thee; since without knowing how to be obedient, none ever knew how to command.

Now, my dear boy, love Mrs. Stedman and her little children from your heart, if ever you had a real love for your dead father, who requests it of you. She has most tenderly proved a help in thy infant state; and while thou art a brother to her helpless little ones, prove thyself also a parent and a guardian, by constant kindness, and a proper conduct. Let that good sense with which Heaven has been pleased to befriend thee, ever promote peace and harmony in my dear family; then shall the blessings of Almighty God overspread you and them, and we, together with your beloved mother, my dear Johanna, have a chance once more to meet, where, in the presence of our Heavenly Benefactor, our joy and happiness shall be eternal and complete; which is the ardent wish, the sincere prayer, and only hope of your once loving father, thy tender parent, who, my dear child,

when

when you read this, shall be no more, and rests with  
an affectionate heart to all eternity,

Yours,

John Gabriel Stedman.

Henscley-house, near Tiverton, Devon.

Jan. 14, 1787.

P. S. Let not your grief for my decease overcome  
you; let your tears flow, my dear, with manly mo-  
deration, and trust that I am happy.

---

#### FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN brothers and sisters are obliged, by any circumstances, to live apart, they should be in the constant habit of corresponding together; it is one of the most advantageous modes of improving their epistolary talents, and keeping alive that affection which is most honorable and advantageous through life, and the defection of which is enumerated by the poet amongst the evils of the iron age.

*From a young Gentleman at a Grammar School, to  
his Brother at a mercantile Academy.*

Dear Brother,

I am pleased to have an opportunity of conveying a letter to you, as I am sure you will be to hear that I am as happy here as I can be at a distance from my parents, and a still greater from you. How often do I wish that fortune, and the views of our friends, had permitted us to continue as we began our journey through life, hand-in-hand; I often wish

that the arrangement, by which I am to be educated for a learned profession, and you instructed in the necessary attainments to assist my father in his business, could have been so modified, that we might have drank the pure stream of classical knowledge at the same fountain, or tasted, together, the less sparkling beverage of commercial science. But I wish what would be ultimately injurious to both; and the warmth of my imagination has led me to the use of a metaphor, which may, perhaps, make you smile, and think I am growing pedantic.

I long for the coming of the holidays on no account more than to meet you again, to revisit our old haunts, to see our old friends, to talk over old stories, and compare notes on our more recent adventures. I feel, if possible, more attachment for you than I did before our separation; and, notwithstanding the difference of our destinations in life, assure you I have no idea of pleasure, or hope of advantage, in which I do not wish you a joint partaker with

Your affectionate Brother, and sincere Friend.

---

*From a young Lady to her Brother on Cruelty to Animals.*

Dear Brother,

It has given me much pain to learn, that the act of cruelty which had so nearly deprived me of my favorite little dog was planned and executed by you; I write to you on this subject while under the same roof with you, because I would not wish, by mentioning it to you, face to face, to assume the air of a superior, either in understanding or judgment, and still less to risque inducing you to prevaricate, or perhaps deny what I know, from certain information,

mation, to be a fact. I could not think of exposing to my papa and mamma an act which, I hope, proceeded from thoughtlessness alone, or of waiting till you were gone to school before I expressed to you my sentiments on the subject.

I am the more astonished at your being guilty of such an act, because I know you to be naturally tender-hearted and humane, and that poor Fidelle used to be a great favorite of yours, she used to share your meals, accompany you in your excursions, and sleep by your side; I remember the time when you would have resented, with great earnestness, any injury done to the poor little thing, and am astonished you could so have hardened your heart against her pleading looks, and innocent endearments, as to have hurt her in the smallest degree: such an act could not have proceeded from deliberate malice, but must have originated in a mistaken notion of what is called *fun*. I do not know the exact meaning of the word, but if it combines the idea of mischief and wanton cruelty, I hope you will not soon again be in a *funny* humour.

You remember those prints of Hogarth which hang in my uncle's study, at C. where the progress of cruelty is traced from the tormenting of cats, dogs, and other harmless animals, through all its varieties, till the perpetrator arrives at the horrid pitch of murthering a fellow-creature. You may think your station in life, and superior education, will exempt you from the like atrocious acts, but the same path leads to the same end, by whomsoever trod; and when we read Dr. Moore's very entertaining novel of *Zeluc* together, you perfectly agreed with me how natural and affecting an instance of gradual depravation it was, that the person who, when a boy, in a fit of ill humour, squeezed to death a harmless sparrow, should, when a man, perpetrate the like cruelty on his own child.

I forbear, my dear brother, to enlarge on this unwelcome subject, because I know you have in your Polite Preceptor, a paper from the Guardian, where it is treated in a very elegant and striking manner ; if in the haste or carelessness of a first reading, you have permitted its beauties to escape you, pray peruse it again, and let the sentiments it contains be engraved on your memory. I hope you will receive this, as it is really meant, as a testimony of my esteem, and wishes for your future welfare ; I am anxious to know the impression my observations make on you, if it be such as I wish, attended with a resolution to refrain from such acts in future, and an unbated friendship for me, I shall be obliged to you when next we meet to convey to me the slightest hint to that effect, which will add much to the happiness of

Your most affectionate Sister.

---

To shew that the greatest talents are perfectly consistent with this exertion of humanity, which relates to the comfort and safety of the brute creation, the following letter is inserted, in which the brightest wit, and most tender sensibility go hand in hand.

*Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq. on Dogs.*

The elegant Poet who wrote this letter, is one of the most conspicuous names in English literature, he perfected the harmony of English versification, and by his Translation of Homer, and original compositions, left a proof how far the melody and force of his mother tongue could be carried. He was born in 1688, and having finished the course of an honorable life, beloved and befriended by men of the greatest quality, virtue, and talents, died in 1744.

I may

Oct. 19, 1709.

I may truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis per fugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:* which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obscurity,* was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself; as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surprised at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation must have lost in him as much wit and probity as would have remained (for ought I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honor him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible a one; and if

I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeness that begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shews itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions or inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable books, sacred and profane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer), have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for

for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she dy'd: may the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her successors). You shall have it in verse.

## ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast  
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,  
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,  
 To all his friends, and e'en his Queen, unknown :  
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,  
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs;  
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,  
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,  
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew ;  
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew !  
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,  
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay ;  
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,  
 And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.  
 Him when he saw—he rose and crawl'd to meet,  
 ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,  
 Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,  
 Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and died !

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave, to that part of the island where he was buried. This

respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story which he heard from one that was present. King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, &c.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Sister, who had expressed some Jealousy at being sent to School, while she remained at Home.*

My dear Maria,

The concern I felt at the expression used by you, at leaving home, that you feared my being so constantly with my mamma, would procure me the greatest share in her affection, and cause you to be supplanted, has been so great, that I have lost no time to efface from  
your

your mind an idea which, if long entertained, will not only be extremely painful to you, but weaken your affection for the best of parents, and a sister who loves you with the sincerest warmth.

I hope you have more confidence in the tenderness of our honored parent, than to imagine that absence can estrange her from you, and think too well of her justice to believe that any thing but a want of merit, of which I trust you will never be accused, can lessen you in her esteem. For myself, I hope my conduct has always been such as to convince you, that, far from using those little arts which unjust and selfish persons are apt to practise to the injury of the absent, I shall omit no opportunity to promote your wishes, extol your merits, and shew myself sincerely your friend.

Believe me, my dearest sister, I look forward, with joyous anticipation, to that time when the holidays will bring you back again to us, when our dear mamma shall see all your improvements with the eye of maternal delight, and my humble duty, though not despised, be thrown, for a time, into the back-ground: in a word, you cannot long more anxiously than I do for the return of the time which restores you to home, and

Your affectionate Sister.

---

---

LETTERS ON IMPROVEMENT IN LEARNING, OF APPROBATION FROM PARENTS, &c. PREVIOUS TO LEAVING SCHOOL.

IT is customary when the term of education is nearly complete, and the future destination of youth fixed on by their parents or guardians to send a state-

ment of the progress made in the various branches of study, and, more particularly, those which are like to be most useful in the line of life elected for them. The making of these statements is a point of great delicacy; the writer must, by all means, avoid the inciety of boasting, or the ostentatious display of his acquirements; he had better leave something to be discovered by time, than by shewing the utmost he possesses, lose the advantage, and credit he will derive from shewing a superior claim to applause, both from his talents and moderation; but this principle must not be suffered to prevail so far, as by a wilful depreciation or concealment of knowledge to damp the ardor of paternal hope, or check the flow of intended kindness. The exact medium must be discovered and preserved.

*From a Young Gentleman, designed for a Mercantile Life, to his Father.*

Honored Sir,

Your command that I should state to you exactly what my improvements are, that you may be enabled to speak to Messrs. R. and Co. in my behalf, shall be instantly obeyed, but permit me first to indulge an expression of gratitude for that kindness which has so liberally furnished me with the means of knowledge, and now so benevolently provides for the advantageous exertion of it.

As you were so good some years ago to communicate your intention of placing me in a counting-house, I have turned my attention chiefly to the attainment of such knowledge as might, by fitting me for that situation, evince, at once, my entire satisfaction in your choice, and solicitude to render myself worthy of your kindness and recommendation.

I write this with great care, that you may be en-

abled to judge of my penmanship, my chief desire has been to acquire a plain, handsome, and expeditious hand. I am well versed in the common rules of arithmetic, and understand the principles, as well as the practice of fractions both vulgar and decimal, the elements of algebra are familiar to me, and I understand the most expeditious and correct rules for the calculation of interest, discount, brokerage, loss and gain, and the ordinary transactions of merchants. I have studied book keeping, in the Italian method, near a year, and flatter myself I shall be found ready and correct in all the various entries.

I understand French, as I am told, very well, however, that you may judge in that particular, on more sure grounds than report, I have annexed a translation of this letter, made by myself, without assistance or correction. Such, honored Sir, is the state of my present improvement, I present the account with diffidence, but permit me to assure you, that whatever may be my present deficiencies, I possess that sincere inclination to profit by your good advice, and render myself worthy of your favour, which will impel me to lose no opportunity which may hereafter present itself of increasing my knowledge, and extending my utility.

I am, honored Sir,

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son.

---

---

*From a Young Gentleman, intended to be articled to  
an Attorney, to his Father.*

Honored Sir,

In compliance with your desire, I take this mode of informing you of the state of my acquirements since your goodness placed me here. I have made considerable progress in the Latin, and read the classics in

that language with ease and delight. I know something of Greek, but considering that not of immediate use, forbear to say much on the subject. I can write and converse in French, with fluency and a moderate share of correctness, and have read in that language M. le president Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws; and the translation of Beccaria's Essay on Crimes and Punishments.

I will not display every little accomplishment your goodness has enabled me to attain, but assure you of my sincere gratitude for the past as well as the intended kindness. One thing I must not omit to mention, it is that I have constantly endeavoured to acquire and preserve such a sense of right, and love of propriety as will guard me from converting the knowledge of the law into a scourge of my fellow creatures. I should think myself unworthy of your affection, if I ever lost sight of your example, so far as to act in a way which might make you regret the expence and affection which you have bestowed on me, or feel shame or disgust at my subscribing myself,

Your most affectionate Son.

---

*From a Young Lady to her Aunt, previous to leaving School.*

Honored Madam,

I have just received your affectionate letter, mentioning your intention that I should leave school at the next holidays, and reside with you at Bath. Accept first my sincere thanks for the liberality with which you have supplied me, with all the means of accomplishment, suited to a young lady who is to make her appearance in the *beau monde*, and permit me to inform you of the advantage I have derived from your indulgence.

I am

I am allowed to be perfect mistress of French, and speak Italian with ease and correctness; I have read the best authors in both those languages, and have, by the care of my teachers, attained a judgment of, and taste for their beauties. I am reckoned an elegant dancer, and tolerable performer on the Piano Forte; I do not pique myself on having a good voice, but am able to accompany my own performance on the instrument, with correctness, and some little execution. I send this by the coach, and have inclosed with it a specimen, which will enable you to judge of my proficiency in drawing and painting.

I do not enumerate these accomplishments out of vanity or ostentation, but that my dear Aunt may see at one view how largely I am her debtor, and that she may know on what a fund of obligation she may draw for duty, gratitude, and affection.

Oppressed with this load of favors, I am not ashamed to make another application to the kindness of my affectionate friend; Miss M—, one of our half boarders, who has been very much attached to me ever since my coming here, is desirous to go to Bath, and remain with me as my companion; she is accomplished, amiable, meritorious, and genteelly born, but her family are reduced by unavoidable misfortune; will you, my dear Aunt, permit me to make this young lady happy by an assurance, in your name, that your house shall be her home, and that she shall be gratified in the wish her affection for me has prompted; believe me, that in so doing you will not confer greater pleasure on her than on

Your much obliged,  
and truly affectionate Niece.



From

*From a Young Gentleman to his Father in Jamaica.*

Honored Sir,

Permit me to return you my hearty thanks for the kindness expressed in your last letter, wherein you require me to come to you, and for the liberality of your orders to Messrs. M. for my equipment. I feel inexpressible pleasure in the idea of approaching a parent from whom I have been so long divided, and with whom I am hardly acquainted, except by the interesting recollections of infancy, and the sense of reiterated bounty.

That the *presentiments* of paternal affection may not extend so far as to cause you to feel disappointment when you see your son, I will, as exactly as I can, describe my person and progress, from which, by the help of the inclosed miniature, you may form a correct idea of the youth who is proud to owe his birth to you, and whom you have bound by innumerable kindnesses.

I am just five feet and one inch high, not fat, but muscular, and, as far as I can judge by the comparison between myself and my school-fellows, strong and active. I dance, ride, fence, and perform the military exercise to the satisfaction of my masters, and am flattered by my friends with the compliment of possessing the exterior of a gentleman.

The more solid parts of my education have not been neglected; indeed, to have remained so many years with the worthy Mr. R. and have made no improvement, would have been next to impossible, had I been most remarkably dull. I am, for my age, a tolerable master of the Greek and Latin languages, and the French, Italian, and German are easy to me. I am a pretty good logician, and understand the mathematics, natural philosophy, and geography,

graphy; I have made some progress in the *Belles Lettres*, and have a great attachment to history and poetry. Several other lighter studies have occupied my leisure hours, and I feel the highest obligation to your liberality, which has given me the greatest claims to esteem and respectability, which a youth of my age can possess, and assure you that whatever applause I may be honored with, in the course of my passage through life, I shall feel no pride or satisfaction to transcend that sentiment which animates me while I subscribe myself, honored Sir,

Your much obliged, dutiful,  
and truly affectionate Son.

---

---

THE loss of any part of that time which nature and custom have allotted to the attainment of the rudiments of knowledge, is at once unpardonable and irretrievable. The mind is capable of great exertions, and the good will of the pupil must earnestly second, if not precede the efforts of the tutor. Mr. Pope, though labouring under many disadvantages of education and health, had, by his own praise-worthy perseverance and assiduity, so extended the powers of his mind, that at sixteen he had produced some of the most admired of his works, and by his merit intitled himself to an intimate correspondence, with the greatest wits and most eminent characters of the age. The following letter from him in his seventeenth year, to Mr. Wycherley, a very witty dramatic poet, in general estimation, then seventy, will shew the extent of influence his abilities procured him, and by the correctness and wit of his letter, the pains he had taken to form and improve his style.

Mr.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.*

June 23, 1705.

I should believe myself happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me so much in a style of compliment. It hath been observed of women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way: but the weakest women are not more weak than that class of men who are thought to pique themselves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour over-stocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times when most people are in a disposition of being informed; and it is incredible what a vast good a little truth might do, spoken in such seasons. A small alms will do a great kindness to people in extreme necessity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make those the subject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wish your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleased to say) in writing to me, since you have always chosen the task of commanding me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verses, which you praise so much, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this vice;

as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, 'the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would persuade me. If I must be like him, it is you will make me so by complimenting me into a better opinion of myself than I deserve: they made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you assure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? you said ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possessed a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they persuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greatest obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can; so when those incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-mused, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourself, for several weighty reasons; but for none so much as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more than is consistent with the small though utmost capacity of, &c.

---

THE account given in the following letter from Mr. Molineux, a gentleman in Ireland, to the great philosopher, Mr. Locke, author of the *Essay on Human*

Human Understanding, a Treatise on Education, and many other religious, moral, and philosophical tracts, ought to excite emulation in every young mind to make equal attainments.

*Mr. Molineux to Mr. Locke.*

Dublin, August 24, 1695.

Sir,

I have already so much experience of your method of education, that I long to see your third edition. And since you put me upon it (to whom I can refuse nothing in my power), I will give you a short account of my little boy's progress under it.

He was six years old about the middle of last July. When he was but just turned five, he could read perfectly well; and on the globes could have traced out, and pointed at all the noted parts, countries, and cities of the world, both land and sea: and by five and an half, could perform many of the plainest problems on the globe; as the longitude and latitude, the Antipodes, the time with them and other countries, &c. and this by way of play and diversion, seldom called to it, never chid or beaten for it. About the same age he could read any number of figures, not exceeding six places, break it as you please by cyphers or zeros. By the time he was six, he could manage a compass, ruler, and pencil, very prettily, and perform many geometrical tricks, and advanced to writing and arithmetic; and has been about three months at Latin, wherein his tutor observes, as nigh as he can, the method prescribed by you. He can read a Gazette, and in the large maps of Sanson, shews most of the remarkable places as he goes along, and turns to the proper maps. He has been shewn some dogs dissected, and can give some little account of the grand traces of anatomy. And as to the formation of

his

his mind, which you rightly observe to be the most valuable part of education, I do not believe that any child had ever his passions more perfectly at command. He is obedient and observant to the nicest particular, and at the same time sprightly, playful, and active.

But I will say no more; this may be tiresome to others, however pleasing to myself.

---

No effect of juvenile improvement is more interesting and gratifying than the applause of parents and discerning friends, and young persons who are happy enough to receive them, should prize them very highly, even if they happen, as in the following instance, to be marked with a doubt; that doubt, if ill founded, is the most honorable testimony of the youth's proficiency.

*Lord Chesterfield to his Son, (written in Latin.)*

Your last letter afforded me very great satisfaction, both as it was elegantly penned, and because you promise in it, to take great pains, to attain deservedly, true praise. But I must tell you ingenuously, that I suspect very much your having had, in composing it, the assistance of a good and able master; under whose conduct and instruction it will be your own fault if you do not acquire elegancy of style, learning, and, in short, every thing else, becoming a wise and virtuous person. I earnestly entreat you, therefore, to imitate carefully so good a pattern; and the more attention and regard you shew for him, the more I shall think you love and respect me.

I shall continue here a fortnight longer, drinking these waters, before I return to town; let me then find you sensibly improved in your learning. You must

must summon greater resolution and diligence. I shall bring you presents from hence, which you shall receive as rewards of your application and industry, provided I find you deserving of them; if otherwise, expect reproof and chastisement for your sloth.

Farewel.

---

BUT however desireable, and flattering it may be to be the object of praise and admiration, the greatest care must be taken lest an inordinate desire of it should expose you to the charge of affectation. The following letter, on this subject, written by Sir Richard Steele, contains sentiments just, forcible, and universally applicable.

Dear Sir,

I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the un-sufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment; he that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than praise worthy, contemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions: where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than, Sir,

Your humble servant.

I SHALL

I SHALL conclude this division of letters with the three following, extracted from the Spectator, the first is written by Mr. Eustace Budgell, the two latter by Sir Richard Steele.

*On the comparative Advantages of public and private Education.*

Sir,

I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor is to be preferred?"

As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

A private education promises in the first place virtue and good-breeding; a public school manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of Education, confesses that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides, "If," says he, "I keep my son at home,

home, he is in danger of becoming my young master ; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be attained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education ; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house ; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind ; which, without being sometimes moved, by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council ; and Mr. Osburn, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

In short a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man ; a public

public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

It must however be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure: and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was quite of another temper; and a boy, who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad of this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid: and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults, by doing any of these elegant

elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

I shall give you under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school, from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain: the severity of the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military: the first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Grove in the west. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned

at

at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit : the trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them ; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster-scholar ? by the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend ; and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

The gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.

ON the general contents of this letter I make no comment; its excellent sense will recommend it ; but, since the time it was written, a great alteration has taken place in, what the author calls, the little seminaries. It would be hardly too much to say that all schools are now kept by men of virtue, talents, and politeness, and that liberality goes hand in hand with judgment in the provision of proper tutors, and masters of every kind. The anecdote which concludes the letter is a fact ; the generous and resolute youth was Colonel Wake, father of Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln ; the timid lad was Mr. afterwards Judge Nicholas.

THE two following letters describe, with great vivacity, school-masters of tempers diametrically opposite, the characters are genuine; that described in the first, was Dr. Charles Roderick, master of Eton school, afterwards of King's College, Cambridge; the gentleman alluded to in the second, was Dr. Nicholas Brady, who made the New Version of the Psalms of David.

### *Description of a cruel School-master.*

Sir,

I send you this to congratulate your late choice of a subject, for treating on which you deserve public thanks; I mean that on those licenced tyrants the school-masters. If you can disarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age reverenced by all the young gentlemen of Great Britain, who are now between seven and seventeen years. You may boast that the incomparably wise Quintilian and you are of one mind in this particular: “*Si cui est, says he, mens tam illiberalis ut abjurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagar, ut pessima quoque mancipia durabitur;*” i. e. “If any child be of so disingenuous a nature as not to stand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worst of slaves, will be hardened even against blows themselves.” And afterwards, “*Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutatur;*” i. e. “I blush to say how shamefully those wicked men abuse the power of correction.”

I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great school, of which the master was a Welchman; but certainly descended from a Spanish family, as plainly appeared from his temper as well as his name. I leave you to judge what a sort of a schoolmaster a Welchman ingrafted on a Spaniard would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that although it is above

twenty years since I felt his heavy hand, yet still once a month at least I dream of him: so strong an impression did he make on my mind. It is a sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say without vanity, that the business of the school was what I did without great difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the master's severity, that once a month, or oftener, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the law of the land for a petty larceny.

Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and half out of a gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O; these were our great faults! many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the lists against so many armed pedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor, for coming upon such hard terms to them: what would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it. I am, with the utmost sincerity,

Sir,  
Your most affectionate  
humble servant.

*Description of an amiable Schoolmaster.*

Sir,

I am a boy of fourteen years of age, and have for this last year been under the tuition of a doctor of divinity, who has taken the school of this place under his care. From the gentleman's great tenderness to me and friendship to my father, I am very happy in learning my book with pleasure. We never leave off our diversions any further than to salute him at hours of play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh word; and we think it the greatest punishment in the world when he will not speak to any of us. My brother and I are both together inditing this letter he is a year older than I am, but is now ready to break his heart that the doctor has not taken any notice of him these three days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my brother's earnest desire to be restored to his favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient servant.

## CHAPTER III.

## YOUTH.

## LETTERS ON RELIGION, MORALITY, &amp;c.

HAVING thus disposed of most of the topics which arise out of the first stage of the journey through life, I proceed to the next, that which requires the most assiduous care on the part of the traveller, as his powers of action are so much extended, and his share of discretion, for want of experience, so very small, that the strictest self-examination, and most rigorous self-denial, are necessary, to prevent the subjugation of the mind to vice and folly.

The best preservative against these destructive intruders, is a sincere and zealous attachment to, and unremitting performance of your duties to your Creator; the voice of nature, the daily lessons the instability of human life and prosperity afford, exclaim audibly to the reflecting observer, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Mr. Pope, that great genius, whom we have already mentioned, in his earliest youth, though capable of the most elegant flights of gallantry, raised the reputation of his muse by the praise of his Creator; religious subjects had his first and warmest affection; and at a very early age he had produced that beautiful Paraphrase of the Prophet Isaiah, beginning "Ye nymphs of Solyma." How sensible he was of the uncertainty, and comparative nothingness of life, appears in this letter, written by him to Mr. afterwards Sir Richard Steele.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele,*

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less' than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more openly and fairly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full

full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed, in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of wisdom), passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." &c.

I am, your, &c.

How valuable to such a mind, inflamed with the purest piety, and an ardor for poetic fame, must have been the following letter, of sensible praise, and judicious criticism, from Steele.

*Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope.*

June 1, 1712.

I am at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
Which can with a resistless charm impart  
The fondest wishes to the coldest heart;  
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire  
Between declining Virtue and Desire,  
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had pray'd,

O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—*Hark a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves shall graze.*  
There

There is but one line which I think is below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio.

I am, your, &c.

---

IN a work of this kind, where the introduction of particular topics depends chiefly on their coming conveniently into an epistolary form, regular treatises are not to be expected; indeed there are so many excellent books, on almost every subject, religious as well as moral, that to invade the province occupied by them, would be, in fact, to depreciate instead of enhancing the value of this work, for as I cannot go into every subject at the length it deserves; to attempt and then relinquish them, would be merely to excite without gratifying curiosity: but as all the letters I have selected are favorable to the interests of religion and virtue, as well as good specimens of style, I insert them under their respective heads, without affecting to embody them in a more regular way than their desultory nature will bear.

*On the Observance of the Lord's Day, written by Sir Matthew Hale, who was made Chief Justice of England in 1671, to his Sons.*

I am now come well to ———, from whence I intend to write something to you on the observance

of the Lord's day: and this I do for these reasons; 1st. Because it has pleased God to cast my lot so, that I am to rest at this place on that day, and the consideration therefore of that duty is proper for me and you, viz. the work fit for that day: 2dly. Because I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of that day, and the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me, and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it us, and it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him; for I have found, by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observance of the duty of this day has ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time, and the week that has been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other side, when I have been negligent of the duty of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employment; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following, by the manner of my passing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience.

---

YOUNG people, at the time of life which forms the period intended to be the limit of this chapter, are apt to contract the sinful and indecorous habit of profane cursing and swearing; some think it manly, and some fall into it from imitation, and remain in it from indolence, and want of consideration: it is a most profligate waste of the soul's health, neither a grace to oratory, or an evidence of sense or breeding; but on the contrary, supposing the words used innoxious, which is far from being the case, they possess the common fault of expletives, that of embarrassing

the

the delivery; a frequent repetition of any set of words is a convincing mark of want of sense, and the practice of swearing is considered a badge of low company, and habits of life not elevated above the tap-room or dog-kennel.

*James Howel\* to Capt. B. on profane Swearing.*

Noble Captain,

1st August, 1618.

Yours, of the 1st of March was delivered me by Sir Richard Scott, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all church duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I confess in an unusual monitory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well, I love both your person and parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous act in your life: nor is this love of mine conferred upon you *gratis*, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me that you take me for a true friend. Now I am of the number of those that had rather commend the virtue of an enemy, than sooth the vices of a friend; for your own particular, if your parts of virtue and your

\* A writer of great wit, and extensive knowledge, liberally educated, and finished by travel, born 1596, died 1666. His principal works are, *Dodona's Grove*, or *The Focal Forest*; and a collection of familiar letters on philosophical, historical, and moral subjects, called *Epistola Hellenicae*; from which this and other letters of his in this work are taken.

infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the other ; yet give me leave to tell you, that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favoured custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much ; it is a humour of swearing in all your discourses ; and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetched oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of rhetoric to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more : and you use this in cold blood when you are not provoked, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking accident, or extreme ill fortune at play, will let fall oaths and deep protestations : but to belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole volleys of oaths and curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a King, that being crossed in his game, would among his oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion ; I heard of another King (Henry IV. of France) that in his highest distemper would swear by *ventre de St. Gris*, by the belly of St. Gris. I heard of an Italian, that having been much accustomed to blaspheme, was weaned from it by a pretty wile ; for having been one night at play, and lost all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven, and defy God, he threw himself upon a bed hard by, and there fell asleep : the other gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the candles, and made semblance to play on still ; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awakened : he hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him

him for his blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: a ghostly father was sent for, who undertook to do some acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again, or blaspheme; which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while: so he became a perfect convert. I could wish this letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong text, that the curse of heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the swearer; and you have more fearful examples of miraculous judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

+ \* . \* . \* . \* . \* . \* . \* . \* . \* . \*

thus went the tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady Southwell's news from Utopia, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infamous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately more than any where else; though the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Welshman, the Irishman, and the Scot, in the highest puffs of passion, swear and execrate dreadfully, yet for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful name which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble, that holy name wherein the whole hierarchy of heaven doth triumph, that blessed name wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light disposition, it is no habit I hope; let me therefore conjure you, by that power of friendship, by that holy league of love which is between us, that

+ Here follows a narrative of a Romish miracle; but as the relation is extremely profane, and the arguments of truth are not to be enforced by the inventions of imposture, I have omitted it.

you

you would suppress it before it come to that; for I must tell you, that those who could find in their hearts to love you for many other things, do disrepect you for this; they hate your company, and give no credit to whatever you say, it being one of the punishments of a swearer, as well as of a liar, not to be believed when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you; what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure affection; and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many; for my body is but a cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees: like Sertorius's soldier, who when he could not cut off the horse-tail with his sword at one blow, fell to pull out the hairs one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I dissuade you, it hath raged me too often by contingent fits; but, I thank God for it, I find it much abated and purged. Now the only physic I used was a precedent fast, and recourse to the holy sacrament the next day, of purpose to implore pardon for what had passed, and power for the future to quell those exorbitant motions, those ravings and feverish fits of the soul, in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous; for at the same instant they have being, they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of amendment I find in me is, because whenever I hear the holy name of God blasphemed by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my breast. Now it is a penitential rule, "That if sins present do not please thee, sins past will not hurt thee." All other sins have their object, either pleasure or profit, or some aim and satisfaction to body or mind; but this hath none at all: therefore fye upon it, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a conquest of yourself, in subduing this execrable

## THE CORRESPONDENT.

crable custom. Alexander subdued the world, Cæsar his enemies, Hercules monsters; but he that overcomes himself is the true valiant Captain.

All your friends here are well, Tom Young excepted, who I fear hath not long to live among us. So I rest your true friend.

---

THE following whimsical letter is taken from the Spectator; it is the production of Mr. Addison, one of the chief contributors to that excellent work, a gentleman who, by the exertion of abilities, raised himself to the eminent situation of Secretary of State: his style is such, that Dr. Johnson, in general a severe critic, says of it, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his day and nights to the volumes of *Addison*. He died in 1719. Of the contents of the letter I shall only say, that I wish every lover of practical wit could produce as good an instance of the utility of his efforts.

*Letter, describing the Manner in which a Set of profane Swearers were cured of that abominable Practice.*

Sir,

You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called Whims and Humourists, than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

Among those innumerable sets of Whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment

ertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example: One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins (a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished) he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,  
When beards wag all.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good-humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one

of

of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that, though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse; as, *d'ye hear me, d'ye see, that is, and so Sir.* Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with

with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favorite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an *amanuensis* in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another! Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them, that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour's sake would read it them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it; which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of story tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who

were

were infected with this strange malady. The first day, one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day, a North-Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The third day was ingrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

---

To shew of how little avail is the possession of illustrious birth and splendid talents towards securing happiness or respect, if the person endowed with them wants the finish which virtue gives to the character, I shall instance the late Lord Lyttleton, who, with a genius which would have advanced and enabled him to do honor to the most exalted situations in the state, with every advantage of birth and talents, squandered away his prime in profligate pursuits, and died young, in a state of anticipated debility, without having rendered mankind wiser or better for his having lived among them. I instance this noble peer, because he had a sense of honor which kept him above degrading his family, and was universally acknowledged a perfect model of politeness, and all his faults arose from a want of prudence, and a mind duly impressed with the necessity of his religious

religious duties. - The following letters were written before the death of his father, and exhibit a tremendous picture of a young man whose conversation was thought derogatory to the character of a woman of honor.

*Lord Lyttleton to \* \* \* \* \**

I avail myself, Madam, of the very obliging offer you made me of suffering a small parcel to occupy an useless pocket in your coach. It is of some little importance; but if the Custom-house officers at Dover should suspect you of being a smuggler of lace, as you certainly are of other and better things, and insist upon examining its contents, I beg you will indulge their curiosity without ceremony. On your arrival in London, when any of your servants should be unemployed, I must desire the additional favour of its being sent to the place where it is addressed.

I feel myself extremely mortified that a cold, which forbids me to utter any thing more than a whisper, should have prevented me from offering you my personal wishes for your health and happiness, an agreeable journey, and a safe arrival in England, where your friends will feel a delight in seeing you, which can be only equalled by their regret whom you have left behind. Among the number of them I am not the least sincere; and though I found your gates very seldom open for me, I am truly grateful to you for the pleasure I received whenever you indulged me with the honour of an admittance.

Perhaps your caution, in this particular, proceeded from an ill opinion of me; you might consider me as a person too dangerous to break with openly, or too intruding to trust with familiarity: if so, you have done me wrong, and, what is more, you have done

done injustice to yourself. There is a dignity in virtue like yours, which commands respect from all; and the worst of men would be overawed in his approaches to it. Perhaps, madam, there was also a little compassion mingled with your reserve: you must be conscious of your charms, but possessed of an heart which would find no glory in coquettish triumphs, you did not suffer me to approach you, lest I should be scorched by the beams of that beauty which is sufficient to inflame all, and which you preserve for one. If such humane considerations governed the orders which were given to your Swiss, it becomes me to express my grateful sense of your kindness; but if you acted from motives not so favourable to me, I must lament, as a tenfold misfortune, that you should add another thong to the scourge of injustice.

I believe, in my heart, that your society, and such as I should have met with you, would have been of great use and benefit to me; and that in being so sparing of your welcomes, you omitted doing a great good. The very business of this letter has made a gloomy mind less gloomy; and if I had half a dozen letters to write to half a dozen persons like yourself, if so many could be found in the world, it would make this day, in spite of every unpleasant indisposition, one of the happiest and best of my life.

During the future part of it, what of good or honor is destined for me I cannot tell; but I shall ever consider it as a very great and most flattering privilege whenever you will permit me, in any manner, to assure you with what real respect,

I am, &c. &c.

---

Lord

*Lord Lyttleton to a Friend, describing the Behaviour  
of the Lady to whom he addressed the above.*

Of all the birds in the air, who should have been here but \_\_\_\_\_; I met her in the \_\_\_\_\_, when she could not well avoid me, though I saw in her looks a wish to do it. She received me, therefore, with great politeness; conversed with much ease and vivacity during the walk; and when I requested permission to wait on her, she granted it in that sort of manner which told me, in as strong terms as looks could give, " You are very imprudent to risque such a request; but as an absolute refusal might raise conjectures in those about us unfavourable to you, I will not answer you with a denial, and my gates shall not always be shut against you: but you will do well to proportion your visits to what you may naturally conceive to be my desire." And she has kept her word: during six weeks that she was here, I called ten times, and was admitted only thrice, when there was a great deal of company. This is a very superior woman; for while she conducts herself in such a manner to me, as to tell me plainly that the respect she has for my family is the only inducement to give me the reception she does, there is not a single look suffered to escape her from which any person might form the most distant suspicion of her sentiments concerning me. It is my blab of a conscience that does the business for me; it is that keen-sighted lynx, which sees things impervious to every other eye: and thus I expose myself to myself, when I appear without spot or blemish to the circle around me.

\_\_\_\_\_ is a very fine woman, a very sensible woman, and, what is more rare, a very rational woman. The three qualities of beauty, talents, and wisdom, which are generally supposed to be incompatible

patible in the same female character, are, however, united in her. There is another circumstance which, though a rake, I cannot but admire, and which the most dissolute respect in others, though they are strangers to it themselves; I mean constancy. From the united principles of duty and affection she is faithful to her husband, who, to say the truth, highly deserves it. Such a woman is capable of making the bad good, the inconstant stable, and the giddy wise; and he, who would wish to see what is most perfect and respectable in the female character, would do well to make a pilgrimage to see and converse with her. I was so very much affected with a cold, as not to be able to go and hand her to the coach on her departure; which was a circumstance still more afflicting than the cold; so I consoled myself by writing her a letter, which was half serious, more than half gallant, and almost sincere.

If you could, by any means, discover, and I should think it would be in your power to do it without much trouble, whether she has at any time mentioned it, and, if so, in what manner she expressed herself, you would very sensibly gratify the curiosity of

Your affectionate, &c.

---

The following letter by the same noble author, conveys a just picture of the severe self condemnation a man must feel, whose irregularities expose him to the censure of the wife, and make the virtuous afraid of his company.

*Lord Lyttleton to \*\*\*\*\**

It is so long since I received your letter, that I am almost ashamed to answer it; and be assured, that in

in writing my apology, and asking your pardon, I act with a degree of resolution that I have seldom experienced. I hardly expect that you will receive the one or grant the other: I do not deserve either, or indeed any kindness from you of any sort; for I have been very ungrateful. I am myself very sensible of it, and very much apprehend that you will be of the same opinion; I was never more conscious of my follies than at this moment: and if you should have withdrawn yourself from the very few friends which are left me, I shall not dare to complain; for I deserve the loss, and can only lament that another and a deeper shade will be added to my life. The very idea of such a misfortune is most grievous; and nothing can be more painful than the reflection of suffering it from a fatal, ill-starred, and abortive infatuation which will prove my bane. I have written letters, since I received yours, to many who have never done me any kindness; to some who have betrayed me; and to others whose correspondence administered no one comfort to my heart; or honor to my character; and for them, at least engaged with them, I have neglected you, to whose disinterested friendship I am so much indebted, and which is now become the only point whereon to fix my anchor of hope.

But this is not all: if it were, I have something within me which would whisper your forgiveness; for you know of what frail materials I am made, and have ventured, in the face of the world's malice, to prognosticate favorably of my riper life. But I fear you will think meanness added to ingratitude, when I tell you, that I am called back to acknowledge your past goodness to me, and to ask a repetition of it, not from any renewed sentiments of honor or gratitude, but by immediate and wringing distress. In such a situation your idea presented itself to me; an idea which was not encouraged in seasons of enjoyment: it never wished to share my pleasure, but, like the first born of friendship,

friendship, it hastened to partake my pain. Though it came in so lovely a form I dared not bid it welcome; and started as at the sight of one whom I had severely injured, whose neglect, contempt, and revenge, I might justly dread; while I did not possess the least means of resistance, nor had a covert left where I might fly for refuge!

This is a very painful confession, and will I hope, plead my cause in your bosom, and win you to grant my request. I have written to ——— for some time past, and have never been favored with one line in reply. Indeed, it has been hinted, that he refuses to read my letters. However that may be, he certainly does not answer them. In order therefore that I may know my fate, and be certain of my doom, I most earnestly and submissively intreat you to deliver the enclosed letter into his hands. If I should be deserted by you both, the consequence may be of such a nature; as, in the most angry paroxysm, you would neither of you, wish to

Your most obliged, &c.

— — — — —

#### FILIAL DUTY, AND AFFECTION.

THOUGH a section of a former chapter was devoted to this topic, yet it is in its nature so interesting, and at the time of life which is the object of this chapter, so rarely found, that I cannot think I expose myself to the censure of an unnecessary repetition in advertizing to it again.

In saying that filial piety is rarely found in the time of life I allude to, namely the term which elapses between the completion of the fifteenth or sixteenth year, and the twenty-first or twenty-second, I do not mean to

stigmatize that æra of life as the age of ingratitude or insensibility. It is marked by the contrary qualities in a very great degree, but there are many operative causes which produce this terrible effect, and against which youth cannot be too warmly or frequently cautioned.

In the first place, the time of life, when knowledge newly acquired, ferments the mind, and when, for want of experience, reason does not interpose to allay the heat, is subject to a captiousness and positiveness in dispute, an impatience of contradiction, and want of reverence to seniority, which are extremely grating to parents; and the warmth of the passions leading youth to expect immoderate concessions, and to demand large allowances, agrees very ill with the sedateness of those, who, looking back a very few years only remember the abject weakness, and miserable ignorance in which the very persons were who now affect to be tutors, and give lectures, not only on speculative points, but on the most important concerns of life.

In the next place, the young man, recently emancipated from the birch and ferula, is jealous of every step which appears to have a tendency to subject him again to the trammels of an arbitrary government, and to check the aspiring vigor of his mind. Every reference of his opinions to the effects of time and experience, wears this aspect, and is borne with impatience, or resented with acrimony.

It is the order of providence, for purposes obviously wise, that the affections shall descend with a more forcible current than they ascend; that is, that parental, shall be stronger principle than filial affection. The constant memory of this will enable a reflecting youth to check and restrain the fallies of his temper, to bear the solemnity of monition, the severity of reproof, and even the captious querulousness

ness of old age, with patience, respect, and without a murmur.

Next to the duty towards God, that towards our parents is most requisite, and most honorable; and I am happy to say, that in the course of my observation few instances have occurred of young ladies who were deficient in this virtue, and I have most frequently found young men, when their faculties have been ripened by the lapse of a few years, return to their duties with eagerness, and acknowledge the criminality of their aberration with penitence.

The following letters written by Sir Richard Steele, in the Spectator, place the honorableness of filial duty in so just a point of view, and shew so affecting an instance of maternal solicitude and reproof, and so interesting a display of filial remorse, that they amply recommend themselves, and illustrate the subject.

*Three Letters extracted from the Spectator, No. 263.*

Sir,

I am the happy father of a veryowardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work where there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biaffes of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone,

and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflexion, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference,

rence, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, "Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone;" Camillus knows, being in his favour, is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these

gentlemen do ; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, there they go.

You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct ?

It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another ; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him : from this degeneracy therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If

If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflexion would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants, and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear Frank,

If the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your masters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you out-grew them, to throw

away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not your's to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I another; but if you please to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrear due to me, and without one tear more condemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank do I live to omit writing myself,

Your affectionate Mother,

A. T.

Madam,

I will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter

Your most dutiful Son,

F. T.

I will bring down new head-dresses for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.

---

THE following letter is from a King, generally reckoned one of the most sanguinary tyrants that ever was permitted to be the scourge of a nation; a late elegant author, Mr. Walpole, has attempted in a very ingenious essay, to rescue his character from some of the imputations cast on it: without entering into the merits of this controversy, I shall avail myself of the admirable lesson it holds out on the subject of filial affection, which not only dignifies the best, but throws such a veil over the demerits of the worst characters, that from the letter here presented, Mr. Walpole has drawn a very favorable and strongly founded

founded conclusion against the veracity of those who ascribe certain atrocious crimes to its author.

It is impossible in reading this, and similar contemporary compositions, not to regret that modern refinement has rendered obsolete that style of reverend duty, and respectful affection by which they are characterised.

*Letter from King Richard III. to his Mother the Duchess of York.*

Madam,

I recommend me to you as heartily as is to me possible, beseeching you in my most humble, and affectionate wife of your daily blessing, to my singular comfort, and defence in my need; and, madam, I heartily beseech you that I may often hear from you to my comfort. And such news as be here, my servant, Thomas Brian, this bearer, shall shew you, to whom please it you to give credence unto. And, madam, I beseech you be good and gracious lady to my Lord Chamberlain to be your officer in Wiltshire, in such as Collingwood had; I trust he shall herein do you good service, and that it please you he, by this bearer, may understand your pleasure in this behalf. And I pray God send you the accomplishment of your noble desires. Written at Pountfret this third day of June, with the hand of

Your most humble Son,  
Ricardus Rex.

*From James Howell to his Father, on going abroad, thanking him for the good Education he had received.*

Sir,

I should be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all: and what danger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck, or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore: and at my return to England, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

The

The latter end of this week I am to go a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous. In this opinion I shall ever rest

Your dutiful Son.

---

*From a Young Gentleman on a Voyage to the West Indies, to his Father.*

At Sea, Lon. Lat.

Honored Sir,

I seize with joy the opportunity presented by the fortunate meeting of a ship bound to England, to give you the satisfaction of knowing that I am very well, and that my voyage has been, hitherto, tolerably prosperous. The captain has done ample justice to the recommendation of yourself and your good friend Mr. B. by treating me with the greatest attention and kindness. I am exceedingly well in health, and experienced but for a little while those *nausea* which were represented to me as being so terrible, but have no reason, on that account to discredit the testimony of my friends, for Mr. I. one of my fellow passengers, has been confined to his cabin, the whole voyage, and almost unable to take any sustenance.

I cannot conceal from you, that when first the ship which will carry this to you came a-long-side, I felt an agony of desire to revisit England, and embrace again my ever dear and honored parents; I thought I would with joy have changed circumstances and abilities with the meanest mariner on board, to

have only felt the happiness I picture to myself in being restored to your embraces; a little reflection, however, has brought me to a different frame of mind, and I glory in the thought that I am fulfilling your commands, and walking in the path you have chalked out for me; that by one act of obedience, in which too my own interest is materially concerned, I raise myself to a truly enviable pitch in your good opinion, and run no risque of being degraded in it, by your witnessing the daily acts of imprudence, levity, and folly which must meet your observation were I placed more immediately under your eye. I entertain the most ardent hopes of returning, after a few years, to England again, with the applause of having acted my part well, and the honor of having retained my share in your esteem, undiminished.

You may remember I promised, before I left you, to keep a journal of the events of the voyage, and flattered myself you would peruse it with pleasure, I regret to tell you such a thing is next to impossible; had I sailed with a fleet instead of a single ship, accident might have presented some variety, but nothing can exceed the barrenness of a sea voyage for any thing resembling narrative, the external appearance is unvaried, the sea and sky always the same, the casualties of weather excepted; I never was so truly sensible as now of the truth of those lines of Ovid

“ Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas  
“ Una est injusti coerulea forma maris.”

#### IMITATED.

Not there the city's lofty turrets rise,  
Not there the nodding grove relieves your eyes;  
No color but the never-changing green  
Is on the ocean's treach'rous surface seen.

I find

I find here particularly, the use of that education your affection has, with so much liberality bestowed on me; without the pleasure of reading, of extending my knowledge, and of reviving the vanishing traces of my school learning, my life would be a mere blank; but, as it is, I pass it not without delight, and I trust not without advantage; I look back with shame to the sentence where I expressed even a transient wish to forego those advantages, and inrol myself amongst the ignorant, it appears like ingratitude, or an attempt to throw in your face the kindness you had conferred, and destroy at once all the pre-eminence you feel so happy in my possessing. I trust you will believe me incapable of deliberately harbouring such sentiments.

One of our passengers, Mr. C. is an old acquaintance of yours, he often speaks of you in terms which bring tears into my eyes, while my heart is warmed with the truest delight, and no inconsiderable esteem for him; he is so kind to inclose this in a packet to his banker, through whose hands you will receive it, and desires me to present his compliments to you, my mamma, and my uncle.

Though I have complained of the want of variety in my present situation, I find it would be very easy for me to fill up a sheet of paper in writing to you, and yet leave much unsaid, but the mate has just been saying that the ship must now part company. I anticipate with inexpressible satisfaction the pleasure you will derive from receiving this letter from me so much earlier than you expected; I hope it will be a happy omen, and that in all my future life I shall run the race of duty and success so as to outstrip your expectations, and keep pace with your best wishes; mine will ever be that you and my mamma may enjoy health and every felicity, and that I may continue worthy to subscribe myself

Your most affectionate Son.

Nothing

Nothing can be more delightful to parents, or honorable to children, than a knowledge of that steady affection subsisting, which renders them a comfort to each other through life, and the death of either the greatest of sublunary griefs to the survivor. The following letters will place these observations in their strongest light.

*From Lady Dorothy Sidney, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, to Robert Earl of Leicester, her Father.*

My Lord,

Had not my intentions been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which a great cold produced; and since that, by the expectation of Rochell's coming hither, I would not have been thus slow in presenting your Lordship with my most humble thanks for the many fine things that you have bestowed on me. And though they will be my greatest ornaments, which is of much consideration by persons wiser than I am, they could not give me any contentment, but as I understand they are expressions of your Lordship's favour, a blessing that, above all others in this world, I do with most passion desire: and my ambition is that whatsoever your Lordship doth propound to be in the perfectest good child upon the earth, you may find accomplished in me, that will ever be your Lordship's most affectionate, most humble, and exactly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

*Mr. Gray to his Mother, consoling her for the Death of her Sister.*

This letter is written by the author of the celebrated Elegy in a Country Church Yard, and many other

beautiful poems; he was a man of truly great genius and elevated mind, though open to every affection, and tender attachment: He refused with steadiness, the situation of Poet Laureat, which was offered him by the Minister. He was born in 1716, and died in 1771.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me\*. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself, with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or

\* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November.

not;

not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

---

*The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor had sent her on the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.*

Sir,

I am very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The Meditations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and, when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator,

on

on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surprised, Sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am,

Sir, your, &c.

---

*Mrs. Rowe to her Mother, on the Approach of her own Death.*

THE writer of this letter, was born in 1674, died 1737; she was a lady of exemplary piety and understanding; and produced several admirable works, amongst which are “Letters from the Dead to the Living,” and “Devout Exercises.”

Madam,

I am now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust. May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure.

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations,

tions, bless you.—It is but a short space I have to measure:—my shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: that goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fortitude is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for, oh! in my best estate, I am altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpless sinner; but in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

[N. B. This letter was not to be sent to her mother till she was dead.]

---

*James Howell to Dr. Field, Bishop of St. David's,  
on his Father's Death.*

I HAVE shewn above, with what affectionate thankfulness Mr. Howell acknowledged his father's goodness, this letter written after his death breathes a spirit of piety, and filial affection.

Westminster, 1st May, 1632.

My Lord,

Your late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate: but the conclusion of your Lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to

to write me news of my dear father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief: for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neighbours, and his candour in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you: when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me; for I am your Lordship's most true and humble servitor.

---

I SHALL not indulge curiosity or gratify malignity, by introducing in this work any letters which have been produced by *quarrels between parents and their children.* I lament that such dissensions are to be enumerated amongst the infelicities of the human lot; to avoid them the parent ought to take care by a prudent discipline, and a pious example, to train up his child to virtue, and the humane sensations; and the son ought to look on his parent's failings, if he can discern them, not with the malevolence, and prying anxiety of an enemy, but with the kindness, and cautious taciturnity of a true friend: above all he should dismiss from his mind every thing like resentment for a fancied injury, or want of regard to propriety

propriety in his parent, and not like the sulky son in the comedy, when asked why he is undutiful to his father? answer, *Why was my father undutiful to me first?*

The following letter will shew by what means a young gentleman may be utterly spoiled by kindness, and his very good qualities and abilities turned to his destruction.

*Lord Lyttleton to a Friend.*

My dear Sir,

You wish that I should explain myself at large with respect to that vanity which I accuse of having been the cause of every inconvenience and misdoing of my past life, to which I owe the disagreeable circumstances of my present situation, and shall be indebted, probably, for some future events which, I fear, are in store for me.

You will, I believe, agree with me that vanity is the foible of my family: every individual has a share of it for himself, and for the rest; they are all equally vain of themselves, and of one another. It is not, however, an unamiable vanity: it makes them happy, though it may sometimes render them ridiculous; and it never did an injury to any one but me. I have every reason to load it with execration, and to curse the hour when this passion was concentrated to myself.

Being the only boy and hopes of the family, and having such an hereditary and collateral right to genius, talents, and virtue, (for this was the language held by certain persons at that time) my earliest prattle was the subject of continual admiration. As I increased in years, I was encouraged in boldness, which partial fondness called manly confidence; whilst sallies of impertinence, for which I should have

have been scourged, were fondly considered as marks of an astonishing prematurity of abilities. As it happened, nature had not been a niggard to me; it is true she has given me talents, but accompanied them with dispositions, which demanded no common repression and restraint instead of liberty and encouragement: but this vanity had blinded the eyes, not only of my relations, but also of their intimate connections; and I suppose such an hot-bed of flattery was never before used to spoil a mind, and to choak it with bad qualities, as was applied to mine. The late Lord Bath, Mrs. —— ——, and many others, have been guilty of administering fuel to the flame, and joined in the family incense to such an idol as myself. Thus was I nursed into a very early state of audacity; and being able, almost at all times, to get the laugh against a father, or an uncle, &c. I was not backward in giving such impertinent specimens of my ability. This is the history of that impudence which has been my bane, gave to my excesses such peculiar accompaniments, and caused those, who would not have hesitated to commit the offence, loudly to condemn the mode of its commission in me.

When I drew towards manhood, it will be sufficient to say, that I began to have some glimmering of the family weakness: however, I was still young; dependence was a considerable restraint, and I had not acquired that subsequent knowledge of the world which changed my notions of paternal authority. I was, therefore, without much difficulty, brought to consent to the design of giving solidity to my character, and preserving me from public contagion, by marriage. A rich and amiable young lady was chosen to the happy and honourable task of securing so much virtue as mine, to correct the natural exuberance of youthful inexperience, and to shape me into

into that perfection of character which was to verify the dreams of my visionary relations.

I must own that the lady was both amiable and handsome, but cold as an anchorite; and though formed to be the best wife in the world to a good husband, was by no means calculated to reclaim a bad one. But, to complete the sensible and well-digested plan in which so many wise heads were concerned, it was determined for me to make the tour of Europe, previous to my marriage, in order to perfectionate my matrimonial qualifications; and the lovely idea of the fair maid I left behind was presented to me, as possessing a talismanic power to preserve me from seduction. But this was not all: for the better enabling me to make a proper and becoming appearance, or, in other words, to give me every means of gratification, the family purse was lavishly held forth; I was left almost without controul in point of expence, and every method pursued to make me return the very reverse of what expectation painted me.—You know, as well as myself, what happened during my travels, as well as after my return, and I trust that you will impute my misconduct, in part at least, to its primary cause. In this short sketch of the matter, which consists rather of hints than descriptions, you will see the drift of my reasoning, and know how to apply it to a thousand circumstances in your remembrance.

You were present at my being received into the arms of my family, with a degree of warmth, delight, and triumph, which the brightest virtue could alone have deserved; and you recollect the cause of all this rapturous forgiveness, which, I believe, penitence itself would not, at that time, have effected: it was my having made a speech in parliament, flowery, indeed, and bold, but very little to the purpose; and at a time when, as I was certain that

I should

I should lose my seat, it would have been prudent in me to have remained silent: however, Mr. Ellis thought proper to compliment me upon the occasion, and to observe that I spoke with hereditary abilities; and this circumstance instantly occasioned the short lived family truce that succeeded.

That my relations may have cause to complain of me, I do not deny; but this confession is accompanied with an opinion, in which I doubt not of your acquiescence, that I, on my side also, have no small cause of complaint: and however black the colour of my future life may be, I shall ever consider that the dusky scenes of it are occasioned by the vanity of my family, and not by any obdurate or inflexible dispositions inherent in my own character. I am, with great regard,

Yours, &c.



*Dr. Johnson to Mr. James Boswell, on his Reconciliation with his Father.*

THE gentleman to whom this letter was written, was son of a very respectable Scots gentleman, and practised at the bar in that country; on a very solid foundation of learning, and good sense, he had raised a whimsical superstructure of eccentricity, which exposed him to the ridicule of the minor wits, but did him no injury in the opinions of the wise, the virtuous, and the learned, whose esteem he retained till his death. His chief works are, an Account of Corsica; and *the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, a book which, notwithstanding some redundancies, is a greater fund of knowledge and entertainment than any one of the kind extant. Mr. Boswell died in 1795.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I had great pleasure in hearing that you are, at last, on good terms with your father. Cultivate his kindness by all honest and manly means. Life is but short; no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled. May you and your father pass the rest of your time in reciprocal benevolence.

I am, &c.

---

#### LETTERS OF BUSINESS.

I INTRODUCE these letters in this place, because I consider this the time of life when every person ought to acquire and possess a thorough knowledge of the profession or trade, by which they are hereafter to gain subsistence and respectability. Nor ought the election of this important matter to be deferred till a late period of youth, waiting for the discovery of the bent of genius, or for the acquisition of a sufficient judgment in the person to be provided for, to chuse for himself. Very few indeed, whatever the fond vanity of parents may suggest, discover any particular genius at all, and the choice of a lad just let loose from school, and incapable of experience, cannot be just, it is formed from superficial ideas of shew and respectability, from weak prejudice, or from an ardent contemplation of the end, without reference to the means, or consideration of the necessary preparation.

On

On the other hand, those children whose path of life is early decided, go to school with an impression of its fitness, the redundancies of education are suppressed, and ability is pushed forward in the track of appropriate learning; for if the master possesses common sense, he will hardly recommend the same line of study to the merchant, the mariner, the soldier, and the lawyer. But how is he to avoid this if the parent, from a mind weak and irresolute, or from a fond partiality, delays till the time when education is completed, to fix the future destination of the scholar; from this single source arises much of that dissatisfaction young people express during the term of their first application to business, which often terminates in an abrupt abandonment of it, and utter frustration of the views of affectionate relatives.

As letters on the subject of business are almost always unvaried, and peculiar to the house where they are written, few specimens will be necessary; every merchant's, and tradesman's counting-house, every attorney's office abounds with the ordinary formula of letters used in the course of business, and he who knows how to write other letters well, will easily apply that knowledge to the production of appropriate additions to letters of this kind. All that can be said in the way of general instruction, is to be found in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son.

"The first thing necessary in writing letters of business, is extreme clearness and perspicuity; every paragraph should be so clear, and unambiguous, that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor obliged to read it twice in order to understand it. This necessary clearness, implies a correctness, without excluding an elegancy of style. Tropes, figures, antitheses, epigrams, &c. would be as misplaced, and as impertinent, in letters of business, as they are sometimes (if judiciously used)

proper and pleasing in familiar letters, upon common and trite subjects. In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labour, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it.

“Business does not exclude the usual terms of politeness and good-breeding; but, on the contrary, strictly requires them: such as, *I have the honor to acquaint your Lordship; Permit me to assure you; If I may be allowed to give my opinion, &c.*

“Letters of business will not only admit of, but be the better for *certain graces*: but then, they must be scattered with a sparing and a skilful hand; they must fit their place exactly. They must decently adorn without incumbering, and modestly shine without glaring. But as this is the utmost degree of perfection in letters of business, I would not advise you to attempt those embellishments, till you have first laid your foundation well.

“Carefully avoid all Greek or Latin quotations: and bring no precedents from the *virtuous Spartans, the petite Athenians, and the brave Romans*. Leave all that to futile pedants. No flourishes; no declamation. But, (I repeat it again) there is an elegant simplicity and dignity of style, absolutely necessary for good letters of business; attend to that carefully. Let your periods be harmonious, without seeming to be laboured; and let them not be too long, for that always occasions a degree of obscurity.”

*Letter from a Young Tradesman, to wholesale Dealers,  
with an Order.*

Gentlemen,

I hope it will not be a disagreeable surprise to see below an order on my own account.

I am not in the least doubtful of your serving me on the best terms; that is, so as to enable me to sell as cheap as others.—And whenever you have occasion for money, your demand shall either be paid, or you may draw on me for the amount. Pray be careful in chusing my goods, and expeditious in forwarding them, which will tend to increase your correspondence with,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant.

*From a Tradesman, in the Country, to a Dealer in London.*

Sir,

Having been recommended to you by Mr. T—, with whom I served my apprenticeship, I have herewith sent you a small order as under, which I hope you will execute on as good terms, and with the same care and dispatch, as for the rest of your correspondents.—After having given me the usual credit I will remit you a London bill for the amount: and if you treat me well I will omit no opportunity of increasing my commissions, and testifying, that

I am,

With much respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

*From a Young Tradesman, to the Customers of his late Master, a Circular Letter.*

Sir,

The unexpected decease of my late worthy master, Mr. P. has caused his executors to make an arrangement, by which I am to transact the business he was used to carry on for the joint benefit of his widow and myself, till his son, now only fourteen years old, comes to years of maturity, at which time, Mrs. P. is to retire, and he is to take an active share in the business.

Under these circumstances, I take the liberty to solicit a continuance of your favours in the way of business, assuring you that all your orders shall be attended to with the same punctuality and care, as you experienced during Mr. P's. life time, and not doubting that your knowing that the profits of your kindness will be in part applied to the support of his widow and orphans, will be an inducement to you to comply with this request.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient humble Servant.

---

*From a Tradesman, to a Customer, demanding Payment of Money.*

Sir,

I have now delivered your bill for goods supplied last year, upwards of three months, and have waited on you several times, to solicit payment, but have not been so fortunate to find you at home; I have a very large sum to make up in the course of a week, and shall esteem it a very particular favour if you can let me have the amount of my bill delivered, within

within that time; I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you on this subject, and believe me,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

*Answer to the preceding.*

Sir,

I am sorry you have had the trouble of calling so often for your money, and still more so that it is not in my power to pay your bill within the time you mention; I am, at present, very short of cash, and shall be so for these six weeks, at the end of that time I will settle with you.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

*The Tradesman's Reply.*

Sir,

I should be sorry to appear troublesome to any customer, but you, who are not in any business, may not probably know how subject tradesmen are to large demands for cash, and how much an omission of payment may injure them in the world; the credit on your bill already exceeds by some months, what it is usual in trade to give, and what I give to my customers in general; I hope, therefore, you will not take it amiss that I have drawn on you at six weeks for the amount of my demand; I have sent the bill by my clerk for your acceptance, not doubting that it will be duly honoured, and that you will excuse this liberty from,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

*From a Tradesman, unable to honor his Acceptance,  
to a Merchant.*

Dear Sir,

It gives me the greatest pain to be under the necessity of writing to you on the subject I am now about to do, but I think it better to apprise you of the circumstance before-hand, than to permit a bill with your name on it to be dishonoured without your knowledge. The bankruptcy of Mr. C. who is my debtor to a considerable amount, and from whom I was in daily expectation of payment, has straightened me for cash so much that I can only raise £.47 towards the amount of the bill for £.119 17, which I accepted in your favor, and which will become due the day after to-morrow.

If you would have the kindness, if the bill remains in your hands, to receive that sum in part, and my acceptance at two months for the remainder, I will take care it shall be duly attended to, or if the bill is out of your hands, if you would favor me with cash to supply the deficiency I will give you the like bill, and allow discount, with pleasure. I am given to understand there will be a considerable dividend of Mr. C's effects; if an assignment of my claim on him would be any satisfaction to you, as a collateral security, I am willing to make it, or to do any thing else in my power to convince you that I mean to act honestly.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And obliged humble Servant.

*The Merchant's Answer.*

Dear Sir,

Your bill is not in my hands, I paid it away a month ago to Mr. S. I am obliged to you for the information, and all the expressions of kindness and honest intention contained in your letter; I have a very good opinion of your character, and had a friendship for your father; under these circumstances, I will not distress you by taking out of your hands the little ready money you mention, but my clerk shall wait on you to-morrow evening with the sum of £.120, for which your note at three months will be sufficient security.

I am glad you had the prudence and resolution to acquaint me with this matter before the bill was presented; I know S. very well; the natural course of the paper would have been from the banker's to the notary's, and from the notary's to the attorney's, which would have put you to great expence and disgrace, neither of which you shall undergo for such a trifle, while I retain my present opinion of you, and have it in my power to shew myself.

Your sincere Friend, and humble Servant.

*A Letter of Thanks, occasioned by the preceding.*

Dear Sir,

Whatever pain the occasion of my former letter to you gave me was abundantly overpaid by the kindness and humanity of your answer; I am now overjoyed that I have had an opportunity to experience a benevolence and friendship which I shall never forget, or fail to feel with the most perfect gratitude.

I am happy to inform you that I shall not have occasion for your proffered favor; this morning I

received a message from M. Le Comte de M. one of my greatest customers, that he was suddenly obliged to leave the kingdom, and directing me to wait on him immediately; I did so, and he paid me £.432, which of course enables me to take up my bill.

Be assured, dear Sir, that this, or any other event, shall not efface from my mind a memory of your liberality and good advice.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere Friend,  
And humble Servant.

---

*From a Merchant, to a Tradesman, demanding Money, and expressing disapprobation of his proceedings.*

Sir,

I have sent herewith your account, and am sorry the statement of your mode of living, which has been reported to me, is such, that I must, in justice to myself, demand an immediate payment of the balance. It is not my disposition to act unkindly, or distress any man, but when I see people, with my property in their hands, squandering away their substance in wanton extravagance, it becomes necessary for me to see a little to my affairs. Sir, I am informed you keep a horse and chaise, and country lodgings; that you belong to clubs, and are a buck, an odd fellow, a free and easy, and the Lord knows what; in a word, that business is but a secondary concern with you; nay, what is worse, I have heard it hinted you game: I began the world, Sir, with a greater capital than you, and with as good a connexion, in cheaper times, but I never kept a horse till I was not able to walk, and other men no richer than myself kept their coach; as to the sin and folly of

of wasting my time in debauchery and gaming, I always was above it, for, whatever you may think, a man is much more creditably employed in his business, than in sotting amongst mimics and stage players, or wasting money not his own amongst sharpers.

Sir, your having married my kinswoman will not protect you against my taking the necessary steps to recover my money ; were you my own son I would not act otherwise, and am very sorry to have reason to cease subscribing myself

Your sincere Friend,

*The Answer.*

Dear Sir,

For so I shall persevere to call you, notwithstanding the unkindness of your last ; you have lived long enough in the world to know, that when a man is fortunate, in any respect, there are not wanting envious persons to do him an injury ; I considered myself happy in the possession of your good opinion, and have found an enemy to supplant me : I will answer the charges you bring against me, one by one, and you will see at once how little they are founded in truth.

As to my keeping a horse and chaise, I have not rode in one except yours these three years, only once on this occasion. B. who owed me a great deal of money, was absconding near the sea coast ; I learnt where he was, and having got a writ out against him, went down to the place with my attorney, that it might be properly executed, and the chaise was his ; so I only paid for the hire of the horse, which was, on the whole, a saving to me.

The state of my poor wife's health is such as to require country air, and I have taken a lodgings for

her near K. but it is so small an expence, that, I am persuaded; were you the most miserable œconomist in the world, instead of a liberal minded man, you would think such a trifle ought not to be spared to preserve your cousin's health, and perhaps her life.

As to clubs, I belong to none, except the lodge of Freemasons, to which you yourself introduced me, and you, who know all the members, can judge whether they are proper company or not; and with respect to gaming, I can declare I never played at any game of chance in my life, except whist, and not at that for more than a shilling a point.

But let assertions go for nothing between us, and facts speak for themselves; if you will favor me by eating a bit of dinner at my house to-morrow, we will go over my books together, and you will see by the regularity, and general state of them, how I attend to business; and as it will be Saturday, on which day I generally go to K. if you will have the goodness to take your tea there, you will see what sumptuous country lodgings I have got.

If you insist on instant payment of the balance of your account, I must arrange matters accordingly; but though it will put me to some inconvenience, it will not efface the memory of past kindness, or prevent my acknowledging myself

Your much obliged Friend,  
And humble Servant.

*Letter occasioned by the foregoing.*

Dear Charles,

Before I received yours, I was undeceived as to the subjects on which I wrote, and heartily sorry for the pain I had given. The truth of the matter is, I came up to town with a view to do you a service, which excited some jealousy in a quarter which I  
will

will not particularize, but assure you *it will do them no service*, to have raised so unjustifiable a report against you. I will not let you know who is your enemy, but will tell you who is your very sincere friend—old Matt. Hewson; I met him just after I had writ to you, and seeing me vext he asked the reason, and I told him; you know his choleric way, he spoke worse of my understanding, and better of your conduct, than I chuse to repeat, and in conclusion said, if you were straitened for cash to pay the balance of your account, he would give me a draft on his banker for the money; in short, he gave me so many instances of your prudence, and proofs of the goodness of your credit, as completely opened my eyes: I am, however, well pleased to have received a letter from you which does credit to your temper and understanding.

I cannot dine with you to-morrow, but will meet you in the evening at K. as I want to see my cousin, for whom I have bought a small present, and wish to give it her myself: I will not, at present, tell you what brought me to town, but, depend on it, you and yours will be the better for my coming. I am particularly pleased that your books are in a state fit for immediate scrutiny; stick to that, Charles, and you will do well, and be happy.

I suppose I need not say that there is no occasion for you to give yourself any immediate trouble about the balance of the account, or that if you want to increase your capital you need not apply to old Hewson, while I remain

Your sincere Friend,  
And affectionate Cousin.

*From the Trustees of a Tradesman's Affairs to the rest of the Creditors; (Circular.)*

Sir,

You are requested to meet us, the undersigned, and the rest of the creditors of Mr. J. C. at the G. Coffee-house, K. Street, on Thursday next, the 20th instant, at eight o'clock in the evening precisely, to receive a dividend of the said Mr. C's effects, got in by us, and to examine the general state of his affairs.

We have the pleasure to inform you, that Mr. C's affairs turn out very well, and you are not likely to be a loser by your lenity towards him; he has behaved, in every respect, like an honest man, though unfortunate; it is our intention, on Thursday, to submit to the creditors a plan, which, without any considerable detriment to them, will be of the most essential service to C. for which reason your punctual attendance will be esteemed a favor by

Your most humble servants.

*To a Nobleman, from his Agent, respecting the state of his Interest in a Borough.*

My Lord,

I have now been at this place upwards of a fortnight, and have had sufficient opportunities of sounding the principal inhabitants, on the probability of getting the Honorable Mr. S. returned member for this borough at the approaching general election; and the result of my inquiries is as much in his favor as natural affection can prompt your Lordship to wish.

Sir

Sir C. H. the Rev. Dr. M. Mr. P. and Mr. R.: men of the greatest influence here, enter warmly into your Lordship's interest; they say, that your public conduct—patriotic, yet loyal; firm, yet decorous—insure the like valuable qualities in your son, and that they will exert themselves strenuously in his behalf. It gives me the greatest pleasure to transcribe these sentiments, as I know the eulogium to be precisely such as your Lordship would wish, and permit me to add, such as, in my humble opinion, you abundantly merit.

I have not, however, depended implicitly on the report or promises of these gentlemen, but have canvassed all the electors individually, though in a private manner, and without naming the candidate; I have inclosed your Lordship a list of the electors names, with marks denoting absolute promises, conditional promises, and refusals, by which your Lordship will perceive that, counting the whole of the two former together, more than three-fourths of the electors may be reckoned on; or counting the first only, a full half.

There will certainly be a contest, as one member has been, for a long time past, returned on the N. interest, and the representative of that family will not tamely see himself dispossessed of it; for which reason I humbly think it would be best to declare Mr. S. a candidate without delay, and that he should visit this place as soon as convenient; his youth, abilities, and engaging qualities, will confirm his friends and abash his opponents.

Your Lordship will have the goodness to excuse the following hint, which I should not take the liberty to give, but from a fear that such minute things may escape your attention. I should think it adviseable that Mr. S. should bring with him some handsome trinkets, which, with that elegant ease he inherits, he may give to the principal electors ladies and

and daughters; and that while he is here, he should give a ball to the principal inhabitants; assist at a cricket match, with the young gentlemen; give prizes at a pony race, for the lower class; and give a public dinner previous to his departure. Such means of popularity, though apparently trifling, are of the utmost importance; and I doubt not that your Lordship will not only see the propriety of such steps, but suggest some ideas for the improvement of them.

I have the honor to be,  
 My Lord,  
 Your Lordship's  
 Most obedient humble Servant.

---

### FRIENDSHIP.

THE season of youth is the time for the formation of perfect and honorable friendships; those then created are more firm, and less subject to decay and interruption than any which have their commencement later in life. I do not mean, by this observation, to close the avenues of the heart against the approaches of kindness at any period, but merely to shew the value of those early connections, which can never be replaced by any equally permanent.

*Dr. Johnson, to Mrs. Thrale, on the Value of long-established Friendship.*

THE lady to whom this letter is addressed, was the widow of a very eminent porter brewer, a man of honor, integrity, abilities, and opulence. Mrs. Thrale, since married to one Mr. Piozzi, possesses a con-

a considerable share of genius and learning. Her best productions are, a Collection of Anecdotes, forming a Sketch of the Life of Dr. Johnson (for whom she had a great veneration and kindness, and whose life was preserved by her care and benevolence); a Collection of Letters; British Synonymy; and several light pieces of poetry, amongst which may be mentioned with honor, "The Three Warnings," a tale, as an exquisite imitation of *La Fontaine*.

Dear Madam,

London, Nov. 13, 1783.

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished, but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotton the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true.

true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved, against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurrey as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells me of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park? he could not disoblige his neighbours, by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam,

Your, &c.

*Mr. Locke, to Mr. Molyneaux, on the Advantages of Friendship.*

THE writer of this letter, one of the greatest philosophers the world has produced, author of the famous “Essay on Human Understanding,” and many other religious and philosophical works, was born 1632, died 1704.

Sir,

Oates, April 26, 1695.

You look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and overvaluings of good-will being always sincere, even

when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself: I want one near me to talk freely with, *de quolibet ente*; to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could show him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

---

ONE reason why the friendships formed early in life are most permanent is, that at that season the equality which permits that sentiment to flourish and come to the greatest perfection is not invaded by any other circumstances than those of superior genius, all other casual advantages being light in the scale of estimation, and that rather confirming than injuring an attachment.

The friendship of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, the greatest hero and one of the wisest men of his day, for M. de Voltaire, a French poet, philosopher, and historian, is well known; and though it had grown up during an acquaintance and daily intercourse of sixteen years, yet, on a slight misapprehension, it was broke, and the King treated his friend with indignity and cruelty. The first of the four following letters will shew the esteem in which he was held by the King, the three latter the manner in which he was afterwards treated, and the effect it took on him. He died at Fennay in 1778. It is a pity his works are stained with sentiments of scepticism and infidelity.

*The*

*The King of Prussia to M. de Voltaire.*

August 23, 1750,

I have seen the letter which your niece writes you from Paris. The friendship which she expresses for you, hath gained her my esteem. If I were Madam Denis, I should think as she does; but being what I am, I think otherwise. It would be the greatest affliction to me, to be the cause of an enemy's misery; how then can I wish ill to a man whom I esteem, and who hath sacrificed to me his native country, and every thing that mankind hold most dear? No, my dear Voltaire, if I could foresee that your transplantation could possibly turn in the least degree to your disadvantage, I would be the first to dissuade you from it. Yes, I would prefer your happiness to the extreme pleasure your presence would give me. But you are a philosopher; I am one too; and can any thing be more natural, more rational, and more regular, than that philosophers, united by the same studies, the same taste, and a similar manner of thinking, and born to live together, should give themselves that satisfaction? I respect you as my master in eloquence and science; I love you as a virtuous friend; what slavery, what misfortunes, what changes, what inconstancy of fortune then have you to fear in a country where you are as much esteemed as in your native country, and with a friend who hath a grateful heart? I am not so vain as to imagine that Berlin is equal to Paris. If riches, grandeur, and magnificence, make a city delightful, we yield to Paris. If there be a place in the world, where good taste is more universally and extensively diffused, I know and agree, that it is at Paris. But do not you introduce this taste wherever you go? We have organs which suffice to applaud you, and in point of sentiment and gratitude, we yield to no country in the world. I pay regard to

to the friendship which attaches you to Madam du Chatelet, but after her I am one of your oldest friends. What, because you will live in my house, it will be said that this house is your prison ! What, because I am your friend, I shall be your tyrant ! I own to you, that I do not understand this logic, that I am firmly persuaded that you will be very happy here during my life, that you will be regarded as the father of learning and taste, and that you will find in me all the consolation that a man of your merit may expect from one who perfectly esteems him.

