THE COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER;

OR,

Polite Englifh Secretary.

CONTAINING

FAMILIAR LETTERS

On the moft common OCCASIONS in LIFE.

ALSO

A Variety of more elegant LETTERS for *Examples* and Improvement of *Style*, from the beft modern Authors, together with many Originals,

ON

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

To which is prefix'd, A Plain and Compendious

GRAMMAR of the ENGLISH TONGUE.

ALSO

DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS;

And how to addrefs Perfons of all Ranks, either in *Writing* or *Difcourfe*; and fome neceffary *Orthographical Directions*.

Heav'n firft taught *Letters* for fome Wretch's Aid,
Some banifh'd Lover, or fome captive Maid;
They live, they fpeak, they breathe what Love infpires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to it's Fires;
The Virgin's Wifh without her Fears impart,
Excufe the Blufh, and pour out all the Heart;
Speed the foft Intercourfe from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*. POPE.

The SIXTEENTH EDITION.

To which is now firft added, a few felect LETTERS,

By the late Rev. LAURENCE STERNE and others.

With fome Obfervations on

LETTER-WRITING, and of the Knowledge of the World,

By the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD,

In his ADVICE to his SON.

LONDON:

Printed for S. CROWDER, in Pater-Nofter-Row, and BENJ. CHA. COLLINS, in Salifbury. 1778.

D.

PREFACE.

AS a great Part of the Intercourſe of Mankind has ever been tranſacted by Letter, it is a juſt Reflection upon any Man, eſpecially in this more refined Age, not to be able to acquit himſelf handſomely in this Reſpect. The Occaſions to do this are ſo very numerous, and the Shame of doing it ill, ſo great, in low as well as in high Life, that every Endeavour to render them more perfect in this Accompliſhment, is at leaſt intitled to a candid Reception.

There have been many Attempts towards a Work of this Sort; and though it were unkind to detract from the Merit of ſuch Labours, yet this we muſt obſerve, that thoſe which have hitherto reached our Notice, fall very ſhort of the End propoſed. It would be a diſagreeable Taſk to ſingle out the Imperfections in other Performances of this Kind; therefore we ſhall only obſerve, that ſome of them, however, are here ſupplied.

In the firſt Place, the Perſons for whoſe Uſe this Collection is intended, are preſented with *A very plain and compendious Grammar of the Engliſh Language:* To which are added, Directions how to addreſs Perſons of all Ranks, either in Writing or Diſcourſe. This, we preſume, is laying the Foundation of our Deſign well and

as it ought to be. The Rudiments of a Tongue once obtained, we proceed *easy* to raise our Superstructure; without this we do nothing.

Next is an Introduction, containing Directions for inditing proper Letters on most Occasions, and the Sentiments of several eminent Authors on Epistolary Writing.

But the chief Branch of this Design, and which indeed composes the main Body of the Work, is a proper Collection of Letters, (with some Orginals) by eminent Authors, upon Subjects very various in their Nature, and therefore not easily thrown under regular Classes. *Business*, *Duty*, *Amusement*, *Affection*, *Courtship*, *Friendship*, and a Multiplicity of other Affairs that may require a *Letter*, are here made the Subject of ours; so that on most Occasions no Person can be at a Loss for a Pattern to direct him. And it is from this great Variety of Examples for *Stile* and *Manner*, a *Grammar* for writing true *English*, and other necessary Directions, that we presume to call this Performance by the Name of *The Complete Letter-Writer*; such a Number of Letters being inserted as to answer the Purpose almost of every Individual, from the Boy at School to the Secretary of State. Nor let it offend the Delicacy of any Reader, that he will here meet with many Epistles of the lower Class: These could not be omitted without deviating from the grand Point in View, namely, *General Utility*.

CON-

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A PLAIN

A

PLAIN and COMPENDIOUS

GRAMMAR

OF THE

ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR is the Art of Speaking and Writing any Language right and properly, and it has four Parts, and these are called *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax* and *Prosody*.

Orthography teaches how to spell and write every Word with proper Letters, as *Nation*, not *Nashun*; *Oration*, not *Orashun*; *did*, not *dud*; *Foot*, not *Fut*; *Tomb*, not *Toom*, &c.

Etymology teaches the Explanation or Kinds of Words, their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another in any Language.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of Words together in Sentences.

Prosody teaches the Accent and Quantities of Syllables, Pronunciation, and Art of making Verses.

Of Orthography and the Power of Letters.

A Letter is a Mark or Character of a single Sound in Speech. There are twenty-six Letters in the *English* Language, viz. *a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z*, called Vowels and Consonants.

A Vowel is a Letter which makes a full and perfect Sound of itself, without adjoining any other Letter to it. There are five Marks for Vowels in the *English* Tongue; they are, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and *(y)* at the End of Words for *ie*. *Y* is also a Vowel in the Middle of Words, but all such Words as have *(y)* in the Middle are of *Greek* Origin; and each of these Vowels have two general Sounds, that is, a long and a short Sound; the short Sound made long, by adding final or silent *(e)* at the End; as *bab*, *babe*; *her*, *here*; *Fir*, *Fire*; *Rob*, *Robe*; *Tun*, *Tune*. So when these Vowels end a Syllable, they are usually long; but generally short in all other Positions.

Of the single Consonants.

A Consonant is a Letter which cannot make a perfect Sound without adding some single or double Vowel either before or after it; *ib*, or *be*; *eat*, or *Tea*; and therefore derives its Name from consounding or sounding together with the Vowels. Nevertheless it may be defined, a Letter shewing the several Motions and Configurations of the Parts of the Mouth, by which the Sounds of the Vowels are variously determined.

The single Consonants are twenty-one in Number, *b c d f g h j k l m n p q r s t v w x y z*; and are divided into Mutes, (by which is meant Letters that are not pronounced, though wrote) and Half Vowels; four of the Half Vowels are called Liquids. A Mute is a Letter which cannot make a Sound without a Vowel, as, *b c d f g k p q t*. A Half Vowel is a Letter which makes an imperfect Sound without any Letter added; as, *(s)* is expressed by Hissing, *(r)* by a Quivering of the Tongue; these are *l m n r s v x z*. *H* is an Aspiration or Breathing; and *(j)* and *(w)* are Neutrals, having both articulate Sounds, especially *(w)*, which sounds every where *(oo)*, and should be so pronounced.

Of the double Consonants.

WHEN two or three Consonants meet together, we call them double Consonants; and of these some are fit to begin Words or Syllables, others to end only:

only: call the first initial or beginning, the second final or ending, double Consonants.

There are forty-one in Number, and are necessary to be understood for the better Knowledge of the Division of Syllables; these are, *Bl, br, ch, cl, cr, dr, dw, fl, fr, gl, gn, gr, kn, ph, pl, pr, rh, sc, sh, sk, sl, sm, sn, sp, sq, st, sw, th, tr, tw, wh, wr, phr, sch, scr, shr, spl, spr, str, thr, thw.*

Rules for true Spelling and right Division of the Syllables of long Words.

A Syllable is a compleat Sound, uttered in one distinct Breath; as, *so, of, in, which, good, Earth*, &c. Letters serve to make Syllables, and Syllables Words, &c. One single or one double Vowel only, or any one of the single or double Vowels joined to any one of the single or double Consonants, will make a Syllable. No Number of Consonants can make a Syllable without a Vowel; as *Strngth* can make no Syllable of themselves, but if I put in *(e)* betwixt *(r)* and *(n)* thus, *Strength*, it makes a Syllable and a proper Word: and therefore as many Vowels, single or double, as are found in a Word, of so many Syllables does that Word consist, which are never above seven or eight and few Words have so many; as *good*, one; *seem-ly*, two; *In-fer-mer*, three; *per-pe-tu-ate*, four; *de-po-pu-lat-ed*, five; *So-lem-ni-za-ti-on*, six; *Tran-sub-stan-ti-a-ti-on*, seven; *In-com-pre-hen-si-bi-li-ty*, eight.

A Monosyllable, is a Word of *one* Syllable.
A Disyllable, is a Word of *two* Syllables.
A Trisyllable, is a Word of *three* Syllables.
A Polysyllable is a Word of *many* Syllables.

There are five general Rules for the true Division of Syllables.

Rule 1. When a single Consonant comes between two Vowels, it goes with the last Vowel in dividing the Syllables: as, *a-bate, ca-bal, de-cay, Glo-ry, E-vent, Wo-man, a-love, a-mong, di-vide*, &c.

Rule 2. When two Consonants meet in the Middle of a Word, between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, they are parted in dividing the Syllables; as *Wed-ding*, *Ac-cent*, *Vir-gin*, *Mut-ton*, *But-ter*, *Trum-pet*, *Bar-gain*, &c.

Rule 3. When two or three Consonants meet between two Vowels that are proper to begin a Word, then they go with the last Syllable in the Division; as *de-prive*, *re-splendent*, *Bro-ther*, *re-prieve*, *a-bridge*, *Ta-bret*, *re-strict*, &c.

Rule 4. When three or four Consonants meet between two Vowels, which are not proper to begin a Word, the first Consonant is always kept with the first Syllable in the Division; as *sub-stract*, *ag-gravate*, *af-flict*, *Con-gruity*, *con-struct*, *in-scribe*, &c.

Rule 5. When two Vowels of different Sounds meet in the Middle of Words, they are parted in the dividing Syllables; as *Li-ar*, *re-al*, *Ri-ot*, *Tri-al*, *Li-on*, *Be-ing*, *Vow-el*, &c.

Compound Words are always spelt as their simple; thus, *Crafts-men*, *Gold-smith*, *Gazing-stock*, *Ship-wreck*, *trans-act*, *dis-unite*, *un-equal*, &c.

Derivative Words are always spelt as their Primitive; thus, *tempt*, *tempt-ed*; *second*, *second-ary*; *covet*, *covet-ous*; *form*, *form-ed*, &c.

But when the Primitive ends with a Vowel, and the Syllable which is added begins also with a Vowel, then the first Vowel is always dropt, and the Sound of the preceding Consonant is softened by the subsequent Vowel; as *Ape*, *A-pish*; *Fame*, *fa-mous*; *Love*, *lov-ed*; *give*, *giv-er*; *move*, *mov-ing*; *hate*, *hat-ing*; *dance*, *danc-ing*; *trifle*, *tri-fling*; *bubble*, *bub-bling*, &c.

Observe that all derivative Words ending in *(ing)* are active Participles, formed of Verbs which are their Primitives; and where the leaving out *(e)* in this Participle would cause any Confusion in the Sense, it is better to retain it; as from the Verb *singe*, write *singe-ing*,

ing, and *singe-eth*, to distinguish it from *singing*, and *sing-eth*. But it is to be observed that this *(e)* is not dropt before *(able)*; as *advise*, *advise-able*; *desire*, *desire-able*; *agree*, *agree-able*; *change*, *change-able*, &c.

If the additional Syllable, which makes it a Derivative, begins with a Consonant, then the Vowel in the Primitive is always retained, according to the Rule of derivative Words; as *love*, *love-ly*; *like*, *Like-ness*; *fine*, *fine-ly*; *Time*, *time-ly*, &c.

And when the primitive Word ends with *(y)* it is changed into *(i)* in the Derivation; as *Duty*, *duti-ful*; *crafty*, *Crafti-ness*; *angry*, *Angri-ness*; *Envy*, *envi-ous*, &c. But *(y)* is retained before the Vowel *(i)*; as *testify*, *testify-ing*; *multiply*, *multiply-ing*; *Envy*, *envy-ing*; *deny*, *deny-ing*; *apply*, *apply-ing*, &c.

And when a Word of one or more Syllables ends with a single Consonant, and no Diphthong goes before it, and the Accent lies on the last Syllable, then that Consonant is always double in the Derivative; as *man*, *man-ned*; *pen*, *pen-ned*; *fan*, *fan-ned*; *stir*, *stir-red*; *tin*, *tin-ned*; *sin*, *sin-ned*; *stop*, *stop-ping*; *drop*, *drop-ping*; *tun*, *tun-ned*, &c.

Of primitive and derivative Words.

ALL Words are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is not formed of any other; as *Man*, *Good*, *Hope*, *Kind*, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the same; such as *able*, *al*, *ance*, *ary*, *ate*, *ed*, *en*, *er*, *est*, *eth*, *ing*, *ish*, *ism*, *ist*, *ize*, *less*, *ly*, *ness*, *ous*, *y*.

A compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as *Wheel-wright*, *Ship-wright*, *School-master*: or of a simple Word and Syllable, called a Preposition, set before it; as *dis-please*, *un-fit*, *con-found*, &c.

Of the Prepositions that are used in the Composition of English *Words, their Signification and Use.*

THE *English* Prepositions used in the Composition of *English* Words are, *A*, *be*, *for*, *fore*, *mis*, *over*, *out*, *run*, *up*, *with*.

A. Signifies as much as *on*, or *in*; as *a-foot*, *a-shore*, for *on Foot*, *on Shore*.

Be. Signifies *about*; as in *be-sprinkle*, that is, *to sprinkle about*, *to be-stir*, i. e. *to stir about*.

For. Denies, or deprives; as *for-bid*, i. e. *bid it not to be done*; *for-sake*, i. e. *not to seek it any more*.

Fore. Signifies as much as *before*; as *to fore-see*, i. e. *to see it before it comes to pass*; *to fore-bode*, i. e. *to tell before it happens*.

Mis. Is always used in a bad Sense, and denotes Defect or Error; as, *Mis-deed*, i. e. *an ill Deed*; *to mis-take*, that is, *to take it wrong*; *to mis-use*, that is, *to use ill*.

Over. Signifies Superiority; as *to over-come*, *to over-rule*, &c.

Out. Signifies also Superiority or Excellency in any Thing; as *to out-do*, *to out-run*, *to out-go*, &c.

Un. Denotes Negation, and signifies *not*; as *un-pleasant*, that is, *not pleasant*; *un-worthy*, that is, *not worthy*, &c.

Up. Always denotes Motion upwards; as *Up-land*, that is, *the Land that is high in Respect of some other Land*; *Up-side*, that is, *the Side that is highest*.

With. Signifies *against*; as *with-stand*, that is, *to stand against*: it sometimes signifies as much as *from* or *back*; as *to with-hold*, that is, *to hold from one*; *to withdraw*, that is, *to draw from* or *back*, &c.

The following are Latin Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words, viz. *Ab* or *abs*, *ad*, *ante*, *circum*, *con* from *cum*, *contra*, *de*, *dis*, *di*, *e* or *ex*, *enter*, *extra*, *in*, *inter*, *intro*, *ob*, *per*, *post*, *pre*, *pro*, *preter*, *re*, *retro*, *se*, *sub*, *subter*, *super*, *trans*.

Ab, or *abs*. Signifies *from*, and denotes Separation or parting; as *to ab-stain*, *to ab-olish*, *to ab-dicate*, &c.

Ad. Signifies *to* or *at*; as *Ad-vocate*, *Ad-verb*, *Ad-vent*, *ad-jacent*, &c.

Ante. Signifies *before*; as *Ante-cedent*, that is, *the fore-going Word*; *to ante-date*, that is, *to date it before*, &c.

Circum. Signifies *about*; as *Circum-locution*, that is, *a round about Way of Speaking*; *Circum-vallation*, that is, *a ditching about*, &c.

Con. from *cum*. Signifies *with* or *together*; as *Con-vocation*,

vocation, i. e. *a calling or meeting together*; *Colloquy*, i. e. *a talking with* or *together*.

Contra. Denotes Opposition and Contrariety, and signifies *against*; as *to contra-dict*, i. e. *to gainsay* or *speak against*, or *contrary to a Person*, &c.

De. Signifies a Kind of Motion from; as *de-file*, that is, a *filing off* or *from*; *to de-camp*, that is, *to move the Camp off* or *from*, &c.

Dis. Signifies Difference, Separation, or Diversity, and every where gives a Signification contrary to the Word it is compounded with; as *dis-agree*, that is, *not to agree*; *dis-believe*, that is, *not to believe*; *Dis-advatage*, that is, *no Advantage*, &c.

Di. Has hardly any other Use than the extending or stretching out the Sense of the Word it is compounded with; as *to di-rect*, *to di-minish*, &c.

E, or *ex*. Signifies *out*; as *E-vent*, that is, *the Falling out*; *to e-ject*, that is, *to cast out*; *to ex-clude*, that is, *to shut out*; *to ex-tinguish*, that is, *to put out*, &c.

Enter. Comes from the French *entre*, and that from the Latin *inter*, that is, *between*.

Extra. Signifies *beyond*, *over and above*; as *extra-vagant*, that is, *beyond Bounds*; *Extra-ordinary*, that is, *beyond what is ordinary*, &c.

Inter. Signifies *between*; as *to inter-vene*, that is, *to come between*; *Inter-val*, that is, *the Space between*.

Intro. Signifies *within*; as *to intro-duce*, that is, *to lead*, or *bring into*, &c.

Ob. Signifies *against*; as *Ob-stacle*, that is, *what stands in the Way* or *against*, &c.

Per. Signifies *through*, and denotes Excellency or Excess; as *per-fect*, that is, *thoroughly done*; *per-forate*, that is, *to pierce through*, &c.

Post. Signifies *after*; as *Post-script*, that is, *written after*; *a post-humous Work*, that is, *a Work published after the Author's Death*.

Pre. Signifies *before*; as *to pre-meditate*, that is, *to think of*, or *meditate before*, &c.

Pro. Signifies *for* or *forth*; but it has also a great many other Senses; as *to pro-fess*, *pro-tect*, *pro-nounce*, &c.

Preter. Signifies *against*; as *preter-natural*, that is, *against Nature*.

Re. Signifies *again*, and generally implies a repeated Action; as *to re-peat*, that is, *to say over again*; *to re-lapse*, that is, *to fall ill again*; *to re-turn*, that is, *to come again*, &c.

Retro. Backwards; as *retro-grade Motion*, that is, *a going backward.*

Se. Signifies *without*; as *se-cure*, that is, *without Care*, &c.

Sub. Signifies *under*; as *to sub-scribe*, that is, *to write under*; *to sub-stract*, that is, *to draw under*, &c.

Subter. Signifies *under*; as *subter-fluous*, that is, *flowing under*, &c.

Super. Signifies *upon*, *over*, or *above*; as *Super-scription*, that is, *the writing upon a Letter*; *super-fluous*, that is, *over and above what it might be.*

Trans. Signifies *over* or *beyond*; as *to trans-port*, that is, *to carry over*; *to trans-gress*, that is, *to go beyond:* And it signifies, in a great many Words, *the moving from one Place to another*; as *to trans-plant*, *to trans-pose*, *Trans-migration*, &c. In other Words it denotes *the changing of one Thing into another*; as *to trans-form*, *to trans-figure*, *Transubstantiation*, &c.

There are several Greek Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words; as *A*, *amphi*, *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *meta*, *peri*, *syn.*

A. Signifies *not*; as *A-nonymous*, that is, *without* or *not having a Name*; *A-narchy*, that is, *without Government.*

Amphi. Signifies *on every Side.*

Anti. Signifies *against*; as *Anti-Christ*, that is, *one who is in Opposition to* or *against Christ*; *Anta-gonist*, that is, *one who is against you.*

Hyper. Signifies *over and above.*

Hypo. Signifies *under.*

Meta. Signifies the same as *trans*, that is, *beyond*; or *else* denotes *the changing one Thing into another*; as *Meta-phor*; *Meta-morphosis*, that is, *Transformation.*

Peri. Signifies *about.*

Syn. Signifies *with* or *together*; as *Synod*, that is, *a Convocation or Meeting together*; *Syntax*, that is, *Construction*, or *the right placing of Words together in Sentences.*

N. B The Preposition *con* has often *(n) left out*; as,

as *co-eternal*, for *con-eternal*; and sometimes the *(n)* is changed into *(l)*, as *Col-loquy*, for *Con-loquy*.

Further Rules for true Spelling, in which observe there are some Letters that must be wrote in Words, according to the right Spelling, and yet are not pronounced in Speaking.

Rule 1. THERE are several Letters in Words which are not pronounced, and yet must be wrote, because most of these Words are of foreign Derivation: As, 1. *a* is written, but not pronounced, in *Pharaoh*, *Marriage*, *Parliament*. 2. *i* is written, but not pronounced, in *Evil*, *Devil*, *Venison*, *Salisbury*. 3. *o* is written, but not pronounced, in *Nicholas*, *Carrion*, *Chariot*. 4. *u* is written, but not pronounced, in *intituled*, *Guild*, *Guile*, *Guide*, *Guest*, *disguise*, *guard*, *Guardian*, *Plague*, *League*, *Catalogue*, *Decalogue*, *Synagogue*, *Epilogue*, &c. 5. *b* is written, but not pronounced in *Debtor*, *doubt*, *dumb*, *Plumb*, *Lamb*, *Thumb*, *Comb*, *Womb*, *Tomb*, *Bomb*. 6. *c* is written, but not pronounced, in *Victuals*, *Indictment*, *perfect*, *Schism*. 7. *d* is written, but not pronounced, in *Wednesday*. 8. *g* is written, but not pronounced, in *deign*, *reign*, *feign*, *foreign*, *sign*, *Sovereign*, *assign*, *design*, *resign*, *consign*, *Ensign*, *Campaign*, &c. 9. *h* is written, but not pronounced, in *Honour*, *Hour*, *Herb*, *Heir*, *honest*, *Humour*, *Host*, *Asthma*, *John*, *Thomas*, *Scholar*, *School*, *Scholastic*, *Scheme*, *Gherkins*, *Ghost*, *Rhodes*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Rhapsody*, *Rheum*, *Rheumatic*, *Rheumatism*, *exhaust*, *exhort*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Rhetoric*, *Rhetorician*, *rhetorical*, *rhetoricate*, *Rhetorians*, *Rhetorications*, *Rhinoceros*, *Rhubarb*, *Phyptics*, *Rhyparographer*, *Sepulchre*, *Character*, *Chemistry*, *Chemist*, *Chemical*, *Chrysostom*, *Chrysom*, *Chronology*, *Chronologies*, *chronological*, *Chronologist*, *Chronologer*, *Chronogram*, *Chronicles*, *chronical*, *Chromatics*, *Chromatism*, *Chream*, *Christopher*, *Christ*, *Christian*, *Christmas*, *Christianity*, *Christianism*, *Christendom*, *Chimera*, *Chimerical*, *Chirurgeon*, *Chirurgery*, *Chaos*, *Catarrh*, *Catechism*, *Catechise*, *Catechist*, and others of Greek Origin; as also at the End of all Hebrew Words, as *Jeremiah*, *Hezekiah*, *Nehemiah*, &c. 10. *l* is written, but not pronounced, in

Briſtol, *Lincoln*, *Holborne*. 11. *n* is written, but not pronounced, in the Words, *Autumn*, *Column*, *condemn*, *Hymn*, *damn*, *condemn*, *ſolemn*, *Miln*, *Kiln*. 12. *p* is written, but not pronounced, in *Pſalm*, *Receipt*, *Symptom*, *ſumptuous*. 13. *p* ſhould not be wrote in theſe Words, *Redemption*, *Aſſumption*, *Preſumption*, there being no ſuch Letter in the Original, and therefore it is to be wondered how it came to be firſt put in. The Word *Accompt* is read *Account*. 14. *ſ* is written, but not pronounced, in *Iſle*, *Iſland*, *Liſle*, *Carliſle*, *Viſcount*.

Rule 2. All Words ſhould be ſpelt according to their Original; as *complete*, *replete*, *extreme*, not *compleat*, &c. *Reflexion*, *Connexion*, *Defluxion*, *Complexion*, *Inflexion*, not *Reflection*, &c.

Rule 3. All Words that end with the Sound of the Half Vowel *(l)*, though they might ſeem to be expreſſed by *(l)*, yet they are always to be marked with *(le)*, as *damnable*, *ſtumble*, *humble*, *acceptable*, *Pickle*, *fickle*, *idle*, *bridle*, *ſcuffle*, *truffle*, *bogle*, *ogle*, *inveigle*, *ample*, *trample*, *little*, *bottle*, &c. *Not damnabil*, *ſtumbil*, &c. Except from this Rule, *Evil*, *Devil*, *until*, *inſtil*, *Council*, *Anvil*, *Peril*, *fulfil*.

Rule 4. All Words which end with the hard Sound of *(g)* have always *(u)* marked after it: as *Hague*, *Plague*, *Rogue*, *League*, *Vogue*, *Prague*, *Colleague*, *Catalogue*, *Decalogue*, *Prologue*, *Fatigue*, *Synagogue*, &c. Except a few Monoſyllables, as *dig*, *Dog*, *dug*, *Bag*, *beg*, *big*, *Bog*, *Bug*, *Wig*, *Pig*, *Twig*, *Plug*, *Hag*, *Hog*, *hug*, *Drug*, *Stag*, *Wag*, *Frog*, *tug*, *Mug*: All which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed; as are alſo theſe Words which end with the ringing Sound of *ang*, *ing*, *ong*, *ung*; though *(g)* at the End of ſuch Words is not hard, for we pronounce *accordin*, *affirmin*, for *according*, *affirming*; ſo *dancin*, *playin*, *ſingin*, *fightin*, for *dancing*, &c. But although *Tongue* and *Harangue* end with a ringing Sound, they have *(ue)* after *(g)*.

Rule 5. When the Sound of *(j)* or ſoft *(g)* comes at the End of a Word, it is always expreſſed by *(ge)* or

or *(dge)* as *Page*, *Rage*, *Baggage*, *Knowledge*, *Pledge*, *Wedge*, *Hedge*, &c. though the *(d)* in *Pledge*, &c. is superfluous, and seems to have been put in to shorten the Sound.

Rule 6. These Words marked with *(que)* at the End, as *Barque*, *Pique*, *antique*, *publique*, *oblique*, *Relique*, is the *French* Way of Writing; who use *(que)* because they have not *(k)*; but the Genius of our Language requires them to be marked with *(ck)* if Monosyllables, as *Bark*, *pick*, and with *(c)* only, if more than one Syllable, as *antic*, *Republic*, *public*, &c. *K* is a very useless and superfluous Letters after *(c)* and should not be wrote at the End of Words exceeding one Syllable, *(c)* being always hard when it ends either a Syllable or Word; as *Arithmetic*, *Logic*, *Mathematics*, *Frederic*, *Physic*, *scholastic*, *prophetic*, *rustic*, *Music*, &c.

Rule 7. The Letter *(l)* is always doubled at the End of Monosyllables; as *Ball*, *Bell*, *Bill*, *Boll*, *Bull*, *sell*, *tell*, *well*, &c. But if a Diphthong goes before it, it is not doubled; as *Soul*, *feel*, *fool*, &c. Nor is it ever doubled in Words of more than one Syllable; as *faithful*, *fulfil*, *plentiful*, *excel*, &c.

Rule 8. When a Word of the singular Number ends with *(y)*, it is changed into *(ies)* in the plural; as *Sky*, *Skies*; *Cry*, *Cries*; *Lay*, *Lies*; *Py*, *Pies*; *Heresy*, *Heresies*; *Cherry*, *Cherries*; *Entry*, *Entries*; *City*, *Cities*, &c. and not *Skys*, *Crys*, *Citys*.

Rule 9. When Words of the singular Number end in *(f)* or *(fe)*, the *(f)* or *(fe)* are changed into *(ves.)* in the plural Number; as *Calf*, *Calves*; *Half*, *Halves*; *Knife*, *Knives*; *Leaf* *Leaves*; *Shelf*, *Shelves*; *Self*, *Selves*; *Thief*, *Thieves*; *Wife*, *Wives*; *Wolf*, *Wolves*; except *Hoof*, *Roof*, *Grief*, *Dwarf*, *Mischief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, are Words which end with *(f)* whose Plurals are made by adding only *(s)* to the Singular; as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*; *Muff*, *Muffs*; *Ruff*, *Ruffs*, &c. But *Staff*, although it ends with *(ff)*, makes *Staves* in the Plural.

Rule 10. All Words which end with the Sound of *ance*, *ence*, *ince*, *unce*, though they might ſeem to be wrote with *(nſe)* yet are always to be wrote *(nce)*; as *Countenance*, *Abundance*, *Defence*, *Audience*, *Prince*, *convince*, *trounce*, *Dunce*, &c. Except only *Senſe*, *denſe*, *diſpenſe*, *immenſe*, *intenſe*, *propenſe*, *incenſe*.

Rule 11. The Sound of *(ſe)* at the End of Words is always marked *(cy)*; as *Advertency*, *Contingency*, *Democracy*, *Delicacy*, *Deſpondency*, *Excellency*, *Exigency*, *Obſtinacy*, &c. Except from this Rule *Controverſy*, *Apoſtaſy*, *Courteſy*, *Theſy*, *Palſy*, *Gipſey*, *Epilepſy*, *Hereſy*, *Hypocriſy*, *Jealouſy*, to *propheſy*, though the Noun is written *Prophecy*.

Rule 12. The Sound of *(ſhun)*, after the Vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and the Conſonants *c*, *p*, *r*, is written *tion*; as *Oration*, *Petition*, *Devotion*, *Diſſolution*, *Inſtruction*, *Subſcription*, *Extortion*, &c. But after any other Conſonant it is marked *ſion*, except *Contention*, *Invention*, *Attention*, *Diſſention*, *Intention*, and *Condeſcention*.

But when to write *ti* and *ſi* is one of the difficulteſt Taſks to lay down a Rule for. Nothing but diligent Obſervation of the above Rule and Practice can remove it: For moſt Words ending in *tion* and *ſion*, are Latin Verbals, and are formed of the firſt Supine, which, if it ends in *tum*, then we write *ti*, if in *ſum*, then *ſi*.

Obſerve farther, that the long and ſhort Sounds of the Vowels are marked with their ſimple Characters, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, in all the additional Beginnings and Endings; but that theſe ſingle Vowels never end Words with their ſimple or naked Character, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. As

1. *A* never ends an *Engliſh* Word; for when a Word ends with its long Sound, it is expreſſed by *ay*, as *Day*, *may*, *ſay*, *Delay*, &c. And if a Word ends with its broad Sound, it is marked with *aw*, as *ſaw*, *law*, *draw*, &c.

2. *E* is never ſounded at the End of an *Engliſh* Word, except in the Article *(the)*, which is written with

with a single *(e)* to distinguish it from the Pronoun *(thee)*; for when its Sound comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by *ea*, as *Sea*, *Plea*, *Tea*, &c. or by *ee*, as *free*, *Tree*, *agree*, &c.

3. *I* ends no English Word without *(e)* after it; as *busie*, *Heresie*, &c. not *busi*, *Heresi*, &c. But all such Words are better spelt with *(y)*, thus *busy*, *Heresy*, &c.

4. *O* never ends an English Word, except these few, *go*, *lo*, *so*, *to*, *no*, *two*, *who*, *wo*, *do*, *undo*, *whoso*, *also*; the Sound of *(o)* at the End of Words being generally expressed by *ow*, as *know*, *follow*, *below*, *Snow*, &c. except in *Foe*, *Toe*, *Doe*, *Roe*, *Sloe*.

5. No English Word ends with *(u)*, except *thou*, *you*, *lieu*, and *adieu*; the Sound of *(u)* being generally expressed by *ew*, or *ue*, as *Nephew*, *few*, *dew*, &c. *Ague*, *true*, *Avenue*, &c. *Y*, as a Vowel, ends Words for *ie*; as for *Heresie*, *busie*, &c. write *Heresy*, *busy*.

No English Word ends with *(a)*; for when a Word ends with this long Sound, it is expressed by *ay*, as *may*, *say*, *delay*, &c. But if a Word ends with the broad Sound of *(a)*, it is always expressed by *aw*, as *saw*, *Law*, *draw*, &c. And so the Question may be repeated after the same Manner with respect to the rest of the Vowels.

Of Diphthongs.

THE Diphthongs *ai*, *oi*, *ui*, *au*, *eu*, *ou*, observe are never wrote at the End of Words. As

1. *Ay* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ai*; as *Day*, *pay*, *Delay*, &c.

2. *Ey* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ei*; as *Whey*, *grey*, *they*, &c.

3. *Oy* is always wrote for *oi*; as *Boy*, *Toy*, *Troy*, *Joy*, &c.

4. *Uy* is always wrote for *ui*; as *buy*, *guy*, &c.

5. *Aw*

5. *Aw* is always wrote for *au*; as *saw*, *gnaw*, *withdraw*, &c.

6. *Ew* for *eu*; as *Dew*, *few*, *new*, *knew*, &c.

7. *Ow* for *ou*; as *know*, *bow*, *slow*, *blow*, &c.

Now as for the Consonants, their Sounds may be said to be invariable in all Words, except *(c)* and *(g)* which are treated of already. All to be observed is, that when the Stress of the Pronunciation lies on the Consonants *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *z*, that they are always to be doubled; as *Scabbard*, where the Stress lies upon the *(b)*: So likewise *commit*, where the Stress of the Voice lies upon *(m)*. But another Way to know when these Consonants should be doubled is to observe if the Vowel be short before it, and if so, then it must be doubled; as in *Scabbard*, where the *(a)* before *(b)* is short; and in *commit*, where *(o)* is short before *(m)*: For if I hear the Sound of the Vowel be too long, then I put in but one Consonant. And this is a general Rule, that a Vowel before two Consonants is short.

And now I think by the above Rules, any Difficulty in spelling the Generality of Words that has occurred to me, is removed; for the Scholar being truly taught the various Sounds of Vowels and Consonants, both single and double, nothing being a greater Help to true Spelling, will not fail, by Pronunciation of any Number of Letters to the Ear, to give their proper Characters in Writing.

Of Stops or Points, and Marks or Notes.

AS in Speech or Discourse there are often several Motions made by different Parts of the Body, in order to excite Attention, and transmit a more clear and perfect Idea to the Hearer, of the Meaning and Intention of the Speaker: So Writing being the very Image of Speech, there are several Points or Marks made use of in it not only to mark the Distance of Time in pronouncing, but also to prevent any Confusion or Obscurity in the Sense of the Writer, whereby it may the more readily be distinguished and comprehended by the Reader.

There

There are four Points or Stops considered as Intervals in Reading, viz. *Comma*, *Semicolon*, *Colon*, *Period*, or *Full Point*.

The *Comma*, marked thus (,) is the shortest Pause, and distinguishes the conjunct Members of Sentences; as, *O sing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long suffering, slow to Wrath, abounding in Goodness and Truth.* It also distinguishes Nouns, Verbs, and Adverbs; as, *The Enemy fought with Guns, Swords, Spears*, &c. *That Rogue swears, lies, steals*, &c. *sooner or later he must be hanged.*

A *Semicolon*, marked thus (;) is a Pause somewhat longer than a Comma. This Point ought to be made in the Subdivision of the Members of a Sentence; *As the Shadow moves, and we do not perceive it; or, as the Tree grows, and we do not apprehend it; so Man*, &c. It is also used in distinguishing Nouns of a contrary Signification; as *Things public; Things private; Things sacred and profane.*

A *Colon*, marked thus (:) is used when the Sense is perfect, but the Sentence not ended: as, *If the Enemy advances, I command you to give Battle: If not, march strait to the City.* It is generally used before a comparative Conjunction in a Similitude; and also if the Period runs out pretty long.

A *Period*, marked thus (.) is the greatest Pause, and is made when the Sentence is completely ended; as, *Learning makes Life sweet, and produces Pleasure, Tranquility, Glory, and Praise.*

An *Erotesis* or Point of *Interrogation*, marked thus (?) is made when a Question is asked; as, *Does he still continue obstinate? Will he never repent?*

Ecphonesis, or Point of *Exclamation*, *Admiration*, or *Wonder*, marked thus (!) is a Direction for raising the Tone or Voice upon some vehement Passion being expressed; as, *O that Villain! O wretched Man!*

The

The Marks and Notes to be met with in Reading are,

1. An *Apostrophe*, marked thus (') used to abbreviate or shorten a Word.

2. A *Caret*, thus (ʌ) placed where some Word is left out in Writing and put over it. This is also called a Circumflex, when placed over some Vowel of a Word to denote a long Syllable; as, *Euphrâtes*.

3. An *Hyphen*, thus (-) used in joining the Syllables of Words and compound Words together.

4. An *Accent*, thus (á) being placed over a Vowel, notes that the Tone or Stress of the Voice in pronouncing is upon that Syllable.

5. *Breve*, (˘) is a crooked Mark over a Vowel, and denotes that it is sounded quick.

6. *Diaresis*, thus (¨) is two Points placed over two Vowels that would otherwise make a Diphthong, and parts them into two Syllables.

7. *Parenthesis*, thus ( ) serve to illustrate a Sentence, and may be left out, and yet the Sense remain perfect.

8. A *Paragraph*, thus (¶) placed at the Beginning of a new Discourse, denotes what is contained in a Sentence or Period.

9. A *Quotation*, thus (") to signify the Words so marked are transcribed from the Writings of another in his own Words.

10. An *Index*, thus (☞) serves to point out something remarkable.

11. A *Section* thus (§) is the Division of a Discourse, or Chapter, into lesser Parts or Portions.

12. An *Asterism*, thus (*), an *Obelisk* (†), and *Parallels* (‖), with Letters of the Alphabet, Figures, &c. refer to the Margin or Bottom of the Page.

Of

Of Capitals, or great Letters.

1. LET proper Names of Persons, Places, Seas, Rivers, Ships, Winds, Months, &c. be distinguished by beginning with Capital Letters.

2. It is become customary to begin any Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable.

3. Let the first Word of every Epistle, Book, Note, Verse, Bill, &c. begin with a Capital.

4. If any notable Saying, or Passage of an Author, be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though it be not immediately after a Full Stop.

5. Write not a Capital in the Middle of a Word among small Letters, except in Anagrams.

6. Sometimes Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, when something extraordinary great is expressed; as, *THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. BABYLON IS FALLEN.*

Of Etymology.

ETYMOLOGY, as before observed, treats of the Kinds of Words, also their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another.

Of the Eight Parts of Speech.

EVERY Word being considered as a Part of our Speech or Discourse, we reckon up eight Sorts of Words of a different Nature, which we call eight Parts of Speech. Their Names are, *Noun*, *Pronoun*, *Verb*, *Participle*, *Adverb*, *Conjunction*, *Preposition*, *Interjection*.

Speech is Speaking or Discourse. By eight Parts of Speech are meant eight Sorts of Words which are used in Discourse. And though there are thousands of Words in the English Language, yet there are but eight Sorts; for

for every Word we uſe in ſpeaking, is either a Noun or an Adjective, which is a Word that ſignifies the Quality or Manner of a Noun or Pronoun, or a Verb, or a Participle, or an Adverb, or a Conjunction, or a Prepoſition, or an Interjection.

The Parts of Speech are the ſame in Engliſh as in Latin; and in all other Languages as well as Latin: For that which is a Noun in Engliſh, is a Noun in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, &c. Languages.

Of a Noun.

A Noun is the Name of a Thing that may be perceived either by the Senſe or Underſtanding, which conveying ſome certain Idea or Image to the Mind, they want not the Help of any other Word to make us underſtand them; and it is either Subſtantive or Adjective. So that whatever can be heard, ſeen, ſmelt, taſted, felt or underſtood, is a Noun. And a Noun Subſtantive is the Thing itſelf; as *a Man, a Boy, a Dog.* And the Adjective is a Word that expreſſes the Qualities or Properties of a Thing; as *rich, poor, wiſe, fooliſh, great, ſmall,* &c. For if any one ſays, *I ſee a rich, I ſee a poor, I ſee a wiſe, I ſee a fooliſh,* in theſe Sayings there is no Senſe, nor do I underſtand the Meaning of them; but it requires that a Subſtantive be added to each Adjective to make Senſe; as, *I ſee a rich Man, I ſee a poor Boy, I ſee a wiſe Dog, I ſee a fooliſh Woman.*

Of Numbers.

NUMBER is the Diſtinction of one for many. There are two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural: The ſingular Number is uſed when we ſpeak of one ſingle Thing; as a *Boy*, a *Dog*, a *Tree*. The plural Number is uſed when we ſpeak of more Things than one; as *Boys, Dogs, Trees.* The plural Number is commonly made by adding *(s)* to the ſingular; as *Boy, Boys, Dog, Dogs, Tree, Trees.* But when the ſingular Number ends in *ch, ſh, ſs*, or *x*, then the Pronunciation requires that *(es)* be added to the ſingular; as *Church, Churches; Bruſh, Bruſhes; Witneſs, Witneſſes;*

Boy,

Box, *Boxes*. But if the ſingular Number ends in *ſe*, *ze*, *ce*, or in *ge*, pronounced ſoft, then the *(s)* that is added cannot be heard in the Sound, except it makes another entire Syllable; as *Horſe* in the ſingular has but one Syllable, *Horſ-es* in the Plural two; *Breeze* one, *Breez-es* two; *Face* one, *Fa-ces* two; *Age* one, *Ag-es* two. Words that end in *(f)* or *(fe)* do, for their better ſounding, make their Plural by changing *(f)* and *(fe)* into *(ves)*; as

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
Calf, *Half*, *Knife*, *Leaf*, *Loaf*, *Sheaf*	makes	*Calves*, *Halves*, *Knives*, *Leaves*, *Loaves*, *Sheaves*	*Self*, *Thief*, *Wife*, *Shelf*, *Wolf*	makes	*Selves*, *Thieves*, *Wives*, *Shelves*, *Wolves*

Though not always; for theſe Words following, with ſeveral others, follow the general Rule of *(s)*; as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*; *Dwarf*, *Dwarfs*; ſo likewiſe *Miſchief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, make their Plural by adding *(s)*; and alſo Words ending in *(ff)*, as *Muff*, *Ruff*, *Cuff*, *Snuff*, *Stuff*, *Puff*; but *Staff*, although it ends in *(ff)*, makes *Staves* in the Plural. Some Words make their Plural by adding *en*; as *Child*, *Children*; *Brother*, *Brethren*, or *Brothers*; *Man*, *Men*; *Woman*, *Women*; *Ox*, *Oxen*. *Chicken* is not Plural, for we ſay *Chickens*, not *Chicks*; Singular *Chicken*. Some Words form their Plural no otherwiſe than by adding *s*, *es*, or *en* to the Singular, and are there irregular; as

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
Die, *Mouſe*, *Louſe*, *Gooſe*	makes	*Dice*, *Mice*, *Lice*, *Geeſe*	*Penny*, *Tooth*, *Foot*, *Sow*	makes	*Pence*, *Teeth*, *Feet*, *Swine*

And ſome Words are uſed alike in both Numbers; as *Deer*, *Horſe*, *Sheep*, *Fern*, &c. And ſome Words have no Singular Number; as *Aſhes*, *Bowels*, *Bellows*, *Breeches*, *Entrails*, *Lungs*, *Sciſſors*, *Snuffers*, *Shanks*, *Tongs*, *Wages*.

And

And many Words have no Plural Number; as the Names of Men and Women, Cities, Countries, Mountains, Rivers, &c. The Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns; except *Bean*, which makes *Beans*; and *Pea*, *Peas*. The Names of moſt Herbs; and alſo the Words *Ale*, *Beer*, *Bread*, *Butter*, *Honey*, *Milk*, with many others, want the Plural Number. Note, that the Adjectives have no Difference of Numbers; for as we ſay *a good Man* in the Singular, ſo we ſay *good Men* in the Plural.

Of the Genitive Caſe.

THE Engliſh have but one Caſe, that is the Genitive, which ends in the Singular and Plural in *(s)* or *(es)* if the Pronunciation requires it; as *Virgil's Æneid*, or *the Æneid of Virgil*; *Milton's Poems*, or *the Poems of Milton*; *Buchanan's Pſalms*; or *the Pſalms of Buchanan*; *Man's Breath*, or *the Breath of Man*; *the Church's Peace*, or *the Peace of the Church*.

Of Gender.

THE Engliſh properly have no *Genders*; and as we have one great Advantage above all others, in being freed from the Trouble of Variety of Caſes, by the Reaſon that the Nouns have no Diverſity of Endings; ſo likewiſe our having no Difference of Genders is an Advantage full as great as the former: All Languages, both ancient and modern, admitting of Difference in Gender in their Nouns, except the Engliſh and Chineſe Languages.

By Gender is meant the Diſtinction of Sex, or the Difference between Male and Female. We have four Ways of diſtinguiſhing two Genders of the Male and Female Sex. 1. When we would expreſs the Difference of Sex, we do it (after the ſame Manner as we diſtinguiſh the Ages and other Accidents) by different Words.

So

So in Relation of Persons.

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Batchelor,	Maid, Virgin.	King,	Queen.
Boar,	Sow.	Lad,	Lass.
Boy,	Girl.	Lord,	Lady.
Bridegroom,	Bride.	Man,	Woman.
Brother,	Sister.	Master,	Dame.
Buck,	Doe.	Malter,	Spawner.
Bull,	Cow.	Nephew,	Niece.
Bullock,	Heifer.	Ram,	Ewe.
Cock,	Hen.	Sloven,	Slut.
Dog,	Bitch.	Son,	Daughter.
Drake,	Duck.	Stag,	Hind.
Drone,	Bee.	Uncle,	Aunt.
Father,	Mother.	Widower,	Widow.
Friar,	Nun.	Wizzard,	Witch.
Gander,	Goose.	Whoremonger,	Whore, *or* Strumpet.
Horse,	Mare.		
Husband,	Wife.		

2. But when there are not two different Words to express both Sexes, or when both Sexes are comprehended under one Word, then we add another Word to it to distinguish the Sex; as, *a Male Child*, *a Female Child*, *a He Goat* for the Male, *a She Goat* for the Female.

3. We sometimes add another Substantive to the Word to distinguish the Sex; as, *a Man Servant*, *a Maid Servant*, *a Cock Sparrow*, *a Hen Sparrow*.

4. There are likewise several Words which distinguish the Female from the Male Sex by ending in *(ess)*; as

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Abbot,	Abbess.	Heir,	Heiress.
Actor,	Actress.	Hunter,	Huntress.
Adulterer,	Adultress.	Jew,	Jewess.
Ambassador,	Ambassadress.	Lion,	Lioness.
Baron,	Baroness.	Marquis,	Marchioness.
Governor,	Governess.	Master,	Mistress.

Patron

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Patron,	Patroneſs.	Prior,	Prioreſs.
Count,	Counteſs.	Poet,	Poeteſs.
Deacon,	Deaconeſs.	Prophet,	Propheteſs.
Duke,	Ducheſs.	Shepherd,	Shepherdeſs.
Elector,	Electreſs.	Tutor,	Tutreſs.
Emperor,	Empreſs.	Viſcount,	Viſcounteſs.
Prince,	Princeſs.		

There are two Words in *(ix)*, *Adminiſtrator*, *Adminiſtratrix*; *Executor*, *Executrix*. Note, that the common and ordinary Words we uſe to expreſs the Difference of Sex by, are *He* and *She* When we ſpeak of the Male Sex, we uſe the Word *He*; and when we ſpeak of the Female Sex, we uſe the Word *She*: But when we ſpeak of a Thing that is neither of the Male nor Female Sex without Life, we uſe the Word *it*.

Of the Articles.

AN Article is a Word or Syllable ſet before a Subſtantive for the more particular expreſſing of it; as *a Book*, that is, *ſome Book* or *other*; *the Man*, that is, *ſome certain Man ſpoken of before*. There are only two Articles in the Engliſh Language, *(a)* and *(the)*, and theſe are really Adjectives, and are uſed almoſt in the ſame Manner as other Adjectives. *(a)* is wrote before a Word beginning with a Conſonant; but when the Subſtantive begins with a Vowel, or *(h)*, if the *(h)* be not ſounded, then we write *(an)* inſtead of *(a)*; as *an Aſs*, *an Eye*, *an Hour*, *an Hoſt*, *an Heir*; but *a Hare*, *a Hand*, &c. becauſe the *(h)* is ſounded. *A* is an Article of Number, and ſignifies as much as *one*, and is put for it; as *a Man*, i. e. *one Man*; *an Hour*, i. e. *one Hour*: Or *(an)* denotes or ſignifies the applying a general Word to ſome one particular Perſon or Thing, in a large Senſe, not telling what particular Perſon or Thing you mean; as *Idleneſs is a Shame*, *Diligence is a Praiſe*: And it is therefore ſet only before Words of the Singular Number. *(The)* is a demonſtrative Article; becauſe it ſhews what particular Perſon or Thing you mean in Speaking or Writ-

ing.

ing. *(The)* is wrote before the ſingular and plural Number; as *the Man*, *the Men*, *the Aſs*, *the Aſſes*. Note, that the Articles are not wrote before the proper Names of Men, Women, Kingdoms, Cities, nor the particular Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Coins, Herbs, except for Diſtinction's Sake; as *he is a Seymour*, or *he is a Sydney*; i. e. *one whoſe Name is Seymour*, or *Sidney*. Proper Names of Ships, Rivers, *&c.* have frequently the Article *(the)* before them, when ſome Subſtantive is underſtood; as *the Rhine*, *the Clyde*, *the Thames*, *the Terrible*; i. e. *the Ship called Terrible*. *He was drowned in the Thames*, *in the Rhine*; i. e. *in the River Thames*, *in the River Rhine*.

Of the Compariſon of Adjectives.

COMPARISON is the altering the Signification of a Word into more or leſs Degrees, whereby we ſee that one Thing is *bright*, another *brighter*, and a third is *brighteſt*. And only Adjectives are compared; they being only capable of having their Significations encreaſed or diminiſhed. There are three Degrees of Compariſon; the Poſitive, the Comparative, and the Superlative. The Poſitive Degree is the Adjective itſelf ſimply, without any Likeneſs or Compariſon, as *ſoft*, *hard*, *great*. The Comparative heightens or leſſens the Poſitive in Signification. The Superlative heightens or leſſens the Quality to a very high or very low Degree. *Note*, The Poſitive, properly ſpeaking, is no Degree of Compariſon, for it doth not compare Things together; however it is accounted one, becauſe the other two are founded upon, and formed from it. The Comparative Degree is formed of the Poſitive, by adding the Syllable *(er)*, if it ends with a Conſonant, or the Letter *(r)* only, if the Poſitive ends in *(e)*; as *ſoft*, *ſofter*; *wiſe*, *wiſer*: And it is likewiſe known by the Sign *(more)* before the Poſitive; as *ſofter*, or *more ſoft*; *wiſer*, or *more wiſe*. The Superlative Degree is formed of the Poſitive, by adding the Syllable *eſt*, if it ends with a Conſonant, or the Letters *(ſt)* if the Poſitive ends with an *(e)*; as *brighteſt*, *wiſeſt*. It is likewiſe known by the Signs *moſt*, *very*, or *exceeding*.

There

There are ſome Adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing Rules, and therefore irregular; as

Poſ.	*Com.*	*Super.*	*Poſ.*	*Com.*	*Super.*
good,	better,	beſt.	little,	leſs or leſſer,	leaſt.
bad or evil,	worſe or worſer,	worſt.	much or many,	more,	moſt.
before,	former,	firſt.			

Note, That ſome Adverbs are alſo compared; as *up*, *upper*, *uppermoſt*; *above*, *over*, *overmoſt*; *behind*, *hinder*, *hindermoſt*; *beneath*, *nether*, *nethermoſt*; *oft*, *oftner*, *oftneſt*, &c. All Adjectives cannot be compared, becauſe their Signification does not admit of Increaſe; as, *all*, *every*, *one*, *any*, *each*, *ſome*, &c. And it would not be good Engliſh to ſay, *more wiſer*, and *moſt wiſeſt*; for we ought to ſay, *wiſer*, or *more wiſe*; *wiſeſt*, or *moſt wiſe*: For *more wiſer* would ſignify as much as *more more wiſe*; and *moſt wiſeſt*, as much as *moſt moſt wiſe*.

Fair, *fairer*, *faireſt*, are the three Degrees of Compariſon; *fair* is of the Poſitive Degree, becauſe it ſignifies the Perſon to be ſimply ſo, without comparing him to any other Perſon: For if I ſay, *Ann is fair*, that does not gainſay but that Sarah may be as fair: *Fairer*, or *more fair*, are of the Comparative Degree; becauſe when I make a Compariſon between Ann and Sarah, I find that Ann is fair, but that *Sarah is fairer*, or *more fair*; that is, *exceeding Ann in Beauty*: *Faireſt*, or *moſt fair*, are of the Superlative; becauſe when I make a Compariſon between Ann, Sarah, and Mary, I perceive that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is fairer or more fair, and that *Mary is faireſt* or *moſt fair* of either Ann or Sarah; that is, *Mary exceeds them both in the higheſt Degree of Beauty*.

Of the Derivation of the Parts of Speech.

ALL Words whatſoever are either primitive or derivative, ſimple or compound. A primitive or ſimple Word is ſuch as is not formed of any other; as, *Man*, *good*, *hope*, *kind*, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or ſimple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the ſame: ſuch as,

able,

able;	*agree*,	*agree-able.*
al;	*Herb*,	*Herb-al.*
ance;	*perform*,	*Perform-ance*
ary;	*Tribute*,	*tribu-tary.*
ate;	*Fortune*,	*fortu-nate.*
eth;	*bear*,	*bear-eth.*
ing;	*spend*,	*spend-ing.*
ish;	*Fool*,	*fool-ish.*
ism;	*Atheist*,	*Athe-ism.*
ist;	*Art*,	*Art-ist.*
ize;	*civil*,	*civil-ize.*
ed;	*Love*,	*lov-ed.*
en;	*hard*,	*hard-en.*
er;	*give*,	*Giv-er.*
ess;	*Count*,	*Count-ess.*
est;	*read*,	*read-est.*
less;	*Blame*,	*blame-less.*
ly;	*bold*,	*bold-ly.*
ness;	*cold*,	*Cold-ness.*
ous;	*Fame*,	*fam-ous.*
ty;	*Craft*,	*craf-ty.*

A Compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as *Silver-smith*, *Wheel-wright*, &c. or of a simple Word and a Preposition set before it; as, *dis-please*, *con-form*, *un-fit*, *a-dapt*, &c.

We have in the foregoing Chapters treated of the Kinds of Words, and have distributed them into certain Ranks and Classes, called Parts of Speech: Now come we to speak of their *Derivation*, *Ending*, *Change*, *Analogy*, or *Affinity*, or Likeness to one another.

Note 1. From any Substantive, or Adjective put for a Substantive (in the singular Number) is formed the Genitive Case by adding *(s)*.

Note 2. Substantives, and sometimes Adjectives, and also the other Parts of Speech, become Verbs, the Vowel being always sounded long, and the Consonant softened; as, from *House*, comes *to house*; from *Grass*, *to graze*; from *Brass*, *to braze*; from *Breath*, *to breathe*, &c. Verbs are derived from Adjectives, by adding *(en)*; as, from *red*, comes *redden*; from *white*, *whiten*; from *fast*, *fasten*; from *black*, *blacken*, &c.

Note 3. That from Verbs are derived the active Participle, that ends always in *ing*, and the passive, that ends in *ed* or *en*; as, *loving*, *loved*; *giving*, *given*; from which Verbs, by adding *(er)* to the present Tense, comes a Substantive signifying the Agent; as, from *love*, comes *Lover*; from *hear*, comes the Noun *Hearer*; from *play*, comes *Player*, &c. and these Sort of Nouns are called Verbal Nouns.

Note 4. By adding *(y)* to Subſtantives, are formed Adjectives of Plenty; as, from *Wealth* comes the Adjective *wealthy*; from *Filth*, comes *filthy*; from *Louſe*, comes *louſy*, &c. By adding the Termination *ful* to Subſtantives, are alſo formed Adjectives denoting Fulneſs; as, from *Joy*, comes *joyful*; *Fruit*, *fruitful*; *Health*, *healthful*, &c. So alſo by adding *ſome* to Subſtantives, are formed Adjectives ſignifying Fulneſs; as, *Burthen*, *burthenſome*; *Whole*, *wholeſome*, &c. So from Subſtantives come alſo Adjectives denoting Likeneſs, by adding the Ending *ly*; as, from *Earth*, comes *earthly*; *Man*, *manly*; *Heaven*, *heavenly*, &c.

Note 5. By adding the Termination *leſs* to Subſtantives, are formed Adjectives ſignifying Want; as, *Care*, *careleſs*; *Wit*, *witleſs*; *Worth*, *worthleſs*, &c. Some Adjectives, which ſignify the Matter out of which any Thing is made, are formed by adding *en* to the Subſtantive; as, *Earth*, *earthen*; *Braſs*, *brazen*; *Gold*, *golden*; *Aſh*, *aſhen*; *Oak*, *oaken*, &c.

Of Words borrowed from the Latin and French.

WE have ſo very many Words derived from the Latin (and French) that almoſt all that are not Words of one Syllable, or that do not come from Words of one Syllable, are Latin. Noun-Subſtantives, as well as Adjectives, do come from the Latin, by ſome ſmall Mutation or Change; as,

		Latin.			*Latin.*
Nature,	from	*Natura.*	*Infant*,	from	*Infans.*
Grace,		*Gratia.*	*Ornament*,		*Ornamentum.*
Honour,		*Honor.*	*Synod*,		*Synodus.*
Vice,		*Vitium.*	*ingnious*,		*ingenioſus.*
Scene,		*Scena.*	*ingennous*,		*ingenuus.*
School,		*Schola.*	*Scepter*,		*Sceptrum.*

Engliſh.	*Latin.*	*French.*
Charity	Charitas	Charité
Chaſtity	Chaſtitas	Chaſtité
Unity	Unitas	Unité
Sobriety	Sobrietas	Sobrieté

Security

Security	Securitas	Securité
Humility	Humilitas	Humilité
Liberality	Liberalitas	Liberalité

English Words ending in *(nce)* or *(cy)* are derived from Latin Words ending in *(tia)*; as,

Eng. and Fr.	*Latin*	*Eng. and Fr.*	*Latin*
Patience	Patientia	impudence	Impudentia
Diligence	Diligentia	Imprudence	Imprudentia
Abundance	Abundantia	Clemency	Clementia
Temperance	Temperantia		

Though the French have derived their Language in general from the Latin, and we again from them, as is evident by the Analogy in the Spelling; yet we have brought into our Tongue many Nouns and Verbs that are purely French, and which are not derived from the Latin; as, *Garden*, *Garter*, *Buckler*, *to advance*, *to cry*, *to plead*, &c. which come from the French *Jardin*, *Jartiere*, *Bouclier*, *advancer*, *cryer*, *pleader*, &c.

Of English Words derived from the Greek.