Good night.

---

*Mr. P—— to Mr. W——.*

July 20, 1753.

You are surprised, Sir, and so is all Europe, at M. Voltaire's disgrace with the King of Prussia. No body can yet comprehend how it hath been possible to exasperate a philosophic king against his first favourite, to whom, during sixteen years, he hath behaved rather like a faithful friend than a gracious Prince. All the world knows that his Majesty, charmed with the lyre of this Orpheus, never ceased his applications to draw him to his court, that he might be more intimately acquainted with his muse, which hath so much contributed to refine his taste and to make him an author; a character of which he is as jealous as he is of that of a king. M. Voltaire had resolved not to quit his native country, but he could not resist the pressing instances of his Prussian Majesty, which were too honourable to him to be disregarded. He therefore left Paris and went to Berlin, in the summer of the year 1750. The King of Prussia immediately loaded him with his favours. Not content with assigning him a large pension, he also

also honoured him with the key of chamberlain, and his Order of Merit. For two years together M. Voltaire continued in high favour with his Majesty, and thought himself well established, when he began to perceive some marks of jealousy in a man whom he had before reckoned amongst his friends, and who had obtained the King's protection by the great noise he had caused to be made about his northern expedition; and when he saw the high opinion that had been conceived of his merit was upon the decline, and that he was unable to keep it up by any other extraordinary performances, endeavoured to secure the continuance of the royal favour by craft and artifice. This was M. Maupertuis, president of the academy of Berlin. It is well known to the literary world how he hath strained to obtain the character of a great man, and an inventor, by a piece which he hath published under the title of Letters. The learned, and amongst the rest M. Voltaire, found so many absurdities in these letters, that he could not forbear writing a satire on the occasion. This satire was upon the point of being published at Potsdam, under the title of, The Diatriba, of Dr. Akakia, when M. Maupertuis, being apprized of it by one of his creatures, obtained the King's orders for suppressing the work. It is probable that this suppression was only designed by his Majesty to reconcile the two compatriot courtiers, but M. Maupertuis looked upon it as a mark of his superiority in the esteem of his master, and, relying upon this, he took the liberty to tell the King a thousand lies to ruin the credit and reputation of M. Voltaire.—A manuscript copy of The Diatriba of Dr. Akakia, having fallen into the hands of a bookseller in Holland, it soon appeared in print, to the great satisfaction of the public. M. Maupertuis was enraged at this, and the more so, as M. Voltaire, in this satire, had taken part with M. Koenig, counsellor and library-keeper to his most serene

serene highness the Prince Stadholder at the Hague, who with the strongest arguments had attacked his principle of the least action, the dispute concerning which is well known to all the learned in Europe. M. Maupertuis immediately, with all the aggravating circumstances he could think of, represented this to his Majesty as an offence against the royal authority. It was necessary to make the King consider it in this light, in order to raise his indignation to the highest pitch. It was in vain that M. Voltaire protested, and even made oath, that he did all he could to prevent the impression (and of this I myself was an eye-witness.) He was condemned: the Diatriba of Dr. Akakia was, by the King's order, burnt at Berlin, by the hands of the common executioner, and the King caused the transaction to be published in the gazettes of Berlin.

The first step which M. Voltaire took after this scene, was to return the King his key of chamberlain and his Order of Merit, and to beg leave to retire. The King immediately sent back the key and the cross, accompanied with a very courteous letter, wherein he intimated, that it would be very agreeable to him, if M. Voltaire would continue to reside at his court, and accept his pension. Out of respect to his Majesty, M. Voltaire retained the key and the cross, but persisted in desiring his dismission. To this request he could get no answer. M. Maupertuis continued his intrigues, and even obtained the King's leave to compromise his academical dispute with M. Koenig. The King published a letter, wherein he thought proper to relate all the injurious things concerning Mess. Voltaire and Koenig, that M. Maupertuis had presumed to tell him one night, after the opera was ended, when his Majesty went in his domino to M. Maupertuis's house, and conversed with him some hours in his bed-chamber.

The public in general declared for M. Voltaire and

M. Koenig; but notwithstanding this, M. Maupertuis found means to hinder truth from approaching the throne. M. Voltaire was disgraced, and yet could not obtain his dismission, nor even permission to go to the waters for the recovery of his health. It was even prohibited, throughout the Marquiseate of Brandenburg, to furnish M. Voltaire with horses, or to suffer him to pass. At length, however, I know not how, he obtained permission to go to the baths of Plombieres, and he took his leave of the King at Potsdam, to which place he promised to return in the month of October. But his enemy, who threatened to go to Leipsic to assassinate him, hath played his part so well, that M. Voltaire hath been disgraced afresh, as you will see by the letters herewith sent. These letters, as well as that of the King of Prussia, which I send on account of the relation it has to the others, are very authentic.

I have the honour to be, &c.

---

*M. —— to Mr. ——.*

July 8, 1753.

After having dispatched the last letter I wrote you, I had the honour to receive yours of the 3d of this month: and as in *that* letter I have given you all the éclaircissement you demanded concerning M. Voltaire's affair, I will confine myself in *this* to what has passed here at Francfort.

M. de Freytag, the King of Prussia's resident in this city, immediately after M. Voltaire's arrival here, redemanded of him the cross of the Order of Merit, the key of chamberlain, and also a small casket, wherein, it is said, is a manuscript in the King's own hand. M. Voltaire immediately delivered the two first, and gave his parole, that the casket, which he had sent forward

forward with his baggage to Strasburgh, should be produced in eight days, and at the same time dispatched one of his domestics to Strasburgh to fetch it. It was accordingly brought back, and M. Voltaire having delivered it to M. de Freytag, had an acquittance, and leave given him in the King's name to depart whenever he pleased. After a few days he set out for Wishaden; but he was stopped by the guard at the gates of the city, and M. de Freytag shewed him a new order of the King of Prussia, to arrest him; but this order was not signed by the King himself. He was, however, carried back under the guard of four soldiers and a subaltern officer, to the house of a merchant called Schmidt. There M. Voltaire was very ill treated by the resident, who kept him very close, allowed his pocket to be searched, and eighty louis d'ors, found therein, to be taken from him. He was then conducted to an inn, together with his niece and secretary, under the guard of a soldier; and to affront him the more, the secretary was obliged to pass the first night in the same chamber with M. Voltaire's niece; M. Voltaire himself being shut up in another chamber with the guard. The day before yesterday he was released, and it is said that the order to arrest him at the gate was sent to the resident by one of his enemies, who had the temerity to make use of the King's name. Time must inform us of the consequences of this affair. M. Voltaire will yet go to some of the baths, but to which of them is not known. Thus I have told you all I know concerning this affair. I had it from the mouth of a person to whom M. Voltaire himself related it.

I am on all occasions at your service,  
And have the honour to be, &c.

M. de

*M. de Voltaire to his Niece, Madame Denis. -*

Mayence, July 9, 1753.

Three or four years having elapsed since I shed a tear, I flattered myself that mine eyes would not have known this weakness again till they had closed for ever. Yesterday Count de Stadian's secretary found me dissolved in tears: your departure and present situation was the cause of my affliction. The cruel severity of your sufferings lost its horror when you were present: your patience and your courage roused mine, but after your departure I had no support. I cannot sometimes help imagining that it is all a dream: I fancy these things to have been transacted in the reign of Dionysius of Syracuse. Can it be true, I ask myself, that a lady of Paris, travelling with a passport from the King her Master, can have been dragged through the streets of Franckfort by soldiers, imprisoned without any form of trial, denied the convenience of a waiting woman or any domestic, the door of the prison guarded by four soldiers, with their bayonets fixed to their musquets, and compelled to suffer a tool of this Freytag, one of the most abandoned villains, to pass the night alone in her apartment? When la Brinvilliers was confined, the executioner was never left alone with her. So barbarous an indecency is without example. And what was your crime? The having travelled 100 leagues to accompany to the waters of Plombieres a dying uncle, whom you regard as your father. It is certainly a dishonour to the King of Prussia that he has not yet made reparation for such an indignity, committed in his name, by a man who calls himself his minister.

An additional affliction this to me. He caused me to be arrested to regain his printed book of poems, with which he had favoured me, and to which I had

some claim. He had left it with me as the pledge of his favour, and as the reward of my toils. He was desirous to resume it; a single word would have done; there was no occasion to imprison an old man who was going to drink the waters. He might have remembered, that by his winning favors for above 16 years, he had given me reason to believe myself in his good graces; that he had taken me from my country in my old age; that I had assisted him, for two years together, in perfecting his talents; that I had served him faithfully, and had never failed in any part of my duty; lastly, that it was unworthy his rank and glory to take part in an academical quarrel, and for my only recompense, to end all, by ordering soldiers to demand his poems of me. I hope that sooner or later he will be convinced that he has gone too far, that my enemy has deceived him, and that neither the author nor the King ought so greatly to have im-bittered the last days of my life. He hath followed the dictates of his passion, but he will hereafter follow those of his reason and goodness. But what will he do to atone for the abominable outrages offered to you in his name? My Lord Marshal will, doubtless, be charged to efface, if possible, the remembrance of the horrors of Freytag's treatment.

Letters have been sent me hither for you. One of them is from Madam Fontaine, and is not very consolatory. It is pretended that I have been a Prussian; if by this is meant, that by my attachment and enthusiastic zeal I have made a return for the extraordinary favours which the King of Prussia has conferred upon me for sixteen years running, the charge is just; but if it is designed to insinuate that I have been his subject, or ceased to be a Frenchman for a single moment, it is entirely false. The King of Prussia never proposed any such thing, and gave me the key of chamberlain only as a mark of his goodness, which he himself calls

calls frivolous in the verses which he made when he gave me this key and the cross, both which I have laid at his feet. These marks of distinction required neither oath, duty, nor naturalization. Wearing an order does not make one a subject. M. Decoville, who is in Normandy, yet retains the key of chamberlain to the King of Prussia, which he wears with the cross of the order of St. Lewis. It would be highly unjust not to regard me as a Frenchman, when I have all along kept my house at Paris, and have paid the capitulation. Is it possible that the author of "The Age of Lewis XIV." should be seriously charged with not being a Frenchman? Would any one dare to say it before the statues of Henry IV.? I will add, of Lewis XV. since I am the only academician who wrote his panegyric when he gave us peace, and since he has himself this panegyric translated into six languages. His Prussian Majesty, being deceived by my enemy, and impelled by passion, may have irritated the King my master against me; but his justice and greatness of soul will gain the ascendant, and he will be the first to desire the King my master to permit me to end my days in my own country. He will call to mind that he has been my disciple, and that I have gained nothing from him, but the honour of enabling him to write better than myself. He will be contented with this superiority, and will not make use of that which his rank gives him, to oppress a stranger who hath sometimes instructed, always esteemed and respected him.

I cannot ascribe to him the letters published against me in his name. He hath too much greatness of mind to treat a private person in such an outrageous manner. He knows too well how a King ought to write, and what regard is to be paid to good manners and decency of behaviour. He is born signally to display his goodness and clemency. This was the

character of our good and glorious King Henry IV. He was hasty and passionate, but soon recovered himself; passion governed only for a moment, humanity all his life.

See, my dear, what an uncle, or rather a sick father, dictates to his daughter. It will be some comfort to me if you arrive in good health. My compliments to your brother and sister. Adieu! may I die in your arms, unknown to men and kings.

---

*King Charles I. to Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.*

Wentworth,

Certainly I should be much to blame, not to admit so good a servant as you are, to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you, that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies: for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm, when I say no, they will make you leave to care for any thing in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants: this is, not to disparage those favours, (for envy flies most at the fairest mark) but to shew their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it, otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule, that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: never  
make

make a defence or apology before you be accused.  
And so I rest

Your assured Friend,  
Charles R.

Lindhurst, 3d Sept. 1636.

For my Lord Marshal, as you have armed me, so  
I warrant you.

---

*From the same to the same.*

Strafford,

The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the  
strange mistaking and conjecture of these times  
being such that I must lay by the thought of employ-  
ing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy  
myself in honor or conscience, without assuring you  
(now in the midst of your troubles) that, upon the  
word of a King, you shall not suffer in life, honor,  
or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very  
mean reward from a master, to so faithful, and able  
a servant, as you have shewed yourself to be; yet  
it is as much, as I conceive the present times will  
permit, though none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful Friend,  
Charles R.

Whitehall, April 23, 1641.

---

THE greatest consolation to be received in moments  
of distress, arises from the persevering friendship of  
the great, the wise, and the good; nor can they ever  
make their exaltation more valuable than by such  
acts of honorable condescension, and resolute kind-  
ness, as are displayed in the following letters.

*Algernon Earl of Northumberland to Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My Lord,

I thought it not seasonable to be over hasty in adventuring to trouble your Lordship with that which is of so little importance, as the expressing my sorrow for the death of my dear sister; but, indeed, I bear a very great share with your Lordship in this loss, as I shall do in every accident that comes unwelcomely to you. For my own particular, I account the loss equal, almost, to any that could befall me; and it would be much increased, if it should remove me further from your Lordship's kindness and favour. Though that tie, which was the occasion of bringing us first together, be dissolved, my hope and desire is, that the friendship which followed may still continue between us; and if a true respect and value of your Lordship can merit any thing, I shall not miss of the satisfaction I aim at, in being owned by your Lordship for your, &c.

August 29, 1659.

*The Answer.*

My Lord,

In the greatest sorrow that I have ever suffered, your Lordship hath given me the greatest consolation that I could receive from any body in this world; for having lost that which I loved best, your Lordship secureth me from losing that which I loved next, that is, your favour; to which having no right or claim by any worthiness in myself, but only by that alliance of which my most dear wife was the mediation, I might justly fear the loss of that also, if your Lordship's charity towards me did not prevent it. And now I will

will presume to tell your Lordship, that though you have lost an excellent sister, who by her affection and reverence towards you highly deserved of you; yet such was her death, that your Lordship hath reason to rejoice at her departure. And if I were Christian good enough to conceive the happiness of the other life, and that I could have loved her enough, it might have been to me a pleasure to see her die, as she died: but being unable to repair my own loss, with the consideration of her advantage, I must ever grieve for the one, until I may be partaker of the other: and as I shall ever whilst I live pay to her memory all affection and respects, so for her sake that loved you so dearly, and was so beloved of your Lordship, and for the high estimation which I have always had of your Lordship, I beseech you to let me remain in your favour, and to be assured of my being

Your Lordship's faithfuleſt humble Servant.

Penshurst, 31st August, 1659.

---

*Philip Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chevenix, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford.*

Hague, March 12, N. S., 1745.

I put nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear Doctor* would now become me; because I hope that, by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my Lord of Clonfert. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the King, for the bishopric of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it; therefore do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are till you hear further from me. I

assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me; and what I value still more, your own merits and virtues.

Your's sincerely.

---

*The same to the same.*

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

Dear Doctor,

I told you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation; and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now, for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishopric of Clonfert, or a better thing, or else I will not be Lord Lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision. Good-night to you.

Your's.

---

*The same to the same.*

Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

My good Lord,

Now you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfert, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and could

could not refuse myself that pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluys for England. Adieu.

Your's.

---

THE following are the familiar and feeling letters of friends, in which sentiments are expressed honorable to the writer and the persons to whom they are addressed.

*Mr. James Howell to Dan. Caldwell, Esq. his late Schoolfellow.*

Amsterdam, April 10, 1619.

My dear Dan,

I have made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it: it is as needful to me, as fire and water, as the very air I take in, and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*; therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son, and your friend, at one time: you know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple, and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German ocean: distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it; it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious. Let this be verified in us; let that love which formerly used to

I 5

be

be nourished by personal communication and the lips, be now fed by letters; let the pen supply the office of the tongue: letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet, though millions of paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore among your civil speculations, I pray let your thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self), and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over: I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Bower, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully among our friends at the inns of court: let Jack Toldervy have my kind commends, with this caveat, that the pot which goes often to the water, comes home cracked at last: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy and love his, &c.

*The Rev. Laurence Sterne to David Garrick, Esq.*

THE writer of this letter was one of the greatest wits this nation can boast; his productions, written in a style quite peculiar to himself, are as much remarkable for pathetic sentiments, elegantly expressed, as the brightest flashes of wit and drollery: his chief works are, “*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*,” a humorous romance; “*A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*;” and *Sermons*, in two volumes. He died 1768.

Mr. Garrick was a player, of wonderful abilities; so great as to have eclipsed the fame of all his contemporaries

temporaries and predecessors : he was, besides, an excellent companion, a scholar, wit, and poet. He wrote many excellent prologues, and some plays and farces. He died 1779.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you !—my dear Garrick ! my dear friend ! —foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head ! —and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me ; and I sent to recall it—but failed. You are sadly to blame, Shandy ! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair —Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain ? Puppy ! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it, drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. O ! how I congratulate you, for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you. The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark ! I tell it you—by some magic, irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with Glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised ! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in condition to walk

to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—’twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am your’s (that is, if you never say another word about —) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Mr. Joseph Baretti.*

MR. BARETTI was a teacher of languages in London, compiler of an Italian, and a Spanish Dictionary, both excellent works.

Sir,

Dec. 21, 1762.

You are not to suppose, with all your conviction of my idleness, that I have passed all this time without writing to my Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk, who, in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he was stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him.

I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestic life: we all have good and evil, which

which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of public miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your disappointment, with which you seem more touched than I could expect a man of your resolution and experience to have been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied to particular occasions; and that the fallacy of our self-love extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every man believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron. We have all learned that this greatness is negligent and contemptuous, and that in courts, life is often languished away in ungratified expectation; but he that approaches greatness, or glitters in a court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from the common lot.

Do not let such evils overwhelm you as thousands have suffered, and thousands have surmounted; but turn your thoughts with vigour to some other plan of life, and keep always in your mind, that, with due submission to Providence, a man of genius has been seldom ruined but by himself. Your patron's weakness or insensibility will finally do you little hurt, if he is not assisted by your own passions. Of your love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love, as in every other passion, of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events. There is indeed nothing that so much seduces reason from her vigilance, as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind, which arose from the participation of unmixed pleasure and successive amusement. A woman,

man, we are sure, will not be always fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous; and man cannot retain, through life, that respect and assiduity, by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not however pretend to have discovered that life has any thing more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage: therefore know not what counsel to give you.

If you can quit your imagination of love and greatness, and leave your hopes of preferment and bridal raptures, to try once more the fortune of literature and industry, the way through France is now open. We flatter ourselves, that we shall cultivate, with great diligence, the arts of peace; and every man will be welcome among us, who can teach us any thing we do not know. For your part, you will find all your old friends willing to receive you.

Reynolds still continues to encrease in reputation and in riches. Miss Williams, who very much loves you, goes on in the old way. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children. Mr. Levet has married a street-walker. But the gazette of my narration must now arrive to tell you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

I know not whether I have not sent you word, that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget, that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever. I pray God to bless you, and am, Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,  
Sam. Johnson.

Write soon.

---

How

How valuable is that friendship which can be preserved, and considered as consolatory, in the day of distress, and hour of death! I shall close this section with two letters to Mr. Pope, the one from Dr. Francis Atterbury, Lord Bishop of Rochester, during his confinement in the Tower on a charge of high treason; the other from Dr. John Arbuthnot, of which a biographer truly says, “ His letter to Pope, written as it were on his death-bed, and which no one can read without the tenderest emotion, discovers such a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his dissolution, as could be inspired only by a clear conscience, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue.” He was a man of most extensive learning, great wit, and politeness, honored at court, respected in public, and beloved in private life. He died in February, 1735.

*The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me: and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose,

purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon :  
The world was all before him, where to chuse  
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

---

*Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope:*

I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good-wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officially served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can

can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures are worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice, which you seem naturally endued with, but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to inform than to chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other. Lord Bathurst I have always honored, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison-stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present; if it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is euthanasia; living or dying I shall always be yours, &c.

---

---

#### ADVICE.

IT is the peculiar office of friendship to offer advice on the various concerns of life, and more particularly in the period of which I am now writing, when youth is open to temptation, and not aware

aware of the snares by which it is surrounded. I have already given specimens of parental advice, on general and important topics; in this section I shall present the monitory epistles of relations and friends, in every class of life, and on all occasions.

*Letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry,  
Son of James I.*

May it please your Highness,

The following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father, God's Vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin Vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not—fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the Vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the Vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want bene-

benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house, the divine-right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended? The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have

have the true man against his inclinations. Choose, therefore, to be the King, or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, Sir,

Your Highness's

Most faithful Servant,

Walter Raleigh.

London, Aug. 12, 1611.

THE author of the above letter was one of the greatest luminaries of the age; he was a warrior, politician, navigator, and historian of the first eminence, and properly valued by the discerning Queen Elizabeth, for whom he discovered Virginia; but falling into unmerited disgrace, during the reign of her pusillanimous successor, he was sacrificed to the intrigues of Spain. He was born in 1552, and beheaded in 1618; he suffered with that magnanimity which conscious innocence, a contempt of his oppressors, and the prospect of a better world, alone can inspire.

*Letter from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, to his Son, Henry Cromwell, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, giving him politic Advice.*

Son,

I have seen your letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby, that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards your self, and the public affairs. I do believe there may be some particular persons, who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to shew their discontent, as they have opportunity; but this should not

not make too great impressions in you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that, which for the present seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you; which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour all that lies in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the Counsel, as soon as men can be found out, who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Col. Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion: and therefore I would have you move the Counsel, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the further out of their own countries the better. I commend you to the Lord, and rest

Your affectionate Father,  
Oliver P.

21 Nov. 1655.

---

---

*Letter from King Charles II. to his Brother, the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. against changing his Religion.*

Dear Brother,

I have received yours without a date, in which you mention, that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt,

but you remember very well the commands I left with with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England, or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me, or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruining a brother, that loves you so well, but also of your King and country. Do not let them perswade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed, that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits Colledge, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever any body shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you haue the reason on your side, yet they being prepared, will have the advantage of any body, that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which, if you doe not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from,

Dear Brother,

Your most affectionate Brother,  
Charles R.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1554.

HAD the unfortunate prince to whom this letter was addressed followed the advice contained in it, he

would have avoided the shameful necessity of abdicating the throne of his forefathers, and dying in exile from his country.

---

I HAVE not entered on the subject of religious differences, nor do I mean to do so, but recommend the perusal of the following

*Letter from Dr. Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, to a Clergyman who applied to him for advice on his Son's becoming a Calvinist.*

I am very sorry that your son hath given you cause of uneasiness. But as a zeal of God, though in part not according to knowledge, influences him, his present state is far better than that of a profane or vicious person; and there is ground to hope, that, through the divine blessing on your mild instructions, and affectionate expostulations, he may be gradually brought into a temper every way Christian. Perhaps you and he differ, even now, less than you imagine: for I have observed, that the methodists and their opposers are apt to think too ill of each other's notions. Our clergy have dwelt too much upon mere morality, and too little on the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel: and hence they have been charged with being more deficient in this last respect than they are; and even with disbelieving, or however slighting, the principal points of revelation. They, in their turns, have reproached their accusers with enthusiastic imaginations, irrational tenets, and disregard to the common social duties, of which many of them perhaps are little, if at all, guilty. Who the author of the Address to the Clergy,\* &c. is, I am

\* A pamphlet published at the time this letter was written.  
totally

totally ignorant; he seems a pious and well-meaning man, but grievously uncharitable, in relation to the clergy, without perceiving it, and a little tinctured with antinomianism—I hope without being hurt by it himself. God grant, that nothing which he hath written may hurt others! As Mr. P——— mentions Mr. B——t to your son, I send you some letters relative to him, which will shew you, more fully, my way of thinking about methodists, and persons considered as a-kin to them: you will be pleased to return them. For the same purpose, I add a copy of an unpublished, though printed, Charge, which you may keep as a present from your loving brother, &c.

Since Mr. B——t left my diocese, I have never heard of him till now.

THE learned and amiable prelate who wrote the above was born in 1693, died 1768. He was an affiduous and worthy labourer in the vineyard of his Redeemer, and wrote “Lectures,” and “Sermons,” of the greatest merit.

*From Sir William Temple to the Earl of Northumberland, on his succeeding to his Father's Estate and Title.*

THE author of this letter was an eminent statesman and moral writer; born 1629, died 1700.

My Lord,

By the same post which brought me the honour of a late letter from your Lordship, I received from other hands the news of my Lord of Northumberland's having left you to the succession of all his honours and fortunes; which gives me the occasion of acknowledging your Lordship's favour and memory;

mory; and at the same time of condoling with you upon the loss of a father, whose great virtues and qualities must needs have made so many sharers with you in this affliction. I hope the help which is given your Lordship by so many of your servants and friends upon this occasion, will serve to ease your own part in it: and after that all that can be offered up to decency, and to the memory of so great and excellent a person, this will find your Lordship rather taken up with the imitation of his virtues than the bewailing of his loss: since this is but what he owed to nature and to age, and to the course of long infirmities; and the other is what will be due from your Lordship all your life, to your birth, your family, and yourself. Nor indeed can ever so much depend upon so few paces, as will now, upon those your Lordship shall make at your first setting out: since all men will be presaging by them the course of your journey, as they will have indeed influence upon the ease as well as the direction of it. For my own part, I expect a great increase of your Lordship's personal honour upon this occasion: and that having been so excellent a son of a family, you will shew yourself the same in being now a father of it; since nothing makes men fit to command, like having learnt to obey; and the same good sense and good dispositions make men succeed well in all the several offices of life. Those I know will be your Lordship's safety in entering upon a scene, where you will find many examples to avoid, and few to imitate: for I have yet seen none so generally corrupted as ours at this time, by a common pride and affectation of despising and laughing at all face of order, and virtue, and conformity to laws; which, after all, are qualities that most conduce to the happiness of a public state, and the ease of a private life.

But your Lordship will, I hope, make a great example, instead of needing other than those of your

own family, to which so much honor, order, and dignity, have been very peculiar; as well as the consequences of them in the general applause, and the particular esteem of all those who have had the honour to know and observe it. Among whom there is none more desirous to express that inclination by his services, nor that has more of it at heart than

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful  
and most humble Servant.

Hague, June 17, S. N. 1670.

---

---

*To a Young Gentleman on the like Occasion, by Sir Richard Steele.*

Dear Sir,

I know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought; to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honor his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the true sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recall your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.

---

THE

THE indirect manner of conveying advice used in the above letter, is very delicate, and often very effectual, but to suit some persons, a more circuitous method must be taken, and the grossest vices represented as matters of ridicule only, or alluded to in so distant a way as not to hurt the feeling, or self-love of the hearer; it is a shocking state of depravity which requires such attention, but a true friend, and zealous moralist, will no more give up his point on such an account, than an honest physician will abandon his patient because he perceives an accumulation of dangerous symptoms. In the following letter, by the same author as the above, the odious vice of LYING is treated with great facetiousness, and yet exposed to merited contempt, and its pernicious consequences on the mind forcibly pointed out.

*Letter on Lying. Extracted from the Spectator,  
No. 136.*

Sir,

I shall without any manner of preface or apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honest man, or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but

know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Muscovy, that had two much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer: this warm youth, born at the instant the thing was spoke of, was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general, he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him, here I felt in my pockets, that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect, or interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man! I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal-black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made no manner of answer;

but

but told me, that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, that upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age; Tully answered, surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day these ten years. The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have replied, now 'faith, I cannot see that, he said a very good thing to my lord such a one, upon such an occasion, and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so, but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing, which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it, I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany; commended the brothels in Venice; the freedom of conversation in France; and though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been

three nights together dogged by bravoes for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

It were endless to give you particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, Mr. *Spectator*, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town, I mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster; I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit we might be called 'The Historians,' for liar is become a very harsh word. And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know that an historian in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shews a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying! There is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another

ther of these historians is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts ; as people send children, before they can learn any thing, to school to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight ; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

I could name you a soldier that hath done very great things without slaughter ; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a lover ; he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself, " Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every acre ; Anthony and Cleopatra for that ; All for Love and the World Well Lost."

Then, Sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain ; there is tare and tret, there is lying all round the globe ; he has such a prodigious intelligence he knows all the French are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas, whither am I running ! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant as I have now described in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

THE two following letters by Dr. John Moore, a very brilliant and lively author, though they do not come exactly, with respect to the person to whom they are supposed to be written, under the description of letters of advice, are yet so full of excellent cautions and hints on the subject of the detestable vice of GAMING, its causes and effects, that I think they can be placed nowhere so properly as in this section; they are extracted from his "View of Society and Manners in France;" besides which he is author of "Medical Sketches;" "a View of Society, &c. in Italy;" "Zeluco, a Romance;" "a Journal during a Residence in France, in 1792;" and "a View of the Causes and Effects of the French Revolution."

*Dr. Moore to a Friend; on Gaming.*

I was greatly disappointed by your not coming to town as you intended, having been for some time impatient to inform you of what passed between your young friend ——— and me; I relied till the moment of our departure, on having an opportunity of doing this personally. Since our arrival at Paris, my time has been taken up with certain indispensable arrangements for the Duke of Hamilton, and I now seize the first occasion of communicating the whole to you, in the only manner at present in my power.

You well remember the uneasiness you once expressed to me on account of that gentleman's propensity to gaming, and of the inconveniences to which he had been put by some recent losses; you will also remember the resolutions which, in consequence of your request, he formed against play; but you have yet to learn, that he resumed the dice before the month was ended, in which he had determined never to touch them more, and concluded one unfortunate night,

night, by throwing away a sum far exceeding any of his former losses.

Ashamed of his weakness, he carefully concealed his misfortune from you, and thereby has been subject to some distresses of a more mortifying nature than any he had formerly felt.

What shocked him most, was a circumstance which will not greatly astonish you—the indifference which many, who call themselves his friends, shewed at his situation, and the coldness with which they excused themselves from making any attempt to relieve him from his difficulties. Several to whom he had advanced considerable sums in the days of his good fortune, declared a perfect inability of repaying any part of their debt. They told some sad tale of an unforeseen accident, which had put that entirely out of their power for the present, yet one of those unfortunate gentlemen, the same evening, that he refused to repay our friend, lost double the sum, every farthing of which he actually paid in ready money. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s expectations from those resources having in a great measure failed, he applied to Mr. P\_\_\_\_\_ in the city, who supplied him with money at legal interest, sufficient to clear all his debts, for which he has granted him a mortgage on his estate.—While our young friend informed me of all this, he declared, that the remorse he felt on the recollection of his folly, was infinitely greater than any pleasure he had ever experienced from winning, or could enjoy from the utmost success. He expressed, at the same time, a strong sense of obligation to you and to me, for our endeavours to wean him from the habit of gambling, regretted that they had not been sooner successful; but was happy to find, that he still had enough left to enable him to live in a decent manner, agreeable to a plan of œconomy which he has laid down, and to which he is resolved to adhere till the mortgage is relieved. “ I have now (added he in a

solemn manner) formed an ultimate resolution against gaming for the rest of my life; if I ever deviate from this you have a right to consider me as devoid of manly firmness and truth, unworthy of your friendship, and the weakest of mortals."

Notwithstanding the young gentleman's failure on a former occasion, yet the just reflections he made on his past conduct, and the determined manner in which he spoke, give me great hopes that he will keep his present resolution.—To him I seemed fully persuaded of this, and ventured to say, that I could scarcely regret his last run of bad luck which had operated so blessed an effect; for he who has the vigour to disentangle himself from the snares of deep play, at the expence of half his fortune, and with his character entire, may on the whole be esteemed a fortunate man. I, therefore, insisted strongly on the wisdom of his plan, which I contrasted with the usual determination of those who have been unlucky at play. Without fortitude to retrench their expences, or bear their misfortunes, they can only bring themselves the length of resolving to renounce gaming *as soon as they shall regain what they have lost*; and imagining they have still a claim to the money which is now in the pockets of others, because it was once in their own, they throw away their whole fortune in search of an inconsiderable part, and finish by being completely ruined, because they could not support a small inconvenience. I pointed out how infinitely more honourable it was to depend for repairing his fortune on his own good sense and perseverance, than on the revolutions of chance; which, even if this should be favourable, could only re-establish him at the expence of others, most probably of those who had no hand in occasioning his losses. His inseparable companion \_\_\_\_\_ entered while I was in the middle of my harangue. Our friend, who had previously acquainted him with his determination

nation of renouncing gaming, endeavoured to prevail on that gentleman to adopt the same measure but in vain. ——— laughed at his proposal, said “ he was too easily terrified ; that one tolerable run of fortune would retrieve his affairs ; that my fears about ruin were mere bug bears ; that the word *ruin*, like cannon charged with powder, had an alarming sound, but was attended with no danger ; that if the worst should happen, he could but be ruined ; which was only being in the same situation of the most fashionable people in the nation.” He then enumerated many instances of those who lived as well as the wealthiest man in England, and yet every body pronounced them ruined. “ There is Charles Fox, added he, a man completely ruined ; yet beloved by his friends, and admired by his country as much as ever.”

To this fine reasoning I replied, “ That the loss of fortune could not ruin Mr. Fox ; that if nobody had been influenced by that gentleman’s example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom ; but that those who owed their importance solely to their fortune, ought not to risk it wantonly as he might do, whose fortune had always been of little importance, when compared with his abilities ; and since they could not imitate Mr. Fox, in the things for which he was so justly applauded, they ought not to follow his example in those for which he was as justly condemned ; for the same fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his majesty’s countenance no longer shines on it.*”

——— did not seem to relish my argument, and soon after left us ; but our young friend seemed confirmed in his resolutions, and gave me fresh assurances, the day on which he left London, that he never would vary.

Knowing the interest you take in his welfare, and the high esteem he has for you, I have thought it right to give you this piece of information, which I know will afford you pleasure. His greatest difficulty in adhering to the new adopted plan will be at first; in his present state of mind, the soothings and support of friendship may be of the greatest service.

When your affairs permit you to go to London, I dare say you will take the earliest opportunity of throwing yourself in his way: you will find no difficulty in persuading him to accompany you to the country. Removed for some months from his present companions and usual lounging places, the influence of his old habits will gradually diminish; and confirmed by your conversation, small chance will remain of his being sucked into the old system, and again whirled round in the vortex of dissipation and gaming.

*From the same to the same, written sometime afterwards, containing reflections on the catastrophe of the Youth mentioned in the preceding, who contemned Advice, and laughed at Ruin.*

So, the fate of poor —— is finally decided, and he now finds, that to be ruined is not such a matter of indifference as he once imagined. I neither see the possibility of his extricating himself from his present difficulties, nor in what manner he will be able to support them.

Accustomed to every luxuriant indulgence, how can he bear the inconveniences of poverty? Dissolute and inattentive from his childhood, how can he make any exertion for himself? His good humour, genteel figure, and pliant disposition, made him well received by all. While he formed no expectations from

from their friendship, his company seemed particularly acceptable to some who are at present in his power: whether it will be equally so now when he has nothing else to depend on, is to be tried. And I really think it as well for him that it be tried now, as five or six years hence.

This calamity has been long foreseen. There seemed to be almost a necessity that it should happen sooner or later; for he had neither caution, plan, nor object in his gaming. He continued it from habit alone. Of all mankind, he was the least covetous of excessive wealth; and exclusive of gaming, he always lived within his income, not from a desire of saving money, but merely because he had no taste for great expence. How often have we seen him lose immense sums to those to whom he had lent the money which enabled them to stake against him? There are many careless young men of great fortunes, who game in the same style, and from no other motives than those of our unhappy friend. What is the consequence? The money circulates for a while among them, but remains finally with persons of a very different character.

I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters we have been acquainted with, have used those means to correct fortune which are generally reckoned fraudulent. I am fully persuaded, they are seldom practiced in the clubs in London, than in any other gaming societies in the world. Let all flight of hand, and every species of downright sharping, be put out of the question; but still we may suppose, that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool, and shrewd men are mingled, who know how to conceal real caution and design under apparent inattention and gaiety of manner; who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition: who have

have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If there are such men, is not the probability of winning infinitely in their favour? Does it not amount to almost as great a certainty as if they had actually loaded the dice or packed the cards? I know you live in the habit of intimacy with some who answer to the above description; and I have heard you say, that however fortunate they may have been, you were fully convinced that nothing can be fairer than their manner of playing. I accuse them of taking no other advantages than those above mentioned; but I appeal to your own experience,—pray recollect—and I am greatly mistaken, if you will not find, that by far the greater part of those who have made fortunes by play, and have kept them when made, are men of cool, cautious, shrewd, and selfish characters.

If any of these very fortunate people were brought to a trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, while so many others had entirely lost, or greatly impaired their fortunes (if the word *esprit* be allowed to imply that artful superiority which belongs to their characters), they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini Marechal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she had made use of to fascinate the mind of the Queen? De l'ascendant, she replied, qu'un *esprit superieur* a toujours fait des esprits faibles. Certainly there can be no greater weakness, than for a man of independent fortune to game in such a manner as to risk losing it, for the chance of doubling or tripling his income: because the additional happiness arising from any supposable addition of wealth, can never be within a thousand degrees so great, as the misery which would be the consequence of his being stripped of his original fortune.

This consideration alone, one would imagine, might

might be sufficient to deter any reasonable man from a conduct so weak and absurd: yet there are other considerations which give much additional weight to the argument: the dismal effects which the continued practice of gaming has sometimes been observed to produce in the disposition of the mind, and the most essential parts of the character, destroying every idea of oeconomy, engrossing the whole time, undermining the best principles, perverting the qualities of the heart, rendering men callous to the ruin of acquaintances, and partakers, with a savage insensibility, in the spoils of their unwary friends.

The peculiar instances with which you and I are acquainted, where the long continued habit of deep play has had no such effects, are proofs of the rooted honor and integrity of certain individuals, and may serve as exceptions to a general rule, but cannot be urged as arguments against the usual tendency of gaming. If men of fortune and character adopted the practice of gaming upon any principle of reasoning, there might be a greater probability of their being reasoned out of it: but most of them begin to game, not with any view or fixed plan of increasing their wealth, but merely as a fashionable amusement, or perhaps by way of shewing the liberality of their spirit, and their contempt for money.

I would not be very positive, that some of them have not mistaken for admiration that surprize which is expressed when any person has lost an immense sum. And the mistake may have given them less repugnance to the idea of becoming the objects of admiration in the same way. Afterwards endeavouring to win back what they had so idly lost, the habit has grown by degrees, and at length has become their sole resource from the weariness which those born to great fortunes, and who have not early in life acquired some faculty of amusing themselves, are more prone to fall into than others. Men born to no such expectations,

peculations, whatever their natural dispositions may be, are continually roused from indolence by avocations which admit of no delay. The pursuit of that independence, for which almost every human bosom sighs, and whose value is unknown only to those who have always possessed it, is thought a necessary, and is often found an agreeable employment to the generality of mankind. This, with the other duties of life, is sufficient to engross their time and thoughts, and guard them from *the pains and penalties of idleness*.

As the pursuit of wealth is superfluous in men of rank and fortune, so it would be unbecoming their situation. Being deprived of this, which is so great an object and resource to the rest of mankind, they stand in more need of something to supply its place. I know of nothing which can so completely, and with so much propriety, have this effect, as a taste for letters and love of science. I therefore think these are more essentially necessary to the people of high rank and great fortune, than to those in confined circumstances.

If independence be desired with universal ardor by mankind, the road of science is neither the most certain, nor the shortest way to attain it. But those who are already in possession of this, have infinite need of the other to teach them to enjoy their independence with dignity and satisfaction, and to prevent the gifts of fortune from becoming sources of misery instead of happiness. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have still more occasion for some of the pursuits of science, as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. *Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem, humanissimam ac liberalissimam judicaretis.*

This

This love of letters, considered merely as an amusement, and to fill up agreeably the vacant hours of life, I believe to be more essentially necessary to men of great fortune than to those who have none; to men without ambition, than to those who are animated by that active passion; and to the generality of Englishmen more than to the natives of either Germany or France.

The Germans require very little variety. They can bear the languid uniformity of life always with patience, and often with satisfaction. They display an equanimity under disgust that is quite astonishing. The French, though not so celebrated for patience, are, of all mankind, the least liable to despondence. Public affairs, so apt to disturb the repose of many worshipful citizens of London, never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If the arms of France are successful he rejoices with all his heart; if they are unfortunate, he laughs at the commanders with all his soul. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness, and commends her taste; if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another.

No people ever were so fond of amusement and so easily amused. It seems to be the chief object of their lives, and they contrive to draw it from a thousand sources, in which no other people ever thought it could be found. I do not know where I met with the following lines; they are natural and easy, and seem expressive of the conduct and sentiments of the whole French nation.

M'amuser n'importe comment,  
Fait toute ma philosophie.  
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment  
Hors le moment ou je m'ennuie ;  
Et je tiens ma tache finie.  
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement ;  
Je me defasse de la vie.

All

All the philosophy I boast  
Is to be gay, no matter why;  
For I account no moments lost  
Save those which pass in sadness by.  
And I shall think my task well done  
If careless thus thro' life I run.

Our countrymen who have applied to letters, have prosecuted every branch of science as successfully as any of their neighbours. But those of them who study mere amusement, independent of literature of any kind, certainly have not been so happy in their researches as the French. Many things which entertain the latter, seem frivolous and insipid to the former. The English view objects through a darker medium. Less touched than their neighbours with the gaieties, they are more affected by the vexations of life, under which they are too ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetition of scenes which at first were thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits.

A man of fortune, therefore, who can acquire such a relish for science as will make him rank its pursuits among his amusements, has thereby made an acquisition of more importance to his happiness, than if he had acquired another estate equal in value to his first. I am almost convinced, that a taste of this kind is the only thing which can render a man of fortune (especially if his fortune be very large) tolerably independent and easy through life. Which soever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continually be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view, his mind will be replenished with ideas, and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will

will still have antidotes against tedium, and (other things being supposed equal) the best chance of passing agreeably through life, that the uncertainty of human events allows to man.

---

*Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Young Lady, on Reading for Improvement.*

The writer of this letter was an eminent English Physician, and Moralist, he died 1761.

Madam,

Conformable to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the huinan creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their

their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour ; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some ! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is— You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects, of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads :

History,  
Morality,  
Poetry.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write-down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again ; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse ; so reading being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now,

in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark, with a pencil, whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others, which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses, which run off the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Diverst both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view, besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

Madam,

Your faithful humble Servant.

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby, on the proper Way of keeping Christmas.*

Dec. 28, 1724.

It is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats.

They tell me, that at Colehill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with christmas pyes and plum broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks,

almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as licentiousness and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

---

#### OF TRAVELLING.

I do not intend, in this part of my work to give the descriptive, and narrative letters of travellers; but as this is the time of life, when business or pleasure generally call men from their native country, I have inserted the two following, the first of which, though short, is not without beauty, as a specimen of affectionate valediction, and pithy advice.

*Dr. Johnson to Mr. John Hufsey.*

Dear Sir,

I have sent you the “grammar,” and have left you two books more, by which I hope to be remembered ; write my name in them ; we may, perhaps, see each other no more, you part with my good wishes, nor do I despair of seeing you return. Let no opportunities of vice corrupt you ; let no bad example seduce you ; let the blindness of Mahometans confirm you in christianity. God bless you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

THE other letter is by the amusing traveller, and instructive moralist, Dr. Moore, which fully shews how much the credit of the country, in the eyes of foreigners, depends on the behaviour of the travellers who leave it ; a due consideration of which will, I hope, influence those who are hereafter to travel, to act in such a way as to make impressions in their favour on the minds of those under whose notice they fall.

*Dr. Moore to a Friend; on the Character and Behaviour of English Travellers.*

Dear Sir,

Since my return from Darmstadt, the weather has been so very bad, that I have passed the time mostly at home. That I may obey your injunctions to write regularly at the stated periods, I will send you the substance of a conversation I had within these few days with

with a foreigner, a man of letters, with whom I am in a considerable degree of intimacy.

This gentleman has never been in England, but he speaks the language a little, understands it very well, and has studied many of our best authors. He said that he had found in some English books, a solidity of reasoning, and a strength of expression, superior to any thing he had met with elsewhere;—that the English history furnished examples of patriotism and zeal for civil liberty, equal to what was recorded in the Greek or Roman story; that English poetry displayed a sublimity of thought, and a knowledge of the human heart, which no writings, ancient or modern, could surpass; and in philosophy it was pretty generally allowed, that the English nation had no rival. He then mentioned the improvements made by Englishmen in medicine and other arts, their superiority in navigation, commerce, and manufactures; and even hinted something in praise of a few English statesmen. He concluded his panegyric by saying, that these considerations had given him the highest idea of the English nation, and had led him to cultivate the acquaintance of many Englishmen whom he had occasionally met on their travels. But he frankly acknowledged, that his connection with these, had not contributed to support the idea he had formed of their nation.

As I had heard sentiments of the same kind insinuated by others, I replied at some length, observing, that if he had lived in the most brilliant period of Roman grandeur, and had accidentally met with a few Romans in Greece: or Asia, and had formed his opinion of that illustrious common-wealth from the conduct and conversation of these travellers, his ideas would, in all probability, have been very different from those which the writings of Livy, Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, had given him of the Roman people.—That the manners and behaviour of the few English

he might have met abroad, so far from giving him a just view of the character of the whole nation, very possibly had led him to false conclusions with regard to the character of those very individuals. For that I myself had known many young Englishmen, who, after having led a dissipated, insignificant kind of life while on their travels, and while the natural objects of their ambition were at a distance, had changed their conduct entirely upon their return, applied to business as eagerly as they had formerly launched into extravagance, and had at length become very useful members of the community.

But, continued I, throwing this consideration out of the question, the real character of a people can only be discovered by living among them on a familiar footing, and for a considerable time. This is necessary before we can form a just idea of any nation; but, perhaps, more so with respect to the English, than any other: for in no nation are the education, sentiments, and pursuits of those who travel, so different from those of the people who remain at home.

The first class is composed of a few invalids, a great many young men raw from the university, and some idle men of fortune, void of ambition, and incapable of application, who, every now and then, saunter through Europe, because they know not how to employ their time at home.

The second class is made up of younger brothers, who are bred to the army, navy, the law, and other professions; all who follow commerce, are employed in manufactures or farming; and in one word, all who, not being born to independent fortunes, endeavour to remedy that inconveniency by industry and the cultivation of their talents.

England is the only country in Europe whose inhabitants never leave it in search of fortune. There are, moderately speaking, twenty Frenchmen in Lon-

tion, for every Englishman at Paris. By far the greater part of those Frenchmen travel to get money, and almost all the English to spend it. But we should certainly be led into great errors, by forming an idea of the character of the French nation, from that of the French fiddlers, dancing masters, dentists, and valet de chambres, to be met with in England, or other parts of Europe.

The gentleman acknowledged, that it would be unfair to decide on the French character, from that of their fiddlers and dancing masters; but added, that he did not perceive that the English should reasonably complain, should foreigners form an idea of their national character from the men of fortune, rank, and the most liberal education of their island.

I answered, they certainly would, because young men of high rank and great fortune carry a set of ideas along with them from their infancy, which very often disappoint the purposes of the best education. Let a child of high rank be brought up with all the care and attention the most judicious parents and masters can give; let him be told, that personal qualities alone can make him truly respectable; that the fortuitous circumstances of birth and fortune afford no just foundation for esteem; that knowledge and virtue are the true sources of honor and happiness; that idleness produces vice and misery; that without application he cannot acquire knowledge; and that without knowledge he will dwindle into insignificance, in spite of rank and fortune: let these things be inculcated with all the power of persuasion; let them be illustrated by example, and insinuated by fable and allegory; yet, do we not daily see the effect of all this counteracted by the insinuations of servants and base sycophants, who give an importance to far different qualities, and preach a much more agreeable doctrine?—

They make eternal allusions in all their discourse

and behaviour to the great estate the young spark is one day to have, and the great man he must be, independent of any effort of his own. They plainly insinuate, if they do not directly say it, that study and application, though proper enough for hospital boys, is unnecessary, or, perhaps, unbecoming, a man of fashion. They talk with rapture of the hounds, hunters, and race-horses of one great man; of the rich liveries, and brilliant equipage of another; and extol, above all others, those who possess that first of virtues, liberality to their servants. They tell their young master, that his rank and estate entitle him to have finer hounds, horses, liveries, and equipage than either, and to be more liberal to his servants; and consequently a greater man in every respect. This kind of poison, being often poured upon the young sprouts of fortune and quality, gradually blasts the vigour of the plants, and renders all care and cultivation ineffectual.

If we suppose that domestics of another character could be placed about a boy of high rank, and every measure taken to inspire him with other sentiments; he cannot stir abroad, he cannot go into company, without perceiving his own importance and the attention that is paid to him. His childish pranks are called spirited actions; his pert speeches are converted into bon mots; and when reproved or punished by his parent or master, ten to one but some obsequious intermeddler will tell him that he has suffered great injustice.

The youth, improving all this to the purposes of indolence and vanity, arrives at length at the comfortable persuasion, that study or application of any kind would in him be superfluous; that he ought only to seek amusement, for, at the blessed age of twenty-one, distinction, deference, admiration, and all other good things, will be added unto him.

A young man, on the other hand, who is born to

no such expectations, has no sycophants around him to pervert his understanding; when he behaves improperly, he instantly sees the marks of disapprobation on every countenance: He daily meets with people who inform him of his faults without ceremony or circumlocution. He perceives that nobody cares for his bad humour or caprice, and very naturally concludes that he had best correct his temper. He finds that he is apt to be neglected in company, and that the only remedy for this inconvenience will be the rendering himself agreeable. He loves affluence, distinction, and admiration, as well as the rich and great, but becomes fully convinced that he can never obtain even the shadow of them, otherwise than by useful and ornamental acquirements. The truth of those precepts, which is proved by rhetoric, and syllogism to the boy of fortune, is *experimentally* felt by him who has no fortune; and the difference which this makes is infinite.

So that the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune has a probability of knowing more of the world at the age of sixteen, and of having a juster notion of peoples sentiments of him, than a youth of very high rank at a much more advanced age; for it is very difficult for any person to find out that he is despised while he continues to be flattered.

So far, therefore, from being surprized that dissipation, weakness, and ignorance, are so prevalent among those who are born to great fortunes and high rank, we ought to be astonished to see so great a number of men of virtue, diligence, and genius, among them as there is. And if the number be proportionably greater in England than in any other country, which I believe is the case, this must proceed from the impartial discipline of our public schools, and the equitable treatment which boys of the greatest rank receive from their comrades. Sometimes the natural manly sentiments they acquire from

their school companions, serve as an antidote against the childish, sophistical notions with which weak or disigning men endeavour to inspire them in after life.

The nature of the British constitution contributes also to form a greater number of men of talents, among the wealthy and the great, than are to be found in other countries; because it opens a wider field for ambition than any other government, and ambition excites those exertions which produce talents.

But, continued I, you must acknowledge that it would be improper to form a judgment of the English genius, by samples taken from men who have greater temptations to indolence, and fewer spurs to application, than others. My disputant still contested the point, and asserted, that high birth gave a native dignity and elevation to the mind; that distinctions and honours were originally introduced into families by eminent abilities and great virtues; that when a man of illustrious birth came into a company, or even when his name was mentioned, this naturally raised a recollection of the great actions and shining qualities of the eminent person who had first acquired these honors; that a consciousness of this must naturally stimulate the present possessor to imitate the virtues of his ancestors; that his degenerating would subject him to the highest degree of censure, as the world could not, without indignation, behold indolence and vice adorned with the rewards of activity and virtue.

I might have disputed this assertion, that honors and titles are always the rewards of virtue; and could have produced abundance of instances of the opposite proposition. But I allowed that they often were so, and that hereditary honours in a family ought always to have, and sometimes had the effect, which he supposed: but these concessions being made in their fullest

fullest extent, still he would do injustice to the English, by forming a judgment of their national character, from what he had observed of the temper, manners, and genius of those Englishmen with whom he had been acquainted, in foreign countries; because three-fourths of them were, in all probability, men of fortune, without having family or high birth to boast of; so that they had the greatest inducements to indolence, without possessing the motives to virtuous exertions, which influence people of high rank.— For though it rarely happened in other countries, it was very common in England for men of all the various professions and trades to accumulate very great fortunes, which, at their death, falling to their sons, these young men, without having had a suitable education, immediately set up for gentlemen, and run over Europe in the characters of *mi-lords Anglois*, game, purchase pictures, mutilated statues, and mistresses, to the astonishment of all beholders: and conscious of the blot in their escutcheon, they think it is incumbent on them to wash it out, and make up for the impurity of their blood, by plunging deeper into the ocean of extravagance than is necessary for a man of hereditary fashion.

Here our conversation ended, and the gentleman promised that he would abide by the idea he had formed of the English nation, from the works of Milton, Locke, and Newton, and the characters of Raleigh, Hambden, and Sidney.

---

#### OF EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FRIENDS.

ONE of the most agreeable effects of a friendship judiciously formed, is the frequency of epistolary correspondence, which carries through life the inti-

macy of youth, and is a perpetual source of gratifying recollections. The many volumes of wit and morality which adorn our language, and are derived from the letters of individuals, are the best proofs how honorable and advantageous a regular correspondence may be made.

It frequently happens, amongst young people in particular, that punctuality is, for a time neglected, and the consequence is, that instead of making haste to repair the omission, by an immediate apology, the defaulter, from a principle of shame, and afterwards of false pride, perseveres in his omission, till the bonds of friendship are intirely broken, without the least animosity on either side. The only means of keeping alive the warmth of friendship in absence is by an epistolary intercourse; that neglected, no warmth of esteem is able to resist the unvarying effect of time, which by the introduction of new connections, new scenes of pleasure, and new circumstances of embarrassment, must necessarily supercede an interest, which the holder is too indolent, or too busy to claim.

*Letter from Mr. West to Mr. Gray, soliciting his Correspondence.*

Christ-church, Nov. 14, 1735.

You use me very cruelly: you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked

hand

hand in hand with you, like the two children in  
the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,  
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry,  
and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very  
seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by  
things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of  
Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale,  
where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; con-  
sider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then  
think if something be not due to

Your's, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and  
positively \*, a history of your own time.

*From James Howell to Mr. R. S. on his neglecting  
to answer his Letters.*

Lond. 19th July,  
the 1st of the Dogdays, 1626.

Sir,

I sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not  
answered; I sent another of the 13th like a second  
arrow, to find out the first, but I know not what's  
become of either: I send this to find out the other  
two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of  
my quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to com-  
plain, and more if you remember me: to forget,  
may proceed from the frailty of memory; not to

Alluding to Bishop Burnet's History, who was Mr.  
West's grandfather.

I. 5

answer

answer me when you mind me, is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest yours easily to be recovered.

Ira furor brevis; brevis est mea littera; cogor,  
Irà correptus, corripuisse stylum.

---

*From a Gentleman who had long neglected a Correspondence, to his Friend.*

Dear Sir,

When I look back to the date of your two last, and reflect on the length of time they have remained unanswered, I feel the most poignant sensations of shame and regret; I will not aggravate the impropriety of my omission, by amusing you with childish excuses of illnes, and busines; but confess that an unaccountable negligence, and foolish habit of procrastination, have made me so inattentive. I throw myself on your kindness to excuse this omission, to renew our interrupted correspondence, and must intreat you not to consider me as deficient in friendship for you, though appearance goes so far towards my condemnation in that particular.

I beg it with an ill grace, but as my ease of mind depends on it, must request you to favour me with an answer to this as soon as possible, let me know every thing which interests you, or has done so since you wrote last; I have many things to communicate, but am resolved to devote this letter to apology alone, and to the purpose of assuring you how sincerely I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,  
and humble Servant,

*From*

From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, in answer to repeated requests that he would write.

Dear Sir,

Why should you importune me so earnestly to write? Of what importance can it be to hear of distant friends, to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, any thing can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.

I am glad that you have made the round of Litchfield with so much success: the oftener you are seen, the more you will be liked; it was pleasing to me to read that Mrs. Aston was so well; and that Lucy Porter was so glad to see you.

In the place where you now are, there is much to be observed; and you will easily procure yourself skilful directors. But what will you do to keep away the *black dog* that worries you at home? If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, enquire into the old tenures, and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the middle ages. The feudal system, in a country half barbarous, is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to image the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy nor negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found.

We have, I think, once talked of another project,

a history of the late insurrection in Scotland, with all its incidents. Many falsehoods are passing into uncontradicted history. Voltaire, who loved a striking story, has told what he could not find to be true.

You may make collections for either of these projects, or for both, as opportunities occur, and digest your materials at leisure. The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this, *be not solitary; be not idle:* which I would thus modify;—if you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

There is a letter for you from,  
Your humble Servant,

S. J.

---

On the base and villainous practice of opening the letters of another without permission, I shall make no observation, the following anecdote from the Spectator, shews it in a proper light, and points out a mode of punishment, as effectual, and more consistent with reason and christianity, than the brutal and ridiculous equalization of right and wrong by a recourse to the pistol or small sword.

Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple, about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his addressees privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course, by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement,

ment, receiving Trap in the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to suspect the epistolary correspondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignations. After much anxiety and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap, at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprized to find the inside directed to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows:

Mr. Stint,

You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expence of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I, therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than

that

that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner, while you yourself cannot in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraiding of

Your injured Friend,  
W. Trap.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MATURITY.

---

THIS division of my work will be taken up by such topics as occur in that period which intervenes between the attainment of maturity in person and intellect, and the declension of life, “ into the fear and yellow of the leaf;” and I shall devote my first section to the important subject of

## LOVE.

I ENTERTAIN no doubt that this portion of my performance will first meet the eye, and engage the attention of my readers, and that a great diversity of opinions will prevail on my manner of treating this passion; as many, in fact, as difference of age and disposition can create on any subject, in which all have an interest by recollection, fruition, or anticipation.

It would be easy to fill a very large volume with the letters of lovers, without illustrating the topic of love; because every difference of circumstances and situation, however slight, makes a very material one in the commencement, progress, and effects of the passion. The letters of lovers are said to be agreeable to themselves alone, because no person or thing is mentioned in them but themselves; this observation is in some degree true, for the explanation of passion begins in egotism, proceeds in complaint, crimination, exculpation and compliment, and ends, if fortunately, in self-gratulation, if otherwise, in self-

self-defence ; but when the correspondence of lovers continues, as is sometimes the case, during a long series of time, these topics must become barren, and equally tiresome to the writer and reader ; they must then not form the basis of the feast, but be used merely to give a zest or flavor.

Lovers, in general, injure their cause in the eyes of the prudent by unlimited protestations, extravagant exaggerations, and absurd hyperboles ; things unpardonable in any person of moderate judgment, and which must proceed either from folly, or a wish to deceive. Of this nature is the use of the fables of the mythology, against the reception of which I particularly caution my female readers, as they are never used but to conceal a total vacuity of sentiment, or such ideas as cannot meet a modest eye, but in so fantastic a masquerade. For example, if a lover says a great deal about the indiscriminate attacks of the blind archer, the unerring shafts of his quiver, the depth of the wound they make in his heart; talks of the judgment of Paris, the descent of Orpheus, or the complaisance of Hercules to Omphale ; it is fair to conclude that he means nothing but to display his reading, and feels no sentiment but ostentatious vanity. If, on the contrary, flames and burning are his favorite metaphors, and his allusions frequently tend to the amours of the rabble of heathen divinities, it is to be presumed that he wishes to insinuate what the dread of virtue prevents him from pronouncing directly ; and that by familiarizing the mind of his correspondent to parallel cases, he means to facilitate the reception of ideas, the first approach of which, in the hideousness of their genuine form, would be repulsed with merited indignation.

In writing of love letters, the style ought to be perspicuous and elegant ; the homage to beauty, wit, and talents, must be paid with ardor and point ; and the

the protestations of affection have strength enough to prevent their being deemed vapid, and moderation enough to prevent their being thought insincere. In the progress of correspondence, no subject is too light or too heavy to introduce; the slightest levities of a vacant hour, and the most solemn results of business, study, and devotion, are acceptable, and assume a consequence and value from being animated by that spirit which vivifies and gives character to the minutest act of the person possessing it. The promissory parts ought to be made with a strict regard to probability of power, and inclination to the performance; and the complimentary parts should, in spite of the dictates of gallantry, and the promptings of passion, be restrained by the strictest rules of truth, reason, and permanent applicability.

Interest is often a very great stumbling block in the progress of mutual passion; the old consider it too much, the young too little; passion perverts the latter, a forgetfulness of its effects the former: but passion leads into greater, and more irreparable errors, than extreme prudence; for which reason, the advice of seniors, of parents particularly, ought to be sought with ardor, and implicitly followed, on a topic of so much importance.

*Letter from Le Chevalier d'H—— to Mr. O——  
his Cousin.*

THIS letter is taken from the *Lettres Galantes* of M. Fontenelle, a very celebrated French author, and universal genius; he was member of the Royal Academy, and died at Paris in 1756, aged upwards of an hundred. His most famous work is "The Plurality of Worlds," a series of dialogues, on subjects of natural philosophy.

You

You distress me extremely, my dear cousin, by asking my advice on your affairs. On one hand, you are violently in love; on the other, your father threatens to disinherit you if you marry the object of your passion. Indeed I know not what advice to give. Two lines of conduct are presented to your choice, *the heroic*, which is, to sacrifice every thing to your love; and *the vulgar*, which is, not to give up fifteen thousand livres a year for a mistress.

Inclination will doubtless lead you to play the hero, but the difficulty does not lie in performing the part at present, but sustaining it in future. I would advise you to give way to your greatness of soul, if you were sure it would not forsake you, but that is not to be depended on; perhaps it may leave you the moment the business is compleated. In a word, one may be tired of heroism, but can never be tired of riches. You cannot produce an instance of fifteen thousand livres a year, unable to fix the inconstancy of mankind, as beauties are.

I am aware that you will think these arguments very gross, and that all the metaphysicians in the art of love will contradict them; but I am sorry my experience in the world does not permit me to retain sentiments which I, as well as you, think more noble and more delicate. It is not my fault if I do not believe that love alone is sufficient to constitute human felicity; I am very desirous to entertain such a belief; but why has love, within my own knowledge, deceived a thousand persons, who had relied on his promises, to enable them to live happily without other assistance? And if love is generally deceitful in his promises of happiness, when is he more to be expected to be so than when he forces us to a strict system of economy?

You perhaps expect that you will find a thousand endearments, and instances of complaisance, in the person

person you marry, because she will owe every thing to a man who has made a sacrifice of his fortune for her sake; but take care that this very circumstance does not spoil your prospects. It may very easily happen that she may not come up to your idea of the obligation conferred. I should be very sorry to have a wife to whom I was intitled to make such reproaches as you may make to yours. It appears to me a great unhappiness to have any other causes of complaint than those which naturally arise out of matrimony. The duties of a wife are already too numerous; why then should you desire to encrease them? You do not know what a torment it will be to you never to dare to complain of her; you will be obliged, in order to maintain, with honor, the election you have made, to appear always delighted at her conduct towards you, even when it is such as to torture your soul. For my own part, I must confess, that I would not on any account be abridged of my right of complaining of my wife whenever I thought proper.

Think a little of these arguments, my dear cousin; but before you make up your mind on the business, abstain from reading romances.

I have not given you a sermon in the harsh style of a father or angry uncle; my little share of wisdom does not entitle me to speak in that manner, and yet I think I have urged every topic which would have been enforced by persons much wiser, and more ill-humoured than myself.

I am, my dear Cousin,  
Your sincere and affectionate Friend.

THE chief merit of the above letter is, that it is written in that easy style which takes away from advice every appearance of a claim of superiority; and is more likely to force its way in the mind of an ingenuous young man, than the more formal admonitions

nitions with which they are sometimes assailed. 'The impropriety of sacrificing interest to passion in too great a degree is sufficiently apparent; and the manner in which a pretended lover should be treated, whose views are to pecuniary advantage only, is pointed out with great pleasantry in the following

*Letter from the Rev. Mr. Sterne to Mr. W\*\*\*\*.*

Coxwold, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house, with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—“*l'amour*” (say they) “*n'est rien sans sentiment.*”—Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annex'd to it—And so much for that same subject called love.—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune, in France, who took a liking to my daughter—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word, that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, “Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—

she

she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and, as I fear, you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.”—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refusal. I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate’s wife—as soon as I can, I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier, than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Your’s sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

---

---

It is particularly to be recommended, both to young ladies, and those interested in their future welfare, to study with the utmost attention and care the character, general conduct, and turn of mind of those who make their addresses to them; for, though love sometimes works miracles in altering the evil propensities of his votaries, yet such effects are not to be expected every day. The seven following letters are interesting in themselves, and shew the terrible consequences of a relapse from the height of virtue to which an honorable passion may raise a ferocious and vicious mind. The six first exhibit the violence of love in the bosom of a capricious tyrant; of the last, Mr. Addison says, “I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Ann of Boulogne, wife of Henry VIII. and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which

is

is still extant in the Cotton library, as written by her own hand. Shakespeare himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character; one sees in it the expostulation of a slighted lover, the resentment of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen."

*King Henry VIII. to Ann Bullen.*

My sweetheart and friend,

I and my heart put themselves into your hands, begging of you to take them to your good favour; and that, by my being absent from you, your affection may not be diminished towards them; for it would be a great pity to augment their pain; for absence gives me enough, and more than ever, and more than I could have thought; and calls to my remembrance a point of astronomy, which is this, that by how much farther the Moors are distant from the sun, the heat is notwithstanding more fervent; so it is with our love: for though we are personally distant from each other, the heat of love remains, at least on our side, and I hope the same on yours; assuring you that the anxiety of absence is already too great; and when I think of the augmentation thereof, which I must still suffer, if it was not for the firm hope I have of your inviolable affection towards me; to put you in remembrance of that, since I cannot be personally with you at present, I send you the nearest likeness to it I can, to wit, my picture set in bracelets, the only device which I have left, wishing myself in their place whenever it shall please you.  
Written by the hand of

Your Servant and Friend.

---

To

*To the same.*

The uneasiness I bore, by being uncertain of your health, gave me a great deal of trouble; nor could I enjoy any quiet without knowing the truth: but as you have as yet felt nothing, I hope I may assure you that you wil lescape\* it, as I hope we have; for we were at Waltham, where two ushers, two valets dc chambre, your brother, and master treasurer fell sick, but are now perfectly recovered; since which we betook ourselves to your house at Hondson, where, God be praised, we are very well for the present; and I believe, if you will retire from Surry, as we have done, you will escape it without any danger. And to give you still greater comfort, I am informed, of a truth, that very few or no women have fell sick, but none of our court, and that very few in these parts have died; wherefore I beg of you, my dearly beloved, to harbour no fear, nor to give yourself uneasiness at our absence: for wheresoever I am, I am yours. Notwithstanding we must sometimes obey the will of fortune; for who will, in some things, strive against her, are often drove the farthest back; wherefore comfort yourself, and be courageous, and fling away all evil as far as you can. I hope soon to make you sing the return. Time, at present, will let me write no more, but that I wish myself in your arms, to ease you of your just thoughts. Written by the hand of him who is, and ever shall be,

Your's.

\* The sweating sickness.

---

To

*To the same.*

The examining the contents of your letters put me into a very great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as in some others I understand ; begging of you, with a sincere heart, to inform me of your intentions, in regard to the love between us. Necessity obliges me to insist on this answer, having, for more than a year past, been pierced by a dart of love, not being assured where to find place in your heart and affection ; which certain last point has guarded me a little while in this, not to call you my mistress, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you ; for that denotes a singularity vastly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the part of a truly loyal mistress and friend, give yourself body and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your most loyal servant. If with rigour you do not forbid me, I promise, that not only the name shall be due to you, but likewise take you for my mistress ; rejecting and treating others, in comparison of you, far from thought and affection, and to serve you only ; begging of you to give me a full answer to this rude letter, on which, and in which I may trust. But if you do not please to give an answer in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and with a willing heart I will meet you at the place. No more, for fear of incommoding you. Written with the hand of him who would willingly remain

Your's.

---

---

*To*

*To the same.*

I heartily thank you for your handsome present, than which, well weighing the whole, nothing is more beautiful, not only for the beautiful diamond, and vessel in which the solitary damsel is tossed ; but principally for the beautiful interpretation and most humble submission, by your goodness in this case made use of, well thinking, that to merit this by opportunity will be very difficult, if your great humanity and favour did not assist me, for which I have watched, watch, and will watch all opportunities of retaliation possible ; to remain in which, my whole hope has placed its immutable intention, which says, *aut illic, aut nullibi.*

The demonstrances of your affection are such, the beautiful words, the letters so affectionately couched, which, in truth, oblige for ever to honour you, love and serve you ; begging of you to continue in this firm and constant purpose, on my part assuring you, that I will rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if loyalty of heart, desire of pleasing you, without any other motive, may advance it ; praying you, that, if any time heretofore I have given you offence, that you would give me the same pardon that you ask ; assuring you, that for the future my heart shall be wholly dedicated to you, much desiring that the body might be also, as God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I beg once a day to do it, hoping that, in time, my prayers may be heard, wishing the time to be short, thinking it very long to our review. Written by the hand of my secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is  
 Your loyal and most assured Servant,

*To the same.*

Approaching near the time, which has seemed so long to me, I rejoice the more, because it seems to me almost come, notwithstanding the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons are met; which meeting is more desired on my part than any worldly thing: for what satisfaction can be so great in this world, as to enjoy the company of one's most dearly beloved, knowing that she has the same pleasure on her side? The thought of which gives me a deal of pleasure; then judge what must the person do, whose absence has given me more heart-achings than tongue or writing can express, and which nothing but her presence can remedy? Begging you, my dear, to tell your father on my part, to come two days before the time appointed, that he may be at court before, or at least on the day fixed; for otherwise I shall think that he made not the course of the amorous, nor answered my expectation. No more at present, for want of time: hoping very soon that, by word of mouth, I shall tell you the pains I have suffered during your absence. Written by the hand of my secretary, who wishes himself now privately with you, who is, and ever will be,

Your loyal and most assured Servant.

---

*To the same.*

Darling,

These shall be only to advertise you, that this bearer and his fellow be dispatched with as many things to compass our matter, and to bring it to pass, as our wits could imagine or devise; which brought to pass, as I trust by their diligence it shall be

be shortly, you and I shall have our desired end, which should be more to my heart's ease, and more quietness to my mind than any other thing in this world, as, with God's grace, shortly I trust shall be proved; but not so soon as I would it were. Yet I will insure you there shall be no time lost that may be won, and further cannot be done, for *ultra posse non est esse.* Keep him not too long with you; but desire him, for your sake, to make the more speed: for the sooner we shall have word from him, the sooner shall our matter come to pass. And thus, upon trust of your short repair to London, I make an end of my letter, mine own sweetheart. Written with the hand of him, who desireth as much to be yours, as you do to have him.

---

*Queen Ann Bullen to King Henry.*

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 an 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 safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

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 preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which

M. 2

name

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 now I find: for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert and 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; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame) then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignomy 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 offence 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, being not 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

great sin therein, and likewise 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 judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, 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 found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleading in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with my 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, the 6th of May.

Your most loyal,  
And ever faithful Wife,  
Anne Bullen.

---

DECLARATIONS of love, whether to the object of the passion, or those interested in their welfare, are amongst the most embarrassing topics of correspondence which can be imagined; I shall give a few specimens, from which a general idea may be formed of the manner in which such sentiments ought to be communicated; and cannot help repeating here that the simplicity of affection shewn in the first of the following letters, though divested of every appearance of elegance of composition, or gracefulness of style, is far preferable to those studied effusions which breathe nothing but affectation and vanity.

M 3,

To

*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body sometimes, when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land; and a house; and there is never a yard of land in our field but it is as well worth ten pound a year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for. Besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, peace be with her soul, the good old gentlewoman has left me a good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to well.

Your loving Servant till death,  
Mister Gabriel Bullock,  
*(now my Father is dead.)*

THE above is a genuine letter, written by a substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, and given to Sir Richard Steele by Mr. Browne Willis, the antiquary.

*Letter*

*Letter from a Gentleman to a Lady, disclosing his Passion.*

Madam,

Those only who have suffered them, can tell the unhappy moments of hesitative uncertainty which attend the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection; I, who have felt their greatest, and most acute torments, could not previous to my experience, have formed the remotest idea of their severity. Every one of those qualities in you which claimed my admiration, increased my diffidence by shewing the great risque I run, in venturing, perhaps before my affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you.

Our acquaintance has not been momentary, rashly formed, and slightly cemented, but has "grown with our growth," and from a constant contemplation of your increasing amiabilities, I am sensible that you alone can form the felicity of my future life. A passion formed on such a basis, and secured by such motives, can hardly fail of being permanent, and should it be my good fortune, by means of the most tender attentions to render it reciprocal, I shall consider myself the happiest of men, in the certain prospect of permanent bliss.

My family and connections are so well known to you, that I need say nothing of them; if I am disappointed of the place I hope to hold in your affection, I trust this step will not draw on me the risque of losing the friendship of yourself and family, which I value so highly that an object less ardently desired, or really estimable, could not induce me to take a step by which it should be, in any manner hazarded.

I am, Madam,  
Your affectionate Admirer, and sincere Friend.

*The Answer.*

Sir,

I acknowledge without loss of time the receipt of your letter, and the obligations I feel to you for the sentiments expressed in it; and assure you, that whatever may be the event of your solicitations in another quarter, the sentiments of friendship I feel, from a long acquaintance with you will not be, in any manner altered.

Neither etiquette or propriety can subject the mind to the degrading necessity of prevarication or falsehood, and I should be guilty of both were I to deny that the tenor of your past behavior has been such, as to raise you in my esteem, much above the level of the rest of my acquaintance. The frankness of this declaration must guarantee my sincerity in what I am about to add; there are many points besides mere personal regard to be considered, in the formation of a connexion for life, which must be either exquisitely happy, or poignantly miserable. With respect to these, I must refer to the superior knowledge of my father and brother, and if the result of their inquiries is such as my *presentiments*, and I will add, my wishes, suggest, I have no doubt my happiness will be attended to by a permission to decide for myself.

At all events, I shall never cease to feel obliged by a preference, in itself sufficiently flattering, and rendered still more so by the handsome manner in which it is expressed; and I hope, if my parents should see cause to decline the proposed favor of your alliance, it will not produce such disunion between our families, as to deprive us of friends who possess a great portion of our esteem, and regard.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and sincere Friend,  
And humble Servant.