OBSERVE that generally all Words that have *(y)* in the Middle, or that have *(eu)* or *(ph)* at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have *(ch)* pronounced hard at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have *(th)* at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that end in *asm*, *ism*, *osm*, *cal*, *ic*, or *ick*, *is*, *gy*, *gm*, *gue*, &c. are derived from the Greek.

EXAMPLES.

Y, as *tyrannical*, *Physic*, *Phthisic*, &c.
Eu, as *Eucharist*, *Eunuch*, *Eulogy*, *Pleurisy*, &c.
Ph, as *Philosophy*, *Geography*, *Physiognomy*, &c.
Ch, as *Chronology*, *Anarchy*, *Characteristic*, &c.
Th, as *Theology*, *Mathematics*, *Opthalmic*, &c.
Asm, as *Phantasm*, *Cataplasm*, &c.
Ism, as *Syllogism*, *Catechism*, &c.
Osm, as *Microcosm*, &c.

Cal, as *evangelical*, *Ecclesiastical*, &c.
Ic, as *Plastic*, &c.
Is, as *Ellipsis*, &c.
Gy, as *Etymology*, &c.
Gm, as *Apothegm*, &c.
Gue, as *Epilogue*, *Synagogue*, &c.

1. English Words ending in *(cal)* or *(ick)* now wrote *(ic)* are generally derived from Greek Words ending in *(kos)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Practical, Practice,	praktikos.	Mathematical, Mathematic,	mathematikos.
Emetical, Emetic,	emetikos.	Epidemical, Epidemic,	epedemikos.
Emphatical, Emphatic,	emphatikos.	Enthusiastical, Enthusiastic,	enthusiastikos.
Mechanical, Mechanic,	mechanikos.	Pathetical, Pathetic,	Phathetikos.

2. English Words ending in *(gy)* come from the Greek Words ending in *(gia)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Doxology,	Doxologia.	Apology,	Apologia.
Chronology,	Chronologia.	Etymology,	Etymologia.
Tautology,	Tautologia.	Genealogy,	Genealogia.

3. English Words ending in *(my)* are derived from Greek Words ending in *(mia)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Phlebotomy,	Phlebotomia.	Euchymy,	Euchymia.
Monogamy,	Monogamia.	Physiognomy,	Physiognomia.
Metonomy,	Metonomia.	Eunomy,	Eunomia.
Misogamy,	Misogamia.		
Eurhythmy,	Eurhythmia.		

4. English Words ending in *(dy)* are formed from Greek Words ending in *(dia)*; as,

Melody,

	Greek.		Greek.
Melody,	Melodia.	Rhapsody,	Rhapsodia.
Prosody,	Prosodia.	Comedy,	Komodia.
Psalmody,	Psalmodia.	Tragedy,	Tragodia.

5. English Words ending in *(phy)* come from the Greek Words ending in *(phia)*; as,

	Greek.		Greek.
Philosophy,	Philosophia.	Chirography,	Chirographia.
Geography,	Geographia.	Ichnography,	Ichnographia.
Cosmography,	Kosmographia.	Chorography,	Chorographia.
Orthography,	Orthographia.	Atrophy,	Atrophia, &c.

6. English Words ending in *(ogue*, i. e. og) come from the Greek Words ending in *(ogos)*; as,

	Greek.		Greek.
Epilogue,	Epilogos.	Demagogue,	Demagogos.
Catalogue,	Katalogos.	Pedagogue,	Paidagogos.
Prologue,	Prologos.	Apologue,	Apologos, &c.

7. Several English Words ending in *(ism)* are formed from Greek Words ending in *(ismos)*; as,

	Greek.		Greek.
Aphorism,	Aphorismos.	Paralogism,	Paralogismos.
Paroxism,	Paroxismos.	Syllogism,	Syllogismos.
Anatocism,	Anatokismos.	Barbarism,	Barbarismos. &c.

8. English Words ending in *(is)* are taken generally without any Variation from the Greek; as,

Metamorphosis,	Metaphrasis,	Metasyncrisis,
Emphasis,	Metaptosis,	Metathesis,
Diaphoresis,	Diaphryxsis,	Metastasis,
Metempsychosis,	Diatyposis,	Antanaclasis, &c.

Explanation of common Abbreviations or Contractions of Words.

Note, A Point, or Full Stop, is always to be written after a Word thus abbreviated.

Anſw. *Anſwer*
A. D. *Anno Domini*, or *the Year of our Lord*
Acct. *for Account*
Abt. *about*
Ag. *againſt*
B. A. *Batchelor of Arts*
Bp. *Biſhop*
B. D. *Batchelor in Divinity*
Bart. *Baronet*
Chap. *Chapter*
D. D. *Doctor in Divinity*
Dr. *Doctor*
Eſq; *Eſquire*
i. e. *id eſt, that is*
Empr. *Emperor*
Honb. *Honourable*
Kt. *Knight*
L L. D. *Doctor of Laws*
M. D. *Doctor of Phyſic*
Mr. *Maſter*
Mrs. *Miſtreſs*
Mty. *Majeſty*
Obj. *Objection*
Qu. *Queſtion*
Rev. *Reverend*
S. T. P. *Profeſſor of*, or *Doctor in Divinity*
Sr. *Sir*
St. *Saint*
Sol. *Solution*
ye. *the*
yt. *that*
yo. *you*
yn. *then*
yr. *your*
ym. *them*
& *and*
Viz. *Videlicet, to wit*, or *that is to ſay*
&c. *et cætera*, and the reſt (or what follows.)

But one ought to avoid theſe Contractions of Words as much as poſſible, unleſs it be for one's own private Uſe, and where it would be ridiculous to write them in Letters at Length; as *&c.* for *and ſo forth*, or *the reſt*, Mr. *Maſter*, Mrs. for *Miſtreſs*, &c. It argues likewiſe a Diſreſpect and Slighting to uſe Contractions to your Betters, and is often puzzling to others, except in ſuch Caſes as abovementioned.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING

Some General DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS, and how to addreſs Perſons of Diſtinction in Writing or Diſcourſe, &c.

EPISTOLARY Writing, by which a great Part of the Commerce of human Life is carried on, was eſteemed by the Romans a liberal and polite Accompliſhment; and Cicero, the Father of Eloquence and Maſter of Stile, ſpeaks with great Pleaſure, in his Epiſtles to Atticus, of his Son's Genius in this Particular. Among them, it was undoubtedly a Part of their Education, and, in the Opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deſerves a ſhare in ours: "The writing Letters (ſays this great Genius) enters ſo much into all the Occaſions of Life, "that no Gentleman can avoid ſhewing himſelf in "Compoſitions of this Kind. Occurrences will daily "force him to make this Uſe of his Pen, which lays "open his Breeding, his Senſe, and his Abilities, to a "ſeverer Examination than any oral Diſcourſe."

"It was a *quaint* Difference," ſays Mr. Howel, in one of his Epiſtles, "that the Ancients made betwixt "a *Letter* and an *Oration*; the one ſhould be attired "like a Woman, and the other like a Man: The Oration is allowed large Side Robes, *as long Periods*, "*Parentheſis*, *Similies*, *Examples*, and other Parts of "rhetorical Flouriſhes; but a *Letter* ſhould be ſhort "coated, and cloſely couched: In ſhort, we ſhould "write as we ſpeak; and that's a true familiar Letter "which expreſſeth our Meaning the ſame as if we "were diſcourſing with the Party to whom we write "in ſuccinct and eaſy Terms. The Tongue and Pen

" are both Interpreters of the Mind; but the Pen the " most faithful of the two, and as it has all the Ad- " vantage of Premeditation, is not so apt to err, and " leave Things behind on a more authentic as well as " lasting Record."

When you sit down to write a Letter, remember that this Sort of Writing should be like Conversation; observe this, and you will be no more at a Loss to write, than you will be to speak to the Person were he present; and this is Nature without Affectation, which, generally speaking, always pleases. As to Subjects, you are allowed in writing Letters the utmost Liberty; whatsoever has been done, or seen, or heard, or thought of, your own Observations on what you know, your Enquiries about what you do not know, the *Time*, the *Place*, the *Weather*, every Thing about you stands ready for a Subject; and the more Variety you intermix, so as not rudely thrown together, the better. Set Discourses require a Dignity or Formality of Stile, suitable to the Subject; whereas Letter-writing rejects all Pomp of Words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But though lofty Phrases are here improper, the Stile should not be low and mean; and to avoid it, let an easy Complaisance, an open Sincerity, and unaffected Good-nature appear in all you say, for a fine Letter does not consist in saying fine Things, but in expressing ordinary ones with Elegance and Propriety; so as to please while it informs, and charm even in giving Advice.

It should also wear an honest chearful Countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his Friend; and not like a Fop, admiring his own Dress, and seemingly pleased with nothing but himself.

Express your Meaning as freely as possible; long Periods may please the Ear, but they perplex the Understanding; a short Stile and plain, strikes the Mind, and fixes an Impression; a tedious one is seldom clearly understood, and never long remembered. But there is still something requisite beyond all this, towards the writing of a polite and agreeable Letter, and that is, an Air of good Breeding, and Humanity, which ought constantly to appear in every Expression,

and

and that will give a Beauty to the Whole. By this I would not be ſuppoſed to mean, overſtrained or affected Compliments, or any Thing that Way tending, but an eaſy, genteel and obliging Manner of Addreſs, in a Choice of Words that bear the moſt civil Meanings, with a thorough generous and good-natured Diſpoſition.

But in familiar Letters of the common Concerns of Life, Elegance is not required, nor is it the Thing we ought to aim at; for when attempted, the Labour is often ſeen, and the End perverted by the very Means, Eaſe and Clearneſs are the only Beauties we need to ſtudy.

Never be in Pain about Familiarity in the Stile to thoſe with whom you are acquainted; for that very Pain will make it aukward and ſtiff in Spite of all your Endeavours to the contrary.

Write freely, but not haſtily; let your Words drop from your Pen, as they would from your Tongue when ſpeaking deliberately on a Subject of which you are Maſter, and to a Perſon with whom you are intimate.

Accuſtom yourſelf to think juſtly, and you will not be at a Loſs to write clearly; for while there is Confuſion at the Fountain Head, the Book will never be clear.

Before you *begin* to write, think what you are *going* to write. However unneceſſary this Caution may ſeem, I will venture to ſay, that ten appear ridiculous on Paper through Hurry and Want of Thought, for one that is ſo through Want of Underſtanding.

A Man that begins a Speech before he is determined what to ſay, will undoubtedly find himſelf bewildered before he gets to the End; not in Sentiment only, but in Grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a Sentence, have the Whole of it in your Head, and make Uſe of the firſt Words that offer themſelves to expreſs your Meaning; for be aſſured, they are the moſt natural, and will, generally ſpeaking, (I can't ſay always) beſt anſwer your Purpoſe; for to ſtand ſearching after Expreſſions, breaks in

upon the natural Diction; and for a Word that perhaps is not a Jot more expressive, you make the whole Sentence stiff and aukward. But of all Things learn to be correct, and never omit a careful Perusal of what you have written, which, whoever neglects, must have many Inaccuracies; and these are not only a Reflection on the Writer, but a Rudeness to the Person to whom they are written. Never be ashamed of having found something amiss, which you confess that you did, by mending it; for in that Confession you cancel the Fault, and if you have not Time to transcribe it, let it pass; for a Blot is by no Means so bad as a Blunder; and by accustoming yourself to correct what is amiss, you will be less liable to future Mistakes.

So much for Letters in general; as for those in Trade in particular, I shall quote a reputable Author on the Subject, who, I think, has said every Thing that need be said upon it, and given Examples, whereby we can't err, if we dont excel, *viz.*

"As Plainness, and a free Way of Expression, is "the Beauty and Excellence of Speech, so an easy "concise Way of Writing is the best Stile for Tradesmen. He that affects a rumbling bombast Stile, "and fills his Letters with Compliments and Flourishes, makes a very ridiculous Figure in Trade; "for Instance of the following Letter, which a young "Tradesman in the Country writes up to a Wholesale Dealer in London, on his first setting up.

SIR, The Destinies having so appointed it, and my dark Stars concurring, that I, who by Nature was formed for better Things, should be put out to a Trade, and the Time of my Servitude being at length expired, I am now launched forth into the great Ocean of Business. I thought fit to acquaint you, that last Month I received my Fortune, which, by my Father's Will, had been due two Years past, at which Time I arrived to Man's Estate, and became major; whereupon I have taken a House in one of the principal Streets of this Town, where I am entered upon my Business, and hereby let you know that I shall have Occasion for the Goods hereafter mentioned, which you may send to me by the Carrier.

This

This fine Flourish, which the young Shopkeeper dreſt up with much Application, and thought it well done, put his Correſpondent in London into a Fit of Laughing; who, inſtead of ſending him directly the Goods he wrote for, ſent down into the Country to enquire his Character.

The ſame Tradeſman in London, by the next Poſt, received the following Letter from another young Shopkeeper in the Country, on his beginning Buſineſs for himſelf.

SIR, being obliged, by my late Maſter's Deceaſe, to enter immediately upon Buſineſs, and conſequently open my Shop without going to Town to furniſh myſelf with ſuch Goods as at preſent I want, I have ſent you a ſmall Order, as under written. I hope you will uſe me well, and let the Goods be good of the Sort, tho' I cannot be in London to look them out myſelf. I have incloſed a Bill of Exchange of 75l. on Meſſ. A——— and B———, and Company, payable to you or to your Order, at one and twenty Days Sight: Be pleaſed to get it accepted; and if the Goods amount to more than that Sum, I ſhall, when I have your Bill of Parcels, ſend you the Remainder. I repeat my Deſire, that you will ſend me the Goods well ſorted and well choſen, and as cheap as poſſible, that I may be encouraged to a farther Correſpondence.

I am your humble Servant,

C. K.

This was writing like a Man that underſtood what he was doing, and ſuch a Letter could not want its proper Effect upon ſuch a Correſpondent in London.

In ſhort, a Tradeſman's Letter ſhould be plain and conciſe, and to the Purpoſe; no quaint Expreſſions, no Book Phraſes, no Flouriſhes; and yet they muſt be full and ſufficient to expreſs what he means, ſo as not to be doubtful, much leſs unintelligible. I can by no Means approve of ſtudied Abbreviations, and leaving out the needful Copulatives of Speech in trading Letters; they are affected to the laſt Degree: For, in a Word, 'tis affecting to be thought a Man of more than ordinary Senſe, by writing extraordinary Nonſenſe; affecting

affecting to be a Man of Buſineſs, by giving Orders, and expreſſing your Meaning in Terms which a Man of Buſineſs may not think himſelf bound by.

When a Tradeſman takes an Apprentice, the firſt Thing he does for him, after he lets him into the Compting Houſe and his Books, and after truſting him with his more private Buſineſs, is, to let him write Letters to his Dealers, and correſpond with his Friends; and this he does in his Maſter's Name, ſubſcribing his Letter thus: *I am,*

For my Maſter A. B. *and Company,*

Your humble Servant,

C. D.

And beginning thus:

SIR, I am ordered by my Maſter A. B. *to adviſe you, that*———

Or thus:

SIR, Theſe are by my Maſter's Order, to give you Notice———

Orders for Goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the Dealer may not miſtake; eſpecially if it be Orders from a Tradeſman to a Manufacturer, to make or buy Goods, either of ſuch a Quality or Pattern; in which, if the Goods are made to the Colours, and of a marketable Goodneſs, and within the Time limited, the Perſon ordering them cannot refuſe to receive them, and to make himſelf Debtor to the Maker. On the contrary, if the Goods are not of a marketable Goodneſs, or not to the Patterns, or not ſent within the Time, the Maker ought not to expect they ſhould be received.

In regard to the Form and Superſcription of Letters, eſpecially of the politer Sort, it may be neceſſary to obſerve,

That when you write to a Perſon of Diſtinction, or Gentleman, let it be on gilt Paper, and without ſealing the Letter itſelf, incloſe it in a Cover, which you are to ſeal over it, and write the Superſcription thereon.

Begin

Begin your Letter about two Inches below the Top of your Paper, and leave about an Inch Margin on the Left Hand, and what Compliments or Services, you send in the Letter, insert them rather in the Body or Conclusion of it than by Way of Postscript, as is too often done, but is neither so affectionate or polite, for it not only savours of Levity to your Friends, but has the Appearance of your almost having forgot them.

It is usual among the polite to sign their Names at a considerable Distance below the Conclusion of the Letter, and thereby leave a large vacant Space over their Names, which though customary, I would by all Means advise you to avoid; because 'tis putting it in the Power of any one who has your Letter to write what he pleases over your Name, and to make you in all Appearance have signed a Writing that you would by no Means have set your Hand to.

In directing your Letters to Persons who are well known, it is best not to be too particular, because it is lessening the Person you direct to, by supposing him to be obscure, and not easily found.

Whenever you direct to Persons who are Honourable, either by Family or Office, it is more proper, as well as polite, to direct without the Title of Esq; than with it; for Instance,

To the Honourable Mr. Arundel, not to the Honourable Peter Arundel, Esq; which would be ridiculous.

SOME FARTHER

DIRECTIONS and OBSERVATIONS ON EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE, And Subscribing and Directing LETTERS.

1. WHEN you are writing to your Superior, be not prolix, but let your Letter be as short as the Subject or Occasion you write on will permit; especially such, wherein Favours are requested: And be particularly careful in not omitting any Letter belonging to the Words you write, as *I've*, *can't*, *don't*, *shou'd*,

shou'd, *wou'd*, *&c.* instead of *I have*, *cannot*, *do not*, *should*, *would*, *&c.* for such Contractions not only appear disrespectful, and too familiar, but discover (those almost inseparable Companions) Ignorance and Impudence. Neither be over pompous in your Stile, but convey your Thoughts with Ease and Perspicuity, that they may appear as from Nature, rather than a vain Conceit to shew your Learning; the *former* shews your *Humility*; the latter your *Pride*.

2. When you write to your Superiors, never make a Postscript: And (if possible) avoid it in Letters to your Equals; especially complimentary Postscripts to any of the Person's Family or Relations to whom you write; as it shews Disrespect in your neglecting such Persons in the Body of your Letter: Wherefore it is best to keep up to Form if you write to the Antient, the Grave, or to the Proud: Such Persons being most commonly jealous of Disrespect, and expect to be treated with Deference.

3. When you write to your Inferiors, you are at Liberty to act as you think proper as to the last Caution; and take Care that you are not too familiar, or free in your Stile, lest it should make you contemptible; always having the Proverb in your Mind, *viz. too much Familiarity commonly breeds Contempt.*

4. If your Letter consists of several Paragraphs, begin every fresh or new one at the same Distance from the left Hand Margin of the Paper, as when you began the Subject of your Letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper Stops, otherwise no Person will be able to come at the *Sense* or Meaning of your Letter; which Neglect very often causes *Mistakes* and *Misunderstandings*: And be careful to put a Period or Full Stop at the End of every Paragraph, thus.

5. When the Subject of your Letter is finished, conclude it with the same Address as at first; as, *Sir*, *Madam*; or, *May it please your Grace*, *Lordship*, *Ladyship*, *&c. &c.* and always subscribe your Name in a larger Hand than you wrote your Letter in.

6. Letters should be wrote on *Quarto* fine gilt Post Paper to Superiors; if to your Equals or Inferiors, you

are

are at your own Option to use what Sort or Size you please: But take Care never to seal your Letter with a Wafer, unless to the *latter*.

7. When your Letter is sealed, you must write the Superscription (if it be to your Superior or Equal) in the following Manner, *viz.* Write the Word *To* by itself, as nigh the Left Hand, upper Angle, or Corner of your Letter, as is convenient: Then begin the Title, or Name of the Person, about an Inch lower, and almost in the Middle or Center of it, according to the Length of the Person's Name or Title; and write the Place of his Abode in a Line by itself at the Bottom, in a larger Character than the other Part, thus:

To
The Right Hon. the
Earl of PEMBROKE,
At WILTON-HOUSE,
WILTS.

The Rank and Order of PRECEDENCE, according to the several Degrees of Honour in *Great Britain*, as settled by Act of Parliament.

THE Degrees of Honour observed in this Kingdom are pertinently distinguished under two Heads: First, the Nobility or Peers, under the several Titles of

Dukes	Viscounts
Marquisses	Bishops and
Earls	Barons

The second Order consists of that of the Garter, (if not always otherwise dignified) *viz.*

Knights Banners	Knights Batchelors
Baronets	Esquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen

As to the Rank or Precedency of the first Order of Men among us, *viz. Peers*, they take Place according to the Creation or Date of their Patents, unless of the Blood-Royal, then they precede all others of the same Degree, *viz.* The

The *Sons*, *Grandsons*, and *Brothers* of King or Queen; the Great Officers of State do likewise break through this general Rule, and claim Precedency of the other Nobility, *viz.* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, the Archbishop of *York*, the Lord Treasurer, the Ld. President, and Ld. Privy Seal.

Another Degree of Precedence is claimed by the Great Officers at Court, *viz.*

Ld. Chamberlain of *England*
Lord High Const. of *England*
Earl Marshal
Lord High Admiral
Lord Steward
Lord Chamberlain of the Houshold

These take Place of all others of the same Degree: So a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, precedes all other Barons; and if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided those Earls are not superior Officers of State. After which they follow in their several Orders, *viz.*

Dukes
Marquisses
Dukes eldest Sons
Earls
Marquisses eldest Sons
Dukes youngest Sons
Viscounts
Earls eldest Sons
Marquisses younger Sons
Bishops
Barons
Viscounts eldest Sons
Earls younger Sons
Barons eldest Sons
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
Justices and Barons of the said Courts
Masters in Chancery
Viscounts youngest Sons
Barons youngest Sons
Knights of the Garter, if not otherwise dignified
Baronets
Knights of the Bath
Field and Flag Officers
Knights Batchelors
Colonels
Serjeants at Law
Doctors
Esquires
Justices of the Peace
Barristers at Law
Lieutenant-Colonels
Majors
Captains
Gentlemen
Citizens
Yeomen
Burgesses

All

All Ladies have Precedency according to the Dignity of their Husbands.

All Colonels are Honourable, and by the Law of Arms precede Knights: So do all Field Officers, Master of the Ordnance, and Quarter-Masters General, &c.

How to address Persons of Distinction either in Writing or Discourse.

HAVING frequently observed, that young Persons, for Want of proper Instructions, are liable to great Mistakes in the Stile and Title due to their Superiors, or to such as are of high Rank and Dignity, I shall in this Place give them suitable Directions of Address to all Persons of Distinction, the Chief of which being once known, the rest will soon be attained.

To the Royal Family.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or *May it please your Majesty*.

To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or *May it please your Royal Highness*.

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family, altering the Addresses according to the different Ranks and Degrees of Dignity.

To the Nobility.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or *your Grace*.

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis, your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. A. Earl of B. *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. *My Lord, your Lordship*.

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by Courtesy of England, the Title of *Lord* and *Right Honourable*; and the Title of Lady is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Honourable*, and all their Daughters *Honourable*.

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoner, except those who are Members of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the Parliament.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships*.

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *May it please your Honours*.

To the Right Honourable H. C. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, *Sir*.

To the Clergy.

To the most Reverend Father in God W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or *your Grace*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God W. Lord Bishop of S. *My Lord*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God T. Lord Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord*.

To the Reverend A. B. D. D. Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Reverend Doctor*, *Mr. Dean*, *Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of other inferior Denominations, are stiled *Reverend*.

To

To the Officers of his Majesty's Houshold.

They are for the most Part addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeable to the Nature of their Office; as, *My Lord Steward*, *my Lord Chamberlain*, *Mr. Vice Chamberlain*, &c. and in all Superscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Stile or Office should never be omitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the Civil List.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain, or Earl Marshal of England, or one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or of the Treasury, or of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords, your Lordships.*

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt Duty, Navy, &c. must be stiled *Honourable*; and if any of them are Privy Counsellors, 'tis usual to stile them collectively, *Most Honourable, Sir, your Honour.*

To the Soldiers and Navy.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant-General, Major-General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All

All Colonels are ſtiled *Honourable*; all inferior Officers ſhould have the Name of their Employment ſet firſt; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the Navy all Admirals are ſtiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers according to their Rank in the Army.

To the Ambaſſadors, Secretaries, and Conſuls.

All Ambaſſadors have the Title of *Excellency* added to their Qualities; as have alſo all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannic Majeſty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Port*, *Sir*, *your Excellency*.

To his Excellency E F. Eſq; Ambaſſador to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, *Sir*, *your Excellency*.

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his Pruſſian Majeſty's Reſident at the Court of *Great Britain*, *Sir*, *your Excellency*.

To Seignior W. G. Secretary from the Republic of *Venice*, *Sir*.

To G. H. Eſq; his Britannic Majeſty's Conſul at *Smyrna*, *Sir*.

To the Judges and Lawyers.

All Judges, if Privy Counſellors, are ſtiled *Right Honourable*; as for Inſtance,

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, *My Lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To the Right Honourable P. V. Maſter of the Rolls, *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *My Lord*, *your Lordſhip*.

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, *Sir*, or *May it pleaſe you*, *Sir*.

To

To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. *Sir*, or *May it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. H. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, *Sir.*

All others in the Law, according to their Offices and Rank they bear; every Barrister having the Title of Esq; given him.

To the Lieutenants and Magistracy.

To the Right Honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of *Durham, My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of *London, My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, have the Title of *Esq*; and *Worshipful*, as have all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of *London* are stiled *Right Worshipful*, as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. *Esq*; High Sheriff of the County of *Y. Sir, your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful F. F. *Esq*; Alderman of Tower Ward, *London, Sir, your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of *London, Sir, your Worship.*

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which consist of *Magistrates*, or have any such among them, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

To the Governors under the Crown.

To his Excellency G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland, My Lord, your Excellency.*

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of *Dover Castle*, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant Governors.

Those

Thoſe appointed by Proprietors, as the Eaſt India Company, &c. are ſtiled Deputy Governors.

To incorporate Bodies.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable; as,

To the Honourable Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants trading to the *Eaſt-Indies*, *Your Honours*.

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

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

To the Maſter and Wardens of the Worſhipful Company of Mercers.

'Tis uſual to call a Baronet and a Knight, *Honourable*, and their Wives *Ladies*.

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet at E. near F. *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To the Honourable W. H. Knight, at G. Surry, *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To T. Y. Eſq; at *Wickham*, or to Mr. Y. ditto, *Sir*.

To Men of Trade and Profeſſions.

To Doctor M. R. in *Bloomſbury-Square*, *London*, *Sir*, or *Doctor*.

To Mr. G. D. Merchant in *Tower-Street*, *London*, *Sir*.

But the Method of addreſſing Men of Trade and Buſineſs, is ſo common and ſo well known, that it does not require any further Examples.

Proper DIRECTIONS for addreſſing Perſons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginnings of Letters, and the Superſcriptions.

Beginnings of Letters.

To the KING. *Sire*; or, *Sir*; or, *Moſt gracious Sovereign*; or, *May it pleaſe your* MAJESTY.

To

To the QUEEN. *Madam*; or, *Most*, &c.

To the PRINCE of WALES. *Sir*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness.*

To the PRINCESS of WALES. *Madam*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness.*

To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. Ditto.

Note, All *Sovereigns* Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Sisters, are entitled to *Royal Highness.*— And to the rest of the Royal Family, *Highness.*

To a DUKE. *May it please your Grace.*

To a DUCHESS, Ditto.

To a MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD, } *My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship.*

To a Marchioness; an Earl's Wife, Viscountess; or, a Lord's Wife. } *May it please your Ladyship.*

To the Archbishops. *May it please your Grace*; or, *My Lord.*

To the rest of the Bishops. *My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship.*

To the rest of the Clergy. *Reverend Sir.*

Note, All younger Sons of a *Marquis*, *Earl*, *Viscount*, and *Lords Sons*, are stiled *Honourable*, and are *Esquires.*

To either of these. *Sir*; *Honoured Sir*; or, *May it please your Honour.*

Also the Title of *Lady* is given to the Daughters of *Marquisses*, &c. *Madam*; or, *May it please your Ladyship.*

To a Member of Parliament. *May it please your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of *London*, *My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship.*

Note, That *Generals*, *Admirals*, and *Colonels*, and all *Field-Officers*, are *Honourable.*

All other Officers, either in the *Army* or *Navy*, have only the Title of the Commission they bear, set first on the Superscription of the Letters; and at the Beginning, *Sir*; or, *Honoured Sir*; or, *May it please your Honour.*

An *Ambassador*, *May it please your Excellency*; or, *Sir.*

All

All *Privy Counsellors*, and *Judges* that are Privy Counsellors, are *Right Honourable*; and the whole Privy Council, taken together, are stiled *most Honourable*.

Baronets are *Honourable*.

Justices of the *Peace* and *Mayors* are stiled *Right Worshipful*.

Likewise *Sheriffs* of Counties, &c.

All Governors under his Majesty are stiled, *Excellency*.

Superscriptions of Letters:

To his most sacred MAJESTY; or, *to the* KING'S *most excellent* MAJESTY.

To her most sacred MAJESTY; or, *To the* QUEEN'S *most excellent* MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess, &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters. *To his*, or *her Royal Highness.*

To the rest of the Royal Family. *Highness.*

To his Grace the Duke of K——n.

To her Grace the Duchess of N——k.