From

*From a Gentleman to a Lady, after a short Acquaintance, and previous to a temporary separation.*

My necessary absence from this place involves me in circumstances of embarrassment I never experienced on any former occasion, as it compels me, rather precipitately, perhaps, to address my dear Emma on a topic which comprehends my whole scheme of future happiness.

I trust my behaviour has not been so vague or general in the course of our acquaintance, as to give no index to my thoughts, or to render this step, though premature, intirely unexpected: for a person favored with your company as I have been, to feel the sentiments I feel, cannot be deemed matter of surprise; if my presumption in expressing them exceeds reasonable expectation, I must claim the privilege of a lover, to indulge the unreasonable reveries of hope; but, I have a more firm reliance on your candor and strength of mind, which will scorn the paltry assistance of art, and give attention to the merits of my cause, though unskilfully pleaded, and ungraciously introduced.

From my acquaintance with your mind, sentiments, and talents, I am led to believe that you exclusively can render my future life happy, and, under the influence of those ideas, I offer myself a candidate for your preference; the attempt is daring, but the reward is great.

If any correspondence of sentiment induces you to favor my wishes, I shall anxiously wait your instructions as to the manner of communicating them to your family; if not, and I am compelled to resign my hopes on this subject, I think I hardly need caution a mind so gentle and humane, to receive, even a disagreeable proposal without contempt, and reject it without harshness.

M 5

I will

I will offer no apology for not adopting a conduct I am sure you would despise; I have not stained the page of love with glittering compliments or general professions, the tender of my heart, the most I can give, and the risque of my felicity, the most I can lose, must evince my sincerity.

I know absence deprives me of the greatest advantage a lover can possess, that of personally inforsing his suit, but as I do not wish to avail myself of an extorted moment of tenderness, but to lay the foundation of a series of affectionate sentiments, I am rather pleased that I shall receive no answer but such as will have been prompted by mature reflection and deliberation.

I am, my dear Emma,  
Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

P. S. The time of my absence is limited to three weeks, at the end of which I shall hope for your answer.

### *The Answer.*

I received your letter, my worthy friend, a few days since; I will not do so much injustice either to your affiduities, or my own discernment, to say the purport of it was intirely unexpected. There are instances when mere gallantry is made to wear the form of love, at the hazard of the person's feelings so trifled with; but when I read your character, dissimulation had no place in it; I mention this, not only as a gratification to you, but to take off the imputation of vanity from my supposing myself possessed of your affection.

The high opinion you have formed of me, and the very superior confidence you suppose me to deserve, fill my mind with the truest gratitude, and demand

the

the utmost candor and sincerity; and though it may sometimes call forth the blush of female delicacy to avow sentiments of mutual approbation, yet there are periods when propriety compels such a disclosure: I will ingenuously confess that there appears a similarity in our dispositions, which I flatter myself may produce happiness: in this essential point, the prospect appears pleasing, but there are others remain which must, at present, continue in an uncertain state, and of which I can be but an incompetent judge.

Whenever I make the important change, my whole system of happiness will depend on that particular event of my life, and, as it would be the study of my future existence, to render the person happy with whom I should be united, so it would be the extreme of wretchedness, if I did not meet with reciprocal attention. You cannot therefore be surprized if I look forward with caution to a state which admits of no mediocrity, but must either make me the most happy of beings, or the most miserable. Our acquaintance has yet been but short, but should we experience a continuation of it, I hope we shall find it additionally valuable, and I trust you will ever find in me that gentleness of disposition you at present think I possess, and which will always increase by tenderness and affection.

You request my instructions as to what manner you shall communicate your wishes to my family: before you put such a measure in practice, I should rather have some conversation with you personally, soon after your return, as a plan may then be formed to introduce the subject to their attention, more satisfactorily than can be done by letter, as I would on no account impose on you a task which would be extremely distressing, if not well received.

Though it affords me the most exalted felicity to confer it on another; yet let me intreat you not to be greatly elated by the encouragement I have

given to your wishes; the matter still rests upon uncertainty; and inclination must too frequently be subservient to prudence: I offer this hint that you may be the better prepared should a disappointment terminate the subject in agitation.

I was hurt you should deem it necessary to caution me against a harsh rejection of your proposal; I should detest myself if I were capable of treating the feelings of another with contempt, more especially when so decided a preference is paid me; but I guess the source of your reflection, and forgive it.

I thank you for the mode you have pursued of disclosing your sentiments, and have replied to them with the maturest deliberation. I feel anxious to hear you had a pleasant journey, and are returned well.

I am,

Your grateful and obliged Friend.

---

---

*From a Gentleman to a Young Lady of superior Fortune.*

Madam,

I can no longer do so great violence to my inclinations, and injustice to your charms and merits, as to retain within my own breast those sentiments of esteem and affection with which you have inspired me.

I should have hazarded this discovery much sooner, but was restrained by a dread of meeting censure for my presumption in aspiring to the possession of a lady, whom beauty, wit, and fortune have conspired to raise so high above my reasonable expectations. The two former, though incomparably more valuable in my eyes, did not create so much diffidence as the latter: your beauty receives its highest finish, from that unalterable serenity, and good nature, which not only inspire love, but dispel fear: and your wit, scorning

the

the aid of frowardness, or what is often called a satirical turn, is never used adverfarily, unless to repel impertinence, or depress self sufficiency; these then could not be the cause of my embarrassment, but the dread of the imputation a man must submit to, who makes his addresses to a Lady much his superior in point of fortune, has been the cause of many moments and hours of indescribable agony and suspense.

You have judgment enough both of your own good qualities, and the characters of those with whom you converse, to make a proper estimate of my sincerity on this occasion, but others may judge through another medium, and as I risque all my happiness in the event of this application, I fear every circumstance which may prove an impediment to the attainment of my wishes. I am above deceit, and have not, therefore, at any period of our acquaintance, pretended to be a man of greater property than I am, which conduct I hope will tend to convince you of my general sincerity; believe me, my dearest A——, were our circumstances reversed, I should hardly take to myself the credit of doing a generous action, in overlooking the consideration of wealth, and making you an unreserved tender of my hand and fortune. I shall await your answer in a state of most miserable impatience, and therefore rely on your humanity not to keep me long in suspense.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

### *The Answer.*

Sir,

Giving you credit as I do, for an elevation of mind, capable of the most generous sentiments, I cannot believe you guilty of the meanness of speculating on the

the heart of a Lady, with a view to her property; and knowing your accomplished manners, and cultivated understanding, I feel the greatest obligation to you for the polite and affectionate declaration contained in your letter. I acknowledge myself pleased by a preference so much to my credit, and interested for the success of a suit in which my own happiness is involved; but in an affair of so much importance, I cannot be guided by my own predilection alone, but must refer myself entirely to the discretion of my father, not doubting that if your character turns out unexceptionable, as I feel confident it will, the difference of fortune will be so modified, as not to form an insuperable obstacle to our union. At the same time, I must caution you against feeling hurt at minute inquiries, and resolute objections, which may perhaps be made; young people think too little of wealth, old ones, *perhaps*, too much; but I know my father's prudence and kindness so well, as to pledge myself to abide by his final decision whatever pain it may cost me. Yet I advise you not to despair of success, as you will find a warm, and zealous advocate in

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant.

*The Gentleman's Letter to the Lady's Father.*

Dear Sir,

The topic on which I am about to address you is of the most serious importance, and fills me with confusion and fear, for, as a rejection of my request would, besides the very severe disappointment of my hopes, imply a censure of my presumption, I should labour under the double distress which such a concurrence must produce.

To expatiate on the virtues and amiable qualities of your daughter must, on this occasion, be an useless effort.

effort. The favor I solicit of being permitted for ever to unite myself to them, will, I hope and trust, sufficiently convince you of my sense of them, and, I am persuaded, no eulogium of mine can make her appear more amiable or valuable in your eyes. My admiration has increased with the term of our acquaintance; judging of yours by the same principle, it can receive no accumulation from any thing I can advance.

From a serious man who is requested to fix, by his determination, the fate of such a daughter for life, I must necessarily expect the strictest inquiries into my character and circumstances, therefore to say a little on those points, will not, I trust, be deemed an impertinent egotism, but merely a candid inclination to satisfy or direct those inquiries.

So early in that part of life which can be denominated active, it cannot be supposed I can have acquired a very brilliant professional character; the absence of blame is all that can be expected; the increasing confidence of my friends, and the general satisfaction of those with whom I have had any professional intercourse, afford me the most flattering, as well as advantageous assurance of that being unexceptionable. The moral character of almost every individual, is involved in a degree of mystery which the longest acquaintance can hardly develope, or I should, without hesitation, appeal to your own discernment and candor, to do me justice in that particular. Actions form the only criterion to judge by; in those I can boldly assert myself free from criminal imputation, and I can refer to persons whose situations in life exempt them from suspicion, and who have known me from a time of life when hypocrisy was impossible, and, if practicable, of no advantage, for a testimony of my propriety of conduct.

With respect to my circumstances, I can, with very little pain to myself, state the exact truth. I rely

rely on my talents for my support and advancement in life: of those, and their sufficiency, you are, doubtless, a competent judge; for me then to descant on them, and, from a narrative of the past, to state my hopes of the future, must appear mere ostentation. My prospect is, at present, without a cloud; I look back with pleasure, and forward with increased confidence: an event, which, according to reasonable probabilities, must soon take place, will put me in possession of a considerable sum of money, and if that does not happen so soon as I may expect, yet those resources by which I have been enabled hitherto to maintain myself, cannot fail me. I state these things, Sir, merely to obviate any idea which might arise in your mind, that my motives for this address are merely mercenary. I assure you, most solemnly, that is not the case. The possession of a Lady, so every way qualified to make life happy as your daughter, and an alliance with a family where so many social virtues are concentrated, chiefly influence my wishes.

I acknowledge that the man who courts such an alliance, ought reasonably to be expected to bring something more than a character free from reproach, and a heart fraught with affection. The consciousness of this gives me the most heartfelt pain; but I rely on your sensibility and philanthropy to overlook that deficiency which does not result from any fault, or could have been prevented or averted by any exertion of mine. At all events, if I am not to succeed in my present application, I had rather attribute my miscarriage to that than any other cause; and I entreat you to believe that I am not so blinded by self-love, that any termination this matter may take can alter those sentiments with which I shall always be proud to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,  
Your sincere Friend and humble Servant.

*The*

*The Answer.*

Dear Sir,

Whatever event may attend your solicitations, it is incumbent on me to acknowledge the obligation I am under to you, as a gentleman, for the very tender and affectionate attention you display towards my dear Anna, as well as polite partiality for our whole family.

I have considered, and reconsidered the purport of your letter, but must confess that I wish it had been more explanatory with respect to your affairs; you will therefore excuse me, Sir, if I beg to receive, in your answer to this letter, plain, positive, and categorical replies to the following questions, which I think it necessary for me to propose; and I leave it to your own reflection, whether, when you consider me as the father of a treasure of such inestimable value in your eye, I ought not to be acquainted with the minutest particular, relative to your expectances; the average of your professional income; and your moral character.

First then, I beg to know; from whom, by name, you expect any addition to your fortune; What that addition may amount to? What relations you have? Whether any brothers or sisters, and if so, whether you are the elder? Be pleased, likewise, Sir, to inform me, whether you are heir to any landed property? And what may be the produce, on the average, arising from your profession? The last thing, I, at present, request to know, is, who those persons are to whom you promise, in your letter, to refer me for a testimony of your moral character?

Your conduct as a gentleman, and your good understanding, so far as I can judge, from the short duration of our acquaintance, appear to me unimpeachable; and I trust that your moral character, when scrutinized, will shine with superior lustre.

When

When I am satisfied concerning the above particulars, I shall state, most candidly, the result, to my daughter, and every other part of my family, as the duty of both parent and husband commands me. Anna will then judge for herself, and I trust, and pray that she may determine wisely.

Until I have the honor of hearing from you again, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

---

*Letter from a Young Lady to a Gentleman declining his Addresses.*

Sir,

I am extremely sorry any part of my conduct, which was only meant to convey general politeness, and respect to the friends of my Father, should have been so misconstrued as to have afforded ground for the hopes expressed in yours, which I have just received. I am as much an enemy to those arts of delusion, which induce persons to risque some portion of their happiness by entertaining an ineffectual passion, as to that trifling disposition which delays information till the party is so confirmed in his error, that his cure is desperate; I haste, therefore, to thank you for the politeness of your letter, and to inform you that I feel no sentiment in my mind, which should induce you to persevere in a pursuit which can only end in disappointment and rejection.

I cannot omit to notice an insinuation in yours, respecting a supposed pre-engagement on my part; whether such a hint proceeds from vanity or misinformation it is equally injurious and indelicate. Two persons only have a right to interrogate me on such a subject: to you my only answer must be, that taking

taking your supposition in the affirmative, you have no reason to hope to supplant the object of my predilection; or taking the negative, my mind is not so intirely vacant, that your idea is absolutely necessary to prevent total vapidity. Wishing you more success in another quarter,

I remain, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

---

*From a Widow to a Young Gentleman, rejecting his Suit.*

Sir,

Unfortunately for the impression intended to be made by your tender epistle, I was, at the moment it was brought me, reading Hudibras. I could quote from that poem many lines applicable to the subject of your letter, but as you can get the book in print, I will trouble you with no more than is absolutely necessary of my indifferent scrawl. The objections I have to make to the proposal contained in your letter are but few, but they demand some attention, and will, I believe, be rather difficult to obviate.

You are, by your own account, two and twenty, I am, by mine, six and forty; you are too young to know the duties of a father: I have a son who is seventeen, and consequently too old to learn the duties of a son from one so little senior to himself. Thus much with respect to age. As to the little fortune I possess, I consider myself merely trustee for my children, and will not, therefore, impose on you, by acceeding to the common report, that I am rich. However, as you have borne a Lieutenant's commission these three years, as you tell me, you may, perhaps, have reserved out of the profits of that,

that; a sufficient sum to obviate every difficulty on that head.

I will press these subjects no farther, when you can convince me, that in point of age, fortune, and morals, you are such a person as I can, without reproach, take for a husband, and admit as guardian to my children, I shall cease to think, as I now candidly confess I do, that motives far from honorable or disinterested have influenced your application: till that happens, I must regret that an ill-timed effort of gallantry, on your part, deprives me of the pleasure of subscribing myself

Your sincere friend, and humble Servant.

---

*From a Lady to a Gentleman, whose Addresses were favored by her Guardian, but whom she does not approve.*

Sir,

Obliged as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and that your regard for me will be best shewn

shewn by desisting from a pursuit, which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

E. M.

---

Of the six following letters, the first five were written by Sir Richard Steele to his lady, previous to their union; the last, after they had been married a great number of years: they shew the style of a man who makes his addresses, as a man of honor and a christian; not as a romantic hero, or whining coxcomb; and prove the superior durability of a passion formed on principles of virtue and proper consideration.

Madam,

If my vigilance and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you: I say, madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its aching. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! How is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper; and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity; to grant it, would make more for your triumph: to give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance  
of

of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition: as I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

Madam, I am

Your most devoted,

most obedient Servant.

---

---

Madam,

Before the light this morning dawned upon the earth, I waked, and lay in expectation of its return; not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection! This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex insnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind; your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed

as

as yours is, our days will pass away with joy ; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

I am, dearest creature,  
Your most obedient,  
most devoted Servant.

---

Madam,

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business : as for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, what news from Holland ? and I answered, she is exquisitely handsome : another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor ? I replied, she designs to go with me. Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you ; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours.

---

Dear Creature,

Next to the influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than

returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

Madam, your most faithful,  
most obedient humble Servant.

---

Madam,

I beg pardon that my paper is not finer; but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth is love: love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other.

I am, for ever,  
Your faithful Servant.

---

Madam,

I heartily beg your pardon for my omission to write yesterday. It was no failure of my tender regard for

you; but having been very much perplexed in my thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it until I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in when you gave your hand and heart to,

Madam, your most grateful husband,  
and obedient Servant.

---

THE quarrels of lovers are, to a proverb, easy of adjustment, and generally esteemed favourable to the passion, but too often repeated, they weaken the sentiments of affection, and give rise to those disagreeable recollections which make matrimonial life unhappy. The following letters were written by Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, during one of these temporary misunderstandings: Mr. Griffith was a gentleman at the Irish bar, Mrs. Griffith, besides her share in the collection of letters between Henry and Frances, wrote "an Essay on the Morality of Shakespeare;" some dramatic, and other pieces.

Sir,

You have behaved with great dishonor: you have shewed my letters to ——; and you could not have any temptation to this but what was disengenuous: for it was impossible for a person of illiberal education to form any sort of judgment upon them, except what must be to the disadvantage of my character.

Farewel for life.

VOL. I.

N

Madam,

Madam,

I approve of the resentment you have shewn ; and am so pleased with the propriety of your behaviour, upon so nice an occasion, that I readily forgive the hastiness of your censure, and shall do you the justice I owe to your merit, by vindicating myself to you from any baseness in the particular you hint at.

The person you mention has been an old friend of mine ; I have a good regard for him. He had been for some time engaged in a platonic amour, which, though there was nothing criminal in, I often advised him against, as the indiscretion of it might possibly become fatal. I found that the principal thing that attached him was the lady's letters, which he challenged all literature to produce any writings equal to. From a mere impulse of friendship, I read one or two of yours to him, which soon convinced our inamorato that his correspondent was not such a héroïne, as he imagined, in sense, style, taste or sentiment.

I did not mention your name upon my honor : but, if you doubt that *affeeration*, let the vanity you seem to suspect bear testimony for me. Your writings must have hinted an higher rank in life for my fair incognita, than either your station, fortune, or education intitle you to. But his knowledge of your name was owing to an imprudence of your own, when he and I were lately in Dublin together.

Whatever improper use he has made of this discovery, he is answerable to me for, but I stand acquitted to you of any thing disingenuous or base. I came to town for no other purpose but to justify myself before you ; I attend your commands, and am, with true respect, and sincere regard,

Madam, &c.

Sir,

Sir,

I am sorry for this adventure ——, perhaps, I ought not to be sorry for it. You hint very justly, that I have neither rank or fortune; I have, therefore, nothing but character to depend upon; and the surest method which my prudence inspires me with, to defend that best, that only treasure, is never to converse or correspond with you more.

If you have any spark of honor remaining, you will not refuse to exchange our letters; and as this is, probably, the last request I shall ever make to you, I shall be obliged if you'll send me your miniature picture, which I refused before. I mean it as a talisman, to guard my too sincere, and unsuspecting nature, against the arts and baseness of every other man. One look of that piece, like Medusa's head, will harden my heart to stone; for in love, contrary to religion, tis want of faith, that saves us.

May success attend you in every virtuous scheme of life. Amen!

Adieu !

---

---

Madam,

I shall obey your commands as soon as I return to the country. I remember the reason for your refusing to accept of my picture was, that you did not think it like. It will be, therefore, a very proper appendage to attend your letters, as I am convinced they were as little the transcript of your heart. True love would have stood a stronger trial than what you have been weakly tempted with. As there are some singular constitutions, that never catch the small-pox, there are also more extraordinary natures unsusceptible of love. This, however, being an imperfection in their frame, they feel themselves very often afflicted

with very awkward sensations; a vacancy in their hearts, an indetermination in their minds, and a certain tediousness of life; to relieve which, such *anomalous* persons are obliged to assume an amour, and by frequent feigning, come at last to deceive themselves: as a man who turns often round, will feel all the giddiness of one who is drunk: but both these cheats are immediately detected, if they shall venture to act or speak *rationally* under such personated characters. I deny your allusion; religion is love, reciprocally; and a deficiency of faith cannot be orthodox. Fanny has imposed upon herself, but has now undeceived me.

I wish you security from knaves, and a man of merit success in your favour.

Farewell.

---

---

Belmont.

I HAVE brought your letters thus far, that I might flatter myself with the possession of them half a day longer; and that they may be the less time between your hands and mine, as I can intercept the stage this day at dinner.

I was several times tempted to break my word with you, for the first time I declare, lest the recollection, which these dear memorandums may give you, of your having once loved me so well, may provoke you now to hate me, even more than you do. I return them to you as the only equivalent I could ever make you for their value; and from a principle I have somewhere before mentioned, that I shall never desire any tie over the person I love but their own inclinations; and this is the reason, perhaps, that I never married yet, though never tempted to

to it but once in my life ; and for their sake, more than my own, rejoice now that it never happened.

In return for your letters, you offered me mine, but I desired you to burn them, which I now revoke, leaving them entirely at your disposal ; for the only reason I had for destroying them was, that they might never be ashamed in company with *your's* ; but, as I desire you will keep *them* safe, mine may serve to explain or illustrate some passages ; for, foils they need not.

I often refused you your letters, and should ever have continued obstinate in that point, while I had any hopes of pleasing you otherwise ; but, in that despair, part madly with the only things which can please myself now.

In order to make this sacrifice the stronger, I read over all your letters before I parted with them ; though this was a fond folly, as I am very sure I had every one of them by heart before. And now, my ever best beloved girl, accept these returned dear pledges, as a sacrifice fit for the Gods ; religiously so, as I flatter myself, from former recollection, the heart joined in the address. Let them boast of inspiration, if heavenly spirits can taste of vanity ; of this loan you have acquitted yourself back with interest ; for the rays of inspiration, like sun-beams, give light in the direct line, but owe their heat to reflection.

I kept all your letters, as they were wrote by you ; and restore them now, because I believe you repent your ever having wrote them.

" Lifeless charms, without the heart."

I shall always remember, with love and gratitude, any kindness you ever showed me ; I unfeignedly forgive the severe treatment I have lately met with

from you, and I shall hereafter rest satisfied in whatever light you are pleased to regard me,

As a Lover, Friend, Companion,

Or most humble and obedient Servant.

---

THE following letter is written on one of the most embarrassing topics which can employ the pen of a lady; that of demanding categorically of a gentleman an explanation of his views and intentions, after a long courtship. It is the production of Mrs. Griffith.

The kind concern my dear Harry expressed in his last letter for my health, would, I think, render me unpardonable, if I did not feel as much pleasure in acquainting him with my recovery, as, I flatter myself, he will receive from the account. I am indeed much better, thanks to my regard for you; for were I not persuaded that my life is of moment to your happiness, how earnestly should I wish to abandon it! The love of life, which is, I believe, implanted in the heart of every creature, renders death formidable to us while we are in perfect health; but when the animal spirits are weakened by pain, when we only live to misery, our sentiments are wholly changed, and we wish for death, as a relief from torment. Think then, if my every thought, hope, and wish were not centered in you, how earnestly should I have desired a deliverance from pain! But perhaps I deceive myself; perhaps, in contradiction to what I have said, the voice of nature, more powerful than even that of love, made me wish to live; perhaps my life is of no consequence to you: "I will, however, endeavour to banish the cruel reason, that would inform me; and preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life." As my first wish is

to

to be beloved by you, my second is to be approved; let me then, my dear Harry, giving full force to your protestations, account for what you unjustly call caprice. I own I love you enough to be guilty of the very folly you charge me with, embittering the present happiness by the fear of losing it. But it is not from this motive that I have mentioned our parting. I know and feel that my affection and friendship for you increase daily; therefore cannot suspect that yours for me are lessened; but whenever I dare venture to ask myself what will be the end of our mutual attachment, I tremble at the reply my reason makes, and almost wish we hated one another. For the present, my regard for you renders every pleasure in life insipid to me, and every action indifferent that has not some relation to you; my whole time and thoughts are devoted to you; and business, or pleasure, are alike hateful to me. For this indifference of the objects that surround me, I think myself amply rewarded by the pleasure I receive from your letters; and wish for no other recompence for all my love and tenderness, but a continuation of yours. But tell me, my dearest Harry, what will all this end in? the little circle of my acquaintance speak of my attachment to you with seeming pity, from a belief that you have none to me. The world, in general, treat me in the severest manner on your account. Answer me now, my heart's dear Harry, with truth and justice, for reason prompts the question, and honor will not dally longer, Can you, indeed, lay your hand upon that dear breast where Fanny's heart inhabits, and tell me you have love, honor, and constancy enough to repay all her past, present, and future sufferings, by seriously intending, whenever it is in your power, to make her your wife? Consider well this point, for it is of the highest moment to us both; and on your answer entirely depends my continuing those pleasing ideas,

ideas, which have hitherto supported me through the various scenes of distress I have suffered for you ; or, by a proper resolution, erasing them and you for ever from my heart. Let not a false delicacy for yourself, or an affected tenderness for me, prevent your speaking your sentiments with that frankness which, I think, I ever merited from you ; and be assured, your speaking candidly, should it even acquaint me with the most unwelcome truths, will raise you higher in my esteem, than your attempting to amuse me with unmeaning expressions of regard. I do not indeed suspect, that you have hitherto said any thing to me which you did not think ; but, as the matter in question is of the nicest nature, I would guard against every thing which could possibly aggravate the misfortune I am taught to apprehend.

Your reproaching me with want of tenderness I can readily forgive : for as my heart is armed so strong with truth, that it repels the darts, nor suffers it to wound your image, which is lodged in its inmost recesses ; next, as my often mentioning our parting, without having courage to assign the cause, might well warrant your seeming suspicion of my affection ; though I dare venture to affirm, you never yet injured me so far, as in reality to doubt it.

Let me now, my dear and best beloved Harry, conjure you by all the love and tenderness you ever vowed to me, to rest assured, that the words which I have wrote, on the melancholy subject of our parting, have been so many daggers to my heart ; and that no light suspicion of your love, or idle caprice of my own, has occasioned my reducing you to an explanation, which I would part with a limb to avoid : for though I cannot, will not doubt your love, I tremble at the trial. No, my own heart bears witness to your truth ; it is filled with you, and you alone : why then should I not, in contradiction

dition to the world, believe this faithful evidence? Alas! I fear it is too much your friend!

Deliver me, I entreat you, my heart's dear Harry, from the painful situation I am in: raise me, at once, to a higher sense of happiness than I have yet known, or plunge me into such a state of misery, as can only be relieved by the sad cure of all our ills.

I thank you for your account of Belmont. You may indeed congratulate me on every circumstance which gives you pleasure; assured of this, that I receive a double joy by reflection: and were we this moment for ever separated, your happiness and interests would still continue far dearer to me than my own.

You have commanded me not to apologize for my writing; I obey: though conscious that, as all my letters are wrote from the heart, they have nothing to atone for their folly, but their sincerity; which will ever impel me, through every season, change, and chance of life, to subscribe myself

Your's, and only your's,  
Frances.

### MATRIMONY.

THIS is one of the most important occurrences in life, and one which demands the most serious deliberation previous to being entered on, and the most cautious demeanor afterwards. The necessity of saying much on this subject is superseded by the two following letters: the first is by Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in Ireland, who was born in 1667, and died in 1745; he was a wit and politician of the first eminence; his poetry is often disgraced by a coarseness of thought unworthy a gentleman,

and unfit for a modest audience, but, in general, he is a just and valuable, though severe, monitor; and the letter inserted here, though replete with just sentiments, is marked with that cynical contempt of the fair sex, which rendered an amiable woman, to whom he was privately married, completely miserable. The other is by Mrs. Thrale, and affords a striking specimen of her good sense, and justness of observation.

*Dr. Swift to a young Lady on her Marriage.*

Madam,

The hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex are subject. I have always borne an intire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband hath been, for some years past, my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not introduce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind, without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion and true friend through every stage of life. It must be there-

therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person, who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual, in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgusting to all who have good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it, the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast; reserve your kind looks and language for private hours,

hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you, to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad, start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let their master in ; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if her husband happens to stay out, and receive him, at his return, with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be the more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics ; and a day must be fixed for a return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather : upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to affirm, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a year in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of cleanliness and sweetness in their persons ; for the satyrical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy ; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together ? I shall only add,  
upon

upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, 'That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.'

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company; which however is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the stile of the world, will pass for good company; whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general rule with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions to come off with victory, upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand. In these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen

fools

fools are in all conscience as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year ; for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will, which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or amusement agreeable ; but a knot of ladies got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction ; and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she companions, because they will surely fix a coxcomb upon you ; and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dressings ; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander ; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will always be for you ; to receive and discard servants by her approbation and dislike ; to engage you, by her insinuations, into misunderstandings with your best friends ; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the great affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and

and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste, it is true; and it is happy for you that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue! but neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment. And although he is not capable of using you ill; yet you will, in time, grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did and ever will put an end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good-loving, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has no being but in play-books and romances.

You must use, therefore, all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself; you must improve your mind by pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of; you must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading of them, and making extracts from them. If your memory be weak, you must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish.

He

He will have regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other, without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands, for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, *that women are incapable of conversation*. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or play-house: and when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each other's lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas, as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut and colour of your dresses: as divines say, that some people take more pains to be damn'd, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures; but a sort of species, hardly a degree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for ought I know, would equally become them.

I would

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress should be one degree below what your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a fine petticoat can give you, because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences, out of your compass, you will get more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your parts. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own countries, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments; rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it, as any one may find, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to

to disconcert them. It is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you, therefore, to read aloud more or less every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit, by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider that after the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning, to the perfection of a *schol-boy*. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified, because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex, and have no relief but in passing their afternoons in visits where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time; whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of

the

the court and town, paid their addresses, without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman; I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature, nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both; there is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of *cowardice*; yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a *spider*, an *earwig*, or a *frog*; at least if *cowardice* be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtue equally becomes both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness, which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy; for as you cannot too much disconcert those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude choking expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their

their company, happens to have a blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such *termagants* as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals, disguised in female habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities he really possesteth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not; for although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side, but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expense*, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat; without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct  
by

by it, and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your *sex*, and a perpetual comfort to your *husband* and your *parents*. I am, with great truth and affection,

Madam,

Your most faithful Friend,  
and humble Servant, &c,

---

*Mrs. Thrale to a Gentleman on his Marriage.*

My dear Sir,

I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us, that this is impossible, and experience informs us, that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and

it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollect'd, that no object, however sublime, no sounds, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn

scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself, that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common, to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she fees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones, the orientalist, leads up the ball.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves, that she means to make herself amends by the attention

tion of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance, than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port-wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown

thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never tease her: tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuse it. And now, farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

---

THE felicity of married life depends, in a great measure, on the keeping up of that affectionate tenderness which the parties felt before that event; in the last section I gave a specimen in a letter from Sir Richard Steele to his Lady; the following, from the Tatler is of his composition, and deserves to be esteemed for its tenderness, and true politeness.

*Letter from a Gentleman to his Wife.*

My dear Wife,

Before this short absence from you I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though, at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehensions lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit it is hardly a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance.

I am, &c.

---

*From Mrs. Rivers, near her Death, to her Husband  
Colonel Rivers, in Spain.*

Before this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a comfort to you that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness

ness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end: This is a frailty which I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian Angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person, for whom you lament, offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again.

Farewell for ever.

If any thing can excuse the sinfulness and folly of a match made in direct opposition to the will of parents and friends, it is the constancy of affection displayed in the following, in reading which it is impossible not to regret that that virtue should have been unaccompanied with the very valuable one, discretion.

*Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell.*

Master secretary, after my poor recommendations, which are little to be regarded of me that am a poor banished creature,—this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and to me. I am sure it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have both of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by the reason of our marriage without their knowledge, wherein we both do yield ourselves faulty, and do acknowledge that we did not well to be so hasty or so bold without their knowledge. But one thing, good master secretary, consider, that he was young, and love overcame reason; and for my part, I saw so much honesty in him that I loved him as well as he did me, and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty: so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and to forsake all other ways, and live a poor honest life with him: and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the king's gracious favour and the queen's. For well I might have had a greater man of birth, and a higher; but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man. And besides that, he is both come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his grace's

grace's pleasure) to do the king service as any young gentleman in his court. Therefore, good master secretary, this shall be my suit to you, that for the love that well I know you do bear to all my blood, though for my part I have deserved it but smally, by the reason of my vile conditions, as to put my husband to the king's grace, that he may do his duty as all other gentlemen do. And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness, who ever was wont to take pity, to have pity on us; and that it would please his grace of his goodness, to speak to the queen's grace for us; for as far as I can perceive, her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that without the king be so good lord to us as to withdraw his rigour and sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favour, which is too heavy to bear. And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us, for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again; wherefore it is the more charity to help. But if I were at my liberty and might chuse, I assure you, master secretary, for my little time I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I had rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest queen christened; and I believe verily he is in the same case with me, for I believe verily he would not forsake me to be a king; therefore, good master secretary, being we are so well together, and do intend to live so honest a life, though it be but poor, show part of your goodness to us, as well as you do to all the world besides; for I promise you ye have the name to help all them that have need; and amongst all your suitors, I dare be bold to say that you have no matter more to be pitied than ours; and therefore for God's sake be good to us, for in you is all our trust; and I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord my father, and my lady, to be good to us, and to let me have their blessings, and my husband their good will, and

O 3

I will

I will never desire more of them. Also I pray you  
desire my lord of Norfolk, and my lord my brother  
to be good to us; I dare not write to them, they are  
so cruel against us; but if with any pain that I could  
take with my life I might win their good wills, I  
promise you there is no child living would venture  
more than I; and so I pray you to report by me, and  
you shall find my writing true; and in all points  
which I may please them in, I shall be ready to obey  
them neareſt my husband, whom I am most bound  
to, to whom I most heartily beseech you to be good  
unto, who for my sake is a poor banished man, for  
an honest and a godly cause; and being that I have  
read in old books that ſome for as just causes have by  
kings and queens been pardoned by the ſuit of good  
folks, I trust it ſhall be our chance, through your  
good help, to come to the ſame, as knoweth the God  
who ſendeth you health and heart's eafe. Scribbled  
with her ill hand, who is your poor humble ſuitor  
always to command.

Mary Stafford.

### CONGRATULATION.

*Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.*

The Lady to whom this letter was written, is cele-  
brated in that exquisite Poem the Rape of the  
Lock.

You are by this time ſatisfied how much the tender-  
ness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the  
addresses of a thouſand. And by this time the gentle-  
man you have made choice of is ſensible, how great is  
the

the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion; but I am really more a well wisher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty.— Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean truth; and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed while he is living,

Your, &c.

*Mr. Shenstone to Mr. —— on the same Occasion.*

THE amiable Poet who wrote this letter was born in 1714, died in 1763. He possessed every virtue but prudence; he was author of sundry elegiac and pastoral Poems, of the greatest merit.

O 4

Dear

This was written August 21, 1748;  
but not sent till the 28th.

Dear Sir,

How little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more insignificant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you give me of the person whom you have made choice of, to whom I desire you to pay my sincere and most affectionate compliments.

I shall always be glad to find you *præsentibus æquum*, though I should always be pleased when I saw you *tentantem majora*. I think you should neglect no opportunity at this time of life to push your fortune so far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarrassed with those kind of solicitudes towards the evening of your day;

“ *Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,*  
“ *Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes!*”

I would have you acquire, if possible, what the world calls, with some propriety, an easy fortune; and what I interpret, such a fortune as allows of some inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in suspence about the laying out a shilling:—this kind of advice may seem extremely dogmatical in me; but, if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I say. I have lost my road to happiness, I confess; and instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-

parterre-garden of amusement; and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road too that leads the better way, and can shew it others; but I have many miles to measure back before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*; I suppose, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*; though, if I had money, I should hardly confine myself to such decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the consequence is, that I long to have you see them.

I have not heard whether Miss ——'s match proceeded.—I suppose your objections were grounded on the person's age and temper; and that they had the less weight, as they supposed you acted indiscreetly yourself: I can say but little on the occasion. You know —— better than I do. Only this I must add, that I have so great an esteem for your sister, that it will be necessary to my ease, that whoever marries her she should be happy.

I have little hopes that I shall now see you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as soon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles,

"To see the poorest of the sons of men."

The truth is, my affairs are miserably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe, I shall be forced to seize on one next week for three years and a half's rent, due last Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averse, both through indolence and compassion. I hope, however, I shall be always able (as I am sure I shall

be desirous) to entertain a friend of a philosophical regimen, such as you and Mr. Whistler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is considerably improved since you were here, and they have built a castle by way of ruin on the highest part of it, which is just seen from my wood; but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me), I believe it may be rendered a considerable object here.

I purpose to write to Mr. Whistler either this post or the next. The fears you seemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr. ——, habitually and sincerely your, &c.

My humble service to your neighbours.—Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publish a print of my grove in a small collection.

*From a Gentleman to his Daughter on the Birth of a Child.*

I sincerely congratulate you, my dear H. on account of the great blessing you have received from the good and great Creator of all things, in bringing you safe to your bed. I offered up prayers for your safety, and am thankful to God for lending a favorable ear to my imperfect petitions. I need not admonish you to remember your tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the mercy you have received, and the danger through which you have been safely conducted; that the same almighty power may make your child an honor and a blessing to you, and pour down unexpected blessings upon yourself, your husband, and your children, is the sincerest wish of

*To a Young Lady, on an accession of Fortune.*

Madam,

You receive at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having what you only wanted, fortune; and to admonish you that you may not now want every thing else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty, but you never heard of them till to-day. They say fortune is blind; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, Madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloë, fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on his Recovery from Illness.*

THE very eminent, and justly celebrated Painter, and good man, to whom this letter was written, was one of the greatest ornaments of his age, and proportionately esteemed by the great men who were his contemporaries. He was born in 1723, died 1792.

Dear Sir,

I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live

long, for the honor of the nation ; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, &c.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby, on the New Year.*

Jan. 1, 1755.

Dearest Madam,

Though I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year ; and to declare my wishes, that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish indeed I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes ; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to,

Dearest, dearest Madam,

Your, &c.

---

#### LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

THE recommendation of persons who are esteemed worthy of the benevolence of others, to their kindness and attention, is one of the tasks most frequently imposed on persons of an actively beneficent turn, and one of the most difficult of execution which can possibly be imagined ; it requires that the writer should assume an appearance of disinterestedness, without renouncing the humility of a party obliged ; that he should convince the person to whom he ad-

dresses himself, that his own interest will not be injured at least, by granting the favor required, and that the person for whom he is to exert himself, is, every way, worthy his kindness.

*Letter from Sir Henry Sydney to Queen Elizabeth, recommending Mr. David Cleere to the Bishopric of Ossory.*

May it please your most excellent Majesty,

To understand, that of late it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy the Bishop of Ossory, and so the room of that see is become void, and to be now by your Highness conferred. I have therefore thought it my duty, moved in zeal for the reformation of the country and good of the people, humbly to beseech your Majesty, that good care were had, that that church might be supplied with a fit man, and such a person as is acquainted with the language and manners of this country people, might be promoted to succeed in the place; of which number I humbly recommend unto your excellent Majesty Mr. Davy Cleere, one that hath been long bred and brought up in the University of Oxford, a master of arts of good continuance, a man esteemed not meanly learned, besides well given in religion, and of a modest discreet government, and commendable conversation, being a man specially noted unto me, by the good report of the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, for his sufficiency to the place, with a very earnest desire that (the same being the place of a suffragan under him) the said Cleere might be preferred unto it. The bishopric is but a mean living, yet a sufficient finding for an honest man. And because the sooner the place shall be full of an able man (such a one for his integrity as this man is esteemed), the greater fruit will thereby grow to the church, honour to

your

your Majesty, and no small hope to be conceived of good to the people; whereof, as it becometh me (having the principal charge of this realm under your Majesty), I have a special care. I write not only to your Majesty in this case, by a report of others, but partly by knowledge and experience I have had of the man myself. And therefore am the more desirous that your Majesty should graciously allow of my commendation and choice, and give order for his admission and consecration, when it shall be your Majesty's pleasure to signify the same. And even so, with my most earnest and humble hearty prayer to the Almighty, long and happily to preserv'e your Highness to reign over us, your Majesty's humble and obedient subjects, to our inestimable comforts, I humbly take my leave. From your Majesty's castle of Athlone, the 4th of September, 1576.

Your Majesty's  
Most humble, faithful, and obedient Servant.

---

WHEN the unhappy woman to whom the following letter is addressed, was in the zenith of her favor with Louis XV. King of France, one D'Auberval, a Dancer, had been, by his imprudences, reduced to such distress, as to be unable to retain his situation at the Opera. Du Barry, whose influence over the whole Court was uncontrollable, raised a sum to discharge his debts, by a subscription, amongst the Nobility, the regulating the amount of each persons donation; this occurrence produced the following letter from M. le duc de Nivernois, which is a specimen of courtly elegance, and polite solicitation: the Duke succeeded in his mediation. Du Barry was guillotined at Paris in 1794.

Madam,

Madam,

I could not refuse you when you asked me for twenty-five louis d'ors as my proportion to the subscription you had opened for D'Auberval; I cannot, however, help telling you that I had lain by that small sum with intention to give it to a gentleman in distress, a disbanded officer, who has a family, and has been several years soliciting a small pension. As you deprived him of this small assistance, it is but right, Madam, that you should make him amends. I send his memorial enclosed, and I make no doubt but his case will excite your compassion, and that your humanity, of which you have given so many proofs, will engage you to exert yourself in his favor and procure him what he so much wishes.

I am, &c.

*Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings, Esq.*

Sir,

Being informed that by the departure of a ship, there is now an opportunity of writing to Bengal, I am unwilling to slip out of your memory by my own negligence, and therefore take the liberty of reminding you of my existence, by sending you a book which is not yet made public. I have lately visited a region less remote, and less illustrious than India, which afforded some occasions for speculation; what has occurred to me, I have put into the volume, of which I beg your acceptance.

Men in your station seldom have presents totally disinterested; my book is received, now let me make my request.

There is, Sir, somewhere within your government, a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father

father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to shew the young man what countenance is fit, whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now President of the College of Physicians, a man venerable for his knowledge, and more venerable for his virtue.

I wish you a long prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity.

I am, Sir.

*Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings,  
Esq. recommending Mr. Hoole's Translation of  
Ariosto.*

Jan. 9, 1781.

Sir,

Amidst the importance and multiplicity of affairs, in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention, for a moment, to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known, and long esteemed, in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking, he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me, by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing, for a clerk of the India House to translate poets.—It is new for a Governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

*Cardinal*

*Cardinal Ganganelli, afterwards Pope Clement XIV.  
to the Marquis Clerici, a Milanese.*

Allow me to inform you that Jaques Piovi is in the greatest misery. I do not acquaint you with his being one of the Pope's soldiers, for that would be a poor title of recommendation to an Austrian Officer: but I remind you of his having six children; that he has kept his bed these nine months; and lastly that he is your godson. . . . .

Generosity, which chiefly marks your character, and which only seeks opportunities of giving, has here an opportunity of being gratified. If you were one of those ordinary souls who never obliged but with reluctance, I should not think of importuning you. I do not love to extort benefits; I wish them to flow freely from their source, and to have their principle in magnanimity.

I think I see you smile at the different complection of this letter from those daily written to you by gentlemen of your own profession. The signature of *Frere Ganganelli* can have no other merit in your eyes, except that of shewing with what profound respect,

I have the honor to be, &c.

---

*Lord Chancellor Thurlow to Dr. Johnson.*

Sir,

I have this moment received your letter, dated the 19th, and returned from Bath. In the beginning of the summer I placed one in the Chartreux, without the sanction of a recommendation so distinct and so authoritative as yours of Macbean; and I am afraid, that according to the establishment of the house, the opportunity

opportunity of making the charity so good amends will not soon recur. But whenever a vacancy shall happen, if you will favor me with notice of it, I will try to recommend him to the place, even though it should not be my turn to nominate.

I am Sir, with great regard,  
Your most faithful,  
and obedient Servant,  
Thurlow.

---

IN Dr. Johnson's illness, a short time previous to his death, an application was made by Mr. Boswell to Lord Thurlow, to use his interest with his Majesty to obtain an increase of his pension, that he might be enabled to visit Lisbon, in consequence of which request his Lordship, wrote the first of the two next letters to Mr. Boswell, which ought to remain an eternal monument of his generosity, and affection for men of letters. The application to his Majesty was unsuccessful, and Lord Thurlow, with singular generosity, proposed to Dr. Johnson's friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Boswell, to accommodate him with the required sum by way of loan, though he meant it as a gift; this kindness produced the letter from Dr. Johnson to him, which is a model of elegant composition, and dignified gratitude.

*Lord Thurlow to James Boswell, Esq.*

Sir,

I should have answered your letter immediately; if, (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and  
I will

I will adopt and press it, as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c.

Thurlow.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Lord Thurlow.*

Sept. 1784.

My Lord,

After a long and not inattentive observation on mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer raises in me no less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind who would not be proud to own his obligation? But it hath pleased God to restore me to such a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain, for if I should grow much better I should not be willing, and if much worse, I should not be able to migrate.

Your Lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you was pleased to honor me with your patronage, I did not expect

expect to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your Lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mibi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
Most grateful, and most humble Servant.

---

#### OF ASKING AND CONFERRING FAVORS.

IN the intercourse of life, necessity compels almost every individual, at some period, to apply for the advice, friendly interference, or pecuniary assistance of another, which it is much more agreeable both to the party asking and applied to, to solicit by letter, because to the former it spares the pain and confusion attendant on verbal requests, to the latter it affords time for deliberation, and permits him to arrange matters so as to facilitate compliance, or soften refusal.

The style of letters of request should be respectful yet firm; no hope of advantage should tempt the writer to the meanness of abject solicitation, or fulsome adulation; the favor asked should be properly appreciated, and a proper share of gratitude promised, but in affecting to rate a favor in expectancy too high, a person exposes himself to the approach of ingratitude; for when the attainment of the object desired, operates together with self-love, to deprecate it in the eyes of the person obliged, he is in great danger of running as far into the opposite extreme,

treme, and contemning the gift and the giver as much as he once over-valued them.

A letter in which a compliance is promised or granted, can hardly be ungraciously penned; but there is a method of writing such letters with so much delicacy and force, as to render the most valuable gifts, and advantageous concessions, more valuable and agreeable.

When the nature of a request, or the circumstances of the person to whom it is addressed preclude the possibility of compliance, the letter in which such refusal is stated, should be so expressed as to contain nothing of harshness, or by which the mortification naturally incurred can be aggravated, or a sense of injury added to that of disappointment.

---

THE two following letters are from the Spectator, the first is said to be from an eminent citizen who had failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition: the answer is written with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress.

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 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

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 favor 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 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.

### *The 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

great a love for you, that I can waive 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.

Your obliged humble Servant.

---

THE following letter, from an actress remarkable for her frailties and misfortunes, to Dr. Johnson, is expressed with great modesty and propriety.

*Mrs. Bellamy to Dr. Johnson.*

Sir,

The flattering remembrance of the partiality you honored me with, some years ago, as well as the humanity you are known to possess, has encouraged me to solicit your patronage at my benefit.

By a long Chancery suit, and a complicated train of unfortunate events, I am reduced to the greatest distress, which obliges me, once more, to request the indulgence of the public.

Give me leave to solicit the honor of your company, and to assure you, if you grant my request, the gratification I shall feel, from being patronized by Dr. Johnson, will be infinitely superior to any advantage that may arise from the benefit, as I am, with the profoundest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

G. A. Bellamy.

---

*Letter from Ignatius Sanchs, a Negro of considerable Talents, who died in 1780, to the Reverend Mr. Sterne.*

Reverend Sir,

It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people, whom the vulgar and illiberal call *negurs*.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearyed application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable uncle Toby!—I declare, I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart; and I hope, have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse is this very affecting passage—“Consider how great a part of our species, in all ages, down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it.”—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear, in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner,

manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You, who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, &c.

### *The Answer.*

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why her brethren, or your's, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the footlest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? And how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying; and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a

pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote, into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good hearted Sancho, adieu ! and believe me, I will not forget your letter.

Your's, &c.

*Letter from Dr. Johnson to a Lady refusing a Request, with some Severity.*

Madam,

I hope you will believe that my delay in answering your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destroy any hope that you had formed. Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged, must end in disappointment.—If it be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated, not by reason, but by desire, expectation raised,

raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.

When you made your request to me you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, amongst all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop, nor why, among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should chuse your son. I know, Madam, how unwillingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; but surely, Madam, you must allow, that there is no reason why that should be done by me, which every other man may do with equal reason, and which, indeed, no man can do properly, without some very particular relation, both to the Archbishop and to you. If I could help you in this exigence by any proper means, it would give me pleasure; but this proposal is so very remote from all usual methods, that I cannot comply with it but at the risque of such answer and suspicions, as, I believe, you do not wish me to undergo.

I have seen your son this morning; he seems a pretty youth, and will, perhaps, find some better friend than I can procure him; but though he should at last miss the university, he may still be wise, useful, and happy.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

## LETTERS OF THANKS.

EVERY act of kindness demands a proportionate expression of gratitude; those of a more important nature can be dignified with all the graces of eloquence which sincerity can produce in a mind endowed with sensibility, and conscious of the extent of an obligation. Those of small consequence should, while embellishments of a higher nature are carefully avoided, possess those graces of diction which accommodate the acknowledgement to the favor, and, by an elegance of turn, convey an expression of pleasure as well as gratitude.

*Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, after the Victory of Oudenarde.*

I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to shew it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you; nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either: no, I do assure you. If you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London; and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

*Henry*

*Henry Cromwell to Lord Chancellor Clarendon.*

May it please your Lordship,

When the declaration was framing, I did abhor to be so unreasonable as to seek any particular provision for myself in it. But when I saw myself secured with the multitude, and when his Majesty by his special letters and promises declared; that though I had indeed escaped in the crowd, yet that he had a particular mercy for me; and when I saw he could not be prevailed upon to unsettle others, who perhaps (abating my name) were greater offenders, I did then presume to insist upon that his mercy, nor could I believe (with some) that my so doing was dishonorable unto his Majesty. And your Lordship (being above making an interest by trampling upon the fallen, or by being bitter against things, that came to pass by God's secret providence) have most nobly and Christianly patronized me in it, even to success; and for this, in a few words, I give your Lordship my eternal thanks and prayers.

I might, perhaps, have better expressed these my sentiments some other way; yet I have presumed to do it thus by a letter, that there may remain a testimony of infamy upon me, if ever I abuse the admirable mercy I have found, either by future disloyalty to his Majesty, or ingratitude to your Lordship. And I wish your Lordship would add one favor more, which is to assure his most excellent Majesty, and his Royal Highness (how hard, or needless forever it be to believe me) that few can wish their royal persons, family, or interest, more prosperity and establishment, than doth,

May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient, most humble,

And most obliged Servant,

H. Cromwell.

April 9th, 1662.

P 3

Dr.

*Dr. Johnson to Earl Bute.*

THE occasion of this letter was the grant of a pension of 300*l.* a year from his Majesty to the writer, on account of his great learning and labors for the improvement of his country; a donation at once honorable to the august donor, the mediator, and the receiver.

My Lord,

When the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest; who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavour to give your Lordship the only recompence which generosity desires—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

---

---

Mr.

*Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton, thanking him  
for the Gift of a Professorship at Cambridge.*

My Lord,

Cambridge, July, 1768.

Your Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged,  
And devoted Servant.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds,*

Dear Sir,

It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and most humble Servant.

---

*Dr. Secker to Dr. Watts, thanking him for a Book.*

Sir,

Cuddesden, Sept. 14, 1743.

I heartily thank you for your obliging letter, and, had I known that you had printed a sermon on the subject\*, I should not have failed to enrich my own from it. I hope the things I have said in favour of our charity schools are true. I hope the Christians of this nation in general are grown much milder towards each other, and I am sure we have great need to gain in this virtue, what we lose in others, and become a more united body, as we become a smaller, which I apprehend we do. But, fear not, little flock. May God direct and bless us all in our poor endeavours to serve him! May he give you every needful support under your long sickness, and restore you speedily to your former usefulness, if it be his holy will!

I am, with great esteem,  
Sir, your, &c.

*Dr. Edward Gibson to the same Person, of the like Occasion.*

Good Sir,

Whitehall, March 7, 1732-3.

I thank you heartily for your late kind present †, but, as the course of my life has led me into studies of another kind, I am sensible I cannot profit so

\* Dr. Watt's Essay towards the Encouragement of Charity-schools.

† Not improbably the Doctor's Treatise on Logic, or, the Right Use of Reason.

much

much by it, as others will do, whose thoughts have been more employed in that way. It is certainly a very laudable exercise of the mind, especially as you apply it throughout to the good of religion; and what you have published will, I doubt not, be of great use to the growing generation, by leading them into a just way of thinking and reasoning. One thing I wonder at, and that is, how a mind that thinks so closely, can at the same time frame itself to that easy and familiar way which appears in some of your other writings. I commend you and your labours to the divine care and direction, and remain, with great truth,

Sir, your, &c.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell, thanking her for a Present.*

Madam,

Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats; and upon this consideration, I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness, I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you, that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You

must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as,

Dear Madam,

You most obliged

And most humble Servant.

---

*Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle, thanking him for the Loan of a Horse.*

My Lord,

That kindness which disposed your Grace to supply me with the horse which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honored by the Duchess, I will endeavour to shew how highly I value the favors which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

---

I HAVE inserted, at this part of my work, the correspondence which was occasioned by the sentence and condannation of Dr. William Dodd, as it contains specimens of elegant and forcible solicitation, ardent gratitude, and affecting condolence. Dr. Dodd was a clergyman, of great talents; he attained to several ecclesiastical preferments, and a considerable share of popularity, but his expences were so disproportioned to his income, that he was driven to commit a forgery, for which he was executed at Tyburn, June 27th, 1777. His impending fate excited

excited a very general interest, and produced the following letters:

*Dr. Dodd to the King (written by Dr. Johnson).*

Sir,

May it not offend your Majesty, that the most miserable of men applies himself to your clemency, as his last hope, and his last refuge; that your mercy is most earnestly and humbly implored by a clergyman, whom your laws and judges have condemned to the horror and ignominy of a public execution.

I confess the crime, and own the enormity of its consequences, and the danger of its example. Nor have I the confidence to petition for impunity; but humbly hope, that public security may be established, without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied with irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.

My life, Sir, has not been useless to mankind: I have benefitted many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have but little time for repentance. Preserve me, Sir, by your prerogative of mercy, from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal before which kings and subjects must stand at last together. Permit me to hide my guilt in some obscure corner of a foreign country, where, if I can ever attain confidence to hope that my prayers will be heard, they shall be poured with all the fervor of gratitude for the life and happiness of your Majesty.

I am, Sir,  
Your Majesty's, &c.

*Dr. Johnson to the Right Honorable Charles Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkesbury.*

Sir,

Since the conviction and condemnation of Dr. Dodd, I have had, by the intervention of a friend, some intercourse with him, and I am sure I shall lose nothing in your opinion by tenderness and commiseration. Whatever be the crime, it is not easy to have any knowledge of the delinquent, without a wish that his life may be spared; at least when no life has been taken away by him. I will, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting some reasons for which I wish this unhappy being to escape the utmost rigor of his sentence.

He is, so far as I can recollect, the first clergyman of our church who has suffered public execution for immorality; and I know not whether it would not be more for the interest of religion, to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who, for any reason, are enemies to the clergy.

The supreme power has, in all ages, paid some attention to the voice of the people; and that voice does not least deserve to be heard when it calls out for mercy. There is now a very general desire that Dodd's life should be spared. More is not wished; and, perhaps, this is not too much to be granted.

If you, Sir, have any opportunity of enforcing these reasons, you may, perhaps, think them worthy of consideration: but, whatever you determine, I most respectfully intreat that you will be pleased to pardon for this intrusion,

Sir,

Your most obedient,  
And most humble Servant,

Dr.

*Dr. Dodd to Dr. Johnson.*

June 25th, Midnight.

Accept, thou *great* and *good* heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts in my behalf. O! Dr. Johnson, as I sought your knowledge at an early hour in life, would to heaven I had cultivated the love and acquaintance of so excellent a man! I pray God most sincerely to bless you with the highest transports—the infelt satisfaction of *humane* and benevolent exertions! And admitted, as I trust I shall be, to the realms of bliss before you, I shall hail *your* arrival there with transports, and rejoice to acknowledge that you were my comforter, my advocate, and my *friend*! God be ever with you!

---

*Dr. Johnson to Dr. Dodd, the Evening previous to his Execution.*

Dear Sir,

That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude: it corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life: it involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent: and may GOD, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son, JESUS CHRIST, our Lord.

In

In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Servant.

---

### LETTERS OF POLITENESS.

This section is devoted to such letters as would not fall into any other part of the arrangement of the work; for though specimens of polite correspondence may be seen under many other heads, and the forms of invitation, &c. are, in general, trite and easy, yet there are some instances where the felicity of expression is peculiarly adapted to sentiments of esteem, without the formality of profession, or the display of gratitude.

#### *Letter from Robert, Earl of Leicester, to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland.*

My Lord,

Of the few persons that I consider in this world, your Lordship hath my greatest estimation. And of the fewer things that I value in this life, your favor is placed by me in the most high degree: I am very tender of both, and do passionately desire the conservation of the one for the good of many, and the continuation of the other for my own particular great contentment.

Your Lordship, I hope, will therefore pardon this trouble, which is caused only by my impatience to inquire and to hear of your health; and to receive from

from you, if you please, some testimony of my remaining in your remembrance and favour, which in the time of my seeming prosperity, and of my being best pleased with the world, was held by me equal to any other contentment: and now, at the end of my sad and solitary life, shall be equal to any other conclusion that can be given to your Lordship's, &c.

Penshurst, 26th September, 1659.

---

*From Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, to General Churchill.*

Dear Charles,

I have now wrote to Capt. J—ks—on, to give Lord Ty——ley a ticket, as you desired, and am very glad to oblige him with it.

This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to you fine gentlemen. Persons of wit and pleasure about town, understand not the language, nor taste the charms, of the inanimate world. The oaks, the beeches, and chesnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I, in return, with sincerity admire them, and have about me as many beauties as take up all my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me since sixty-seven\*. Within doors we come a little to real life, and admire the almost speaking canvas †; all the airs and

\* The year of his age, when he resigned, Feb. 9, 1742.

† We are told by a good judge, that there are not a great many collections of pictures left in Italy, more worth seeing than were those at Houghton-Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Lord Orford. In the preservation of the pictures it excelled most of them. The pictures that hung in the house in Downing-

and graces which the proudest of the ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish and all I want, and expect nothing in return, which I cannot give.

If these, dear Charles, are any temptations, I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the scene, has sometimes its recommendations; and from country fare, you may possibly return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainments of a court life.

Since I wrote what is above, we have been surprised with the good news\* from abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it; for it is truly matter of infinite joy, because of infinite consequence.

I am, dear Charles,

Your's affectionately.

*From the Earl of Shaftesbury to Lord Godolphin.*

My Lord,

Reigate, May 27, 1711.

Being about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your Lordship, to whom alone, had I but strength enough

Downing-street, were removed thither. That house belonged to the Crown: King George I. gave it to Baron Bothmar, the Hanoverian Minister, for life. On his death, the late King offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, but he would only accept it for his office, of First Lord of the Treasury, to which post he got it annexed for ever. *Ædes Walpolianæ*, p. ix. 76.

\* The battle of Dettingen, the news of which was received at London on the 23d of June, 1743.

to make my compliments, and pay a days attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my Lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one, except your Lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted hence, or while I passed through France, or staid in Italy, I could any where, in the least triflē, or in the highest concern, render any manner of service to your Lordship, I should be proud of such a commission. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from such a hand as mine) your public as well as private merit will not pass unremembered into whatever region or climate I am transferred. No one has a more thorough knowledge in that kind than myself, nor no one there is, who on this account has a juster right to profess himself, as I shall ever do, with highest obligation, and most constant zeal, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and most obedient humble servant.

---

*Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F----.*

Dear Madam,

Coxwold, Friday.

I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me—I got down last summer, very much worn out—and much worse at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very stout—and in a fortnight's time, shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. I have the pleasure

pleasure to acquaint you, that my wife and daughter are arrived from France. I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear Madam—Believe me your's sincerely.

---

*The Countess Dubarry to the Dauphiness, afterwards Queen Marie Antoinette.*

THE occasion of the following letter was this: the Countess had in some degree piqued the Dauphiness, who revenged herself with that agreeable levity which was her characteristic, by getting from a jeweller a diamond ornament, which the Countess had bespoke for herself; she can hardly be supposed to have been pleased at this trick, but had the address to avert the consequences probable to arise from her expressing herself chagrined, by a polite letter.

Madam,

I am sorry to be informed that endeavours have been used to hurt me in your good opinion, by representing me as out of humour on account of the diamond poke, which, since you keep it, is, I presume, to your liking. So far from expressing any resentment on that account, I was very sorry that I could not discover you had a fancy for that trifle. I should have been as happy to have anticipated your wishes upon such an occasion, as I shall always be to shew you how desirous I am to be honored with your esteem.

I am,

With the most profound respect, &c;

---

## PRAISE.

THERE is a great delicacy to be observed both in bestowing and receiving praise; it ought to be so given as to obviate every idea of lukewarmness and fulsome ness, and received with genuine modesty, such as may repel every suspicion of vanity, or self-sufficiency. There is often as much of each of these qualities displayed in an obstinate resistance of, as an eager solicitude after complimentary eulogies. The medium is difficult to attain, but truly valuable and honorable.

*Mr. Pope to Lord Oxford.*

My Lord,

OCT. 21, 1721.

Your Lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you: though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his: I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisf-

satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you), but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always,

My Lord, your, &c.

*The Answer.*

Sir,

Brampton Castle, Nov. 6. 1721.

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed? my mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the  
verses,

verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith

I am your, &c.

---

*The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Watts.*

Marlborough, July 13, 1737.

Sir,

Nothing but my own very bad state of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, should so long have hindered me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers inclosed with it, particularly the letter which you were so good as to design to prefix to Mrs. Rowe's Meditations. I can with the strictest truth affirm, that I do not know any distinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleasure in receiving, were I deserving of it; but, as I am forced to see how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myself by that very incident which might administer a laudable pride to a more worthy person. If I am constrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth, you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than self-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debase me, or those who they believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done any

any thing, wilfully I am sure I have not, to raise any such sentiments in the breast of the meanest person upon earth, but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been happy enough to escape them. For these reasons, Sir, I must deny myself the pleasure and the pride I should have in so public a mark of your friendship and candour, and beg that, if you will design me the honour of joining any address to me with those valuable remains of Mrs. Rowe, that you will either retrench the favourable expressions you intended to insert, or else give me no other title at the top of it than that of a friend of your's and her's, an appellation which, in the sincerity of my soul, I am prouder of, than I could be of the most pompous name that human grandeur can lay claim to. My Lord and children desire me to assure you of their service and best wishes. I inclose you a copy of the letter which Mrs. Rowe left for me, and am glad of every opportunity to repeat that I am, with the greatest esteem,

Sir, your, &c.

*The same to Mr. Shenstone.*

Pierc.-Lodge, near Colnebrook,  
Nov. 20, 1753.

Sir,

If Lady Luxborough has not been so just as to let you know, that she never conveyed your two excellent poems to my hand till last Saturday night, you must look upon me as the most ungrateful and tasteless of all mortals. I have read them both over more than once with pleasure: but will it not appear strange, if I confess to you, that the honor you have done me by the inscription of the first, and a stanza or two in the poem itself, has given me some pain?

And

And I shall look upon it as a very great addition to the favor, if, whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodness to fill the blank (which leaving out those words must occasion) with stars, dashes, or any other mark you please, without suspecting me of an affected or false modesty, since to either of these accusations I can honestly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a partial friend, whose good nature may have (and in this case certainly has) warped her judgment. The world in general, since they can find no fault in your poem, will blame the choice of the person to whom it is inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons betwixt the ideal Lady and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which, though it may flatter me I am not quite so faulty as the latter would represent me, at the same time loudly admonishes me, that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me.

I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most serious sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honor you designed me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verses of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Dodsley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson. If you should have mislaid the original, I have a copy at your service, which I will transmit either to you, in case you should have a mind to look it over again, or transmit it directly to Mr. Dodsley.

I am, with unfeigned esteem and gratitude,  
Sir, your most obliged, &c.

Mr.

*Mr. John Dennis to Mr. Wycherley.*

IT was the misfortune, and, perhaps, in some degree, the fault of the writer of this letter to fall under the lash of Mr. Pope's satire, in consequence of which, his name has been loaded with unmerited ignominy: he was a writer of great spirit, and a critic of great discernment, but, occasionally too severe, and coarse in his expressions, which made Dryden compare his raillery to *horse play*; he was born in 1657, died 1733. Mr. Wycherley was a great wit, but his Plays are marked with the licentiousness of King Charles the Second's reign. He was born 1640, died 1715.

Sir,

While I venture to write these lines to you, I take it to be my interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always shall, viz. as Mr. Wycherley as the greatest comic wit that ever England bred, as a man sent purposely into the world to charm the ears of the wittiest men, and to ravish the hearts of the most beautiful women: no, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble hermit at Cleve; humble even in the full possession of all those extraordinary qualities, the knowledge of which has made me proud. I must confess, that I have no great opinion of that which men generally call humility. Humility in most men is want of heat; 'tis phlegm, 'tis impotence, 'tis a wretched necessity, of which they who lie under it, vainly endeavour to make a virtue. But in a man of Mr. Wycherley's make, 'tis choice, 'tis force of mind, 'tis good, 'tis a generous condescension. And what force of mind is there not requisite to bend back a soul

a soul by perpetual reflection, which would be always rising, and eternally aspiring by virtue of its in-born fire; yet yours, notwithstanding all its power, cannot wholly depress itself, nor descend in every part of it. At the time that your will vouchsafes to stoop, your understanding soars; your writings are as bold as your conversation is modest (though those are bold; as this is modest with judgment) and he who would do you justice, must needs confess, that you are a very ambitious writer, though a very humble man. Yet your very ambition has obliged mankind: it has exalted human nature, in raising your own by its most noble efforts; and that without boasting pre-eminence. And surely it must be for this very reason, that we feel a secret pride, when we but read the discoveries which you have made. Thus I can not say what you are, without vanity, for never was man exempt from it; but I can say, that you have made use even of vanity to humble you by way of reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous effect of it, vain-glory, the rock upon which several great wits before you have been seen to split. For you have always wisely considered, that vain-glory in the vulgar may be supportable, nay, may be diverting; but that in great men it must be intolerable. That whereas in the first, 'tis want of discernment, 'tis folly, 'tis the extravagance and blindness of self-love; in the last, 'tis crime, 'tis malice, 'tis a secret and proud design to mortify and insult over the rest of men, over whom they have so much advantage: that it is for this very reason, that we so deeply resent, and so severely revenge the mortal affronts we receive from it. Great wits were by Heaven predestined to rule, to rule the minds of others, the noblest empire; but when they grow outwardly vain, they grow tyrants, and then their discontented subjects rebel, and then they depose those kings as usurpers, whom before they obeyed as their lawful monarchs. But a moderate, a good, and a gracious prince, like you,

commands their hearts, as well as their understandings, and under one whom they love so well, they grow as proud as they are pleased to obey. Our violent inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the interest even of our pride, that you should long continue in the place which your extraordinary desert has attained. Did we nothing but esteem you as much as we do, we should certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for bare esteem is always forced upon us, whereas inclination is much more voluntary: besides, as a judicious Frenchman observes, esteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore received with grumbling; but inclination is our own, and born in our breasts, and is therefore caressed and cherished. I might add, that upon this account it is hard to wish well to those whom we very much esteem, if they have not likewise the skill to make themselves be beloved; because barely to esteem, depresses the spirits, as much as to love very much exalts them; it brings the soul to a languid temper, and gives it at once too horrid views of another's excellencies, and of its own infirmities; but affection gives it agitation and warmth; and in the view of a friend's desert, it takes too much pleasure and too much pride to consider its own defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteemed at this high rate, you owe to your wit and your penetration; but that you are esteemed without envy, that you are with joy and gladness esteemed, you owe to this, that while the force of your fancy and judgment makes all the world admire you, you remain yourself unmoved by it; that while your excellence fills all mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus, while by the merit of your extraordinary qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears, that you have beyond all this a greatness of soul, from whence you look down on your own merit: an infallible sign, that the talents  
which

which we admire in you, are no illusions but real things, things that were born with you, and have been improved by you, and which you have not acquired: for men are found to be vainer, upon the account of those qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and hereditary greatness gives men leave to be humble, whereas preferment occasions pride. None but such real greatness as yours, can capacitate a man to be truly humble; for the soul, which by nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining subject, a subject which is so conspicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious letter, as one of those various prosecutions which every eminent virtue provokes; I desire you to consider that I have so many obligations to this very humility, that I looked upon myself, as obliged by gratitude, to say as much as I have done. For to that I owe the happiness which I have frequently received in your conversation, to that I owe the present satisfaction, which your permission to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted for the hopes of your answers: when I have received them I shall then believe what you were pleased to tell me when I saw you last, that you are much more humble in the clear air on your mountain at Cleve, than when you are in a fog and sulphurous smoke in Bow-street. But, at the same time, the satisfaction of thinking, that distance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at present,

Sir, your very humble Servant,  
John Dennis.

*The Answer.*

Dear Sir,

You have found a way to make me satisfied with my absence from London; nay what is more with the distance which is now betwixt you and me. That, indeed, uses to lessen friendship, but gives me the greater mark of yours, by your kind letter, which I had missed if I had been nearer to you: so that I, who receive no rents here, yet must own, if I did, I could not receive greater satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Patent; for I value your friendship more than money, and am prouder of your approbation, than I should be of titles: for the having a good opinion of one who knows mankind so well, argues some merit in me, upon which every man ought to consider himself more than upon the goods of fortune. I had rather be thought your friend in proof of my judgment and good sense, than a friend to the muses; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis since I have known I have had the honor to please you; though your praise rather humbles than makes me (though a damned poet) more vain: for it is so great, that it rather seems the raillery of a witty man, than the sincerity of a friend; and rather proves the copiousness of your own invention, than justifies the fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the character of the plain-dealer with you; and seem, like vain women or vainer men, to refuse praise, but to get more; and so by returning your compliments, shew myself grateful out of interest, as knaves are punctual in some payments, but to augment their credit. And for your praise of my humility (the only mark of my knowledge, since it is

is a mark of my knowing myself) you have praised that to its destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none; like those admirers, who praise a young maid's modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my humility that you owe my friendship, but to my ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteemed by you, and the world, your friend, and to be known to all mankind for,

Dear Sir, your humble Servant,  
W. Wycherley.

---

THE increasing infirmities of the venerable and esteemed Earl of Mansfield, having obliged him to resign the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, which he had held upwards of thirty years, with the general approbation of the country; the gentlemen at the Bar deputed the Honorable Thomas Erskine to transmit to him the following letter.

My Lord,

It was our wish to have waited personally upon your Lordship in a body, to have taken our public leave of you on your retiring from the office of Chief Justice of England; but judging of your Lordships feelings upon such an occasion by our own, and considering besides, that our numbers might be inconvenient, we desire, in this manner, affectionately to assure your Lordship, that we regret, with a just sensibility the loss of a magistrate, whose conspicuous and exalted talents conferred dignity upon the profession; whose enlightened and regular administration of justice made its duties less difficult

and laborious, and whose manners rendered them pleasant and respectable.

But while we lament our loss, we remember, with peculiar satisfaction, that your Lordship is not cut off from us by the sudden stroke of painful distemper, or the more distressing ebb of those extraordinary faculties which have so long distinguished you amongst men; but that it has pleased God to allow to the evening of an useful and illustrious life, the purest enjoyments which nature has ever allotted to it—the unclouded reflections of a superior and unfading mind over its varied events, and the happy consciousness that it has been faithfully and eminently devoted to the highest duties of human society, in the most distinguished nation upon earth.

May the season of this high satisfaction bear its proportion to the lengthened days of your activity and strength.

---

His Lordship, without detaining the bearer, Mr. Erskine's servant, five minutes, returned the following polite and animated answer.

*The Hon. T. Erskine, Serjeants-Inn.*

Dear Sir,

I cannot but be extremely flattered by the letter which I this moment have the honor to receive.

If I have given satisfaction, it is owing to the learning and candor of the bar; the liberality and integrity of their practice freed the judicial investigation of truth and justice from many difficulties. The memory of the assistance I have received from them, and the deep impression which the extraordinary mark they have now given me of their approbation

bation and affection has made upon my mind, will be a source of perpetual consolation in my decline of life, under the pressure of bodily infirmities, which made it my duty to retire.

I am, dear Sir, with gratitude to you, and the other Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate,  
and obliged humble Servant,  
Mansfield.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,

INDEX

# INDEX

TO

## *VOLUME THE FIRST.*

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### INSTRUCTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

	Page
OF STYLE .....	9
OF GRAMMAR .....	16
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS .....	18
OF THE MINOR GRACES.....	20
TABLE OF THE MODES OF ADDRESS AND SU- PERScription OF LETTERS .....	25

### CHAPTER II.

#### LETTERS ADAPTED TO THE AGE OF PUERILITY.

I. From Miss Talbot to a new-born Infant .....	31
--	----

#### LETTERS OF SOLICITATION.

I. From a young Gentleman to his Father, desir- ing to learn French .....	34
II. His Father's Answer .....	ib.
III. From a young Lady to her Mamma, desiring Leave to learn Arithmetic .....	35
IV. Dr. Johnson to Miss Sophia Thrale, on the Advantages to be derived from a Know- ledge of Arithmetic.....	36
V. From a young Gentleman to his Guardian ac- quainting him that he has begun to learn Geography .....	37
VI. From a young Lady to her Father, requesting leave to learn to dance.....	38

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page
VII. Letter from the Spectator on Dancing .....	39
VIII. From a young Lady to her Guardian, de- siring Permission to learn Music .....	41
IX. From a young Gentleman to his Uncle, de- siring to learn to Fence .....	ib.
X. From a young Gentleman to his Father, re- questing to learn the Military Exercise .....	42
XI. From a young Gentleman to his Father, claiming a promised Increase of Allow- ance.....	43
XII. From a young Lady to her Aunt, requesting to learn Drawing .....	ib.
XIII. From a young Gentleman, on the Approach of the Holidays .....	44
XIV. Another on the same Subject.....	45
XV. From a young Lady to her Mamma, on the same Occasion .....	ib.
XVI. From a young Gentleman to his Uncle, de- siring Leave to accept an Invitation .....	46

## LETTERS OF THANKS.

I. General Letter of Thanks from a young Gen- tleman to his Father.....	47
II. From a young Lady to her Mamma, thanking her for Permission to learn to Dance .....	48
III. From a young Gentleman to his Father, who had given him Leave to learn to Fence .....	ib.