To a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Lord, { *To the Right Honourable the Marquis of; Earl of; Lord Viscount F-b, The Lord H—w.*

To a Marchioness, *To the Right Honourable the Marchioness of, &c.* An Earl, or Viscount's Wife, *To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess of, &c.* To a Lord's Wife, *To the Right Honourable the Lady, &c.*

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Lord. *To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann F—b.*

Note, The Wives of Lieutenant-Generals, Major-Generals, and Brigadier-Generals are Honourable.

Also the Wives of *Vice* and *Rear* Admirals, Ambassadors, &c. *To the Right Honourable Mrs.*

To an Archbishop. *To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

To the Bishops. *To the Right Reverend Father in God John Lord Bishop of, &c.*

Some

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

Miſcellaneous LETTERS on the moſt uſeful and common Occaſions.

LETTER I.

From a Brother at Home, to his Siſter Abroad on a Viſit, complaining of her not writing.

Dear Siſter,

I Muſt acquaint you how unkind 'tis taken by every Body here, that we ſo ſeldom hear from you; my Mother, in particular, is not a little diſpleaſed, and ſays, you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the ſame Opinion, and none but myſelf endeavours to find Excuſes for you; but I beg you will give me that Trouble no more, and, for the future, take Care to deſerve no Rebuke, which you may eaſily do by writing ſoon and often. You are very ſenſible how dear you are to us all; think then with yourſelf, whether it be right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction that Abſence affords to real Friends, which is often to hear from one another.

Our beſt Reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and Compliments to all Friends,

From your very affectionate Brother,

T. C.

LETTER II.

The Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

I'LL not set about finding Excuses, but own my Fault, and thank you for your kind Reproof; and in Return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the Receipt of your's, to beg my Mamma's Pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my Aunt's, on this my Promise of Amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little Omissions, and be assured I am never so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my Duty designedly. I shall certainly write to Mamma by next Post; this is just going, which obliges me to conclude, with my Duty to dear Mamma, and sincere Respects to all Friends,

Your ever affectionate Sister, M. C.

LETTER III.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Pappa, written from School.

Dear Pappa,

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

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

I am, dear Pappa,
Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER IV.

Another on the same Subject.

Dear Pappa,

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

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

I am, dear Pappa,
Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER V.

To a Friend against Waste of Time.

Dear Sir,

CONVERSE often with yourself, and neither lavish your Time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many of our Hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away; but of both these Losses, the most shameful is that which happens thro' our own Neglect. If we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable Part of our Life is spent in doing Evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We don't seem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is; nor do we consider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. Re-

flect

flect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a ſtrict Account of Time. Procraſtination is the moſt dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Inſtant we breathe in, and all the reſt is nothing; it is the only Good we poſſeſs; but then it is fleeting, and the firſt Comer robs us of it. Men are ſo weak, that they think they oblige by giving of Trifles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the moſt grateful Perſon in the World can never make amends. I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

In Anſwer to a Friend.

SIR,

TO tell you in Anſwer to your's what I think of Proſperity, is, that I take it to be more dangerous to our Virtue than Adverſity. It is apt to make us vain and inſolent; regardleſs of others, and forgetful of God, ambitious in our Purſuits, and intemperate in our Enjoyments. Thus it proved to the wiſeſt Man on Earth, I mean Solomon. But I much admire what you ſay of Silence, and wiſh I could practiſe that paſſive Virtue, which is the firſt Step of Wiſdom, the Nurſe of Peace, and the Guardian of Virtue. Words do but ruffle and diſcompoſe the Mind, betraying the Soul to a thouſand Vanities. I hope you will, at our next Meeting, find me greatly improved in what you ſo much recommended to me. I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER VII.

To a young Gentleman.

SIR,

I Dare venture to affirm that Learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the Gentleman, and that a wiſe Man is as much ſuperior to an ignorant Perſon, as a Man is above the Level of a Brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than to apply yourſelf ſeriouſly to the Cultivation of your Mind; to which Purpoſe nothing will contribute more, than your preſcribing yourſelf a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other Part of the Day; becauſe the Mind is

then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless I would not affect to read over a Multitude of Volumes, nor read with Greediness; I would rather chuse to read a little, and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books, &c.

LETTER VIII.

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

Most honoured Madam,

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

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

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

When School is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady, who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourselves by Reading. Books of Piety are our most common Choice: These warm our Wills, and enlighten our Understandings: They instruct us in the Cause of our Misconduct, and prescribe to us a Remedy: They neither flatter

flatter a dignified Title, nor insult the Peasant who tills the Ground; but, like painted Bustos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

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

If at any Time I am permitted to pay a Visit, (which Liberty your Indulgence has allowed) I take Care to time it properly; for there are certain Times when Visits become rather troublesome than friendly: Wherefore I avoid it when much Company is expected; or when I am certain that Family Affairs will not admit of sufficient Leisure to receive them: The former on my Account, the latter on my Friends: That is, much Company assembled together, serves rather to confuse our Ideas, than enliven them. Wherefore, when I am so unfortunate to ill-time a Visit, I withdraw as soon as Civility and Ceremony will permit me; for, in my weak Opinion, Madam, long Conversations grow dull, as few of our Sex are furnished with a sufficient Fund of Materials for long Discourses, unless it be to comment upon the Frailties of the Absent, and turn their Misfortunes into a Subject for our most cruel Diversion.

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

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

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IX.

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

Dear Mamma,

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

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

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

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young Ladies, if you will give me Leave to engage her to spend the Holidays with me at Home! And I doubt not but her Address and Behaviour will attract your Esteem, among the rest of those she has already acquired.

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

I am, with my Duty to Pappa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LET-

LETTER X.

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

Dear Pappa,

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

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

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

Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER XI.

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

Dear Pappa,

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

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

Oh! Sir, though short to some the Interval of Time since I received your Blessing, ere your Departure from us, to me it seems an Age! and when I reflect how many such I am doomed to bear in the Absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable! And if it were possible that Nature could subsist on Sleep alone, I could with Pleasure renounce every Amusement whatever, and make the silent Pillow my Retreat.

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

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

Dear Pappa,
Your most dutiful Daughter.

LET-

LETTER XII.

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

Dear Mother,

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

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

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XIII.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

I AM very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time. I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every thing. You must consider, that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the

Family will love and esteem you. You will get new Friends there; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no Love here; for we all talk of you every Evening; and every Body speaks of you as fondly or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time, keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place; and be always ready to assist your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any Body living, for I know you never used to do it: But if you hear a bad Story of any Body, try to soften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions: That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily; I might have said hourly: And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any Thing of your Health in your last; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Cooper's young Man, who said he called upon you in his Way from London, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird.—You know James's Way of talking.——However, I was glad to hear you was well, and desire you will not forget to mention your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you, my dear Child! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

The Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother,

THO' we begin to have ſuch cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almoſt quite eaſy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindneſs that is already ſhewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bed-Fellows; and ſhe, and Robin, and Thomas, are all ſo kind to me, that I can ſcarcely ſay which is the kindeſt. My Maſter is ſixty-five Years of Age next April; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an eaſy ſmiling Countenance; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to paſs by me, as I have been duſting out the Chambers, or in the Paſſage, he generally ſays ſomething to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on more pleaſantly. My Miſtreſs is as thin as my Maſter is plump: Not much ſhort of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peeviſh. Indeed that may eaſily be borne; for I have never heard my Maſter ſay a ſingle Word of any of us; but what was kind and encouraging. My Maſter, they ſay, is vaſtly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Buſineſs, with which he purchaſed his Eſtate here, and another in Suſſex, ſome Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good Houſe in London, as well as this here; but my Maſter and Miſtreſs both love the Country beſt, and ſo they ſometimes ſtay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer conſtantly; of which I am very glad, becauſe I am ſo much the nearer you: And I have heard ſo much of the Wickedneſs of London, that I don't at all deſire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that Betty (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to ſay the Truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promiſed to one another. Our Coachman, Thomas, ſeems to be a very good, worthy Man: You may ſee by his Eyes that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing

for

for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. Robin the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I am sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such Fellow-Servants, and such a Master, I think it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in Spirits; only my Heart will heave a little still every Time I look towards the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there! and make a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother.

LETTER XV.

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

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

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

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in the very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-Condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life: They spend the greatest Part of the Night in Balls and Assemblies, and fling away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep. Their Life is too much opposed to Nature to be capable of Happiness: 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either;)

ther;) a perpetual ſeeking after what they call Diverſions; an Inſipidity and Want of Taſte, when they are engaged in them, and a certain Languiſhing and Reſtleſſneſs when they are without them. This is not living, but a conſtant Endeavour to cheat themſelves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Conſtitution, make it worſe by their abſurd Way of Life, and deliver a ſtill weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous, than the ſeeing their wrinkled ſallow Faces all ſet off with Diamonds. Poor miſtaken Gentlewomen! they ſhould endeavour to avoid People's Eyes as much as poſſible, and not to attract them; for they are really quite a deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a ſtanding Leſſon againſt the ſtrange Lives they lead.

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

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

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be followed and admired,—to have Preſents offered from all Sides to one,—to be invited to all Diverſions, and to be diſtinguiſhed by the Men from all the reſt of the Company?—Yes, my dear Child, all this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Preſents, and if this Diſtinction of you was to laſt always: But the Miſchief of it is, that theſe Things cannot be enjoyed without encreaſing your Vanity every Time you receive them, and ſwelling up a Paſſion in you that muſt ſoon be baulked and diſappointed. How long is this Beauty to laſt? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five-and-twenty; and how would you bear it, after having

been

been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some Time, to sink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very Persons who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you.

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

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

And if other bad Consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more Sorts than one) you would lose your Bloom too, and then all's gone! But keep your Reputation as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a Beauty which shall last to the End of your Days; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by Time: That will secure your Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as a Blessing, and remember they come from the Heart of a tender and affectionate Mother.

E. C.

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LETTER XVI.

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

Honoured Sir,

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

Your moſt obedient and ever dutiful Son,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

LETTER XVII.

A Letter of Excuſe to a Father or Mother.

Honoured Sir, or Madam,

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

Your moſt dutiful Son,

PHILIP COLLINS.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. ———.

Tunbridge.

I Think I promiſed you a Letter from this Place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other Man I ſhould make

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an Apology for troubling you with any Information so trivial; but among true Friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would seem of no Consequence to others, has, in Intercourses of this Nature, its Weight and Value. A By-stander, unacquainted with Play, may fancy, perhaps, that the Counters are of no more worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the Game know they are to be considered at a higher Rate. You see I draw my Allusions from the Scene before me: A Propriety which the Critics, I think, upon some Occasions recommend. I have often wondered what odd Whim could first induce the Healthy to follow the Sick into Places of this Sort, and lay the Scene of their Diversions amidst the most wretched Part of our Species: One should imagine an Hospital the last Spot in the World to which those in Pursuit of Pleasure would think of resorting. However, so it is; and by this Means the Company here furnish out a Tragi-Comedy of the most singular Kind. While some are literally dying, others are expiring in Metaphor; and in one Scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical Pains of Mankind. An ignorant Spectator might be apt to suspect that each Party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite Character; for the Infirm cannot labour more earnestly to recover the Strength they have lost, than the Robust to destroy that which they possess. Thus the Diseased pass not more anxious Nights in their Beds, than the Healthy at the Hazard-Tables; and I frequently see a Game at Quadrille occasion as severe a Disquietude as a Fit of the Gout. As for myself, I perform a Sort of middle Part in this motly Drama, and am sometimes disposed to join with the Invalids in envying the Healthy, and sometimes have Spirits enough to mix with the Gay in pitying the Splenetic.

The Truth is, I have found some Benefit by the Waters; but I shall not be so sanguine as to pronounce with Certainty of their Effects, till I see how they enable me to pass thro' the approaching Winter. That Season, you know, is the Time of Trial with me; and if I get over the next with more Ease than the last, I shall

ſhall think myſelf obliged to celebrate the Nymphs of theſe Springs in grateful Sonnets.

But let Time and Seaſons operate as they may, there is one Part of me, over which they will have no Power; and in all the Changes of this uncertain Conſtitution, my Heart will ever continue fixed and firmly your's.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

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

Honoured Sir,

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

Your dutiful Son.

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LETTER XX.

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

Honoured Madam,

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

Honoured Madam, Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXI.

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

Dear Master Billy,

AS I was looking into your Pappa's Library Window, last Wednesday, I saw a Letter lie open, signed *William Careless*, which led my Curiosity to read it; but was sorry to find there was not that Duty and Respect in it, which every good Boy should shew to his Pappa; and this I was the more surprised at, when I found 'twas to ask a Favour of him. Give me Leave, there-

therefore, dear *Billy*, to acquaint you, that no one ſhould ever write to his Pappa or Mamma, without beginning his Letter with *Honoured Sir*, or *Honoured Madam*, and at the ſame Time, not forget to obſerve, thro' his whole Epiſtle, the moſt perfect Obedience, in a very obliging, reſpectful Manner. By theſe Means, you may not only increaſe your Pappa's Affection, but obtain almoſt any Thing from him, that you can reaſonably aſk, provided it be proper, and in his Power to grant: What can any good Boy deſire more? But here you muſt permit me, dear *Billy*, to whiſtle an unpleaſing but very uſeful Song in your Ear; which is, "That "you will never get ſo much as an Anſwer to any Let-"ter that is not alſo wrote *handſome*, *fair*, and *large*; "which, as I know you are very capable of, am ſur-"priſed you will ever neglect it." And this you may depend on, for I know your Pappa extremely well, having frequently ſat for Hours at his Study Window, hearing him deliver his Sentiments to your Siſters, and adviſing them into the moſt good-natured affectionate Manner, always to behave obedient to their Parents, and pretty and agreeable to every Body elſe, as well Abroad as at Home; and I muſt ſay it, his Advice and Commands, together with your Mamma's Care and Inſtruction, have had ſo charming an Effect, that they are beloved and admired wherever they go; and at Home every Servant is extremely fond of them, and always ready to oblige and pleaſe them in every Thing, which I ſee daily, when I hop down into the Court to breakfaſt on the Crumbs from the Kitchen. How eaſy then it is for you, my dear *Billy*, who are ſo much older and wiſer than your Siſters, to behave and write in the moſt dutiful and engaging Manner. And further let me adviſe you, never to loſe Sight of the Love and Eſteem of your Mamma, to whom you are all particularly obliged, for her conſtant Care to ſupply your continual Wants, which your Pappa, you are ſenſible, has not Leiſure even to think of; beſides her good Senſe and amiable Conduct have ſo gained the Aſcendant of your Pappa, that he does nothing relating to any of you without her Conſent and Approbation; ſo that in gaining her Eſteem, you are almoſt certain of

his

his: but this you are very ſenſible of already, and I only juſt chirp it in your Ear, to remind you of good Conduct, as well as filial Duty.

But the Morning draws on, and my Fellow Songſters are abroad to whiſtle in the Day; ſo I muſt take my Leave on the Wing, and for the preſent bid you farewell; but beg I may never have Occaſion again to write to you an unpleaſing Letter of Rebuke; and that you will always remember, however diſtant you are, or however ſecret you may think yourſelf from your Friends and Relations, you will never be able to conceal your Faults; for ſome of our prying tattling Tribe will be continually carrying them home, to be whiſtled in a melancholy Strain in the Ears of your Pappa, much to your Shame and Diſcredit, as well as his Diſlike, and my great Concern, who am, deareſt *Billy*, your ever watchful and moſt affectionate Friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

From my Hole in the Wall, at Sun-riſing, the 1ſt of June, 1777.

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

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LETTER XXII.

From one Siſter to another.

Dear Siſter,

EVER ſince you went to London, your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. Friendly, and myſelf, have thought our rural Amuſements dull and inſipid, notwithſtanding we have the Players in Town, and an Aſſembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember,

member, you paſſed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but inſtead of that, it is now almoſt a Quarter of a Year. How can you ſerve us ſo? In ſhort, if you keep us in Suſpenſe much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any further Delay, and prevent our taking ſuch an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Requeſt, will highly oblige not only your moſt ſincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Siſter.

LETTER XXIII.

In Anſwer to the foregoing.

Dear Siſter,

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

Your ever loving,

And affectionate Siſter.

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LETTER XXIV.

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

My dear Child,

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

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

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

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

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

Matter for a delightful Speculation; and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the Great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure.

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

Your affectionate Mother, SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XXV.

To a young Lady, cautioning her against keeping Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Niece,

THE sincere Love and Affection which I now have for your indulgent Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long since deceased, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happiness and Welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. Freelove. You have been seen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-Boxes at both Theatres; in St. James's Park on Sunday Night, and afterwards at a certain Tavern, not a Mile from thence, which is a House (as I have been credibly informed) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at Ranelagh Assembly, Vauxhall Gardens, and what is still more flagrant, at Cuper's Fireworks. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudiced, or speak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you, your Familiarity with him gives me no small Concern, as his Character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertained

tained too favourable an Opinion of his Honour. 'Tis possible, as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Income, as 'tis reported, of 200l. a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Address an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be questioned, however, whether his Intentions are sincere; for notwithstanding all the fair Promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered that he is privately engaged to a rich, old doating Lady not far from Hackney. Besides, admitting it to be true, that he is really entitled to the Annuity abovementioned; yet 'tis too well known, that he's deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income, and has very little, if any Regard for his Reputation. In short, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boasting of Favours from our weak Sex, whose Fondness and Frailty are the constant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicule.

All Things therefore duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his Company as you would a mad Man; for notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good Name may be irreparably lost by such open Acts of Imprudence. As I have no other Motive but an unaffected Zeal for your Interest and Welfare, I flatter myself you will put a favourable Construction on the Liberty here taken by

Your sincere Friend and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXVI.

Letter of Thanks, &c.

SIR,

I Received the Favour of your's, with a very kind Present; and know not indeed, at this Time, any other Way to shew my Gratitude than by my hearty Thanks for the same. Every Thing you do carries a Charm with it; your Manner of doing it is as agreeable as the Thing done. In short, Sir, my Heart is full, and would overflow with Gratitude, did I not stop and subscribe myself,

Your most obliged, and
Obedient humble Servant,
JOHN WADMAN.

LETTER XXVII.

From an Apprentice to his Friends.

Honoured Father and Mother,

BY these I let you know, that by your good Care and Conduct I am well settled, and pleased with my Station, and think it is my Duty to return you my hearty Thanks, and grateful Acknowledgment of your Love and tender Care of me: I will endeavour to go through my Business chearfully: and having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the End, that I may be a Comfort to you hereafter, and in some Measure make a Return for your Love and Kindness to me, who am,

Your most dutiful and obedient Son and Servant,

CHARLES SEDLEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

From an elder Brother to a younger.

Dear Brother,

AS you are now gone from Home, and are arrived at Years of some Discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in mind, that your childish Affairs ought now to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place; whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for 'twill be an Ornament in Youth, and a Comfort in old Age.

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

Your most affectionate Brother
And sincere humble Servant,

EDWARD STANLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

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

Honoured Sir,

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

Your most obliged and ever dutiful Nephew,
HENRY MONTAGU.

LETTER XXX.

A Letter from a Niece to her Aunt.

Madam,

THE Trouble I have already given you, really concerns me when I think of it, and yet I can't help intruding again upon your Goodness, for Necessity, that Mother of Invention, forces us to act contrary to our Inclinations; therefore, pray, dear Madam, excuse me if I once more intreat your Assistance in this Affair, in any Manner that you shall think proper; and I hope at least one Time in my Life to be able to convince you that I have a thorough Sense of the many Obligations your Goodness has conferred upon

Your most dutiful and truly obliged Niece,
And very humble Servant,
JANE PEMBERTON.

LETTER XXXI.

Letter from a Youth at School to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

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

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son,

CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

LETTER XXXII.

Letter from an Apprentice in Town to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

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

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

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

Dear Brother,

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

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

Your Maſter, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withal: In that he was worſe than you; for if you behave well, there are thoſe who will ſet you up in a handſome Manner. So you have ſufficient Inducements to be good, and a Reward always follows it. Brother, farewell! Obey your Maſter, and be civil to

all Persons; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault, confess it at once; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself. Go to Church constantly; and write to us often. I think I need not say more to so good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue so.

I am your affectionate Brother.

LETTER XXXIV.

A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Assurance 'twas not out of Disrespect.

THERE are Times, Madam, in which it is failing in Care, not to write to one's Friends; there are others in which it is Prudence. Methinks it better becomes an unhappy Man to be silent, than to speak; for he tires, if he speaks of his Misery; or he is ridiculous, if he attempts to be diverting. I have not done myself the Honour of writing to you since my Departure, to avoid one or other of these Inconveniencies. I have too much Respect for you, Madam, to importune you with my Griefs; and I am not Fool enough to have a Mind to laugh. I know very well that there may be a Mean between these two Extremes; but after all, the Correspondence of the unhappy are seldom pleasing to those who are in Prosperity. And yet, Madam, there are Duties with which one ought not to dispense; and it is to acquit myself of them, that I now assure you that no one can be with more Esteem and Respect than I am, Your faithful and affectionate Servant,

I. B.

LETTER XXXV.

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

SIR,

AS I find you are detained longer in the Country than you expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at Home; and to assure you

you that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your Return as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful Servant,

SAM. TRUSTY.

LETTER XXXVI.

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

Dear Billy,

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

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

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

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense, and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says *A Man is known by the Company he keeps*. If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their

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

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

Your affectionate Father.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

To an intimate Acquaintance to borrow Money.

PRAY favour me, Charles, with Twenty Guineas, by the Bearer, who is my Servant. I have immediate Occasion; but will repay it again whenever you please to make a Demand. This Letter will answer all the Purposes of a Note: From your obliged humble Servant,

RICHARD ROLT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

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

Dear Sir,

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

JOHN ROBINSON.

LETTER XXXIX.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sir,

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

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

CHARLES NUGENT.

LETTER XL.

Miss J——, in Answer to Mrs. ——, making an Apology for not answering her Letter sooner.

Madam,

'TIS paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters I've met with for some Years, remain so long unacknowledged. But when I inform you I have had a House full of Strangers almost ever since, who have taken up all my Time, I am sure you'll excuse, if not pity me. "Who steals "my Purse, steals Trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and "has been Slave to Thousands: But he who filches "from me my precious Moments, robs me of that "which not enriches him, but makes me poor in-"deed." 'Tis owing to this Want, I should not say Loss of Time, (for the Hours have not passed by unimproved or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you sooner how much I envy that Leisure and Retirement, of which you make such admirable Use. There 'tis the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the Forms and Incumbrances of this World, (which, like Garments trailed about for State, as some Author has it, only hinder our Motion) and seizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O when shall I see my little Farm! That calm Recess, low in the Vale of Obscurity, my Imagination so often paints to me! You know I am always in Raptures about the Country; but your Description of Richmond is enough to intoxicate the soundest Head.

Adieu! I am interrupted and in Haste, so obliged to conclude, Yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Miss J—— to Miss Lovelace, *on the present Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.*

WANT of Time, is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and your's in Haste, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part, my whole Life is little more than a perpe-

tual

tual Hurry of doing Nothing: and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I have a Mind to do, so can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank, is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed; but, though I am excessive good-natured, I'm resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, should conclude this to be a Master-Piece of the Kind, both in Easiness of Thought, and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which Mr. Wycherly says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though it must be confessed he out-does me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over-dreſt. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a Genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas 'tis notorious that the Israelites made Bricks without that Material as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this, I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with: Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

L. E T-

LETTER XLII.

To Miſs L—, *in Anſwer to her Deſcription of* Windſor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of Windſor, and your Invitation to them, is equally pleaſing and poetical. The firſt puts me in mind of the Elyſian Groves, where the great Souls of Antiquity repoſe themſelves on Beds of Flowers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghoſts of departed Kings and Queens are ſtill regaling themſelves with ſoft Muſic, and gliding about their ancient Manſions in Freſco; and the latter, of ſome gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of ſome Maid of Honour (rather too plump for a Ghoſt) who beckons me into them. I'm impatient till I land in thoſe calm Retreats, that Aſylum from Curt'ſying and Compliment, which I deſpaired of arriving at in this ſublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Groupe, all Diſtinction ceaſes; where, you ſay, I may do any Thing I have a Mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, diſengaged from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this nether World, I am like to be in perfect good Humour with myſelf, which, in moſt other Places, would be reckoned exceſſively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with you ſo near the Seat of polite Education, much leſs in King's Palaces, and among their honourable Women.——Tueſday, then, I ſet out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that preſides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I chooſe to give you as little Trouble as poſſible, ſhall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monſters in Maidenhead Thicket. Theſe Difficulties being overcome, ſhall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Caſtle, and ever after remain,

Your peaceful Servant, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs J. *to Miſs* L. *from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey.*

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 Morning. Yet ſay not I want Reſolution; never Virtue had more. Sick to Death from the Moment you left me, Head-Ach beyond Deſcription, five Men and two Women to compliment my Way through in the Afternoon; yet boldly ruſhed through them all, and took my Place in the Stage Coach myſelf. After all, loſt five Shillings Earneſt by a Blunder, went in a wrong Coach at laſt, and ſuch a Morning!——But then I had a worſhipful Society! All ſilent and ſick as myſelf; for which I thanked my Stars; for if they had ſpoke, I had been murdered. Mrs. —— had almoſt talked me into Non-Exiſtence Yeſterday Morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come in and reſtored me to my Identity. Pray tell her this in Revenge for my Head-Ach.

All our Friends that we took up in the Morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we ſet out upon the Journey of Life; and now I have only a young Student of Oxford to finiſh the Evening of my Day with, and prepare for the grand Events of Tomorrow. I've juſt been eating a boiled Chicken with him, and talking about Homer and Madam Roland; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my Bedchamber, whom I ſhall diſmiſs with her Warming-pan in a Moment. If you do not permit me to pour out the preſent Set of Ideas upon all this Paper, I am inconſolable; for I've no Book, and was too abſent till now to think I ſhould want one. How ſudden and how capricious are the Tranſitions of this mortal Stage! Pleaſure and Pain are parted but by a ſingle Moment. Windſor, Fern-Hill, Brook-Street, and your grey Gown, are no more; nor with Mr. Lock's Aſſociations can I aſſociate a ſingle Idea of the paſt with the preſent. Even Lady ——— is defunct. And yet ſhe might—but ſhe is no more: Et de Mortuis nil niſi bonum.

While

While Virtue ſhines, or ſinks beneath——
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———

This Effort of Poetry, and that Scrap of Latin, which I don't underſtand, has ſo exhauſted all my Forces, that I find myſelf gradually ſinking into the Arms of Sleep, and muſt now reſign to the gentle Power of Dreams.

Farewell—and when, like me, oppreſt with Care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To taſte a Mouthful of ſweet Country Air;
Be mindful of your Friend, and ſend me Word
What Joys your Fountains and cool Streams afford:
Then to aſſiſt your Rhapſodies I'll come,
And add new Spirit when we ſpeak of Rome.

JUVENAL.

LETTER XLIV.

To Miſs L. *on the Expreſſions and Compliments commonly made Uſe of in Letters.*

THE Money and Books came as ſound as a Roach. *Safe* is ſo common an Expreſſion, that I am tired of telling People for ever, Things came *ſafe*. We Geniuſes are forced to vary our Expreſſions, and invent new Terms, as well to ſhew our ſurpriſing Compaſs of Thought, as our great Command of Language. This ſometimes appears ſtiff and affected to the common Claſs of Readers, or Hearers, who are apt to be out of their Element, upon hearing any new or unuſual Sounds; but our nicer Ears cannot always bear the ſame Cadences. There's ſomething peculiar in the Make and Structure of the auditory Nerve that requires Diverſification and Variety, as well as ſome Skill in the Anatomy of Language, to make an Impreſſion on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this Reaſon, when I aſk a Favour (a Thing I ſeldom chuſe to do) I always ſelect the moſt delicate Phraſes I am Miſtreſs of; but in Regard to Forms, which moſt People are ſick of, and yet ſurfeit their Friends with, theſe I vary, according

as

as my own Humour or Inclination preponderates. Of Consequence, when I come towards the End, or Peroration of a Letter, I sometimes communicate my Compliments—sometimes desire they may be made known—or where there's a large Family, and of Consequence a Number of Civilities to be paid, the laconic Stile of—my Deferences as usual, has sometimes succeeded beyond my Expectation. I am sick of saying for ever, I beg my Compliments to such a one—But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular Dissertation upon Stile, and as I've many Flowers of Rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the Words above-mentioned into the Form of a Letter, and communicate all the Things I have to say in the Postscript.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss Jones *to Lady* ——.

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Your's from Hatfield revived in me those pleasing Remembrances which not only enliven but expand the Heart; that very Heart, which but the Moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the Pleasure: the Moment she saw your Hand, she cried Half!—and read it most complacently over my Shoulder.

'Tis to no Purpose to tell you how much you are missed by every Body that staid in Town; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I have run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your Health, and to order John, when I go to Town again, to tie up that Knocker. I could tell you many Stories of the sensible Things; but of all the insensible ones upon this Occasion, your Lamp provoked me the most. To see that Creature, when I've gone by in the Evening, burn so prettily, and with so much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpose should he light

light us into your House now? Or who'd be obliged to him for his paltry Rays!—I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dressing-Room once or twice; but 'twas *so like walking over your Grave*, that I could not bear to stay.——Lady H. departed two Days after you; and, in short, I lived to see almost every Body I loved go before me. So last Saturday I made my own Exit, with equal Decency and Dignity; that is, with a thorough Resignation of the World I left, and an earnest Desire after that I am now enjoying with Lady Bowyer and Miss Peggy Stonehouse. I shall begin verging towards my last Home, after having just touched upon the Confines of Lady H. B.'s World, there to subside and be at Peace, where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a Letter from you.

I have implored St. Swithin in your Behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater Compliment, weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a terrible Journey; for scarce a Day has passed that he has not shed many Tears.

LETTER XLVI.

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

SIR,

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

Your most obedient Servant,

ROBERT JONES.

LETTER XLVII.

The Answer.

SIR,

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

RICHARD TOMPKINS.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer.

My dear Harriot,

I Don't know whether I flatter myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern at our parting for the Summer, on our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in London?—— Vauxhall is not for more than twice; and I think Ranelagh one would not see above Half a Dozen Times in the Year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together. I would fain persuade you not to be in Love with so disagreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to stay this Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on Monday: Will you go with us? For there is a Place in the Coach; or will you come when we are settled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You

You have not ſeen our Houſe; but it is a very pleaſant one. There are fine Proſpects from the Park, and a River runs through the Garden; nor are we quite out of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a great deal of Company about the Place; and we have an Aſſembly within a Mile of us. What ſhall I ſay elſe to tempt you to come? Why I will tell you, that you will make us all the happieſt People in the World; and that when you are tired you ſhall not be teized to ſtay. Dear Harriot, think of it; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the trueſt Reſpect,

Your affectionate Friend.

LETTER XLIX.

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

SIR,

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

Your humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER L.

The Wholesale Dealer's Answer.

SIR,

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

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

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER LI.

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

SIR,

I Can remember nothing but Kindness from you to our unhappy Family ever since my Infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your Favour, provided you retain the same kind Thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the

Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour in the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you should seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman of a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being a Master in one of the most advantageous Trades that can be thought of: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least, I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk to lose any Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 200l. carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniencies about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to complete the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any Thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and

most obedient humble Servant,

I. B.

The

The COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

LETTERS of Courtſhip and Marriage.

LETTER I.

From a young Perſon in Buſineſs to a Gentleman, deſiring Leave to wait on his Daughter.

SIR,

I HOPE the Juſtneſs of my Intentions will excuſe the Freedom of this Letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Eſteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Addreſs, that ſhould have the leaſt Appearance of Inconſiſtency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; chooſing, by your Influence, if I may approve myſelf to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myſelf to her Approbation. You are not inſenſible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preſerved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Bleſſing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to requeſt the Favour of an Evening's Converſation with you, at your firſt Convenience, when I will more fully explain myſelf, as I earneſtly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Diſcouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Reſpect,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER II.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Propoſal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr. Lovewell, whoſe Father, I am ſenſible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your Abſence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Paſſion for me, and preſt me cloſely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might ſeem to be, till I had your Thoughts on ſo important an Affair; and I am abſolutely determined either to diſcourage his Addreſſes, or keep him at leaſt in Suſpence till your Return, as I ſhall be directed by your ſuperior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submiſſion, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He ſeems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no Ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good Senſe or good Manners.——I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addreſſes with Pleaſure, were they attended with your Conſent and Approbation: Be aſſured, however, that I am not ſo far engaged as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconſiſtent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I ſhall ever owe you. Your ſpeedy Inſtruction therefore in ſo momentous an Article, will prove the greateſt Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir, your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER III.

From a Daughter to her Mother upon the ſame Occaſion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Prudence, a Governeſs of a noted young Lady's Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her Aſſiſtant. She has treated me, ever ſince I have been with her, with

with the utmoſt Good-nature and Condeſcenſion, and has all along endeavoured to make my Service more eaſy and advantageous to me than I could reaſonably expect. On the other Hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Intereſt my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my conſtant Care to oblige my Governeſs, have not only gained me the Love and Eſteem of the whole Houſe, but young Mr. Byron, the Dancing-Maſter who attends our School weekly, has caſt a favourable Eye upon me ſome Time, and has lately made me ſuch Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithſtanding he is a great Favourite of Mrs. Prudence, a Man of unblemiſhed Character, and very extenſive Buſineſs, I thought it would be an Act of the higheſt Ingratitude to ſo indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair wherein my future Happineſs or Miſery muſt ſo greatly depend.— As to his Perſon, Age, and Temper, I muſt own, Madam, with a Bluſh, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I ſhould think myſelf very happy, ſhould you countenance his Addreſſes. I flatter myſelf, however, that I have ſo much Command of my own Paſſions, as in Duty to be directed in ſo momentous an Affair by your ſuperior Judgment. Your ſpeedy Anſwer, therefore, will be looked upon as an additional Act of Indulgence ſhewn to

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

The Mother's Anſwer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. Byron, and that is a very weighty Affair, I ſhall return to London as ſoon as poſſible, in order to make all due Enquiries. And in Caſe I find no juſt Grounds for Exceptions to the Man, I have none to his Occupation; ſince 'tis ſuitable enough to that State of Life for which you ſeem to have a peculiar Taſte. However, though I ſhould rejoice to ſee you ſettled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and

tho' you ſeem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too haſty, my Dear; conſider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often falſe and perfidious; promiſe fair, and yet, at the ſame Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Deſires. I don't ſay that Mr. Byron has any ſuch diſhonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not, for which Reaſon I would only have you act with Diſcretion and Reſerve; give him neither too great Hopes of Succeſs, nor an abſolute Denial to put him in Deſpair. All that you have to ſay till you ſee me is this, that you have no Averſion to his Perſon; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of ſo ſerious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Application to me on my firſt Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care ſhall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happineſs and Advantage. I am,

Dear Daughter, Your truly affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

A young Lady's Anſwer to a Gentleman's Letter, who profeſſes an Averſion to the tedious Forms of Courtſhip.

SIR,

I AM no more fond of the faſhionable Modes of Courtſhip than yourſelf. Plain Dealing I own is beſt; but methinks common Decency ſhould always be preſerved.

There is ſomething ſo peculiar and whimſical in your Manner of Expreſſion, that I am abſolutely at a Loſs to determine whether you are really ſerious, or only write for your own Amuſement. When you explain yourſelf in more intelligible Terms, I ſhall be better able to form a Judgment of your Paſſion, and more capable of returning you a proper Anſwer. What Influence your future Addreſſes may have over me I cannot ſay; but to be free with you, your firſt Attempt has made no Impreſſion on the Heart of, MIRA.

LET-

LETTER VI.

The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion.

SIR,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of squandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman, of Lincoln's-Inn, who is my Counsel upon all Occasions, and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person: If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of ill Success in his Addresses.

Dear Nephew,

I Received your doleful Ditty, in regard to your ill Success in your late Love Adventure with Miss Snew. No Marble Monument was ever half so cold, or Vestal Virgin half so coy! She turns a deaf Ear, itseems, to your most ardent Vows! And what of all that? By your own Account, it appears she has given you no flat Denial; neither has she peremptorily forbid your Visits. Really, Nephew, I thought a young Gentleman of your good Sense and Penetration, should be better vers'd in the Arts of Love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the Field upon the first Repulse. You should consider, that she is not only a Beauty,

but a very accomplished Lady. You must surely be very vain to imagine, that one of her Education, good Sense, and real Merit, should fall an easy Victim into your Arms. Her Affections must be gradually engaged; she looks upon Matrimony as a very serious Affair, and will never give Way, I am fully persuaded, to the Violence of an ill-grounded Passion. For Shame, Nephew, shake off that unbecoming Bashfulness, and shew yourself a Man. Lovers, like Soldiers, should endure Fatigues. Be advised: Renew the Attack with double Vigour; for she's a Lady worth your Conquest. The Revolution of a Day (as the ingenious Mr. Rowe has it) may bring such Turns as Heaven itself could scarce have promised. Chear up, dear Nephew, under that Thought. When I hear from you again, a few Weeks hence, I am not without Hopes, if you will follow my Advice, of your carrying the Siege, and making her comply with your own Terms of Accommodation. In the mean Time, depend upon it, no Stone shall be left unturned on my Part, that may any Ways contribute towards your good Success, as I cannot, without Injustice to the Lady, but approve your Choice. I am, Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER VIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

THO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgences towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequences thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in Case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for

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

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

SIR,

IT is a very ill Return which I make to the Respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the Day of our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long Conversations we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was constrained to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and [illegible] for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a secret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for your tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will, on this Occasion, let Reason take Place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompence for your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit.

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,

M. H.

LET-

LETTER X.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity.

SIR,

THE Freedom and Sincerity with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim to a Return of the same Confidence; but I have Reason to fear that the best of Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wished to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular, and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; tho' perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other.

I am your's, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another, in Answer to the foregoing.

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your Thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you? Sweet Quarreller, you know this: What Afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Distaste, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle, and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obe-

dient to your Commands; for I promiſe you, you ſhall never get any other Cauſe. I thought it moſt prudent to be ſeen talking with another, when it was my Buſineſs not ſo much as to look at you. Miſs Peacock is a very old Acquaintance: She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and ſhe very well knew all that Civility and Earneſtneſs of Diſcourſe about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, becauſe you commanded me; but I will make you aſk my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me of thoſe few which might have been paſſed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My ſweeteſt Quarreller, I am coming to you. After this never doubt but that I am Your's moſt truly.

LETTER XII.

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

Madam,

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

You ſhould not ſuppoſe, if Lovers have loſt their Sight, that their Senſes are all baniſhed: And if I refuſe to believe my Eyes, when they ſhew me your inconſtancy, you muſt not wonder that I cannot ſtop my Ears againſt the Accounts of it. Pray let us underſtand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourſelves all this while: Am I a Perſon whom you eſteem, whoſe Fortune you do not deſpiſe, and whoſe Pretenſions you encourage; or am I a troubleſome Coxcomb, who fancies myſelf particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deſerve; and I ought to join with you in ſaying that I deſerve it: But if it be otherwiſe, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Perſon you intend to marry, for it is beſt to be plain on theſe Occaſions, for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that univerſal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleaſed with the meaneſt of them? And what can be the meaning that I am told,

you

you laſt Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow, and are ſo wherever you meet him, if I am not in Company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I ſhould be ſorry to imagine, that when I had given you my Heart ſo entirely, I ſhared yours with any-body.

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

Your moſt unhappy.

LETTER XIII.

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

SIR,

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

Whatever may be the End of this Diſpute, for I do not think ſo lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourſelf; and I ſhall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little ſuſpected, ſhould make me fear you too much to marry,

you will not ſee me in that State with any other; nor courted by any Man in the World.

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From a young Tradeſman to a Lady he had ſeen in Public.

Madam,

PERHAPS you will not be ſurpriſed to receive a Letter from a Perſon who is unknown to you, when you reflect how likely ſo charming a Face may be to create Impertinence; and I perſuade myſelf that when you remember where you ſat laſt Night at the Play-Houſe, you will not need to be told this comes from the Perſon who was juſt before you.

In the firſt Place, Madam, I aſk Pardon for the Liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater Liberty I now take in writing to you: But after this, I beg Leave to ſay that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am; I ſhall not pretend to be any better. I keep a Shop, Madam, in Henrietta-Street, and tho' but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Cuſtom. I do not doubt but it will increaſe, and I ſhall be able to do ſomething for a Family. If your Inclinations are not engaged, I ſhould be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time if you pleaſe to deſire any Friend to aſk

my

my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the above.

SIR,

THERE has come into my Hands a Letter which you wrote to Miss Maria Stebbing; she is a Relation of mine, and is a very good Girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her in consulting her Friends in such an Affair as that you wrote about: Besides a Woman could not well answer such a Letter herself, unless it was with a full Refusal, and that she would have been wrong to have done, until she knew something of the Person that wrote it, as wrong as to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your Designs; and as you gave Permission to enquire about you among your Neighbours, I being her nearest Friend, did that for her. I have heard a very good Account of you; and from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some Fortune, and I shall tell you further, that she took Notice of you at the Play, and does not seem perfectly averse to seeing you in the Presence of

Your humble Servant, A. H.

LETTER XVI.

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

Madam,

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

ing it, which is, that you ſhould have given me the Cauſe to have written it, and yet that has happened.

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

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

Your humble Servant, R. S.

LETTER XVII.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the Addreſſes of a young Tradeſman.

Honoured Sir,

I Think it my Duty to acquaint you that a Gentleman of this Town, by Name Wills, and Buſineſs a Linen-Draper, has made Overtures to my Couſin Harcourt, in the Way of Courtſhip to me. My Couſin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, becauſe he has Dealings with him, and has a high Opinion of him and his Circumſtances. He has been ſet up three Years, has very good Buſineſs, and lives in Credit and Faſhion. He is about twenty-ſeven years old, a likely Man enough, ſeems not to want Senſe or Manners, and is come of a good Family. He has broke his Mind to me, and boaſts how well he can maintain me: Though I aſſure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement; but

but told him that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition yet a while; and ſhould never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents; therefore *deſired him to* talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he reſolves to perſevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Eſteem. I would not, Sir, by any Means omit to acquaint you with the Beginning of an Affair which it would be Want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and ſhew a Guilt and Diſobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always ſhewn to, Sir,

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

My humble Duty to my honoured Mother; Love to my Brother and Siſter; and Reſpects to all Friends. Couſin Harcourt and his Wife and Siſter deſire their kind Reſpects. I cannot write enough of their Civility to me.

LETTER XVIII.

Her Father's Anſwer, on a Suppoſition that he does not approve of the young Man's Addreſſes.

Dear Polly,

I HAVE received your Letter, dated the 4th Inſtant, wherein you acquaint me of the Propoſals made to you, through your Couſin Harcourt's Recommendation, by one Mr. Wills. I hope, as you aſſure me, that you have given no Encouragement to him; for I by no Means approve of him for your Huſband. I have enquired of one of his Townſmen, who knows him and his Circumſtances very well, and I am neither pleaſed with them, nor with his Character; and wonder my Couſin would ſo inconſiderately recommend him to you. Indeed I doubt not of Mr. Harcourt's good Intentions; but I inſiſt upon it, that you think nothing of the Matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Bleſſing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Siſter, and all Friends, ſend their Love and Reſpects to you.

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LETTER XIX.

The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does approve of the young Man's Addresses.

My dear Daughter,

IN Answer to your's of the 4th Instant, relating to the Addresses of Mr. Wills, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his Suit; for if, on Enquiry into his Character and Circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your Cousin's good Opinion of them, and his own Assurances, I know not but his Suit may be worthy of Attention. But, my Dear, consider that Men are deceitful, and always put the best Side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strict Enquiry, which the Nature and Importance of the Case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you, therefore, to act in this Matter with great Prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for Men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your Cousin will give him Hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him: And in the mean Time, he may be told, that you are not at your own Disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my Determination and Direction, in an Affair of this great Importance; and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will, in this Case, as in all others, study your Good, as becomes your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you.

LETTER XX.

A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to him for her Niece.

Good Madam,

I Have several Times, when I have been happy in the Company of your good Niece, thought to have spoke my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value and Affection I have for her: But just as I have been about

about to ſpeak, my Fears have vanquiſhed my Hopes, and I have been obliged to ſuſpend my Deſign. I have thrown out ſeveral Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller diſcloſing of the Secret that is too big for my Breaſt; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be ſo good, Madam, to break the Way for me, if I am not wholly diſapproved of by you, and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I muſt make, and yet know not how to begin.—My Fortune and Expectations make me hope that I may not, on thoſe Accounts, be deemed unworthy: And could I, by half a Line from your Hand, hope that there is no other Bar, I ſhould be enabled to build on ſo deſirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know how much my Happineſs depends upon her Favour. Excuſe, good Madam, I beſeech you, this Trouble, and this preſumptuous Requeſt, from

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XXI.

The Aunt's Anſwer, ſuppoſing the Gentleman deſerves Encouragement.

SIR,

I Cannot ſay I have any Diſlike, as to my own Part, to your Propoſal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have; becauſe Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Reſpect. She is a Perſon of Prudence, and all her Friends are ſo thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deſerves with us all: So I cannot ſay, what will be the Event of your Declaration to her: Yet ſo far as I may take upon myſelf to do, I will not deny your Requeſt; but on her Return To-Morrow will break the Ice, as you deſire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Profeſſions; and I ſhall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe ſhe has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely diſengaged, becauſe ſhe would otherwiſe have told me; and is not ſo mean-ſpirited as to be able to return Tyranny and Inſult for true Value, when ſhe is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happineſs

(permit

(permit me, though her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXII.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

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

Your affectionate Admirer and devoted Servant.

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LETTER XXIII.

The Answer.

SIR,

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

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

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

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Formality in Courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the Antients, in describing a Youth in Love, says, he has neither Wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his Tongue. If this be a just Description, the Sincerity of my Passion will admit of no Dispute: And whenever in your Company I behave like a Fool, forget not that you are answerable for my Folly. Having made bold to declare thus much, I must presume to say, that a favourable Reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your Notice; but your Disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try, by idle Fallacies, and airy Compliments, to prevail on your Judgment, is a Folly for any Man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good Sense and Endowments have raised you far above the Necessity of practising the mean Artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your Sex: You are not to be so lightly deceived, and if you were,

give

give me Leave to ſay, I ſhould not think you deſerving of the Trouble that would attend ſuch an Attempt.

This, I muſt own, is no faſhionable Letter from one who, I am ſure, loves up to the greateſt Hero of Romance: But as I would hope, that the Happineſs I ſue for ſhould be laſting, it is certainly moſt eligible to take no Step to procure it, but what will bear Reflection; for I ſhould be happy to ſee you mine, even when we have both outlived the Taſte of every Thing that has not Virtue and Reaſon to ſupport it. I am, Madam, notwithſtanding this unpoliſhed Addreſs,

Your moſt reſpectful Admirer,
And obedient humble Servant,

LETTER XXV.

The Lady's Anſwer, encouraging a farther Declaration.

SIR,

I AM very little in love with the faſhionable Methods of Courtſhip; Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments; yet I ſee no Reaſon why common Decency ſhould be diſcarded. There is ſomething ſo odd in your Stile, that when I know whether you are in Jeſt or Earneſt, I ſhall be leſs at a Loſs to anſwer you. Mean Time, as there is abundant Room for riſing, rather than ſinking, in your Complaiſance, you may poſſibly have choſen wiſely to begin firſt at the lower End. If this be the Caſe, I know not what your ſucceeding Addreſſes may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your preſent make no great Impreſſion, yet perhaps as much as you intend, on

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his Paſſion.

NOW I have the Hope of being not more deſpiſed for my acknowledged Affection, I declare to you, with all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had a moſt ſincere Paſſion for you; but I have ſeen

Gentlemen

Gentlemen led ſuch Dances, when they have given up their Affections to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts, and could not help themſelves, that I had no Courage to begin an Addreſs in the uſual Forms, even to you, of whoſe good Senſe and Generoſity I nevertheleſs had a good Opinion. You have favoured me with a few Lines, which I moſt kindly thank you for. And I do aſſure you, Madam, if you will be pleaſed to encourage my honourable Suit, you ſhall have ſo juſt an Account of my Circumſtances and Pretenſions, as I hope will intitle me to your Favour in the honourable Light in which I profeſs myſelf, dear Madam,

Your moſt obliged and faithful Admirer.

Be ſo good as to favour me with one Line more to encourage my perſonal Attendance, if not diſagreeable.

LETTER XXVII.

The Lady's Anſwer to his Reply, putting the Matter on a ſudden Iſſue.

SIR,

AS we are both ſo well inclined to avoid unneceſſary Trouble, as well as unneceſſary Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you that Mr. Dunford, of Wincheſter, has the Management of all my Affairs; and is a Man of ſuch Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters of Conſequence without him. I have no Diſlike to your Perſon; and if you approve of what Mr. Dunford can acquaint you with in Relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I ſhall be far from ſhewing any Gentleman that I have either an inſolent or a ſordid Spirit, eſpecially to ſuch as do me the Honour of their good Opinion.

Anſwer. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

I AM much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Finger Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquility of a Man a Twelvemonth married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam!—And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause —

I have heard, says he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. Thomas is a fine Man, truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish Church. That's right, Madam, to be sure: What was your Subject To-Day? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one, truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was, Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir; I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any Subject.

I rung

I rung for the Tea-Kettle, for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word, I find) a very excellent one, truly; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave, for I would not ask him to stay Supper: And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helens. And then, (though I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity; at least, I believe so) he prest my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear, in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know, but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Richards an honest Man; but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think Mr. Richards so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely, when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the Advantages from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have had him directly fall upon the Subject of Love the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon on a Sunday; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Psalms, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of others, would still take greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin Jenny, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the Land

of

of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happinesſ, with Reſpect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you ſo much wiſh for on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have at your Journey's End.

In ſhort, I ſhould rather have wiſhed that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he ſhould bring down his to your Level. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourſelf to a little more of that ſolemn Appearance, which you treat ſo lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than mere Appearance.

Upon the whole, Couſin Jenny, I am ſorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, ſhould treat ſo ludicrouſly, a ſerious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are ſo rare, and ſo much wanted; though at the ſame Time I am far from offering to preſcribe to you in ſo arduous an Affair as a Huſband; and wiſh you and Mr. Richards too, ſince you are ſo differently diſpoſed, matched more ſuitable to each other's Mind than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXX.

A Sailor to his Sweetheart.

My dear Peggy,

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

I hope you hold in the ſame Mind ſtill, my deareſt Dear: For God will never bleſs you if you break the

Vows

Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would ſooner have my Heart torn from my Breaſt than it ſhould harbour a Wiſh for any other Woman beſides my Peggy. O, my dearest Love! you are the Joy of my Life! my Thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my Hopes and my Wiſhes are only to be yours. God ſend it may be ſo!

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

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

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

Your faithful Lover till Death.

LETTER XXXI.

Her Anſwer.

Dear William,

FOR ſo I may call you now, we are ſure; and ſo my Mother ſays; this is to let you know that nothing ſhall

ſhall prevail upon me to alter my Promiſe made to you when we parted: with heavy Hearts enough, that's true: And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But do you think I would ſuffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be ſure I will. Theſe Sailors run ſuch ſad Chances, ſaid one, that you and I both know. They may return, and they may not. Well, I will truſt in God for that, who has returned ſafe to his Friends, their dear Billy ſo many a Time, and often. They will have a Miſtreſs in every Land they come to, ſaid they. All are not ſuch naughty Men, ſaid I; and I'll truſt Billy Oliver all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro'? and for me, I am ſure no Love ſhall ever touch my Heart but your's.

God ſend us a happy Meeting! Let who will ſpeak againſt Sailors, they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of Old England long ago but for them? I am ſure the lazy, good-for-nothing Land-Lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are, and ever ſhall be, eſteemed by me; and of all Sailors, my dear Billy Oliver. Believe this Truth from

Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readineſs to ſend you as I had an Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to ſend it with hers. That's very kind and condeſcending: Is it not?

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs Molly Smith to her Couſin, giving her an Account of a very remarkable Inſtance of Envy, in one of her Acquaintance, who lived in the City of York.

Dear Couſin,

I Promiſed, you know, to write to you, when I had any Thing to tell you: and as I think the following Story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my Word.

Some Time ago there came to ſettle in this City, a Lady whoſe Name was Diſon: We all viſited her: But ſhe had ſo deep a Melancholy, ariſing, as it appeared, from a ſettled State of ill Health, that nothing we could do, could afford her the leaſt Relief, or make her chearful. In this Condition ſhe languiſhed among us five Years, ſtill continuing to grow worſe and worſe.

We all grieved at her Fate. Her Fleſh was withered away; her Appetite decayed by Degrees, till all Food became nauſeous to her Sight; her Strength failed her; her Feet could not ſupport her tottering Body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her Death. When at laſt, ſhe one Day called her moſt intimate Friends to her Bedſide, and, as well as ſhe could, ſpoke to the following Purpoſe: "I know you all pity "me: But, alas! I am not ſo much the Object of "your Pity as your Contempt; for all my Miſery is "of my own Seeking, and owing to the Wickedneſs "of my own Mind. I had two Siſters, with whom I "was bred up; and I have all my Life-time been un-"happy, for no other Cauſe but for their Succeſs in "the World. When we were young, I could neither "eat nor ſleep in Peace, when they had either Praiſe "or Pleaſure. When we grew up to be Women, "they were both ſoon married much to their Advan-"tage and Satisfaction. This galled me to the Heart, "and tho' I had ſeveral good Offers, yet, as I did not "think them in all Reſpects equal to my Siſters, I "would not accept them; and yet was inwardly vexed "to refuſe them, for fear I ſhould get no better. I ge-"nerally deliberated ſo long that I loſt my Lovers, "and then pined for that Loſs. I never wanted for any "Thing; and was in a Situation in which I might "have been happy, if I pleaſed. My Siſters loved me "very well; for I concealed, as much as poſſible, from "them my odious Envy; and yet never did any poor "Wretch lead ſo miſerable a Life as I have done; for "every Bleſſing they enjoyed was a Dagger to my "Heart. 'Tis this Envy that has cauſed all my ill "Health, has preyed upon my very Vitals, and will "now bring me to my Grave."

In

In a few Days after this Confeſſion ſhe died; and her Words and Death made ſuch a ſtrong Impreſſion on my Mind, that I could not help ſending you this Relation; and begging you, my dear Suky, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our Minds, the very firſt riſing of a Paſſion ſo deteſtable, and ſo fatal as this proved to poor Mrs. Diſon. I know I have no particular Reaſon for giving you this Caution; for I never ſaw any Thing in you, but what deſerved the Love and Eſteem of

Your ever moſt affectionate Couſin,

M. SMITH.

LETTER XXXIII.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady to a young Gentleman, on whom ſhe had unfortunately fixed her Affections; but as ſhe never had it in her Power to make any proper Impreſſion on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations ſignified to him, ſhe wrote as follows:

SIR,

TRELY on your Goodneſs to redreſs and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words ſhall I declare a Paſſion which I bluſh to own? It is now a Year and a Half ſince I firſt ſaw, and (muſt I ſay) loved you, and ſo long I have ſtrove to forget you; but frequent Sights of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not ſubſcribe to this Letter, leſt it ſhould fall into Hands that may poſſibly expoſe it; but, if you, Sir, have any Curioſity or Deſire to know who I am, I ſhall be in the Park To-morrow, exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehenſions, leſt you ſhould come more out of Curioſity than Compaſſion; but, however, that you may have ſome Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a ſhort Deſcription of my Perſon, which is tall and ſlender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Perſon is altogether what the flattering World calls handſome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reaſon to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think ſuch a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridi-

culous; but you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My Hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Gentleman did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady; but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, tho' reproved for it by his Acquaintance; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following:

SIR,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done, by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generosity in exposing my Letter, because the Man that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person whom you knew nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you!

For your own sake, I am loath to speak it, but such Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Understanding; but whatsoever be the Reason, amidst all my Disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my Name, for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest: and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity of the World, I may guess from the Mortifications I now feel from seeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and in being

being convinced, by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen, (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any Thing severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness; yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former: If you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Lydia *to* Harriot, *a Lady newly married.*

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! How lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband,

and an aukward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in the Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has, by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage, to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the Sylvian Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradise, like the first happy Pair. But, prythee, leave these Whimsies and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice, at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure, as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together. If you presume to enter the Ring at Hyde-Park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving Couple, most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, though, I am very much afraid, you'll be so silly to think Porcia, Sabine, &c. Roman Wives, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated

tiquated Creatures ſo far, as to come into Public in the Habit, as well as Air of a Roman Matron. You make, already, the Entertainment at Mrs. Modiſh's Tea-Table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always thought you a diſcreet Perſon, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to ſee what demure and ſerious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhall never forgive your Choice of ſo gallant a Man as Bellmour, to transform him to a mere ſober Huſband, 'twas unpardonable. You ſee, my Dear, we all envy your Happineſs, and no Perſon more than,

Your humble Servant,

LYDIA.

LETTER XXXVI.

Harriot's *Anſwer to the above.*

BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I ſhall frequent no public Places, or make any Viſits where the Character of a modeſt Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocriſy; you, and all the handſome young Women of your Acquaintance, ſhew themſelves to no other Purpoſe, than to gain a Conqueſt over ſome Man of Worth, in order to beſtow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confeſſion, the Deſign is modeſt and honourable, and all your Affectation can't diſguiſe it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to pleaſe the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dreſs, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myſelf for a Converſation agreeable to his Taſte: He's almoſt the End of my Devotion; Half my Prayers are for his Happineſs—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleaſure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wiſh your Happineſs; but am ſorry to ſee, by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-place Raillery of every Thing that is ſober, decent and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Underſtanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all

you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old Age.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

HARRIOT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The following pretty entertaining Letter was written by our Poet Waller, *to the Lady* Sidney, *on the Marriage of her Sister.*

To my Lady Lucy Sidney, *upon the Marriage of my Lady* Dorothy *to my Lord* Spencer.

Madam,

IN the common Joy at Penshurst * I know none to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress; and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to the Imprecations of the deserted; which just Heaven, no Doubt, will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her: And may this Love, before the Year goes about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother!

* They were married, as we are informed, at Penshurst, [illegible]

Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

May she that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children; and hereafter of her Grand Children! And then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old Age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where we are told, there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again! My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End and afterwards.