## PARENTAL AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

I. Letter from a young Lady to her Mamma, con- taining an Apology for not writing sooner .	50
II. From a young Gentleman to his Father, on the like Occasion .....	51
III. From young Gentlemen to their Parents, from whom they had not heard as they expected...ib.	
IV. Answer to the preceding Letter, from the Father of the Writers .....	52

## ADVICE

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

### ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION.

	Page
I. Lord Chesterfield to his Son, on Modesty and Mauvaife Honte.....	54
II. The same to the same, on proper and foolish Ambition.....	55
III. The same to the same, on Oratory .....	57
IV. The same to the same, on Insignificance of Character .....	59
V. The same to the same, on Improvement in Learning .....	60
VI. From the same to the same, on advancing in Years, and exalting his Views; translated from the Latin, in which the Earl wrote it .....	61
VII. Philip Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope, yet a little Boy, but to-morrow going out of Childhood .....	ib.
VIII. Dr. Johnson to Miss Jane Langton, Daugh- ter of his intimate and dear Friend, Ben- nett Langton, Esq. then a very young Lady .....	62
IX. Dr. Johnson to Miss Susanna Thrale, on Study, Religion, &c. ....	63
X. The same to the same, on Gluttony .....	64
XI. William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, to his Son, giving him good Counsel .....	65
XII. From Sir Philip Sidney to his Son Philip, then at School, under twelve Years of Age .....	68
XIII. From the late Colonel Stedman to his Son, to be delivered after his Death.....	71

### FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I. From a young Gentleman at a Grammar School, to his Brother at a Mercantile Academy .....	73
II. From a young Lady to her Brother on Cruelty to Animals .....	74
III. Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq. on Dogs .....	76
R 2 . . . . .	IV.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page.
IV. From a young Lady to her Sister, who had expressed some Jealousy at being sent to School while she remained at Home .....	80

## LETTERS ON IMPROVEMENT IN LEARNING, OF APPROBATION FROM PARENTS, &c. PREVIOUS TO LEAVING SCHOOL.

I. From a young Gentleman, designed for a Mer- cantile Life, to his Father.....	82
II. From a young Gentleman, intended to be ar- ticled to an Attorney, to his Father .....	83
III. From a young Lady to her Aunt, previous to leaving School .....	84
IV. From a young Gentleman to his Father in Jamaica .....	86
V. Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherly .....	88
VI. Mr. Molineux to Mr. Locke.....	90
VII. Lord Chesterfield to his Son (written in Latin) .....	91
VIII. Letter by Sir Richard Steele, on a desire of Praise .....	92
IX. Letter by Mr. Eustace Budgell, on the com- parative Advantages of public and private Education .....	93
X. Description of a cruel Schoolmaster, by Sir Richard Steele .....	98
XI. Description of an amiable Scholmaster, by the same .....	100

## CHAPTER III.

### YOUTH.

#### LETTERS ON RELIGION, MORALITY, &c.

I. Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele .....	102
II. Mr. Steele to Mr. Pope .....	104
III. On the Observance of the Lord's Day, writ- ten by Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice of England, to his Sons .....	105

IV.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page
IV. James Howel to Capt. B. on profane Swearing .....	107
V. Letter by Mr. Addison, describing the Manner in which a Set of profane Swearers were cured of that abominable Practice .....	111
VI. Lord Lyttleton to * * * * .....	116
VII. Lord Lyttleton to a Friend, describing the Behaviour of the Lady to whom he addressed the above .....	118
VIII. Lord Lyttleton to * * * * .....	119

## FILIAL DUTY AND AFFECTION.

I. Letter by Sir Richard Steele, on Filial Duty ....	123
II. Another by the same, on the same Subject .....	127
III. Another by the same, on the same Subject ....	128
IV. Letter from King Richard III. to his Mother, the Duchess of York .....	129
V. From James Howel to his Father, on going abroad, thanking him for the good Education he had received .....	130
VI. From a young Gentleman, on a Voyage to the West Indies, to his Father.....	131
VII. From Lady Dorothy Sidney, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, to Robert, Earl of Leicester, her Father .....	134
VIII. Mr. Gray to his Mother, consoling her for the Death of her Sister .....	ib.
IX. The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some Meditations the Doctor had sent her on the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.	136
X. Mrs. Rowe to her Mother, on the Approach of her own Death.....	137
XI. James Howel to Dr. Field, Bishop of St. David's, on his Father's Death .....	138
XII. Lord Lyttleton to a Friend .....	140
XIII. Dr. Johnson to Mr. James Boswell, on his Reconciliation with his Father.....	143

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

### LETTERS ON BUSINESS.

	Page
I. From a young Tradesman to Wholesale Dealers, with an Order.....	147
II. From a Tradesman in the Country to a Dealer in London.....	ib.
III. From a young Tradesman to the Customers of his late Master (a Circular Letter) .....	148
IV. From a Tradesman, demanding payment of Money .....	ib.
V. Answer to the preceding .....	149
VI. The Tradesman's Reply .....	ib.
VII. From a Tradesman, unable to honor his Ac- ceptance to a Merchant .....	150
VIII. The Merchant's Answer .....	151
IX. A Letter of Thanks, occasioned by the pre- ceding .....	ib.
X. From a Merchant to a Tradesman, demanding Money, expressing Disapprobation of his Proceedings.....	152
XI. The Answer .....	153
XII. Letter occasioned by the foregoing .....	154
XIII. From the Trustees of a Tradesman's Affairs to the Rest of his Creditors (Circular).....	156
XIV. To a Nobleman, from his Agent, respecting the State of his Interest in a Borough .....	ib.

### FRIENDSHIP.

I. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on the Value of long-established Friendship .....	158
II. Mr. Locke to Mr. Molineux, on the Advan- tages of Friendship .....	160
III. The King of Prussia to M. de Voltaire.....	163
IV. Mr. P. to Mr. W. relating the Manner in which the King of Prussia treated Voltaire on a slight Displeasure.....	165
V. M. — to M. —, on the same Subject .....	167
VI. M. de Voltaire to his Niece, Madame Denis .	169
VII. King Charles I. to Lord Wentworth, after- wards Earl of Strafford .....	172
	VIII.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page
VIII. From the same to the same.....	173
IX. Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, to Ro- bert, Earl of Leicester.....	174
X. The Answer .....	ib.
XI. Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, to Dr. R. Cheve- nix, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford	175
XII. The same to the same .....	176
XIII. The same to the same .....	ib.
XIV. Mr. James Howell to Dan. Caldwell, Esq. his late Schoolfellow .....	177
XV. The Rev. Laurence Sterne to David Gar- rick, Esq.....	178
XVI. Dr. Johnson to Mr. Joseph Baretti .....	180
XVII. The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope .....	183
XVIII. Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Pope .....	184

## ADVICE.

I. Letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Hen- ry, Son of James I. ....	186
II. Letter from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, to his Son, Henry Cromwell, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, giving him politic Advice .....	188
III. Letter from King Charles II. to his Brother, the Duke of York, afterwards King James II..against changing his Religion .....	189
IV. Letter from Dr. Secker, Archbishop of Can- terbury, to a Clergyman who applied to him for Advice on his Son's becoming a Calvinist .....	191
V. From Sir William Temple to the Earl of North- umberland, on his succeeding to his Fa- ther's Estate and Title .....	192
VI. To a young Gentleman, on the like Occasion, by Sir Richard Steele.....	194
VII. Letter from the Spectator, on Lying .....	195
VIII. Dr. Moore to a Friend, on Gaming .....	200
IX. From the same to the same, written some Time afterwards, containing Reflections on the Catastrophe of the Youth mentioned in	

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page
in the preceding, who contemned advice and laughed at ruin .....	204
X. Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Young Lady, on reading for Improvement .....	211
XI. Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby, on the proper way of keeping Christmas .....	214

## OF TRAVELLING.

I. Dr. Johnson to Mr. John Hussey .....	216
II. Dr. Moore to a Friend, on the Character and Behaviour of English Travellers .....	ib.

## OF EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FRIENDS.

I. Letter from Mr. West to Mr. Gray soliciting his Correspondence .....	224
II. From James Howel to Mr. R. S. on his neg- lecting to answer his Letters .....	225
III. From a Gentleman who had long neglected a Correspondence to his Friend .....	226
IV. From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell in answer to repeated requests that he would write .....	227
V. From the Spectator on the base practice of opening the Letters of another without permission .....	228

## CHAPTER IV.

### MATURITY.

### LOVE.

I. Letter from Le Chevalier d'H——— to Mr. S——— his Cousin .....	233
II. Letter from the Rev. Mr. Sterne to Mr. W***	236
III. King Henry VIII. to Ann Bullen .....	238
IV. To the same .....	239
V. To the same .....	240
VI. To the same .....	241
	VII. To

INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	Page
VII. To the same .....	242
VIII. To the same .....	ib.
IX. Queen Ann Bullen to King Henry .....	243
X. From a substantial Yeoman to a Lady .....	246
XI. From a Gentleman to a Lady, disclosing his passion.....	247
XII. The answer .....	248
XIII. From a Gentleman to a Lady after a short acquaintance, and previous to a temporary separation .....	249
XIV. The answer .....	250
XV. From a Gentleman to a Young Lady of supe- rior fortune .....	252
XVI. The answer .....	253
XVII. The Gentleman's Letter to the Lady's Fa- ther .....	254
XVIII. The answer .....	257
XIX. Letter from a Young Lady to a Gentleman, declining his Addresses .....	258
XX. From a Widow to a Young Gentleman reject- ing his suit .....	259
XXI. From a Lady to a Gentleman whose Addres- ses were favoured by her Guardian, but whom she does not approve .....	260
XXII. Letter from Sir Richard Steele to the Lady he afterwards married .....	261
XXIII. From the same to the same .....	262
XXIV. From the same to the same .....	263
XXV. From the same to the same .....	ib.
XXVI. From the same to the same .....	264
XXVII. From the same after she became his Wife ib.	
XXVIII. From Frances to Henry .....	265
XXIX. From Henry to Frances .....	266
XXX. From Frances to Henry .....	267
XXXI. From Henry to Frances .....	ib.
XXXII. From Frances demanding a categorical answer from Henry, after a long Courtship	270

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

### MATRIMONY.

	Page
I. Dr. Swift to a Lady on her Marriage .....	274
II. Mrs. Thrale to a Gentleman on his Marriage	285
III. From a Gentleman to his Wife .....	290
IV. From Mrs. Rivers near her Death, to her Husband, Colonel Rivers, in Spain .....	ib.
V. Lady Stafford to Mr. Secretary Cromwell .....	292

### CONGRATULATION.

I. Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage .....	294
II. Mr. Shenstone to Mr. ——— on a like occasion	295
III. From a Gentleman to his Daughter, on the Birth of a Child .....	298
IV. To a Young Lady, on an accession of Fortune .....	299
V. Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on his recovery from Illness .....	ib.
VI. Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby, on the New Year .....	300

### LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

I. From Sir Henry Sidney to Queen Elizabeth, recommending Mr. David Cleere to the Bishopric of Ossory .....	301
II. M. le Duc de Nivernois to Madame du Barry	303
III. Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings, Esq. ....	ib.
IV. Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Warren Hastings, Esq. recommending Mr. Hoole's Translation of Ariosto .....	304
V. Cardinal Ganganelli, afterwards Pope Clement XIV. to the Marquis Clinci, a Milanese	305
VI. Lord Chancellor Thurlow to Dr. Johnson ....	ib.
VII. Lord Thurlow to James Boswell, Esq. ....	306
VIII. Dr. Johnson to Lord Thurlow .....	307

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

### ON ASKING AND CONFERRING FAVORS.

	Page
I. From a Merchant to another soliciting kindness under pecuniary distress .....	309
II. The answer .....	310
III. Mrs. Bellamy to Dr. Johnson .....	311
IV. From Ignatius Sancho to the Rev. Mr. Sterne	312
V. The answer .....	313
VI. Letter from Dr. Johnson to a Lady refusing a request with some severity .....	314

### LETTERS OF THANKS.

I. Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, af- ter the victory of Oudenarde .....	316
II. Henry Cromwell to Lord Chancellor Claren- don .....	317
III. Dr. Johnson to Earl Bute .....	318
IV. Mr. Gray to the Duke of Grafton, thanking him for the gift of a Professorship at Cam- bridge.....	319
V. Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds .....	ib.
VI. Dr. Secker to Dr. Watts, thanking him for a Book .....	320
VII. Dr. Edward Gibson to the same Person on the like occasion .....	ib.
VIII. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell thanking her for a present .....	321
IX. Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle thanking him for the loan of a Horse .....	322
X. Dr. Dodd to the King (written by Dr. John- son) .....	323
XI. Dr. Johnson to the Right Honorable Charles Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool .....	324
XII. Dr. Dodd to Dr. Johnson .....	325
XIII. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Dodd, the evening pre- vious to his Execution .....	ib.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

### LETTERS OF POLITENESS.

	Page
I. Letter from Robert Earl of Leicester to Algernon Earl of Northumberland .....	326
II. From Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, to General Churchill .....	327
III. From the Earl of Shaftesbury to Lord Godolphin .....	328
IV. Mr. Sterne to Mrs. F. ....	329
V. The Countess du Barry to the Dauphiness, afterwards Queen Marie Antoinette .....	330

### PRAISE.

I. Mr. Pope to Lord Oxford .....	331
II. The answer .....	332
III. The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Dr. Watts .....	333
IV. The same to Mr. Shenstone .....	334
V. Mr. John Dennis to Mr. Wycherly. ....	336
VI. The answer .....	340
VII. The Honorable T. Erskine to the Earl of Mansfield .....	341
VIII. The answer .....	342



THE  
CORRESPONDENT,

A

*SELECTION OF LETTERS,*

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME ORIGINALS,

*ADAPTED TO ALL THE PERIODS AND OCCASIONS OF LIFE;*

CALCULATED TO

FORM THE EPISTOLARY-STYLE OF YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES;

TO IMPART A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD AND LETTERS;

AND

TO INSPIRE SENTIMENTS OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY.

---

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.

HOR.

---

VOL. II.

---

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,  
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) STRAND.

---

1796.

## CHAPTER V.

### OLD AGE.

---

### LETTERS OF SENTIMENT, MORALITY, &c.

IT would be easy from the numerous excellent works in our language to furnish a volume of letters of the above description, but, in this place, I purpose merely to supply a few examples of the style in which such letters should be written; namely, one where ease, correctness, and perspicuity are united. By sentiment I do not mean that flighty kind of writing which is, by modern corruption, denominated *sentimental*, but the feelings and reasonings of a man of experience, and sober observation.

#### *Mr. le President Montesquieu to Mr. Bruant; on Liberty.*

THIS letter is by the illustrious author of the “Spirit of Laws;” and the “Persian Letters;” he was president of the parliament of Bourdeaux. Born 1689, died 1755.

You ask me in what country a man may enjoy the most perfect liberty? in every place, my dear Philintus, where there are men and laws. The wise man is free even in the court of a tyrant, because his  
VOL. II. B happiness

happiness depends on himself. Reason and conscience are the throne of his liberty. It is not in the power of fortune, injustice, or any thing else to unhinge his soul, or disturb his repose. He rejoices in himself, and his joy is always calm, permanent, and delightful.

Would you, my friend, because you see violence and iniquity every day committed by wicked ministers, by the rich and great, by almost every man in place and power; would you, therefore, entirely banish yourself from that society to which you are indebted for every thing, and for which every honest and good member of it should yield up all, without repining at the injuries which he suffers from it? Because a prince buries himself in sloth and debauchery; because he persecutes, oppresses, and destroys, shall you become an exile from your country, leave your friends, and desert the poor and afflicted, who apply to you for relief, and rend your heart with their complaints? No, my friend, you have too much sensibility. Despise the unjust and cruel prince; but love mankind, and above all the unfortunate and distressed. Avoid the impetuous whirlwinds of a court; forget, if possible, that your king is surrounded with perverse, wicked, and oppressive men, who laugh at his ignorance, and avail themselves of his weakness. Fly to retirement, in search of that repose, friendship and felicity, which are never to be found in the seats of power and grandeur, or in the dangerous and delusive tumults of a noisy metropolis. Bring with you a few friends, as worthy and sensible as yourself. Read Plato, Montagne, Charron, and Rabelais; exercise yourself in acts of kindness to the poor labourers, the only creatures upon earth who are always miserable, perpetually toiling to supply the necessities of nature, and victims to the cruel rapacity of the farmers-general, who grind and oppress them.

Thus

Thus will you enjoy the most delicate and lively of all pleasures, the pleasure of doing good, the only consolation that can reconcile us to the miseries of human life. When once you are habituated to a country life, joy and peace will revive in your disquieted and uneasy mind, which will grow strong and great, raising itself by degrees, to the celestial regions of genius and philosophy. Then, free as the air you breathe, throw out your thoughts as they arise, your soul will then shoot forth such divine flames as shall warm and enlighten even the cold and ignorant. When you have filled your paper, arrange and correct the whole, and I will tell you with the utmost freedom my opinion of it. Adieu, my dear friend: with a heart of such delicate sensibility as yours is, youth, health, and a tolerable fortune, you must be happy, if happiness is the portion of virtue.

---

*Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, in Ireland, to Mrs. Sandys; on Poetry.*

July 16, 1730.

Madam,

I have presumed to send you a present of Mr. Thomson's Seasons; a volume, on which reason bestows as many beauties as imagination. It is a subject, that our first parents would have sung in Paradise, had they never been seduced, by the serene flattery of false knowledge, to forsake humility and innocence. But they would scarcely have excited, by what they sung, a purer praise of virtue or higher raptures of adoration, than will warm your heart, when you read the description of these rural scenes of the graces and benevolence of nature. Such writings give dignity to leisure, and exalt entertainment and amusements into devotion. If I praise the

performance more than it deserves, consider it as an honest art of giving value to my present. for I would not willingly offer any thing to you, of which I had not an high esteem. But I confess, I am so fond of poetry, that every attempt to unite and marry it to virtue is extremely agreeable to me ; and I can, on such occasions, scarcely forbear composing their epithalamium. Hail sacred verse, thou eldest offspring of human ingenuity ! before letters were invented, numbers, and the music of regularly unequal syllables, retained those histories in the memory of mankind, which then there was no outward learning to preserve. By thee those sons of reason, arts, philosophy, and laws, were nourished and educated ; men were civilized, and society made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards, and the instruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life, were adorned by harmony, and, by pleasing imagination, were remembered with ease.

How much better known is the hunting on Chi-  
viot, than the glorious deeds of our ancestors at Cressy  
and Agincourt? In verse, oracles were delivered to  
mankind. The sublimity, and beauty, and difficulty  
of that measured language, were thought a proof that  
it came from more than mortal beings. Men have  
not been unwilling to acknowledge every astonishing  
accomplishment to be owing to the assistance of some  
divinity; that whilst they praised those noble abili-  
ties, they might comfort their own vanity, and not  
think any of their brethren naturally so very much  
their superiors: for an oak was still an oak, though  
Jove returned his answers from it.

In verse, men offered up their gratitude in temples, though sanctity of manners and an harmony of life were a more acceptable sacrifice than the most exalted hymn; yet he, who hath poured beauty, and order, and regularity over all his works, reason cries aloud, surely delights in beauty. What he delights in is

amiable, and it is our honor and privilege to delight in it also: to admonish and assist us in doing this, they argued, "Let us consecrate every thing truly great, proportioned, and graceful, in human arts and inventions to his service."

Poetry and music were thus introduced into public worship. The care of a decency in ranging and giving harmony to the order of their words taught an higher care of the infinitely more sublime, more pleasing decency of a right conduct in life; and a right harmony amidst the affections of the heart. Devotion thus was deemed slovenly and careless, and uninteresting, when separated from verse; like coming into the presence of a king undressed, it was a negligence, which was interpreted disrespect. The desire of communicating knowledge to each other, and expressing the gratitude and thankfulness, with which they glowed towards heaven, gave birth to the sweet art of adding music to words. They joined uniformity and variety (in which every sort of beauty consists) to the measures, with which their sentences moved from the tongue. But a love of money and trade at last invented letters, embodied thought, and made sounds become visible and immortal.

There was then no longer a necessity to embalm stories in verse, to induce men to remember them; because they could now be engraven on marble, or, what is more durable, on paper, and last to future ages in spite of the carelessness of the present. Men having now their hearts turned to the adoration of the new goddess, daughter of trade, unnecessary riches, neglected the pomp and dignity of that worship, which was their joy, whilst innocence and contentment with nature's bounty governed them. Verse, therefore, and the laboured simplicity of its charms, were no longer cultivated for the temple, but the tawdry beauties, which trade invented, banished her thence to seat themselves in her place. Gold and

embroidery, sculpture and painting, wantoned with mimic finery, to captivate the heart, and recommended and pleaded for the service of that idol; superstition, because she in return pleaded for their high use and religious value.

When poetry was degraded from being the priestess of nature, she soon was seduced to lend her office to meaner purposes, and became the servant of every passion in the temper; and vanity and love chiefly retained her in their service, and flattery and lasciviousness were soon made too agreeable by her assistance. How worthy therefore is the design of chiding her meanness, to recal her to her first high office of adorning piety, and raising an ambition after virtue. This is the intention of Mr. Thomson's work, which I send you. I am willing to be blind to every imperfection, where so worthy a wish guided the pen. But what are the imperfections? a rough or hard word, now and then indulged to lift his numbers above prose; and make the paltry gingle of rhyme unnecessary; the repetition of the same phrase, every where highly proper perhaps; but the warmth of writing concealed from him the remembrance, that the reader is, though the writer is not, cool enough to demand variety; a hint not worked up to the height which our unexperienced imagination thinks it might be carried; but if we had tried ourselves, we should wonder at the dignity to which words have raised it. These, and such mighty imperfections offend those who are untouched enough to be so minutely judicious. But the sentiments of liberty, of virtue, of generous manly piety, hurry away my approbation, and I have not leisure enough to be sagacious.

The most amusing paintings of poetry, that swiftly transport me from scene to scene of nature, ever charming, ever wonderful, so fill my heart with rapture, that I forget the poet and myself, and am only attentive on him and his works, whose goodness or dained

dained the present only useful porportion of these changes, which are, in all their majesty of wisdom, placed before my reason to demand its gratitude. Out of the abundance of the heart, the pen as well as the tongue speaketh, and my love of poetry hath made me forget, to what an indecent length of praise I have suffered it to ramble and take up that paper, which should be allotted to more epistolary subjects.

I yesterday was at Asted; my Lord is better, and intends to see you this summer. But Dr. Sayer flatters me, that he will soon give me an opportunity of performing my promise, and visit you at Miserden. We have no news, and scarcely know what news to desire; war, people expect; they blame our ministers for deferring it so long; but whenever it is begun, they will, with higher clamour, blame them for not preventing it. Dr. Clarke's Sermons is the only book of note or value, which hath been lately published; those you will read; and then you will despise all the praises, and all the censures, of them; the first cannot increase, or the other lessen, the opinion your own judgment will give you of those performances. If any thing which can entertain you shall be published before I leave London, I will bring it with me, rejoicing in the treasures of other people's wit to divert you, who can pretend to none of my own; but whether I can be so fortunate or no, I doubt not of being welcome to you, who value nothing in your friends so much as their sincerity and good-nature: the first of which, in my professions of a value for you, none shall exceed, and I shall learn the other from your example.

I am, Madam,  
Your, &c.

*Mr. Dryden to Mr. Dennis; on Poetry.*

To the author of this letter the British nation is indebted for whatever their poetry possesses of elegance, fulness, and harmony ; he found the art in a rude, unmethodized state, and left it in all its present perfection ; nor is his praise confined to any single walk of poetry, or to poetry alone ; from the Pindaric Ode, to the Prologue or Ballad, he shines with unrivalled excellence, and his prose is elegant, equable and easy ; no man has written so much, on so many various subjects, and so well ; to this great character as an author he adds every virtue which could make private life estimable, he was a sincere friend, a placable adversary, a tender husband, and affectionate parent ; conscientious in his dealings, and unassuming in his manners : He was born in 1631—died 1701.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

When I read a letter so full of my commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the master of a vast treasure, who, having more than enough for yourself, are forced to ebb out upon your friends. You have indeed the best right to give them, since you have them in propriety ; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the reflection of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France ; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid commendation at this time of the day, at least for me. If I undertake the translation of Virgil, the little  
which

which I can perform will shew, at least, that no man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern tongue: neither will his machines be of any service to a christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by Tasso, and by Ariosto. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make devils of his gods: as if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of Æolus, with this only difference of calling him prince of the air: what invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not see Virgil through me, only the same trick played over again by a bungling jugler? Boileau has well observed, that it is an easy matter, in a christian poem, for God to bring the Devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines, in my preface to Juvenal, where I have particularly recommended two subjects, one of King Arthur's conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his conquest of Spain. But the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms, are not to be touched by every hand. A man must be deeply conversant in the platonic philosophy to deal with them: and therefore I may reasonably expect that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough, not to own me for his benefactor. After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our English comedy is far beyond any thing of the ancients. And notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our tragedy. Shakespear had a genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. Rymer, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may so call it) than all other qualifications put together. You see what success this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakespear. Almost all the faults which he has discovered are truly there: yet who will read Mr.

Rymer, or not read Shakespear? For my own part, I reverence Mr. Rymer's learning, but I detest his ill-nature and his arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but Shakespear has not. There is another part of poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal foot with the ancients; and 'tis that which we call Pindaric; introduced but not perfected by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest masters: you have the sublimity of sense as well as found, and know how far the boldness of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the same measure which Pindar used, or give new measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast tract of land newly discovered: the soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured, overstocked with inhabitants, but almost all savages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, "It was an easy thing to write like a mad-man." "No," said he, "'tis very difficult to write like a mad-man; but 'tis a very easy matter to write like a fool." Otway and he are safe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to use Mr. Cowley's expression) are at the mercy of wretched scribblers; and when they cannot fasten upon our verses, they fall upon our morals, our principles of state and religion. For my principles of religion I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same reason, I shall say nothing of my principles of state: I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reason, as I in mine do those of my conscience. If I thought myself in an error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil say, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not

not to be my own judge; I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man: and for my private conversation, they who see me every day can be the best witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no reason to complain that men of either party shun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen: my visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable, and but just enough to testify my gratitude for their bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unasked, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this subject: for I dare say, you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal subject of this letter, which is my friend's passion, and his design of marriage, on better consideration I have changed my mind: for having had the honor to see my dear friend Wycherley's letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherley, I confess I love myself so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking any thing after him: there is Moses and the prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tiresias their umpire, in a certain merry dispute which fell out in heaven betwixt them: Tiresias, you know, had been of both sexes, and therefore was a proper judge; our friend Mr. Wycherley is full as competent an arbitrator: he has been a bachelor, and married man, and is now a widower. Virgil says of Ceneus,

---

Nunc Vir, nunc Fœmina Ceneus,  
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet, I suppose, he will not give any large commendations to his middle state; nor, as the sailor said, will be fond, after a shipwreck, to put to sea again.

If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good wind, as being his: and,

My dear Mr. Dennis,

your most affectionate

and most faithful Servant,

John Dryden.

---

---

*Lord Lyttleton to \* \* \* \* \*; on Oratory and the  
Aids it derives from Poetry.*

You have won both your wagers.—In speaking of the inhabitants of *China*, I do make use of the word *Chineses*; and I borrowed the term from *Milton*. As to your first bet, that I used such an expression, your ears, I trust, will be grateful for the confidence you had in them. But your second wager, that if I did use it, I had a good authority, is very flattering to myself; and I thank you for the opinion you entertain of the accuracy of my language. My memory will not, at this moment, direct you to the page; but you will readily find the word in the index of *Newton's* edition of *Milton*.

Of all the poets that have graced ancient times, or delighted the latter ages, *Milton* is my favourite; I think him superior to every other, and the writer of all others the best calculated to elevate the mind, to form a nobleness of taste, and to teach a bold, commanding, energetic language. I read him with delight as soon as I could read him at all; and, I remember, on my father's words; I gave the first token of premature abilities in the perusal of the *Paradise Lost*. I was quite a boy, when, in reading that poem, I was so forcibly struck with a passage, that I laid down the book with some violence on the table, and took an hasty turn to the other end of the room. Upon explaining the cause of this emotion to my

my father, he clasped me in his arms, smothered me with embraces, and immediately wrote letters to all his family and friends, to inform them of the wonderful foreboding I had given of future genius. Your curiosity may naturally expect to be gratified with the passage in question; I quote it, therefore, for your reflection and amusement:

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd Hell!

The two principal orators of the present age (and one of them, perhaps, is a greater than has been produced in any age) are the Earls of *Mansfield* and *Chatham*. The former is a great man, *Ciceronian*, but I should think inferior to *Cicero*; the latter is a greater man, *Demosthenean*, but superior to *Demosthenes*. The first formed himself on the model of the great Roman orator; he studied, translated, rehearsed, and acted his orations: the second disdained imitation, and was himself a model of eloquence, of which no idea can be formed but by those who have seen and heard him. His words have sometimes frozen my young blood into stagnation, and sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins, that I could scarce support it. He, however, embellished his ideas by classical amusements, and occasionally read the sermons of *Barrow*, which he considered as a mine of nervous expressions: but, not content to correct and instruct his imagination by the works of mortal men, he borrowed his noblest images from the language of inspiration. *Mr. Edmund Burke* also gives an happy dignity to parts of his speeches; a want of which is, in general, their only defect, by the application of scriptural expressions.

Though

Though I have such bright and venerable examples before my eyes, I pursue a somewhat different, but not an opposite track; for *Milton*, from the excellence and form of his works, has every claim to the title of a *classic*: from the nature also of his principal subjects, which are drawn from scripture, we may be said, in some degree, to read the sacred writings, when his great poetical commentary of them (for so I shall call his *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*) is the object of our studies. The orations of *Cicero*, notwithstanding their character in the world, please, but do not inflame me. We are at too great a distance from the period, and have not a sufficient idea of the manner of their delivery, to be affected by them. They are very fine compositions; and it is the evidence of their being compositions, that is their chief fault: and if *Lord Mansfield* were to pronounce the best of them, in his best manner, I doubt much of their supposed effect. They chill the warmth of my feelings; and I have often essayed, but in vain, to work up in me an elevation of mind and spirits from a repetition of the Roman orations. I must acknowledge that *Lord Bolingbroke*, a great and splendid authority, is against me; who, in language more animating than I could ever find in *Tully's* eloquence, declares that no man who has a soul can read his orations, after the revolutions of so many ages, after the extinction of the governments and of the people for whom they were composed, without feeling at this hour the passions they were designed to move, and the spirit they were designed to raise. If this be true, in his Lordship's sense of the expression, I have no soul: but I suspect the truth of this assertion, as I well know that he would, at any time, sacrifice a just criticism to a brilliant passage. His character and genius were both intemperate; and when his tongue or his pen were pleased with their subjects, he was borne rapidly on by the stream

stream of eloquence, not considering or caring whether he went. When his imagination was once kindled, it was an equal chance whether he obscured virtue, or dignified vice. The source of his delusive writings was an headstrong vivid fancy, which practised as great deceits upon himself, as he had ever done upon mankind. But to return to my subject:

For the life of me, I cannot read sermons even with Lord *Chatham*; and my hands are too unhallowed to unfold the sacred volume: but I find in *Milton's* poems every thing that is sublime in thought, beautiful in imagery, and energetic in language and expression. To attain a reputation for eloquence is my aim and my ambition; and if I should acquire the art of cloathing my thoughts in happy language, adorning them with striking images, or enforcing them by commanding words, I shall be indebted for such advantages to the study of our great British classic.

I know you would not recommend my friends, the poets, to take a leading part in the study of eloquence. You may, probably, apprehend, that poetical pursuits would be apt to give too poetical a turn to discourse as well as writing, and to beget a greater attention to sound than to sense. Such an idea is certainly founded in truth; and your objections are perfectly sensible, when an application to the poets is not conducted with judgment, and moderated by prosaic reading and exercise. A little circumstance in point, which just occurs to me, will make you smile: when my father had completed the first copy of his history, the friends to whom he sent it, for their criticism and correction, universally agreed in its being written in a kind of irregular blank verse, from the beginning to the end. He was much surprised at the information; but, on examining his work, he found it to be true, and gave to the whole the excellent dress it now wears. Sir Robert R——  
was

was so unfair as to impress some of the passages upon his memory, and has since been so ill-natured as to repeat them. But to put a period to this long letter, I declare myself to be very angry, when you are but twenty miles from me, that you should not put your horses to your chaise, and be here in a shorter space of time than is necessary to fill up half a sheet of paper. You will do well to come and amuse yourself here, leaving gouty uncles and croaking aunts to themselves. There is more vivacity concentrated in my little dell, than is to be found in all the ample sweets of your vale. As you are musical, I will prepare a syren to sing to you, and you shall accompany her in any manner you please.

Adieu !  
Yours most truly, &c.

---

THE following letter is from a work of Dr. Shebbeare, wherein, under a feigned correspondence between an Italian jesuit and his friends, he describes and characterises the manners, both public and domestic, of the people of England. In this letter, by an affected dispraise of learning, an admirable satire is conveyed against those half-read coxcombs, who pervert religion into infidelity, philosophy to obscurity, and metaphysical reasoning to unintelligible verbosity.

DR. SHEBBEAR was an excellent political, moral, and humorous writer; born 1709, died 1788. His most famous works are, "Letters to the English Nation," and "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea."

*Baptista*

*Baptista Angeloni to the Reverend Father Francisco  
Sansovino.*

Dear Sir,

Though you have often heard of the various characters which are generated in this island, it is impossible to feign to yourself one half the oddities which are to be found amongst the inhabitants; checked neither by religion nor policy, each runs into extremes, and the ruling whim, or reigning passion, takes up all his time, and his whole behaviour. From this latitudinarian manner of thinking, here is greater variety in men of the same kind, than is to be found besides upon the globe: the men of pleasure are all of the same stamp in Italy and France; in this country there is some varying vein, which characterises one from another: though the pursuit may be the same, yet the manner of taking and enjoying the game makes some difference in each of them.

In the law, physic, divinity, and trade, though there may be every where some original difference that decides to which each man belongs, yet there is some secondary distinction, which makes every individual more original in this land, than is to be found in any other country.

To me, who have long resided in this isle, there start out every day new characters, which I have never seen before. Not long since, two disputants in a coffee-house caught my attention; one sustained, with great humor, the mischief which had been brought into the world by philosophy and learning; the other, how much these studies added to the dignity of human nature. The first protested, that, in his opinion, there were but two useful books in the world, which were, the Bible and the Almanac. Men, says he, cannot well do without knowing their religion,

religion, and the day of the month; but as to all commentators and expositors of the scripture, they should be committed to the flames: a religion once established, should be complied with; and the object of a nation's faith once settled, should no more be examined than the right of the prince to whom a man has once sworn allegiance.

To what other purpose have all the learned theologists and philosophers published their several sentiments, but to disturb the heads of others who read their works, and believe they understand them: the last have reasoned themselves out of the truth of a small understanding, into the errors of what they think a greater; and like dwarfs who undertake to carry the burthens of giants, sinking beneath the weight, which becomes intolerable, are ashamed to shew their weakness, by acknowledging that the load is too heavy for them.

What advantage have all your writers on the scriptures brought to Christianity? continued he; the spirit of dispute has devoured the spirit of devotion, and we want another revelation, to bring back the minds of men from the various ways of thinking, and sects of Christianity, as much as that revelation was necessary to destroy all the futile and clashing sects of philosophers among the ancients.

Out of one plain truth they have produced a thousand errors, all under the sanction of infallible truth, and yet each of these truths is denied by the followers of the others. Thus, each sect being avowed as true by some, and false by others, it comes to pass, that every sect is at once both true and false: a rare conclusion on a matter of so much consequence to mankind, as the religion of a nation. To these men of philosophy we are indebted for this absurdity; all which would have been avoided, but for these singular judgments, which differing from the vulgar,

are

are called wise, though perhaps the least intitled to it amongst men.

I know, says he, that these wise heads and their followers assert, that the ancients permitted all opinions in their religion, and therefore had no disputes about it; but this is a mistake: the ancients of the same kingdom never differed about the genealogy or worship of their gods, nor attributed to one, what belonged to another; the worship of Jupiter was the same by all the Romans, and no one ever attempted an innovation; they never suffered it to be disputed, whether a god, received as such by the nation, was a god or not; or whether his temples should stand east and west, or north and south; nor would the state suffer a set of swivel-headed bigots, or fallacious free-thinkers, to alter the worship of their deities, or change a national religion to please the fantastic imaginations of a fanatic cobler or tinker, whose impudence had thrust them into the intermeddling with the affairs of religion.

What has Locke done to human understandings, but puzzle ten thousand sculls, which would have gone to their graves undisturbed but for him; and let loose millions of tongues, to prate about the human understanding, of which they have not the least comprehension.

Sir Isaac Newton has made more coxcombs than all the dancing-masters and mammas of London; every prig has him in his mouth, who never understood one of his problems; and nothing but demonstration can convince these gentleman, in things even when demonstration is not to be obtained.

To me it seems necessary, that as in the affairs of gold and silver, there are officers established to examine into the vases and other utensils made of these metals, to see if they are genuine, so there should be others destined to inspect and decide what understandings are proper to be trusted with such authors, and

and not permit the most abstruse and difficult matters to fall into the hands of every pretender to thinking.

In my opinion, says he, the emperor who burnt the library at Alexandria was the greatest friend to human kind; and if all the copies of Plato and Aristotle, as well as the other Greek and Latin writers, had been consumed in it, we should have had reason to bless the day, and passed our hours in unanimity and peace. I am not sure whether printing has not done as much mischief as the plague.

For my part, I would join in a petition to the legislature, to burn all the books in the nation, except those I first mentioned; we should then have more ease, less dissipation, warmer devotion, better sense and better times.

Thus he ended his conversation, which, though mixed with much wildness, has yet much truth in it, and may partly serve to justify our restraining the Bible from the hands of the weak and ill-judging.

Adieu.

I am your's most affectionately.

*Dr. Atterbury to Mr. Pope.*

March 16, 1721-2.

As a ~~vistant~~, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed; but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and

and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner\*; and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up, God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

---

*Lord Lyttleton to \* \* \* \*, on false Taste in Building, &c.*

It was very natural, in such a *Strephon* as you are, to imagine that I had hurried away to court the nymphs; I mean the wood nymphs of H——, now, I have so little thought about, or regard for these ladies, that I had, at one time, determined to despoil their shade, and make a profitable use of the oaks which shelter them. You will shriek at the idea like any *Hamadryad*; but, in spite of shrieks or entreaties, I had it in contemplation to be patriotic, and give the groves of H—— to the service of my country.

\* In his lady's last sickness.

The system of modern gardening, in spite of fashion and Mr. *Brown* is a very foolish one. The huddling together every species of building into a park or garden, is ridiculous.

The environs of a magnificent house should partake, in some degree, of the necessary formality of the building they surround. This was *Kent's* opinion; and, where his designs have escaped the destruction of modern refinement, there is an easy grandeur which is at once striking and delightful. Fine woods are beautiful objects, and their beauty approaches nearer to magnificence, as the mass of foliage becomes more visible; but to dot them with little white edifices, infringes upon their greatness, and by such divisions and sub-divisions, destroys their due effect. The verdure of British swells was not made for Grecian temples; a flock of sheep and a shepherd's hut are better adapted to it. Our climate is not suited to the deities of *Italy* and *Greece*, and in an hard winter I feel for the shuddering divinities. At H—— there is a *Temple of Theseus* commonly called by the gardener the Temple of Perseus, wherever you go; while the Temple of God, commonly called by the gardener the *Parish Church*, is so industriously hid by trees from without, that the pious matron can hardly read her prayer book within. This was an evident preference of strange gods, and, in my opinion, a very blasphemous improvement. Where nature is grand, improve her grandeur, not by adding extraneous decorations, but by removing obstructions. Where a scene is in itself lovely, very little is necessary to give it all due advantage, especially if it be laid into park, which undergoes no variety of cultivation.

*Stow* is in my opinion, a most detestable place; and has in every part of it the air of a *Golgotha*: a princely one I must acknowledge; but in no part of it could I ever lose that gloomy idea. My own park

possesses many and very rare beauties; but from the design of making it classical, it has been charged with many false and unsuitable ornaments. A classical park or a classical garden, is as ridiculous an expression as a classical plumb pudding, or a classical sirloin of beef. It is an unworthy action to strip the classics of their heroes, gods, and goddesses, to grow green amid the fogs of our unclassical climate. But the affectation and nonsense of little minds is beyond description. How many are there, who, fearful that mankind will not discover their knowledge, are continually hanging out the sign of hard words and pedantic expressions, like the late *Lord Orrery*, who for some classical reason, had given his dog a classical name: it was no less than Cæsar! however, Cæsar, one day, giving his Lordship a most unclassical bite, he seized a cane, and pursued him round the room with great solemnity, and this truly classical menace, "Cæsar! Cæsar! if I could catch thee, Cæsar! I would give thee as many wounds as Brutus gave thy namesake in the Capitol." This is the very froth of folly and affectation.

Adieu, &c.

*Angeloni to the Reverend Father Vincenzo Spinello  
on Oddity of Character.*

Dear Sir,

I have often told you, that this island teems with more characters, than are to be found in any nation upon earth, and probably as many as are upon the face of the globe. Every other nation has something which characterizes its people, and makes it visibly belong to one government; but in England the idea of liberty has reduced the minds of the inhabitants to a state of nature, as near as possible: this arises from this

this tenet, that in religion as in government, all men are to think and act for themselves, which has taken off all restraint in behaviour.

Indeed, this is not the avowed sentiment of all ranks of people: those of the established church allow, that the King has a right to decide and determine in matters relating to religion; that he has prerogatives and power, which are truly his; and yet the ministry of late years, who have been all whigs in politics, and of the established religion in matters of faith, if of any (except one presbyterian or two, flipt into high places) have diminished the power of the one, and tacitly disavowed the authority of the other, though the government has not been changed by any law whatever.

This prevailing opinion in the two most essential considerations of life, has borne down all other minuter influences, there is no uniform, established behaviour amongst the people in this kingdom, as you see in other places: the very moment an Englishman becomes rich enough to think himself independent, his first pleasure is, to shew that he does not care a sixpence for any one, by his behaviour and conversation, and to let himself loose to the influence of his ruling whimsy: I speak now of all those, who rise to great fortunes of their own acquiring: by this means in a London Coffee-house, a place for society and conversation, you see in their faces that these men are less sociable creatures, if they are silent, than in the inhabitants of Paris, as they walk the streets; a stern negative spreading itself over the countenances of the first, and a look of invitation on those of the latter: if they speak it is apparently to please themselves; the French though with the same design, yet appearing to please others.

It is in this isle an inviolable maxim, that every man of fortune has a right to spend his money as he pleases: by this it appears, that neither custom nor government

government influencing the behaviour of these people, there are few that disuse their money as they ought, but each man's prevailing whim decides of him in all things.

From this principle it naturally happens that one is all horse-jockey, another fox-hunter ; this up to the ears in play, another eternally in taverns and brothels ; one rambling from place to place, at an expence above his income ; this buys pictures, nick-nacks, and vertû, till he has not a house to put them in, and that purchases a seat in parliament for seven years, at the price of half his estate, (the whole of which was not before that time large enough for his expences) at the expiration of which term, he finds himself disappointed in his expectations, and without an acre of land.

If Mr. Locke's opinions of madness and ideotism are just, these men ought to come under one or other of these definitions. Mad men put wrong ideas together, and so make absurd propositions, but argue and reason right from them ; but idiots make very few propositions, and reason scarce at all : to which of these does the greatest number belong ?

Methinks this definition of madness is extremely imperfect, because almost all Englishmen, and philosophers who differ from one another, must come under that denomination in each others' opinion ; thus Descartes, who would explain all the motions of the planets by tourbillons, reasoned very well from that proposition, though it was false, and yet I believe Sir Isaac Newton never imagined him a madman ; and Descartes, in like manner, if he had lived at the time of Sir Isaac Newton, would not have conceived that great man a lunatic, though he had never been converted to his doctrines.

I have often imagined that the inside of the head of a man in his senses, and that of a mad-man, are not so totally different, as we are apt to imagine : if

another person could see and write down all the ideas which pass in our brains in a week; the resolutions, irresolutions, hopes, fears, castle-buildings, reasonings, &c. the person himself from whom the picture was drawn, forgetting what had passed in his mind, would declare these were the reveries of a lunatic.

Madness then seems to consist in believing all those things to be realities, which the mind images to itself, and acting in consequence of it; the latter makes the essential difference. For though a man should believe himself a king, and never behave in consequence of that imaginary character, he would not be deemed a madman; in like manner one, whose actions were directed with the air and manner of a sovereign, though he did not believe himself a king, would yet be considered as a man who had lost his reason. Thus it is the behaviour which constitutes the real idea of madness, and the concealment of our thoughts the man of sense: in this nation however, the actions of men must be very extraordinary, before the denomination of lunacy can be imputed to them.

Some time since here was a merchant, whose name was Spencer, who lived in a garret without common necessaries; he valued himself much on living on a shilling a day, and possessing eight thousand pounds a year; this proceeding was not looked on as madness in this country, and yet in Italy, it would have inevitably been considered as direct lunacy, and have confined him to an hospital. On the other hand an anchorite, who had renounced opulence and splendor to live in a cell, beneath some little hillock, upon that which his own hands can produce, crossing himself ten times in a minute in devotion on his knees before a crucifix, would be considered as a saint in Italy, and a mad-man in England; these different conclusions spring from the same cause. Riches are so much esteemed in this country, that all kinds of extravagancies

travagancies in behaviour, which lead to the possessing that inestimable blessing, appear with some degree of reason; and paradise is considered in that light amongst the people of Italy, and totally forgotten in this.

Thus, what looks like madness in one nation, to the eyes of a stranger, may be received as reasonable by the inhabitants themselves: a widow in some parts of India thinks it highly reasonable to run into the funeral pile which consumes her husband; and in England into the arms of a new spouse as soon as she can.

After this long dissertation, give me leave to describe a character of a man, who happened to die whilst I was on a journey, at a town in Devonshire. What I shall tell you, was related to me by gentlemen of undoubted sincerity, every one acquiescing in the truth of it; the whole appeared so singular at that time, that I could not avoid taking minutes of his life, which I shall herewith send you.

His name was Stucley, a gentleman of a very ancient family, and of an estate of a thousand pounds a year; in his youth he was bred to the law, and during this time appeared to have more of that principle in his soul which the Newtonians call the *vis inertiae* in matter, than is to be found in almost any man; when put into motion he was extremely apt to continue so, and being at rest he hated moving: by this disposition, when he was prevailed on by his companions to pass an evening in gaiety, he never desired to change that manner of living, and would have persisted in it for ever, if he could have prevailed on them to continue with him, being then as eccentric, and as inclined to motion, as a comet; in like manner, when he had once become sedentary by two or three days tarrying at his chambers, he hated the thoughts of being put in action again, and was always difficultly brought abroad, like a heavy stone, which has lain some time

in one place on the ground, and formed itself a bed, out of which it is not easily removed.

When he left London, he retired into the country, filled with the project of perfecting the perpetual motion; this naturally kept him much at home in pursuit of this study: but as no one in the town had resolution enough to reason with him on the affair, or was of import enough to make him change his designs; that habit of persisting in one way kept him at home entirely. During the course of more than thirty years, he never came abroad but once, which was, when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to King George the First; this was the only time he changed his shirt, garments, or shaved himself, for the whole time of his retirement: he was a very little man, and at once the most nasty and cleanliest person alive; washing his hands twenty times a day, and neglecting every other part: during this confinement, he never had his bed made. After he had given over all hopes of success in the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the works and policy of ants, and stocked the whole town so plenteously with that insect, that the fruits in the gardens were devoured by them.

During the reign of the immortal Queen Anne, whenever the Duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against any city in Flanders, he broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, made with lime and sand, according to the custom of that country, and advanced in his approaches regularly with his pick axe, gaining work after work, chalked out on the ground according to the intelligence in the Gazette; by which he took the town in the middle of the floor at Bideford, the same day his grace was master of it in Flanders: thus every city cost him a new floor.

During the time of his staying within doors, he never sat on a chair, and when he chose to warm himself,

himself, he had made a pit before the fire, into which he leapt, and thus sat on the floor.

He suffered no one to see him, but the heir of his estate, his brother and sister; the first never but when he sent for him; and that very rarely; the others sometimes once a year, and sometimes seldom, when he was cheerful, talkative, and a lover of the tittle tattle of the town.

His family consisted of two servant maids, one of which slept in the house, the other not: notwithstanding this singularity and apparent avarice, he was by no means a lover of money, for during the whole time, he had never received nor asked for any rent from many of his tenants, and those who brought him money, he would often keep at an inn more than a week, pay all their expences, and dismiss them back again without receiving a shilling.

He lived well in his house, and frequently gave to the poor; always eat from large joints of meat, and never saw any thing twice at his table; and at Christmas he divided a certain sum of money amongst the necessitous of the town.

He seemed to be afraid of two things only; one, being killed for his riches; the other, being infected with a disease; for which reasons he would send his maid sometimes to borrow half-a-crown from his neighbours, to hint he was poor; and always received the money which was paid him, in a basin of water, to prevent taking infection from those who paid him.

He never kept his money under lock and key, but piled it up on the shelves, before the plates in the kitchen. In his chamber, into which no servant had entered during the time of his tarrying at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers, covered with dust, and five hundred lying on the floor, where it lay five and twenty years; this last sum a child had thrown down, which he was fond of playing with, by upsetting a table

that stood on one foot; the table continued in the same situation also: through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces on one side, one of which led from the door to the window, the other from the window to the bed.

When he quitted the Temple in London, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the anti-chamber, where it had continued many years, during which time the chambers had passed through several hands; when at length, the gentleman who possessed them ordering his servant to pull it down, it broke by being rotten, and out fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, which were found to belong to him from the inclosed papers; this he had never examined after: it is generally supposed also, that he had put some thousand pounds in the hands of a banker, or lent it to some tradesman in London, without taking any memorandum of it from the person; all which is lost to his heirs, as he would never say to whom he lent it, through fear perhaps lest he should hear it was lost, which some minds can bear to suspect, though not to know positively: after more than thirty years living a recluse, he was at last found dead, covered with lice. And thus ended the life of this whimsical being. The gentleman who gave me this account was a man of excellent understanding, and who accompanied him to the town-hall, when he went to take the oaths of allegiance; he assured me, that in all the questions he could propose on every subject he could think on, he did not shew the least tincture of madness; he rallied himself on the perpetual motion, laughed at the folly of confining himself in-doors, and said he believed he should now come abroad again like other men; he was always esteemed a person of good understanding before his shutting himself up: at the time of his death he was building himself a house, the walls of which were seven foot thick, probably his fears of being murdered increasing with his

his age, (I think he was more than seventy) induced him to build this castle-like dwelling to defend him from the attacks of thieves. This gentleman then, if he was lunatic, which none of his friends ever supposed him, seems to be so in the manner I have before mentioned, by putting all the reveries and whimsies of the human brain into action, and being unchecked by all external influence; a man of this stamp with a turn to devotion, would have been canonized as a saint in Italy.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you a very singular, and very true portrait, which I hope you will consider as natural philosophers do the extraordinary productions of human nature, where the viscera are transposed, or any deviation from the common way of her productions: for though I look upon one research or discovery of the universal principles of nature, beyond a thousand of its irregular productions; yet, I hope in complaisance to the reigning taste of this kingdom, you will receive this with as much distinction as a six legged rabbit, a two headed lamb, or a double bodied chicken, would be, by what is at present called a philosopher in England.

I am,

Your most obedient.

---



---

### ANGER.

IT is observed of this passion, that it can reside only in the bosom of a fool, though it may glance into the breast of a wise man; this sentence is true, as most short sentences are, where much of precision is sacrificed to brevity. No wise man will encourage the residence of anger in his mind till it grows to ferocity, infidelity, or a revengeful and

murderous determination, but neither wisdom or philosophy requires that vice, meanness, and insolence should excite no other sensations than are produced by slight offences, or trivial disappointments. A temper easily irritable is a great curse to its possessor, and a great plague to those who are compelled to endure the effects of it, but nature is often blamed for producing an effect which, in truth, proceeds, but too often, from an overweening self-importance, and an acquired inhumanity: these points are admirably illustrated in the following letter.

*Dr. Moore to a Friend.*

Travellers are too apt to form hasty, and for the most part, unfavourable opinions of national characters. Finding the customs and sentiments of the inhabitants of the foreign countries through which they pass, very different from their own, they are ready to consider them as erroneous, and conclude, that those who act and think in a manner so opposite to themselves, must be either knaves, fools, or both. In such hasty decisions they are often confirmed by the partial representation of a few of their own countrymen, or of other foreigners who are established in some profession in those countries, and who have an interest in giving bad impressions of the people among whom they reside.

That the Italians have an uncommon share of natural sagacity and acuteness, is pretty generally allowed; but they are accused of being deceitful, perfidious, and revengeful; and the frequent assassinations and murders which happen in the streets of the great towns in Italy, are brought as proofs of this charge. I have not remained a sufficient length of time in Italy, supposing I were, in all other respects, qualified to decide on the character of the inhabitants;

habitants; but from the opportunities I have had, my idea of the Italians is, that they are an ingenious sober people, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition, and less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most other nations. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs, which have, from various causes, crept among them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree, in some other countries. I beg you will keep in your mind, that the assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever may have been the case formerly are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens; and with regard to the stabbings which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the stories of mercenary bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at present there is no such trade in this country. That the horrid practice of drawing the knife and stabbing each other, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, I am persuaded is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom in two different manners: first, it increases the criminal's hope of escaping; secondly, it diminishes, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity

of the crime. When the populace see a murderer lodged within the sacred walls of a church, protected and fed by men who are revered on account of their profession, and the supposed sanctity of their lives; must not this weaken the horror which mankind naturally have for such a crime, and which it ought to be the aim of every government to augment.

Those who are willing to admit that this last consideration may have the effect I have ascribed to it, on the minds of the vulgar, still contend, that the hopes of impunity can have little influence in keeping up the practice of stabbing; because as has been already observed, these stabbings are always in consequence of accidental quarrels and sudden bursts of passion, in which men have no consideration about their future safety. All I have to say in answer is, that if the observations I have been able to make on the human character are well founded, there are certain considerations which never entirely lose their influence on the minds of men, even when they are in the height of passion. I do not mean that there are not instances of men being thrown into such paroxysms of fury, as totally deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to consequences; but extraordinary instances, which depend on peculiarities of constitution, and very singular circumstances, cannot destroy the force of an observation which, generally speaking, is found just. We every day see men who have the character of being of the most ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of passion upon the most trivial occasions, yet, in the midst of all their rage, and when they seem to be entirely blinded by fury, are still capable of making distinctions; which plainly evince, that they are not so very much blinded by anger, as they would seem to be. When people are subject to violent fits of cholera, and to an unrestrained licence of words and actions, only in the company

company of those who, from their unfortunate situation in life, are obliged to bear such abuse, it is a plain proof that considerations which regard their own personal safety, have some influence on their minds in the midst of their fury, and instruct them to be mad *certo ratione modoque*. This is frequently unknown to those choleric people themselves, while it is fully evident to every person of observation around them. What violent fits of passion do some men indulge in against their slaves and servants, which they always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers, of which, however, they display the most perfect command upon much greater provocations given by their superiors, equals, or by any set of people who are not obliged to bear their ill-humour. How often do we see men who are agreeable, cheerful, polite, and good-tempered to the world in general, gloomy, peevish, and passionate, to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witness to any instance of unprovoked domestic rage, into which they have allowed themselves to be transported, they will very probably lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the rest of mankind. But if a man does not speak and act with the same degree of violence on an equal provocation, without considering whether it comes from *superior*, *equal*, or *dependant*, he plainly shews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occasions, proceeds from the basest and most despicable of all motives.

I remember, when I was on the continent with the English army, having seen an officer beat a soldier very unmercifully with his cane: I was then standing with some officers, all of whom seemed to be filled with indignation at this mean exercise of power. When the person who had performed the intrepid exploit came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of disapprobation in every countenance; for

which reason he thought it necessary to apologize for what he had done. "Nothing, says he, provokes me so much as a fellow's looking saucily when I speak to him. I have told that man so fifty times; and yet, on my reprimanding him just now, for having one of the buttons of his waistcoat broken, he *looked saucily* full in my face; which threw me into such a passion, that I could not help threshing him. However, I am sorry for it, because he has the character of being an honest man, and has always done his duty, as a soldier, very well. How much, continued he, are those people to be envied, who have a full command of their tempers!"

"No man can command it more perfectly than yourself," said a gentleman, who was then in the foot guards, and has since been a general officer.

"I often endeavour to do it, replied the choleric man, but always find it out of my power. I have not philosophy enough to check the violence of my temper when once I am provoked."

"You certainly do yourself injustice, said the officer; no person seems to have their passions under better discipline. With your brother officers I never saw you, in a single instance, break through the rules of decorum, or allow your anger to overcome your politeness to them."

"They never provoked me, said the passionate man. Provoked you! rejoined the other; yes, Sir, often, and in a much greater degree than the poor soldier. Do not I at this moment give you ten thousand times more provocation than he, or any of the unfortunate men under your command, whom you are so apt beat and abuse, ever did? and yet you seem perfectly master of your temper."

There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except by knocking the other down; but that was a method of convincing his antagonist, which he did not think proper to use.

A more

A more intrepid man, in the same predicament, would very probably have had recourse to that expedient; but in general mankind are able, even in the violence of passion, to estimate, in some measure, the risk they run; and the populace of every country are more readily kindled to that *inferior* degree of rage, which makes them lose their horror for the crime of murder, and disregard the life of a fellow-creature, than to that *higher* pitch which deprives them of all consideration for their own personal safety.

In England, Germany, or France, a man knows that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, which such sentiments augment, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage. The lowest blackguard in the streets of London will not draw a knife against an antagonist far superior to himself in strength. He will fight him fairly with his fists as long as he can, and bear the severest drubbing, rather than use a means of defence which is held in detestation by his countrymen, and which would bring himself to the gallows.

The murders committed in Germany, France, or England, are therefore comparatively few in number, and happen generally in consequence of a preconcerted plan, in which the murderers have taken measures for their escape or concealment, without which they know that inevitable death awaits them. In Italy the case is different; an Italian is not under

the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is at less pains to restrain the wrath which he feels kindling within his breast; he allows his rage full scope; and if hard pressed by the superior strength of an enemy, he does not scruple to extricate himself by a thrust of his knife; he knows, that if some of the Sbirri are not present, no other person will seize him; for *that* office is held in such detestation by the Italian populace, that none of them will perform any part of its functions. The murderer is therefore pretty certain of gaining some church or convent, where he will be protected, till he can compound the matter with the relations of the deceased, or escape to some of the other Italian states; which is no very difficult matter, as the dominions of none are very extensive.

Besides, when any of these assassins has not had the good fortune to get within the portico of a church before he is seized by the Sbirri, and when he is actually carried to prison, it is not a very difficult matter for his friends or relations to prevail, by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals or princes to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If this is the case, and I am assured from authority which fully convinces me, that it is, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians. This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use

use of the stiletto. And the Florentine populace now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I am afraid you will think I have been a little prolix on this occasion; but I had two objects in view, and was solicitous about both. The first was to shew, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is, like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes; the second was, to demonstrate to certain choleric gentlemen, who pretend to have ungovernable tempers, as an excuse for rendering every creature dependent on them miserable, that in their furious fits they not only behave ridiculously, but basely. In civil life, in England, they have the power of only making themselves contemptible; but in the army or navy, or in our islands, they often render themselves the objects of horror.

In the following specimens will be seen all the effects of the passion from the first conception of coolness or dislike, to the time of soliciting reconciliation, and the propriety of indignation and spirited expostulation in some cases, the folly of violence in others, the merits of a mild answer and the amiableness of a frank and ingenuous offer of mutual forgiveness may be easily discerned.

*Queen Mary to the Princess Anne.*

I have received yours by the Bishop of Worcester, and have very little to say to it; since you cannot but know, that as I never used compliments, so now they will not serve.

'Tis

'Tis none of my fault, we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to shew my willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more. Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble: for be assured it is not words can make us live together as we ought. You know what I required of you. And I now tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with, or you must not wonder if I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks, that will satisfy me. Nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do, that sees them. These things don't hinder me being very glad to hear you are so well, and wishing you may continue so; and that you may yet, while 'tis in power, oblige me to be

Your affectionate Sister,  
Marie R.

*The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.*

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or proscription in the cursedest of all other countries? nay, nay, it is your rebel's pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

Your Majesty's exiled Servant.

*The*

*The Duke of Marlborough to Queen Anne, on his Dismissal.*

Madam,

I am very sensible of the honor your majesty does me in dismissing me from your service by a letter of your own hand, though I find by it that my enemies have been able to prevail with your majesty to do it in the manner that is most injurious to me. And if their malice and inveteracy against me had not been more powerful with them than the consideration of your majesty's honor and justice, they would not have influenced you to impute the occasion of my dismissal to a false and malicious insinuation contrived by themselves, and made public, when there was no opportunity for me to give in my answer; which, they must needs be conscious would fully detect the falsehood and malice of their aspersions, and not leave them that handle for bringing your majesty to such extremities against me.

But I am much more concerned at an expression in your majesty's letter, which seems to complain of the treatment you had met with. I know not how to understand that word, nor what construction to make of it. I know I have always endeavoured to serve your majesty faithfully and zealously, through a great many undeserved mortifications. But if your majesty does intend by that expression to find fault with my not coming to the cabinet council, I am very free to acknowledge that my duty to your majesty and my country would not give me leave to join in the counsel of a man, who, in my opinion, puts your majesty upon all manner of extremities. And it is not my opinion only, but the opinion of all mankind, *that the friendship of France must needs be destructive to your majesty: there being in that court a root of enmity irreconcilable to your majesty's government,*

*ment, and the religion of these kingdoms.* I wish your majesty may never find the want of so faithful a servant, as I have always endeavoured to approve myself to you. I am with the greatest duty and submission,

Madam,  
Your Majesty's most dutiful  
and obedient Subject,  
Marlborough.

---

*Mr. de Voltaire to Lord Lyttleton, Author of the Dialogues of the Dead.*

My Lord,

I have read the ingenious Dialogues of the Dead. I find “that I am an exile, and guilty of some excesses in writing.” I am obliged (and perhaps for the honor of my country) to say I am no exile, because I have not committed the excesses the author of the dialogues imputes to me.

No body raised his voice higher than mine in favour of the rights of mankind; yet I have not exceeded even in that virtue.

I am not settled in Switzerland, as he believes. I live in my own lands in France. Retreat is becoming to old age, and more becoming in one's own possessions. If I enjoy a little country house near Geneva, my manors and my castles are in Burgundy; and if my king has been pleased to confirm the privileges of my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more addicted to my king.

If I was an exile, I had not obtained from my court many a passport for English noblemen.

The service I rendered to them entitles me to the justice I expect from the noble author.

As to religion, I think, and I hope he thinks with me,

me, that God is neither a presbyterian nor a Lutheran, nor of the low church, nor of the high church; but God is the father of all mankind, the father of the noble author, and mine.

I am, with respect,  
his most humble Servant,  
Voltaire,  
Gentleman of the king's chamber.

At my castle of Tornex, in Burgundy.

### *The Answer.*

Sir,

I have received the honor of your letter, dated from your castle at Tornex, in Burgundy, by which I find I was guilty of an error in calling your retirement "an exile." When another edition shall be made of my Dialogues, either in English or in French, I will take care that this error shall be corrected; and I am very sorry I was not apprized of it sooner, that I might have corrected it in the first edition of a French translation just published under my inspection in London. To do you justice is a duty I owe to truth and myself; and you have a much better title to it than from the *passports* you say you have procured for English noblemen: you are entitled to it, Sir, by the high sentiments of respect I have for you, which are not paid to the *privileges*, you tell me, your king has confirmed to your lands, but to the *noble talents* God has given you, and the superior rank you hold in the republic of letters. The favours done you by your sovereign, are an honor to him, but add little lustre to the name of Voltaire.

I entirely agree with you "that God is the father of all mankind;" and should think it blasphemy to confine his goodness to a sect; nor do I believe that any

any of his creatures are good in his sight, if they do not extend their benevolence to all his creation. These opinions I rejoice to see in your works, and shall be very happy to be convinced that the liberty of your thoughts and your pen, upon subjects of philosophy and religion, never exceeded the bounds of this generous principle, which is authorised by revelation, as much as by reason; or that you disapprove, in your hours of sober reflection, any irregular sallies of fancy, which cannot be *justified*, though they may be *excused*, by the vivacity and fire of a great genius.

I have the honor to be,  
Sir, &c.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Lord Chesterfield.*

THE occasion of the following letter is thus related by one of Dr. Johnson's biographers: "As the Dictionary drew towards a conclusion, Chesterfield, who had previously treated Johnson with unpardonable neglect, now, as meanly courted a reconciliation with him, in hopes of being immortalized in a dedication; with this view, he wrote two essays, in the *World*, in praise of the Dictionary, and, according to Sir John Hawkins, sent Sir Thomas Robinson to him, for the same purpose; but Johnson, who had not renounced the connection, but on the justest grounds, of continued neglect, was sensible that to listen to an accommodation, would be to exchange dignity for a friendship, trifling in its value, and precarious in its tenure; he, therefore rejected his advances, and spurned his proffered patronage by the following letter, which is a model of courtly sarcasm, and manly reprobation, couched in terms, equally respectful

respectful in their form, and cutting in their essence; it affords the noblest lesson to both authors and patrons that stands upon record in the annals of literary history."

My Lord,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;— that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your doors; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment, I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,  
Most obedient Servant.

---

If the former letter has an equal, it is in the following, indorsed "An Answer to Lord Palmerston's civil, polite Letter."

*Dr. Swift to Lord Palmerston.*

My Lord,

I desire you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any

any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis\*; and if you had read that passage in my letter a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice the young man received were from those who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous conduct: whereupon, at his request, I laid the case before you †, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if, on account of a trifle and of a person for whom I have no concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I know, from himself and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, I fully agree, that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul insinuations, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me such treatment. I own my obligation to Sir William Temple ‡, for recommending me to the late king,  
although

\* A resident master in Trinity college, whom the dean made one of the four minor canons of St. Patrick's cathedral.

† Lord Viscount Palmerston (nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a right to bestow two handsome chambers, in the university of Dublin, upon such students as he and his heirs shall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family towards the college buildings.

‡ After Mr. Swift left the university of Dublin, Sir William Temple (whose father, Sir John Temple, master of the rolls in Ireland, had been a friend to the family) invited

although without success; and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But, I hope, you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his house on any other motives, than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to seek it as ever; and, perhaps, you will allow, that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that, in the time when I had some little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it. For, thanks to party, I have met, in both kingdoms, with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I *Declared no great regard to your family*; for so you express yourself: I never had occasion or opportunity to make use of any such words. The last time I saw you in London, was the last intercourse, that I remember to have had with your family. But, having always trusted to my own innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my accusers. When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern: and I had no resentment; because I supposed it to arise only from different sentiments in public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were *polite*, it was against my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I

our young author to spend some time with him at Moor-Park, in England, for the sake of his conversation: where he pursued his studies through all the Greek and Roman historians. Here it was he was introduced, by his friend, to King William; when his majesty used to pay frequent visits to that great minister, after he had retired from public business to his seat at Moor-Park.

have

have *wit*, I will keep it to shew when I am angry: which at present I am not: because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person hurried on by mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style; because, in that case, retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But, as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief; so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politeness I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret; that, although you call me a *great wit*, you do not think me so; otherwise you would have been cautious of writing me such a letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask pardon, where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly, upon occasions, been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

My Lord,

Your most humble Servant.

*Lord Lyttleton to \*\*\**

You have, certainly, given yourself very unjustifiable airs upon my subject; neither your talents, knowledge, figure, courage, or virtue, afford you the shadow of that superiority over me, which, I understand, you affect to maintain. However imprudent or bad my conduct may have been, whatever vices I may unfortunately possess, be assured I do not envy you your sniveling virtues, which are worse than the worst vices, and give an example of meanness and hypocrisy in the extreme. Your letter is *a farrago* of them both; and since the receipt of it, I despise you more than ever.

What, Sir! has my father got a cough, or does he look thinner than usual, and read his Bible? There must be some certain symptom of his decay and dissolution, that could induce you to address yourself so kindly to one, who, to use your own expression, is, as he ought to be, abandoned by his family. You have dreamed of an hatchment upon

— House, and seen a visionary coronet suspended over my brow. You are a simploton and a parasite, to let such weak reasons guide you to wag your tail, and play the spaniel, and renew your offers to fetch and carry. Be assured, for your comfort, that if ever you and I have any future intercourse together, it will be upon such terms or worse.

I have heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that you pretend to lament your poor —'s fate; and, with a more than rueful visage, prognosticate the breaking of his heart from the wicked life of his graceless son. Now, I will tell you a secret, that supposing such a canting prophecy should take place to-morrow, you would be the first to flatter the PARRICIDE. I consider you with a mixture of scorn and pity, when I see you so continually hampered

pered in difficulties, from your regard to the present and future Lord: though you order your matters tolerably well; for there is not one of our family to whom your hypocritical canting will not answer in some measure, but to myself. I know you, and I declare you to be incapable of any love or affection to any one, even to a mother or a sister. You know what I mean. But, to quit an idea abhorrent to human nature, let me entreat you, if it is in your power, to act with candour; and, if you must speak of me, tell your sentiments openly, and not with those covert looks, and affected shrugs, which convey so much more than meets the ear: and be so good, I pray you, as to raise your merit upon your own mighty stock of virtues, and not upon my vices. The world will one day judge between us, and I must desire you to be content with the acknowledged superiority you will receive from the arbitration in your favour.

I have not yet sung a requiem to my own honor; and though you, and some others of my good friends, may have chaunted a dirge over the grave you have yourselves dug for it, it does not rest without the hopes of a joyful and speedy resurrection. To have done with you for the present, I have only to desire you to be an open enemy to me, or a real friend, if you are capable of either: the halting between two opinions on the matter is both disgraceful and contemptible. Be assured that I give you these counsels more for your own sake than for that of

Your humble Servant, &c.

*The Earl of Derby to Ireton, one of the Generals of the Parliament's Army, in the Reign of King Charles I. in Answer to a Summons to deliver up the Isle of Man.*

Sir,

I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder, whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove like you, treacherous to my Sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candor of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and, I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper, and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be,

His Majesty's most loyal,  
And obedient Subject,  
Derby.

From Castle-Town,  
this 12th of July, 1649.

*Dr. Johnson to Mr. James Macpherson, Editor of the Poems of Ossian.*

Mr. James Macpherson,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered to me, I shall do my best to repel; and

and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your *Homer*, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall *say*, but to what you shall *prove*. You may print this if you will.

---

*Sir Philip Sydney to Molineux.*

Mr. Molineux,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know; I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewell.

From Court,  
this last of May, 1578.

*The Answer.*

Sir,

I have received a letter from you, which as it is the first, so the same is the sharpest that I ever received from any: and therefore it amazeth me the more to receive such a one from you, since I have (the world can be judge) deserved better somewhere, howsoever it pleaseth you to condemn me now. But since it is (I protest to God) without cause, or yet just ground of suspicion you use me thus, I bear the injury more patiently for a time; and mine innocence, I hope, in the end shall try mine honesty; and then I trust you will confess you have done me wrong. And since your pleasure is so expressed, that I shall not henceforth read any of your letters; although I must confess I have heretofore taken both great delight and profit in reading some of them: yet upon so hard a condition (as you seem to offer) I will not hereafter adventure so great a peril, but obey you herein. Howbeit if it had pleased you, you might have commanded me in a far greater matter, with a far less penalty. From the castle of Dublin, the 1st of July, 1578.

Your's,

(when it shall please you better to conceive of me)

Humbly to command.

*Dr. Johnson to William Straban, Esq.*

Sir,

It would be very foolish for us to continue strangers any longer: you can never, by persistency, make wrong right. If I resented too acrimoniously, I resented only to yourself: nobody ever saw or heard what

what I wrote. You saw that my anger was over, for in a day or two I came to your house. I have given you longer time; and I hope you have made so good use of it, as to be no longer on evil terms with, Sir,

Your, &c.

---

### SICKNESS.

THE letters of sick persons are, in general, characterised by a querulous monotony, which renders them unpleasant in the perusal, and disagreeable to recollect; but there are instances, when the recollection of a well-spent life, the cheering consolations of religious hope, and a natural fortitude of body and mind, dispel terror, and raise the man above the miseries of his situation. The specimens given here of letters written by sick persons are but two; and are not exhibited with a view to teach others how to write in similar conditions, for, in that moment, recollection is too apt to fail, and the lessons of art are invariably forgotten, but they paint the minds of two men of great eminence in our own age, and are not without their appropriate beauties in their different styles.

*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi.*

Bolt-court, Fleet-street,  
June, 19, 1783.

Dear Madam,

I am sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative, which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will

perhaps pass over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard, however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know, and I do not blame myself, who have, for a great part of human life, done you what good I could, and have never done you evil.

I had been disordered in the usual way, and had been relieved by the usual methods, by opium and cathartics, but had rather lessened my dose of opium.

On Monday the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered, that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech,

he

he left me my hand ; I enjoyed a mercy, which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty ; my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden, and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly and very disinterested, and give me great hopes, but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was ; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

How this will be received by you, I know not. I hope you will sympathise with me ; but perhaps

My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,  
Cries, Is he dumb ? 'Tis time he shou'd.

But can this be possible ? I hope it cannot. I hope that what, when I could speak, I spoke of you, and to you, will be in a sober and serious hour remembered by you ; and surely it cannot be remembered, but with some degree of kindness. I have loved you with virtuous affection ; I have honoured you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearments be forgotten, but let me have, in this great distress, your pity and your prayers. You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend ; do not, do not drive me from

you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred.

To the girls, who do not write often, for Susy has written only once, and Miss Thrale owes me a letter, I earnestly recommend, as their guardian and friend, that they remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have two on now of my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence, but am satisfied that what can be done is done for me.

O God! give me comfort and confidence in Thee: forgive my sins; and if it be thy good pleasure, relieve my diseases for Jesus Christ's sake.  
Amen.

I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written, let it go.

I am, &c.

*Mr. Sterne to John Hall Stevenson, Esq.*

Newark, Monday, ten  
o'clock in the morn.

My dear Cousin,

I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadas-  
terous goods consigned to Pluto and company—  
lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route,  
upon a large pillow which I had the pruriance to  
purchase

purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby-Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be overset this bout.—My love to G. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few.

I am, dear H.

Truly your's.

---

THE two following letters describe that great wit and genius, Dr. Swift, in the last stage of his life, when reduced to the miserable state of idiotism: the most mortifying satire on the vanity of human intellect, and severest visitation of providence.

*Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery.*

My Lord,

The easy manner, in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship, and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew, and when that

part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person: so that all the attendance which I could pay him was calling twice a week to enquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a day, would not eat or drink if his servant stayed in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking. About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr. Nichols (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his own eyes: and, for near a month, he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four: yet a moderate appetite continued; and what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and shewed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him if he would give me a dinner? He said, to be sure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the Doctor and Surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr. Nichols thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But, alas! this pleasure to me was but of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him. He is now free from torture: his eye almost well; very quiet, and begins to sleep, but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk

walk a turn about his room: and yet in this way the physicians think he may hold out for some time.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient  
humble Servant,

M. Whiteway.

Dublin,

Nov. 22, 1742.

---

*Deane Swift, Esq. to Lord Orrery.*

My Lord,

As to the story of *O poor old man!* I inquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass, but neither Mrs. Ridgeway, nor the lower servants could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it, by the time when I should come again to the deanery. I have been there since, they cannot recollect it. A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them; and yet I am now inclined to think there may be some truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and, rocking himself, said, *I am what I am, I am what I am:* and about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week: but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissars.

Some-

Sometimes he will not utter a syllable: at other times he will speak incoherent words: but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four months ago he gave me great trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him, I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, Sir? He shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a friend should spend the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "You will ruin me in wine." I own, I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me: at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant (now and then he calls him by his name) at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, "I am a fool." Not long ago, the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was, he said, "Bring it here:" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it: some time ago, the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal, he said, "That is a stone, you blockhead."

In a few days, or some very short time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking; I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what; but instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, "Go, go," pointing with his hand to the door; and immediately afterwards, raising his hand

hand to his head, he said, " My best understanding," and so broke off abruptly, and walked away.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,  
and most humble Servant,

Deane Swift.

Dub. April 4, 1744.

---

IN writing letters of consolation to the sick or their friends, common decency and feeling would dictate to the writer to avoid every harshness of expression, and disagreeable retrospection; but this is not all, every unseasonable levity, or affectation of humor or gallantry, is a cruel insult, discordant to the feelings, and inimical to the ease of the party.

*Dr. Tillotson to a Friend.*

Sir,

I am sorry to understand by Mr. T——'s letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that, God has thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, has occasioned no very melan-

melancholy reflections; but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it, for both which great allowances are to be made.

And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these, that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve, the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin, and punishment; and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but short and slight, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved; and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in the other world; that if we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to happiness, and that eternal life which God, that cannot lie, hath promised? Nature, I know

I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here ; and yet a long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable ; it is but the same thing over again, or worse, so many more days or nights, summers and winters ; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day ; a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less patience and strength to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment, but comfort, though with great inequality of temper, at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us while we are in this world. However, by these kind of thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close up to it, without startling at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me ; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them that love him, and hope in his mercy.

I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation ; I have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health, to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it ; and then you have nothing now to do, but, as well as you can, under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance, for all

all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation for our sins ; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and, the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into ; and, in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land ; the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then it will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters ; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo ; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of Consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict ; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil ; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewell, my good friend : and while we are here, let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world.

I rest, Sir,

Your truly affectionate Friend and Servant.

---

Mr.

*Mr. Grey to Mr. Mason.*

March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

---

*Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Mr. Wyndham, on his (Dr. Johnson's) Recovery from an Illness.*

The tenderness with which you have been pleased to treat me, through my long illness, neither health nor sickness can, I hope, make me forget; and you are not to suppose, that after we parted you were no longer in my mind. But what can a sick man say, but that he is sick? His thoughts are necessarily concentrated in himself; he neither receives nor can give delight; his enquiries are after alleviations of pain, and his efforts are to catch some momentary comfort. Though I am now in the neighbourhood of the Peak, you must expect no account of its wonders, of its hills, its waters, its caverns, or its mines; but I will tell you, dear Sir, what I hope you

you will not hear with less satisfaction, that, for about a week past, my asthma has been less affictive.

---

## DEATH.

THE exemplary manner in which some great and virtuous men have met this awful crisis, whether produced by the lapse of time, or accelerated by the edict of tyranny, is one of the most consolatory circumstances, and greatest incentives to a good life which reading can afford. There are some instances where men have jested, even profanely, in their last moments, but such conduct indicates an insensibility by no means favorable to morality; the calmness of a good christian, who employs the sacred remains of time in prudent and pious exhortation to his survivors, or in affectionate valediction, is much more impressive, interesting, and beneficial. The following letters indicate the most heroic composure, together with a spirit of exemplary christianity, and resignation.

*The Earl of Strafford to his Son, previous to his Execution.*

My dearest Will,

These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him,

him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you: for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it; and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself: therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends, which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel: for, 'till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge, which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with chearfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest: for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God,

rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those, which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The King I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honors and that fortune, which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed, who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen.

Your most loving Father,  
T. Wentworth.

Tower, this 14th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare your grandmother with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath

hath been passing kind unto me. God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

---

*Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford.*

Madam,

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me, the last assurance 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 ecstasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on 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 delusion of the world, and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy!

I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a short adieu, for I die with full persuasion that we shall meet again—But, O, in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall feel ourselves eternally possest!

To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory,

glory, dominion, and praise for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, 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 merits and atonement?—How desperate, how undone my condition?—With the utmost advantage I can boast I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty.—O 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 the objects of 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 the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me that this will be my last farewell in this world. Heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting parting!—May that Divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of Christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue! Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

Elizabeth Rowe.

Dr.

*Dr. Rundle to Archdeacon S.*

Dublin, March 22, 1742-3.

Dear Sir,

Adieu—for ever—Perhaps I may be alive when this comes to your hands—more probably not;—but in either condition, your sincere well-wisher.—Believe me, my friend, there is no comfort in this world, but a life of virtue and piety; and no death supportable, but one comforted by christianity, and its real and rational hope. The first, I doubt not, you experience daily—May it be long before you experience the second!—I have lived to be *Conviva satur*,—*passed through good report and evil report*;—have not been injured more than outwardly by the last, and solidly benefited by the former. May all who love the truth in Christ Jesus, and sincerely obey the gospel, be happy! for they deserve to be so, who ( $\alpha\lambda\eta\theta\epsilon\nu\delta\pi\alpha\gamma\omega\tau\eta$ ) seek truth in the spirit of love.

Adieu!—I have no more strength.—My affectionate last adieu to your lady.

THE following letter is taken from the Spectator No. 368, and gives an account of the death of a heroine, who was a pattern of patience and generosity: Sir Richard Steele concludes the paper in which this is introduced with this excellent observation: “ It would certainly be of singular use to human society, to have an exact account of this Lady’s ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise worthy, which made her capable of beholding death; not as the dissolution, but consummation of life.”

VOL. II.

E

Sir,

Sir,

It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented: she was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honored for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady: her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension: she smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened

opened an artery instead of a vein. It is impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition; and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation, she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art; but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four-and-twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau; which was as follows:

"Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

While this excellent woman spoke these words,

Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madam de Villacerse lived till eight of the clock the next night, and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honor you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate kinsman,  
and most obedient humble Servant.

---

#### CONDOLENCE.

THIS is one of the most delicate and interesting offices of friendship, and which requires to be managed with the greatest nicety; the style of letters of this kind should be warm and firm, without roughness, and evince a proper share of affection for the deceased without being so minute as to rip open the wounds of the mourning relative; the topics of consolation ought to be so chosen as to inspire hope without blaming regret; and to impart confidence in the future, without diminishing an affectionate remembrance of the past.

---

*Letter from Robert Earl of Leicester to his Daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the Death of her Husband, who was slain at the Battle of Newberry.*

My dear Doll,

I know it is to no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention: for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that besides the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he look upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then!

Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue, and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident, neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself, and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one, especially, whose life, as yet, doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much, as to say, I think you can-ever be so happy in this life again; but this comfort you owe me; that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present passion which possessest thou; and you may say, that our Saviour himself did weep for the death of one he loved; that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should

should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion, could make him sin; but it is not so with us: he was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose, they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not, but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on the Death of her Husband.*

London, April 5, 1781

Dearest Madam,

Of your injunctions, to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved; and I hope to find you willing, in a short time, to alleviate your trouble, by some other exercise of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death, since that of my wife, has ever oppressed me like this.

E 4

But

But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him, who knows when to give, when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy, through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness as a mother; and at last, the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reason yourself into tranquillity. We must first pray, and then labour; first implore the blessing of God, and those means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind occupied by lawful business, has little room for useless regret.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commended it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expences, and two thousand pounds a year, with both the houses, and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall yet be granted us, may be well spent; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin, which shall never end.

I am, dearest Madam,  
Your, &c.

From

*From the same to the same.*

London, April 9, 1781

Dearest Madam,

That you are gradually recovering your tranquility, is the effect to be humbly expected from trust in God. Do not represent life as darker than it is. Your loss has been very great, but you retain more than almost any other can hope to possess. You are high in the opinion of mankind ; you have children from whom much pleasure may be expected ; and that you will find many friends, you have no reason to doubt. Of my friendship, be it worth more or less, I hope you think yourself certain, without much art or care. It will not be easy for me to repay the benefits that I have received ; but I hope to be always ready at your call. Our sorrow has different effects ; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company. I am afraid of thinking what I have lost. I never had such a friend before. Let me have your prayers and those of my dear Queeney.

The prudence and resolution of your design to return so soon to your business and your duty, deserves great praise ; I shall communicate it on Wednesday to the other executors. Be pleased to let me know whether you would have me come to Streatham to receive you, or stay here till the next day.

I am, &c.

---

*Lord Baltimore to Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, on the Death of his Wife.*

My Lord,

Were not my occasions such as necessarily keep me here at this time, I would not send letters, but fly

to you myself with all the speed I could, to express my own grief, and to take part of yours, which I know is exceeding great, for the loss of so noble a lady, so virtuous and so loving a wife. There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been a long time myself a man of sorrows. But all things, my Lord, in this world pass away, *statutum est*, wife, children, honor, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and blood; they are but leant us till God please to call for them back again, that we may not esteem any thing our own, or set our hearts upon any thing but Him alone, who only remains for ever. I beseech his almighty goodness to grant, that your Lordship may, for his sake, bear this great cross with meekness and patience, whose only Son, our dear Lord and Saviour, bore a greater for you; and to consider that these humiliations, though they be very bitter, yet are they sovereign medicines ministered unto us by our heavenly physician to cure the sicknesses of our souls, if the fault be not ours. Good my Lord, bear with this excess of zeal in a friend, whose great affection to you transports him to dwell longer upon this melancholy theme than is needful to your Lordship, whose own wisdom, assisted with God's grace, I hope, suggests unto you these and better resolutions than I can offer unto your remembrance. All I have to say more is but this, that I humbly and heartily pray you so to dispose of yourself and your affairs (the rites being done to that noble creature) as to be able to remove, as soon as conveniently you may, from those parts, where so many things represent themselves unto you, as to make your wound bleed afresh; and let us have you here, where the gracious welcome of your master, the conversation of your friends, and variety of businesses may divert your thoughts the sooner from sad objects; the continuance whereof will but endanger your health, on which depends the welfare of your children,

children, the comfort of your friends, and many other good things, for which I hope God will reserve you, to whose divine favor I humbly recommend you, and remain ever

Your Lordship's  
Most affectionate and faithful Servant,  
Geo. Baltimore.

From my Lodging in Lincolns-  
Inn-Fields, Oct. 11, 1631.

*Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Chenevix, on the Death  
of his Wife.*

London, July 14, 1752.

My dear Lord,

I know the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable, not a blamable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget, for the time, our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair, as fast as possible, their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess

fess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her, whose loss you justly lament!

I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

My dear Lord,

Your most faithful Friend and Servant, &c.

*Dr. Johnson to Dr. Lawrence; on the Death of his Wife.*

Dear Sir,

At a time when all your friends ought to shew their kindness, and with a character, which ought to make all that know you your friends, you may wonder that you have yet heard nothing from me.

I have been hindered by a vexatious and incessant cough, for which, within these ten days, I have been bled once, fasted four or five times, taken physic five times, and opiates, I think, six. This day it seems to remit.

The loss, dear Sir, which you have lately suffered, I felt many years ago, and know, therefore, how much has been taken from you, and how little help can be had from consolation. He that outlives a wife whom he has long loved, feels himself disjoined from the only mind that has the same hopes, and fears, and interest; from the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil; and with whom he could set his mind at liberty, to retrace the past or anticipate the future. The continuity of being is lacerated, the settled course of sentiment and action is stopped; and life stands suspended and motionless,

motionless, till it is driven by external causes into a new channel. But the time of suspence is dreadful.

Our first recourse in this distressed solitude is, perhaps, for want of habitual piety, to a gloomy acquiescence in necessity. Of two mortal beings one must lose the other; but surely there is a higher and better comfort to be drawn from the consideration of that Providence which watches over all, and a belief that the living and the dead are equally in the hands of God, who will reunite those whom he has separated, or who sees that it is best not to reunite.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,  
and most humble Servant.

---

*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Strahan; on the Death of her Son.*

Dear Madam,

The grief which I feel for the loss of a very kind friend, is sufficient to make me know how much you suffer by the death of an amiable son; a man, of whom I think it may be truly said, that no one knew him who does not lament him. I look upon myself as having a friend, another friend taken from me.

Comfort, dear madam, I would give you if I could, but I know how little the forms of consolation can avail. Let me, however, counsel you not to waste your health in unprofitable sorrow, but go to Bath, and endeavour to prolong your own life; but when we have done all that we can, one friend must in time lose the other.

I am, dear Madam,  
Your most humble Servant.

Dr.

*Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinstone (the Translator of Martial's Epigrams, and an Author of great Merit) on the Death of his Mother.*

Dear Sir,

You have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother; and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom, therefore, I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan, and think I do myself honour when I tell you I read them with tears; but tears are neither to you nor to me of any further use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and excite and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death: a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent, and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may in her present state look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is, indeed, of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God. Yet, surely, there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship,

ship, if it can be made profitable, that that union that has received the divine approbation shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence—If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come, for all comfort and satisfaction is sincerely wished you, by, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient,  
and most humble Servant.

---

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby; on the Death of his Brother.*

April 21, 1726.

Dear Sir,

I have a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensibly than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not

not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LETTERS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM.

THE epistolary correspondence of men of abilities is generally marked by that particular quality which constitutes their pre-eminence over the rest of mankind. The philosopher, the statesman, the wit, and the critic, are as easily discerned in their familiar effusions, as in their more laboured compositions.

Rules cannot easily be given by which persons may be enabled to write with wit and humour ; to know correctly the difference between them, and to avoid the affectation attending an ostentatious display of them are the chief requisites.

Wit is employed to advantage on almost every occasion of writing, from the reprobation of presumption, and vindication of innocence, to the mere raising of a vacant laugh, and killing the leisure moment of the person with whom we correspond. In this branch of epistolary composition, greater latitude is allowed to the fancy of the writer, and a more extensive line is given to the exhibition of whim and drollery, than in works meant for the public ; puns, false spelling, Latin for English \*, rhymes, and many

Dean Swift frequently used this way of wit, which will be sufficiently understood by the following specimen :

Tu Dic.

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale,

Put a ringat ure nos an astringat ure tale.

other

other trivialities are found in the posthumous works of wits of the first class, who would not have endangered their reputation by the publication of them while alive. With so great a latitude conceded by custom, and sanctioned by the practice of the most eminent authors, it can hardly be thought a painful restriction or of too great extent, to caution my readers against jesting with things in their nature sacred, the forms of any religion now in use, or the prejudices of any sect are topics extremely improper, but the bible, or the sayings or actions of any of its authors or heroes, are never to be vilified or exposed to the hazard of contempt by quotation or profane allusion, however the notoriety of the subject, or the appositeness of the thought may hold out a temptation; that book which should afford comfort in the day of distress, and hope in the most alarming extremities, should be regarded with more respect than those ordinary readings or occurrences, which are fair subjects of mirth and raillery, and whose transitory importance only holds them out to more distinguished ridicule. I am more particular in making this observation because many celebrated authors, some of them clergymen, have been tempted, both in prose and verse, to recur to these unworthy pleasantries.

Humour is chiefly displayed in assuming characters distinguished by affectation, or an extraordinary *vai-vai-vé*, and either in personification or description, bringing their follies to the mind of the reader in a natural and pleasant manner.

Letters of criticism are a very agreeable and ingenuous exercise, they inure the mind to a habit of judging, comparing, and reflecting, and it would be well worth the while of parents and tutors, when they present to their children or pupils a new book, or permit them to see a new play, &c. to require of them a criticism of the subject: in this observation I mean to be understood in the most liberal sense, not that

that young people should be brought up in a habit of cavilling at every thing they read and hear, but that they should exercise their talents in justly appreciating the merits and defects of every kind of composition.

*Letter from Mr. W. Congreve to Mr. Dennis; on  
the Difference betwesn Wit and Humour.*

THE author of this letter was a dramatist of great reputation, born 1672, died 1728. The style of his Comedies, which are four in number, is remarkably brilliant and witty, and his Tragedy of the Mourning Bride, still keeps its place on the stage.

Dear Sir,

You write to me, that you have entertained your self two or three days with reading several comedies of several authors; and your observation is, that there is more of humour in our English writers, than in any of the other comic poets, ancient or modern. You desire to know my opinion, and at the same time my thoughts of that which is generally called humour in comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial preference of our English writers in that particular. But if I tell you my thoughts of humour, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true humour, has not been so often written even by them, as is generally believed: and some who have valued themselves, and have been esteemed by others for that kind of writing, have seldom touched upon it. To make this appear to the world, would require a long and laboured discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little remarks as may

may be contained within the compass of a letter, and such unpremeditated thoughts as may be communicated between friend and friend, without incurring the censure of the world, or setting up for a dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoined it.

To define humour, perhaps, were as difficult as to define wit; for, like that, it is of infinite variety. To enumerate the several humours of men, were a work as endless as to sum up their several opinions. And in my mind the *Quot Homines tot Sententiae* might have been more properly interpreted of humour; since there are many men of the same opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in humours. But though we cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what humour is, yet we may go near to shew something which is not wit, or not humour, and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned wit and humour together, let me make the first distinction between them, and observe to you, that wit is often mistaken for humour.

I have observed, that when a few things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any character in a comedy, it has been very usual for those, who make their remarks on a play, while it is acting, to say,— Such a thing is very humorously spoken; There is a great deal of humour in that part. Thus the character of the person speaking, may be, surprisingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a character of humour; which indeed is a character of wit; but there is a great difference between a comedy, wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several characters of humour, distinguished by the particular and different humours, appropriated to the several persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different constitutions, complexions, and dispositions of men. The saying of humorous things does not distinguish characters; for every person in a comedy

comedy may be allowed to speak them. From a witty man they are expected, and even a fool may be permitted to stumble on them by chance. Though I make a difference betwixt wit and humour, yet I do not think that humourous characters exclude wit: no, but the manner of wit should be adapted to the humour. As for instance, a character of a splenetic and peevish humour, should have a satirical wit; a jolly and sanguine humour, should have a facetious wit: the former should speak positively; the latter carelessly: for the former observes and shews things as they are; the latter rather overlooks nature, and speaks things as he would have them; and his wit and humour have both of them a less alloy of judgment than the others.

As wit, so its opposite, folly, is sometimes mistaken for humour.

When a poet brings a character on the stage, committing a thousand absurdities, and talking impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion; this is a character of humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended comedy stuffed with such grotesque figures and farce-fools? things that either are not in nature, or if they are, are monsters, and births of mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like Sooterkins, that mankind may not be shocked with an appearing possibility of the degeneration of god-like species. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as any body, and as easily diverted with an object truly ridiculous: but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things that force me to entertain low thoughts of my nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a monkey without very mortifying reflections; though I never heard any thing to the contrary why that creature

ture is not originally of a distinct species. As I don't think humour exclusive of wit, neither do I think it inconsistent with folly; but I think the follies should be only such as mens humours may incline them to, and not follies intirely abstracted from both humour and nature.

Sometimes personal defects are misrepresented for humours.

I mean, sometimes characters are barbarously exposed on the stage, ridiculing natural deformities, casual defects in the senses, and infirmities of age. Sure the poet must both be very ill-natured himself, and think his audience so, when he proposes, by shewing a man deformed, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable entertainment: and hopes to raise their mirth by what is truly an object of compassion. But much need not be said upon this head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your letters to me concerning Mr. Johnson's Fox, have justly excepted against this immoral part of ridicule in Corbaccio's character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great mastery in true humour in comedy.

External habit of body is often mistaken for humour.

By external habit, I do not mean the ridiculous dress or cloathing of a character, though that goes a good way in some received characters; (but undoubtedly a man's humour may incline him to dress differently from other people) but I mean a singularity of manners, speech and behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same country, trade, profession or education. I cannot think that a humour, which is only a habit, or disposition contracted by use or custom; for by a disuse or compliance with other customs, it may be worn off, or diversified.

Affectation is generally mistaken for humour.

These

These are indeed so much alike, that, at a distance, they may be mistaken one for the other: for what is humour in one, may be affectation in another; and nothing is more common than for some to affect particular ways of saying and doing things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. Humour is the life, affectation the picture. He that draws a character of affectation, shews humour at the second-hand; he at best but publishes a translation, and his pictures are but copies.

But as these two last distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular instances from some author of reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural growth; or else to be grafted into us by some accidental change in the constitution, or revolution of the internal habit of body: by which it becomes, if I may so call it, naturalized.

Humour is from nature, habit from custom, and affectation from industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us, as we appear, under a forcible impression.

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary disguise.

Though here I would observe by the way, that a continued affectation may in time become a habit.

The character of Morose in the Silent Woman, I take to be a character of humour. And I choose to instance this character to you, from many others of the same author, because I know it has been condemned by many as unnatural and farce: and you have yourself hinted some dislike of it, for the same reason, in a letter to me, concerning some of Johnson's plays.

Let us suppose Morose to be a man naturally spleenetic and melancholy: is there any thing more offensive to one of such a disposition, than noise and

and clamour? Let any man that has the spleen (and there are enough in England) be judge. We see common examples of this humour in little every day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the company that you dine with, are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a cork, or scratching a plate with a knife. It is a proportion of the same humour, that makes such or any other noise offensive to the person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well; but Motoſe, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any discourse or conversation above a whisper. Why, it is his excess of this humour that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his character for comedy. If the poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that humour, 'tis odds but half the audience would have sided with the character, and have condemned the author for exposing a humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the distance of the stage requires the figure represented to be something larger than the life; and sure a picture may have features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the original. If this exactness of quantity were to be observed in wit, as some would have it in humour, what would become of those characters that are designed for men of wit? I believe if a poet should steal a dialogue of any length from the extempore discourse of the two wittiest men upon earth, he would find the scene but coldly received by the town. But to the purpose:

The character of Sir John Daw in the same play is a character of affectation. He every where discovers an affectation of learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the audience also plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the characters of Thraso in the Eunuch of Terence, and Pyrgopolinices in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus:

Plautus: they affect to be thought valiant, when both themselves and the audience know they are not. Now, such a boasting of valour in men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a humour; for a fiery disposition might naturally throw a man into the same extravagance, which is only affected in the characters I have mentioned.

The character of Cob in Every Man in his Humour, and most of the under characters in Bartholomew Fair, discover only a singularity of manners, appropriated to the several educations and professions of the persons represented. They are not humours, but habits contracted by custom. Under this head may be ranged all country clowns, sailors, tradesmen, jockies, gamesters, and such like, who make use of cant or peculiar dialects in their several arts and vocations. One may almost give a receipt for the composition of such a character: for the poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper phrases and terms of art, and to make the person apply them by ridiculous metaphors in his conversation with characters of different natures. Some late characters of this kind have been very successful; but in my mind they may be painted without much art or labour; since they require little more, than a good memory and superficial observation. But true humour cannot be strown without a dissection of nature, and a narrow search to discover the first seeds from whence it has its root and growth.

If I were to write to the world I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these distinctions and examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all readers: but a bare hint is sufficient to inform you of the notions which I have on this subject; and I hope by this time you are of my opinion, that humour is neither wit, nor folly, nor personal defect, nor affectation, nor habit; and yet

that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare description of humour, much more to make a definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either: I take it to be—A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one man only; by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men.

Our humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance: it is a colour, taste, and smell, diffused through all; though our actions are never so many, and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion; which though it may be disguised by art, yet cannot be wholly changed: we may paint it with other colours, but we cannot change the grain. So the natural sound of an instrument will be distinguished, though the notes expressed by it are never so various, and the diversions never so many. Dissimulation may, by degrees become more easy to our practice; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: it will always be in some proportion a violence upon nature.

A man may change his opinion, but I believe he will find it a difficulty to part with his humour; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the question, Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful? Then, instead of answering, could I ask such a one, Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black eyes, and a better complexion? Nature abhors to be forced.

The

The two famous philosophers of Epinesus and Abderra have their different sects at this day; some weep, and others laugh at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observed several men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: yet I cannot suppose that it is the passion of anger which is in itself different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the humour of the man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of pleasure are as various; one man has a humour of retiring from all company, when any thing has happened to please him beyond expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an addition to the pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon thorns till he has made proclamation of it; and must make other people sensible of his happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in grief and other passions. Demonstrations of love, and the effects of that passion upon several humours, are infinitely different: but here the ladies, who abound in servants, are the best judges. Talking of the ladies, methinks something should be observed of the humour of the fair sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a character for comedy. But I must confess, I have never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in women. Perhaps passions are too powerful in that sex to let humour have its course, or may-be, by reason of their natural coldness, humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the male sex: for if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a woman, I think it is little more than an acquired folly or an affectation. We may call them the weaker sex; but I think the true reason is, because our follies are stronger, and our faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diversity of humour,

which must be allowed to be diffused throughout mankind, might afford endless matter for the support of comedies. But when we come closely to consider that point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For though we allow every man something of his own, and a peculiar humour, yet every man has it not in quantity to become remarkable by it; or, if many do become remarkable by their humours, yet all those humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in light, and what to cast in shades; how to set it off in preparatory scenes, and by opposing other humours to it in the same scene. Through a wrong judgment, sometimes, mens humours may be opposed when there is really no specific difference between them, only a greater proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasioned by having more phlegm or choler, or whatever the constitution is, from whence their humours derive their source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this subject, though perhaps I have already said too much: but I have said it to a friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the subject is entirely new, and was never touched upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private essay, it should be some one who might be provoked by my errors in it, to publish a more judicious treatise on the subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the world being a little acquainted with the scarcity of true humour, and the difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the labours of them, who endeavour to search into nature for it, and lay it open to the public view.

I do not say, but that very entertaining and useful characters, and proper for comedy, may be drawn

from

from affectations, and those other qualities which I have endeavoured to distinguish from humour: but I would not have such imposed on the world for humour, nor esteemed of equal value with it. It were perhaps the work of a long life to make one comedy true in all its parts, and to give every character in it a true and distinct humour. Therefore every poet must be beholden to other helps, to make out his number of ridiculous characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false musters; who does not shew one true humour in a comedy, but entertains his audience to the end of the play with every thing out of nature.

I will make but one observation to you more, and I have done; and that is grounded upon an observation of your own, and which I mentioned at the beginning of my letter, viz. that there is more of humour in our English comic writers, than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon humour to be almost of English growth; at least it does not seem to have found such increase on any other soil: and what appears to me to be the reason of it, is the great freedom, privilege, and liberty, which the common people of England enjoy. Any man that has a humour, is under no restraint, or fear of giving it vent: they have a proverb among them, which, may-be, will shew the bent and genius of the people, as well as a longer discourse—He that will have a may-pole, shall have a may-pole. This is a maxim with them, and their practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on flesh, and the grossness of their diet in general. But I have done, let the physicians agree that. Thus you have my thoughts of humour, to my power of expressing them in so little time and compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have erred; and as you are very capable of giving me instruction, so I think

I have a very just title to demand it from you; being, without reserve,

Your real Friend,  
and humble Servant,  
W. Congreve.

---

*Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.*

April 7, 1715.

Mr. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church history; the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses\*. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised sovereignty? you know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a-drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on.

\* Called, An Ode on the Longitude, in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies.*

There

There is a six-penny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he, with much judgment and learning, calls me a block-head, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused\*. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter fore-stalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over burgundy and champaigne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals

\* This curious piece was entitled, *A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it*, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

of laughter (as you know there are in some diseases), and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics, are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it\*. Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain.

Your, &c.

*Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse,  
August 14, 1762.

My dear Foley,

After many turnings (*alias* digressions), to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.—In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it. I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grilled, stewed and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out ver-

\* In one of his papers called The Grumbler.

inn, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged, in consequence, to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any?—To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves.—Our luggage weighed ten quintals.—'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were asked by every soul who passed by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnished, and elegant beyond any thing I looked for—'Tis built in the form of an hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent—“the more the merrier.”—The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs, joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing-rooms to them—below stairs two very good rooms for myself; one to study in, the other to see company.—I have,

moreover, cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.—My landlord is, moreover, to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very very little.—I dined yesterday with Mr. H——; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils, ghostly and bodily—but this, like many other wishes, both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for I am most truly your's.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

*Mr. Sterne to ——, Esq.*

Coxwold, near Easingwold.

You are not singular in your opinion about my *wonderful* capacity for poetry. *Beauchlerk*, and *Lock*, and I think *Langton*, have said what you have said on the subject, and founded their opinion, as you have done, on the fragment of an introduction to the Ode to *Julia*, in *Tristram Shandy*. The unity of the episode would have been wounded, if I had added another

another line; and if I had added a dozen, my character as a poetical genius, which, by the bye I never had, would have been lost for ever—or rather would have been never suspected.

*Hall* had also similar ideas on this very matter, and on the strength of his opinion, ventured once to give me an unfinished poem of his own, and bade me go on with it—and so I did heltering and skeltering at a most terrible rate; in short I added, some sixty or fourscore lines to the business, which he called dog-grel, and which I think he called rightly; however, he chose to let them stand, to use his own phrase, as a curiosity; so into the press they went, and helped to compose the worst squib our crazy friend ever let off. I do not, however, mention these things to lessen the merit of your opinion, by pointing out its similarity to that of others. You need not be ashamed to think with such men, if even they should be wrong, which, on this particular subject, I most solemnly believe you all to be. *Cum his errare* is something—and all that—.

I once it is true, wrote an epitaph, which I liked myself, but the person, at whose request I did it, sacrificed it to one of his own, which he liked better, but which I did not—so my lines were thrown aside, and his own nerveless rhyme was engraved on a marble, which deserved a better inscription; for it covered the dust of one, whose gentle nature, and amiable qualities, merited more than common praise, or common-place eulogium. However, I shed a tear over the sepulchre, which, if the dead could have known it, would have been more acceptable than the most splendid diction that ever glared on monumental alabaster.

I also wrote a kind of Shandean, sing-song, dramatic piece of rhyme for Mr. *Beard*—and he sung it at Ranelagh, as well as on his own stage, for the benefit of some one or other. He asked for something of the

kind, and I knew not how to refuse him ; for, a year before, he had in a very respectful manner, and without any previous acquaintance, presented me with the freedom of Covent Garden Theatre. The act was gracious, and I liked it the better, because the monarch of Drury Lane had known me for some years, and besides had, for some time, occupied a front seat in my page, before he offered me the freedom—not of Drury Lane House, but of Drury Lane pit. I told him, on the occasion, that he *acted* great things and *did* little ones :—so he stammered and looked foolish, and performed, at length, with a bad grace, what his rival manager was so kind as to do with the best grace in the world. But no more of that—he is so complete on the stage, that I ought not to mention his patch work off it.

However, to return to my subject—if I can ; for digression is interwoven with my nature ; and to get to my point, or find my way back to it, when I have wandered aside, as other men do, is not in the line of my faculties. But though I may not be a poet, the clerk of my parish is—not absolutely in my conceit—but, which is better, in that of his neighbours ; and, which is the best of all—in his own. His muse is a professional one, for she only inspires him to indite hymns ; and it is appropriate, for she leads him to such subjects as are suitable to his spiritual office, and which, like those of his brethren *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, may be *said* or *sung* in churches. In short, there has been a terrible disease among the cattle, and our parish had suffered greatly, so that this parochial bard, thought it a proper subject for a spiritual song, which he accordingly composed, and gave it out on the Sunday following, to the praise and glory of God, as an hymn of his own composing. Not only the murrain itself, but the sufferers by the calamity, were vociferated through the aisles in all the pomp and devotion of rustic psalmody. The last stanza, which is

is the only one I recollect, rather unhinged my devotion, but it seemed to rivet that of the congregation, and therefore I had no right to complain. I leave it with you as a *bonne bouche*, and wish you a good night.

Here's Jemmy How has lost a cow,  
And so has Johnny Bland;  
Therefore we'll put our trust in God,  
And not in any other man.

Yours,

L. S.

*Mr. Pilkington to Mr. Delaney, on the Misery occasioned by the Receipt of a large Sum of Money.*

Dear Doctor,

Though you expected to see me the happiest man in the world, by the extraordinary honors which I received from his Excellency; yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I received his bounty (which far surpassed my hopes, and was more the effect of his generosity than any merit of mine). I thought riches were so necessary an ingredient in human life, that it was scarce possible to attain any degree of happiness without them.

I imagined, that if I had but a competent sum, I should have no care, no trouble to discompose my thoughts, nothing to withdraw my mind from virtue and the muses; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted degree of content and delight than I had hitherto: but now I perceive these kind of notions

notions to have been the pure genuine effect of a very empty purse.

My hopes are vanished at the increase of my fortune; my opinion of things is of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the rich; who, by my computation (after three tedious weeks experience) must of necessity have an income of plagues, proportioned to their fortunes.

I know this declaration surprises you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of diary, the different emotions of mind which I laboured under during the first three weeks guardianship (for I can hardly call it a possession) of that same unfortunate, care-bringing fifty pounds; and have not the least doubt, but you will believe my assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16.

Received this morning the agreeable news of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord Carteret, but suffered a great deal of perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a station, and more admired and eminent, for learning, and every other perfection of the mind—went however to the castle—met with a very gracious reception—had full proof of that affability, wisdom, and generosity, for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguished, and which I knew before only by the testimonies of others—was ordered to go to Mr. T—, to receive the premium appointed by my Lord.

Memorandum, I imagined my stature greatly increased, and walked more erect than usual, went in high spirits to the Secretary's (but, as a drawback to my happiness,) received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber—denied admittance.

Memorandum, his Excellency easier of access than his officer.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 17.

The Secretary still sick——paid a visit to his street-door about twelve—returned melancholy.

Wednesday,	—	—	ditto.
Thursday,	—	—	ditto.
Friday,	—	—	ditto.
Saturday,	—	—	ditto.
Sunday,	—	—	ditto.

O! 'twas a dreadful interval of time.

Monday, 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr. T——; but happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably, about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum, admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume because it happened so at other times.

Walked in the Piazzas till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears with which my mind has been tormented this week past—could not forbear repeating aloud, the two lines of the libel which accidentally are not more true of Mr. Addison, than this friend,

Who, grown a minister of state,  
Sees poets at his Levee wait.

Memorandum, not under any apprehension of being understood by any persons walking there, which were only a few lawyers and a parson or two—

Saunter again to the Secretary's—out of hope—permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished apartment—in half an hour's time admitted to his presence—received a bill of fifty pounds—returned with great delight.

I now

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleased myself also with the thought of communicating happiness to my friends who would share in my success, and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the felicity of others—How far I was disappointed will appear by the sequel—so to proceed with my diary.—

I wrapt up my bill very carefully—yet could not bear looking at it sometimes, though not oftner than at every street's length—but mark the instability of all human affairs!—as I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering fellow rushes by me—I immediately suspected an attempt upon my treasure—looked as earnestly as I dared in the fellow's face, and thought I read robbery in the lines of his countenance—so hastily I lift my bill into my pocket without its cover—met a friend, told him of my success—and the generosity of his Excellency—but pulling out the bank note hastily, tore it in the middle—dismally frightened—came home—shewed it to my wife—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no value—received several compliments from her for my care of it—and *that I was likely to be rich, since I took such pains to preserve what I got*—and the like—went directly in a fit of anger and vexation to Henry's Bank—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the clerk—obtained a new bill—returned again in great joy—all things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum, found upon inquiry that the ill-favoured gentleman abovementioned, was one Mr. —— what d'ye call him—the attorney of whom I need not have been in such terror, since he was never known to be guilty of such an action in a public way.

Monday night, 12 o'Clock.

Went to bed as usual—but found myself violently pulled till I awoke—feized with a very great trem-

bling, when I heard a voice crying—*take care of the bill*—found immediately it proceeded from the concern of my bedfellow, who it seems was as ill formed to possess great riches as myself—pitied her—told her it was safe—fell asleep soon, but was in less than two hours rouzed again with her crying—*my dear—my dear—are you sure it is safe?—don't you hear some noise there?—I'll lay my life there's robbers in the room!—Lord have mercy upon us—what a hideous fellow I just now saw by my bed-side with a drawn sword—or did I dream it?*—trembled a little at her suspicions—slumbered—but was awaked a third time in the same manner—rose about six, much discomposed—received a very solemn charge to be watchful against accidents—and let me beg of you, my dear, to have a great care of the bill.

Tuesday, 24.

Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting bill changed into money, out of a belief that it would be then less liable to accidents, breaking of bankers, &c.—went to one bank and was refused—yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon—contrived however to get it exchanged after a great variety of schemes and journeys to several places—came home—spread it upon a table to see the utmost bounds and extent of my riches—all the rest of the day sat contriving where to lay it—what part of the house would be most secure—what place would be least suspected by thieves, if any should come—perceived my mind more disturbed with having so much money in my custody, than I was before.—

Tuesday night, 11 o'Clock.

Went round my house to inspect my doors, whether they were all safe—perceived a great deficiency of bars, bolts, locks, latches, door-chains, window-shuts, fire-arms, &c. which I never had taken the least

least notice of before—peeped with great circumspection under the beds—resolved to watch this night, and prepare expedients for my security next morning—watched accordingly.—

Wednesday, 25.

Extremely fatigued with last night's watching—consulted several hours about preserving my wealth, believed it most safe in bills, after mature deliberation hurried away to the Bank and took a bill for it—came away with an easier mind—walked about two streets length cheerfully—but began to reflect that if my load was lighter, yet on the other hand the bill might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid—went back in haste—once more received it in money—brought it home—looked frequently behind me as I walked—hid it—resolved to lay out the greatest part of it in plate—bespoke it accordingly—prepared my fire-arms—went to bed—not one wink of sleep all this night.—

Thursday, 26.

Looked a little paler to-day than usual—but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my friends for the effects of hard study—invited abroad to dinner—went—sat down to table, but in that dreadful moment recollecting that my closet, where my whole treasure was deposited, was left open—was observed to change colour and look terrified—not Macbeth so startled when he saw the ghost of murdered Banquo at the feast—

Memorandum, money a perpetual *apparition* to the covetous mind.

Ran distractedly home—found all safe, but returned too late for dinner—fasted—fretted—well saith St. Paul—*money is the root of all evil.*

Thursday

Thursday night, 12 o'Clock.

Hired a watchman to guard my doors—went to bed—but no sleep—the same mind-plaguing riches floated uppermost in my thoughts—methinks they cried—*Sleep no more!—Wealth has murder'd sleep!*—slumbered however a little towards morning—dreamt of nothing but *robbers, assassins, spectres, flames, hurricanes,*—waked in great terror.

Dear Doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful narration any farther, every day administered new cause of uneasiness, nor did my concern forsake me even in the midst of company and wine.

Till I had the plate sent home I was uneasy, left after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my money, and then not be able to pay for it, and when I had it once in my possession, I trembled every instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at home I was afraid of being murdered for my substance, and when abroad I was much terrified with the apprehension that either my servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was guarding it, or else that by carelessness they might set fire to my house, and destroy it all at once.

Every *bell* I heard ring I immediately imagined to be a *fire-bell*; and every *fire-bell* alarmed me with a belief that my own house was in a *blaze*; so that I was plagued without interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact calculation of the quantity of pleasure and pain which I endured, and I shall shew you the just balance, the more fully to convince you.

*A faithful*

*A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of Matthew Pilkington, Clerk, for the Space of Eleven Days, on receiving Fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.*

## HAPPY.

	Days Hours Min.
During the whole time of being with my Lord, and till I went to the Secretary's	- - - 00 01 00
By telling my success to several friends, and describing his Excellency's person and perfections	- - - 00 03 01
By receiving the sum from Mr. T—	00 00 03
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my wife	- - - 00 03 00
<b>Total of Happiness.</b>	<hr/> 00 07 04

## MISERABLE.

	Days Hours Min.
All the remainder	- - - 10 16 56

To conclude all, to keep my mind as calm and quiet as it was in the days of poverty; I have expended thirty two pounds in plate, to be a monument of his Excellency's generosity to me; and that plate I have lodged at a rich neighbour's house for its security. About ten pounds I have expended in fortifying my house, against the next *money misfortune* may happen to me, of which however at present there appears no great danger: and if providentially my fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater resolution, and to be in a better condition to preserve it.

I am, dear Doctor,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Mat. Pilkington.

Dr.

*Dr. Swift to Dr. Sheridan, in Rhyme.*

DR. SHERIDAN was a Clergyman and School-master in Ireland, an intimate friend of Swift, and Author of a Prose Translation of Perseus. He was born 1684, died 1788. His grandson is the present famous wit and orator Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.

Dec. 14, 1719, 9 at night.

Sir,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain English, tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies \* this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry, and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they dont care for your wife's company, though they like

\* Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, who lived at a little distance from the deanry.

Swift was resident at the deanry when this letter was written, of which every paragraph ends with a rhyme. And

Sheridan was at his country house, called Quilca, in the county of Cavan, about eight miles from Dublin.

your

your wine ; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer ; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to night, with all my heart and soul upon my word and honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued ; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Montcashel ; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. I wish, when you prated,  
 Your letter you'd dated,  
 Much plague it created,  
 I scolded and rated,  
 My soul is much grated,  
 For your man I long waited.  
 I think you are fated,  
 Like a bear to be baited :  
 Your man is belated,  
 The cause I have stated,  
 And me you have cheated.  
 My stable's unslated,  
 Come back t' us well freighted ;  
 I remember my late-head,  
 And wish you translated,  
 For teasing me.

2 P. S.

2 P. S. Mrs. Dingley  
 Desires me singly  
 Her service to present you,  
 Hopes that will content you,  
 But Johnson madam  
 Is grown a sad dame,  
 For want of your converse,  
 And cannot send one verse.

3 P. S. You keep such a twatling [Vida, Rule 34.]  
 With you and your bottling,  
 But I see the sum total,  
 We shall ne'er have a bottle ; ~  
 The long and the short,  
 We shall not have a quart.  
 I wish you would sign't,  
 That we may have a pint.  
 For all your colloquing,  
 I'd be glad of a knoggin :.  
 But I doubt tis a sham,  
 You won't give us a dram.  
 'Tis of shine, a mouth moon full,  
 You won't part with a spoonful,  
 And I must be nimble,  
 If I can fill my thimble.  
 You see I won't stop,  
 Till I come to a drop ;  
 But, I doubt, the oraculum  
 Is a poor supernaculum ;  
 Tho' perhaps you will tell it  
 For a grace, if we smell it.

*From*

*From a Gentleman to his Friend, containing a Humourous Description of a Journey from Exeter to London.*

Sir,

As it is common for all persons when deprived of a certain happiness, to use all endeavours to make their loss less grievous; so, Sir, though I am by the distance between us, deprived of the pleasure of your company, give me leave to keep up the friendship between us, by an epistolary correspondence, and having little else to write to you, shall only send you a short account of what occurred the most remarkable in my journey to London. Though, Sir, you may think that we have all the news in town, yet favour me with a letter, and draw me from the quietude and fears of being by absence blotted from your memory.

In our first days journey nothing signal befell us, save that the coachman stopt at least a dozen times to drink and light his pipe. Furthermore, a hard shower of rain fell upon us five miles beyond Dorchester, but wet us not, we being in the stage-coach; we dined this day upon a leg of mutton and spinage, and had good Southam cyder.

As soon as we came to our inn, I took a view of Dorchester. It has a market-house in the middle of it, and there is a river running by it, in which it is credibly reported there are some fish. We supped this night upon a neck of mutton and broth, and some rare *October* as pale as *sack*, and as soft as *sherry*, and as strong as *brandy*—*rare beer, indeed!*

When we came to Piddle town, they brought us some run wine; it was small and sour, so that I (being also fasting) could not drink above a quart thereof. When we came to Blandford I also took a view thereof, it has also a market-house in the center, and a river

a river running by it, near unto which, there is store of meadow-ground: I saw there a very comely bay gelding, lame of the *string-halt*—*it was a thousand pities*—we dined this day, upon a good fat gammon and greens, and had moreover excellent *October*.

We stopt in Cranbourn Chase, at a small hut upon the high way; where I gulped a thwacking glass of rare French brandy, and eat a biscuit; the ways here are very good, being all upon the Down, and you see on every side flocks of sheep: we dined this day upon beef and carrots, the *October* not strong enough.

When we came to Salisbury, I walked into the market place and round it, for at least a quarter of an hour, because I would be able to give a good account of this city. It lies low, and has water about it; it has a large market-place, and they say, they have a brave large church, but our beer at the inn, was very bad—we supped this night, on bacon and fowls—the *October* stark naught.

Stockbridge is famous for store of fish, upon which, I concluded before I saw it, that it had a good river near it, and it proved so. Here I drank some bottled ale, and a dram after it: *excellent French brandy!* Sutton has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor, little, ordinary town. We dined this day, upon a hog's face and a couple of rabbits. *No good beer!*

Basingstoke stands upon the side of a hill, and near it there is a common; there is also, hard by, a deer park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who it may be, it is like he has a place at Court, for they say he seldom lives here: here we drank a dram, and I jogged on.

We lay at Hertford Bridge. It stands close by a good heath, twenty miles over, for aught I know to the contrary; my landlady was a widow woman, and

a very good woman she was—I never supped better in my life-time.

We had bacon and eggs, and a roasted turkey, and some good brown beer. As we went through the aforesaid heath, we saw a gibbet where a highwayman had been hanged—*may they all come to the same untimely fate!*

Egham is a long town, not worth the pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest: there are two or three inns in it, but never a market-house: here I first saw the river Thames—and a lovely sweet river it is—we dined at Tim Harris's; we had a leg of boiled pork and turnips, and some curious red port; the maid of the house knew me, but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us travellers, to carry our wits about us.

Brentford is the longest town I ever saw, it stands upon the aforesaid river Thames, and has a market house in it. Here I saw sitting upon a bench in the street, a grave fat, old gentleman, with whiskers and a fur cap; he had likewise on, a long, grave coat; I bowed to him, taking him to be the mayor of the town, but they told me he was a waterman past business—here I drank half a pint of Lisbon. *Very good!*

Beyond Hammersmith, I began to see a great many fine houses on both sides of the aforesaid river Thames; I was surprised to hear that many of them belonged to tradesmen in the city; for I thought they all belonged to noble Dukes. Just as we came into Hammersmith, a wheel broke off from the coach, and while it was mending, I went to an alehouse, where I asked the tapster several questions about the place, and the people; as well knowing that we travellers should improve ourselves. He proved in conversation to be an understanding lad, for I found he had been once at a grammar school; so when I

paid for my pint of ale, I gave him a penny over and above for himself. The ale here was but poor stuff. The country hercabouts is well wooded, and very full of people.

At Kensington the King has a fine house, and large garden. Here are also several other gardens very fine; but (more shame is theirs) they sell what ever they produce. The ale here is stark naught. We went through Hide-park to London, which is as pretty a piece of road as ever crow flew over.

London, is certainly the greatest city upon earth; at least there is nothing like it in Devonshire; but our beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as bull's blood, and as thick as mustard. Every thing is shamefully dear here; you pay half a crown or three shillings for a chicken, which, with us, would not yield above a groat or fivepence; but they have so many customers, that they ask and have just what they please. You see a great many coaches standing in the street ready to be hired, and they will carry a beggar for his money, as soon as a lord, and sooner; for they say, that persons of quality instead of paying the coachman do often run him through the body, and it seems there is no law against Lords, which is the reason that persons of quality are greater than any sort of men whatsoever. These coaches are very convenient, if they were not so confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three doors, he will have a shilling: whereas in our country, you may have a couple of horses a dozen miles for half a crown.

The houses are all built of brick, and for the most part one house holds several families: so fond are people of living in London, notwithstanding the badness of the drink!

Here are also hireling chairs; they are covered with black leather and brass nails, they have fine sashed windows, and a sashed door, and fine silk curtains,

curtains, and a rare soft cushion: one of them is carried by two stout fellows, with no heels to their shoes, they use two long poles, and pace along with wonderful expedition. *These chairs too are devilish dear.*

There are here houses called chocolate-houses, covered all over with sconces and looking-glasses. Hither gentlemen who have nothing to do, but to dress themselves, repair to shew their fine clothes; it is worth while to see a whole row of those beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves; or if they do any thing else, it is only to swear and take snuff, or to play at dice, and then all the while they play, they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a proverb here, in London, that *all your fine fellows, are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked*; insomuch, that they are the jest of men of wit, and pitied by men of virtue, and shunned by both.

There is a fine river running by London full of ships and boats; one of these boats will carry you for sixpence, and some of them for threepence a great way; and it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the abuse and ugly language you meet with; for the people upon the water will affront you to your teeth, and call you a hundred names, though you do not say a word to them: it is to no purpose to be angry, or to threaten them; they laugh at all that I offered to get out of the boat and to box with several of those saucy fellows, but not one of them would accept of my challenge; nay, the women are as bad as the men. *The more shame is theirs!*

I went to see St. Paul's church (which is almost as big as a town, and much taller) to see my Lord-Mayor. He was an elderly man in a red gown, pretty fat, and slept all the time of divine service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a magistrate like him, to have reprobated

reproved the people for walking about the church, as they did, and talking about their own worldly affairs.

Westminster hall is a vast great room, where law and justice have been bought so dear, that one had oftener better go without them. The lawyers stroll about here, and look devilish sharp and greedy for fees. There are in the hall other toymen besides lawyers, and they will sell you their baubles at treble prices, so there is nothing but biting on all hands.

Not far from hence, is the House of Commons. I went to see it, and to see the manner of their proceedings, and came away very much dissatisfied; for a dozen members talked at a time, and I could not understand a word of the debate. I also visited the House of Lords; there, indeed, I perceived more order, but neither heard, nor saw any thing remarkable, but some grave folks in odd habits.

There is a street in London called Drury-lane, which is a very scandalous place, being for the most part inhabited by filthy lewd women, and yet is frequented by great men, and grave citizens. It is therefore, no wonder, these shameless jades wear fine clothes and gold watches.

In this great city they are quite another thing, than what they are out of it; insomuch, that he who will be great with you in the country, will scarce pull off his hat to you in London. I once dined at Exeter with a couple of Judges, and they talked to me there, and drank my health, and we were very familiar together; so when I saw them again, passing through Westminster hall, I was glad of it, with all my heart, and ran to meet them with a broad smile, and asked them how they did, and to shake hands with them; but they looked at me so coldly, and so proudly, as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my mind to myself. At another

time I was at the Play-houſe (which is a rare place for mirth, and music, and dancing) and being in the pit, ſaw in one of the boxes a Member of Parliament of our country, with whom I have been as great as hand and glove; ſo being overjoyed to fee him, I called to him aloud by his name, and asked him how he did; but instead of ſaluting me again, or making any manner of answer, he looked plaguy four, and never opened his mouth; though when he is in the country, he is as merry a grig as any in fifty miles, and we have cracked many a bottle together.

Thus, my good friend, I have given to you ſo long an account of my journey, that I fear I have tired you; but never mind it, when I come down, I'll tell you as much more, when we fit over a bottle and can find no other ſubject to talk of. Till which time I tell you plainly that I am

Your Friend and humble Servant.

*Jir. Gray to Mr. Nicholls; on his Situation at Cambridge.*

Pembroke-College, June 24, 1769.

And ſo you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amufed! Are not you abhomed of yourſelf? Why, I have no ſuch thing, you monster, nor ever ſhall be either dirty or amufed as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like thoſe of a lodger up three pair of ſtairs in Petticoat-lane, or Camomile-ſtreet, and they go to bed regularly under the ſame roof that I do. Dear, how charming it muſt be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and ſit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden ſtatuæ, and a rolling-stone, and

an

in arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the ague.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate \*, and got a thousand guineas, and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window-curtains: are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My ode has been rehearsed again and again †, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over: for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and com-

\* Consisting of houses on the west-side of Hand-alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.

† Ode for music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation.

mend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first-thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself, (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

“ Dear Sir,

“ After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign?” &c. &c. &c.

---

*Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq.; on the Criticism  
of Mr. Dennis.*

June 15, 1711.

I send you Dennis's remarks on the Essay\*; which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by

\* On Criticism.

the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the essay, for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines\* can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject a little to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose: for I have often known that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it is what the English call a Bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book cannot answer for itself to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for

\* But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should never have known; it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me, what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read, that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for a wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?*

*Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi  
Dardanidae infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt!*

It is however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial.

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,  
For you well know, that wit's of no religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbé is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (A second deluge learning over-run) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from thence; in so much that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren raised

a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Walsh; on English Versification.*  
16.

OCT. 22, 1706.

After the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties which, though not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very sounds as well as words, to the thing he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from Vida.

Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.

Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.

Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.

Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.

Telum imbelle sine iectu, conjecit.

Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.

Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting

printing the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day, intitled Alexander's Feast.

2. Every nice ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example,

At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvass wings.

At the fourth.

Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.

At the sixth.

Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that, to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pause at the 4th or 6th should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another, else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at least it does mine: that at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses, of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allowed but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to triple rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the repetition of the same rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear through their monotony.

6. Monosyllable lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff or languishing; but may be beautiful to express melancholy, slowness, or labour.

7. To come to the hiatus or gap between two words, which is caused by two vowels opening on each other, (upon which you desire me to be particular); I think the rule in this case is either to use the cæsura, or admit the hiatus, just as the ear is less shocked by either; for the cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itself, and our language is naturally overcharged with consonants; as for example, if in this verse,

The old have int'rest ever in their eye.

we shall say to avoid the hiatus,

But th' old have int'rest.

The hiatus which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know some people will think these observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth

fourth book of Rhetic to Herennius, are these words: *Fugiemus crebas vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Baccæ æneæ amœnissimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiatus et intersistit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longæ quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt: præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excess, on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably, *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut solicitude sit pejor.* So likewise Tully (*Orat. ad Brut.*): *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, et si idem magister ejus Socrates:* which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this nicety, though Tully himself says in his Orator, *Crebra ista vocum concursio, quam magna ex parte vitirosam, fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, Matherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his observations upon him says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the hiatus itself.

I am, &c.

[Mr. Walsh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Essay on Criticism was printed, which concludes with his eulogy.]

---

Dr.

*Angeloni to the Countess of M. at Rome, containing a Criticism of Shakespeare's Tragedy of Othello.*

Madam,

Amongst the many works of literature, in which this nation and the French are rivals, that of theatrical entertainments has been as much controverted as any whatever: each in its turn has asserted the superiority of its writers above the others.

Shakespeare by the English, and Corneille by the French, are cited as proofs of the superiority of English and French genius; and each advocate, equally hardy, sustains the glory of his nation.

Yet, madam, after as candid and impartial a disquisition of that which constitutes genius, as I am capable of making, I frankly confess, it appears to me, that Shakespeare was the more exalted being in all that constitutes true superiority of soul. Regularity of plan, in dramatic performances, is the work of art; conception of character, and their support through a whole theoretic piece, the child of genius. Many men, nay, all the French writers on tragedy, have reduced their productions for the stage to the rules of the drama, yet how few of them, or of any nation, have exalted and finished the ideas of personage in their pieces to any degree of sublimity and perfection.

From this difference we must necessarily conclude, that the power of conceiving and preserving just characters in writing, is more rarely found than that of planning a play; rules can teach one, which can effectuate nothing in the other; and many men may design, what not one in a million can execute.

From this, must it not be concluded, that if Shakespeare exceeded the French writers in conceiving, and justly sustaining characters in tragedy, that he  
was

was of a superior genius to the greatest of the French nation?

This, madam, you, who understand both languages, shall decide; permit me, however, to point out such characters as have never been conceived by any French tragic writer, conducted and sustained in a manner which no other nation has ever seen, ancient or modern.

In the tragedy of Othello, the Moor all artless, open, and brave, is seduced by the vices and subtlety of the hypocrite Iago.

The seeming simplicity of an honest heart is so exquisitely supported and practised by him on the unsuspecting disposition of a virtuous, valiant, and ingenuous mind, that no instance is to be produced of any thing parallel in any theatrical production.

In each of these characters there is not one mistaken deviation; every spectator excuses the Moor on his being deceived, and pities with sincerest sorrow the fate of open honesty, seduced by artifice and wiles.

The difficulty is not easily imagined, which attends the preservation of these two characters. The Moor must be supported as brave, sensible, and honest; the skill lay in preserving all these from the imputation of weakness in Othello, through the conducting the imposition which was to be played upon him.

The simple, plain, and seemingly artless cunning of Iago, was attended with no less difficulty: to preserve the separate characteristics of this personage, without deviating into one instance which might betray his design to a man of sense, is of all things the most difficult.

Yet, through the whole conduct of both characters, there appears no one violation of the intended and original design of the poet.

In this consistency of character, the superiority of the English poet appears above all others, unless the critics

critics devoted to the Greek, and antiquity, should contest it in favor of Homer; you, Madam, will allow, that the great Corneille affords no instance of this nature comparable to the English author.

His management of Cassio, and Roderigo, is in the same simple, natural, and apparent honest strain: we see that the deceit must be invisible to such men. The scene in the third act, between Othello and Iago, where the latter first insinuates the idea of jealousy into the mind of the Moor, that timidity of accusing the innocent, that regard for the reputation of Desdemona, with the insinuation against her fidelity, are so artfully mixt, that it is impossible but that Othello must have been ensnared by his manner of conducting the conversation: how inimitable is his pretended love for Othello, his conjuring up the Moor's resolution, to know his sentiments, by distant hints and suggestions; and when Othello breaks out,

I'll know thy thoughts!—

he answers,

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

At this seeming determined secrecy, the Moor pronouncing “ha!” Iago, with all possible art, cries out,

Oh! beware, my Lord, of jealousy;  
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:  
But oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

This

This speech of refined art necessarily turns the thoughts of Othello on the idea of jealousy, with all the appearance of nature; and then, by proceeding in the same manner, he leads him to examine the conduct of Desdemona, and creates a suspicion of her infidelity to the Moor, from her having chosen him, and refused those

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree.

From this he draws an inference which reflects on the character of Desdemona; this almost convinces the Moor of her being false to his bed, and he desires Iago to set his wife to watch Desdemona. In answer to this, the subtle villain pretends to intreat Othello to think no more of what he had told him; to attempt discovering Desdemona's true disposition, by the vehemence of her suit to him for restoring Cassio; and to believe his fears for his honor had been too importunate in the affair: with this he leaves him. In all this scene there appears nothing which can discover the Moor weaker than an honest, plain, brave man may be allowed to be; not one step carried beyond the truth in Iago.

The knowledge of the promptness of jealousy in the bosom of man, which the author shews in the character of Iago, is beyond all comparison; when he has possess the handkerchief which Desdemona drops, he says,

I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are, in their nature, poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

But

But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

At seeing Othello enter, he continues;

Look where he comes ! not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,  
Which thou hadst yesterday.

The operations which the jealous mind undergoes, were never so truly described by the author ; the trifles light as air, the tasteless poison of a hint becoming mines of burning sulphur to the soul, and the irrevocable power of sweet slumber to a mind haunted with jealousy, are beyond all conception just, great, and sublime, and I think to be found in no other author.

The Moor enters with a conviction of the truth of what Iago had said in the above soliloquy ; his mind now burning with suspicion, lighted up from those sparks which Iago had thrown upon it ; without seeing him, he says,

Ha ! false to me——

to which Iago replies.

Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! begone ! thou'st set me on the rack.  
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know a little.

This answer shews, that the revealing this infidelity of Desdemona had made Iago insufferable to his eyes ; the combat between the violation of his bed and the love of Desdemona working strongly in him, he therefore swears 'tis better to be much abused

abused in secret, than not to know what may be avowed to be sufficient for vindicating the vengeance which an injured man should take upon the author of his dishonor. At this, Iago, fearing lest he should retreat from the degree to which he had brought him, delay the pursuit, and relapse to love, cries,

How now, my lord !

Othello answers,

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?  
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;  
 I slept the next night well ; was free and merry :  
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.  
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

In this speech, the whole bent of his mind is turned on the mischief and disquiet which Iago's discovery had brought upon his soul; without his revealing it he had been happy, untouched by pangs of injury. Iago's answer is,

I am sorry to hear this.

Othello proceeds still in the same sentiment, exclaiming,

I had been happy, if the general camp  
 (Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,  
 So I had nothing known. Oh, now for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
 Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue ! Oh, farewell !  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The

The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
 And oh ! you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

These reflections bring back on his soul, like the returning tide, the wretched change of situation which Iago's discovery had produced in him ; upon which Iago asks,

Is't possible, my Lord ?

Othello, still improving the former sentiment, and feeling his fallen state with infinite sensibility, flies impetuously into rage, and, seizing Jago, cries,

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore—  
 Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;  
 Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

When, proceeding in the same passionate manner, Iago answers,

Oh grace ! oh heaven defend me !  
 Are you a man ? have you a soul ? or sense ?  
 God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched fool,  
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !  
 Oh monstrous world ! take note, take note, oh world !  
 To be direct and honest is not safe.  
 I thank you for this profit ; and from hence  
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

This speech contains as much art as ever entered into the conception of human nature. He first appeals to Othello's humanity and understanding; then,

at that instant, as intending to leave him, he says, "God be wi' you," and throwing up his commission; he then exclaims at his own folly, that has thus converted his honesty into vice; when, throwing a sarcastic reflection on the world, and thanking Othello for this information of what is to be expected from man, he determines to renounce all love for human nature.

What ideas are there to be imagined, which can be thrown together with more judgment and propriety, to reclaim Othello from that outrage which he has committed?

It has its proper effect; the mind of man, strongly agitated between two passions, suddenly veers from one to the other, like the uncertain blowings of a storm: in consequence of which, comes about to believe that Iago is honest, and says,

Nay stay——thou should'st be honest.

Iago, who perceives this approaching change, answers,

I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,  
And loses what it works for.

After this, Othello, reduced to the equipoise between the love of his Desdemona and the truth of Iago's story, cries out,

By the world;  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not:  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:  
I'll have some proof.

This suspense Iago seizes, to fix him in the firm opinion of her being false to his bed; when Othello says,

Give

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

At this Iago recounts what Cassio said in a dream, and wins upon the mind of the Moor entirely; at which he cries,

I'll tear her all to pieces.——

Iago not content with this, most artfully mentions to him the handkerchief, in the hands of Cassio, which he had formerly given to Desdemona: this rivets him in the belief of his being dishonoured by Cassio; at which he exclaims,

Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge !

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago,

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :—

'Tis gone.——

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield up, O love ! thy crown and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

*Iag.* Pray be content.

*Oth.* Oh blood, Iago, blood !

*Iag.* Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne'er look back—ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up.—Now, by yonder marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow,

I here engage my words.

Having

Having thus wrought him up to his purpose, Iago swears that he will give himself up entirely to the service and revenge of Othello's injury.

In these last quotations it is easy to see, that figurative expressions, when they arise from the subject unforced, and unsought after, are the most naturally expressive of passion; the mind dilated and carried on by the desire of revenge, rises into metaphor and simile with the utmost propriety; the occasion is equal to the conception and ideas, and not the least colour of bombast, or false expression, appears through the whole.

In all the French theatre, I know of no play in which equal knowledge in human nature is manifested; where two characters so justly drawn, so nicely contrasted, and so well sustained, are to be found. A common genius would have erred a thousand times in writing such parts: Othello would have manifested a thousand marks of being a fool, in not seeing Iago's designs; and Iago betrayed himself by too bare-faced a conduct of his intention: as it is managed by Shakespeare, there is no one slip or deviation of character in either, in one single instance.

Another letter, madam, may probably bring you further thoughts on this play; let me here remark, however, that great geniuses being difficultly imitated, Shakespeare has been the cause of two vast mistakes in the succeeding authors of this nation.

The first is, that they have copied his diversity of scenery, and not possess the power of conceiving or sustaining their characters as they ought; for this reason the plays which appear alert, active, and entertaining to the eye on the stage, by dint of stage-trick, and won some applause in the first presentations, are damned in the closet, and never more revived on the theatre.

The other is, the admiration of that figurative

style in Shakespeare, so natural, becoming, and just, as he uses it, filled with ideas answering the words. This has created a manner of writing, consisting entirely of verbage, without imagery to sustain it: cold, altisonant, gigantesque, shadowy, inane, and puerile.

This, madam, though I fear it may appear to have the air of dictating, believe me, has nothing of that in its intent. Permit me, then, the honor to know whether you confirm me in this opinion? whether I ought to deem myself a judge in matters of genius, when I place the author of this tragedy above any writer which the French, or any nation, has hitherto produced: your opinion will determine me.

I am,

Your most obedient Servant.

---

---

*From the same to the same, containing a Criticism of  
Mr. Garrick's Performance of King Lear.*

Dear Madam,

Shall I meet your approbation, when I dare assert, that acting the part of a person of superior life, sublimely conceived and pathetically written, requires more genius than writing a tragedy, where five acts of undistinguishable character and regular mediocrity make its whole merit. I flatter myself that your opinion will not be different from mine in this instance, when I have laid before you all that I have to say on this occasion.

It has always appeared to me, that notwithstanding the apparent raptures with which men pretend to feel those passages of an author, which place him above humanity, if their performances in a like nature fall much

much short of it, that they have never reached in their conception the true spirit of the author which they have praised.

Whereas, a player, who personates in every part the living manners of a superior character, manifests beyond contradiction that he has conceived the true idea of the author.

A poet, therefore, in raptures with the character of Lear, as Shakespeare has drawn it, who in his writings should attempt something of a similar nature, instead of the sovereign of unfixed temper, choleric and sudden, whose ideas and conceptions express royalty in every part of his anger, should draw a porter in rage, replete with every gothic grossness, will be infinitely inferior in genius to him, that fills up this character with all that fire and majesty which becomes the personage as Shakespeare has completed it.

This, a player on the English stage perfectly accomplished: his name is Garrick.

It may be a vanity; but you, Madam, will pardon even that in a private letter, not designed for the public eye. In the action of all other men, I have imagined something yet farther than has been expressed by them; in this player, and in this part, this man has exceeded all my imagination; and as Poussin is considered the painter of men of taste, so, in like manner, Mr. Garrick is the player.

He is the only man on any stage where I have been who speaks tragedy truly and natural: the French tragedians mouth it too much, and to appear something more than men, they lose the resemblance of humanity: a hero on that stage, in dress and expression, is a complete exotic of all nations, and seems a creature just arrived from some distant planet.

It must be allowed, however, that the passion of anger is the easiest to be imitated of all those which

the human mind is subject to ; but to be angry with superior sovereignty is as difficult to attain as any part, to be executed with that dignity which this English actor imparts to it.

In the first act of the tragedy of Lear, when Cordelia has displeased him by that which ought to have had a contrary effect, his anger is shewn by very great expression, very just tone of voice, and propriety of action ; yet it still augments, and becomes more energetic, as the rising occasions require it, till at length, when Goneril refuses him his hundred followers, and says,

Be then advised by her, that else will take that which  
she begs,

To lessen your attendance :

Take half away, and see that the remainder be  
Such as may befit your age, and know themselves and  
you.

After these words of insolence, Lear replies,

Darkness and devils !

Saddle my horses, call my train together ;

Degenerate viper ! I'll not stay with thee :

I yet have left a daughter—Serpent ! monster !

Lessen my train, and call them riotous !

All men approved, of choice and rarest parts,

That each particular of duty know.—

How small, Cordelia, was thy fault ? Oh, Lear !

Beat at that gate which let thy folly in,

And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

This all other actors speak with that kind of rage, with which a drunken shoemaker curses his daughter that has secretly taken his money from him, and prevented his going to the alehouse ; it is indeed a sheer

sheer scolding. In Mr. Garrick it is a prince in anger; and every accompaniment expresses it through the whole passage. "How small Cordelia, &c." this reflection, so natural to human minds, and parents in particular, to compare what they think a less fault in one child, while they are suffering under the influence of a greater in another, is as truly express by the actor as imagined by the poet; and then, reverting on himself at the words which follow, "Oh Lear," he absolutely imparts a power to them, which cannot be conceived but with much difficulty by those who have never beheld him; the whole bitter tide of resentment pours back on himself, and is as fully express from the fingers to the toes, through the flashing eye and keen feature, as Raphael has express the being possest, in his demoniac, in his picture of the transfiguration: and in these words, the soul of every hearer shivers as he pronounces them,

Blasts upon thee!

Thuntainted woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce ev'ry sense about thee.

Indeed I could not avoid expecting a paralytic stroke would wither every limb of Goneril; the power of expression seemed as if of necessity it must prevail over heaven.

Then follows that which is so natural to the soul of man in excessive anger, when it suffers equally from the faults of others and itself; turning back with threats upon this weakness, which had made him weep, he utters with the utmost internal sensibility, and yet weeps in opposition to his own resolution,

Old fond eyes,

Lament this cause again; I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast you with the waters that ye lose  
To temper clay.

It is not possible to decide which is superior in the knowledge of nature, the poet who wrote, or the player who animates these passages. Afterwards, when he begins,

Hear, nature—

and passes on to that most beautiful of all expressions,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child !

all is so firmly and interestingly exprest, with attitude and action so becoming the occasion, that, forgetting where I am, astonishment seizes me that Goneril has power to go off the stage unblasted at this imprecation: so perfectly the character is realized by every part of the player.

I thought to have instanced nothing of his powers in the second act, but it is impossible to omit those starts of expression which accompany so perfectly the ideas of the poet in answer to the following words of Gloster,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke.

Lear replies,

Vengeance, death, plague, confusion !

Fiery ! what quality ?—why Gloster, Gloster !

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

These and many other passages are spoken so justly, and with so much emphasis, that their influence on the hearer is amazing: they appear, amidst the tempest of his mind, like flashes of lightening in a stormy night, making the horrors more visible.

In the third act, Shakespeare, into whose hand nature had given the clue that leads through all her labyrinth

labyrinth of variety, reserving the other end to herself, has placed Lear amidst thunder storms, whirlwind, rain, and fire; in this part he shews how every object finds some connection with those of a mind in deep distress. Lear says,

Rumble thy fill, fight whirlwind, rain, and fire;  
 Not fire, wind, rain, or thunder, are my daughters.  
 I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness:  
 I never gave you kingdoms, called ye children;  
 Ye owe me no obedience; then let fall  
 Your humble pleasure, here I stand your slave,  
 A poor infirm, weak and despised old man.

Till the last line he agrees, that these elements owe him no gratitude or obedience, because unallied to him by birth, or duty; yet, the last line recalling his present condition to his own imagination, he immediately conceives it a kind of mean cruelty to join with two disobedient daughters, and says,

Yet will I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
 Their engender'd battle against a head  
 So old and white as mine! Oh! Oh! 'tis foul.

This speech is spoken at first with defiance; then, as the sense changes, the player falls into an acquiescence with his suffering; till coming to the last part, he feels with much contempt, that coward cruelty of basely joining with the perpetrators of filial disobedience; this is performed with such natural and easy transition, as if his soul conceived originally every sensation, as they follow one another in the poet.

As the madness advances in the character of Lear, it increases in the action and expression of the player,

you scarce see when he first begins, and yet find he is mad before Kent says,

I fear'd t'would come to this ; his wits are gone.

It steals so gradually and imperceptibly, the difference grows like a colour which runs on from the lightest to the darkest tint without perceiving the shades, but by comparing them at different parts of the whole : when he enters mad in the fourth act, with the mock ensigns of majesty on him, through this whole scene, that which the poet has marked so strongly, the player has also preserved ; that satyrical turn, which accompanies madness arising from wrongs, is inimitably conceived by the poet and sustained by the player ; that vague and fugitive manner of pronouncing, mixt with the sarcastic touches of expression, is truly exhibited ; and as in the poet's writings, so in the player's behaviour ; the king is never one moment forgotten ; it is royalty in lunacy : to quote every passage, would make a letter a whole play.

In that part of the fourth act where Lear recovers from his sleep, as the poet who knew that sound intellect must not appear too suddenly in such instances of lunacy, so the player recovers his mind as gradually as he lost it, and at length distrusting his being recovered, he says,

I will not swear these are my hands.

Cordelia answers,

O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me,  
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

When Lear kneeling, the player pronounces with such pathetic simplicity,

Pray

Pray do not mock me,  
 I am a very foolish, fond old man;  
 Fourscore and upwards; and to deal plainly with you;  
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Whoever at the uttering of these words, as Mr. Garrick speaks them, can avoid joining with Cordelia, must be more hardened than Goneril, or Regan. She says,

Then farewell to patience; witness for me,  
 Ye mighty powers, I ne'er complain'd till now.

With what knowledge of human nature was this written! When a mind exhausted by its former wildness recovers, nothing is so weak and vacillating: the unornamented simplicity of Lear's words, therefore, has more sublimity and pathos, than all the powers of figure and metaphor could impart to them; and as it was imagined by Shakespeare, it is spoken by Mr. Garrick: my tears have ever testified this approbation.

The remaining part of this act is equally inimitable; pray tell me, Madam, what art is this, which running from anger to rage, to madness, then softens and sinks into the timid and suppliant in poet and player; what compass and what power of nature must those possess, who are equal to this variety and force? In the fifth act, when the old king sleeps in the lap of Cordelia, he breaks out,

Charge, charge upon their flank, their last wing halts.  
 Push, push the battle, and the day's our own;  
 Their ranks are broke: down with Albany.  
 Who holds my hands?

This he pronounces in that imperfect and indistinct manner, which attends those who talk in their

sleep, with expression of anger, yet different from that of madness or a sound mind; then wakes with a gentle exclamation.

Oh thou deceiving sleep !  
I was this very minute on the chase,  
And now a prisoner here.—

This play terminates happily, as it is acted different from the manner in which Shakespeare wrote it; Cordelia is made queen, and Lear retires to pass away his life in quietness and devotion: many of the passages are transposed from the order they stand in the original; for that reason I have sent you the alteration, that you may see it as it is played; the words which express the joy at the thoughts of Cordelia's being a queen, are spoke with an emphasis and energy which is peculiar to Mr. Garrick only; and though the poet is no longer visible in this place, the player sustains his character in this also.