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may, in good Time, be happily supplied with a more constant Bedfellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hand, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Wit and Spirit which gave Lady Mary Wortley Montague, *during her Life, such Rank in the polite World, was in no Instance more happily displayed than in the following Letter. We think the polite Reader will be of Opinion with us, that there is no Letter in the Collection lately published, and supposed to have been wrote by the same Lady, where the Life and Spirit of the Writer is to be more admired, or the Sentiments more approved.*

A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague, *against a Maxim of Mons.* Rochefaucault's, "*That Marriages are* "*convenient, but never delightful.*"

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a Maxim established by so celebrated a Genius as Mons. de Rochefaucault's, and universally received by a Nation which calls itself the only perfectly polite in the

World, and which has, for so long a Time, given Laws of Gallantry to all Europe.

But, full of the Ardour which the Truth inspires, I dare to advance the Contrary, and to assert, boldly, that it is Marriage Love only which can be delightful to a good Mind.

We cannot taste the Sweets of perfect Love, but in a well-suited Marriage. Nothing so much distinguishes a little Mind as to stop at Words. What signifies that Custom (for which we see very good Reasons) of making the Name of Husband and Wife ridiculous? A Husband signifies, in the general Interpretation, a jealous Mortal, a quarrelsome Tyrant, or a good Sort of Fool, on whom we may impose any Thing; a Wife is a Domestic Dæmon, given to this poor Man, to deceive and torment him. The Conduct of the Generality of People sufficiently justifies these two Characters. But I say, again, What signify Words? A well-regulated Marriage is not like those of Ambition and Interest: It is two Lovers who live together. Let a Priest pronounce certain Words, let an Attorney sign certain Papers; I look upon these Preparations as a Lover does on a Ladder of Cords, that he fixes to the Window of his Mistress.

I know there are some People of false Delicacy, who maintain that the Pleasures of Love are only due to Difficulties and Dangers. They say, very wittily, the Rose would not be the Rose without Thorns, and a Thousand other Trifles of that Nature, which make so little Impression on my Mind, that I am persuaded, was I a Lover, the Fear of hurting her I loved, would make me unhappy, if the Possession was accompanied with Dangers to her. The Life of married Lovers is very different, they pass it in a Chain of mutual Obligations and Marks of Benevolence, and have the Pleasure of forming the entire Happiness of the Object beloved; in which Point I place perfect Enjoyment.

The most trifling Cares of Œconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by the Sentiments of Tenderness. To furnish a Room, is no longer furnishing a Room, it is ornamenting the Place where I expect my Lover; to order a Supper is not simply

ſimply giving Orders to a Cook, it is amuſing myſelf in regaling him I love. Theſe neceſſary Occupations, regarded in this Light by a Lover, are Pleaſures infinitely more ſenſible and lively than Cards and public Places, which make the Happineſs of the Multitude incapable of true Pleaſure —— A Paſſion happy and contented, ſoftens every Movement of the Soul, and gilds each Object that we look on.

To a happy Lover (I mean one married to his Miſtreſs) if he has any Employment, the Fatigues of the Camp, the Embarraſſments of a Court, every Thing becomes agreeable when he can ſay to himſelf, It is to ſerve her I love. If Fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on Merit) and gives Succeſs to his Undertakings, all the Advantages he receives are Offerings due to her Charms, and he finds, in the Succeſs of his Ambition, Pleaſure much more lively and worthy a noble Mind, than that of raiſing his Fortune, or of being applauded by the Public. He enjoys his Glory, his Rank, his Riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her Lover ſhe hears praiſed, when he gains the Approbation of the Parliament, the Praiſes of the Army, or the Favour of his Prince. In Miſfortune, it is his Conſolation to retire to a Perſon who feels his Sorrow, and to ſay to himſelf in her Arms, "My Happineſs does not depend on the Caprice of "Fortune; here is my aſſured Aſylum againſt all "Grief; your Eſteem makes me inſenſible to the "Injuſtice of a Court, or the Ingratitude of a Maſ-"ter. I feel a Sort of Pleaſure in the Loſs of my "Eſtate, as that Misfortune gives me new Proofs of "your Virtue and Tenderneſs. How little deſirable "is Grandeur to Perſons already happy? We have "no Need of Flatterers or Equipage; I reign in your "Heart, and I poſſeſs in your Perſon all the Delights "of Nature." In ſhort, there is no Situation of which the Melancholy may not be ſoftened by the Company of the Perſon we love. Even an Illneſs is not without its Pleaſures, when we are attended by one we love. I ſhould never have done, was I to give you a Detail of all the Charms of an Union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the Senſes in the moſt delicate

and moſt extended Pleaſure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the Satisfaction of ſeeing each Day increaſe the amiable Pledges of our tender Friendſhip, and the Occupations of improving them according to their different Sexes. We abandon ourſelves to the tender Inſtinct of Nature, refined by Love. We admire in the Daughter the Beauty of the Mother, and reſpect in the Son the Appearances of Underſtanding and natural Probity which we eſteem in the Father. It is a Pleaſure of which God himſelf (according to Moſes) was ſenſible, when ſeeing what he had done, he found it good.

A-propos of Moſes, the firſt Plan of Happineſs infinitely ſurpaſſed all others, and I cannot form to myſelf an Idea of Paradiſe more delightful than that State in which our firſt Parents were placed: That did not laſt, becauſe they did not know the World; (which is the true Reaſon that there are ſo few Love-Matches happy.) Eve may be conſidered as a fooliſh Child, and Adam a Man very little enlightened. When People of that Sort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at firſt, but that cannot laſt. They form to themſelves, in the Violence of their Paſſions, Ideas above Nature; a Man thinks his Miſtreſs an Angel, becauſe ſhe is handſome; a Woman is inchanted with the Merit of her Lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt Change of her Complexion takes from him his Adoration, and the Huſband ceaſing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other Foundation for her Love; by Degrees they are diſguſted with one another, and, after the Example of our firſt Parents, they throw on each other the Crime of their mutual Weakneſs; afterwards Coldneſs and Contempt follow a great Pace, and they believe they muſt hate each other becauſe they are married; their ſmalleſt Faults are magnified in each other's Sight, and they are blinded to their mutual Perfections. A Commerce eſtabliſhed upon Paſſion can have no other Attendants. A Man, when he marries his Miſtreſs, ought to forget that ſhe then appears adorable to him; to conſider that ſhe is but a ſimple Mortal, ſubject to Diſeaſes, Caprice, and ill Humour. He muſt prepare his Conſtancy to ſup-

port

port the Loſs of her Beauty, and collect a Fund of Complacency, which is neceſſary for the continual Converſation of the Perſon who is moſt agreeable, and the leaſt unequal. The Woman, on her Side, muſt not expect a Continuance of Flatteries and Obedience. She muſt diſpoſe herſelf to obey agreeably, a Science very difficult, and, conſequently, of great Merit to a Man capable of feeling. She muſt ſtrive to heighten the Charms of a Miſtreſs by the good Senſe and Solidity of a Friend. When two Perſons, prepoſſeſſed with Sentiments ſo reaſonable, are united by eternal Ties, all Nature ſmiles upon them, and the common Objects become charming.

I eſteem much the Morals of the Turks, an ignorant People, but very polite, in my Opinion. A Gallant convicted of having debauched a married Woman, is looked upon by them with the ſame Horror as an abandoned Woman by us; he is ſure never to make his Fortune; and every one would be aſhamed to give a conſiderable Employment to a Man ſuſpected of being guilty of ſo enormous a Crime. ——— What would they ſay in that moral Nation, were they to ſee one of our Anti-Knight-Errants, who are always in Purſuit of Adventures, to put innocent young Women in Diſtreſs, and to ruin the Honour of Women of Faſhion; who regard Beauty, Youth, Rank, and Virtue, but as ſo many Spurs to incite their Deſire to ruin, and who place all their Glory in appearing artful Seducers, forgetting, that with all their Care, they can never attain but to the ſecond Rank, the Devils having been long ſince in Poſſeſſion of the firſt!

I own, that our barbarous Manners are ſo well calculated for the Eſtabliſhment of Vice and Miſery (which are inſeparable from them) that they muſt have Hearts and Heads infinitely above the common, to enjoy the Felicity of a Marriage ſuch as I have deſcribed. Nature is ſo weak, and ſo given to change, that it is difficult to ſupport the beſt founded Conſtancy, amidſt thoſe many Diſſipations that our ridiculous Cuſtoms have rendered inevitable. A Husband, who loves his Wife, is in vain to ſee her take the Liberties ſuch Faſhion allows; it appears hard to refuſe them to her, and

and he finds himſelf obliged to conform himſelf to the polite Manners of Europe; to ſee, every Day, her Hands a Prey to every one who will take them; to hear her diſplay to the whole World the Charms of her Wit; to ſhew her Neck in full Day; to dreſs for Balls and Shows, to attract Admirers, and to liſten to the idle Flattery of a thouſand Fops. Can any Man ſupport his Eſteem for a Creature ſo public, or, at leaſt, does ſhe not loſe much of her Merit?

To return to the Oriental Maxims, where the moſt beautiful Women content themſelves with limiting the Power of their Charms to him who has a Right to enjoy them; they have too much Honour to wiſh to make other Men miſerable, and are too ſincere not to own they think themſelves capable of exciting Paſſion.

I remember a Converſation I had with a Lady of great Quality at Conſtantinople, the moſt amiable Woman I ever knew in my Life, and for whom I had afterwards the moſt tender Friendſhip: She owned ingenuouſly to me, that ſhe was content with her Huſband. What Libertines you Chriſtian Women are! (ſhe ſaid) it is permitted for you to receive Viſits from as many Men as you pleaſe; and your Laws permit you, without Limitation, the Uſe of Wine. I aſſured her ſhe was very much miſinformed; that it was true we received Viſits, but thoſe Viſits were full of Form and Reſpect; and, that it was a Crime to hear a Man talk of Love, or for us to love any other than our Huſbands. Your Huſbands are very good (ſaid ſhe, laughing) to content themſelves with ſo limited a Fidelity. Your Eyes, your Hands, your Converſation, are for the Public, and what do you pretend to reſerve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana (added ſhe, embracing me) I have all poſſible Inclination to believe what you ſay, but you would impoſe upon me Impoſſibilities. I know the amorous Complexion of you Infidels, I ſee you are aſhamed of them, and I will never mention them to you more.

I found ſo much good Senſe and Truth in all ſhe ſaid, that I could ſcarcely contradict her; and I owned at firſt, that ſhe had Reaſon to prefer the Morals of the

the Muſſulmen to our ridiculous Cuſtoms, which are ſurpriſingly oppoſite to the ſevere Maxims of Chriſtianity. And, notwithſtanding our fooliſh Manners, I am of Opinion, that a Woman determined to find her Happineſs in the Love of her Huſband, muſt give up the extravagant Deſire of being admired by the Public; and that a Huſband who loves his Wife, muſt deprive himſelf of the Reputation of being a Gallant at Court. You ſee that I ſuppoſe two Perſons very extraordinary; it is not then very ſurpriſing ſuch a Union ſhould be rare in a Country, where it is neceſſary, in order to be happy, to deſpiſe the eſtabliſhed Maxims.

I am, &c.

The

The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.

Familiar Letters of Advice and Instruction, &c. in many Concerns of Life.

LETTER I.

A Letter from Judge Hale, *Lord Chief Justice of* England, *to his Children; on the serious Observance of the Lord's Day, (commonly called Sunday) when he was on a Journey, which well deserves our Attention.*

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 hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other Side, when I have

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.

LETTER II.

The Earl of Stafford *to his Son, just before his Lordship's Execution.*

My dearest Will,

THESE are the last Lines that you are to receive from a Father that tenderly loves you. I wish there was a greater Leisure to impart my Mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all Things by his Grace, and will 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, and he will preserve and prosper you in all Things. Be sure you give all Respects to my Wife, who hath ever had a great Love unto you, and therefore will it 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's and Mother's Sake. Sweet *Will*, be careful to take the Advice of those Friends, who 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 bear 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

more ſafe to truſt to their Judgment 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 thereto with Patience, and be ſure to correct and reſtrain 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 Thing, 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 chearful Giver. For your Religion, let it be directed according to that which ſhall be taught by thoſe who are in God's Church, the proper Teachers thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to yourſelf, or be led by Men that are ſingular in their own Opinion, and delight to go in 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 Honours, 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 Obligations to any other. Be ſure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after thoſe that have been ſharp in their Judgments towards me, and I charge you never to ſuffer Thought of Revenge to enter into 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

good Work, and give you right Underſtanding in all Things. *Amen.*

Your moſt loving Father,
T. WENTWORTH.

LETTER III.

From a Gentleman at Liſbon, *immediately after the Earthquake, to his Son in* London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy Father, you will have heard of the Deſtruction of this Place, and of the calamitous Situation of its few remaining miſerable Inhabitants. God, in his infinite Mercy, protect us! All that you have heard, will fall ſhort of what I have ſeen; for no Words have Energy ſufficient to convey an Idea of a Scene ſo amazingly dreadful.—Your poor Mother is no more! aſk me not for your Siſters! and as for myſelf, I am a Vagabond, and condemned to ſeek my Bread from thoſe who can ill afford to feed me. But *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*—I am ſatisfied.—All may be for the beſt, and our Friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent City, whoſe Foundations are not to be ſhaken, and where Sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear Child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do ſo, let us live here, that we may fear no Diſſolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worſt, and not depend on a Death-Bed Repentance; for you ſee we have not a Moment that we can call our own. St. Auſtin ſays, *We read of one Man who was ſaved at the laſt Hour, that none may deſpair, and of but one, that none may preſume.* How unſafe, how fooliſh, therefore, it is, to put off that until To-morrow, which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to be done To-day? To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that! you may be ſnatched away in an Inſtant, as Thouſands here have been, for there is no withſtanding the Arms of the Almighty: No! the Attempt would be vain, would be preſumptuous, would be impious! and you will find, my dear Son (I hope not too late) that the only Security againſt Accidents

cidents of this Sort, is the leading a religious and good Life. I am,

Your truly affectionate Father.

LETTER IV.

To Amelia, *with a Gold Thimble.*

Sept. 28, 1775.

CAN you believe me, my little Friend, when I say that the Present I now make you may be of more Service to you, in the Course of your Life, than the Ring of Gyges, and that I deserve your Thanks as much as if I had given you the Cap of Fortunatus. Perhaps you may have heard only of the latter; I will explain to you the Virtues of the Ring: This, my little Fair, would render you invisible whenever you chose to be so; you might then range thro' the Apartments of your Play-fellows unseen, play ten thousand little Tricks, which, at present, is not in your Power to do; but, indeed, the greatest Advantages of the Ring are reserved for another Age, when you may be present with your Lover, and discover the true Sentiments of his Heart, perplex your Rival, hide her Brussels and her Jewels the Night before a Ball, and torment her with all the Arts of ingenious Mischief. These are Advantages, which at present, perhaps, may not tempt you; the Cap, as I can easily imagine, is to be rather the Object of your Wishes; but tell me, you say, how this Thimble can be of such infinite Service?

At your Age, my little Friend, Employment is of the utmost Use; to be busy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at least protect you from the contrary Impressions: Whilst your Imagination is employed how best to shade a Rose, or your Fancy determines the Colours of the various Parts of your Work, Vanity will scarce have Time to whisper in your Ear, that you have more Beauty than another, or inspire you with too early a Love of Gaiety and Pleasure.

When you have lived to that Age in which your Reason shall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that those little Follies which your Sex are guilty of,

proceed

proceed from a Fault in your Education, and that Idleness is the Parent of Vice. Thus, then, in the early Years of Life, whilst you place the Thimble on your Finger, you are guarding your Bosom against the Approach of Foibles which might banish those from your Society, who were attracted by the Charms of your Person.

Another of its Virtues, which, in all Probability, you can never want to experience, is, that, if properly applied, it contains a Charm against the Calamities of Poverty. I have known many a Female, who, by its Assistance, has supported herself with Decency, and felt the Pleasure of living without depending on the Beneficence of others.

A few Years hence, when the Youth, whom your Eyes have wounded, shall beg your Acceptance of some Trifle, in the warmest Terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preserve it; but I, on the contrary, shall desire you to be frequent in the Use of this, and to wear it out for my Sake. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

On the Vicissitudes of human Life.

REMEMBER, my Son, that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We rise in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour and full of Expectation; we set forward with Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with Diligence, and travel on a while, in the strait Road of Piety, towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short Time we remit our Fervor, and endeavour to find some Mitigation of our Duty, and some more easy Means of obtaining the same End. We then relax our Vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a Distance, but rely upon our own Constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the Bowers of Ease, and repose in the Shades of Security. Here the Heat softens, and Vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another Advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the Garden of Pleasure. We approach them with Scruple and Hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling,

trembling, and always hope to paſs thro' them without loſing the Road of Virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our Sight, and to which we propoſe to return. But Temptation ſucceeds Temptation, and one Compliance prepares us for another; we, in Time, loſe the Happineſs of Innocence, and ſolace our Diſquiet with ſenſual Gratifications. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance of our original Intention, and quit the only adequate Object of rational Deſire. We entangle ourſelves in Buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in Luxury, and rove thro' the Labyrinths of Inconſtancy, till the Darkneſs of old Age begins to invade us, and Diſeaſe and Anxiety obſtruct our Way. We then look back upon our Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who learn not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that tho' the Day is paſt, and their Strength is waſted, there yet remains one Effort to be made; that Reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere Endeavours ever unaſſiſted; that the Wanderer may at Length return after all his Errors, and that he who implores Strength and Courage from above, ſhall find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him.

LETTER VI.

From a Father to his Son, on his Admiſſion into the Univerſity.

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with Danger, and requires Caution. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the Care of Tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have Concern or Affection enough to adviſe you faithfully.—Your Conduct muſt be a good deal regulated by your own Reflections. The only ſecure Paths are thoſe of Religion and Virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that Simplicity of Life, which the Rules of Academical Societies preſcribe. Mix not Intemperance with your growing Years,

Years, nor treasure up Infirmities against an Age the fittest for Employment. You have received Health from your Parents, and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company, pay Civility to all; have Friendship with few; not too quickly with any: An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and aspersе and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I trust to, to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with Persons of superior Age, or Quality, or Station, or Endowments, pay a Deference to them; so much is due to their Experience and Character. Modesty is a most amiable Virtue, especially in a young Man who professes himself a Learner. Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a Value amongst their ill-bred Companions, by daring to say and do abusive Things to their Governors; but do you not imitate such Examples; for Prudence is not Magnanimity. A brave Mind is seen in persevering thro' the Difficulties of a virtuous Course; in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any Thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with Politics, which, when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the Humours or Resentments, or private Interests or public Views of Men in Power: A Study, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your present Purpose, and in which, if you could really have any Skill, at your Age it would seem to be affected. Take the proper Advantages of living in a Society. Observe the different Tempers and Dispositions of Men; shun their Vices, imitate their Virtues, make Use of their Learning, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Consciousness of your Duty, and the Indignation to be insignificant, raise an Emulation in you to excel in some Kind of Art or Knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take Care of your Reputation. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence.

Not

Notwithſtanding the Affection I have for you, I ſhall not be able to do you the Service I deſire, unleſs you aſſiſt me with your Character. And, in all doubtful Caſes, let not your Father, who loves you beſt, and your Governors, who are well able to direct you, be the only Friends that you will not conſult.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Demetrius, *with a Preſent of Fruit, on early Riſing.*

June 28, 1775.

YOU would have received a much larger Quantity of Fruit, but to ſay the Truth, my Band of Muſicians have made bold with more of it this Summer than uſual; however, when I conſider that 'tis the only Wages I pay them, I am no otherwiſe diſpleaſed with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my Friends in Town as I could wiſh.

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of Birds, and ſhe ſays, it would be cruel to deprive them of their Liberty, when we can be entertained with their Songs without it; to encourage then their Reſidence amongſt us, they are not denied a great Share of the Productions of my Garden.

We were this Morning at Six o'Clock in our Garden, an Hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithſtanding, affords the nobleſt Scene which a human Creature can be preſent at.

The Sun, my Demetrius, was juſt riſen above the Horizon, and all the Eaſtern Sky was tinged with Bluſhes; the Zephyrs, as they paſſed, were fraught with Fragrance from the opening Flowers, and the feathered Songſters were waked to their reſpective Parts, in the Morning Hymn to the Author of Nature.

Whilſt my Lucinda and I were walking, like a fond old-faſhioned Couple, Arm in Arm, I could not but recollect that Part of the Paradiſe Loſt, where Milton has deſcribed our firſt Parents as riſing to their Labours, and addreſſing their grateful Oriſons to the bounteous Father of every Bleſſing.

There

There is indeed ſomething which at this Time inſpires us with Gratitude to our Maker, and produces Sentiments in almoſt every Boſom, like thoſe which are given to Adam.

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable, who firſt above theſe Heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen,
In theſe thy loweſt Works, yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

There is likewiſe ſomething which muſt create a grateful Senſe of our Obligation to Heaven, when we wake again to Life, with the Bleſſing of Health, and recollect that many have paſſed the Night in all the Anguiſh of Pain and Diſeaſe. As for myſelf, I ſhould retire to Sleep with no little Anxiety, if I were not aſſured that we are protected in thoſe Hours by our Maker, when we are not conſcious of our own Exiſtence. There cannot ſurely be a more comfortable Reflection than being convinced that a Power who commands and directs all Nature is our Guard, without whoſe Knowledge no Action is committed, nor even the moſt ſecret Thought can ariſe.

With this Confidence of Security the good Man commits himſelf to the Arms of Sleep, where all beſides muſt fear it, and feels Serenity where every other Breaſt muſt be diſcompoſed.

The unuſual Serenity of the Morning, which inſpired every Warbler with Chearfulneſs, detained us in the Garden, till our little Boy came running to inform us that the Breakfaſt waited.

'Is it not extremely abſurd, ſaid Lucinda, as we 'returned, for Mankind to complain of the ſhort Du-'ration of their Lives, when they even refuſe to live 'a Number of Hours which Providence has beſtowed 'on them. How many can we recollect amongſt our 'Acquaintance who have been loſt to every Joy this 'Morning has afforded us, and who may, notwith-'ſtanding, before Night, aſſert, that the Age which 'Men in general attain to, ſerves only to conduct 'them to a ſuperficial Knowledge of the Sciences, or

'that old Age approaches almost as soon as we begin 'to live.'

Such indeed is frequently the Language of human Creatures, who lose the most valuable Parts of every Day. Such too have I heard from your Mouth, but then indeed you rise—by Eleven.

Lucinda and myself, who are great Advocates for early Hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes; and should therefore rejoice to see you amongst us; there is then some Probability of your seeing the Sun rise, which I sincerely believe you have not done for many Years, and which is one of the most pleasing Scenes upon the Theatre of Nature. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Lucinda, *on the Happiness of a domestic Matrimonial Life.*

July 5, 1774.

AFTER so many Years which we have passed, my Lucinda, almost without Separation, one would naturally imagine that the few Days Absence I have known should not be displeasing, and yet, believe me, I am already tired of the Town, and am preparing to leave it with the utmost Expedition to return to domestic Joys.

When I reflect on my Disposition, I am greatly thankful to Providence that the same Dislike for public Pleasures has always prevailed in Lucinda as myself, and that we have been actuated by the same Inclinations during the Tenor of our Lives.

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the Town, yet I never fail of seeing Objects in it which remind me of my own Felicity, and increase the Love I bear you. Alas! my Dear, the fashionable Tenor of matrimonial Lives is so little suited to my Turn of Mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a very good Wife. I could by no Means have endured to see the Heart of the Woman I loved, entirely devoted to Pleasure, nor have ever been content to share it with the King of Trumps.

It

It is, however, happy for Mankind, that the ſame Delicacy does not univerſally prevail, as there are now many Couples who are thought to be happy, becauſe the Wife has never tranſgreſſed the Bounds of Virtue, nor the Huſband treated her with Language which he would be aſhamed to uſe to a Stranger. Their Amuſements are diſtinct from each other, they know nothing of that heart-felt *Joy* which ariſes from being with thoſe they love, ſecluded from every Eye, and breathing the Sweets of the balmy Evening. Their only Care is refining thoſe Pleaſures which Repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new Arts to paſs the tedious Day, which, notwithſtanding their Endeavours, affords ſome Hours in which that moſt impertinent of all Companions, called *Self*, never fails of Intruſion.

There are many Women in the World, I believe, to whom I might have made a good Huſband; but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda who could have made me a happy one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy amiable Diſpoſition and Virtues, ſince Indifference and Content are to be incompatible in the Marriage State. To Heaven, likewiſe, my ſincereſt Thanks are due, for preſerving its beſt and moſt valuable Gift to bleſs my Life. For as Milton elegantly expreſſes it,

With thee converſing, I forget all Time;
All Seaſons and their Change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet as the Breath of Morn her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
Gliſt'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft Show'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heaven, her ſtarry Train:
But neither Breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; nor riſing Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Gliſt'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance, after Showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor ſilent Night,

With this her ſolemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starlight, without thee is ſweet.

Having once begun thoſe beautiful Lines of my Lucinda's favourite Poet, I found it impoſſible to break off ſooner; nay, I was pleaſed to be able to expreſs ſo elegantly the Language of my Heart.

Aranthes, who is juſt come in, and has looked over my Shoulder, upon ſeeing ſo much Poetry, cried out, very fine, truly, I ſhall take the firſt Opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I aſſure you. If you have any Thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make Uſe of me, for I am now writing to her. How's this, ſays Aranthes, what, larding your Letters with Poetry, after more than twenty Years Marriage? I concluded you were addreſſing ſome other Fair One, and endeavouring to ſoften her inexorable Heart by the Muſe's Aſſiſtance. But come with me to Lady ——'s. Not a Word, however, of Lucinda all Night; to be ſeen with ſuch an old-faſhioned Creature as you, would ſpoil my Reputation entirely, if your Character ſhould once be known.

You know, Aranthes, my Lucinda extremely well, and will perceive, by this, that he is ſtill the ſame Man as ever. He deſires me to apologize for his taking me from you, as he calls it, and at the ſame Time to ſend you his Compliments. My Bleſſing to the Children, whom I ſhall make happy by ſome little Preſents at my Return; to thee, my Love, I ſhall bring a Heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy Virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own Felicity. Believe me, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Cleanthes, *on Friendſhip, Age, and Death.*

Nov. 15, 1774.

IT is no ſmall Alleviation of that Anxiety which the Loſs of a Friend produces, to reflect that the ſame Virtues which procured him our Eſteem, will likewiſe entitle him to eternal Happineſs. This Conſolation I received upon cloſing the Eyes of Ariſtus, the

the last and most melancholy Office which Friendship can perform.

At length, my Cleanthes, that Friendship which we once divided is now confined to ourselves. We have seen those who advanced with us along the Vale of Life, sink into the Grave, and have lived to be the only Links of the Chain of Friendship which we helped to constitute at our Entrance on the World. We have together, in the Hours of Youth, looked back and despised the Toys of Infacy, in our Manhood we have smiled at the Pleasures of our Youth, and are now come to that Age in which we look back on all alike, and consider every Prospect that terminates on this Side the Grave as beneath our Notice or Regard.

At this Season of Life, one of the most considerable Pleasures which remain to human Nature, is the Recollection of the Moments which are past. Now, whilst I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with Satisfaction the Time in which we were induced, by a Parity of Sentiments, to form the social Connection, and the steady Union in which we have passed from that Hour to the present. The Time approaches which must put a Period to our Friendship. None hope that Providence will extend their Lives to an unusual Length but those who fear to die; as for ourselves, we have reached that Age which few are born to attain, and which, in the Language of an admired Writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myself, that our Days have been so spent, that we have no Reason to tremble at the Thought of our last, nor imbitter the remaining Part of our Life with Apprehensions for the inevitable Hour to come.

We have lent the Tear of Pity to Distress, and alleviated the Misfortunes of our Fellow Creatures; we have neither indulged our Passions, nor neglected the Praise we owe the Author of our Mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble? We leave a World, whose Pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing; we have passed thro' its Enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happiest of States: And yet the tender Tie of Parents holds us; we must leave those whom Nature obliges us to love: Yet let us re-

member that we leave them to the Care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilst their Minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from the Budding to the Bloom of Reason.

If at any Time a Kind of Wish arises which would defer the Hour that Heaven has allotted for my last, 'tis when I am surrounded by my Family, and observe the Looks of Tenderness which they gratefully bestow on me; yet sometimes their being present has the opposite Effect, and I am apprehensive lest the Moment should not arrive till I mourn the Loss of a Child.

I know not any Thing would give more considerable Amusement than our reviewing together our past Lives, and recollecting the Dangers we have passed from the Storms of our Passions, when now Time has lulled them to Rest. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various Opinions and Ideas we have had of the same Object, and mark the Progress of the human Mind through the different Stages of Life. Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the Blessing of Health in a more eminent Degree than his Friend, will hasten to see and give him the greatest Satisfaction he can possibly know.

I write this from the Grotto which Lucinda's Fancy decorated, and where we have passed so many happy Hours. Providence has taken Care to wean us from the Love of Life by Degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened Age of Manhood before we have more Friends in the Grave than surviving, and from that Moment, which is almost the first of serious Reflection, we begin to perceive the Vanity of human Happiness. It was the Will of Heaven that I should mourn the Loss of my Lucinda, and feel the Pang of Separation, yet not till we had grown old in Love, and sweetened the greatest Part of our Lives with connubial Happiness. Since the retrospect Part of our Lives presents us with nothing which should terrify our Imagination, let us pass the remaining Days which Heaven shall allot us in calm Serenity, and in Resignation to the divine Will.

Whenever

Whenever the destined Hour shall come, my Cleanthes, may we sink contented from the World, and in the perfect Assurance of eternal Happiness.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

A Letter from Bishop Atterbury *to his Son* Obadiah, *at* Christchurch *College, in* Oxford.

(Containing some useful Hints in regard to writing Letters.)

Dear Obby,

I Thank you for your Letter, because there are manifest Signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and of Consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both Respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling Nature, pass through your Pen negligently; get but the Way of writing correctly and justly, Time and Use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much Care may give a Stiffness to your Stile, which ought in all Letters, by all Means, to be avoided. The Turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an Image of private and familiar Conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an Air of Poetry, and do therefore naturally resolve themselves into Blank Verses. I send you your Letter again, that yourself may now make the same Observation. But you took the Hint of that Thought from a Poem, and it is no Wonder, therefore, that you heightened the Phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly there is an Air of Duty and Sincerity, which, if it comes from your Heart, is the most acceptable Present you can make me. With these good Qualities an incorrect Letter would please me, and without them the finest Thoughts and Language will make no lasting Impression on me. The great Being says, you know, —— *My Son, give me thy Heart*, implying, that without it all other Gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any Thing, either in a Letter, or common Conversation, that you do not think; but always to

let your Mind and your Words go together on the most trivial Occasions. Shelter not the least Degree of Insincerity under the Notion of a Compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a Man of Probity, is only the most civil and obliging Way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away Truth for Breeding: I need not tell you how little his Character gets by such an Exchange.

I say not this as if I suspected that in any Part of your Letter, you intended to write what was proper, without any Regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in Earnest from the Beginning to the End of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am,

Your loving Father, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a young Lady in one of the Canary *Islands, to her Sister in* England, *whom she had never seen; containing a pressing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place, in order to prevail on her.*

MUST we for ever, my dear Sister, converse only at this unhappy Distance?——Are we born of the same Parents, to be eternal Aliens to each other?——I have been told Wonders of your Wit, Ingenuity, and Good-Nature.——Must Strangers, or at least very distant Kindred, reap all the Benefit of these amiable Qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the Want of it.——They say there is a secret Sympathy between Persons of the same Blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you?——Have you never any of those Yearnings, those Longings, to see the Daughter of your Father and your Mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily Musings and my nightly Dreams?—If not Affection, Pity should make you wish to be with a Sister, who stands so much in Need of your Assistance. You know my Father's great Affairs suffer him seldom to be with his Family;——Death has deprived me of my Mother, and Devotion of her Sister; but she forsakes me only to join

join herſelf to her Creator; you have no ſuch Plea: And as you are ſix Years older than myſelf, and of a much ſuperior Underſtanding, it is a Kind of Duty in you to be with me, to correct the Errors of my unexperienced Youth, and form my Mind by the Model of your own.——Believe me, I would be moſt obedient to your Inſtructions, and love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.———What can with-hold you from coming to a Place where your Company is ſo ardently deſired? - What can you find ſo pleaſing to you in a Kingdom rent with internal Diviſions?——Where Father againſt Son, and Brother againſt Brother, maintain unnatural Conteſt!—A Kingdom, where Pride, Injuſtice, Luxury, and Profaneneſs, are almoſt univerſal, and Religion become a Reproach to the Profeſſion! - A Kingdom, ſinking by ſwift Degrees into Miſery and Contempt, yet infatuated ſo far as to doat on the Cauſe of their Undoing.———At leaſt this is the Account we have of it.——Can this be agreeable to a Perſon of your nice and diſtinguiſhing Taſte!—O my deareſt Siſter! liſten to the Dictates of Reaſon, of Duty, and of Nature, all join to call you from that worſe than *Egypt* into the Land of *Canaan*.——Here Peace and Innocence go Hand in Hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleaſures wait upon their Steps.—— No foreign Wars, no home-bred Jars, no Envy, no Diſtruſt, diſturb the ſoft Serenity of theſe bliſsful Seats, but all is Harmony and Love.—Eternal Zephyrs watch our Morning Wakings, bringing ten thouſand Odours on their Wings, and tempt us to the Groves from whence they ſpring. - In Troops we wander through the *Jeſſamine Lanes*, or ſit in *Orange Bowers*, where Fruits, ripe and in Bloſſom, charm our Smell and Taſte.——Sometimes on Mules we take ſhort Journies to *Teneriffe*, and on the Foot of that ſtupendous Mount, recline on Banks of Roſes umbrella'd over with ſpreading Myrtles:—Then change the Scene, and view the ſpacious Vineyards, where huge Alcoves of cluſtering Grapes hang pendant over our Heads.——Sometimes we roam through a long Gallery of ſtately Pines, whoſe loaded Boughs preſent us every Kind of Fruit in one.———But there is no deſcribing Half the various

Sweets which Nature, with a lavish Hand, pours on these Isles, which justly have the Name of *Fortunate!* nor (I flatter myself) will there be any Need of farther Argument, to bring you to us;—my Father has just now informed me, that Captain *** carries his positive Orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured Hope of enjoying the Happiness I so long and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more—I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that with your Obedience to our Father, some little Share of Love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more Readiness, by the Thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an Affection for you, and thinks it the greatest Blessing to subscribe herself,

My dear Sister,

Your most affectionate and most obedient Servant,

MARIA BOYLE.

LETTER XII.

From Miss Middleton *to Miss* Pemberton, *giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.*

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for Worcestershire, in order to follow my Sister, who, you know, has been some Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last Friday, and died in two Days after.——Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay;——for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes;——hushed is that Voice that gave so much Delight;—those Limbs which Art has ransack'd to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb.——Ah! what is Life!——What all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! What the vain Adoration of a flattering World!——Delusive Pleasures,——fleeting Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being!——You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no Doubt, be surprized to find Expressions of this Kind fall from my Pen; but, my

my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake:——My Sister's Fate has rouzed me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me to see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment.—Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is!——And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!—In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years! (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)——I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it.——Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage I must one Day take into another World:——What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I proposed to stay a few Weeks, or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation. Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of the endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of:—— Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force;—— vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those Ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
Who stand upon the Threshold of the new.

Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that divine Power without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated by finding I am become at last a reasonable Creature. I

enclose you the Letter she sent, to the End you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments she left this World.———Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,
Your most afflicted, humble Servant,
MIDDLETON.

LETTER XIII.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's *Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.*

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.——None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of seeing another Morning.———Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation!——Yet I cannot leave the World without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour, you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive:——We have had the same Sort of Education, have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces.—Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study.——Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition.——Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God.——How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have Hopes to be forgiven! How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy!——Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that Futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One Moment, methinks,

thinks, I ſee the bliſsful Seats of Paradiſe unveil'd;—I hear ten thouſand Myriads of Myriads of celeſtial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praiſe, to the unutterable Name.—The next a Scene all black and gloomy, ſpreads itſelf before me, whence iſſue nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.—My fluctuating Imagination varies the Proſpect, and involves me in a ſad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom: On one Hand beckoning Angels ſmile upon me, while on the other the Furies ſtand prepared to ſeize my fleeting Soul.——Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Rev. Dr. G*** ſuffer me to deſpair;—he comforts me with the Promiſes in holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before; but now I feel them balm to my tormented Conſcience.—Dear, dear Siſter, I muſt bid you eternally adieu;—I have diſcharged my Duty in giving you this Warning: O! may my Death, which you will ſhortly hear of, give it that Weight I wiſh and pray for: You are the laſt Object of my earthly Cares:—I have now done with all below,—ſhall retire into myſelf, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

Your ſincere Friend,
And moſt affectionate and departing Siſter,
BERINTHIA.

LETTER XIV.

A Letter to Miſs W——, *adviſing her to take Care of her Houſe*, &c.

AS you are a Tenant at Will in a very handſome genteel Houſe, and are now capable of furniſhing it in the politeſt Manner, ruling it by the ſtricteſt Maxims of Œconomy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a few curſory Hints in an Affair of ſo much Importance.

Your Building is compoſed of ſome of the fineſt Materials I ever ſaw, and is ſo much the more liable to diſcover any Flaw or Spot that may accidentally touch it.——'Tis erected of a proper Height, a juſt Size,

rear'd

rear'd on a regular Plan, and finished with the most accurate Proportion. ———On the Top stands an eminent Turret, furnished with a Room of a globular Form, which I observe has two crystal Windows in the Front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive Prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the House. I advise you not to look thro' them at every Object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at Night, and you may open them as early as you please in the Morning.———On each Side I discover a small Portal to receive Company; take Care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crouded with Visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructing Parent, the advising Friend, or the supplicating Orphan.—I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what Visitors you let out publickly, lest any of ill Characters be seen coming from it, and you draw a Scandal upon your House: It will be necessary, therefore, to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters; who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet, just without the Ivory Pallisades.——I have seen some People paint the two Pannels just below the Windows; but I would advise you to the Contrary, for your natural Colours far exceed all the Decorations of Art.—This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of *Corinthian* Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabaster Semi-Globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain of admirable Needle-Work.

Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite Workmanship; this, I suppose, is the Place of your secret Retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful intimate Friend.——I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the best practical Authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return Home from Church, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-Table: Let the Outside of the

the Hall not appear like an Hearse hung round with Escutcheons, nor like a Coach of State bedaubed with Gilt and Colouring; but let it be plain, neat, and clean, to convince the World that 'tis kept more for Use than Ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, tho' you have lived in it no longer, which are plain Intimations that the House will one Day fall.——You may soon be turned out——the Landlord may give you Warning, or may not——this is all uncertain——be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice.——One Thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the House, no other Tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lie waste and in Ruins; yet the Proprietor will some Time or other rebuild it for your Reception in a more durable Manner, with the same Materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no Accident or Decay; and as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be new reared in some other Place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well sheltered from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Lease never expire.

Your's, &c.
ROBERT N.

LETTER XV.

From a sensible Lady, with a never-failing Receipt for a Beauty-Wash.

AS you seem so intent on improving the personal Charms of your already amiable Daughter, I can no longer delay answering your Letter.—You would be glad, you say, of a Receipt to make a Wash; but it must be perfectly innocent. What I recommend, Madam, is truly so, and will greatly illustrate and preserve her Complexion.

Pray

Pray let her obſerve the following Rules:

In the Morning, fair Water is to be uſed as a Preparatory; after which ſhe muſt abſtain from all ſudden Guſts of Paſſion, particularly Envy, as that gives the Skin a ſallow Paleneſs. It may ſeem trifling to talk of Temperance; yet muſt this be attended to, both in Eating and Drinking, if ſhe would avoid thoſe Pimples, for which the advertiſed Waſhes are a boaſted Cure. Inſtead of *Rouge*, let her uſe moderate Exerciſe, which will excite a natural Bloom in her Cheeks not to be imitated by Art. Ingenuous Candour, and unaffected Good-Humour, will give an Openneſs to her Countenance that will make her univerſally agreeable. A Deſire of pleaſing will add Fire to her Eyes, and breathing the Morning Air at Sun-Riſe will give her Lips a Vermillion Hue. That amiable Vivacity, which ſhe now poſſeſſes, may be happily heightened and preſerved, if ſhe avoids late Hours and Card-playing, but not otherwiſe; for the firſt gives the Face a drowſy diſagreeable Aſpect, and the laſt is the Mother of Wrinkles.——A white Hand is a very deſirable Ornament; and a Hand can never be white unleſs it be kept clean: Nor is this all; for if the young Lady will excel her Companions in this Reſpect, ſhe muſt keep her Hands in conſtant Motion, which will occaſion the Blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful Effect. The Motion I would recommend, is working at her Needle, bruſhing up the Houſe, or twirling the Diſtaff.——It was this Induſtry in our Grandmothers which gave *Kneller* an Opportunity of gratifying Poſterity with the View of ſo many fine Hands and Arms in his incomparable Portraits.——A few Words more, and I have done.——Let her preſerve an unaffected Neatneſs in her Apparel; her Fortune will permit her to dreſs elegantly; but her good Senſe ſhould always prevent her from deſcending to Gaudineſs, which ſtrikes the Eyes of the Ignorant, but diſguſts thoſe of true Taſte and Diſcernment; beſides, Madam, your Daughter has ſo many natural Charms, that ſhe can have no Occaſion to wear Cloaths that will attract all the Attention of the Multitude. She poſſeſſes more Beauties than ſhe is acquainted with-

with, which is no ſmall Addition to her Merit; but how can it be otherwiſe, when ſhe is your Daughter, and has you for an Example? I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Domeſtic Rule the Province of the Wife.

Madam,

I Muſt aſſert, that the Right of directing domeſtic Affairs is, by the Law of Nature, in the Woman; and that we are perfectly qualified for the Exerciſe of Dominion, notwithſtanding what has often been ſaid by Male Cots to the contrary. Thoſe who pretend to direct our bringing up, ſeem to have deſtined us to that Power which they would afterwards diſpute. We are employed in our Samplers, or diverting ourſelves with our Babies: We paſs from our Mother's Nurſery to our own, and from imaginary Viſits to real ones, without fatiguing ourſelves with a Variety of unneceſſary Acquirements, on which the Men moſt value themſelves.———Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a Purſuit of, we are taught Singing and Dancing; but what are theſe to the Drudgery of Schools and Univerſities? The Buſineſs of a Family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no Room for any Thing except innocent Relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to underſtand Domeſtic Policy than the Men, who have twenty other Things to mind: A mere Houſewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing elſe, I admit, and will make a Man a very unſociable Companion. But as ſome Men of great Application to their reſpective Profeſſions, have, notwithſtanding, a very polite Behaviour, ſo a Woman may make the Government of her Houſe the principal Care, without ſuffering it to become the principal Theme of her Diſcourſe; nor do I think it at all neceſſary, that to eſtabliſh a Character as a Manager, her Huſband ſhould twice or thrice a Week hear her ſcolding the Servants. This is one of the great Objections to Female Government, and our Adverſaries would fain preſent it as a Thing as neceſſary to us, as a ſtanding Army to the Adminiſtration. But both may

be

be Calumnies, and the mere Effects of a Desire to get into other Folks Places. Experience is only on our Side; for, wherever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cook-Maid as well as the Coachman, we observe a great Deal of Discord and Confusion. When a Man, who is always a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of setting them to rights, incroaches on the Woman's Province, it is the ready Way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But when a Woman of tolerable good Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controul, all Things go well; she prevents even her Husband's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. It is with great Concern that I perceive our Sex, of late, inclined to mind any Thing rather than their Families, which Inclination must have fatal Consequences. Can there be any Thing more honourable for a Woman, than the right Management of her Family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their Choice either to manage their Children and Servants, or to be managed by them. If Liberty is the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road; a Woman's Freedom consists in Power, and not in a Licence to gad about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddiness of Soul below Compassion. The Conduct of the Estate or Business ought surely to be in the Husband; and if he parts with it, it is an Act of Weakness: The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Wife; and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of such Concerns.—— Adieu, dear Friend! incroach not on the Province of your Husband, but continue to be Mistress in your own. I am,

Your affectionate Friend,
SYLVIA SHARP.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

From a Lady to her Acquaintance on growing old.

My dear Lucy,

I HAVE been thinking that *Human Underſtanding* is no leſs liable to be unhinged, than the Mechaniſm of the *Human Frame.* The leaſt Jar of a Surprize puts it out of Tune, and one cannot preſently get into order again.—We have certainly *Paſſions* of the *Mind* as well as *Diſeaſes* of the *Body*, which we are not aware of, till ſome ſudden Accident calls them forth; and the *one* are no leſs capable of ſuſpending the *Faculties* of *Reaſon* for a Time, than the *other* are of obſtructing that *Animal Fluid*, to the proper Circulation of which we owe our Health and Vigour.

I was led into this Reflection by catching myſelf in a Folly which I ſhall not be much aſhamed of confeſſing, ſince, on contemplating ſome Paſſages my Obſervation ſupplies me with, I find the Foible inherent, in a more or leſs Degree, to the whole Species of Human Kind, though few are ingenious enough to acknowledge it.

I was ſitting Yeſterday in my Parlour Window, looking careleſsly on the People as they paſſed, when all at once a Fellow abruptly preſented himſelf before me, and cried in a hoarſe Voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine Spectacles*, and at the ſame Time thruſt a Pair of thoſe Noſe-Saddles within the Saſh: You cannot imagine, dear *Lucy*, how I was ſhocked; I gave the Man a ſhort Anſwer, and immediately drew down the Window.—*Good God!* ſaid I to myſelf, *do I look old enough to be ſuppoſed to want Spectacles?* not conſidering that it was the Fellow's Trade to offer them to every Body, and that many People younger than myſelf were obliged to make Uſe of them.—I ran however to my Glaſs, and fancied I perceived what they call the Crows Feet appear at the Corners of my Eyes.——I looked and looked again, and the more I did ſo, the more I thought theſe cruel Marks of Time were viſible; and now recollecting that my laſt Birth-Day brought me into my one-and-thirtieth Year, and that a very few more of

them

them would rank me among the Number of the Aged, I fell into ſuch a Fit of the Vapours as I had never before known. *Is not* this unaccountable? ——Where now was my Underſtanding?—where my Reaſon? The little Share I have is ſufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this World, muſt grow old, and few of us there are who deſire to die young: Why was not this Knowledge at Hand to make me eaſy under the common Courſe of Nature?

I do aſſure you I had grown two or three Hours older, before I could bring myſelf to be reconciled with the Apprehenſions that every Moment brought me nearer to that ſo-much dreaded Stage of Life; but, thank Heaven, I got the better of it at laſt, and laughed at the fooliſh Part my Imagination had been acting.

That we all, however, have a natural Averſion to grey Hairs and Wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to overcome the Uneaſineſs which their Approach inflicts, requires the utmoſt Exertion of our Reaſon; yet is not this an Inconſiſtency, a Kind of Abſurdity in our Habit of thinking?——We ridicule a thouſand leſſer Follies of Mankind, yet paſs over that which more than all deſerves Cenſure, the being aſhamed or afraid of attaining what all the World, as well as ourſelves, would wiſh to arrive at.—But we would live for ever, if we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the Depredations of Time from Fifteen to Sixty; and even then not be content perhaps to be thought in our Decline.

Were old Age terrible to us, merely as it is the Forerunner of Death, or as it is generally attended with Infirmities which render Life a Burden, I ſhould not be ſo much ſurprized; but, alas! we ſee Death and Diſeaſes ſeize on Youth and Strength; no Time of Life is a Security againſt either.—Nor is it altogether the Apprehenſion of being deprived of what Share of Beauty Nature may have beſtowed upon us, that renders it ſo alarming, ſince that alſo may be loſt by the Small-Pox, and a thouſand other Accidents.—No, it is only the *Name*, not the *Effects*, we ſo much dread; and

and I believe moſt People would rather chuſe *Deformity with Youth*, than *Comelineſs with Old Age*.

This, and ſome other Propenſities of the Mind, in my Opinion, are ſufficient to covince any thinking Perſon of the Importance of *Human Underſtanding*, and oblige us all to own with the Poet, that

"Reaſon in Man is but a twinkling Lamp
"Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns;
"Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining."

You will imagine, by my being ſo ſerious, that I have not yet got over the Fright the Man put me into, and indeed I am not ſure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have Reſolution enough to wiſh, from the very Bottom of my Heart, that you and I may grow old in Friendſhip, and that whatever Effect Time may have upon our *Perſons*, our *Minds* may remain as now united; which will be a Balance againſt the Mortifications in the Power of the Old Gentleman with the Hour-Glaſs, to,

My dear Lucy,
Yours, with the moſt perfect Amity,
HILLARIA.

LETTER XVIII.

To a Lady who had loſt her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received Yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery, to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illneſs has made in you; and, indeed, how great ſoever it may be, am far from thinking it deſerves to be mentioned with that Concern you expreſs.——You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one of his ſharpeſt Weapons; and if you have received ſome Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory, than Blemiſhes.——What if your Complexion has loſt ſome Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether ſo delicate; the leſs Charms your Glaſs preſent you with, the more you will find in your Cloſet: and deprived of vain Pleaſure in contemplating the Graces of your out-

outward Form, you will have the greater Leisure to improve and embellish those which are not so easily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of so much Value to all the Young and Gay; but, if we consider seriously, we shall find that it is Virtue, good Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and Complaisance, of which the Girdle of *Cytherea* should be composed.—The finest Face in the World without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Understanding, as the Poet truly says,

"Beauty soon grows familiar to the Eye;
"Virtue alone has Charms that never die."

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greatest Part of our Sex: I confess the Beauties of the *Person* greatly contribute to set off and render those of the *Mind* conspicuous, and for that Reason should lament extremely any Defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engross the whole Attention of as many as know you; and that they may every Day increase in the Lustre of true Dignity, is the sincere Wish of,

My dear *Ophelia*,

Yours,

SOPHRONIA.

The

The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant Letters on various Subjects, to improve the Stile and entertain the Mind; from eminent Authors.

LETTER I.

The following Letter, written by Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightening, is reckoned a Master-Piece in epistolary descriptive Writing.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven: for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been con-

consumed to Ashes.—Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! But unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beach Tree. John Hewit was a well-set Man of about five and twenty: Sarah Dew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age: They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milked, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he brought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat; and the Posey on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other Views, than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage.——It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and John was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to choose her a Knot for the Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightening and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley: John, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stepped to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and then spied this faithful Pair. John with one Arm about Sarah's Neck, and the other held over her, as if to skreen her from the Lightening. They were both

struck

ſtruck in this tender Poſture. Sarah's left Eyebrow was ſinged, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breaſt; her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day interred in Stanton-Harcourt Church-Yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my Requeſt, has cauſed a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we ſhould furniſh the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eaſtern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the ſame Pile the faithful Pair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both that it might neither wound:
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Light'ning and the Victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the Country People will not underſtand this; and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of Scripture in it, and with as little Poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

The following moſt charming and affectionate Letter, univerſally admired, was written by Mr. Pope, *to the Biſhop of* Rocheſter, *about a Month before his Baniſhment.*

ONCE more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt; the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good Night; may you enjoy a State of Repoſe in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a Dream of an abſent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Converſation. But

upon the Whole I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men, against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life, but a Censure or Critic on the past? Those whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you will never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist, in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth hath long involved it: To shine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most; in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guiders to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be your's. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds; but Revenge will never harbour there: Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit entered into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality, where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you: But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness, Your's, &c.

LETTER III.

To Lady ——, from Mr. Pope, *on witty and serious Letters.*

Madam,

I AM not at all concerned to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a Friend that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth, makes a much less Present than he that gives you his Heart; and true Friends would rather see such Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World: They who can set a right Value upon any Thing, will prize one tender well-meant Word above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken so much Pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any Thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want, at least in the Degree that I see others have it, who would at all Seasons alike, be entertaining; but I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myself, and of more Service to my Friends. I would cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Disposition than to laugh only myself and laugh at all my Neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the World may thank you for it: For if I could have seen you every Day, and imagined my

Company could have every Day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the World. How many Verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of than your Friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my Life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my Death? Alas! they would both be of no Advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: But my sentiments about it, you will see better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER IV.

To the Hon. Mrs. H——, *from Mr.* Pope.

Madam,

ALL the Pleasure or Use of familiar Letters is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare; at least, 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despiser of what they call fine Letters. In this View, I promise you, it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your Good at my Heart, and am that Thing which many People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments upon, a Friend; which is a Character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your Stile: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a Farthing for such Letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost Mr. L***, I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other People, and sometimes better. You must allow me

me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible Thing in all your Letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing Kindneſs, and expecting it in Return: But the Addition you make about your being but two-and-twenty, is again in the Stile of Wit and Abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you wrote, in all your Letters, you've never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continue to take more Notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, Kindneſs, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which, if I want, I am not much concerned, becauſe Judgment is a better Thing; and if I had, I would make Uſe of it, rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after what Manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: Tell me you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a Loſs about that Article. As I have opened my Mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H——, who will ſee by it, what Manner of Letters he muſt expect, if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his Servant, to put Turns upon you inſtead of good Wiſhes, ſo in Return, I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain how-d'ye's, and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhewn to any Body for Wit, may be a Proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in meer Friendlineſs; as doth, God is my Witneſs,

Your very, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. Pope, *to Mr. Steel, on Sickneſs and dying young.*

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 I 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 then think of fortifying ourſelves within, where there was ſo little Dependance upon our Outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and ſmoother Manner than Age: 'Tis 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 it is undermining it at the Root in Secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly 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 Conviction of the Emptineſs of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unſatiſfactory Nature of all human Pleaſure. When a ſmart Fit of Sickneſs tells me this ſcurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en 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 'tis 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 'tis 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

the Flowers ſmell as ſweet, the Plants ſpring as green, the World will proceed in its old Courſe, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they 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's, &c.

LETTER VI.

From her LOOKING-GLASS.

To the beautiful Angelica.

Madam,

I Have enjoyed the Honour of ſerving your Ladyſhip ſome Years, during which Time, as you have been pleaſed to favour me with evident Marks of your Eſteem, and a Familiarity that none of your other Utenſils can boaſt of, tho' many of them my Betters by far; as therefore I have ſhewn you to yourſelf ſo often, and been ſo happy always to have my Fidelity approved of by your Ladyſhip, I hope you will pardon my Boldneſs, in taking this Method to diſcover to you ſome Failings in yourſelf, which my Surface cannot properly repreſent. If I may preſume to ſay ſo, Madam, you conſult me much too often; and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me. How many thouſand Times muſt you be told that you are handſome?——I aſſure you of it every Day; but you will not be ſatisfied, unleſs I tell you ſo every Hour, nay, almoſt every Moment.———I cannot lie; your Perſon is exceeding amiable; but I muſt at the ſame Time inform your Ladyſhip with my uſual Sincerity, that you would be

infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think ſo.——Conſider, Madam, I beſeech you, that if you come to me ten thouſand Times a Day, I cannot make you a Bit the better, or the handſomer: But ſhall certainly deſtroy one of the fineſt Ornaments of Beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections. Whenever you ſtand before me with all your Charms ſet forth to the beſt Advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourſelf with too great Pleaſure, and grow proud and conceited of your own Beauty, which, in Time, will make other People deſpiſe and ridicule you; and therefore I honeſtly and ingenuouſly intreat you to avoid my Company; for, Madam, I muſt confeſs, that the worſt Enemy the Fair Ones have, can't do them ſo much Prejudice as I their chief Favourite. It grieves me to the Heart to find it ſo, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their Fondneſs of me, when I ſo continually do them Miſchief.——Whether it be, as a witty Gentleman once ſaid of me, from my Talent, of caſting Reflection;—or whether it be from the large Quantity of Quickſilver which belongs to me, and without which I am uſeleſs as well as innocent; for as the Learned obſerve, Madam, Mercury is highly prejudicial to your Sex, either where there is too much of it in the Compoſition of a Fair Lady, or when it is uſed externally as an Help to Beauty: As, in the former Caſe, it is generally the Cauſe of extenſive Levity, ſo, in the latter, it is always obſerved to hurt the Eyes, and deface thoſe Charms which it is deſigned to aſſiſt and improve:——Or whether my gaily gilded Frame is too apt to infect the Mind of the Beholder with Vanity:——Or laſtly, whether it be from the Brittleneſs of my other Materials, which, by a Kind of Sympathy, affect People who are too frequently converſant with me.——From whatever Cauſe it proceeds, a Lady who has a fine Face, might almoſt as well fall into the Small-Pox, as to be often in my Company. How many charming Creatures have I ſpoiled, and made Beauty the greateſt Misfortune that could befal them!——I can't think on't without Concern:——Why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure thoſe the moſt that love me beſt?—

Alas!

Alas! Why was I made a Looking-Glaſs! Was it my Deſire to be covered with Silver, and incloſed in a Frame of Gold!——Did I aſpire to be fixed in this honourable Place, and become a Lady's Favourite!—Oh! that I had been ſome meaner Piece of Furniture, leſs reſpected and leſs miſchievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I beſeech you, from an unhappy Thing, which Deſtiny makes pernicious to the loveliest Creature under Heaven, or I ſhall ſoon infect you with the worſt Diſeaſe incident to Beauty; and that is Vanity. ——I am, 'tis true, a uſeful Servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is ſeldom; but if a Lady grows ſo fond of me, that ſhe runs to aſk my Opinion of every Look; if ſhe conſults me forty Times for once that ſhe goes to her Prayer-Book or Bible, I ſhall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than Age or Uglineſs. I beg, Madam, that you'll interpret what your poor Servant ſays, to proceed wholly from Reſpect and Love for you:—The tender Regard I have for your Ladyſhip, together with ſome Symptoms I lately have diſcovered, make me fearful for you.—I dread the Apprehenſion of bringing Contempt on ſo good a Miſtreſs, and would not for the World be the Occaſion of your loſing any one Grace of a fine Woman: No! rather let me be broken into a thouſand Pieces! I am not without Fear of giving Offence by the Freedom I have taken; but tho' you baniſh me your Preſence, I cannot forbear ſpeaking in a Caſe where your Ladyſhip's Good ſeems ſo much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread ſhould come to paſs, it would be better for us to part for ever.——Better for you to be without my Service, than to ſuffer by it; and better for me to loſe my Lady, and be thrown into a Corner, than to remain where I am, and be acceſſary and inſtrumental in ſpoiling as much Sweetneſs and Beauty as ever Looking-Glaſs had the Happineſs to ſhew. I am, Madam,

With the moſt dutiful Reſpect,

Your moſt faithful and devoted humble Servant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

LETTER VII.