Thus in anger, in grief, in madness, in revenge, in weakness, in contempt, in joy, all is equally natural and amazing; the same poet fancies all these, the same player follows him with equal justice.

Does it not seem probable then, Madam, that the genius of a player is more analogous to the painter and musician, than to the poet; he rather knows with what attitude, tone of voice and expression, characters already written should be expressed and acted; than conceives with what words the characters in a story painted by Dominiquino, Poussin, or other eminent artists, should be animated; he can better adjust sounds to poetical compositions, than invent poetry for airs already made.

The mind of man then, which is uncontaminated in action and expression with the borrowed aid of mimicry, is real genius; and if it was not unpolite in writing to a lady, I could end with a syllogism,

that this actor whom I have too imperfectly described in this letter, is undoubtedly so, and of a much superior nature to a mediocre poet, indeed, on a level with great painters, and great musicians, a Raphael or Corelli.

I am,

Your most obedient Servant.

---

*From Mr. Hume to ———; on the Authenticity of  
the Poems ascribed to Ossian.*

THE writer of this letter is well known as the author of the most philosophical and elegant History of England now extant. He was born at Edinburgh in 1711, died 1776.

Edinburgh, Aug. 16, 1760.

Sir,

I am not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shewn the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator. The two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn; when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar, and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited; and asked whether he had ever translated any of them. Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and doubted whether it was possible to

transfuse such beauties into our language: but for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day; which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

After this volume was in every body's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, which the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question: for their antiquity is a point which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

In the family of every Highland chieftain there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished; the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated professor in Glasgow, told me, that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty.—Major Mackay, Lord Rae's brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists so strongly on the historical truth, as well as

on

on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient; as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and imprinted on every memory.

Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest, sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Graham of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have therefore set about a subscription of a guinea, or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon, somewhere in Lochaber, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed; and the natives have always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and, as he is somewhat old, and the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of genius and passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known

known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate, or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

I remember, Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident, which put this matter in a remarkable light.—A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected; makes a new one; hurries back to the action; pierces his enemy, while the iron, which was yet red-hot, hisses in the wound. This imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention, as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes, Fingal, Ossur, Osur, Osscan, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector; or the French that of Marlborough.

It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments, as it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many

verbal

verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

Ye shepherds, so careless and free,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam, &c.

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish?

Yours, most sincerely.

## CHAPTER VII.

---

---

### DESCRIPTIVE, AND NARRATIVE.

THE writing of letters of both these kinds is now very frequent, and history and topography are often presented to the public in the form of a correspondence between relations and friends. This is an excellent method of conquering the prejudice of those who dread the formality of a teacher, and shun instruction unless attended with every thing which can divest it of the appearance of severity. It permits a minuteness of description, and familiarity of illustration which could not be assumed in any other form of writing, and the frequency of its adoption by persons of the best taste and most extensive erudition, proves how well it is calculated to answer its intended purpose.

*Letter from Dr. Herring to William Duncombe,  
Esq. describing a Journey into Wales.*

Kensington, Sept. 11, 1739.

Dear Sir,

I am usually much pleased with your letters to me, and far from being offended with your last; but, in truth, I am grieved most sincerely to find you give so melancholy an account of your state of health. I know how to sympathize with you, having, in the course of my life, been very sensible of every one of your complaints. Fevers and coughs I always applied

plied to the doctor for; but as to those disagreeable palpitations you mention, I removed them (for I was not twenty when I first had them) by exercise (riding) and good company; that, I find, is the doctor's prescription to you, which I hope you follow, and with daily benefit.

I met your letter here on my return from Wales. I bleſs God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese; to which purpose, I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North Wales, to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid; if I should be particular in my description, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but, indeed, I will stick religiously to truth; and, because a little journal of my expedition may be ſome minutes amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, in my laſt year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with ſomewhat of a poetical fancy; that, I am confident, you will not do now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as, amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire. You find, by this intimation, that my landscapes are like to be ſomething different from what they were before, for I talk a little in the ſtyle of Othello,

— “ Of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven ! ”

I ſet out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, ſecretary, two or three friends, and our fervants. The firſt part of our road lay cloſe the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary moraſſ, with here and there a ſmall

small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary hen, watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles, we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake, full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not come that morning, for we dined soon after out of our own wallets; and though our inn stood in a place of the most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a cheerful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite, much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a group of figures, that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a sick night-cap, hanging over the stairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a staring attention, and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and would please you, or any man of observation; and one reflection gave me particular comfort, that the assembly before us demonstrated, that, even here, the influential sun warned poor mortals, and inspired them with love and music.

When

When we had dispatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted, and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay ; it did so, and, in a little time, we came at it : the inhabitants call it, in their language, “ the road of kindness.” It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for an horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock, at whose foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand a vast rock hangs almost over you ; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons of just fear, but that I might be at leisure to contemplate, in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator’s power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle : there I stayed and did business the next day, and the scene was much improved. The country I had hitherto passed through, was like one not made by the Father of the creation, but in the wrath of power ; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river and fine meadows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain, of two miles, to pass, and then was entertained

tertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and, indeed, the whole œconomy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive what an air of cheerfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales, with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire; for I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some of the finest towns and finest countries in the island. But I must stop, and not use you unmercifully.

I can send you no news from hence. Yesterday I heard Sir Robert had got his ague again. I doubt too he has affairs upon his hands more troublesome than any ague; for I find very wise people in fearful apprehensions about the event of the war. I am afraid we shall hear of great mischief at sea, from the storm of last night, and the high wind of this morning.

I pray God to restore you soon to a perfect state of health.

I am your, &c.

*Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Mrs. S. C.*

THE six following letters are taken from the publication of a Lady, who early in the present century visited many parts of Europe, and communicated her remarks to her friends in a style so entertaining, that her Book is one of the very small number of which Dr. Johnson said he regretted reaching the end.

I am

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I am extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower, they call Julius Cæsar's, has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trent-field, Adboulton, places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war, bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidera, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all. I

was

was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of, what d'ye call him, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff, as t'other talked to his puppets. However the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed, by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honorably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me, and be assured, I can never forget you, &c. &c.

---

*Same, to the Countess of ——.*

Vienna, Sept. 8, O.S. 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, 2<sup>d</sup>, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness, that, in the same day, you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic

mantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honor of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectation, nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and what is an inconvenience much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoe-maker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen

seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold-lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of japan china, and large lustres of rock-crystal. I have already had the honor of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the desert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines, is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins, and I have counted, several times, to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count Schoonbourn, the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in

in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well-ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had the honor, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

---

*Same, to Mr. P—.*

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

Perhaps you'll laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to take you in earnest, as I am at present, and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much encreased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can't easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal; and, at the beginning of the second act,

act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that 'tis hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house can hold such large decorations; but the ladies, all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death. But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitriion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understood enough of that language, to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady, that had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably compensated that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant was, the use Jupiter made of his

his metamorphosis, for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitriion, but, instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitriion's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitriion's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of jarding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias' very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me, this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier. I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as curtseys at leaving the room, when the visit has been too long already.

---

*Same, to the Countess of ——.*

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O.S. 1716.

I believe, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours post travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moon-shine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia

from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife not to wake Mr. W——y, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon, our postillions nodding on horse-back, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W——y, and he was much more surprized than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me, that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that 'tis common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but thank God that was not our destiny, and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large place on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the Elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir ——, our King's Envoy, came to see me here, and Madam de L —, whom I knew in London, when her husband was Minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more, than

than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have, generally, pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civility and good nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence, and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet. She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most, but she consented to leave her husband and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but 'tis certain the King had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a Queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled

by long possession, his Majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed, and has, at last, provoked the King to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which 'tis supposed will soon put an end to her life: I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman, that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W——y's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the protestant religion, but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness, than I have found in other places. Leipsic, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade, and I take this opportunity of buying pages liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna, partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there, so that the ladies are obliged to send, even for their shoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more

more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you'll willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me what is a ravelin? and what is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear sister.

---

*Same, to Mr. Pote.*

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the Bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. W—— had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses, they rather look like vagabond gypsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for

which, in return, they give them formal passports, signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.—This little digression has interrupted my telling you, we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder, not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. 'Tis true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbs, that the state of nature, is a state of war; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Bassa had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; how-

however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise notwithstanding the parole given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified, on the east-side, by the Danube; and on the south, by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and since, by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison, of their bravest Janizaries, commanded by a Bassa *Seraskier* (i. e. General); though this last expression is not very just, for, to say truth, the Seraskier is commanded by the Janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the Governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him, at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their Bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill-informed, and the real truth of the story to be this: The late Bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason, but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelli-

gence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner; and, by force, dragged their Bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the Infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The Bassa, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scymitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and, in a few moments, cut him in pieces. The present Bassa has not dared to punish the murderer; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money amongst the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town, which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the Bassa detains us, till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host Achmet-Beg, a title something like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Bassa, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *Effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense

to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Rorte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers, not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds ; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first, he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him, concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it ; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him.—He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place ; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, anywhere, but in Greenland.—We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.—God knows, when I shall have an opportunity of sending this letter ; but I have written it, for the discharge of my own conscience ; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine.

Adieu.

*Same, to the Princess of Wales\*.*

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I have now, madam, finished a journey, that has not been undertaken by any Christian, since the time of the Greek Emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's Ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. W— was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the convenience of that passage. We crossed the desarts of Servia, almost quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the Janizaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day, to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.—After seven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain, on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, be-

\* The late Queen Caroline.

ing all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house, weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your R. H. how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the Aga, who would have taken it from them without remorse. After four days journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain, on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. 'Tis hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges, between the mountains of Haemus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground, near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks; here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople, is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on the hills, and the perpetual spring they enjoy, makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a King, who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father,

than their master.—This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible, I have already tired out your R. H.'s patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it.

I am, Madam,

with the greatest respect.

---

*Dr. Moore to ———, describing the Alps.*

Geneva.

I returned a few days since from a journey to the Glaciers of Savoy, the Pays de Vallais, and other places among the Alps.

The wonderful accounts I had heard of the Glaciers had excited my curiosity a great deal, while the air of superiority assumed by some who had made this boasted tour piqued my pride still more.

One could hardly mention any thing curious or singular, without being told by some of those travellers with an air of cool contempt—Dear Sir—that is pretty well; but take my word for it, it is nothing to the Glaciers of Savoy.

I determined at last not to take their words for it, and I found some gentlemen of the same way of thinking; the party consisted of the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Upton, Mr. Grenville, Mr. Kennedy, and myself.

We left Geneva early in the morning of the third of August, and breakfasted at Bonneville, a small town in the Duchy of Savoy, situated at the foot of Mole, and on the banks of the river Arve.

The summit of Mole, as we were told, is about 4600 English feet above the lake of Geneva, at the lower passage of the Rhone, which last is about 1200 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

For

For these particulars I shall take the word of my informer, whatever airs of superiority he may assume on the discovery.

From Bonneville we proceeded to Cluse, by a road tolerably good and highly entertaining on account of the singularity and variety of landscape to be seen from it. The objects change their appearance every moment as you advance, for the path is continually winding, to humour the position of the mountains, and to gain an access between the rocks, which in some places hang over it in a very threatening manner. The mountains overlook and press so closely upon this little town of Cluse, that when I stood in the principal street, each end of it seemed to be perfectly shut up; and whenever any of the houses had fallen down, the vacancy appeared to the eye, at a moderate distance, to be plugged up in the same manner by a green mountain.

On leaving Cluse however, we found a well made road running along the banks of the Arve, and flanked on each side by very high hills, whose opposite sides tally so exactly, as to lead one to imagine they have been torn from each other by some violent convulsion of nature.

In other places one side of this defile is a high perpendicular rock, so very smooth that it seems not to have been torn by nature but chiselled by art, from top to bottom, while the whole of the side directly opposite is of the most smiling verdure.

The passage between the mountains gradually opens as you advance, and the scene diversifies with a fine luxuriancy of wild landscape.

Before you enter the town of Sallenche, you must cross the Arve, which at this season is much larger than in winter, being swoln by the dissolving snows of the Alps.

This river has its source at the parish of Argenture, in the valley of Chamouni, is immediately augmented

mented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid stream into the Rhone, soon after that river issues from the lake of Geneva.

The contrast between these two rivers is very striking, the one being as pure and limpid, as the other is foul and muddy. The Rhone seems to scorn the alliance, and keep as long as possible unmixed with his dirty spouse. Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill sorted couple is still observable; these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and to those unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course.

We passed the night at Sallenche, and the remaining part of our journey not admitting of chaises, they were sent back to Geneva, with orders to the drivers, to go round by the other side of the lake, and meet us at the village of Martegny, in the Pays de Vallais.

We agreed with a muleteer at Sallenche, who provided mules to carry us over the mountains to Martigny. It is a good days journey from Sallenche to Chamouni, not on account of the distance, but from the difficulty and perplexity of the road, and the steep ascents and descents with which you are teased the whole way.

Some of the mountains are covered with pine, oak, beech, and walnut-trees. These are interspersed with apple, plum, cherry, and other fruit trees, so that we rode a great part of the forenoon in shade.

Besides the refreshing coolness this occasioned, it was most agreeable to me on another account. The road was in some places so exceeding steep that I never doubted but some of us were to fall; I therefore reflected with satisfaction, that those trees would probably

probably arrest our course, and hinder us from rolling a great way.

But many pathless craggy mountains remained to be traversed after we had lost the protection of the trees. We then had nothing but the sagacity of our mules to trust to. For my own part I was very soon convinced that it was much safer on all dubious occasions to depend on theirs than on my own : for as often as I was presented with a choice of difficulties, and the mule and I were of different opinions, if, becoming more obstinate than he, I insisted on his taking my track, I never failed to repent it, and often was obliged to return to the place where the controversy had begun, and follow the path to which he had pointed at first.

It is entertaining to observe the prudence of these animals in making their way down such dangerous rocks. They sometimes put their heads over the edge of the precipice and examine with anxious circumspection every possible way by which they can descend, and at length are sure to fix on that which upon the whole is the best. Having observed this in several instances I laid the bridle on the neck of my mule, and allowed him to take his own way, without presuming to controul him in the smallest degree.

This is doubtless the best method, and what I recommend to all my friends in their journey through life, when they have mules for companions.

We rested some time during the sultry heat of the day, at a very pleasantly situated village called Serve ; and ascending thence along the steepest and roughest road we had yet seen, we passed by a mountain, wherein they told us, there is a rich vein of copper, but that the proprietors have left off working it for many years.

As we passed through one little village, I saw many peasants going into a church. It was some saint's

faint's day.—The poor people must have half ruined themselves by purchasing gold leaf. Every thing was gilded.—The virgin was dressed in a new gown of gold paper; the infant in her arms was equally brilliant, all but the perriwig on the head, which was milk white, and had certainly been fresh powdered that very morning.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at this ridiculous sight, which the people beheld with as much veneration as they could have shewn, had the originals been present. Upon casting up my eyes to the ceiling, I saw something more extraordinary still: this was a portrait of God the Father, sitting on a cloud, and dressed like a Pope, with the tiara on his head. Any one must naturally be shocked at this, if he be not at the same instant moved to laughter at the infinite absurdity of the idea.

About six in the evening we arrived at the valley of Chamouni, and found lodgings in a small village called Prieuré. The valley of Chamouni is about six leagues in length, and an English mile in breadth. It is bounded on all sides by very high mountains; between the intervals of these mountains, on one side of the valley, the vast bodies of snow and ice, which are called Glaciers, descend from Mount Blanc, which is their source.

On one side of the valley, opposite to the Glaciers, stands Breven, a mountain whose ridge is 5300 English feet higher than the valley. Many travellers who have more curiosity, and who think less of fatigue than we, take their first view of the Glaciers from the top of Mount Breven. As there is only the narrow valley between that and the Glaciers, all of which it overlooks, and every other object around, except Mount Blanc, the view from it must be very advantageous and magnificent.

We determined to begin with Montanvert, from which we could walk to the Glaciers, reserving

Mount.

Mount Breven for another day's work, if we should find ourselves so inclined. After an hour's refreshment at our quarters, Mr. Kennedy and I took a walk through the valley.

The chapter of the Priests, and Canons of Sallenche have the lordship of Chamouni, and draw a revenue from the poor inhabitants; the highest mountains of the Alps, with all their ice and snow, not being sufficient to defend them from rapacity and extortion.

The Priest's house is beyond comparison the best in the whole valley. Looking at it I asked a young man who stood near me, if the Priest was rich?

Oui Monsieur, horriblement, replied he, et aussi il mange presque tout notre blé.

I then asked, if the people of Chamouni wished to get rid of him?

Oui, bien de celui ci—mais il faut avoir un autre. I do not see the absolute necessity of that, said I.—Consider, if you had no Priest you would have more to eat.

The lad stared—then answered with great *naïveté*—Ah Monsieur, dans ce pays ci le prêtres sont tout aussi nécessaries qui le mangier.

It is plain, that this clergyman instructs his parishioners very carefully in the principles of religion.—I perceive, that your soul is in very safe hands, said Kennedy, giving the boy a crown; but here is something to enable you to take care of your body.

In my next I shall endeavour to give you some account of the Glaciers: at present I must wish you good night.

*Same, in Continuation.*

Geneva.

We began pretty early in the morning to ascend Montanvert, from the top of which, there is easy access to the Glacier of that name, and to the valley of ice.

Our mules carried us from the inn across the valley, and even for a considerable way up the mountain; which at length became so exceedingly steep, that we were obliged to dismount and send them back. Mr. Upton only, who had been here before, and was accustomed to such expeditions, continued without compunction on his mule till he got to the top, riding fearless over rocks, which a goat or chamois would have passed with caution.

In this last animal, which is to be found in these mountains only, are blended the different qualities of the goat and the deer.—It is said to have more agility than any other quadruped possessed of the same degree of strength.

After ascending four hours we gained the summit of Montanvert. The day was remarkably fine, the objects around noble and majestic, but in some respects different from what I had expected.

The valley of Chamouni had disappeared:—Mount Breven seemed to have crept wonderfully near; and if I had not just crossed the plain which separates the two mountains, and is a mile in breadth, I should have concluded that their bases were in contact, and that their distance above was solely owing to the diminution in the size of all mountains towards the summit. Judging from the eye alone I should have thought it possible to have thrown a stone from the place where I stood to Mount Breven.

There is a chain of mountains behind Montanvert,

vert, all covered with snow, which terminate in four distinct rocks, of a great height, and having the appearance of narrow pyramids or spires. They are called the Needles; and each has a distinct name. Mont Blanc, surrounded by Montanvert, Mont Breven, the Needles, and other snowy mountains, appears like a giant among pygmies.

The height which we had now attained, was so far on our way up this mountain. I was therefore equally surprized and mortified to find, after an ascent of three thousand feet, that Mont Blanc seemed as high here as when we were in the valley.

Having ascended Montanvert from Chamouni, on descending a little on the other side, we found ourselves on a plain, whose appearance has been aptly compared to that which a stormy sea would have, if it were suddenly arrested and fixed by a strong frost. This is called the Valley of Ice. It stretches several leagues behind Montanvert, and is reckoned two thousand three hundred feet higher than the valley of Chamouni.

From the highest part of Montanvert we had all the following objects under our eye, some of which seemed to obstruct the view of others equally interesting; the Valley of Ice, the Needles, Mont Blanc, with the snowy mountains below, finely contrasted with Breven, and the green hills on the opposite side of Chamouni, and the sun in full splendor shewing all of them to the greatest advantage. The whole forms a scene equally *sublime* and *beautiful*, far above my power of description, and worthy the eloquence of that very ingenious gentleman \*, who has so finely illustrated these subjects, in a particular treatise, and given so many examples of both in his parliamentary speeches.

While we remained in contemplation of this

\* The Right Honorable Edmund Burke.

scene,

scene, some of the company observed, that from the top of the Needles the prospect would be still more magnificent, as the eye could stretch over Breven, beyond Geneva, all the way to Mont Jura, and comprehend the Pais de Vallais, and many other mountains and vallies.

This excited the ambition of the Duke of Hamilton. He sprung up, and made towards the Aiguille du Dru, which is the highest of the four Needles. Though he bounded over the ice with the elasticity of a young chamois, it was a considerable time before he could arrive at the foot of the Needle:—for people are greatly deceived as to distances in those snowy regions.

Should he get to the top, said Mr. Grenville, looking after him with eagerness, he will swear we have seen nothing.—But I will try to mount as high as he can; I am not fond of seeing people above me. So saying he sprung after him.

In a short time we saw them both scrambling up the rock: the Duke had gained a considerable height, when he was suddenly stopped by a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable (for his impetuosity had prevented him from choosing the easiest way;) so Mr. Grenville overtook him.

Here they had time to breathe and cool a little. The one being determined not to be surpassed, the other thought the exploit not worth his while, since the honor must be divided. So like two rival powers, who have exhausted their strength by a fruitless contest, they returned, fatigued and disappointed, to the place from which they had set out.

After a very agreeable repast, on the provisions and wine which our guides had brought from the prieuré, we passed, by an easy descent, from the green part of Montanvert to the Valley of Ice. A walk upon this frozen sea is attended with inconveniences. In some places, the swellings, which have been

been compared to waves, are forty or fifty feet high: yet as they are rough, and the ice intermingled with snow, one may walk over them. In other parts, those waves are of a very moderate size, and in some places the surface is quite level.

What renders a passage over this valley still more difficult and dangerous is, the rents in the ice, which are to be met with, whatever direction you follow. These rents are from two to six feet wide, and of an amazing depth; reaching from the surface of the valley, through a body of ice many hundred fathoms thick. On throwing down a stone, or any other solid substance, we could hear the hollow murmur of its descent for a very long time, sounding like far distant waves breaking upon rocks.

Our guides, emboldened by habit, skipped over these rents without any sign of fear, though they informed us that they had often seen fresh clefts formed, while they walked on the valley. They added, indeed for our encouragement, that this was always preceded by a loud continued noise, which gave warning of what was to happen.

It is evident, however, that this warning, though it should always precede the rent, could be of little use to those who had advanced to the middle of the valley; for they neither could know certainly in what direction to run, nor could they have time to get off: and in case the ice should yawn directly under their feet, they must inevitably perish. But probably few accidents of that kind happen; and this has greater influence, than any reasoning upon the subject.

It is supposed, that the snow and ice at the bottom, melting by the warmth of the earth, leave great vacancies in the form of vaults. These natural arches support for a long time an amazing weight of ice and snow; for there is a vast distance from the bottom to the surface of this valley. But the ice beneath

beneath continuing to dissolve, and the snow above to increase, the arches must at last give way, which occasions the noise and rents above mentioned. Water also, which may have fallen from the surface into the clefts, or is lodged by any means in this great mass of snow, will, by its sudden expansion, in the act of freezing, occasion new rents at the surface.

We have heard a great deal of the havoc made by Avalanches. These are formed of snow driven by the winds against the highest and most protuberant parts of rocks and mountains, where it hardens and adheres sometimes till a prodigious mass is accumulated. But when these supporters are able to sustain the increasing weight no longer, the Avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the loosened rock or mountain along with it; and rolling from a vast height, with a thundering noise, to the valley, involves in certain destruction all the trees, houses, cattle, and men which lie in its way.

The greater part of those who have made a journey to the Glaciers have seen one or more of these Avalanches in the very act of falling, and have themselves always escaped by a miracle. Just as most people who have made a single voyage by sea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a storm and very narrowly escaped shipwreck.

All that any of our party can boast is, that during the nights we lay at Chamouni, we frequently heard a noise like distant thunder, which we were told was occasioned by the falling of some of these same Avalanches at a few miles distance. And during our excursions, we saw trees destroyed, and tracts of soil torn from the side of the mountains, over which the Avalanches were said to have rolled, two or three years before we passed. These were the narrowest escapes we made. I heartily wish the same good luck to all travellers, whatever account they themselves may chuse to give to their friends when they return.

The

The Valley of Ice is several leagues in length; and not above a quartet of a league in breadth. It divides into branches, which run behind the chain of mountains formerly taken notice of. It appears like a frozen amphitheatre, and is bounded by mountains, in whose clefts columns of crystal, as we were informed, are to be found.—The hoary majesty of Mont Blanc \* \* \* \* \* I was in danger of rising into poetry; when, recollecting the story of Icarus, I thought it best not to trust to my own waxen wings. I beg leave rather to borrow the following lines, which will please you better than any flight of mine, and prevent me from a fall.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
Pale sons, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on the impassive ice the lightning's play;  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent sky;  
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

Having walked a considerable time on the valley, and being sufficiently regaled with ice, we at length thought of returning to our cottage at the prieuré. Our guides led us down by a shorter and steeper way than that by which we had ascended; and in about two hours after we had begun our descent we found ourselves at the bottom of the mountain. This rapid manner of descending most people find more severe upon the muscles of the legs and thighs, than even the ascent. For my own part, I was very near exhausted; and as we were still a couple of miles distant from our lodgings, it was with the greatest satisfaction that I saw our obsequious mules in waiting to carry us to our cottage; where having at last

arrived, and being assembled in a small room, excluded from the view of ice valleys, crystal hills, and snowy mountains, with nothing before us but humble objects, as cold meat, coarse bread, and poor wine, we contrived to pass an hour before going to bed, in talking over the exploits of the day and the wonders we had seen. Whether there is greater pleasure in this, or in viewing the scenes themselves, is a question not yet decided by the casuists.

---

### *Same, in Conclusion.*

Geneva.

There are five or six different Glaciers, which all terminate upon one side of the valley of Chamonix, within the space of about five leagues.

There are prodigious collections of snow and ice, formed in the intervals or hollows between the mountains that bound the side of the valley near which Mont Blanc stands.

The snow in these hollows being screened from the influence of the sun, the heat of summer can dissolve only a certain portion of it. These magazines of ice and snow are not formed by what falls directly from the heavens into the intervals. They are supplied by the snow which falls during the winter on the loftiest parts of Mont Blanc; large beds or strata of which slide down imperceptibly by their own gravity, and finding no resistance at these intervals, they form long irregular roots around all the adjacent mountains.

Five of these enter, by five different embouchures, into the valley of Chamonix, and are called Glaciers, on one of which we had been.

At present their surface is from a thousand, to two thousand feet high above the valley. Their

Their

Their breadth depends on the wideness of the interval between the mountains in which they are formed.

Viewed from the valley, they have, in my opinion, a much finer effect than from their summit.

The rays of the sun, striking with various force on the different parts, according as they are more or less exposed, occasion an unequal dissolution of the ice; and, with the help of a little imagination, give the appearances of columns, arches, and turrets, which are in some places transparent.

A fabric of ice in this taste, two thousand feet high, and three times as broad, with the sun shining full upon it, you must acknowledge to be a very singular piece of architecture.

Our company ascended only the Glacier of Montanvert, which is not the highest, and were contented with a view of the others from the valley; but more curious travellers will surely think it worth their labour to examine each of them more particularly.

Some people are so fond of Glaciers, that not satisfied with their present size, they insist positively, that they must necessarily grow larger every year; and they argue the matter thus:

The present existence of the Glaciers is a sufficient proof that there has, at some period or other, been a greater quantity of snow formed during the winter, than the heat of summer has been able to dissolve. But this disproportion must necessarily increase every year, and, of consequence, the Glaciers must augment: because, any given quantity of snow and ice, remaining through the course of one summer, must increase the cold of the atmosphere around it in some degree; which being reinforced by the snows of the succeeding winter, will resist the dissolving power of the sun more the second summer than the first, and still more the third than the second, and so on.

The conclusion of this reasoning is, that the Glaciers

eiers must grow larger by an increasing ratio every year, till the end of time. For this reason, the authors of this theory regret, that they themselves have been sent into the world so soon; because, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thousand years, they should have seen the Glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at present, in comparison of what it will be then.

However natural this may appear, objections have nevertheless been suggested, which I am sorry for; because, when a theory is tolerably consistent, well fabricated, and goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to see a plodding, officious fellow overthrow the whole structure at once by a dash of his pen, as Harlequin does a house with a touch of his sword; in a pantomime entertainment.

Such cavillers say, that as the Glaciers augment in size, there must be a greater extent of surface for the sunbeams to act upon, and, of consequence, the dissolution will be greater, which must effectually prevent the continual increase contended for.

But the other party extricate themselves from this difficulty by roundly asserting, that the additional cold occasioned by the snow and ice already deposited, has a much greater influence in retarding their dissolution, than the increased surface can have in hastening it: and, in confirmation of their system, they tell you, that the oldest inhabitants of Chamouni remember the Glaciers when they were much smaller than at present; and also remember the time when they could walk, from the Valley of Ice, to places behind the mountains, by passages which are now quite choked up with hills of snow, not above fifty years old.

Whether the inhabitants of Chamouni assert this from a laudable partiality to the Glaciers, whom they may now consider (on account of their drawing strangers to visit the valley) as their best neighbours;

—or

—or from politeness to the supporters of the above mentioned opinion;—or from real observation, I shall not presume to say. But I myself have heard several of the old people in Chamouni assert the fact.

The cavillers being thus obliged to relinquish their former objection, attempt, in the next place, to show, that the above theory leads to an absurdity; because, say they, if the Glaciers go on increasing in bulk *ad infinitum*, the globe itself would become in process of time a mere appendage to Mont Blanc.

The advocates for the continual augmentation of the Glaciers reply, that as this inconveniency has not already happened, there needs no other refutation of the impious doctrine of certain philosophers, who assert that the world has existed from eternity; and as to the globe's becoming an appendage to the mountains, they assure us that the world will be at an end long before that event can happen. So that those of the most timid natures, and most delicate constitutions, may dismiss their fears on that subject.

For my own part, though I wish well to the Glaciers, and all the inhabitants of Chamouni, having passed some days very pleasantly in their company; I will take no part in this controversy, the merits of which I leave to your own judgment.

*Cardinal Gangarelli, afterwards Pope Clement XIV.  
to the Abbé Fregnan.*

Mons. Abbé,

You cannot do better to divert yourself from your troubles and embarrassments than to visit Italy. Every well informed man owes an homage to this country, so deservedly boasted of; and it will give me inexpressible satisfaction to see you here.

The first object that strikes you will be the great  
K 3 bulwarks

bulwarks given us by Nature, in the Alps and Appenines, which separate us from France, and have occasioned our being stiled tramontanes by that nation. They are a majestic range of mountains, which serve as a frame to the magnificent picture within them.

Torrents, rivulets, and rivers, without reckoning the seas, are objects which present the most curious and interesting points of view to foreigners, and especially to painters.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the most fertile soil in the finest climate, every where intersected with streams of running water, and every where peopled with villages, or ornamented with superb cities. Such a country is Italy ! . . . .

If agriculture was held in equal esteem with architecture; if the country was not divided into such a number of governments, all of different forms, and almost all weak, and of little extent; misery would not be found by the side of magnificence, and industry without activity; but unfortunately we are more engaged in the embellishment of cities, than in the culture of the country; and uncultivated lands every where reproach the idleness of the people.

If you begin your route at Venice, you will see a city very singular from its situation; it resembles a great ship resting upon the waters, and which cannot be approached but by boats. . . . .

The singularity of its situation is not the only thing that will surprize you. The inhabitants remain masked for four or five months in the year; the laws of a despotic government, which allows the greatest liberty in their amusements; the rights of a sovereign without authority; the customs of a people who dread even his shadow, and yet enjoy the greatest tranquillity; form inconsistencies, which in a very extraordinary manner must affect foreigners. There is scarcely a Venetian who is not eloquent; collections

tions have been made of the *bon mots* of their Gon-doliers, replete with true Attic salt.

Ferrara displays a vast and beautiful solitude within its walls, almost as silent as the tomb of Ariosto, who was buried there.

Bologna presents another kind of picture; there the sciences are familiar, even to the sex, who appear with dignity in the schools and academies, and have trophies frequently erected to them. A thousand different paintings will gratify your mind and eyes, and the conversation of the inhabitants will delight you. You will then pass through a multitude of small towns in the space of more than a hundred leagues, each of which has its theatre, its casin, (*a rendezvous for the nobility*) a man of learning or some poet, who employ themselves according to their taste or their leisure.

You will visit Loretto, made famous by the great concourse of pilgrims from other countries, and the treasures with which the church is magnificently enriched.

You will then descry Rome, which may be seen a thousand years and always with new pleasure. The city, situated upon seven hills, which the ancients called the seven mistresses of the world, seems from thence to command the universe, and boldly to say to mankind, that she is the queen and the capital.

You will call to mind the ancient Romans, the remembrance of whom can never be effaced, on casting an eye on the famous Tyber, which has been so often mentioned, and which has been so frequently swelled by their own blood, and that of their enemies.

You will be in extacy at the sight of St. Peter's, which artists say is the wonder of the world; being infinitely superior to the St. Sophia at Constantinople, St. Paul's at London, or even the Temple of Solomon. It is a structure which extends itself as

you survey it, where the whole seems to be immense, while every member of it appears to preserve its due proportion. The paintings are exquisite, the monumental sculptures breathe, and you will imagine that you see the New Jerusalem come down from Heaven, which St. John speaks of in the Revelations.

You will find both in the great, and in the detail of the vatican, which was erected on the ruins of false oracles, beauties of every kind that will tire your eyes, while they, at the same time, charm you. Here Raphael and Michael Angelo, sometimes in a sublime, sometimes in a pathetic manner have displayed the master-pieces of their genius, by expressing, in the most lively language the whole energy of their souls: and here the knowledge and genius of all the writers in the world are deposited, in the multitude of works which compose that rich and immense library.

Churches, palaces, public squares, pyramids, obelisks, pillars, galleries, grand fronts of buildings, theatres, fountains, gardens, views, all, all will declare to you that you are at Rome; and every thing will attach you to it, as to the city, which of all others has been the most universally admired. You will not, indeed, meet with that French elegance which prefers the beautiful to the sublime; but you will be amply compensated by those striking views, that, every instant, must excite your admiration.

Lastly, in all the figures of painting or of sculpture, both ancient and modern, you will see a new creation, and almost think it animated. The Academy of Painting, filled with French students, will shew you some, who are destined to become great masters in their profession, and who, by coming to study here, do honor to Italy.

You will admire the grandeur and simplicity of the head of the church, the servant of servants in the order of humility, and the first of men in the eyes of the faithful. The cardinals who surround him, will represent

represent to you the twenty-four old men who encircle the throne of the lamb, whom you will find equally modest in their manners, and edifying in their morals.

But these great and pleasing objects will be disgraced by the disgusting sight of groupes of mendicants, whom Rome improperly supports, by bestowing misapplied charity; instead of employing them in useful labours: thus it is that the thorn is seen with the rose, and vice too frequently by the side of virtue.

But if you wish to see Rome in all her splendor, endeavour to be there by the feast of St. Peter. The illumination of the church begins with a gentle light, which you may easily mistake for the reflection of the setting sun: it then sends forth some pieces of beautiful architecture, and afterwards finishes with waving flames, which make a moving picture; that lasts till day break. All this is attended with double fire works, the splendor of which is so bright, that you would think the stars had fallen from the Heavens; and burst upon the earth.

I do not mention to you the strange metamorphosis which has placed the order of St. Francis even in the capitol, and has produced a new Rome from the ruins of the old; to shew the world, that christianity is truly the work of God, and that he has subdued the most famous conquerors to establish it in the very centre of their empire.

If the modern Romans do not appear warlike, it is because the nature or principle of their government does not inspire them with valor; but they have the seed of every virtue, and make as good soldiers as any, when they carry arms under a foreign power. It is certain they have a great share of genius, a singular aptitude in acquiring the sciences; and you would imagine they were born harlequins, so expres-

five are they in their gestures, even from their infancy.

You will next travel by the famous Appian Way, which from its age is become wretchedly inconvenient, and you will arrive at Naples, the Parthenope of the ancients, where the ashes of Virgil are deposited, and where you will see a laurel growing, which could not possibly be better placed.

Mount Vesuvius on one side, and the Elysian Fields on the other, present a most singular and contrasted view; and after being satisfied with the delightful prospect, you will find yourself surrounded by a multitude of Neapolitans, lively and ingenious, but too much addicted to pleasure and idleness, to become what they might otherwise be, capable of. Naples would be a delightful place, if it was not for the multitude of the lower populace, who have the appearance of unhappy wretches, or banditti, though often without being either the one or the other.

The churches are magnificently decorated, but their architecture is in a wretched taste, and by no means comparable to the Roman. You will have a singular pleasure in traversing the environs of this town, which is most delightful, from its delicious fruits, charming views and fine situations. You will penetrate into the famous subterranean city of Herculaneum, which was swallowed up in a former age by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. If the mountain happens to be raging, you will see torrents of fire issuing from its bowels, and majestically overspreading the country. You will see a collection of whatever has been recovered out of Herculaneum at Portici; and the environs of Puzzuolo, sung by the prince of poets, will inspire you with a true passion for poetry.

You should walk with the *Aeneid* in your hand, and compare the Cave of the Camæan Sybil and Acheron with what Virgil has said of them.

You

You will return by Caserta, which from its decorations, marbles, extent, and aqueducts worthy of ancient Rome, is the finest place in Europe: and you will make a visit to Mount Cassino, where the spirit of St. Benedict has subsisted uninterruptedly, above a dozen ages, in spite of the immense riches of that superb monastery.

Florence from whence the fine arts have issued, and where their most magnificent master-pieces are deposited, will present other objects to your view. There you will admire a city, which according to the remark of a Portuguese, *should only be shewn on Sundays*, it is so handsome, and so beautifully decorated. You will every where trace the splendor and elegance of the family of Medici, inscribed in the annals of taste as the restorers of the fine arts.

Leghorn is a well-inhabited sea-port, of great advantage to Tuscany. Pisa always has men of learning in every science, in its schools. Sienna, remarkable for the purity of its air and language, will interest you in a very singular manner. Parma placed in the midst of fertile pastures, will shew you a theatre which will contain fourteen thousand people, and where every one can hear what is said, though spoken in a whisper. Placentia will appear to you worthy of the name it bears, as its delightful situation must captivate every traveller.

You will not forget Modena as it is the country of the famous Muratori, and a city celebrated for the name which it has given to its sovereigns.

You will find at Milan the second church in Italy, for size and beauty: more than a thousand marble statues decorate its outside, and it would be a masterpiece, if it had a proportionable front. The society of its inhabitants is quite agreeable, ever since it was besieged by the French. They live there as they do in Paris, and every thing, even to the hospitals and burying grounds, present an air of splendor. The

Ambrosian Library must attract the literati; and the Ambrosian Ritual no less engage the ecclesiastic who wishes to know the usages of the church as well as those of antiquity.

The Borromean Isles will next attract your curiosity, from the accounts you must have had of them. Placed in the middle of a delightful lake, they present to your view, whatever is magnificent and gay in gardens.

Genoa will appear to you truly superb in its churches and palaces. There you will see a port famous for its commerce, and the resort of strangers. You will see a Doge changed almost as often as the superiors of communities, and with scarce any greater authority.

And lastly Turin, the residence of a Court, where the virtues have long inhabited, will charm you with the regularity of its buildings, the beauty of its squares, the straightness of its streets, and the spirit of the people; and there you will agreeably conclude your travels.

I have just been making the tour of Italy, most rapidly and at little expence, as you see, to invite you to it in reality; 'tis sufficient to *sketch* paintings to such a master as you.

I make no mention of our morals to you; they are not more corrupt, than among other people, let malice say what it will; they vary only their shades, according to the difference of the governments. The Roman does not resemble the Genoese, nor the Venetian the Neapolitan; but you may say of Italy, as of the whole world, that, with some little distinctions, it is here, as it is there, *a little good and a little bad*.

I do not attempt to prejudice you in favour of the agreeableness of the Italians, nor of their love of the arts and sciences: you will very soon perceive it when you come among them; you of all men, with

whom one is delighted to converse, and to whom it will always be a pleasure to say, that one is his most humble and most obedient servant.

I have taken the opportunity of a leisure moment, to give you some idea of my country; it is only a coarse daubing, which in another hand would have been a beautiful miniature: the subject deserves it, but my pencil is not sufficiently delicate for the execution.

---

*Dr. Moore to ———, describing Mount Vesuvius.*

Naples.

I have made two visits to Mount Vesuvius, the first in company with your acquaintance Mr. N—t. Leaving the carriage at Herculaneum, we mounted mules, and were attended by three men, whose business it is to accompany strangers up the mountain. Being arrived at a hermitage called St. Salvatore, we found the road so broken and rough, that we thought proper to leave the mules at that place, which is inhabited by a French hermit. The poor man must have a very bad opinion of mankind, to chuse the mouth of Mount Vesuvius for his nearest neighbour, in preference to their society. From the hermitage we walked over various fields of lava, which have burst out at different periods. These seemed to be perfectly known to our guides, who mentioned their different dates as we passed. The latest appeared before we left Rome; about two months ago; it was, however, inconsiderable, in comparison of other eruptions, there having been no bursting of the crater, or of the side of the mountain, as in the eruption of 1767, so well described by Sir William Hamilton; but only a boiling over of lava from the mouth of the volcano, and that not in excessive

excessive quantity; for it had done no damage to the vineyards or cultivated parts of the mountain, having reached no farther than the old black lava on which soil had not yet been formed. I was surprised to see this lava of the last eruption still smoaking, and in some places, where a considerable quantity was confined in a kind of deep path like a dry ditch, and shaded from the light of the sun, it appeared of a glowing red colour. In other places, notwithstanding its being perfectly black and soiled, it still retained such a degree of heat, that we could not stand upon it for any considerable time, but were obliged very frequently to step on the ground or on older lava, to cool our feet. We had advanced a good way on a large piece of the latest lava, which was perfectly black and hard, and seemed cooler than the rest; while from this we looked at a stream of liquid lava, which flowed sluggishly along a hollow way at some distance. I accidentally threw my eyes below my feet, and perceived something which mightily discomposed my contemplations. This was a small stream of the same matter, gliding to one side from beneath the black crust on which we stood. The idea of this crust giving way, and our sinking into the glowing liquid which it covered, made us shift our ground with great precipitation; one of our guides observing, he called out, animo, animo Signori; and immediately jumped on the incrustation which we had abandoned, and danced above it, to shew that it was sufficiently strong, and that we had no reason to be afraid. We afterwards threw large stones of the heaviest kind we could find, into this rivulet, on whose surface they floated like cork in water; and on thrusting a stick into the stream, it required a considerable exertion of strength to make it enter. About this time the day began to overcast; this destroyed our hopes of enjoying the view from

the top of the mountain, and we were not tempted to ascend any farther.

Some time after, I went to the summit with another party; but I think it fair to inform you that I have nothing new to say on the subject of volcanos, nor any philosophical remarks to make upon lavas. I have no guess what time may be necessary for the formation of soil, nor do I know whether it accumulates in a regular progression, or is accelerated or retarded by various accidents, which may lead us into infinite errors, when we calculate time by such a rule. I have not the smallest wish to insinuate that the world is an hour older than Moses makes it; because I imagine those gentlemen whose calculations differ from his, are very nearly liable to be mistaken as he was; because an attempt to prove it more ancient, can be no service to mankind; and finally, because, unless it could at the same time be proved, that the world has acquired wisdom in proportion to its years, such an attempt conveys an oblique reflection on its character; for many follies may be overlooked and forgiven to a world of only five or six thousand years of age, which would be quite unpardonable at a more advanced period of existence. Having forewarned you that I shall treat of none of those matters, but simply describe what I saw, and mention perhaps a few incidents, none of which I confess are of great importance, I leave it in your choice to ascend the mountain with me, or not, as you please.

Having proceeded on mules as far as on the former occasion, we walked to that part of the mountain, which is almost perpendicular. This appears of no great height, yet those who have never before attempted this ascent, fatigue themselves here much more than during all the rest of the journey, notwithstanding their being assisted by laying hold of the belts which the guides wear about their waists for that purpose. This part of the mountain appearing

much

much shorter than it really is, people are tempted to make a violent effort, in the expectation of surmounting the difficulty at once; but the cinders, ashes, and other drossy materials, giving way, the foot generally sinks back two thirds of each step; so that besides the height being greater than it appears, you have all the fatigue of ascending a hill three times as high as this is in reality. Those, therefore, who set out too briskly at first, and do not husband their strength at the beginning, have reason to repent their imprudence, being obliged to throw many a longing look, and many a fruitless vow, before they, with the wretched guide who lugs them along, can arrive, panting and breathless, at the top; like those young men who, having wasted their vigour in early excesses, and brought on premature old age, link themselves to some ill fated woman, who drags them tormenting and tormented to the grave.

Those who wish to view Mount Vesuvius to the greatest advantage, must begin their expedition in the evening; and the darker the succeeding night happens to be, so much the better. By the time our company had arrived at the top of the mountain, there was hardly any other light than that which issued by interrupted flashes from the volcano.

Exclusive of those periods when there are actual eruptions, the appearance and quantity of what issues from the mountain are very various; sometimes for a long space of time together, it seems in a state of almost perfect tranquillity; nothing but a small quantity of smoke ascending from the volcano, as if that vast magazine of fuel, which has kept it alive for so many ages, was at last exhausted, and nothing remained but the dying embers; then perhaps, when least expected, the cloud of smoke thickens, and is intermixed with flame; at other times quantities of pumice stone and ashes are thrown up with a hissing noise. For near a week the mountain has been more turbulent

turbulent than it has been since the small eruption, or rather boiling over of lava, which took place about two months ago; and while we remained at the top, the explosions were of sufficient importance to satisfy our curiosity to the utmost. They appeared much more considerable there than we had imagined when at a greater distance; each of them was preceded by a noise like thunder within the mountain; a column of thick black smoke then issued out with great rapidity, followed by a blaze of flame; and immediately after, a shower of cinders and ashes, or red hot stones were thrown into the sky. This was succeeded by a calm of a few minutes, during which nothing issued but a moderate quantity of smoke and flame, which gradually increased, and terminated in thunder and explosion as before. These accesses and intervals continued with varied force while we remained.

When we first arrived our guides placed us at a reasonable distance from the mouth of the volcano, and on the side from which the wind came, so that we were no way incommoded by the smoke. In this situation the wind also bore to the opposite side the cinders, ashes, and other fiery substances, which were thrown up; and we ran no danger of being hurt, except when the explosion was very violent, and when red hot stones, and such heavy substances were thrown like sky-rockets, with a great and prodigious force, into the air; and even these make such a flaming appearance, and take so much time in descending, that they are easily avoided.

Mr. Brydone, in his admirable account of Mount Etna, tells us, he was informed, that in an eruption of that mountain, large rocks of fire were discharged with a noise much more terrible than that of thunder; that the person who informed him, reckoned from the time of their greatest elevation till they reached the ground, and found they took twenty-one seconds to descend;

descend; from whence he concludes their elevation had been seven thousand feet. This unquestionably required a power of projection far superior to what Vesuvius has been known to exert. He himself measured the explosions of the latter by the same rule; and the stones thrown the highest, never took above nine seconds to descend; which by the same method of calculating, shews they had risen to little more than twelve hundred feet. A pretty tolerable height, and might have satisfied the ambition of Vesuvius, if the stone of Ætna had not been said to have mounted so much higher. But before such an excessive superiority is granted to the latter, those who are acquainted with Mr. Brydone will recollect, that they have his own authority for the one fact, and that of another person for the other.

After having remained some time at the place where they were posted by the guides, our company grew bolder, as they became more familiarised to the object. Some made the circuit of the volcano, and by that means increased the risk of being wounded by the stones thrown out: your young friend Jack was a good deal hurt by a fall, as he ran to avoid a large portion of some fiery substance, which seemed to be falling directly on his head.

Considering the rash and frolicsome disposition of some who visit this mountain, it is very remarkable that so few fatal accidents happen. I have heard of young English gentlemen betting, who should venture farthest, or remain longest, near the mouth of the Volcano. A very dreadful event had nearly taken place while our company remained. The bank, if it may be so called, on which some of them had stood when they looked into the Volcano, actually fell in before we left the summit of the mountain. This made an impression on all present, and inclined them to abandon so treacherous a neighbourhood. The steep hill of dross and cinders, which we had found it so difficult

to

to ascend, we descended in a twinkling; but, as the night was uncommonly dark, we had much trouble in passing over the rough valley between that and the hermitage near which the mules waited. I ought to be ashamed to mention the fatigue of this expedition; for two ladies, natives of Geneva, formed part of the company. One of them, big with child, accompanied her husband as far as the hermitage, and was then with difficulty persuaded to go back; the other actually went to the summit, and returned with the rest of the company.

---

Sane to \* \* \* \*, describing the City of Herculaneum:

Naples.

I have made several visits to the museum at Portici, principally, as you may believe, to view the antiquities, dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeia. The work publishing by Government, ornamented with engravings of the chief articles of this curious collection, will, in all probability, be continued for many years, as new articles worthy of the sculptor's art are daily discovered, and as a vast mine of curiosities is supposed to be concealed in the unopened streets of Pompeia. Among the ancient paintings, those which ornamented the theatre of Herculaneum are more elegant than any that have hitherto been found at Pompeia. All those paintings were executed upon the stucco which lined the walls; they have been sawed off with great labour and address, and are now preserved in glass cases; the colours, we are told, were much brighter before they were drawn out of their subterraneous abode, and exposed to the open air; they are, however, still wonderfully lively; the subjects are understood at the first glance by those who are acquainted with the Grecian history

history and mythology. There is a Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre; Ariadne deserted; the Judgment of Paris; some Bacchantes and Fauns: the largest piece represents Theseus's Victory over the Minotaur. It consists of seven or eight figures very well grouped, but a frieze, with a dancing woman on a back ground, not above ten inches long, is thought the best.

We ought not, however, to judge of the progress which the ancients had made in the art of painting, by the degree of perfection which appears in those pictures.

It is not probable that the best paintings of ancient Greece were at Herculaneum; and if it could be ascertained that some of the productions of the best masters were there, it would not follow that those which have been discovered are of that class. If a stranger were to enter at random a few houses in London, and see some tolerably good pictures there, he could not with propriety conclude that the best of them were the very best in London. The paintings brought from Herculaneum are perfect proofs that the ancients had made that progress in the art which these pictures indicate, but do not form even a presumption that they had not made a much greater. It is almost demonstrable that these paintings are not of their best. The same school which formed the sculptor to correctness, would form the painter to equal correctness in his drawings, however deficient he might be in all the other parts of his art. Their best statues are correct in their proportions, and elegant in their forms: these paintings are not correct in their proportions, and are comparatively inelegant in their forms.

Among the statues, the drunken Faun and the Mercury are the best. There are some fine bronze busts; the intaglios and cameos, which hitherto have been

been found either in Herculaneum or Pompeia, are reckoned but indifferent.

The elegance of form, with the admirable workmanship, of the ornamental furniture and domestic utensils, in silver and other metals; the variety and beauty of the lamps, tripods, and vases; sufficiently testify, if there were no other proofs, the fertile imagination and exquisite execution of the ancient artists. And, had their own poets and historians been quite silent concerning the Roman refinements in the art of cookery, and the luxury of their tables, the prodigious variety of culinary instruments, the moulds for jellies, for confections, and pastry, which are collected in this museum, would afford a strong presumption that the great men of our own days have a nearer resemblance to those ancient conquerors of the world than is generally imagined.

Many of the ancient manuscripts found at Herculaneum have been carried to Madrid, but a great number still remain at Portici.

Great pains have been bestowed, and much ingenuity displayed, in separating and unrolling the sheets, without destroying the writing. This has succeeded in a certain degree; though, in spite of all the skill and attention of those who are employed in this very delicate work, the copiers are obliged to leave many blanks where the letters are obliterated. The manuscripts hitherto unrolled and copied, are in the Greek language, and not of a very important nature. As the unrolling those papers must take up a great deal of time, and requires infinite address, it is to be wished that his Neapolitan Majesty would send one at least to every university in Europe, that the abilities of the most ingenious men of every country might be exercised on a subject so universally interesting. The method which should be found to succeed best, might be immediately made known,

known, and applied to the unfolding the remaining manuscripts. The probability of recovering those works, which loss the learned have so long lamented, would by this means be greatly increased.

Herculaneum and Pompeia were destroyed by the same eruption of Mount Vesuvius, about seventeen hundred years ago. The former was a town of much more magnificence than the other; but it is infinitely more difficult to be cleared of the matter which covers it. Sir William Hamilton, in his accurate and judicious observations on Mount Vesuvius, asserts, that there are evident marks that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over this devoted town, since the great explosion which involved it in the same fate with Pompeia. These different eruptions have all happened at considerable distances from each other: this appears from the layers of good soil which are found between them. But the matter which immediately covers the town, and with which the theatre, and all the houses hitherto examined, were found filled, is not lava, but a sort of soft stone, composed of pumice and ashes, intermixed with earth. This has saved the pictures, manuscripts, busts, utensils, and other antiquities, which have been recovered out of Herculaneum, from utter destruction: for if any of the six succeeding eruptions had happened previous to this, and the red-hot liquid lava, of which they consisted, had flowed into the open city, it would have filled every street, scorched up every combustible substance with intense heat, involving the houses, and all they contained, in one solid rock of lava, undistinguishable, and for ever inseparable from it. The eruption which buried the city in cinders, earth, and ashes, has in some measure preserved it from the more destructive effects of the fiery torrents which have overwhelmed it since.

When we consider that the intervals between those eruptions

eruptions were sufficiently long to allow a soil to be formed upon the hardened lava of each ; that a new city has actually been built on the lava of the last eruption ; and that the ancient city is from seventy to one hundred feet below the present surface of the earth ; we must acknowledge it more surprizing than any, than that so few of its ornaments have been recovered. At the beginning of the present century, any body would have imagined that the busts, statues, and pictures of Herculaneum had not a much better chance than the persons they represent of appearing again, within a few years, upon the surface of this globe.

The case is different with regard to Pompeia. Though it was not discovered till about twenty-five years ago, which is forty years almost after the discovery of Herculaneum, yet the probability was greatly in favour of its being discovered sooner, for Pompeia has felt the effects of a single eruption only ; it is not buried above twelve feet below the surface of the ground, and the earth, ashes, cinders, and pumice stones, with which it is covered, are so light, and so little tenacious, that they might be removed with no great difficulty. If the attention of his Neapolitan Majesty were not engrossed with more important concerns, he might have the whole town uncovered in a very short space of time ; half the lazzaroni of Naples could complete the business in one year. Hitherto, only one street and a few detached buildings are cleared ; the street is well paved with the same kind of stone of which the ancient roads are made ; narrow causeways are raised a foot and an half on each side, for the conveniency of foot passengers. The street itself, to my recollection, is not so broad as the narrowest part of the strand, and is supposed to have been inhabited by trades-people. The traces of wheels of carriages are to be seen on the pavement ; the distance between

the

the traces is less than that between the wheels of a modern post-chaise. I remarked this the more, as, on my first viewing the street, I doubted whether there was room for two modern coaches to pass each other. I plainly saw there was sufficient room for two of the ancient chariots, whose wheels were of no greater distance than between the traces on the pavement. The houses are small, and in a very different style from the modern Italian houses; for the former give an idea of neatness and conveniency. The stucco on the walls is hard as marble, smooth, and beautiful. Some of the rooms are ornamented with paintings; mostly single figures, representing some animal; they are tolerably well executed, and on a little water being thrown on them, the colours appear surprizingly fresh.

Most of the houses are built on the same plan, and have one small room from the passage, which is conjectured to have been the shop, with a window to the street, and a place which seems to have been contrived for shewing goods to the greatest advantage. The nature of the traffic carried on at one particular house, is indicated by a figure in alto relievo of a very expressive kind, immediately above the door.

It is to be wished they would cover one of the best houses with a roof, as nearly resembling that which originally belonged to it as they could imagine, with a complete assortment of the antique furniture of the kitchen and each particular room. Such a house, fitted up with accuracy and judgment, with all its utensils and ornaments properly arranged, would be an object of universal curiosity, and would swell the heart of the antiquarian with veneration and delight. Only imagine, my dear Sir, what those gentlemen must feel, when they see the venerable habitations of the ancients in their present mournful condition, neglected, despised, abandoned to the peltings of rain, and all the injuries of the weather!

weather! those precious walls, which, were it possible to transport them to the various countries of the world, would be bought with avidity, and placed in the gardens of princes! How must the bosoms of all true virtuosos glow with indignation, when they behold the mansions of the ancient Romans stripped of their ornaments, dishonored, and exposed, like a parcel of galley slaves, in the most indecent manner, with hardly any covering to their nakedness; while a little paltry brick-house, coming, the Lord knows how, from a country which men of taste have always despised, has been received with hospitality, dressed in a fine coat of the richest marble, adorned with jewels and precious stones, and treated with every mark of honourable distinction!

In another part of the town of Pompeia, there is a rectangular building, with a colonade, towards the court, something in the style of the Royal Exchange, at London, but smaller. This has every appearance of a barrack and guard-room; the pillars are of brick, covered with shining stucco, elegantly fluted; the scrawlings and drawings still visible on the walls, are such as we might naturally expect on the walls of a guard-room, where soldiers are the designers, and swords the engraving tools. They consist of gladiators fighting, some with each other, some with wild beasts; the games of the circus, as chariot races, wrestling, and the like; a few figures in caricatura, designed probably by some of the soldiers in ridicule of their companions, or perhaps of their officers; and there are abundance of names inscribed on various parts of the wall, according to the universal custom of the humblest candidates for fame in all ages and countries. It may be safely asserted, that none of those who have endeavoured to transmit their names to posterity, in this manner, have succeeded so well as the soldiers of the garrison of Pompeia.

At a considerable distance from the barrack, is a building known by the inscription upon it for a temple of the goddess Isis; there is nothing very magnificent in its appearance; the pillars are of brick, stuccoed, like those of the guard-room. The best paintings hitherto found at Pompeia, are those of this temple; they have been cut out of the walls, and removed to Portici. It was absolutely necessary to do this with the pictures at Herculaneum, because *there* they could not be seen without the help of torches; but *here*, where they could be seen by the light of the sun, they would, in my humble opinion, have appeared to more advantage, and have had a better effect, in the identical situation in which they were placed by the ancient artist. A few still remain, particularly one, which is considered by travellers as a great curiosity; it is a small view of a villa, with the gardens belonging to it.

There is one house or villa without the walls, on a much larger scale than any of the others. In a large cellar, or vaulted gallery, belonging to this house, there are a number of amphoræ, or earthen vessels, arranged along the walls; most of them filled with a red substance, supposed to have been wine. This cellar is sunk about two-thirds below the surface of the ground, and is lighted by small narrow windows. I have called it gallery, because it is about twelve feet in width, and is the whole length of two adjoining sides of the square which the villa forms. It was used not only as a repository for wine, but also as a cool retreat for the family during excessive hot weather. Some of this unfortunate family sought shelter in this place from the destructive shower which overwhelmed the town: eight skeletons, four being those of children, were found here; where they must have met a more cruel and lingering death than that which they shunned.

In

In one room the body of a man was found, with an ax in his hand ; it is probable he had been endeavouring to cut a passage into the open air ; he had broken and pierced the wall, but had expired before he could clear away the surrounding rubbish. Few skeletons were found in the streets, but a considerable number in the houses. Before the decisive shower fell, which smothered the inhabitants of this ill-fated city, perhaps such quantities of ashes and cinders were occasionally falling, as frightened and obliged them to keep within doors.

It is impossible to view those skeletons, and reflect on this dreadful catastrophe, without horror and compassion. We cannot think of the inhabitants of a whole town being destroyed at once, without imagining that their fate has been uncommonly severe.

But are not the inhabitants of all the towns then existing, of whom we think without any emotion of pity, as completely dead as those of Pompeia ? And could we take them one by one, and consider the nature of their deaths, and the circumstances attending that of each individual, some destroyed by painful bodily diseases, some by the torture of the executioner, some bowed to the grave by the weight of accumulated sorrow, and the slow anguish of a broken heart, after having suffered the pangs of dissolution over and over again in the death of those they loved, after having beheld the dying agonies of their children ; could all this, I say, be appraised, calculated, and compared, the balance of suffering might not be found with the inhabitants of Pompeia, but rather with those of the contemporary cities, who, perhaps at that time, as we do now, lamented its severer fate.

---

*The Reverend Mr. Sterne to \* \* \* \**

I have not been a furlong from Shandy-hall since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse? I have been to \* \* \* \* \*, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it.—You will scarce believe it, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point!—It was a star and garter to me!—the matter was as follows:—

“A poor man, the father of my Vestal, having, by the sweat of his brow, during a course of many laborious years, saved a small sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it out to use for him: this was done, and a bond given for the money.—The honest man, having no place in his cottage which he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole in the thatch, which had served instead of a strong box, to keep his money. In this situation the bond remained till the time of receiving his interest drew nigh.—But, alas!—the rain, which had done no mischief to his gold, had found out his paper security, and had rotted it to pieces!”—It would be a difficult matter to paint the distress of the old countryman upon this discovery;—he came to me weeping, and begging my advice and assistance!—it cut me to the heart!

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury, and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about fourscore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and

and gone—lost his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, through his own neglect and incaution.—“ If I was young, Sir, (said he) my affliction would have been light—and I might have obtained it again!—but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it!—My staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect, in future life, but the unwilling charity of a parish-officer.”---Never, in my whole life, did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time!---What a luxury it would have been to have said, to this afflicted fellow-creature——“ There is thy money---go thy ways---and be at peace.”---But alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good counsel:---but I did not stop here.---I went myself with him to \*\*\*\*\*, where, by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by-the-bye) in such a cause, and with such an opponent, was very justifiable---I sent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond restored to him.---Bravo!---Bravo!—

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing---it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.---Adieu---Adieu---

Lawrence Sterne.

*Dr. Moore to \*\*\*\*\*.*

Paris.

My friend, F----- called on me a few days since, and as soon as he understood that I had no particular engagement, he insisted that I should drive somewhere into the country, dine tête-à-tête with him, and return in time for the play.

L. 3

When

When we had drove a few miles, I perceived a genteel-looking young fellow, dressed in an old uniform. He sat under a tree, on the grass, at a little distance from the road, and amused himself by playing on the violin. As we came nearer we perceived that he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side.

What do you there, soldier? said the Marquis. I am on my way home to my own village, mon officier, said the soldier. But, my poor friend, resumed the Marquis, you will be a furious long time before you arrive at your journey's end, if you have no other carriage besides these; (pointing at the fragments of his wooden leg). I wait for my equipage, and all my suite, said the soldier; and I am greatly mistaken if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill.

We saw a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, in which was a woman, and a peasant, who drove the horse. While they drew near, the soldier told us he had been wounded in Corsica; that his leg had been cut off; that before setting out on that expedition, he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood; that the marriage had been postponed till his return; but when he appeared with a wooden leg, that all the girl's relations had opposed the match. The girl's mother, who was the only surviving parent when he began his courtship, had always been his friend; but she died while he was abroad. The young woman herself, however, remained constant in her affections, and received him with open arms, and had agreed to leave her relations, and accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to set out in the diligence to the town where he was born, and where his father still lived: that on the way to Paris his wooden leg had snapped, which had obliged his mistress to leave him, and go to the next village in quest of a cart to carry him thither,

thither, where he would remain till such time as the carpenter should renew his leg. *C'est un malheur, mon officier,* concluded the soldier, *qui sera bientôt réparé; et voici mon amie!*

The girl sprang before the cart, seized the outstretched hand of her lover, and told him, with a smile full of affection, that she had seen an admirable carpenter, who had promised to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by the morrow, and they might resume their journey as soon as they pleased. The soldier received his mistress's compliment as it deserved.

She seemed about twenty years of age; a beautiful, fine-shaped girl;--a brunette, whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity.

You must be much fatigued, my dear, said the Marquis. *On ne se fatigue pas, Monsieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime,* replied the girl. The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air. When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man, you see, said the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or less that will make her change her sentiments. Nor was it his legs, said Fanchon, which made any impression on my heart. If they had made a little, however, said the Marquis, you would not have been singular in your way of thinking; but allons, continued he, addressing himself to me; this girl is quite charming--her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow; they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four; if you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what can be done for these lovers. I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-à-vis. Come, come, friend, said the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to

obey: get in without much ado, and your mistress shall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, said the girl, since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Nothing could please me more than to have it in my power to make you happy, said the Marquis. Laissez moi faire, mon Colonel, said the soldier. Je suis heureuse comme une reine, said Fanchon. Away moved the chaise, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux, nous autres François à bon marché, said the Marquis to me, adding with a smile, le bonheur à ce qu'on m'a dit, est plus cher en Angleterre. But, answered I, how long will this last with these poor people? Ah, pour le coup, said he, voila une reflexion bien Angloise—that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.

When we arrived at the inn to which we had ordered the postilion to drive, we found the soldier and Fanchon. After having ordered some victuals and wine, Pray, said I to the soldier, how do you propose to maintain your wife and yourself? One who has contrived to live on soldiers pay, replied he, can have little difficulty for the rest of his life. I can play tolerably well on the fiddle, added he, and perhaps there is not a village in all France of the size where there are so many marriages as that in which we are going to settle: I shall never want employment.

And I, said Fanchon, can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings: besides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands; and although

although he is brother-in-law to the bailiff, and *volontiers brutal*, yet I will make him pay it every sou. And I, said the soldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket, besides two louis that I lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay the taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able.

You see, Sir, said Fanchon to me, that we are not objects of compassion. May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover, with a look of exquisite tenderness) if it be not our own fault? If you are not, ma douce amie! said the soldier, with great warmth, je sera bien à plaindre. I never felt a more charming sensation. The tear trembled in the Marquis's eye.--Ma foi, said he to me, c'est une comedie larmoyante. Then turning to Fanchon, Come hither, my dear said he, till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis, accept of this from me; putting a purse of louis into her hand. I hope you will continue to love your husband, and to be loved by him. Let me know from time to time how your affairs go on, and how I can serve you: this will inform you of my name, and where I live. But if ever you do me the pleasure of calling at my house at Paris, be sure to bring your husband with you; for I would not wish to esteem you less, or love you more, than I do this moment.--Let me see you sometimes, but always bring your husband along with you. I shall never be afraid to trust her with you, said the soldier: she shall see you as often as she pleases, without my going with her.

It was by too much venturing, as your Serjeant told me, that you lost your leg, my best friend, said Fanchon, with a smile, to her lover. Monsieur le Colonel, n'est que trop aimable. I shall follow his advice literally; and when I have the honour of waiting on him you shall always attend me.

Heaven bless you both, my good friends, said the

Marquis; may he never know what happiness is, that interrupts your felicity! It shall be my business to find out some employment for you, my fellow soldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle: in the mean time, stay here till a coach comes, which shall bring you both this night to Paris; my servant shall provide lodgings for you, and the best surgeon for wooden legs that can be found. When you are properly equipped, let me see you before you go home. Adieu, my honest fellow; be kind to Fanchon: she seems to deserve your love. Adieu, Fanchon; I shall be happy to hear that you are as fond of Dubois two years hence as you are at present. So saying, he shook Dubois by the hand, saluted Fanchon, pushed me into the carriage before him, and away we drove.

As we returned to town, he broke out several times into warm praises of Fanchon's beauty, which inspired me with some suspicion that he might have further views upon her.

I was sufficiently acquainted with his free manner of life, and I had a little before seen him on the point of being married to one woman, after he had arranged every thing, as he called it, with another.

To satisfy myself in this particular, I questioned him in a jocular style on this subject.

No, my friend, said he, Fanchon shall never be attempted by me. Though I think her exceedingly pretty, and of that kind of beauty too that is most to my taste, yet I am more charmed with her constancy to honest Dubois, than with any other thing about her: if she loses that, she will lose her greatest beauty in my eyes. Had she been shackled to a morose, exhausted, jealous fellow, and desired a redress of grievances, the case would have been different; but her heart is fixed upon her old lover Dubois, who seems to be a worthy man, and I dare say will make her happy. If I were inclined to try her,

very

very probably it would be in vain: the constancy which has stood firm against absence and a cannon ball, would not be overturned by the airs, the tinsel, and the jargon of a petit-maitre. It gives me pleasure to believe it would not, and I am determined never to make the trial.

F——— never appeared so perfectly amiable.

B——— called and supped with me the same evening. I was too full of the adventures of Fan-chon and Dubois, not to mention it to him, with all the particulars of the Marquis's behaviour. This F——— of yours, said he, is an honest fellow. Do——, contrive to let us dine with him to-morrow. ---By-the-bye, continued he, after a little pause, are not those F———'s originally from England? I think I have heard of such a name in Yorkshire.

Adieu.

---

*Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham: with Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury Fort.*

I remember, in eighty-eight, waiting upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your Grace.

The Queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the Lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out!

L 6 .

Good,

Good, said the Lords: and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? he answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to Hell. Yea, but said the Lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships.) What? said he, we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic King and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great Lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris then Lord Marshal, and divers other great Lords. Where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure, I was commanded to redeliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:

“ My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for

for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a King of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a Prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time my Lieutenant General shall be in my stead, than whom never Prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject: not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

This I thought would delight your Grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

---

*James Howell to Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland.*

Stamford, 5th Aug. 1628.

Madam,

I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the Post-master came to my bed's-head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain: my faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my

my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochel was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke going out, Colonel Fryer stept before him, and stopped him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me," (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reclining against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-geers from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reasoun which moved him to this act, was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the state, because he  
was

was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchmen had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed, it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas: so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a-whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest

Your Ladyship's  
Most dutiful Servant.

---

Sane,

*Same to the Marquis of Hartford.*

FROM the narrative contained in this letter, Dr. Parnell has taken his celebrated and beautiful poem, "The Hermit;" how much he has improved it in every respect, the reader may easily judge: it is likewise introduced in the "Zadig" of Voltaire.

My Lord,

I received your Lordship's of the 11th current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account in my next. Foreign parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of winter, and the season unfit for action. But we need not go abroad for news, there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greatest marvel is, that nothing should now be marvelled at; for we are so habituated to wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor England may be said to be like a ship tossed up and down the surges of a turbulent sea, having lost her old pilot; and God knows when she can get into safe harbour again: yet doubtless this tempest, according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects, by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it. Your Lordship knows that the *cosm.¶*, this fair frame of the universe came out of a chaos, an indigested lump; and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature; and the whole is still preserved by the reluctance and restless combatings of these principles. We see how the ship-wright doth make use of knee-timber, and other cross-grained pieces, as well as of  
strait

strait and even, for framing a goodly vessel to ride on Neptune's back. The printer useth many contrary characters in his art, to put forth a fair volume; as *d* is a *p* reversed, and *n* is a *u* turned upward, with other differing letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work. There go many and various dissonant tones to make an harmonious concert. This put me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late Conceptions to his son: how a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations he fell to admire the method of Providence, how of causes which seem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects; how he suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him, "Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind." So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another passenger, the young man justled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished hereat, would have left him; but his guide said, "Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads: but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend them.

apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be; but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman, and the young man, spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil to him, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent; yet at parting the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town, but some miles before they came at it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they spied a devil, who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep; they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where, about the gate, they found legions of devils laying siege to that monastery; yet they got in and lodged there that night. Being awakened the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, "I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments, and doubts, for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know,

know, I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for though separately, they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

" That man which I tumbled into the river was an act of providence; for he was going upon a most mischievous design, that would have damnified not only his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended; therefore I prevented it.

" The cause why I conversed all night with that crew of rogues was also an act of Providence, for they intended to go a robbing all that night; but I kept them there purposely till the next morning, that the hand of justice might seize upon them.

" Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit; but it commonly produceth patience in the one, and pride in the other.

" Concerning that noble gentleman, whose child I strangled after so courteous entertainment, know that that also was an act of Providence, for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child, that it lessened his love to heaven, so I took away the cause.

" Touching the merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence; for had he gone the direct way to this town, he had been robbed, and his throat cut; therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

" Now, concerning this great luxurious city, whereas we spied but one devil, who lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor convent, you must consider, that Lucifer being already

already assured of that riotous town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he need but one single sentinel to secure it; but for this holy place of retirement, this monastery, inhabited by so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beleaguer them, yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems." So the young man, or divine messenger, suddenly disappeared and vanished, yet leaving his fellow-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy, and the tediousness thereof; but I hope the sublimity of the matter will make some compensation, which, if I am not deceived, will well suit with your genius; for I know your contemplations to be as high as your condition, and as much above the vulgar. This figurative story shews that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, his intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof is infinitely too short to fathom the depth of his designs; therefore let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his glory and the general good of his creatures, though sometimes they appear to us by uncouth circumstances and croſs mediums.

So in a due distance and posture of humility, I kiss your Lordship's hands, as being,

My most highly honoured Lord,  
Your thrice obedient and obliged Servitor.

---

Dr.

*Dr. Moore to ——, containing remarkable Instances  
of the Severity of the Laws of Venice.*

Venice.

No government was ever more punctual, and impartial, than that of Venice, in the execution of the laws. This was thought essential to the well-being, and very existence, of the state. For this, all respect for individuals, all private considerations whatever, and every compunctionous feeling of the heart, is sacrificed. To execute law with all the rigour of justice, is considered as the chief virtue of a judge; and, as there are cases in which the sternest may relent, the Venetian government has taken care to appoint certain magistrates, whose sole business is to see that others perform their duty upon all occasions.

All this is very fine in the abstract, but we often find it detestable in the application.

In the year 1400, while Antonio Venier was Doge, his son having committed an offence which evidently sprung from mere youthful levity, and nothing worse, was condemned in a fine of one hundred ducats, and to be imprisoned for a certain time.

While the young man was in prison, he fell sick, and petitioned to be removed to a purer air. The Doge rejected the petition; declaring, that the sentence must be executed literally; and that his son must take the fortune of others in the same predicament. The youth was much beloved, and many applications were made, that the sentence might be softened, on account of the danger which threatened him. The father was inexorable, and the son died in prison. Of whatever refined substance this man's heart may have been composed, I am better pleased that mine is made of the common materials.

Carlo Zeno was accused, by the Council of Ten, of having received a sum of money from Francis Carraro, son of the Seignior of Padua, contrary to an express law, which forbids all subjects of Venice, on any pretext whatever, accepting any salary, pension, or gratification, from a foreign prince, or state, this accusation was grounded on a paper found among Carraro's accounts, when Padua was taken by the Venetians. In this paper was an article of four hundred ducats paid to Carlo Zeno, who declared, in his defence, that while he was, by the Senate's permission, governor of the Milanese, he had visited Carraro, then a prisoner in the castle of Asti; and finding him in want of common necessities, he had advanced to him the sum in question; and that this prince, having been liberated some short time after, had, on his return to Padua, repaid the money.

Zeno was a man of acknowledged candour, and of the highest reputation; he had commanded the fleets and armies of the state with the most brilliant success; yet neither this, nor any other considerations, prevailed on the Court to depart from their usual severity.—They owned that, from Zeno's usual integrity, there was no reason to doubt the truth of his declaration; but the assertions of an accused person were not sufficient to efface the force of the presumptive circumstances which appeared against him.—His declaration might be convincing to those who knew him intimately, but was not legal evidence of his innocence; and they adhered to a distinguishing maxim of this court, that it is of more importance to the state, to intimidate every one from even the appearance of such a crime, than to allow a person, against whom a presumption of guilt remained, to escape, however innocent he might be. This man, who had rendered the most essential services to the republic, and had gained many victories,

victories, was condemned to be removed from all his offices, and to be imprisoned for two years.

But the most affecting instance of the odious inflexibility of Venetian courts, appears in the case of Foscari, son to the Doge of that name.

This young man had, by some imprudences, given offence to the Senate, and was, by their orders, confined at Treviso, when Almor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was assassinated on the 5th of November, 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for this, or any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who would discover the planner, or perpetrator, of this crime. No such discovery was made.

One of young Foscari's footmen, named Olivier, had been observed loitering near Donato's house on the evening of the murder;—he fled from Venice next morning. These, with other circumstances of less importance, created a strong suspicion that Foscari had engaged this man to commit the murder.

Olivier was taken, brought to Venice, put to the torture, and confessed nothing; yet the Council of Ten, being prepossessed with an opinion of their guilt, and imagining that the master would have less resolution, used him in the same cruel manner.—The unhappy young man, in the midst of his agony, continued to assert, that he knew nothing of the assassination. This convinced the Court of his firmness, but not of his innocence; yet as there was no legal proof of his guilt, they could not sentence him to death. He was condemned to pass the rest of his life in banishment, at Canéa, in the island of Candia.

This unfortunate youth bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often

wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died.— All his applications were fruitless ; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour, for fear of giving offence to the obdurate Council, or had interfered in vain.

After languishing five years in exile, having lost all hope of return, through the interposition of his own family, or countrymen, in a fit of despair he addressed the Duke of Milan, putting him in mind of services which the Doge, his father, had rendered him, and begging that he would use his powerful influence with the State of Venice, that his sentence might be recalled. He entrusted his letter to a merchant, going from Canéa to Venice, who promised to take the first opportunity of sending it from thence to the Duke ; instead of which, this wretch, as soon as he arrived at Venice, delivered it to the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

This conduct of young Foscari appeared criminal in the eyes of those judges ; for, by the laws of the republic, all its subjects are expressly forbid claiming the protection of foreign Princes, in any thing which relates to the government of Venice.

Foscari was therefore ordered to be brought from Candia, and shut up in the State prison. There the chiefs of the Council of Ten ordered him once more to be put to the torture, to draw from him the motives which determined him to apply to the Duke of Milan. Such an exertion of law is, indeed, the most flagrant injustice.

The miserable youth declared to the Council, that he had wrote the letter, in the full persuasion that the merchant, whose character he knew, would betray him, and deliver it to them ; the consequence of which, he foresaw, would be, his being ordered back

a pri-

a prisoner to Venice, the only means he had in his power of seeing his parents and friends; a pleasure for which he had languished, with unsurmountable desire, for some time, and which he was willing to purchase at the expence of any danger or pain.

The judges, little affected with this generous instance of filial piety, ordained that the unhappy young man should be carried back to Candia, and there be imprisoned for a year, and remain banished to that island for life; with this condition, that if he should make any more applications to foreign powers, his imprisonment should be perpetual. At the same time they gave permission, that the Doge, and his lady, might visit their unfortunate son.

The Doge was, at this time, very old; he had been in possession of the office above thirty years. Those wretched parents had an interview with their son in one of the apartments of the palace; they embraced him with all the tenderness which his misfortunes, and his filial affection, deserved. The father exhorted him to bear his hard fate with firmness; the son protested, in the most moving terms, that this was not in his power; that however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship, and the reciprocal endearments of social life; without which his soul sunk into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused; he conjured him, by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father, and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the Council to mitigate their sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under

the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved.—“ My son,” replied the Doge, “ submit to the laws of your country, and do not ask of me what it is not in my power to obtain.”

Having made this effort, he retired to another apartment; and, unable to support any longer the acuteness of his feelings, he sunk into a state of insensibility, in which condition he remained till some time after his son had failed on his return to Candia.

Nobody has presumed to describe the anguish of the wretched mother; those who are endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, and who have experienced distresses in some degree similar, will have the justest idea of what it was.

The accumulated misery of those unhappy parents touched the hearts of some of the most powerful senators, who applied with so much energy for a complete pardon for young Foscari, that they were on the point of obtaining it; when a vessel arrived from Candia, with tidings, that the miserable youth had expired in prison a short time after his return.

Some years after this, Nicholas Erizzo, a noble Venetian, being on his death-bed, confessed that, bearing a violent resentment against the Senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which the unhappy family of Foscari had suffered so much.

At this time the sorrows of the Doge were at an end; he had existed only a few months after the death of his son. His life had been prolonged, till he beheld his son persecuted to death for an infamous crime; but not till he should see this foul stain washed from his family, and the innocence of his beloved son made manifest to the world.

The ways of heaven never appeared more dark and intricate, than in the incidents and catastrophe of this mournful story. To reconcile the permission of such events, to our ideas of infinite power and goodness,

ness, however difficult, is a natural attempt in the human mind, and has exercised the ingenuity of philosophers in all ages; while, in the eyes of christians, those seeming perplexities afford an additional proof, that there will be a future state, in which the ways of God to man will be fully justified.

---

*James Howell to Sir James Crofts.*

Paris 12th May, 1620.

Sir,

I am to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of embarkation at St. Maloes, I must be forced to journey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyrenees hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts at St. Germain's, where I met with a French gentleman, who amongst other curiosities which he was pleased to shew me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot; and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollanders), was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry IV. fell upon some great martial design, the bottom wherof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance), he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence

came the song, “The King of France with forty thousand men;” and upon a sudden he put his army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come to him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile, to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay-jesuit (who had a whole twelve month watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the King at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel, he doubled his thrust; the King with a routhful voice cried out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood issued out at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The Queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of France the day before in great triumph; but a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch, her sorrow; for according to St. Lewis’s law, she was made Queen-regent of France, during the king’s minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days; but he escaped only with this, his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again; and so he was carried in a cart standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder, and in the place where the act was done it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump,

stump, to stanch the blood; whereat he gave a doleful shriek; then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture he scarce shewed any sense of pain; but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arm, to stanch the flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a skriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was, That he thought to have done God good service, to take away that King which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry II. running at tilt with M. Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye. Henry III. not long after was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly, as he was coming from his close-stool, and so dispatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended the King by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was king so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his pictures, but statues up and down France; and there is scarce a market-town but hath him erected in the market-place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry VIII. and by a public act of parliament, which was confirmed in the confistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a grace-

ful facetious way to gain both love and awe: he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by any thing with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion: he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion:" and the Cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication; the Cardinal was long about the work, and when the King asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him, That he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it. It happened that one day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the King asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected? "Sir, it is because I want some choice stones."—"No, no," said the King, looking upon the Cardinal. "it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome." Another time the old Duke of Main, who used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed-chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck, in a posture to make the King merry, it happened the King was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close-stool, and clapped it on his bald sconce, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off my head, and wear it on your own; but this of my tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100,000 franks a year pension from the crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the Count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that

that he could do now was to pray for his Majesty, which he would do heartily: this answer being brought to the King, he replied, "Will my cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? tell him that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 *per annum*."

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout; and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his Majesty so lame; he answered, "As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your master the King of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the genius of this sprightly prince; I could make many more instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a letter. When I am in Spain, you shall hear further from me; and if you can think on any thing wherein I may serve you, believe it, Sir, that any employment from you shall be welcome to your much obliged servant.

*Same to Dr. Howell.*

Paris, 8th Sept. 1620.

Brother,

Being to-morrow to part with Paris and begin my journey for Spain, I thought it not amiss to send you this, in regard I know not when I shall have opportunity to write to you again.

This kingdom, since the young King hath taken the sceptre into his own hands, doth flourish very much with quietness and commerce; nor is there any motion, or the least tintamar of trouble in any part of the country, which is rare in France. 'Tis true

the Queen-mother is discontented since she left her regency, being confined; and I know not what it may come to in time, for she hath a strong party; and the murdering of her Marquis of Ancre will yet bleed, as some fear.

I was lately in society of a gentleman who was a spectator of that tragedy; and he was pleased to relate to me the particulars of it, which was thus: When Henry IV. was slain, the Queen Dowager took the reins of the government into her hands during the young King's minority; and amongst others whom she advanced, Signior Conchino, a Florentine, and her foster-brother, was one: her countenance came to shine so strongly upon him that he became her only confident and favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of Ancre, one of the twelve Mareschals of France, Governour of Normandy, and conferred divers other honors and offices of trust upon him; and who but he? The Princes of France could not endure the domineering of a stranger; therefore they leagued together to suppress him by arms: the Queen-regent, having intelligence hereof, surprised the Prince of Condé, and clapped him up in the Bastile; the Duke of Maine fled hereupon to Peronne in Picardy, and other great men put themselves in an armed posture to stand upon their guard. The young King being told that the Marquis of Ancre was the ground of this discontentment, commanded M. de Vitry, captain of his guards, to arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him: this business was carried very closely till the next morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the Louvre with a ruffling train of gallants after him; and passing over the draw-bridge at the court-gate, Vitry stood there with the King's guard about him; and as the Marquis entered, he told him that he had a commission from the King to apprehend him, therefore he demanded his sword: the Marquis hereupon put his hand upon his sword; some thought

to yield it up, others to make opposition; in the mean time Vitry discharged a pistol at him, and so dispatched him. The King, being above in his gallery, asked what noise that was below; one smilingly answered, "Nothing, Sir, but that the Mareschal of Ancre is slain."—"Who slew him?" "The captain of your guard."—"Why?" "Because he would have drawn his sword at your Majesty's royal commission." Then the King replied, "Vitry hath done well, and I will maintain the act." Presently the Queen-mother had all her guard taken from her, except six men and sixteen women, and so she was banished Paris, and commanded to retire to Blois: Ancre's body was buried that night in a church-yard by the court; but the next morning the lacqueys and pages (who are more unhappy here than the apprentices in London) broke open his grave, tore his coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up and down the guttars of Paris, which are none of the sweetest; they then sliced off his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of the city; the rest of his body they carried to the new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards and head downwards, upon a new gibbet, that had been set up a little before to punish them who should speak ill of the present government; and it was his chance to have the first use of it himself. His wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch some few days after, upon a surmise that she had enchanted the Queen to dote so upon her husband; and they say the young King's picture was found in her closet in virgin-wax, with one leg melted away. A little after a process was formed against the Marquis (her husband) and so he was condemned after death. This was a right act of a French popular fury, which, like an angry torrent, is irresistible; nor can any banks, boundaries, or dikes, stop the impetuous

rage of it. How the young King will prosper after so high and unexampled act of violence, by beginning his reign, and embriuing the walls of his own court with blood in that manner, there are divers censures.

When I am settled in Spain you shall hear from me; in the interim, I pray let your prayers accompany me in this long journey; and when you write to Wales, I pray acquaint our friends with my welfare. So I pray God bless us both, and send us a happy interview.

Your loving Brother

---

THE following letters, describing the miseries sustained in France, during the most sanguinary period of the Revolution, are from a publication by Miss Helen Maria Williams, a lady of great talents, and information, their authenticity cannot be doubted, and the style in which they are written is entitled to the greatest commendation.

*Miss Williams to a Friend, describing her Arrestation and Confinement, in Consequence of a Decree of the National Convention of France.*

Switzerland, Sept. 1794.

My Dear Sir,

After so long a suspension of our correspondence, after a silence like that of death, and a separation which for some time past seemed as final as if we had been divided by the limits of "that country from whose bourn no traveller returns," with what grateful pleasure did I recognize your hand-writing, with what eagerness did I break the seal of your welcome letter, and with what soothing emotions receive the tidings

tidings of your welfare, and the assurance of your affection! Your letter was a talisman that served to conjure up a thousand images of sorrows and of joys that are past, and which were obliterated by the turbulent sensations of dismay and horror.

Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to you to receive from me a sketch of the scenes which have passed in Paris since the second of June, an epocha to be for ever deplored by the friends of liberty, which seated a vulgar and sanguinary despot on the ruins of a throne, till the memorable 28th of July, 1794, when liberty, bleeding with a thousand wounds, revived once more. If the picture I send you of those extraordinary events be not well drawn, it is at least marked with the characters of truth, since I have been the witness of the scenes I describe, and have known personally all the principal actors. Those scenes, connected in my mind with all the detail of domestic sorrow, with the feelings of private sympathy, with the tears of mourning friendship, are impressed upon my memory in characters that are indelible. They rise in sad succession like the shades of Banquo's line, and pass along my shuddering recollection.

After having so long suffered without daring to utter a complaint, it will relieve my oppressed spirits, to give you an account of our late situation; and, in so doing, I shall feel the same sort of melancholy pleasure as the mariner who paints the horrors of the tempest when he has reached the harbour, and sheds a tender tear over his lost companions who have perished in the wreck——Ah! my dear friend, that overwhelming recollection fills my heart with anguish, which only they who have suffered can conceive. Those persons in whose society I most delighted, in whose cultivated minds and enlightened conversation I found the sole compensation for what I had lost in leaving my

country and my friends—to see them torn from me for ever, to know the precise moment in which they were dragged to execution, to feel—but let me turn a while from images of horror which I have considered but too deeply, and which have cast a sadness over my mind that can never, never be dispelled. Whenever they recur, a funeral veil seems to me to be spread over nature; and neither the consciousness of present, nor the assurance of future safety, neither the charms of society, nor all the graces, nor all the wonders of the scenes I am now contemplating, can dissipate the gloom.

Not long after the reign of Robespierre began, all passports to leave the country were refused, and the arrestation of the English residing in France was decreed by the national convention; but the very next day the decree was repealed on the representations of some French merchants, who shewed its impolicy. We therefore concluded that we had no such measures to fear in future; and we heard from what we believed to be good authority, that if any decree passed with respect to the English, it would be that of their being ordered to leave the Republic. The political clouds in the mean time gathered thick around the hemisphere: we heard rumours of severity and terror, which seemed like those hollow noises that roll in the dark gulph of the volcano, and portend its dangerous eruptions: but no one could calculate how far the threatened mischief would extend, and how wide a waste of ruin would desolate the land. Already considerable numbers were imprisoned as suspected—*suspected!* that indefinite word, which was tortured into every meaning of injustice and oppression, and became what the French call the *mot de ralliement*, the initiative term of captivity and death.

One evening when Bernardin St. Pierre, the author

author of the charming little novel of Paul and Virginia, was drinking tea with me, and while I was listening to a description he gave me of a small house, which he had lately built in the centre of a beautiful island of the river that flows by Essonne, which he was employed in decorating, and where he meant to realise some of the lovely scenes which his fine imagination has pictured in the Mauritius, I was suddenly called away from this fairy land by the appearance of a friend, who rushed into the room, and with great agitation told us, that a decree had just passed in the national convention, ordering all the English in France to be put into arrestation in the space of four-and-twenty hours, and their property to be confiscated. We passed the night without sleep, and the following day in anxiety and perturbation not to be described, expecting every moment the commissaries of the revolutionary committee and their guards, to put in force the mandates of the convention. As the day advanced, our terror increased: in the evening we received information that most of our English acquaintances were conducted to prison. At length night came; and no commissaries appearing, we began to flatter ourselves that, being a family of women, it was intended that we should be spared; for the time was only now arrived when neither sex nor age gave any claim to compassion. Overcome with fatigue and emotion, we went to bed with some faint hopes of exemption from the general calamity of our countrymen. These hopes were however but of short duration. At two in the morning we were awakened by a loud knocking at the gate of the hotel, which we well knew to be the fatal signal of our approaching captivity; and a few minutes after, the bell of our apartments was rung with violence. My sister and myself hurried on our clothes, and went with trembling steps to the anti-chamber, when we found two commissaries

commissaries of the revolutionary committee of our section, accompanied by a guard, two of whom were placed at the outer door with their swords drawn, while the rest entered the room. One of these constituted authorities held a paper in his hand, which was a copy of the decree of the convention, and which he offered to read to us ; but we declined hearing it, and told him we were ready to obey the law. Seeing us pale and trembling, he and his colleague endeavoured to comfort us ; they begged us to compose ourselves ; they repeated that our arrestation was only part of a general political measure, and that innocence had nothing to fear.—Alas ! innocence was no longer any plea for safety. They took a procès-verbal of our names, ages, the country where we were born, the length of time we had lived in France ; and when this register was finished, we were told that we must prepare to depart. We were each of us allowed to take as much clean linen as we could tie up in a hand-kerchief, and which was all the property which we could now call our own ; the rest, in consequence of the decree, being seized by the nation. Sometimes, under the pressure of a great calamity, the most acute sensations are excited by little circumstances which form a part of the whole, and serve in the retrospect of memory, like certain points in a landscape, to call up the surrounding scenery : such is the feeling with which I recall the moments when, having got out of our apartments, we stood upon the stair-case surrounded with guards, while the commissaries placed the seals on our doors. The contrast between the prison where we were going to be led, and that home which was now closed against us, perhaps for years, filled my heart with a pang for which language has no utterance. Some of the guards were disposed to treat us with rudeness ; which the commissaries sternly repressed, and, ordering them to keep at some

some distance, made us lean on their arms, for they saw we stood in need of support, in our way to the committee-room. We found this place crowded with commissaries and soldiers, some sleeping, some writing, and others amusing themselves with pleasantries of a revolutionary nature, to which we listened trembling. Every half-hour a guard entered, conducting English prisoners, among whom were no women but ourselves. Here we passed the long night; and at eight in the morning our countrymen were taken to the prison of the Madelonettes, while we were still detained at the committee. We discovered afterwards that this was owing to the humanity of the commissaries who arrested us, and who sent to the municipality to know if we might not be taken to the Luxembourg, where we should find good accommodations, while at the Madelonettes scarcely a bed could be procured. All that compassion could dictate, all the lenity which it was in the power of these commissaries to display without incurring ten years imprisonment, the penalty annexed to leaving us at liberty, we experienced. Humanity from members of a revolutionary committee! You will perhaps exclaim in the language of the Jews, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is certain, however, strange as it may seem, that our two commissaries behaved towards us as if they remembered that we were defenceless women in a land of strangers; that we were accused of no crime except that of being born on the soil of England; and that, if we were punished, we had only deserved it by trusting with too easy a belief in that national faith which was now violated. By the way, when I tell you that we experienced compassion from revolutionary committees, you will not suppose I mean to assert that compassionate men formed the majority of their committees. The greater part of mankind in

in all ages, even when accustomed to the most elevated rank, have abused power: how then could it be hoped that unlimited power would not be abused, which was confided to men who were for the most part ignorant and unenlightened; men who, till that period, confined to their shops and their manual occupations, were suddenly transported into splendid hotels, with authority to unlock cabinets blazing with jewels, to seize upon heaps of uncounted gold, and with a stroke of their pens to disperse as many warrants for imprisonment, as caprice, envy, or mistaken zeal might prompt; who were made arbiters of the liberty, property, and even lives of their fellow-citizens; and who were incited, nay even compelled, to acts of violence under the penalty of being branded with the guilt of *moderatism*? When such was the new-established system, when it required the most daring courage to be humane, and when to be cruel was to be safe, can you wonder, that among the revolutionary committes in general there was not "as much pity to be found as would fill the eye of a wren?" After passing the whole day, as we had done the night, in the committee-room, orders arrived from the municipality to send us to the former palace, now the prison of the Luxembourg, where we were attended by two guards within each coach, while two walked on each side. What strange sensations I felt as I passed through the streets of Paris, and ascended the steps of the Luxembourg, a sad spectacle to the crowd! We were conducted to the range of apartments above the former rooms of state, where we were received with the utmost civility by the keeper of the prison, Renoit, a name which many a wretch has blessed, for many a sorrow his compassion and gentleness have softened. His heart was indeed but ill suited to his office; and often he incurred the displeasure of those savages by whom he was employed,

and

and who wished their victims to feel the full extent of their calamity, unmitigated by any detail of kindness, any attention to those little wants which this benevolent person was anxious to remove, or those few comforts which he had the power to bestow. The barbarians thought it not enough to load their victims with iron, unless "it entered into their souls." But Benoit was not to be intimidated into cruelty. Without deviating from his duty, he pursued his steady course of humanity; and may the grateful benedictions of the unhappy have ascended for him to heaven !

We had a good apartment allotted us, which a few weeks before had been inhabited by Valazé, one of the deputies of the convention, who was now transferred to the prison of the Conciergerie. Our apartment, with several adjoining, had soon after the event of the 31st of May been prepared for the imprisonment of the deputies of the *coté droit*; and for that purpose the windows which commanded a fine view of the Luxembourg-gardens had been blocked up to the upper panes, which were barred with iron. Mattresses were provided for us in this gloomy chamber, the door of which was locked by one of our jailors; and we had suffered too much fatigue of body, as well as disturbance of mind, not to find a refuge from sorrow in some hours of profound sleep.

---

*The same to the same, in continuation.*

The next morning the sun arose with unusual brightness; and with the aid of a table on which I mounted, I saw through our grated windows the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg. Its tall majestic trees had not yet lost their foliage; and though

they

they were fallen, like our fortunes, “into the fear, the yellow leaf,” they still presented those rich gradations of colouring which belong to autumn. The sun gilded the gothic spires of the surrounding convents, which lifted up their tall points above the venerable groves; while on the back-ground of the scenery arose the hills of Meudon. It seemed to me as if the declining season had shed its last interesting graces over the landscape to sooth my afflicted spirit; and such was the effect it produced. It is scarcely possible to contemplate the beauties of nature without that enthusiastic pleasure which swells into devotion; and when such dispositions are excited in the mind, resignation to sufferings, which in the sacred words of scripture “are but for a moment,” becomes a less difficult duty.

The Luxembourg had lately been fitted up to receive the crowd of new inhabitants, with which it was going to be peopled, and every apartment obtained a particular appellation, which was inscribed on the outside of the door. We were lodged in the chamber of Cincinnatus: Brutus, I think, was our next door neighbour; and Socrates had pitched his tent at the distance of a few paces. The chamber of *Indivisibility* was allotted to some persons accused of *federalism*, and *Liberty* was written in broad characters over the door of a prisoner who was *au secret*\*. With respect to great names, it has been observed in Paris, that almost all the illustrious characters of Greece and Rome have been led to the Guillotine—for instance, Brutus, who often, while we were in prison, came from the municipality with orders from Anaxagoras, was soon after doomed to an equal fate,

“Alike in fortune, as alike in fame!”

together with Anacharsis, Agricola, Aristides, Pho-

\* In close confinement.

cion; Sempronius Gracchus, Epaminondas, Cato the elder and the younger, and many other no less celebrated worthies, who fell in sad succession under the sword of Maximilian \*.

Our prison was filled with a multitude of persons of different conditions, characters, opinions and countries, and seemed an epitome of the whole world. The mornings were devoted to business, and passed in little occupations, of which the prisoners sometimes complained, but for which perhaps they had reason to be thankful, since less leisure was left them to brood over their misfortunes. Every one had an appointed task: in each chamber the prisoners, by turns, lighted the fires, swept the rooms, arranged the beds; and those who could not afford to have dinner from a tavern, or, as the rich were yet permitted, from their own houses, prepared themselves their meals. Every chamber formed a society subject to certain regulations: a new president was chosen every day, or every week, who enforced its laws and maintained good order. In some chambers no person was allowed to sing after ten, in others, after eleven at night. This restriction would, perhaps, have been superfluous in England in a similar situation; but it was highly necessary here, since it prevented such of the prisoners as were more light-hearted than the rest from singing all night long, to the annoyance of others of their neighbours who might think the music which resounded through the prison during the day fully sufficient. The system of equality, whatever opposition it met with in the world, was in its full extent practised in the prison. United by the strong tie of common calamity, the prisoners considered themselves as bound to soften the general evil by mutual kind offices; and strangers meeting in such

\* The christian name of Robespierre.  
circumstances

circumstances soon became friends. The poor lived not upon the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, but shared the comforts of the repast; and here was found a community of the small stock of goods, which belonged to the whole without the necessity of a requisition. One broom, which was the property of a countess, was used by twenty delicate hands to sweep the respective apartments; and a tea-kettle with which a friend furnished my mother was literally, as Dr. Johnson observed of his own, "never allowed time to cool," but was employed from morning to night in furnishing the English with tea.

In the afternoon the prisoners met in an anti-chamber, which commanded a view of the gardens. Here they formed themselves into groups: some conversed, others walked up and down the room; others gazed from the windows on the walks below, where, perhaps, they recognized a relation or a friend, who, being denied the privilege of visiting the prison, had come to soothe them by a look or tear of sympathy. During the first days of our confinement, the prisoners were permitted to see their friends; and many a striking contrast of gaiety and sorrow did the anti-chamber then exhibit. In one part of the room, lively young people were amusing their visitors by a thousand little pleasantries on their own situation; in another, a husband who was a prisoner was taking leave of his wife who had come to see him, and shedding tears over his child who was clinging to his knees, or had thrown its arms around his neck and refused to be torn from its father. As the number of prisoners increased, which they did so rapidly, that in less than a week they were augmented from an hundred to a thousand, the rules of the prison became more severe, and the administrators of the police gave strict orders, that no person whatever should be admitted. After this period

period the wives of some of the prisoners came regularly every day, bringing their children with them to the terrace of the gardens. You often saw the mother weeping, and the children stretching out their little hands and pointing to their fathers, who stood with their eyes fixed upon the objects of their affection: but sometimes a surly sentinel repressed these melancholy effusions of tenderness, by calling to the persons in the walk to keep off, and make no signs to the prisoners.—In the mean time, among the crowd that filled the public room were fine gentlemen and fine ladies, who had held the highest rank at court, some flirting together, others making appointments for card parties or music in their own apartments in the evening, and others relating to us in pathetic language all they had suffered, and all they had lost by the revolution. It was impossible not to sympathize in the distresses of some, or avoid wondering at the folly of others, in whom the strong sense of danger could not overcome the feelings of vanity; and who, although the tremendous decree had just gone forth, making “terror the order of the day,” and knowing that the fatal pre-eminence of rank was the surest passport to the guillotine, could not resist using the proscribed nomenclature of “Madame la duchesse,” “Monsieur le compte,” &c. which seemed to issue from their lips like natural melodies to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice involuntarily repeats. There were, however, among the captive nobility many persons who had too much good sense not to observe a different conduct, who had proved themselves real friends to liberty, had made important sacrifices in its cause, and who had been led to prison by revolutionary committees on pretences the most trivial, and sometimes from mistakes the most ludicrous. Such was the fate of the former count and countess of ———, who had distinguished

guished themselves from the beginning of the revolution by the ardour of their patriotism and the largeness of their civic donations. They had hitherto lived undisturbed in their splendid hotel, and there they might probably have continued to live a little longer, had not the Countess, in an evil hour, sent down to her chateau a fine marble hearth, which by some accident was broken on the way. The steward sent a letter, in which, among other things, he mentioned that the “*foyer*\* must be repaired at Paris.” The letter was intercepted and read by the revolutionary committee. They swore, they raged at the dark designs of aristocracy. “Here,” said they, “is a daring plot indeed! a *foyer* of counter-revolution, and to be repaired at Paris! We must instantly seize the authors and the accomplices.” In vain the Countess related the story of the hearth, and asserted that no conspiracy lurked beneath the marble: both herself and her husband were conducted to the maison d’arrêt of their section, from which we saw them arrive at the Luxembourg with about sixty other persons at the hour of midnight, after having been led through the streets in procession by the light of an immense number of flambeaux, and guarded by a whole battalion. These prisoners had at least the consolation of finding themselves in the society of many of their friends and acquaintances, for all the polite part of the faubourg St. Germain might be said to be assembled at the Luxembourg in mass. Imprisonment here was, however, no longer the exclusive distinction of former nobility, but was extended to great numbers of the former third estate. We had priests, physicians, merchants, shop-keepers, actors and actresses, French valets and English waiting-

\* *Foyer* is the French name for hearth, and also for the central point of a system.

women, all assembled together in the public room ; but in the private apartments Benoit's benevolent heart taught him the most delicate species of politeness, by placing those persons together who were most likely to find satisfaction in each others society.

Amidst many an eloquent tale of chateaux levelled with the ground, and palaces where, to borrow an image of desolation from Ossian, "the fox might be seen looking out at the window," we sometimes heard the complaints of simple sorrow unallied to greatness ; but, like the notes of the starling, "so true in time to nature were they chanted," that they seized irresistibly on the heart. Of this kind was a scene which passed sometimes between a poor English woman and her dog, which she had brought to keep her company in her captivity. She had been house-keeper in a French family, and, some months before she was imprisoned, had sent her daughter, who was her only child, to her friends in England. The poor woman often exclaimed, while her face was bathed in tears, "Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte, I shall never see you again !" Whenever the dog heard the name of Charlotte, he began to howl in so melancholy a note that it was impossible not to sympathise in his lamentation.

The most frightful circumstance which attended our arrestation were the visits of Henriot, the commandant of the military force of Paris. This wretch had been one of the executioners on the second of September, and was appointed by the commune of Paris on the 31st of May to take the command of the national guard, to point the cannon against the convention, to violate the representation of the people, and to act the prelude of that dark drama of which France has been the desolated scene, and Europe the affrighted spectator. Henriot performed his part so much to the satisfaction of his employers,

employers, that he was continued in his command; and it was a part of his office to visit the prisons, and take care that they were properly guarded. The first time I saw him was the day after our confinement. He entered on a sudden our apartment, brandishing his sword, and accompanied by twelve of his officers. There was something in his look which did not give you simply the idea of the ferocity which is sometimes to be found among civilized Europeans: his fierceness seemed to be of that kind which belongs to a cannibal of New Zealand; and he looked not merely as if he longed to plunge his sabre in our bosoms, but to drink a libation of our blood. He poured forth a volley of oaths and imprecations, called out to know how many guillotines must be erected for the English, and did not leave our chamber till one person who was present had fainted with terror. In this manner he visited every apartment, spreading consternation and dismay; and these visits were repeated three or four times in a week. Whenever the trampling of his horse's feet was heard in the court-yard, the first prisoner who distinguished the well-known sound gave the alarm, and in one moment the public room was cleared; every person flying with the precipitation of fear to his own apartment. Every noise was instantly hushed; a stillness like that of death pervaded the whole dwelling; and we remained crouching in our cells, like the Greeks in the cave of Polyphemus, till the monster disappeared. The visits of the administrators of police, though not so terrific as those of Henriot, were nothing less than soothing. Brutality, as well as terror, was the order of the day; and those public functionaries, whose business it was not only to see that the police of the prison was well regulated, but also to hear if the prisoners had any subject of complaint, used to make the enquiry in a tone of such ferocity, that, whatever oppressions,

pressions might hang on the heart, the lips lost the power of giving them utterance. The visits of the police generally produced some additional rigour to our confinement; and in a short time all access to us whatever was forbidden except by letters, which were sent open, and delivered to us after being examined by the sentinels. There was sometimes room for deep meditation on the strange caprice and vicissitudes of fortune. We found the ex-minister Amelot a prisoner in the Luxembourg; he, who during his administration had distributed *lettres de cachet* with so much liberality. Tyranny had now changed its instruments, and he was become himself the victim of despotism with new insignia: the *blue ribband* had given place to the *red cap*, and “*de par le roi*” was transformed into “*par mesure de sûreté générale*.” By his order La Tude, whose history is so well known, had been confined thirty years in the Bastille. He was now enjoying the sweets of liberty; and, before the prison-doors were shut against strangers, came frequently to visit some of his friends in the very room where the minister was imprisoned.

Amelot, in a comfortable apartment and surrounded by society, did not bear his confinement with the same firmness as La Tude had borne the solitude of his dungeon, cheered only by the plaintive sounds of his flute of reeds. He was in a short time bereft of his reason; and, among the wanderings of his imagination, used to address letters to all the kings of Europe and all the emigrant princes, inviting them to sumptuous repasts, to which he sometimes proposed admitting the national convention, to shew that he was above bearing malice.

Whenever any new prisoners arrived, the rest crowded around them, and hastened to calm their minds by the most soothing expressions of sympathy. Not such were the emotions excited by the appear-

gence of Maillard, who was one of the murderers on the second of September, and who had lately been appointed to a command in the revolutionary army; from which, for some malversations, he was now dismissed, sent to prison, and ordered into close confinement. He had taken a very active part in the late transactions, and had, a few days before his own arrest, conducted to prison two fine boys, who were the sons of the ex-minister La Tour du Pin, together with their governor, who was a priest. They were stepping into a carriage, which was to convey them to school, when they were seized upon by Maillard, who taking the youngest, a child of eleven years of age, by the shoulder, said to him in a stern accent, “Il faut dire la vérité, toute la vérité, et rien que la vérité\*.” No sooner was Maillard brought into the anti-chamber, while his room was preparing, than the little boy recognized his acquaintance, and running up to him cried, “Bon jour, citoyen Maillard—il faut dire la vérité, toute la vérité, et rien que la vérité.”

Nothing could be more painful than the sensations excited by reading the evening papers, which the prisoners were at this time permitted to receive, and which were expected with that trembling anxiety with which, under present evils, we long to look into the promises of futurity. The evening paper seemed to us the book of our destiny; but there we could trace no soothing characters of hope, or mercy. Every line was stamped with conspiracy, vengeance, desolation, and death; and the reading the events of the day left impressions on our minds which often deprived us of sleep. We sometimes quitted the crowd in the public room, and, shutting ourselves up in our own apartment, endeavoured,

\* You must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

midst the evils of this world, like Sterne's monk, to look beyond it. If such meditation was calculated to wipe away our tears, it sometimes made them flow—"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee: according to the greatness of Thy power, preserve Thou those that are appointed to die!"

---

*The same to a Friend, describing several cruel Executions, by Decrees of the Revolutionary Tribunal.*

Paris.

A few weeks after our release from prison, Rabaut de St. Etienne was put to death. He was one of the most enlightened and virtuous men whom the revolution had called forth, and had acquired general esteem by his conduct as a legislator, and considerable reputation by his talents as a writer. He was the president of the famous committee of twelve, which was appointed by the convention, previously to the 31<sup>st</sup> of May, to examine into the conspiracies which threatened its existence, and which, as I have already related, hastened its partial dissolution. Rabaut, as often as he presented himself to make the report, was compelled by the interruptions of the conspirators and their agents to retire from the tribune, until that moment arrived, when he, together with the members of the commission, and the deputies of the Gironde, were expelled, or torn from the convention! I saw him on this memorable day (for he took shelter for a few hours at our house) filled with despair, not so much for the loss of his own life, which he then considered as inevitable, as for that of the liberty of his country, now falling under the vilest despotism. He escaped arrest on the 2d of June, from not having been present at the convention when the

conspirators consummated their crime by means of the military force of Paris, and concealed himself in the house of a friend, with his brother, one of the seventy-three deputies who had signed the protest.

They enclosed part of a room for their place of shelter, and built up the wall with their own hands, placing a book-case before the entrance, so that there was not the least appearance of concealment. They employed a carpenter, in whom they had great confidence, to make the door, and the wretch betrayed them. Rabaut de St. Etienne was immediately brought before the revolutionary tribunal to have his person identified, for he was now outlawed, which in France is the sentence of death. He was led to execution ; and his wife, a most amiable woman, unable to support the loss of a husband whom she tenderly loved, put an end to her existence. His brother was taken to the Conciergerie, where he languished with three other victims, for many months, in a subterraneous dungeon ; and there being only one bed allotted for four persons, he lay upon the damp floor, and contracted such violent disorders, that his life was long despaired of. He has now taken his seat in the convention. The generous friend and his wife, who had given the brothers an asylum, were also dragged to prison ; and some time after were condemned, for this noble act of friendship, to perish on the scaffold.

If France, during the unrelenting tyranny of Robespierre, exhibited unexampled crimes, it was also the scene of extraordinary virtue ; of the most affecting instances of magnanimity and kindness. Of this nature was the conduct of a young man, who being a prisoner with his brother, happened to be present when the names of the victims were called over, who were summoned to appear the next day before the sanguinary tribunal. The young man

man found the name of his brother, who at that moment was absent, upon the fatal list. He paused only an instant to reflect, that the life of the father of a large family was of more value than his own : he answered the call, surrendered himself to the officer, and was executed in his brother's stead. A father made the same sacrifice for his son ; for the tribunal was so negligent of forms, that it was not difficult to deceive its vigilance.

The increasing horrors which every day produced, had at length the effect of extinguishing in every heart the love of life, that sentiment which clings so fast to our nature. To die, and get beyond the reach of oppression, appeared a privilege ; and perhaps nothing appalled the souls of the tyrants so much as that serenity with which their victims went to execution. The page of history has held up to the admiration of succeeding ages, those philosophers who have met death with fortitude. But had they been led among the victims of Robespierre to execution, they would have found themselves in this respect, undistinguished from the crowd. They would have seen persons of each sex, of all ages, and all conditions, looking upon death with a contempt equal to their own. Socrates expiring surrounded by his friends, or Seneca and Lucan sinking gently into death, have perhaps less claim to admiration than those blooming beauties, who in all the first freshness of youth, in the very spring of life, submitted to the stroke of the executioner with placid smiles on their countenances, and looked like angels in their flight to heaven.

Among the victims of the tyrants, the women have been peculiarly distinguished for their admirable firmness in death. Perhaps this arose from the superior sensibility which belongs to the female mind, and which made it feel that it was less terrible to die, than to survive the objects of its ten-

derness. When the general who commanded at Longwy on its surrender to the Prussians was condemned to die, his wife, a beautiful young woman of four-and-twenty years of age, who heard the sentence pronounced, cried out in a tone of despair, "Vive le roi!" The inhuman tribunal, instead of attributing her conduct to distraction, condemned her to die. Her husband, when he was placed in the cart, was filled with astonishment and anguish when he saw his beloved wife led towards it. The people, shocked at the spectacle, followed her to the scaffold, crying, "Elle n'a pas mérité la mort." "Mes amis," said she, "c'est my faute; j'ai voulu périr avec mon mari\*."

The fury of these implacable monsters seemed directed with peculiar virulence against that sex, whose weakness man was destined by nature to support. The scaffold was every day bathed with the blood of women. Some who had been condemned to die, but had been respite on account of their pregnancy, were dragged to death immediately after their delivery, in that state of weakness which savages would have respected. One unfortunate woman, the wife of a peasant, had been brought to Paris, with nineteen other women of the same class, and condemned to die with her companions. She heard her sentence without emotion; but when they came to carry her to execution, and take away the infant who was hanging at her breast, and receiving that nourishment of which death was so soon to dry up the source, she rent the air with her cries, with the strong shriek of instinctive affection, the piercing throes of maternal tenderness — But in vain! the infant was torn from the bosom

\* "She did not deserve death." -- "My friends, it is my own fault; I was resolved to perish with my husband."

that cherished it, and the agonies of the unfortunate mother found respite in death.

Fourteen young girls of Verdun, who had danced at a ball given by the Prussians, were led to the scaffold together, and looked like nymphs adorned for a festival. Sometimes whole generations were swept away at one moment; and the tribunal exhibited many a family-piece, which has almost broken the heart of humanity. Malesherbes, the counsel of Louis XVI., was condemned to die, at eighty years of age, with his daughter, and son-in-law, his grand-daughter and grand-son.

His daughter seemed to have lost sight of every earthly object but her venerable parent: she embraced him a thousand times on the way to execution; bathed his face with her tears; and when the minister of death dragged her from him, forgetting that the next moment put an end to her own, she exclaimed, "Wretch, are you going to murder my father?"

These proscribed families seemed to find the sweetest source of consolation in dying together, and to consider the momentary passage which they were going to make, as so much the less painful, since they should undergo no separation, but enter at the same instant into another state of existence. A young lady, the former marchioness of Bois-Berenger, was imprisoned in the Luxembourg with her whole family. When her father, mother, and younger sister received their act of accusation, and she found herself alone exempted, she shed a flood of tears, her heart was overwhelmed with anguish. "You will die without me," she cried; "I am condemned to survive you; we shall not perish together!" While she abandoned herself to despair, her act of accusation arrived: a ray of transport was instantly diffused over her countenance, she flew into the arms of her parents, and embraced them.

them. “ My dear mother,” she exclaimed, “ we shall die together!” When the family was transferred to the Conciergerie, she never left her mother a moment, but watched over her with unwearyed tenderness; and while she tried to sooth her sufferings by her filial endearments, she endeavoured to inspire her with courage by the example of her own heroic fortitude. It was the picture of a sort of Roman charity. The unfortunate mother was mute, and her whole soul seemed petrified with horror. She seemed another Niobe. Her admirable daughter died with the most noble resolution.

Mademoiselle Malesi, her younger sister, when condemned to die, said to her father with naïveté, “ Je me ferrerai tant contre vous, mon bon pere, vous qui êtes si honnête homme, que Dieu me laissera passer malgré mes pêchés\*.”

In the prison of the Force, the men were allowed to breathe the air in a court-yard separated by a wall from the habitation of the women. A common-sewer was the only means of communication. At that spot, an unhappy son presented himself every morning and every night, to enquire after his mother, who was condemned to die, but reprieved because she was pregnant, and after her delivery executed. That pious child, in his early age already the victim of misfortune, knelt down before the infectious sewer, and, with his mouth placed upon the hole, poured forth the feelings of his filial tenderness. His younger brother, a lovely child of three years of age, and who was suffered to remain with his mother till her last moments, was often placed at the opposite end of the sewer, and answered for his mother when she was too ill to

\* “ I will cling so fast to you, my dear fat e~, you, who are so good, that God will suffer me to pass in spite of my transgressions.”

undertake that task herself. A person of my acquaintance heard him say, "Mama a moins pleuré cette nuit—un peu reposée, et te souhaite le bon jour; c'est Lolo, qui t'aime bien, qui te dit cela\*." At length this unfortunate mother, when going to execution, transmitted to her son, by the sewer, her long and graceful tresses, as the only inheritance she had to give. She then bade her infant a last farewell, and was led to the scaffold where her husband had perished some months before.

One of the persons most distinguished by their noble contempt of death was Girey Dupré, with whom I was well acquainted. He was the writer of a paper called the Patriote François, in conjunction with Brissot: he had acquired a high degree of literary reputation, and maintained his mother, a widow, by the labours of his pen. He was twenty-four years of age, and his countenance was one of the most agreeable I ever saw. To these personal advantages he united the most frank and pleasing manners, and distinguished powers of conversation. He had defended the deputies of the Gironde with too much energy not to be involved in their fate, and he was also connected by the ties of friendship with Brissot. Dupré was forced to fly from his persecutors, and seek refuge at Bourdeaux, where he was seized and brought back in irons to Paris. Far from being depressed by his approaching fate, the natural gaiety of his disposition never forsook him a single moment. When interrogated at the tribunal with respect to his connection with Brissot, he answered only in these words, "J'ai connu Brissot; j'atteste qu'il a vécu comme Aristide, et qu'il est mort comme Sydney

\* "Mamma has not cried so much to-night---She has slept a little, and wishes you a good morning: it is Lolo who speaks to you, who loves you very much."

martyr de la liberté\*." He presented himself at the tribunal with his hair cut off, the collar of his shirt thrown open, and already prepared for the stroke of the executioner. On his way to the scaffold, he saw Robespierre's mistress at the window of his lodging, with her sister, and some of their ferocious accomplices. "A bas les tyrans et les dictateurs!" cried Dupré, repeating this prophetic exclamation till he lost sight of the house. While going to execution, he sung in a triumphant tone a very popular patriotic song which he had himself composed, and of which the chorus was "Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage!†" That cherished sentiment he fondly repeated even to his last moment, and death left the half-finished sentence on his lips.

Claviere, who had been contemporary minister with Roland, and who was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, upon receiving his act of accusation, saw that the list of witnesses against him was composed of his most implacable enemies. "These are assassins," said he to a fellow prisoner; "I will snatch myself from their rage." He then repeated these lines of Voltaire,

"Les criminels tremblans sont trainés au supplice;

"Les mortels généreux disposent de leur sort:"

and after deliberating with his companion upon the most effectual manner of striking himself so that the dagger might reach his heart, he retired to his cell, where he was found a few minutes after, breathing his last sigh. Madame Claviere, upon

\* "I knew Brissot; I attest that he lived like Aristides, and died like Sydney the martyr of liberty."

† "Down with tyrants and dictators!"

‡ "Rather death than slavery!"

receiving

receiving the tidings of his death, swallowed poison, after having embraced her children, and regulated her affairs. Notwithstanding his suicide, the property of Claviere was confiscated, as if he had been regularly condemned. A law had lately been passed to construe an act of suicide into a counter-revolutionary project, when the father of a family who knew that his life was devoted, had voluntarily put an end to his existence in the hope of preserving his children from want. Robespierre and his financial agents found nothing more pressing than to baffle those conspiracies against the revenues of their government; for confiscation was so evidently the leading motive for the great mass of their judicial assassinations, that the guillotine, amongst other numerous titles, was most generally called "the minister of finance." The tribunal now began, to use the language of the orator\*, "to look into their cash account for delinquency, and found the offenders guilty of so many hundred thousand pounds worth of treason. They now accused by the multiplication table, tried by the rule of three, and condemned, not by the sublime institutes of Justinian, but by the unerring rules of Cocker's arithmetic."

On some occasions the genuine feelings of nature burst forth amidst the stupefied terror that had frozen every heart. A law had lately passed, obliging every merchant to inscribe on his door the stock of merchandize in his warehouse, under the penalty of death. A wine-merchant, whose affairs had called him hastily into the country, entrusted the business of the inscription to his son, who from ignorance or negligence, for it was clearly proved that there existed no intention of fraud, had omitted

\* See Mr. Sheridan's eloquent speech on Mr. Hastings's trial.

to affix the declaration in the precise words of the law. The conscientious jury of the revolutionary tribunal condemned him to death, presuming on the counter-revolutionary intention in this case from the act, though they were in general accustomed, for want of other evidence, to find the act by guessing at the intention. The innocent prisoner had prepared himself for death, when the minister of justice, informed of the case, wrote to the Convention, demanding a reprieve. His letter had not been half read before the hall resounded with the cry of "reprieve, reprieve!" and fearing that the act of pardon would arrive too late, the convention, dispensing with the usual formalities, not only sent its officers and part of the military force, but great numbers of the deputies rushed out to stop the execution. The officer who received the order first, with which he flew towards the place of the revolution, told me that on his coming out of the convention he saw the scaffold reared and the crowd assembled. He had scarcely reached the tree of the first vista when he saw the fatal knife descend; he redoubled his speed, but before he got to the end of the walk another head had fallen: a third person had mounted the scaffold, but the voice of the messenger was too weak, from the efforts he had made to reach the spot, to be noticed by the multitude. The fourth had ascended when he gained the place, rushed through the crowd, called to the executioner, and leaped on the scaffold. The prisoner had been stripped, his shoulders were bare, and he was already tied to the plank; when the cry of "reprieve" burst forth. The officer enquired his name, which the young man told him. "Alas! you are not the person," he replied. The prisoner submitted calmly to his fate.

The bearer of the reprieve, who is a person of a very benevolent disposition, declared that he never felt.

so acute a pang as when he was compelled to turn away from this unfortunate victim. He hastened, however, to the prison, where he found the person who was reprieved awaiting the return of the cart and the executioner, his hair cut and his hands tied, to be led to death at another part of the city where his house stood. A wife and nine children were deplored the miserable loss of a husband and a father, when the officer who had brought the tidings of life to the prisoner, went at his request to carry them to his distracted family. I need not describe what he related to me of the scene—you heart will readily fill up the picture.

That class of men who were peculiarly the objects of the tyrant's rage were men of letters, with respect to whom the jealousy of the rival mingled with the fury of the oppressor, and against whom his hatred was less implacable for having opposed his tyranny, than for having eclipsed his eloquence. It is a curious consideration, that the unexampled crimes of this sanguinary usurper, and the consequent miseries which have desolated the finest country of Europe, may, perhaps, if traced to their source, be found to arise from the resentment of a disappointed wit. Robespierre, for the misfortune of humanity, was persecuted by the most restless desire of distinguishing himself as an orator, and nature had denied him the power. He and his brother were born at Arras, and left orphans at an early age. The bishop of Arras had bestowed on them the advantages of a liberal education. Robespierre distinguished himself by his application to his first studies, and obtained many literary prizes. At the age of sixteen, elated by the applause he had received, he fancied himself endowed with such rare power of genius as would enable him to act a splendid part on the theatre of the world, and his friends indulged the same fond expectation. He applied

pplied to the study of the law, and already in imagination contemplated himself disputing with the first orators of the age the palm of eloquence. Experience, however, convinced his friends, and at length himself, that they had indulged a vain illusion. He discovered no taste or aptitude for the profession for which he was designed, became weary of study, was checked by the slightest difficulties ; and being found destitute of those talents which were necessary to his success as a public speaker, his benefactor, after a trial of sufficient length, refused to support him any longer at a considerable and fruitless expence at Paris, but ordered him to return to Arras, where in an humble sphere, better suited to the mediocrity of his abilities, he might pursue his profession as a lawyer. Robespierre was compelled to return to Arras ; which, after the splendid dreams he had indulged of fame and honours in the capital, was an humiliation he felt keenly ; but which he brooded over in silence : for he never on any occasion displayed his sensibility to mortifications, which was in proportion to his excessive vanity, but concentrated within his vindictive soul his disgrace, his resentment, and his projects of vengeance. From the period of his return to Arras may be dated his abhorrence of men of talents. From that moment, instead of admiring genius, he repined at its existence. The same feelings clung to his base and envious spirit when he had usurped his dictatorial power. He made it pain of death to be the author of what he called seditious publications, by which means it was easy for him to involve men of letters in a general proscription. He suppressed every dramatic piece in which there were any allusions he disliked, or wherein the picture or history held up to view any feature of his own character. And it was his plan to abolish theatrical entertainments altogether ; for he

he considered the applause bestowed on fine poetry as something of which his harangues were defrauded. He held up men of letters to the people as persons hostile to the cause of liberty, and incapable of raising themselves to the height of the revolution; and to make them still greater objects of mistrust and suspicion, he had long instructed his agents to declaim unceasingly against them as *statesmen*; the meaning of which word, in the dictionary of these conspirators, was counter-revolutionist. Their system had even arrived at some maturity, when Brissot, in his speech for an appeal to the people on the trial of the late king, thus pourtrays them:

“ Il semble à entendre ces hommes qu'on ne puisse être à la hauteur de la révolution, qu'en montant sur des piles de cadavres. Il semble que le secret de l'homme d'état soit maintenant le secret des bourreaux. Veut-on faire entendre le langage de la saine politique? on est soudoyé par des puissances étrangères. Veut-on parler celui de la raison? c'est de la philosophie toute-pure, s'écrient-on; et on accoutume la multitude à mépriser sa bienfaitrice, à diviniser l'ignorance\*.”

“ L'ignorance de la multitude est le secret du pouvoir des agitateurs comme des despotes; c'est là le secret de la durée de l'art de calomnier. Voilà pourquoi ils s'elevent contre la philosophie, qui veut affermir la liberté sur la raison universelle,

\* “ According to these men, no one can possibly be at the height of the revolution without mounting on heaps of dead. It seems as if the knowledge of the statesman was commensurate only with the skill of the executioner. If we speak a language dictated by sound policy, we are in the pay of foreign powers. Do we speak that of reason? This is nothing, they exclaim, but the dreams of philosophy: and thus the multitude are instructed to despise their benefactress, and deify ignorance.”

Voilà

Voilà pourquoi ils plaisantent sur le système d'éducation, sur l'utilité des écoles primaires. Il s'agit bien de tout cela, c'est de maîtres qu'il faut entretenir le peuple. Voilà pourquoi ils supposent, ils accusent sans cesse l'aristocratie du talent. Ah pourquoi le talent? n'est-il qu'un être métaphysique? Avec quel doux plaisir ces Vandales le nivelleroient, si leur faux pourroient l'atteindre\*!"

One of the objects of Robespierre's resentment was M. Bitauby, a Prussian, well known in the literary world by his elegant translation of Homer into French. He was a member of the academy at Berlin, from which the king of Prussia ordered his name to be struck out, and the pension with which the great Frederic had rewarded his merit to be discontinued, on account of his avowed attachment to the principles of the revolution. M. Bitauby had fixed his residence at Paris several years previous to that event. I have been acquainted with him and his lady since my first arrival in France, and have never met with persons who blended with the wisdom and seriousness of age, so much of all that is amiable in youth. M. Bitauby, in the first days of the revolution, had been personally acquainted with Robespierre, who frequently dined at his house; but he was not long in dis-

\* "The ignorance of the multitude is the master-spring of the power of *anarchists* as well as of despots: it is by this they keep alive the breath of calumny. Furnished with this engine, they make war on philosophy, which teaches us that universal reason is the only basis of liberty; and thus deride every plan of education, and deny the utility of public schools. These are reveries, say they; the people must be regenerated with blood. This is the reason why they are inveigling so continually against the aristocracy of genius. Alas! why has knowledge only a metaphysical existence? With what complacency would not these Vandals bring it to their own level, if their destroying scythe could reach it!"

ering the sanguinary and fanatical ideas of liberty which filled the soul of the tyrant, and which so much disgusted him that he gave up his acquaintance.

Robespierre did not forget the affront, which he had now the power to avenge. M. Bitauby and his wife were dragged to prison in the beginning of the winter, where they languished ten months; and deprived of those cares which their age and their infirmities required, they had almost sunk beneath their weight. Madame Bitauby's indispositions required medical assistance; but so many formalities were necessary before a physician could be admitted into the prison, that, if the disorder was not of a lingering nature, the patient expired while the police were arranging the ceremonials previous to his relief. During the last months of Robespierre's usurpation, the prisoners were refused the consolation of being attended by their own physicians. Professional men were appointed by the police; and as selections were made among those who were able to give clearer proofs of their Jacobin principles than of their medical skill, these revolutionary doctors sometimes robbed the revolutionary jury of their prey. A few however of these "officers of health" possessed the negative merit which Dr. Franklin ascribed to old and experienced physicians, "*they let their patients die,*" for the remedies they administered were of too harmless a nature to be capable of doing mischief. The physician of the Conciergerie had as strong a predilection for tisanne as Dr. Sangrado for hot water. Tisanne was the vivifying draught which was destined to sooth all pains, and heal all maladies. One day the doctor, after having felt a patient's pulse, said to the jailor, "He is better this morning." "Yes," answered the jailor, "*he* is better, but the person who lay in this bed yesterday is dead."

"Eh

"Eh bien," resumed the doctor coolly, "qu'on donne toujour's la tisanne."

M. and Madame Bitauby had an advocate in their distress whom it was difficult indeed to resist. This was an old servant of eighty years of age. His figure was so interesting that Sterne's pencil only could sketch it well; and had Sterne seen him, he would not have failed to draw his portrait. He pleaded the cause of his master with such pathetic eloquence, that at the revolutionary committee he sometimes "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." But the old man was eloquent in vain, and was sinking with despair into the grave when the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor restored his master and mistress to liberty.

The fate of Boucheu, author of a poem called "The Months," excited particular sympathy. He passed his time in prison, in educating one of his children, and this employment seemed to charm away his cares. The day he received his act of accusation, knowing well the fate that awaited him, he sent his son home, giving him his portrait, which a painter who was his fellow-prisoner had drawn, and which he ordered the child to give his mother. Below the picture he had written the following lines:

"Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmans et doux,  
Si quelqu'air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage;  
Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinoit cet image,  
On dressoit l'échafaud, et je pensois à vous."

Lov'd objects, cease to wonder when ye trace  
The melancholy air that clouds my face;  
Ah! while the painter's skill this image drew  
They reared the scaffold, and I thought of you!

La Voisier, the celebrated chemist, was put to death with the other farmers general. He requested a fortnight's respite to enable him to complete a philosophical experiment. The Vandals had no time to pause in their career of blood, for the purists of philosophy, and sent him away, observing that the republic had no longer any need of chemists. Chainfort, a member of the French academy, and an enthusiastic advocate for the revolution, with feelings too keen to bear the horrors by which so noble a cause had been stained, hid them from his sight by a voluntary death. La Harpe was thrown into prison, and was destined to perish on the scaffold. The author of the Travels of the younger Anacharsis, notwithstanding his advanced age, was the object of continual persecution. Florian, who was himself imprisoned, and condemned to see his dearest friends perish, had not sufficient fortitude to sustain such trials. His charming pen had displayed the most soothing images of happiness and virtue; and when he beheld around him only misery and crimes, his disordered imagination hastened his death. Vicq d'Azyr died of a broken heart. Bailly, the first mayor of Paris, whose astronomical researches have placed him in the highest rank of science, was murdered with circumstances of particular aggravation. He was to have been executed in the Champ de Mars; but from the caprice of the sanguinary mob, he was compelled to wait two or three hours at the place of execution, while the scaffold was removed to a field adjoining, where he stood drenched in rain, in the midst of winter, and, which was more difficult to bear than the "pelting of the pitiless storm," exposed to the insults and injuries of an execrable set of wretches who usually attended these horrid spectacles. The red flag was burned before his eyes, and he was compelled to set fire to the pile.

pile that consumed it, while the russians plunged his head into the smoke for their farther amusement. He submitted to all that was inflicted on him with the serenity of a philosopher, and only requested with mildness, that his sufferings might be terminated. One of the barbarians by whom he was tormented, said to him in a tone of savage mockery, "Tu trembles, Bailly." "Mon ami, c'est de froid \*," replied the sage. At length, after having made him drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, they permitted him to die.

---

*The same to a friend, describing the Cruelties exercised at Lyons.*

The surrender of Lyons, which took place some days previous to the murder of the deputies of the Gironde, contributed to hasten the execution of that atrocious deed. The Lyonnais had long struggled against the commissaries of the mountain faction, who, under the pretence of an ardent zeal for liberty, were diligent in seeking opportunities for riot and plunder; and however strongly this detachment of conspirators were supported by those who directed their motions from Paris, they could not withstand the indignation and vengeance of the citizens of Lyons, who, roused by the dangers with which they were threatened, crushed their oppressors, the chief of whom, Chaliier, they sent to the scaffold. The Lyonnais had proceeded too far to hope for any mercy from the faction, who had now accomplished their treason at Paris: and seeing the cause of liberty abandoned by the departments, who had made their peace with

\* " You tremble, Bailly."—" It is with cold, my friend." the

the traitors, they were driven either to suffer patiently the weight of their wrath, or prepare to oppose it. Of this dreadful alternative they chose the latter; but finding themselves unsupported in the project they had at first formed of marching to Paris, they determined to defend their own city. In the mean time they employed the most honourable means to explain to the convention, that their resistance arose neither from disaffection to the republic, nor from any wish to form a federal government, of which they had been accused; that they had sworn fidelity to the republican constitution, and had issued orders to assemble the primary assemblies for its acceptance. But resistance for any cause was now a crime, and this concession of the Lyonnais only served to increase the insolence of their oppressors, who decreed that the city was in a state of rebellion, and that all who had resorted thither from the neighbouring departments should be treated as emigrants: for the conspirators easily perceived that this city might form a central point of opposition, by collecting together all those persons in the southern provinces who were averse to the revolutionary order of things. An army was immediately levied, and ordered to march against Lyons; and it was believed that when the Lyonnais were informed that the affair was about to become so serious, they would make no farther opposition.

The general who commanded the conventional army, endeavoured by proclamations to conciliate the parties, but in vain. His proposals of pardon were rejected by those who thought themselves injured, and who knew by fatal experience what degree of confidence was to be placed in the offer of tender mercies from the cruel. The Lyonnais were allowed three hours to deliberate on the gracious propositions of the general, but a discharge of cannon returned their answer before the first had expired

expired; and though new proclamations were issued, and on the anniversary of the 10th of August both parties sent deputations to celebrate that event together, the Lyonnais continued their warlike opposition, and prepared to make an obstinate resistance.

In the mean time the department of Mont-Blanc, formerly Savoy, was recovered by the Piedmontese, who took advantage of the absence of the army which had been called off for the purpose of reducing Lyons; and the representatives who conducted the operations of the siege wrote to the convention to repeal the decree which the conspirators in their wrath had poured out against that city. The Lyonnais were as deaf to these concessions as they had been to the proclamations of the generals, who now proceeded to extremities, and began the bombardment of the city, which was set on fire in several places, and a great number of the inhabitants perished. Other proclamations followed this act of hostility, which met with the same reception. The black flag continued floating on the towers, indicating resistance till death; and though the city, being unfortified, had nothing to defend it but the bravery of its inhabitants, no impression could be made except by bombardment. The conspirators therefore sent their emissaries into the adjoining departments to raise the people *in mass*; and, if any credit is to be given to the reports of those who were employed, the besieging army was re-inforced by other armies amounting to fifty thousand men. With this reinforcement the attack began afresh, the city was surrounded, all communication cut off, and the convention was informed that famine would soon effect what the obstinacy of the Lyonnais had hitherto prevented. During three months these brave republicans contended against the numerous armies that the conspirators had assembled; and had not

their

their ardour been checked by their commanders, they would all have witnessed against the cowardice and baseness of their countrymen, by whom they were left unsupported, with the last drop of their blood. After having performed prodigies of valour, till they were overpowered by numbers, and resistance became no longer possible, they endeavoured to effect their retreat, by forcing their way through the besiegers; for according to the dispatches sent to the convention they were entirely surrounded. In this retreat some succeeded; but a great part were cut to pieces, and the conventional army entered the city in triumph.

With the savage joy of the famished cannibal, when he seizes on some shipwrecked wretch whom the waves have unkindly spared from the fate of his companions, the mountain conspirators heard of the reduction of Lyons. The committee of public safety, through the organ of Barrere, in congratulating the convention on the news, informed them that measures were taken to exterminate every fugitive; that no weakness, no mercy should be shewn; and that this den of conspirators must make ample reparation, and that this reparation must consist in burying this rebel city under its own ruins. And lest this moment of wrath should be transient, lest the indignation which had filled their capacious souls should evaporate, these guardians of the public weal methodized their vengeance by a decree, which the convention sanctioned, that Lyons should be razed to the ground, and struck out of the cities of the republic. This “great and vigorous measure, the total destruction of the city, was the only one that had escaped us,” the deputies in mission at this devoted place echo to their colleagues of the committee. They had already created military tribunals to judge the inhabitants; but complete extirpation had not been within the reach of their comprehension.

comprehension : and lest this example of vengeance should be lost to the world by some misplaced hesitation, by some sentiment of weak humanity, the committee dispatched one of its own members to direct and superintend the execution.

What had hitherto passed was scarcely the beginning of horrors. Collot d'Herbois, a comedian, who had been driven from the stage for his professional incapacity, but who had acted a considerable part in the conspiracy, was gone thither to give tragedy some original strokes. "Alas," says the eloquent reporter on the correspondence of Robespierre and the extent of his enormities, "the terrible instrument of death, erected only for the punishment of crimes, springs up like poisonous plants over every part of the republic. It becomes naturalised under the opposite skies of the north and the south : the frozen bear and the devouring dog-star alike mourn over its fatal successes."

"O ! come ; let us penetrate together, my fellow-citizens, across those fiery torrents, under those ruined walls which seem crumbling down to threaten us with ruin ; let us pass into those cities heretofore filled with people, now widowed of their inhabitants ; into those new deserts more frightful than those of Paran or Horeb. See them, like the hyena growling fiercely over its prey !—Do you not perceive them like destroying demons rushing with their devouring torches over every monument of genius or of art ? These new Gengis, who have conquered neither Persia, nor Egypt, nor Lybia, are anxious to make Frenchmen of the 18th century a race of barbarians, reduced not to the practice, but to the simple reading of the rights of man, as the Saracens were heretofore instructed in the knowledge of the Koran.

"Look for a moment with us, on these vile dilapidations of the treasures of Ptolemy Philadelphus ;

phus; observe those evil principles, those Arimanes, who have been disputing with each other for twelve months past the palpitating limbs of our dismembered country! What were they, and what are they now, those founders of committees of demolition, those creators of ruins?—Vile slaves, trembling in the presence of the mighty.

“ It is the conspiracy of folly and of crimes united against genius and virtue. It is the insurrection of robbery against the precept of *mine* and *thine*. It is the reign of private vengeance and the most abject passions.

“ O Lyons! city celebrated for thy commerce, who is this new Gengis\*, who, with the axe and the thunder in his hand, pours down on thy walls, and rushes on to avenge the injuries of Themugin? It is finished, and thy ruin is sworn!”

It is unnecessary to ask of the unfortunate inhabitants, as I have sometimes done, the history of their woes—their tyrants blazon themselves their crimes to the open day, and invite you to read the black catalogue of their enormities. “ In destroying a rebel city,” says Collot, “ we shall consolidate the rest. We must leave nothing but ashes. We demolish with cannon balls, and with explosions like those of mines.” When such were his principles, his projects, and his exploits, it would be trifling to stop to talk of individual distresses—to relate how he ordered three ladies, who had thrown themselves at his feet to implore his mercy, to be tied for six hours to the scaffold where their husbands were to be executed; or to speak of the execution of a young heroine, who had shewn prodigies of valour during

\* Gengis, unknown and despised under the name of Themugin, returned as a conqueror to avenge the insults which he had received. Collot, who knew professionally the parts which the Tartar had played, is accused of having taken him for a model, and of having avenged, like him, private injuries.

the siege. These were only interludes in this great tragedy, one of whose languishing actors in his existing correspondence writes, that since the guillotine has been at work, his health has been established; that every thing goes well, and is expected to go better; "since it is found," continues he, "that the guillotine is not sufficiently expeditious, and in a few days three or four hundred will be dispatched at a time; and the houses are fast demolishing."

This was no empty menace—the tragedian executed what this savage had promised.—"The guillotine and fusillade do not go amiss," says he; "sixty, eighty, two hundred at once are shot, and every day care is taken to arrest a sufficient number, so as not to leave the prisons empty." But still these were ordinary means. This new Salmonicus was not contented with the insignia of the god, he wanted to imitate his destroying power; and accordingly some of the miserable inhabitants were placed before batteries of cannon; and while they were shattered and torn in pieces by the artillery, though the greater part were left to be dispatched the following day by the spades of those who came to bury them, Collot amused himself in beholding the operation.

During this waste of life, that of the property of the unfortunate victims was not more respected. "It costs four hundred thousand livres each decade for *demolitions*," writes one of these demons, who talks of re-colonizing the country. "More heads every day, more heads are falling. What ecstacies thou wouldst have felt," adds the monster to his correspondent, "if thou hadst seen this national justice executed on two hundred and nine rascals! What cement for the republic! We have knocked off five hundred; and when we have dispatched twice as many, which we shall do, things will go forward."

Where

Where then, it might be asked, was the convention, while these horrors were executing? Where? Alas! this convention, sent by a free people to consolidate their liberty, was in chains. Had it been less enslaved, the decree, that Lyons should no longer exist, would have justified the executioners. Collot was not willing that this decree of devastation should remain a figure of rhetoric—he says so: “The revolutionary army arrives the day after tomorrow, and then,” continues he, “I shall be able to perform great things. These conspirators must soon be dispatched—Lyons must exist no longer—and the inscription thou hast proposed,” for this letter is addressed to Robespierre, “contains a great truth, for hitherto the decree has been but an *hypothesis*. It will be your business to make it what it ought to be, and we will prepare the amendments before hand.”

This was the private correspondence of the monster with Robespierre. But let us not conceal his language to the convention itself. “We are hardened,” says he, “against the tears of repentance—Indulgence is a dangerous weakness—The demolitions are too slow—We must employ means more adapted to republican impatience. The explosion of the mine, the devouring activity of the flame alone can express the omnipotence of the people; its will cannot be impeded like that of tyrants; it ought to have the effect of thunder.” And what answer does the convention return to its colleague? —The wretch for a whole year after retained a seat in the assembly. It was the plan of Collot to banish those whom he did not destroy; for he found it difficult to carry his purpose into full execution; and after having murdered a part, and exiled the rest, he discovered that he had fulfilled his commission, and should be able on his return to say with truth, that Lyons existed no longer.

"What ideas! what fury!" exclaims the reporter: "it seems as if the moral world was fallen back into chaos. And there are legislators! Alas! if the Erebus of the antients had had its legislation also, it would undoubtedly have been more consistent and more humane."

We are at first tempted to believe, in passing in review these ferocious characters; that all the monsters of the desert had quitted their dens to rush in on our cities; or rather, to adopt more natural ideas, we cannot help discovering the end of these horrible levellers, which was the destruction of commerce, and the establishment not of an equality of happiness, but of an equality of misery, throughout the republic.

It will scarcely be thought possible, yet it is very generally believed, that Collot was led to this vengeance on the people of Lyons for having hissed him when he acted on their stage. Thousands of victims have atoned for the insult offered to a wretched comedian; and this great city, which from the time of Augustus had been the centre of the commerce of Gaul, where he lavished his favours, and for three ages received the tribute of gratitude in the honours that were rendered him, had now fallen under the stroke of the most vulgar of tyrants. Had these monsters looked for precedents for their cruelties, they might have found them in their prototype Caligula, for in this very city that tyrant once resided: and the resemblance of Caligula and Collot is so far striking, that they both exercised their despotism over the same class of citizens; though the motives of Caligula appear to have been more natural than those of Collot, and his cruelty more discriminate.

While this tragic ruffian was acting his part at Lyons, others with principles as atrocious, though they were less steeped in blood, were carrying desolation

desolation into other parts of France. Bourdeaux, which had been raising itself to the height of the revolution, was now a prey to the caprice of a young monster who had not yet counted twenty years, and who was the valet of Robespierre in the commission of crimes. The republican patriots having long since fallen under the proscription, Julien's instructions and plan seem to have been the establishment of *sansculottism* over the aristocracies of commerce, of *muscadinism*, and of wealth. His correspondence is as silly as it is atrocious, and of its atrocity we may judge when he condemns the measures of blood already taken as being moderate and almost counter-revolutionary. It appears that he was one of the first who had denounced the enormities of Carrier; but ages of punishment or repentance will not atone for the murder of Salles and Gaudet, who were executed at Bourdeaux during Julien's administration, together with Gaudet's father, mother, sister and her husband, the husband's brother, and one of his aunts; in short, the whole family, excepting Gaudet's wife, whose murder was delayed till she recovered from a severe indisposition, which happily lasted till the tyrants fell.

The same to a Friend, describing the Cruelties practised at Nantes.

The inhabitants of Nantes had not long to meditate on the horrors which were approaching, for Carrier returns.

The convention had already decreed, that every city which either gave protection to the rebels, or did not repel them with all the means in its power,

should be razed to the ground, and the property of its inhabitants be confiscated to the profit of the republic. To exterminate "the royalists of the Vendée," it was necessary to conquer them; but here the peaceable inhabitants of cities were to be destroyed, and the evidence of the crime was only to be found in the conscience of the executioner. Nantes, seated on the Loire, which empties itself into the sea some leagues beyond it, was one of the most considerable and most commercial cities in France. Its inhabitants were rich, and, what is not always the concomitant of riches, were distinguished for their disinterestedness and patriotism. They had beheld with the same horror as every other friend to liberty the success of the conspirators of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May, and the tyrants had marked their persons for vengeance, and their immense property for pillage.

A revolutionary committee was first appointed to examine into this "aristocracy of commerce and wealth;" and this committee, as might have been expected, was composed of those whose characters stood highest, in the estimation of the representatives, for cruelty or wickedness. To give this committee its proper energy, a company of revolutionary soldiers was formed, who were to be the sbirri of the committee, and whose occupation was sufficiently marked by the name they assumed, which was that of the company of Marat. Thus armed with the decrees of the convention, and having troops of murderers of various denominations at his command, in revolutionary committees, popular societies, administrative bodies, and Maratist soldiers, Carrier began his operations in Nantes on the priests who were condemned to banishment. Those men were waiting to undergo the punishment to which the law condemned them, for obstinate

late perseverance in honest ignorance ; a punishment which it is asserted the circumstances of the times required. As the law was pronounced, it does not appear that the convention had authorised Carrier to change the sentence. This, however, he undertook ; the priests were put on board a lighter which had a sous-pape, or false bottom, and then conducted into the middle of the Loire ; where, except two who escaped by swimming, they were all drowned. Carrier wrote an account of this expedition to the convention, and, with a kind of self-complacent exultation, claimed merit for the novelty and effect of the measure.—“*Quel torrent révolutionnaire que la Loire !*” The convention applauded the idea, and ordered Carrier’s dispatches to be inserted in their gazette, the bulletin.

The committee of public safety, though it might think the drowning of refractory priests a pleasant thing, were not perhaps aware that Carrier would take advantage of their good humour. Unfortunately for the inhabitants of Nantes, Carrier misconstrued their approbation as an invitation to proceed in his career ; and having, with his sword drawn, at the tribune harangued the Jacobins of Nantes on their duties, explaining and enforcing the instructions he had himself received, in order to inflame them with the same revolutionary zeal, he began to extend his plan of operations. The revolutionary committee had determined that a great conspiracy existed in Nantes, and that the rich, who were aristocrates *par privilege*, were the conspirators. They ordered accordingly all persons suspected of having been concerned in this conspiracy to be arrested, and to be sent to Paris to be tried ; decreeing, that whoever resisted should be

\* What a revolutionary torrent is the Loire !

shot, whoever fled should be declared an emigrant, and ordered all those whose names were published to surrender themselves in three days; forbidding every one, wives, sisters, or daughters, under severe penalties, to solicit their release. Three hundred and thirty-two persons were arrested on this pretence. About one hundred of them we saw brought to Paris in waggons, bound like felons, for the rest had perished from the excessive cruelties which they had undergone; and we were made to believe that these men, who were distinguished in Nantes for their probity and patriotism, were rebels of the Vendée whom the representative had sent up to treat the Parisians with a *spectacle*, knowing their present taste for bloody sights; and it was expected that they would have been shot in the plain of Sablons, under the direction of Collot; but this never took place.

In the mean while Carrier swelled the *revolutionary* torrent at Nantes with other noyades, of which it appears that there were twenty-three expeditions. These noyades, or drowning scenes, were at first shrouded in the darkness of night; but familiarity with crimes having worn off all shame, they were afterwards executed in open day. There was also some appearance of regard for the sufferings of these unhappy victims in the beginning, since they were left ignorant of the fate that awaited them till the moment of execution; believing that they were only going to be transferred to Belle-Isle, an island at the mouth of the river. There was something like mercy also in the construction of the drowning-boats, since the drawing of a bar of iron ingulphed the victims in an instant; and Carrier, in his first dispatches to the convention, had the modesty as well as the ingenuity of his prototype Anicetus, who, history says, proposed

proposed this mode to Nero, and furnished him with excuses for drowning his mother\*. But the crimes of these monsters being at length naturalized into manners, they grew weary of common murders, and invented new modes of destruction. Other vessels were fitted up for the reception of prisoners, which had various conveniences, among others a *salle à manger* (a dining-room) where Carrier and his committee sometimes feasted. In these vessels the prisoners were confined till a noyade was to take place. At one time eight hundred persons of both sexes, and of different ages, from fifteen to fourscore, were precipitated into the river. Where the love of life discovered itself in these unfortunate victims by clinging to the barges, when in the struggle their hands became untied, the murderers amused themselves with cutting them with their sabres, or knocking them on the head with their poles. Some of those victims were destined to die a thousand deaths; innocent young women were unclothed in the presence of the monsters; and, to add a deeper horror to this infernal act of cruelty, were tied to young men, and both were cut down with sabres, or thrown into the river; and this kind of murder was called a republican marriage.

These noyades, where simple drowning was the only suffering, might be considered as happy deliverances compared with the sufferings of those that remained in prison. The wretched prisoners were

\* The freedman Anicetus furnished an expedient. He proposed to construct a vessel, which when at sea should suddenly open in the middle, by which means Agrippina would instantly perish. That a number of accidents happened at sea; and that if Agrippina lost her life in a shipwreck, who would be so malicious as to call that a crime which was the fault of the winds and waves?—See *Morceaux Choisis de Tacite, par M. d'Alembert.*

heaped on each other in such numbers, that the air became absolutely pestilential, and the keepers were employed continually in removing the dead.

Delicate women, the wives and daughters of those who were made prisoners in the royalist army, exposed to the inclemency of the winter in the damp of a dungeon, crowded together upon their straw in order to shelter themselves from the cold; and many a heart-breaking family scene presented itself to those whose humanity led them to take away the children of royalists under thirteen years of age, which the law permitted. A mother with four daughters, of which one was under fourteen, formed one of these groups. A citizen of Nantes went into the dungeon to see if there was any object on which he might exercise his charity. He took up this young girl, crawling for weakness at her mother's feet, with the intention of conveying her home; while her sisters, being a few years older, were doomed to perish. But to perish together now seemed their only consolation; they refused to part; and some degree of violence was used to force away the child, who soon after the murder of her family died of a broken heart.

But noyades were not the only mode of murder: the fusillades were introduced at Nantes as they had been practised at Lyons. Men, women in a state of pregnancy, boys and girls were killed with the bayonet, or shot without discrimination, and without the formality of a sentence; and the executions were so multiplied, that the national guard were employed for six weeks in burying the persons whom they had massacred. Among the multitudes destined to die, some have as it were returned to life, and given us their history; a few escaped by swimming; others recovered after having <sup>been</sup> shot. A young married woman of rank, who was put into a fusillade with her husband, although she

received three balls in her body, was found alive the next morning by those who came to throw the dead into the pits. She had sufficient strength to implore their mercy, and they had the humanity to refer her case to the commissary. The commissary at first ordered the sentence to be again put into execution : but falling at his feet she represented the injustice and cruelty of making her undergo a second death, and that the unskillfulness or negligence of the executioners ought not to subject her again to punishment. The commissary was softened, and consented that her life should be spared, provided she would become a sick nurse in the hospitals, where the person who related the anecdote to me saw her employed.

Some slight forms were observed in the execution of the decrees of the convention, in the beginning of these massacres, and the ferocity of Carrier was sometimes checked by the representations of the constituted authorities, and sometimes arrested by the opposition of the judges. Carrier had named two wretches to the office of head executioners, who had *general* orders for drowning whenever they had leisure. The public accuser, who, though a timid old man, had opposed a second general noyade which these ruffians were about to make, was sent for by Carrier, who said to him, " It is you then, you old wretch, who take upon you to oppose my orders ! Take notice, that if the prissons be not emptied in two hours, I will guillotine you and the whole commission." The poor old man was affrighted, fell sick instantly, and died imprecating curses on Carrier.

After this lesson to the judges, no one thought of resisting Carrier's revolutionary impulse. The royalists who were made prisoners, and those who laid down their arms, came into Nantes and met with the same fate. Pregnant women, who were

under the protection of a special decree, were murdered, and more than six hundred children, formally excepted by the law as being under the age of fifteen, were drowned, notwithstanding the observation hazarded by the president of the tribunal, who was answered by the monster, "All, all without exception; there can be no difficulty in the case."

Even these are but slight offences compared to certain atrocities that are alleged against him; the tyrants of antiquity are "quite shorn of their beams;" Caligula, Nero, and all that antient history records of strange murders, is obscured in our remembrance by the cruelty of Carrier. Former tyrants and assassins when compared to him appear but *modérés*; and Caligula's famous exclamation respecting the people of Rome is lost in the affliction of Carrier, when he regretted to his colleague Laingelot, who passed through Nantes in his way to Brest, the limits by which he was confined in the execution of national justice, having only the Loire for the extent of his operations: "Oh, what a happy fellow will you be," he adds, "happier far than I am! You will have the *sea* for your expeditions, and a fleet of *ships* at your command!"

This revolutionary, or rather counter-revolutionary impulse, was not confined to Nantes. The country around was subjected to the same horrors. Whole communes were extirpated; and the peaceable inhabitants of different places, whom the murderers had assembled together, and who had never taken arms or given encouragement to the rebels, were massacred without distinction; women and children, magistrates dressed in their scarfs, going out to meet and welcome the conventional troops; thousands of citizens under arrest, insurgents who had surrendered themselves, peasants working in

the fields, all fell alike the victims of this desolating fury.

The scent of blood was become so instinctive with those revolutionary missionaries in the Vendée, that though none of them could raise themselves to Carrier's sublimity of wickedness, there were many who, according to his own declaration\*, practised very successfully as *amateurs*.

Of the various calamities inflicted on this unhappy country, my imagination, melancholy as it is, could never furnish me with images strong enough to paint the horror, nor can any beneficial effect be produced on the mind by dwelling on evils so terrible; since I believe that the heart grows hard, that the feelings become deadened, by the long contemplation of so wide a waste of ruin. As the wretch who is stretched under the hands of torturing executioners is said to feel pain but to a certain point, except when some life-string, that has submitted only to the general compression, becomes more poignantly affected by some partial application; so we hear of *noyades*, *fusilades*, *mitraillades*, and *guillotinades*, with the dullness of settled sorrow, unless when roused to exertion at some tale of particular and atrocious horror.

But when the historian, whose faithful pencil must trace the hideous features of this Vendean war in all their deformity, shall describe scenes which I dare not name, let no one, because he may consider such crimes as scarcely within the verge of human possibility, doubt that they have been committed; since the events of the last five

\* " Vous voyez," dit Carrier, " que cette déclaration ne s'applique pas à moi, mais à tous les représentans du peuple dans la Vendée."

" You see," says Carrier, " that this declaration is applicable not to me, but to all the representatives of the people in the Vendée."

years, which have sometimes led us into regions of hitherto undiscovered beauty and sublimity, have also dragged our reluctant steps into dens of undescribed and unknown monsters, whose existence we had never till now believed.

---

*The same to a Friend, relating the unhappy Catastrophe of a Family in the South of France.*

The cities of Paris and Lyons, and the extensive department of the Vendée, were not the only scenes of horror which France exhibited during the tyranny of Robespierre ; alas, there was scarcely a valley of that desolated country, “whose flowers were not bruised with the tread of hostile paces !” Robespierre could not have so long maintained his iron sceptre, had he not found, to use the words of Shakespeare,

“ Slaves that rock his humours for a warrant,  
“ To break into the bloody house of life,  
“ And, on the winking of authority,  
“ To understand a law.”——

While Carrier ravaged the country of the west, and Collot d'Herbois laid the opulent city of the east in ashes, Le Bon hung like a destroying vulture over the north, feasting his savage soul with the sight of mangled carcases ; and Maignet consumed the lovely villages of the south in the flames of a general conflagration. The scene of Maignet's proconsolate was the departments of Vaucluse, and the Mouth of the Rhone—those celebrated regions for ever dear to the lovers of the elegant arts, where, cheering the gloom of gothic barbarism, to use the language of Ossian, “ the light of the song arose ;”

arose ;" where the Troubadours strung their early harps, and where the immortal Petrarch poured forth his impassioned strains. Divine poet ! no more shall the unhappy lover seek for consolation in shedding delicious tears on the brink of that fountain where thou hast wept for Laura !—no more shall he haunt with pensive enthusiasm that solitary valley, those craggy rocks, those hanging woods, and torrent-streams, where thou hast wandered with congenial feelings, and to which thy tender complaints have given everlasting renown !—those enchanting dreams, those dear illusions have for ever vanished—that delicious country, the pride of France, the garden of Europe, the classical haunt of Petrarch no longer presents the delightful images of beauty, of poetry, of passion ; the magical spell is broken, the soothing charm is dissolved ; the fairy scenes have been polluted, the wizard bowers profaned ; the orange-groves are despoiled of their aromatic sweetnes ; the waters are tinged with blood ; the hollow moans of calamity issue from the caverns, and the shrieks of despair re-echo from the cliffs ; the guillotine has arisen amidst those consecrated shades where love alone had reared its altars !—no longer with the name of Vaucluse is associated the idea of Petrarch ; that of Maignet, the destroying Maignet, presents itself to the shuddering imagination, and the astonished soul starts back with horror——

" I see, where late the verdant landscape smil'd,  
A joyless desart, and a dreary wild ;  
O'er all the air a direful gloom is spread ;  
Pale are the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;  
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,  
And nature wears a veil of deadly hue."——

One of the first acts of Maignet, upon his arrival in the department of Vaucluse, was the destruction of the village of Bedouin, situated in a country of the most romantic beauty, and where the benign climate fosters all the rich productions of summer, and forms a striking contrast to the eternal snows which cover the mountain of Ventoux, at the foot of which the village is placed.

A small tree of liberty which had been planted on a solitary spot near Bedouin, was, during the night, torn from the ground by some wretches who knew that this incident would furnish a pretext for pillage and devastation. At break of day the very persons who were the perpetrators of this act, one of whom was the president of the popular society, founded a general alarm, and accused the guiltless inhabitants of Bedouin of the sacrilege committed against the hallowed symbol of freedom.

Revolutionary troops were instantly summoned to carry fire and sword through the village and territory of Bedouin. A municipal commission was immediately organized by Maignet, which presented itself wherever there was the hope of spoil, spreading every where desolation and death. Five hundred habitations were delivered to the flames; the fruits of the harvest were consumed, and the mandate of Maignet, fatal as the fabled wand of an evil magician, struck the rich and luxuriant soil with sudden sterility. The flourishing manufactures of Bedouin shared the fate of its desolated fields; and all that was saved from the general wreck were the treasures spread by the fruitful silkworm upon the tops of the trees by which it is nourished. A tribunal of blood was formed by the order of Maignet; every day the destined number of victims were marked by the public accuser; and the inhabitants, who were unable to name the guilty persons, were all involved in one proscription.

Those

Those who escaped the knife of the guillotine sought for shelter in the depths of caverns, after the conflagration of their habitations, on the ruins of which placards were fixed, forbidding any person to approach the spot. The hollow cliffs re-echoed the moans of the widow and the orphan. Two hundred and eighty young men of Bedouin who had flown to the frontier even before the requisition in order to defend their country, in vain dispatch successive letters, enquiring with fond solicitude after their parents. Those gallant young soldiers will return to their native village, their brows bound with the laurels of valour. Alas ! they will find their native village but one sad heap of ruins !—in vain they will call upon the tender names of father, of mother, of sister :—a melancholy voice will seem to issue from the earth that covers them, and sigh, *they are no more !* For those victorious warriors no car of triumph is prepared ; no mother's tears of transport shall hail the blessed moment of their return ; no father shall clasp them to his bosom with exulting joy, proud of their heroic deeds. Ah, no ! their toils, their dangers, and their generous sacrifices shall find no recompence in the sweetness of domestic affection, in the soothing bliss which, after absence, belongs to home !—alas ! their homes are levelled with the ground ; they will find no spot upon which to repose their wearied limbs but the graves of their murdered parents.—

The village of Bedouin was too confined a sphere for the destroying genius of Maignet. His thirst of blood was not yet allayed, his taste for desolation was not yet gratified. A wider scene of ruin fired his imagination, and his creative genius furnished the committee of public safety with a model for the law of the 22d of Prairial, which banished all judicial forms from the revolutionary tribunal of Paris.

Paris. Maignet, after the destruction of Bedouin, caused what he termed a popular commission to be erected at Orange, for the purpose of trying all the counter-revolutionists of the departments of Vaucluse, and the mouth of the Rhone, without any written evidence, and without a jury. "Twelve or fifteen thousand persons are imprisoned in those departments," says Maignet, in a letter to Couthon; "if I were to execute the decree which orders all conspirators to be brought to Paris, it would require an army to conduct them, and they must be billeted like soldiers upon the road." Maignet therefore obtained the sanction of the committee of public safety, which was given without the consent of the convention, to his plan of forming a popular commission at Orange.

The committee of public safety named the judges, who by their conduct justified the discernment with which they were chosen, and proceeded with revolutionary rapidity in their work of death. "You know," says the secretary of the commission, in a letter to Payan, "the situation of Orange; the guillotine is placed in the front of the *mountain*, and it seems as if the heads in falling paid it the homage it deserves. Sometimes however the majority of the judges of Orange complain in their letters of two of their colleagues, whose consciences had not altogether attained the height of the revolution. Faurety, the president of the commission, says in a letter to Payan, "Ragot, Feruex and myself are *au pas* ;\* Roman Fouvosa is a good creature, but an adherer to forms, and a little off the revolutionary point which he ought to touch.

\* The military expression of marching *au pas*, to the beat of the drum, became a sort of cant term much in use during the tyranny of Robespierre; and adherence to the principles and doctrines of the day was signified by saying *je suis au pas*.

Meillerit, my fourth colleague, is good for nothing, absolutely good for nothing in the place he occupies; he is sometimes disposed to save counter-revolutionary priests; he must have *proofs*, as at the ordinary tribunals of the ancient system."— Those troublesome scruples of two of the judges were however so completely over-ruled by the majority of their colleagues, that the departments of Vaucluse and the mouth of the Rhone became the scenes of the most horrible outrages against humanity. Multitudes had already perished by the murderous commission of Orange, and multitudes in the gloom of prisons awaited the same fate, when the fall of Robespierre stopped the torrent of human blood.

Amidst the mass of far-spread evil, amidst the groans of general calamity, no doubt many a sigh of private sorrow has never reached the ear of sympathy, and many a victim has fallen unpitied and unknown. Some of the martyrs of Maignet's tyranny have, however, found a "sad historian of the pensive plain;" and the fate of Monsieur de M——'s family, which I have heard related much in detail by an old female servant who was the companion of their misfortunes, is not the least affecting of those tales of sorrow.

M. de M——, formerly a noble, lived with his son, an only child, at Marseilles, where he was generally respected, and where during the progress of the revolution he had acted the part of a firm and enlightened patriot. After the fatal events of the 31st of May, he became suspected of what was called federalism by the jacobin party, which usurped the power in that city, and punished with imprisonment or death all those who had honourably protested against the tyranny of the mountain faction. M. M—— was warned of the danger by a friend time enough to fly from the city, accompanied only by an old female servant, who en- treated

treated to share the fortune of her master. His wife died some years before the revolution, and his son, an amiable and accomplished young man of twenty-four years of age, had a few weeks before his father's flight been called upon by the first requisition, and had joined the army of the Pyrenees.

M. de M———, after wandering as far as his infirmities would permit, for although only in his sixty-third year his frame was much debilitated by a long course of ill health, took refuge in a solitary habitation at a few leagues distance from Ariouon, and in one of the wildest parts of that romantic country. The mountains seem to close the scene upon the traveller, till by a narrow cleft it again opens into a small valley, where this little hermitage, for such was the aspect of the dwelling, was placed. This unfrequented valley was rich with pasturage, and bounded by lofty hills, wooded cliffs, and in some parts by large grotesque rocks with sharp peaks, that rose above the foliage of the hanging forests. Nor far from this rustic habitation a clear torrent rolls with no scanty stream down a bold rock, into which its fall had worn grots and caverns, which were luxuriously decorated with shrubs, for ever watered by the spray. The torrent not falling from a very considerable height, produced sounds more soothing than noisy, and without having the power of exciting the sensation of sublimity, awakened that of pensive, pleasing melancholy. This sequestered valley, rich in the wild graces of nature, had escaped the decorations of French art, and no jets d'eaux, clipped trees, and "alleys who have brothers," deformed its solitary recesses. Far above, and at some distance, arose the lofty mountain of Ventoux, covered with its eternal snows; that mountain which Petrarch climbed in spite of the steep rocks that guard its ascent, and from the summit of which he gazed

gazed upon the Alps, the boundary of his native country, and sighed; or cast his looks upon the waves of the Mediterranean which bathe Marseilles, and dash themselves against Aigues-Mortes: while he saw the rapid Rhone flowing majestically along the valley, and the clouds rolling beneath his feet.

Such was the scene where M. de M—— sought for refuge, and where he sheltered himself from the rage of his ferocious persecutors. He had soon after the anguish of hearing that his brother, who had a place in the administration of one of the southern departments, and who had taken an active part on the side of the Gironde, had perished on the scaffold. M. de M—— found means to inform his sister-in-law of the place of his retreat, to which he conjured her to hasten with her daughter, and share the little property which he had rescued from the general wreck of his fortune. His old servant Marianne, who was the bearer of this message, returned, accompanied by his niece: her mother was no more: she had survived only a few weeks the death of her husband. The interview between mademoiselle Adelaide de M—— and her uncle produced those emotions of overwhelming sorrow that arise at the sight of objects which interest our affections after we have sustained any deep calamity; in those moments the past rushes on the mind with uncontrollable vehemence; and mademoiselle de M——, after having long embraced her uncle with an agony that choked all utterance, at length pronounced, in the accents of despair, the names of father and of mother.

M. de M—— endeavoured to supply to his unfortunate niece the place of the parents she had lost, and forgot his own evils in this attempt to sooth the affliction of this interesting mourner, who at nineteen years of age, in all the bloom of beauty, was the prey of deep and settled melancholy. She had too much sensibility not to feel his tender cares, and

and often restrained her tears in his presence because they gave him pain. When those tears would no longer be suppressed, she wandered out alone, and, seating herself on some fragment of rock, soothed by the murmurs of the hollow winds and moaning waters, indulged her grief without control. In one of those lonely rambles, sacred to her sorrows, she was awakened from melancholy musing by the sudden appearance of her cousin, the son of M. de M—, who, after having repeatedly exposed his life during a long and perilous campaign in the service of his country, returned—to find his home deserted and his father an exile. Such were the rewards which the gallant defenders of liberty received from the hands of tyrants. The young man flew to his father's retreat, where the first object that met his eyes was his lovely cousin, whom he had a few months before beheld in all the pride of youthful beauty; her cheek flushed with the gay suffusion of health, and her eye sparkling with pleasure. That cheek was now covered with fixed paleness, and that eye was dimmed with tears; but mademoiselle de M—— had never appeared to him so interesting as in this moment.

Two young persons placed together in such peculiar circumstances, must have had hearts insensible indeed, had they conceived no attachment for each other. The son of M. de M—— and Adelaide, who both possessed an uncommon share of sensibility, soon felt, that while all beyond the narrow cleft which separated the little valley from the rest of the world was misery and disorder, whatever could give value to existence was to be found within its savage boundary, in that reciprocal affection which soothed the evils of the past, and shed a soft and cheering ray over the gloom of the future. The scene in which they were placed was peculiarly calculated to cherish the illusions of passion; not merely from dis-

displaying those simple and romantic beauties the contemplation of which softens while it elevates the affections—it had also that local charm which endears to minds of taste and sentiment spots which have been celebrated by the powers of genius. Petrarch, the tender, the immortal Petrarch, had trod those very valleys, had climbed those very rocks, had wandered in those very woods—and the two young persons, who both understood Italian, when they read together the melodious strains of that divine poet, found themselves transported into new regions, and forgot for a while that revolutionary government existed. From those dreams, those delightful illusions, they were awakened by a letter which a friend and fellow-soldier of young de M——— conveyed to him, in which he conjured him to return immediately to the army, if he would shun being classed among the suspected or the proscribed.

Young de M——— considered the defence of his country as a sacred duty which he was bound to fulfil. He instantly prepared to depart. He bid adieu to his father and Adelaide with tears wrung from a bleeding heart, and tore himself away with an effort which it required the exertion of all his fortitude to sustain. After having past the cleft which enclosed the valley, he again turned back to gaze once more on the spot which contained all his treasure. Adelaide, after his departure, had no consolation but in the sad yet dear indulgence of tender recollections; in shedding tears over the paths they had trod, over the books they had read together. Alas, this unfortunate young lady had far other pangs to suffer than the tender repinings of absence from a beloved object! Some weeks after the departure of her lover, the departments of Vaucluse and the Mouth of the Rhone were desolated by Maignet. Two proscribed victims of his tyranny, who were the friends of M. de M———, and knew the place of his retreat, sought

sought for an asylum in his dwelling. · M. de M—— received his fugitive friends with affectionate kindness. But a few days after their arrival their retreat was discovered by the emissaries of Maignet; the narrow pass of the valley was guarded by soldiers; the house was encompassed by a military force; and M. de M—— was summoned to depart with the conspirators whom he had dared to harbour, in order to appear with them before the popular commission established at Orange. This last stroke his unhappy niece had no power to sustain. All the wounds of her soul were suddenly and rudely torn open; and altogether overwhelmed by this unexpected, this terrible calamity, which filled up the measure of her afflictions, her reason entirely forsook her. With frantic agony she knelt at the feet of him who commanded the troop; she implored, she wept, she shrieked; then started up and hung upon her uncle's neck, pressing him wildly in her arms. Some of the soldiers proposed conducting her also to the tribunal; but the leader of the band, whether touched by her distress, or fearful that her despair would be troublesome on the way, persuaded them to leave her behind. She was dragged from her uncle, and locked in a chamber, from whence her shrieks were heard by the unfortunate old man till he had passed the narrow cleft of the valley, which he was destined to behold no more. His sufferings were acute, but they were not of long duration. The day of his arrival at Orange, he was led before the popular commission, together with his friends, and from thence immediately dragged to execution.

In the mean time mademoiselle de M——, released by Marianne from the apartment where she had been confined by the merciless guards, wandered from morning till evening amidst the wildest recesses of the valley, and along the most rugged paths she could find. She was constantly followed in her ramblings

ramblings by her faithful servant, who never lost sight of her a single moment, and who retains in her memory many a mournful complaint of her disordered mind, many a wild expression of despair. She often retired to a small nook near the torrent, where her uncle had placed a seat, and where he usually passed some hours of the day. Sometimes she seated herself on the bench ; then started up, and throwing herself on her knees before the spot where her uncle used to sit, bathed it with floods of tears. " Dear old man," she would cry, " your aged head !—They might have left me a lock of his grey hairs. When the soldiers come for me, Marianne, you may cut off a lock of mine for Charles—Poor Charles !—It is well he's gone—I see the guillotine behind those trees !—and now they drag up a weak old man !—they tie him to the plank !—it bends—oh heaven!"—

The acute affliction with which young de M—— heard of the murder of his father was still aggravated by the tidings he received from Marianne of the situation of his beloved Adelaide. Her image was for ever present to his mind ; and, unable to support the bitterness of those pangs which her idea excited, he again found means to obtain leave of absence for a few weeks, and hastened to the valley. He found the habitation deserted—all was dark and silent ; he flew through the apartments, calling upon the name of Adelaide, but no voice answered his call.

He left the house, and walked with hasty steps along the valley. As he passed a cavern of the rocks, he heard the moans of Adelaide—he rushed into the cavern—she was seated upon its flinty floor, and Marianne was sitting near.—Adelaide cast up her eyes as he entered, and looked at him earnestly—he knelt by her side, and pressed her hand to his bosom—" I don't know you," said Adelaide.—

"Not know me!" he cried, "not know Charles!" —"If you *are* Charles," she resumed sullenly, "you're come too late—'tis all over!—Poor old man!" she cried, rising hastily from the ground, and clasping her hands together, "don't you see his blood on my clothes? I begged very hard for him---I told them I had no father and mother but *him*---If you *are* Charles, begone, begone!---They're coming---they're on the way---I see them upon the rock!---That knife---that bloody knife!"---

Such were the ravings of the disordered imagination of this unfortunate young lady, and which were sometimes interrupted by long intervals of silence, and sometimes by an agony of tears. Her lover watched over her with the most tender and unwearied assiduity; but his cares were ineffectual. The life of Adelaide was near its close. The convulsive pangs of her mind, the extraordinary fatigues she had suffered in her wanderings, the want of any nourishment except bread and water, since she obstinately refused all other food, had reduced her frame to a state of incurable weakness and decay.

A short time before she expired, she recovered her reason, and employed her last remains of strength in the attempt to console her wretched lover. She spoke to him of a happier world, where they should meet again, and where tyrants should oppress no more---she grasped his hand---she fixed her eyes on his---and died.

With the gloomy silence of despair, with feelings that were denied the relief of tears, and were beyond the utterance of complaint, this unfortunate young man prepared with his own hands the grave of her he loved, and himself covered her corpse with earth.

The last offices paid by religion to the dead, the hallowed taper, the lifted cross, the solemn requiem, had long since vanished, and the municipal officer returned

returned the dust to dust with unceremonious speed. The lover of Adelaide chose to perform himself those sad functions for the object of his tenderness, and might have exclaimed with our poet,

“ What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallowed dirge be utter'd o'er thy tomb !  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.”

Young de M——— passed the night at the grave of Adelaide. Mariaune followed him thither, and humbly entreated him to return to the house. He pointed to the new-laid earth, and waved his hand as if he wished her to depart, and leave his meditations uninterrupted.

The next morning at break of day he entered the house, and called for Marianne. He thanked her for her care of Adelaide; he assured her of his everlasting gratitude. While he was speaking, his emotion choked his voice, and a shower of tears, the first he had shed since the death of Adelaide, soothed his oppressed heart. When he had recovered himself, he bade Marianne farewell, and hastened out of the house, muttering in a low tone, “ This must be avenged.” He told Marianne, that he was going to rejoin his battalion; but all enquiries after him have since been fruitless: this unhappy young man has been heard of no more!

*The same to a friend, relating the fall and death of Robespierre and his adherents.*

After the execution of the faction of Danton and that of the commune had taken place, both of which had been condemned on the most absurd and ill-founded accusations, as I have already related, the decemvirs found no longer any opposition to their tyranny, but saw the lives and fortunes of the people of France laid abjectly at their feet. But instead of employing their power to any useful purpose, or even to that of giving stability to their own government by favouring the weak after having overthrown the mighty; they became more profuse in the waste of blood, and atrocious without motive or end. Whether the tyrants suspected the fidelity of their tribunal, or whether they thought that the business of death was not readily enough dispatched, those six commissions which I have before mentioned were also put into activity. The prisoners in general rejoiced at this institution; for they had the credulity to think that the evidence of civism which some could exhibit, and the exemption from any positive counter-revolutionary charge which others could prove, would obtain their release by these commissions, without undergoing the formality of a hearing before the tribunal; and as these commissions were not invested with the power of life and death, every one was anxious to gain an audience. The administrators of police, and the revolutionary committees, were ordered to procure printed lists, which in successive columns displayed the parentage, birth, and education, principles, conduct, and connections of every prisoner under their respective care, together with the motives of their arrest, and the opinions entertained of them by their accusers. Each prisoner was to undergo a sort of political interrogatory before the commission; and as most of them

them had been long confined, and so many contradictory principles and standards of patriotism had succeeded each other since their captivity began, a prisoner must have had more than common sagacity to have answered his catechist agreeably to the fashion of the day. For, had he declared his belief in the divinity of reason, and asserted that priests were impostors, he would have been immediately condemned as a *Chaumettist*: or, had he professed his patriotic faith in a black wig, dirty shirt, and pantaloons, he would have been sentenced as a conspirator of the *Hebert faction*. Indeed, to the great majority of prisoners, which consisted of people of former rank, this Babylonish language was unknown in almost all its dialect; and their interrogatory was altogether useless, their fate being previously decided. A friend of mine saw one day in the hands of a revolutionary commissary, one of those blank lists which he was going to fill up. "We have," says he, "in our *pigeon-house*," meaning the maison d'arrêt of his section, "about one hundred and twelve old birds and young; of these, about twenty or thirty we shall send to the *little window*, and the rest shall set out on their *travels*." Such were the cant terms for death and banishment.

The operations of the popular commissions were altogether unknown till after the 10th of Thermidor, when their papers and lists of sentences were found among the manuscripts of the tyrants. Some persons, on whom only sentence of deportation had been passed by the commission, were afterwards condemned by the committee of public safety to death: such was the Maleffi family, the father, mother, and two daughters, whose story I have related. Their crime was stated in the papers of the commission, and they were sentenced to be banished for being "excessively fanatical, and connected with priests; which connection *might* propagate the spirit of counter-revolution."

Some were condemned for being enemies of the revolution, others for being of the cast of nobility; some for what they had done, others for what they had not done; “n’ayant jamais rien fait pour la révolution \*.” One gentleman whom I knew, was doomed to banishment for having asked with some impatience, a second time, for his certificate at the section—“redemandant une seconde fois avec de menaces †.” The two young St. Chamands, beautiful girls of fifteen and nineteen years of age, ex-nobles, were condemned to deportation for *their opposition to the establishment of civil and religious liberty*; “beaucoup prononcées en fanatisme, et contre la liberté, quoique très jeunes ‡.” And also the family of Sourdeville, consisting of a mother and two daughters, whose only crime, as stated by the judges, was, that madame Sourdeville was “the mother of an emigrant, an ex-noble, and aristocrate, having her husband and another son struck by the sword of the law;” and the two young ladies were likewise condemned with her, for standing in the relation of sister and daughter to the unfortunate father and brother who had perished.

The Robespierrian faction having thus seized on all the administrative powers, which they dispensed with their own hands; having crushed the chiefs of the other factions, and terrified their adherents into the most submissive silence, had arrived at the summit of their ambition; at a point where a few months before the most extravagant imagination would scarcely have placed them, and believed that their power was settled on a basis which could never be shaken. The departments also being now under the influence of the same terror as the city of Paris; the great in-

\* Having never done any thing for the revolution.

† Asking for it a second time with menaces.

‡ Strong fanatics, and enemies to liberty, although so young.

strument

strument of its instruction and discipline, the revolutionary army, was broken as useless and cumbersome. The chief of this army, Ronsin, who had been one of the conductors of the war in the Vendée under the title of general minister, or minister general, had perished in what was called in the dialect of the time the Hebert *batch*; accused of alienating the affections of his troops from the committee of public safety; which was probably true, since there was another faction in great vigour at that moment, which was the war faction, or the party of Bouchotte, and his secretaries Vincent and others, who perished at the same time as Hebert; this faction being not a little dangerous to the despotism of the august decemvirate. The revolutionary army, which was now broken, had fulfilled its mission agreeably to its institution and instructions, though it does not appear that the numerous and wanton acts of cruelty which it committed were either approved or sanctioned by the convention; on the contrary, some very severe animadversions were there made upon its conduct, and some strong accusations were brought against it, which were confirmed by the most authentic evidence.

The execution of the Danton faction, and the dismission of this army, were followed by other measures equally revolutionary, in which we were ourselves included; for it was at this period, the beginning of April, that the law took place which banished nobles and foreigners from Paris, and which ordered all suspected of conspiracy to be sent from all parts of the republic to be tried at Paris. As it was said of Greece, that you could not move a step without treading on a history, so it might now have been said of Paris, that you could not pass along a street without viewing some object of horror. Our banishment therefore, had it not been attended with the consciousness of what was passing in the scene we had

left, would have been bliss, compared to our residence in town.

Nothing perhaps contributed to mislead the people of Europe so much, with respect to the state of the French nation at this period, as the intelligence which was conveyed to them by the public papers. It required a more intimate knowledge of French affairs than foreigners in general could find the means of obtaining, to reconcile the intelligence given in those newspapers with the atrocities which they heard were committed. While pillage and murder, under the name of confiscation and punishment, blackened every part of the republic, the papers presented us with the most elegant and philosophical reports on agriculture, literature, and the fine arts. But for the long catalogue of victims which closed the evening paper, we might, even in our retreat at Marly, have fancied that the reign of philosophy had begun, and that, where there was apparently so earnest a desire to civilize and succour mankind, there could not be so monstrous an assemblage of treason, atrocity, and carnage.

Most of these interesting and instructive reports, which tended to soften the hideousness of the general outline, were made by men who had not the means or the courage to stem the torrent, who sighed in secret over its ravages, and employed their moments in doing something which might tend to rescue their country from the barbarism into which it was hastening. I particularly allude to the reports of Gregoire on the improvement of the language, on the public libraries, and on the establishment of national gardens throughout the republic.

Sometimes the decemvirs themselves relaxed from their habitual ferocity, and a report escaped from their lips, in which there was neither conspiracy nor murder. Barrere, in a momentary caprice of virtue, pronounced a discourse on the means of rooting out mendicity from

from the republic, replete with humanity and ideas of general benevolence.

Barrere, however, soon made the *amende honorable* to the system he had abandoned for a moment, by delivering immediately after his famous decree, “to make no English or Hanoverian prisoners,” calling on the army, who happily for Gallic honour refused to hear him, “When victory shall put the English in your power, strike; let no one return to the land of Great Britain, nor one remain on the free soil of France.” It is not generally known, that the reward held out to him for this act of boldness was, that although he had been a Feuillant, a Girondist, and of all parties in their turn; he was, immediately, upon this report, thought worthy by Robespierre to be admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the patriots, and was enrolled a *jacobin*.

The chief himself, who affected to stand aloof, and never to mingle personally in the wars of the lesser factions, but reserved himself for high exploits, having acknowledged the existence of the supreme being in the overthrow of the commune and the Dantonists, condescended to give the convention a long lecture on theology in his report on national festivals.

I have already mentioned Voltaire’s observation, that atheism might prove a greater scourge to mankind than sanguinary superstition; but probably a greater scourge than either is powerful hypocrisy. We can guard our reason against sophistry or violence, but from the tribute which hypocrisy pays to virtue, of wearing her semblance, we are more easily deceived. It was probably on account of the great danger of this vice to society, that the favour of mankind, while he looked on failings with indulgence, and on crimes with pardon, poured forth all the anathemas of indignation and vengeance against hypocrisy. The trembling criminal whom the law condemned to death, saw mercy beaming in his eye, and the weeping peni-

tent found reconciliation at his feet, while he placed an eternal line of demarcation between the hypocritical Sanhedrim and the Almighty.

While Robespierre behind the scenes was issuing daily mandates for murder, we see him on the stage the herald of mercy and of peace—we see him affecting to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds which he was himself inflicting ; and, like the unrelenting inquisitor, recommending to mercy the wretch whom he was delivering to torture. “ Consult,” says this finished actor, “ only the good of the country, and the interests of mankind. Every institution, every doctrine which consoles and elevates the mind, should be cherished ; reject all those which tend to degrade and corrupt it. Re-animate, exalt every generous sentiment, every sublime moral idea, which your enemies have sought to obliterate ; draw together by the charm of friendship, and the ties of virtue, those men whom they have attempted to separate. Who gave thee a mission to proclaim to the people that the Divinity exists not ? Oh thou, who art enamoured of this sterile doctrine, but who never wast enamoured of thy country ! what advantage dost thou find in persuading mankind that a blind fatality presides over their destiny, striking guilt and virtue as chance directs ; and that the human soul is but a fleeting breath, extinguished at the gates of the tomb ?

“ Will man be inspired with more pure and elevated sentiments by the idea of annihilation, than by that of immortality ? Will it produce more respect for his fellow creatures, and for himself ? more attachment to his country ? stronger resistance to tyranny ? greater contempt of death ? You, who regret a virtuous friend, you love to think that the nobler part of his being has escaped from death ! You, who weep over the grave of a child, or of a wife, does he bring you consolation who tells you that all which remains of them is but dust ? Unhappy victim, who expirest under

under the stroke of the assassin, thy last sigh is an appeal to eternal justice! the tyrant turns pale upon his triumphal car at the sight of innocence upon the scaffold. Would virtue have this ascendancy if the tomb placed on the same level the oppressor and the oppressed? Wretched sophist! by what right dost thou wrest the sceptre of reason from the hands of innocence, to intrust it to those of guilt? to throw a funeral veil over nature, to aggravate misfortune, to sooth vice, to depress virtue, and degrade the human race?

"In proportion to the degree of genius and sensibility with which man is endued, he clings to those ideas which aggrandize his being, and elevate his heart; and the doctrine of such men becomes that of the universe. Ah! surely those ideas must have their foundation in truth! At least I cannot conceive how nature could have suggested fictions to mankind more useful than realities; and if the existence of God, if the immortality of the soul, were but dreams, they would still be the most sublime conceptions of the human mind!"

Though we were not deceived as to the habitual character of Robespierre, we imagined that the overthrow of all the rival factions might have softened in some measure his obdurate heart. Every prisoner fondly looked forward to the festival of the supreme being as the epocha of liberty, or at least of mercy.

"All the virtues," says Robespierre, "shall contend for the right of precedence at our festivals. Let us institute the festival of glory; not of that glory which ravages and enslaves the world, but of that which enlightens, comforts, and gives it freedom; of that which, next to their country, is the chief object of worship to generous minds. Let us institute another festival more affecting still; the festival of misfortune. Wealth and power are the idols of slaves: let us honour misfortune; misfortune, which

humanity cannot chase from the earth, but which it can soften and cheer. Thou also shalt receive our homage, divine friendship ! thou who didst heretofore unite the hero and the sage; thou who givest additional strength to the lovers of their country; for whom traitors, associated for the purposes of guilt, have worn only the hypocritical marks of pretended respect ; divine friendship ! amongst republican Frenchmen thy power shall be acknowledged, and thy altars revered !”

However well Robespierre performed the hypocrite, he had not sufficient address to preserve the character; for humanity, and misfortune, and glory, and friendship, enlightening and consoling the world; and all the mockery and show of the festival, with all the hopes and expectations of the unfortunate prisoners, vanished into thin air. The festival, as has been related, took place on the 20th of Prairial; and on the 22d the law for condemnation *in mass*, without witness or defence, passed the convention, and the work of death went on with redoubled speed.

Had the tyrants who were thus successful in their usurpation, after crushing their immediate rivals, established a more humane system of government, of which they would have been the protectors, the world might still have remained ignorant at least of the excesses of their crimes; and might have attributed their severity to the perilous circumstances in which they were placed, by the coalesced powers without, and the intrigues of the royal and aristocratical party within. In this case, none of those atrocious acts which the fall of Robespierre has unveiled would have been known, and what is now the subject of general horror would have been regarded only as necessary evil.

The historian, therefore, who should have taken the public acts, or the papers relating the transactions of the day, as the basis of his information, would have deceived himself and posterity. And even now the task

task will be difficult to transmit with accuracy and impartiality the history of that extraordinary epocha ; which furnishes a most awful and stupendous monument of all that is sublime, and base; of all that is most virtuous, and most vile; of all that can excite mankind to the daring and heroic act, and of all that can make man with unutterable horror fly from man as from a pestilence.

The moment, however, was now approaching when humanity was to be avenged of its tyrants for that long scene of multiplied crimes, of which what pen can make the recapitulation? "There are times," Voltaire observes, "of horrors and of madness among mankind, as there are times of pestilence; and this contagion has made the tour of the world." France has just seen one of these epochas, which are the astonishment, the terror, and the shame of human nature. Happily they are rare in any history; and in the course of the ordinary calamities which are the scourge of civil society, those epochas may be considered as mortal maladies, amidst that crowd of habitual infirmities which are inseparable from our organization.

"When we dare reflect," says the illustrious advocate of humanity, Servan, "on all that has just passed, and repeat with a sigh, *I also am a man*, we know not at what we ought most to blush—the crimes which human nature can commit, or those which it can suffer; at the horrible wickedness of the few, or the stupid patience of the whole."

"We have seen what a wicked man would have blushed at foreseeing, and what a good man would have feared to imagine; we have seen what those who have committed would not have believed in the history of others; we have seen in one moment, and as it were by a thunder-bolt, the whole of France become only one frightful chaos, or rather one vast conflagration; every principle, consecrated by necessity in

every

every place, at all periods, and in every heart, spurned at or annihilated; the overthrow of every custom, nay of prejudices and even habits; the almost total exchange of property, which is more astonishing than its ruin; beggary taking place of wealth, and wealth not daring to put itself into the place of beggary; in the midst of which, a band of villains, but a handful compared to the whole nation, scattered throughout the republic, subdue a people victorious without, and armed within. And this band of monsters were still greater in impudence than crimes; parading from city to city, from street to street, from place to place, from house to house, with robbery, pillage, famine, and assassination in their train; striking with the same poniard the prudence which was silent, or the truth that had the boldness to speak; pursuing the fearful man in his flight, after having murdered the intrepid citizen who scorned to fly. We have seen indeed the moment, when every man in France who was not a decided villain could not, without risking death every hour of the day, either be silent or speak out, either stay or fly;—and this was suffered by Frenchmen at the very period when they were the conquerors of the world."

It was impossible that this state of extreme violence could be permanent. The first dawning hope of deliverance arose from the quarrels of the different factions; it was therefore with satisfaction, the cause of which the friends of liberty were cautious to dissemble, that they saw the party of the commune, of the war minister, and of Danton, sent to the scaffold; for there seemed no reason why other factions should not arise to displace, and also to bring to punishment, those who now wielded the revolutionary sceptre.

Though Danton was destroyed, his party was still numerous in the convention; and it was asserted, that had he appeared at the tribune when he was accused, and denounced Robespierre, he would have sent his rival

rival to the scaffold. Robespierre, who was conscious that he had not subdued the spirit, though he had taken off the head, of the faction, thought, like Cæsar, that nothing was done while any thing remained unfinished. He saw the difficulty that would attend his operations, if, to use Camille Desmoulins' expression, he continued to make "des coups régis" in the forest of the convention, and therefore conceived, it seems, the hardy project of felling the whole wood at one stroke; of breaking up the convention as a gangrened body not worth partial applications, and taking the care of the state into his own hands.

The committees of public and general safety, which were the committees of government, were absolute in their administration, and the convention had dwindled into the most contemptible insignificance. The deputies met to hear a report for the sake of form, to clap their hands on the re-election of their tyrants when the periods arrived, or huzza at a camagnol of Barrere; and were sent away at four o'clock to dinner, to call again the next morning at twelve.

Although Robespierre had succeeded in breaking them into this subordination, he had not so entirely checked the ambition of his fellow riders; for there were some, who, though better dissemblers than the members of the late commune, beheld with as unsatisfied an eye the stretches which Robespierre's faction were making; and which they saw would push them from their seats, as they had aided him in removing others.

The first step towards the acquisition of absolute power was the concentration of all authority in the committee of public safety. Robespierre had filled the vacant places in the commune with his own creatures, and the jacobins were his devoted subjects. All that remained, therefore, was to annihilate the powers of the committee of general safety, which took care

care of the lives and properties of the citizens, while the other was charged with the external affairs and the general weal of the state; and unite in this last both individual and public welfare. To this proposition the members of the committee of general safety did not discover any readiness to assent; and though Robespierre had reigned with uncontrolled sway since the death of the Gironde, his ascendancy over his associates had not reached so far as to prevail with them to bend their necks, like the herd of the convention and the people, to his yoke.

These struggles had made a formal division at this period in the two committees, which had consisted for some time of two parties; but whose coalition had been cemented hitherto by crimes and by blood. Robespierre's party in the committee of public safety was composed of St. Just, Couthon, and Barrere; in that of general safety, of David, Vadier, and some others; and though these committees were at hostilities with each other, the interest of the ruffians was too closely united to bring their quarrel before the public. The ambition of Robespierre embarrassed them much, and it was more than once proposed that recourse should be had to the poniard. This plan, which was highly relished by many members of the committee, was vehemently opposed by a citizen, who, having been admitted into their councils, was often an instrument in the hands of Providence of lessening individual horrors, and of saving many from destruction. He represented to them all the evils that would necessarily result from such an act of premature violence; that they might indeed kill the tyrant, but that they would infallibly be the victims themselves; that he would be considered by the people as a martyr, and they would be reputed his murderers; while forbearance and temporizing would push him on to some act of inconsideration and folly, which they, who knew his treasonable designs, might lay hold on as an

attempt to destroy the liberty of the republic; and the people would send him with execrations to the scaffold, whom, in the present state of things, they would perhaps be ignorantly induced to honour as a saint.

---

*The same to the same; in Continuation.*

Robespierre, finding the committee so little inclined to pay him that submissive homage which was yielded to him by the rest of France, absented himself both from them and the convention during some weeks; and began to prepare for open hostilities, with the assistance of the jacobins, the revolutionary tribunal, and the regenerated commune. The united strength of these bodies was very formidable, and the convention had nothing to oppose to them, but the possibility of exciting rebellion against the constituted authorities; for the military force was in the hands of Henriot, who was the devoted slave of Robespierre; and the civil and revolutionary concerns of the sections of Paris centred in the commune, the directors of which were of his immediate appointment. The jacobins bore sway over the whole, and he was the absolute monarch of the jacobins.

When Robespierre thought that his plan was sufficiently matured, he appeared at the tribune of the convention, which he had not entered for some time, and made a vehement harangue on the oppression which was exercised over himself, and against the operations of the committees; promising the convention, that he would propose the only means fitted to save the country.

His speech excited much agitation; the members appeared to listen to him with sensations similar to those of the inhabitants of some great city, who hear

the

the murmurs of the earthquake, and feel the ground shake beneath them, but are ignorant where the gulph will open, and what part, or if the whole, will be swallowed up. The convention, although alarmed, and doubtful how to act, yet seeing the prospect of irremediable ruin before their eyes, through the thin covering which the tyrant had thrown over his designs, assumed sufficient courage to debate on the prominent parts of his speech, which they ordered to be printed.

Having opened himself thus far to the convention, Couthon explained the speech more fully at the jacobins' in the evening. There he denounced the two committees of government as traitors, and insisted that the persons who composed those committees should be excluded from the society. The president of the revolutionary tribunal was the next commentator on Robespierre's speech, and pronounced without any reserve, that the convention should be purified also; which implied the entire dissolution of the representative body.

This purification was not to be confined to the convention; for the conspiracy against the republic had, to borrow the language of these regenerators, its authors and accomplices in every quarter of Paris. The fate of one description of those conspirators was so certain, that their graves were literally dug before their eyes, and graves of no ordinary extent. These were the multitude of prisoners who were waiting a more formal, but not less certain death, before the revolutionary tribunal. It had been proposed to build a scaffolding in the great hall of the Palais, resembling the hall of Westminster, where two or three hundred might be tried at once, instead of fifty or sixty as was the present mode. But it was now thought the great ends of national justice might be better answered by what was called emptying the prisons at once; and that, as the sentence of

these

these conspirators was already passed, the formality of their appearance at a tribunal might be dispensed with. For some days therefore labourers had been employed in several prisons of Paris, in making large excavations in their respective court-yards; and it was not concealed from many of the prisoners by their keepers, and even by the administrators of the police, how they were to be filled up. We cannot hesitate in believing this new instance of atrocity, when we compare the revolutionary language held by the chiefs on the necessity of quick expedients to get rid of traitors, together with the changes made just at this period in the keepers of the various prisons; since those who had most distinguished themselves for firmness of nerve in the commission of murders, had succeeded the ordinary ruffians\*; and also, what is more certain evidence, the information of many of the prisoners, who, confined in different prisons, agree in relating the same facts. There is also little doubt that the nobles and strangers, who by the law of the fifteenth of Germinal were dispersed through the various communes of the republic, under the eye of tyrants, who were informed of their residence by the decadary returns of the several municipalities which they inhabited, would have shared the fate of the prisoners.

The convention in the mean time observed their usual submissive silence, although they well knew that certain portions of them were designated, lists of proscription having been discovered from the carelessness of those who were to co-operate in the bloody

\* The jailor most celebrated for his atrocities was Benoit, who had been an executioner under the orders of Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, and who at this period was appointed keeper of the Luxembourg. His ferocious manners formed a lamentable contrast with the gentleness of the *good* Benoit whom I have mentioned in my former letters.

work.

work. One was found by accident among the papers of Vilate, one of revolutionary jury, who, being refractory on some particular point, had been arrested.

The same state of stupefaction which had led the convention to see former masses torn from their body, seemed still to benumb their faculties. Robespierre, whose secession from the committees had not rendered him less the master of their operations, flattered himself that the task was now perfectly easy; for, independent of his irresistible phalanxes, the jacobins, the revolutionary committees, the regenerated commune, and the military force of Paris, the terror which he had infused into the convention came powerfully to his aid.

The hours of the tyrant were nevertheless numbered, and the moment approached when he was to make his account with eternal justice. The attack of Robespierre upon his colleagues on the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> of Thermidor, and the commentary made by his accomplices at the jacobins' the same evening, roused the convention from their dishonourable lethargy, and they became bold from desperation.

The eventful day at length arrived, and both parties took their places in the hall of the convention with an air of affected calmness, while some ordinary business of the day went on; for no one even of the proscribed members seemed anxious to become the Curtius of the rest, although the next meeting of the jacobins, or the next motion of the municipality, might have decided the arrest of the whole of the convention, except Robespierre's faction. But St. Just having ascended the tribune, and begun a speech in the same whining tone which Robespierre had used the preceding day, complaining of the bad treatment he had received, and of the treason of his colleagues

colleagues in the committee; Tallien, and Billaud Varennes, the former of whom was on the list of proscription, and the latter Robespierre's rival in the committee, overpowered his voice by their denunciations against the perfidious and horrible designs of the tyrants, which they unveiled to the convention. Robespierre, who was ignorant of this counter conspiracy, though he saw a disposition the preceding day to mutiny, was struck as with a thunderbolt. He made at length some attempts to speak; but his voice was drowned in the denunciations poured forth against him. Tallien insisted on his arrest: but the convention, under the impression of its habitual terror, contented itself with pronouncing that of his inferior agents; and it was not till Robespierre had mounted the tribune, and, with the air of a chief, called the convention a band of robbers, that Vadier, one of his former accomplices, obtained the vote of accusation, by turning evidence against him. Robespierre, seeing himself beset on every side, threw a look of piercing indignation towards his brother mountaineers, and reproached them for their cowardice. Hearing curses poured down upon him from every quarter, and seeing that his kingdom was departed from him, he called out in the fury of desperation to be led to death; which the convention virtually decreed, in an unanimous vote of accusation against him. His colleagues St Just, Couthon, Le Bas, and his own brother, were arrested at the same time, and after some resistance were led away to prison.

Thus far the convention had been successful; for all parties had concurred in the humiliation of a tyrant, by whom all had been equally oppressed. But the scene which the city presented was truly alarming. The jacobins, hearing of the insurrection against Robespierre, immediately assembled. The commune, which was ordered to the bar of the convention,

vention, instead of obeying, rang the tocsin to call the citizens to arms. Henriot, the commander of the military force, who had been arrested and led to the committee of general safety, was released, and parading the streets on horseback, while the cannoneers under his orders had loaded their pieces. Robespierre with his colleagues was delivered from prison by the administrators of the police, and, being installed at the hotel de ville, had outlawed the whole convention.

Had the conspirators acted with ordinary sagacity; had they immediately marched their cannon against the convention, which for some hours was only guarded by a small number of armed citizens, the triumph of Robespierre and the municipality would have been complete. But, happily for humanity, they wasted those moments in deliberations and harangues; whilst the convention, taking courage at the goodness of its cause, and in the hope of some sparks of remaining virtue in the people, discovered a disposition to defend themselves, and in a short time thousands flew to their aid. The hall of the jacobins was cleared by the energy of Legendre; and seven deputies were named as generals for the conventional cause against the commune, who were now declared to be in a state of rebellion, and put out of the law. Such at this moment was the state of Paris, when the commander of the military force, Henriot, appeared in the court of the convention, and ordered it to surrender. But he came too late: the convention was now prepared for defence, and answered his summons by putting him out of the law as well as his employers.

This “hors la loi” has the same effect on a Frenchman as if it were the cry of the pestilence: the object becomes civilly excommunicated, and a sort of contamination is apprehended if you pass through the air which he has breathed. Such was

the effect which this decree produced upon the cannoneers, who had planted their artillery against the convention: without receiving any further instructions, except hearing that the commune were "hors la loi," they instantly turned their pieces. Henriot, seeing this unexpected resistance, and finding that the lections meant to denounce before they put the convention to death, slunk back to the commune, who were also in a profound state of deliberation. In the mean time the convention had sent deputies into every quarter of the town, to rally the citizens around the assembly; and they succeeded so well, that in a few hours the convention had an hundred thousand men to march against the commune. The hotel de ville was now besieged in its turn; and might have made a formidable resistance, had not the cannoneers of that quarter also heard of the "hors la loi," and refused to fire their pieces; while the immense multitude that were idly assembled in the place de Greve before the hotel, had taken possession of the carriages of the artillery to serve as ladders, from which they could stare into the windows, and crowds were mounted on the cannon to enjoy the spectacle. The conspirators now, abandoned, and, like Nero, having no friend or enemy at hand to dispatch them, had no means of escaping from ignominy but by a voluntary death, which they had not the courage to give themselves.

Catiline, it is said, was found at a considerable distance from his friends, mingled amongst his enemies, with a countenance bold and daring in death. It is somewhat remarkable, that nearly two years since a writer, drawing the parallel, or rather the dissimilitude of character between Catiline and Robespierre, observed, that whenever the decisive moment of contest should arise between the parties which were formed after the 10th of August, Robespierre

pierre would perish; not plunged into the ranks of his foes, but be struck by some ignoble hand, and die from a wound in his back.

The conspirators, seeing that all resistance was fruitless, hid themselves or took to flight. Robespierre was found in an apartment of the hotel, and was sternly reminded by a gendarme that a supreme being really existed. Robespierre held a knife in his hand, but had not courage to use it; the gendarme fired at him with a pistol, and broke his jaw-bone; he fell, without uttering a word. His brother threw himself out of a window, and broke his thigh by the fall. Henriot had given his associates the strongest assurances that he was secure of the military force of Paris; and Coffinhal, a judge of the revolutionary tribunal, when he saw that all was lost, poured forth the most bitter invectives against Henriot for having thus deceived them; and at length seizing him, in a fit of rage and despair, threw him out of a window. Henriot concealed himself a short time in a common-fewer, from whence he was dragged after having lost an eye. These criminals, with their accomplices, were brought, some on biers and others on foot, to the convention; from whence they were all sent to the Conciergerie, except Robespierre, who was carried into the anti-chamber of the committee of public safety, where those who attended him told me he lay stretched motionless on a table four hours, with his head bound up, and his eyes shut; making no answer to the taunting questions that were put to him, but pinching his thighs with convulsive agony, and sometimes looking round when he imagined no one was near. He underwent the operation of dressing his wounds, in order to prolong his existence a few hours; after which he was sent, with the rest of his associates, to the tribunal. The identification of their persons was all that was necessary, since they were  
hor,

*hors la loi*, and the sentence of execution against them was demanded by their former friend, Fouquier Tainville.

On the evening of the 10th of Thermidor (the 28th of July, 1794) these criminals were led to the scaffold. The frantic joy which the Parisians discovered on this occasion was equal to the pusillanimous stupor into which they had been hitherto plunged. The maledictions that accompanied the tyrants on their way to execution were not, as usual, the clamour of hireling furies; they proceeded with honest indignation from the lips of an oppressed people, and burst involuntarily from the heart of the fatherless and the widow. These monsters were made to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Many of them were so disfigured by wounds and bruises, that it was difficult to distinguish their persons, and little attention had been paid to alleviate these intermediate sufferings. In the mass perished Robespierre, his co-adjudicators Couthon and St. Just; Henriot, the commander of the military force of Paris; the mayor of Paris; the national agent; the president of the jacobins; the president of the revolutionary tribunal; the sansculotte preceptor of the young dauphin; and the agents of these leaders, to the number of twenty-two. The following day the members of the commune of Paris, to the amount of seventy-two, were beheaded on the place de Greve; and twelve, on the day after, completed the list of the chiefs of the present conspiracy.

The bar of the convention, which had hitherto been the echo of the tyrants, applauding every barbarous measure, and sanctioning every atrocious deed, now resounded with gratulation and triumph upon the victory, and assurances, since it was gained, that those who offered the address would have shed the last drop of blood to have obtained it; or, according to the accustomed phrase, "have made a

rampart of their bodies." This inconsistency on the part of the Parisians will not appear surprising, when we reflect that the city was divided into two parties —the murderers, who were now overthrown, and those who were to have been murdered, and who now exulted in their deliverance.

Considering the immense influence which the terrorist faction, the denomination now given to Robespierre's supporters, had obtained both in Paris and in the departments, the whole of the administrations, both civil and military, throughout the republic being put into their hands, it is scarcely credible that so mighty an host should have been overthrown by one single effort, and in which no measures were prepared or combined.

The inhabitants of those *living sepulchres*, the prisons of Paris, felt with most ecstasy this happy revolution. Hope had entirely forsaken them ; they had resigned themselves in fixed despair to that fate, which they believed to be inevitable.

The prisoners knew that some extraordinary scenes were passing in the city ; for in all the prisons they had been ordered to retire to rest one hour earlier than usual, and to leave their doors unlocked ; and at the same time they observed an air of mystery on the faces of their keepers, which seemed to bode some near and dreadful evil.

The ringing of the tocsin during the night served to increase their apprehensions ; they imagined a great tumult agitated the city, but concluded that it was only some stroke of more extensive tyranny that was about to be inflicted, and that would consolidate more firmly the power of the tyrants. In this state of torture they passed the night, and waited the light of the morning in all the pangs of terror and dismay. At length the morning returned, and the important secret had not yet penetrated the walls of the prisons ; but a feeling like hope animated the sinking spirits

spirits of the prisoners, when, with the searching eye of anxious expectation, they sought to read their fate in the countenances of their jailors, and there discovered evident marks of disappointment and desjection, while some relaxation from their habitual severity succeeded the extraordinary precautions and rigour of the preceding day.

They were not however long held in suspense. In some of the prisons the newspaper of the past evening was procured at an enormous price: but who could rate too high the purchase which brought the tidings of deliverance? In some of the prisons, the citizens who were obliged to perform the painful office of guards within their gloomy courts, contrived to tell the prisoners in monosyllables breathed in whispers (for all intercourse between the guards and the prisoners was sternly prohibited), that the hour of hope and mercy beamed upon their sufferings. In other prisons they were informed of what was passing, by women who displayed upon the roofs of houses, which overlooked at a distance the prison walls, the names of Robespierre and his associates, written in such broad characters that the prisoners with the aid of glasses could read them plainly; and after presenting the name, the generous informer shewed by expressive gestures, that the head of him who bore that name had fallen.

A military gentleman who was confined in the prison of the Abbey told me, that, after having passed the night of the 27th of July, in the immediate expectation of being massacred, all his fears were instantly relieved by a very slight circumstance. The prisoners had long been denied the consolation of any interview with their friends; the utmost privilege allowed them was that of writing upon the direction of the packets of linen, when they were sent to their houses to be washed, or received from thence, after a very strict examination, "Je me

porte bien \*." The wife of this gentleman, to whom she was tenderly attached, used every day to write with an aching heart upon the packet, " Je me porte bien." On the morning of the 28th of July, the packet arrived as usual ; but one monosyllable and one note of admiration were added to the direction : " Ah, que je me porte bien ! " With an emotion of transport which told him his misfortunes were at an end, he read those little words, and hailed the blessed augur.

During many hours the fall of the tyrant was repeated with cautious timidity through the dreary mansions of confinement, and the prisoners related to each other the eventful tale, as if they feared that

" More than echoes talked along the walls."

Even the minds of those who were at liberty, were too strongly fettered by terror to bear the sudden expansion of joy ; and the gentleman who first brought the tidings to my family that Robespierre was arrested, after having been blamed for his imprudence in mentioning such a circumstance before some strangers who were present, said in a tone of resentment, " This is the fourth family which I have endeavoured to make happy by this news ; and instead of being thanked for the intelligence, all are afraid to hear it."

At length, however, the clouds of doubt, mistrust, and apprehension vanished, the clear sunshine of joy beamed upon every heart, and every eye was bathed in tears of exultation. Yet those overwhelming emotions were empoisoned by bitter regrets. Every individual had to lament some victim to whom he was bound by the ties of nature, of gratitude, or of

\* I am well.

† Ah, how well I am !

affection ;

affection; and many were doomed to mourn over a friend, a father, or a husband, whom a month, a week, a day would have snatched from death. With peculiar pangs those victims were regretted, who were led to execution, to the number of nearly sixty, on the 27th of July, without guards, the military having been called to the aid of the convention on the arrest of Robespierre. It was recollected when too late, it was re-echoed through Paris with a general feeling of remorse, that one word might have rescued those last martyrs of tyranny from death, and that yet they were suffered to perish.

If any private individual had from the gallery, or at the bar of the convention, demanded a respite, there is no doubt it would immediately have been granted. The heart dilates at the idea of that sublime happiness which he would have prepared for himself, who should thus have rescued the innocent. What evil could malignity or misfortune have inflicted upon a mind, which could have repelled them with the consciousness of such an action? But tyranny, like "guilt, makes cowards of us all;" every man trembled for himself; the event of the day yet hung in suspense, and the sufferers were left to die.

Soon after the execution of Robespierre, the committee of general safety appointed a deputation of its members to visit the prisons, and speak the words of comfort to the prisoners; to hear from their own lips the motives of their captivity, and to change the bloody rolls of proscription into registers of promised freedom. In the mean time orders for liberty arrived in glad succession; and the prisons of Paris, so lately the abodes of hopeless misery, now exhibited scenes which an angel of mercy might have contemplated with pleasure.

The first persons released from the Luxembourg were Mons. and Madame Bitauby, two days after the fall of Robespierre. When they departed, the

prisoners, to the amount of nine hundred persons, formed a lane to see them pass ; they embraced them, they bathed them with tears, they overwhelmed them with benedictions, they hailed with transport the moment which gave themselves the earnest of returning freedom : but the soul has emotions for which the lips have no utterance, and the feelings of such moments may be imagined, but cannot be defined.

Crowds of people were constantly assembled at the gates of the prisons, to enjoy the luxury of seeing the prisoners snatched from their living tombs, and restored to freedom : that very people, who had beheld in stupid silence the daily work of death, now melted in tears over the sufferers, and filled the air with acclamations at their release.

Among a multitude of affecting scenes which passed at those prison-doors, where the wife, after a separation like that of death, again embraced her husband—where children clung upon the necks of their long-lost parents—none were more interesting than the unbounded transports of a little boy of six years of age, the son of Mons. de F——, when his father met him at the gate, and while he pressed him in his arms with an emotion which choked his voice. This child was particularly remarked, having engaged the affections of many persons in the neighbourhood by his behaviour during his father's long confinement. He had never failed to come every day bounding along the terrace of the Luxembourg, till he approached the walls of the prison ; and when he reached the sentinel, he always pulled off his hat very respectfully, and, looking up in his face with a supplicating air, enquired, *Citoyen, vous me permettrez de saluer mon papa?*\* and unless when

\* Citizen, you will give me leave to kiss my hand to my papa ?

he spoke to those "who never had a son;" his petition was generally granted. He then used to kiss his hands again and again to his father, and play over his sportive tricks before him, while the parent's tears followed each other in swift succession;

All the little artifices which affection had prompted to cheat the watchful severity of unrelenting jailors, and soften the agonies of separation by the charm of mutual intercourse, were now disclosed. And it was found that love and friendship had been more vigilant than suspicion itself; had eluded its wakeful eye; and, in spite of triple bolts, and guards, and spies, had poured forth those effusions of tenderness, those assurances of fidelity not to be shaken by the frown of tyrants, which cheered the gloom of the prison, and awakened in the heart of the captive those luxurious feelings that arise when

—————“ sweet remembrance sooths  
With virtue’s kindest looks the aching breast,  
And turns our tears to rapture.”

Sometimes pieces of paper carelessly torn, and sent at different periods wrapped round fruit or vegetables, when the scattered scraps were rejoined by the prisoner, communicated the tidings he was most anxious to hear. Sometimes a tender billet was found inclosed within a roasted fowl; and when the period arrived at which no nourishment was suffered to be sent to the prisoners, the fainting frame was occasionally revived by rich and cordial wines, which were conveyed on the pretence of sickness, labelled as bottles of medicine. But one of the pious frauds most successfully employed was the agency of a dog. His master was confined in the prison of the Luxembourg, and the faithful animal contrived every day to get into the prison, and penetrate as far as his chamber, when he used to overwhelm him with

caresses, and seem to participate in his distress. His wife, who was at liberty, but deprived of all intercourse with her husband, used to caress the dog upon his return from the prison with the same kind of emotion with which Werter gazed upon the little ragged boy whom he sent to see Charlotte when he was prevented from seeing her himself. At length the idea suggested itself to the lady of inclosing a billet within the dog's collar; she contrived to give her husband some intimation of her scheme, which she immediately put in practice. From that period the four-legged courier, furnished with his invisible packet, marched boldly forward every day at the appointed hour through hosts of foes, and, in defiance of revolutionary edicts, laid his dispatches and his person at his master's feet.

Paris was now converted into a scene of enthusiastic pleasure. The theatres, the public walks, the streets, resounded with the songs of rejoicing; the people indulged themselves in all the frolic gaiety which belongs to their character; and all the world knows that joy is no where so joyous as at Paris, which seems the natural region of pleasure, who, though scared away for a while by sullen tyrants, soon returns upon her light wing, like the waidering dove, and appears to find on no other spot her proper place of rest.

Upon the fall of Robespierre, the terrible spell which bound the land of France was broken; the shrieking whirlwinds, the black precipices, the bottomless gulphs, suddenly vanished; and reviving nature covered the wastes with flowers, and the rocks with verdure.

All the fountains of public prosperity and public happiness were indeed poisoned by that malignant genius, and therefore the streams have since occasionally run bitter; but the waters are regaining their purity, are returning to their natural channels, and

and are no longer disturbed and sullied in their course.

I shall, in a short time, send you an account of the events which have succeeded the fall of Robespierre, and which wind up the singular drama of revolutionary government conformably to the most rigid rules of poetical justice; or rather let me say, that we see heaven calming the doubts of human weakness on its mysterious ways, by the triumph of innocence and the expiation of guilt.

The eventful scenes of the last winter will lead us to the present moment at which revolutionary government ceases, and a new constitution is presented to the people of France. The vessel of the state, built with toil and trouble, and cemented with blood, will soon be launched. We have yet seen nothing but disjointed planks, and heard only the discordant turbulence of the hammer and the anvil. The fabric is at length erected; and it now remains to be tried, if it be framed of materials sufficiently firm and durable to defy the shock of the conflicting elements, and float majestically down the stream of time.

TABLE  
OF THE ORDER OF PRECEDENCE IN  
ENGLAND.

**THE KING.**

**THE PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL**—that is, the *Sons*, *Grandsons*, *Uncles*, and *Brothers* of the King.

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**

**THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, or LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.**

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.**

**THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.**

**THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.**

The rest of the great officers of state take precedence, in respect of their offices, of other persons their equals in Rank exclusive of such offices.

Dukes.

Marquisses.

Dukes eldest Sons, called Marquisses by courtesy.

Earls.

Eldest Sons of Marquisses, who are Earls by courtesy.

Younger Sons of Dukes.

Viscounts.

Eldest Sons of Earls.

Younger Sons of Marquisses.

Bishops.

Barons.

Eldest Sons of Viscounts.

Younger Sons of Earls.

Eldest Sons of Barons.

Privy Counsellors.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Master of the Rolls.

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Masters in Chancery.

Paisne

Puisne Judges.	Serjeants at Law.
Younger Sons of Viscounts.	Doctors.
Younger Sons of Barons.	Justices of the Peace.
Knights of the Garter if possessed of no other title.	Barristers at Law.
Baronets.	Lieutenant Colonels.
Knights of the Bath, Thistle, and Saint Patrick.	Majors.
Field Officers of the Army, and Flag Officers of the Navy.	Captains.
Knights Batchelors.	The Clergy, not distinguished by particular preferments.
Colonels.	Esquires.
	Merchants, and the practisers of the liberal professions Arts and Sciences.

The Rank of Ladies is ascertained by that of their Husbands or Parents.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

# INDEX

TO

## VOLUME THE SECOND.

---

### CHAPTER V.

#### OLD AGE.

##### LETTERS OF SENTIMENT, MORALITY, &c.

	Page
I. Mr. le President Montesquieu to Mr. Bruant; on Liberty .....	1
II. Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, in Ireland, to Mrs. Sandys; on Poetry .....	3
III. Mr. Dryden to Mr. Dennis; on Poetry .....	8
IV. Lord Lyttleton to ****; on Oratory and the aids it derives from Poetry .....	12
V. Baptista Angeloni to the Reverend Father Fransisco Sansovino .....	17
VI. Dr. Atterbury to Mr. Pope .....	20
VII. Lord Lyttleton to ****; on false taste in Building, &c. .....	21
VIII. Angeloni to Father Vincenzo Spinetto; on oddity of Character .....	23

#### ANGER.

I. Dr. Moore to a Friend .....	32
II. Queen Mary to the Princess Anne .....	39
III. The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth .....	40
IV. The Duke of Marlborough to Queen Anne; on his Dismission .....	41
V. M. de Voltaire to Lord Lyttleton; Author of the Dialogues of the Dead .....	42
VI. The answer .....	43
	VII.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

	Page
VII. Dr. Johnson to Lord Chesterfield .....	44
VIII. Dr. Swift to Lord Palmerston .....	46
IX. Lord Lyttleton to **** .....	50
X. The Earl of Derby to Ireton, one of the Generals of the Parliament's Army, in the Reign of King Charles I. in answer to a Summons to deliver up the Isle of Man .....	52
XI. Dr. Johnson to Mr. James M <sup>r</sup> Pherson, Editor of the Poems of Ossian .....	ib.
XII. Sir Philip Sidney to Molineux .....	53
XIII. The answer .....	54
XIV. Dr. Johnson to William Strahan, Esq. .....	ib.

### SICKNESS.

I. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi .....	55
II. Mr. Sterne to John Hall Stevenson, Esq. .....	58
III. Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery .....	59
IV. Dean Swift, Esq. to Lord Orrery .....	61
V. Dr. Tillotson to a Friend .....	63
VI. Mr. Grey to Mr. Mason .....	67
VII. Dr. Johnson to the Honorable Mr. Wyndham; on his (Dr. Johnson's) recovery from an Illness .....	ib.

### DEATH.

I. The Earl of Strafford to his Son, previous to his Execution .....	68
II. Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford .....	71
III. Dr. Rundle to Archdeacon S. .....	73
IV. From the Spectator; relating the heroic Death of a Lady .....	74

### CONDOLENCE.

I. Letter from Robert Earl of Leicester to his Daughter, Dorothy Countess of Suther- land; on the Death of her Husband, who was slain at the Battle of Newberry .....	77
II.	

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

	Page
II. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale; on the Death of her Husband .....	79
III. From the same to the same .....	81
IV. Lord Baltimore to Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford; on the Death of his Wife .....	ib.
V. Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Chevenix; on the Death of his Wife .....	83
VI. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Lawrence; on the Death of his Wife .....	84
VII. Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Strahan; on the Death of her Son .....	85
VIII. Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphenstone; on the Death of his Mother .....	86
IX. Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby; on the Death of his Brother .....	87

## CHAPTER VI.

### LETTERS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM.

I. Letter from Mr. W. Congreve to Mr. Dennis; on the difference between Wit and Humour .....	91
II. Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve .....	102
III. Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris .....	104
IV. Mr. Sterne to ———, Esq. .....	106
V. Mr. Pilkington to Mr. Delaney; on the Misery occasioned by receiving a large Sum of Money.....	109
VI. Dr. Swift to Dr. Sheridan; in Rhyme .....	117
VII. From a Gentleman to his Friend; containing a humorous Description of a Journey from Exeter to London .....	120
VIII. Mr. Gray to Mr. Nicholls; on his situation at Cambridge .....	126
IX. Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq. on the Criticism of Mr. Dennis .....	128
X. Mr. Pope to Mr. Walsh; on English Versification .....	132
	XI.

## INDEX TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

	Page
XI. Angeloni to the Countess of M. at Rome ; containing a Criticism of Shakespeare's Tragedy of Othello .....	136
XII. From the same to the same ; containing a Criticism of Mr. Garrick's performance of King Lear .....	146
XIII. From Mr. Hume to ——— ; on the au- thenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian	155

## CHAPTER VII.

### DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE.

I. Letter from Dr. Herring to William Duncombe, Esq. describing a Journey into Wales .....	160
II. Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Mrs. S. C. ....	164
III. Same to the Countess of ——— .....	166
IV. Same to Mr. P. ....	169
V. Same to the Countess of ——— .....	171
VI. Same to Mr. Pope .....	175
VII. Same to the Prince of Wales .....	180
VIII. Dr. Moore to ——— ; describing the Alps	182
IX. Same, in Continuation .....	183
X. Cardinal Ganganelli, afterwards Pope Clement	
XIV. to the Abbé Freghen .....	197
XI. Dr. Moore to ——— ; describing Mount	
Vesuvius .....	205
XII. Same to *** ; describing the City of Her- culaneum .....	211
XIII. The Reverend Mr. Sterne to *** .....	220
XIV. Dr. Moore to *** ... .....	221
XV. Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham : with	
XVI. Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at	
Tilbury Fort .....	227
XVII. James Howell to Lady Scroop, Countess of	
Sunderland .....	229
XVIII. Same to the Marquis of Hartford .....	232
XIX. Dr. Moore to ——— ; containing remark- able instances of the Severity of the Laws	
of Venice .....	237
XX.	

INDEX TO VOLUME THE SECOND.

	Page
XX. James Howell to Sir James Crofts .....	243
XXI. Same to Dr. Howell .....	247
XXII. Miss Williams to a Friend, describing her Arrestation and Confinement, in Consequence of a Decree of the National Convention of France .....	250
XXIII. The same to the same, in continuation .....	257
XXIV. The same to a Friend ; describing several cruel Executions, by Decrees of the Revolutionary Tribunal .....	267
XXV. The same to a Friend ; describing the Cruelties exercised at Lyons .....	284
XXVI. The same to a Friend ; relating the Cruelties practised at Nantes .....	293
XXVII. The same to a Friend, describing the unhappy Catastrophe of a Family in the South of France .....	302
XXVIII. The same to a Friend ; relating the fall and death of Robespierre and his adherents .....	316
XXIX. The same to the same, in Continuation .....	329
XXX. The Table of Precedence .....	347