From Hortensius, *to his Friend* Palemon, *giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.*

I Write this while Cleora is angling by my Side, under the Shade of a spreading Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious than Strada's, is serenading us from a Hawthorn-Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty; while

——————————Gentle Gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils. MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was engaged, with more than ordinary Distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "That he looked "upon those to be the happiest Men in the Nation, "whose Fortune had placed them in the Country, a-"bove a High-Constable, and below the Trouble of "a Justice of Peace." It is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging in the Drudgery of Business, and with Desires much too humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions: The Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon my Repose. I endeavour to practise the Maxim of a French Poet, by considering every Thing that is not within my Possession as not worth having. Is it impossible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unaspiring Sentiments, and to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Happiness?— Let me at least prevail with you to spare a Day or two from

from the *Certamina Divitiarum* (as Horace, I think, calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead in the Country. If there is any Thing wanted to compleat the Happiness I here find, it is that you are so seldom a Witness to it. Adieu!

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

I Should never have believed, Madam, that one of your Letters could have afflicted me, how bad News soever it had brought me. The bare Sight of your Writing seemed to me a Remedy against every Evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you it is an extreme Grief to me that I have been informed of the Loss we have had. Our Friend was valuable in every Respect, she was beautiful, tender and generous, witty, and of so just a Judgment, that she valued you above every Thing in the World. She had over and above in dying the only good Quality which she wanted during her Life, that is, she bore with a Resolution a Thing, the bare Name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this Greatness of Soul with so truly a Christian Piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too selfish an Affection to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other World a Repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make Advantage of the Exhortation you gave me to follow so good an Example, and it will not be the first Time that you have made me a better Man. The Troubles I have hitherto had will not assist your Admonitions; for, I think, few Things contribute more to make us die without Reluctancy, than to have no Pleasure in Life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my Career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the Ad-

vantage of ſeeing you again, and of proteſting to you to what a Degree I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

From a Gentleman to his Son, juſt arrived from Paris, *againſt ſervile Complaiſance and Talkativeneſs; with ſome Directions how to behave politely in Company.*

Dear Tom,

THERE is ſomething in your Behaviour ſince your Return from Paris, that diſpleaſes me, and I muſt frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping Company with Coxcombs, or by miſtaking Ceremony for Politeneſs, contracted a Habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling Manner, but of ſacrificing every Thing to Compliment. Even your Sincerity is offered up to Ceremony; and you think yourſelf obliged, in Point of Good-Manners, to agree, like Polonius in the Play, with every Thing that is ſaid, whether right or wrong. You don't want Underſtanding, Tom; nor are you without a good Share of Learning; and yet that eternal Simper, that Cringe and Obſequiouſneſs, render both ſuſpected, and tire all your Acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your Behaviour, and ſpeak of this behind your Back, tho' they have not Friendſhip enough to confeſs it to your Face. But your Father, who loves you ſincerely, and who conſiders you as a Part of himſelf, can never ſee you do any Thing that may tend to your Diſadvantage, without warning you of the Conſequence; for that Father muſt have a very bad Heart, or a very bad Head, indeed, who does not inform his Son of his Faults. Yours is not an Error of Diſpoſition, but of Judgment, and therefore it may be eaſily rectified. You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for Civility and Politeneſs; but you are miſtaken. Forced and affected Compliments are the Reverſe. Politeneſs is ever attained with Eaſe and Freedom, and deſpiſes every Thing that is unnatural. Beſides this, Cringing and Fawning render your Sincerity ſuſpected. Thoſe who make large Profeſſions to every Body, are eſteemed by no Body. It

It is all considered as Froth, and their Friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their Conversation. Cast off, therefore, my dear Tom, this Sort of Behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and consistent with the Character of your Family, who were always esteemed for their Openness, Freedom, and Sincerity, which entitle a Man to more Respect than all the fine Speeches and low Bows in the World. Not that I would have you entirely disregard what you brought from the Dancing-School: A proper Deportment is necessary, and even a little Ceremony may be consistent with Politeness and Good-Manners; 'tis the Excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. Montagu, for in this Case one Example is better than ten Precepts; he is esteemed an accomplished Gentleman, every one is pleased with his Behaviour, all are charmed with his Conversation; and the Means he pursued to attain this Art of pleasing universally, are these:

He takes Care to keep none but good Company, (for by his Company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished) among such his Ears are ever open to receive Instruction; for he considers, that a silent young Man generally makes a wise old one. He attends to every Body, and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the Opinions of the whole Company, well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than speaking on any Subject; and that by this Means he not only fathoms the Capacities of the Company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each Person by giving him an Opportunity to talk; and especially when with proper Questions he introduces such Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of displaying his Talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal Good-Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who having seen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule,

Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand? What Mr. Montagu says is always to the Purpose, is properly addressed, and every Body hears him with Satisfaction; for tho' he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks, it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth; but always delivers his Sentiments in such a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company; and when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, Tom, Excess of Ceremony will never gain Man Friends, but impertinent Babbling will undoubtedly create him Enemies; for Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself? Besides the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks, has no Time to hear, and consequently can reap no Benefit from what is said in Company. Another Vice in Conversation, (if I may be allowed that Expression) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely, which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools; since, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes:

Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

I am, dear Son,

Your truly affectionate Father.

LET-

LETTER X.

The following Letter was written to the Dean of Waterford: *by a Widower, the Father of six Children, under the fictitious Name of* Elzevir.——*The Design of it was to invite the Dean and his Company to Supper, particularly Miss* Elizabeth Marshal, *a young Lady about* 18, *and whose Fortune was* 30,000*l. who was lodged in the Dean's Study, he having much Company at that Time.*

Rev. Sir,

I AM told there is a Book which lies in your Study in Sheets; and all who have seen it, admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called Marshal's Epithalamium, or some such Name; but lest I should be mistaken in the Title, I will describe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful Manuscript, the Ink very black and shining on the whitest Virgin Vellum that can be imagined; the Characters are so nice and delicate as to discover it to be the Work of some masterly Hand; and there is such a Symmetry and exact Proportion in all its Parts, and the Features, (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the Reader often to a Stand in admiring the Beauties of them.

The Book has an additional Ornament, which it did not want, all the Margin being flourished with Gold; but that which commends it more is, that though it has been written full eighteen Years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied nor stained; insomuch that one would think it was never once turned over by any Man.

The Volume itself does not appear to be of any great Bulk, and yet I understand it has been valued at 30,000l.

'Tis pity so valuable a Piece should ever be lost, and the Way to prevent this, is by encreasing the Copies of it. If the Author will give Consent, and you will license it, I will immediately put it into the Press. I have all the necessary Apparatus for the Purpose, and a curious Set of Letters, that were never used but in the Impression of one Book, and of this too, no more than

Half

Half a Dozen Copies: So that you muſt imagine they are never the worſe for wearing. For my Part, I will ſpare no Pains to embelliſh and adorn the Whole with the moſt natural and lively Figures; and I ſhall not deſpair of producing an Edition as beautiful in the Eyes of Men as the dear Original is at preſent in mine.—— Methinks I could read it with Pleaſure Night and Day.

If therefore you will do me the Favour to let me have your Company this Evening, and bring this incomparable Piece along with you, it will add to the Entertainment of every one, but particularly of him, who is always with great Reſpect,

Rev. Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant and faithful Friend,

ELZEVIR.

LETTER XI.

From **** *to* Cleora, *on the Pleaſures of Retirement.*

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourſelf, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you ſhould live in ſome rural Abode, than appear in the World; ſuch Perſons as you are fatal to the public Tranquility, and do Miſchief without ever deſigning it: But I muſt own, when Belles and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the Sake of Heavenly Contemplation, the World will be well reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable while the ſerious Hours are divided between Hyde-Park and the Opera; but a more diſtant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by ſo early Experience, that Mankind are amuſed only with Dreams and fantaſtic Appearances, muſt proceed from a ſuperior Degree of Virtue and good Senſe. After a thouſand Convictions of the Vanity of other Purſuits, how few know the Emphaſis of theſe few Lines:

Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt;

Toſs'd

Toss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
And ask if Virtue has enlarg'd the Span:
If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
Trust future Ages, and contented die. TICKEL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, and appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness; quietly to withdraw from the Crowd, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows may be properly called a Digression.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of the Earth! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss? No:—— One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am,
Madam,
Your most obliged humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XII.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope.

PRAY what is your Opinion of Fate? for I muſt confeſs, I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate and Predeſtination—No, I cannot go as far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a Sort of Free-will; for we may be able to reſiſt Inclination, but not Compulſion.

Don't you think they have got into the moſt prepoſterous Faſhion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing the Petticoat ſo very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this Time of the Year, but then, my Dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty Look.

Ay, ſo has my Muſlin Apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I'll ſwear, Child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty Dreſs; let me die if I don't think a Muſlin Flounce made very full, would give one a very agreeable Flirtation Air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all Things———Do you think there are any ſuch Things as Spirits?

Do you believe there is any ſuch Place as the Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian Fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the World Tomorrow: But is one to meet there with what one has loved moſt in this World?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all; you know I abominate Reſerve.

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. Rowe, *on the Vanity of all ſublunary Enjoyments.*

PEOPLE ſeem at preſent more buſily employed in preparing for the King's Birth Day, than for their own laſt; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in the Dancing-Room, than for a Seat in Paradiſe.

I

I was laſt Night with ——— ; a Barge of Muſic followed us; but in the Midſt of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in mind of Mortality: I had ſuch a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Softneſs of the Muſic, nor the Beauty of the Evening could give me any ſincere Delight.——If Pleaſure be the Lot of Man, it muſt be in ſomething beyond the Grave; for on this Side, conſtant Experience tells us, all is Vanity.

But this Confeſſion has hardly any Influence on human Conduct; for People in a high Rank muſt often act againſt their Reaſon, to avoid being thought unfaſhionable; and for fear of being thought mad by the modiſh World, moſt act in a Manner which they are ſenſible is being truly ſo, to be in Vogue with their polite Cotemporaries.

I cannot forbear thinking with myſelf, that if a Being, endued with Reaſon, and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loſs what to imagine we were; and had he no Informer, but was to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a Species who were inſured always to live in the World we now inhabit; or elſe, that after enjoying ourſelves here as long as we could, we were to be inſenſible for ever, without the leaſt Expectation of a future Judgment, Puniſhment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for deſiring me to write to you, if you knew how much Pleaſure the Injunction gives to, Your's unalterably,

CLEORA.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. Locke, *directed thus:*

For Anthony Collins, *Eſq; to be delivered to him after my Decease.*

Dear Sir,

BY my Will you will ſee that I had ſome Kindneſs for ****. And I know no better Way to take Care of him than to put him, and what I deſigned for him, into

into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, secures the Trust which by your Permission I have placed in you; and the peculiar Esteem and Love I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you; so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one Thing which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory ****.

May you live long and happy in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Consciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. Adieu, I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER XV.

Earl of Rochester *to the Honourable* Henry Saville.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely; for I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now to me, who thinks the World as giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in them: For my own Part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M———'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who with much Endeavour and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle

soever

ſoever they ſeem to the buſy, if taken into Conſideration, would ſave you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G——y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night; but G——y would be rich; and, by my Truth, there is ſome Senſe in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wiſh him many Millions, that his Soul may find Reſt. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Diſproportion of him and his Attributes. He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a ſinging Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him if you pleaſe, and leave the Repartee to Black Will, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear Harry, if it may agree with your Affairs to ſhew yourſelf in the Country this Summer, contrive ſuch a Crew together as may not be aſhamed of paſſing by Woodſtock, and if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am ſorry for the declining D——ſs, and would have you be generous to her at this Time: For that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVI.

Earl of Rocheſter *to the Honourable* Henry Saville.

Dear Saville,

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But hearing what Heirs and Succeſſors were decreed in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no ſmall Joy to me that thoſe Tidings proved untrue. My Paſſion for living is ſo increaſed, that I omit no Care of myſelf, which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be an ill-natured Man, will not think it an eaſy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me ſome News from your Land of the Living. And tho' I have little Curioſity to hear who is well, yet I would be glad my

ſew

few Friends were ſo, of whom you are no more the leaſt than the leaneſt. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs myſelf

Your faithful affectionate humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVII.

To CLEORA.

Aug. 11, 1771.

THO' it is but a few Hours ſince I parted from my Cleora, yet I have already, you ſee, taken up my Pen to write to you: You muſt not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I ſay fine Things to you, ſince I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Stile of my former Converſation: And I write to you, as I uſed to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the ſame undiſſembled Sincerity, what Effect this Abſence has upon your uſual Chearfulneſs? As I will honeſtly confeſs, on my own Part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a Circumſtance, ſo little conſiſtent with my Repoſe, ſhould be altogether reconcileable to your's, I have attempted, however, to purſue your Advice, and divert myſelf by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impoſſible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object which it has long dwelt upon with Pleaſure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Neſt, is ſtill returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after ſome vain Efforts to fly off, ſettles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderneſs are centered.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Colonel R****s, *in* Spain.

From his Lady in England.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more 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 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 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 not I 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 the 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

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 your Face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XIX.

LAURA *to* AURELIA.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the Beau Monde.

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country-Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the Mall, or even in Cheapside, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land

to

to the Antipodes; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from London, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills and silent Vallies: The Satyrists may laugh, but to me

Green Fields, and shady Groves, and Crystal Springs,
And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things.

I had rather hear London Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Music of the Woods; the Smell of Violets gives me the Hysterics; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them, unenvied, enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryades and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an airy Lover with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian Splendor: Day-Light makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lasses to spin by, than for the Life of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them. Not the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast, and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself but little at Ease in this

Abſence of the noiſy Diverſions of the Town; and 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leiſure and Retirement; it makes me anxiouſly inquiſitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghaſtly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and ſome doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves, and gloomy Sepulchres. As theſe diſmal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me ſtart at my own Shadow, the ſooner I come to Town the better; and I wiſh, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me ſo far as to lay a Scheme for my Eſcape. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

From Polydore *to* Alonzo, *giving an Account of his accidentally meeting* Aurelia, *and of her Falſhood to him, &c.*

YOU have ſpent ſo many Hours at the Earl of ———'s fine Seat in the Country, that 'tis unneceſſary to deſcribe thoſe beautiful Scenes with which you are ſo well acquainted: Here have I paſſed a great Part of the Summer Seaſon, in a Manner ſuitable to my contemplative Humour. Having no Taſte for Country Diverſions, or any Kind of rural Sports, my Pleaſures were confined to the charming Shades in Gardens, with which the Houſe is ſurrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmoleſted Tranquility, till a Fit of Curioſity led me to make an Excurſion into the wide Champagne, that opened before me from the Borders of the Park.

If I begin with the roſy Dawn, you will pardon my romantic Stile, relating to the ſurpriſing Adventure: But without telling a Lie, the Morning was yet duſky; the balmy Dew, and fragrant Gales perfumed the Air with their untainted Sweets; while with Thoughts free as the airy Songſters that warble on the Branches, I wandered from riſing Hills to winding Vales, through flow'ry Lawns to leafy Woods, till I found myſelf under the Shades of a venerable Row of Elms, which put me in Mind of Sir Roger de Coverly's Rookery; the

the aged Trees ſhot their Heads ſo high, that, to one who paſſed under them, the Crows and Rooks, which reſted on their Tops, ſeemed to be cawing in another Region. I was delighted with the Noiſe, while, with the Spectator, I conſidered it as a Kind of natural Prayer to that Being who ſupplies the Wants of his whole Creation: my Thoughts were inſpired with a pleaſing Gratitude to the beneficent Father of the Univerſe, till the Sequel of my Devotion was interrupted by the Sight of a beautiful Girl, about four or five Years old, ſitting on the Graſs, with a Baſket of Flowers in her Lap, which ſhe was ſticking in the ſnowy Fleece of a little Lamb, that ſtood by her.

I began to hope it was one of the Fairy Race, or ſome pretty Phantom that haunted the Grove; for the adjacent Houſe belonging to this reverend Avenue looked more like a Dormitory for the Dead, than an Habitation for the Living; every Thing about it appeared ruinous and deſolate: I could neither hear the Voice, nor trace the Steps of mortal Man in this obſolete Solitude; nor had I any Hopes of knowing in what wild Region I was got, unleſs the pretty Figure ſitting on the Graſs could give me ſome Intelligence.

I made my Approaches very reſpectfully: But what was my Surprize, in drawing near, to find the Air, the Complexion, every Feature in Miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once ſo paſſionately doated! A thouſand tormenting Ideas ruſhed into my Mind at the Sight of this lovely Creature, who ſmiled on me with the moſt enchanting Innocence. Whilſt I ſtood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herſelf entered the Walk, and confirmed the Suſpicion that this Child was a living Proof of her Infamy.

'Tis about ſix Years ſince ſhe eloped from the public View, regardleſs of her own illuſtrious Family, or the Obligation ſhe was under to the generous Cleone, who treated her with the utmoſt Confidence, and was the laſt that ſuſpected her Huſband's criminal Affair with her:——Be my own Wrongs forgot, and all the Contempt with which ſhe treated whatever Propoſals Honour and diſintereſted Paſſion could make.

I found her now an Object of Pity rather than Resentment; the Dejection of her Mind was visible in her pale haggard Looks, and the wretched Negligence of her Habit. I could hardly persuade myself this was the celebrated Lady that once appeared in all public Places with such a Parade of Equipage and Vanity.

She was in the utmost Confusion at this Interview, till excusing myself I told her this Intrusion was undesigned, and purely the Effect of Chance, as I was taking a Morning's Ramble from the Earl of ———'s, where I had spent some Time; and that she might depend upon my Word, not to discover her Abode to any one in that Family.

By this Time she was a little composed, and invited me to rest myself after my Walk: I followed her into the House, which looked more like the Mansions of Despair than a Retreat for a Lady of Pleasure: An awful Silence reigned in every Room, through which I made a Shift to find my Way by a dim Twilight that glimmered through some Windows of as antique a Figure as those of an old Abbey: The Furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from Times immemorial; it looks more like unweildy Lumber, than any Thing designed for Use or Ornament: There was nothing of a modern Date but a Tea-Table, and that in ruinous Circumstances.

It was now about Ten o'Clock, Aurelia ordered Tea and Chocolate to be brought: All her Attendance was a fresh-coloured Country Lass, who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a Relation of Aurelia's Misfortunes, but durst not ask any Question, for fear it would look like insulting her Distress; so only renewed my Excuses for interrupting her Privacy.

To which she replied, that though I was the last Person in the World she would have chose to be a Witness of her Infamy, yet she thought herself happy in having an Opportunity to make some Apology for her Injustice to me in refusing those Terms of Honour I once offered, had complying with such reproachful Conditions, as and made her the most miserable Creature on Earth.

"It was my criminal Inclination (continued she) for Castander, that made me inflexible to your Entreaties

and

and my Father's Commands to marry you. But whatever Wrong this was to your Merit, my Guilt, with Regard to the generous Cleone, is of a higher Nature: The Intrigue I had with her Husband was attended with Circumstances of the blackest Treachery: I have broke through the tenderest Engagements of Friendship, and granted all that my dissolute Lover could ask; when, finding myself with Child, to hide my Infamy, he brought me to this dismal Place, an old Mansion-House belonging to his Family, where I am cut off from human Society, except two or three stupid Peasants, his Tenants, who reside in some Part of this Gothic Structure. 'Tis now six Years since I breathed and slept (for I cannot call it living) in this melancholy Confinement, without Hopes of a Release, being entirely dependent on Cassander's Allowance and Caprice, who but too well knows his own Power and my Folly; which makes him, instead of the humble Lover, act the imperious Tyrant: his Visits are seldom, his Stay short, and I am left whole Months to languish alone in a detested Solitude.

"This Child, (continued she weeping, and taking the lovely Creature in her Arms) this Child, which might have been my Joy, proves my greatest Affliction: Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to Hardship and Necessity; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous Example. How can I give her Instructions to avoid those Vices, which my Practice approves? or recommend that Virtue, whose sacred Rules I have so openly violated! And still I love this worthless Man; were I penitent, could I resolve on a Reformation, this Leisure and Retirement would be a Blessing and Advantage to me; but I am obstinate in Guilt, while I despair of Happiness in this World or the next: 'Till I came hither, my Hours were spent in Frolic and Gaiety; a constant Series of Diversions shortened the Days, and gave Wings to the jovial Hours, which now have leaden Feet, and burdened with Grief, lag heavily along. No Sort of Reflection gives me Joy; whether I look backward or forward, all is Darkness and Confusion: I am no Way qualified for Retirement: Books are my Aversion.

Thinking is my Horror; I am weary of living, and afraid to die.

I heard this Account with a Heart full of Compassion, and said what I could to persuade her to break off this criminal Commerce with Cassander, and to throw herself on the Care of Providence, and the Generosity of her Friends: But I had too much Value for my own Peace, and too great a Contempt for a Woman of Aurelia's Character, to make any particular Proposals for her Freedom; and bidding her adieu, hasted back to the Earl's, without saying one Word of my Adventure; which I commit to your Secrecy, and subscribe myself

Your most humble Servant,
POLYDORE.

LETTER XXI.

From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, *to his Friend in England; giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death.*

YOUR not hearing from me, my dear Beville, has given you too many dismal Apprehensions about the Manner of my Death; and the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguished with the Breath of Life, oblige me to give this Satisfaction.

I made a longer Stay at Constantinople than I intended, and there it pleased Heaven that I should resign my Life, which for some Months gradually declined, but without any violent or painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehension that my Distemper was fatal. But my Days were numbered, and when the destined Hour drew near, after a sleepless Night, I rose with the Sun; and as I never had been so ill as to confine myself, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the Bosphorus.

After a short Walk, I found my Spirits sinking, and retiring to a Cypress Shade, I threw myself on a flowery Bank for some Refreshment: A gentle Slumber

soon

ſoon cloſed my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call; the Voice perfectly reſembled the charming Almeria's, whoſe Death, you know, was the Occaſion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and liſtened to hear the gentle Summons again, but found I had neither Strength to riſe nor Power to call Aſſiſtance: An icy Coldneſs ſtopped the Springs of Life, and after a little Struggle, my Spirits got unburthened of its Clay; the Curtain fell, and the inviſible World appeared. The firſt gentle Spirit that welcomed me to theſe new Regions was the lovely Almeria; but how dazzling, how divinely fair! Extacy was in her Eyes, and inexpreſſible Pleaſure in every Smile! Her Mien and Aſpect more ſoft and propitious than ever was feigned by the Poets of their Goddeſs of Beauty and Love. What was airy Fiction there, was here all tranſporting and Reality. With an inimitable Grace ſhe received me into her ætherial Chariot, which was ſparkling Saphire, ſtudded with Gold: it rolled with a ſpontaneous Motion along the heavenly Plains, and ſtopped at the Morning Star, our deſtined Habitation. But how ſhall I deſcribe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting Land of Love; the delectable Vales and flowery Lawns, the Myrtle Shades and roſy Bowers; the bright Caſcades and cryſtal Rivulets rolling over orient Pearls and Sands of Gold, which here ſpread their ſilent Waves into broad tranſparent Lakes, ſmooth as the Face of Heaven, and there break with rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethiſt: Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the ſparkling Clifts, and adorn the Proſpect with unſpeakable Variety.

Oh, my Beville! could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and ſoft Receſſes where Pleaſure keeps its eternal Feſtivals, and revels with guiltleſs and unmoleſted Freedom! Whatever can raiſe Deſire, whatever can give Delight, whatever can ſatisfy the Soul in all the boundleſs Capacities of Joy, is found here! Every Wiſh is repleniſhed with full Draughts of vital Pleaſure, ſuch as elevate angelic Minds, and gratify the nobleſt Faculties of immortal Spirits: Oh, Beville! my Al-

meria is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth.

ALTAMONT.

LETTER XXII.

*From **** to his Sister, demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his sudden Death, since 'twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Bliss.*

MY dear Sister, I have often, since I left the World, had the Privilege to supply the Place of your Guardian Angel: I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death, and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I can give you no Account how my Soul was released. I fell asleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentle Slumbers of Innocence and Peace awaked in immortal Bliss. (How common is sudden Death!) I found myself in a Moment got above the Stars, and outshining the Sun in its meridian Splendor; Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallowed up in Life and Immortality; O Death! I cried in the Exultation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Terror! where is thy boasted Victory! Where is thy Sceptre and imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State and dreadful Attendants! Where are thy vast Dominions, the chearless and formless Darkness, the Shade and the Emptiness, the Seats of Corruption and Decay? The Spell is broken! the Enchantment is dissolved! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the visionary Terrors fly! the celestial Morning dawns, and the charming Scenes arise; but, oh! how endless, how various, how transporting the Prospect!

Still lost in Joy and Wonder, tell me, I said, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround me, what easy Passage has my Spirit found from its mortal Prison? What gentle Hand has unlocked my earthly Fetters, and brought me out of Darkness and Confinement into immense Light and Liberty? Who was the kind

Messenger

Messenger that conveyed the welcome Invitation to my Ear? What melodious Voice called me away from yonder cold tempestuous Regions, to these soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found my Passage through the trackless Æther, and gained the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay flattering Vision? Oh, no! 'tis all blissful and transporting. Certainly! I see, I hear Things unutterable, such as never entered into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive.——Read and believe; believe and be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely Fate. Could I be happy too soon? I left the World, indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure: But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Virtue in a longer Trial; it was indulgent in Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me with the Reward of Victory: 'Tis past; the Toil, the Danger is over; and all to come is endless Peace and Triumph.

If you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it as you will certainly do on your Death-Bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous: I only can design it beneficial; you may make it so.

LETTER XXIII.

A Letter from Aristus, *giving his Friend a Relation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing.*

MY Fate will furnish you with a full Evidence of the Vanity of human Happiness: My last Letter was wrote in the Height of Success, with the most arrogant Expectations and boast of a lasting Felicity; now 'tis all changed, and the Shadows of Night come over me.

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my Wishes, the very Morning she gave me her Hand, before the sacred Ce-

remony was finished, was surprized with the fatal Message of Death, and carried in a Swoon from the Chapel to her Chamber, where she soon expired in her Mother's Arms. This Hour she appeared with all the Cost and Splendor of a youthful Bride; the next she is pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly Shroud: Those Charms, that in the Morning promised an eternal Bloom, before the Evening have dropped their smiling Pride; the sparkling Eyes are sunk in Darkness; the soft, the tuneful Voice is for ever silent; while a livid Hue sits on the late rosy Lips.

Thus airy Pleasure dances in our Eyes,
And spreads false Images in fair Disguise,
T' allure our Souls; till just within thy Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost to Shades, and mingle with the Night.

O Death! how cruel was thy Triumph! Youth and Beauty, Joy and blooming Hope, lie here a Victim to thy Rage: The darksome Prison of thy Grave must now confine the gentle Captive; instead of the Pomp of a bridal Bed, the cold Earth must be her Lodging, Dust and Corruption her Covering.

You will now expect I should practise the Principles I have so often asserted, in exercising my boasted Reason and Moderation; or leave you to insult me with the Arguments I lately produced, to allay your Grief under the Pressure of an uncommon Misfortune: This Reproach would be but just, at a Period when Heaven has given me a full Evidence of the Truths I confessed, and set the Vanity of human Hopes in the clearest Demonstration before me. One would think I should now, if ever, find it easy to moralize on these Subjects, and act the Philosopher from meer Necessity, if not from Virtue.

Were the Case your's, or any Body's but my own, how many wise Things should I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more easy is it to dictate than to practise: And yet I am reasonable by Intervals; I am in more than Name a Christian; in some bright Periods,

riods, I feel the Force of that Profession, and pay Homage to its sacred Rules: A heavenly Ray scatters my Grief, and cheers my Soul with divine Consolations: The gay and the gloomy Appearances of mortal Things vanish before the Gleams of celestial Light: Immortal Pleasures, with gentle Invitations, call me to the Skies, and all my Thoughts ascend.

But how short my Triumph! how easy the Transition from Reason to Madness! Of what surprising Variety is a human Mind capable! Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell, seem blended within; 'tis all Chaos, and wild Disorder: That Reason which one Moment relieves me, the next seems with a just Train of Ideas to torment me.

See there all pale and dead she lies;
For ever flow my streaming Eyes:
Fly Hymen, *with extinguish'd Fires;*
Fly nuptial Bliss, and chaste Desires:
Ermina's *fled, the lovli'st Mind,*
Faith, Sweetness, Wit, together join'd.
Dwelt Faith, and Wit, and Sweetness there?
Oh! view the Change, and drop a Tear.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. Pope, *to Mr.* Addison.

I Have been lying in wait for my own Imagination this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of this Sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, though never so low and vulgar, are yet pleasing, when openly and artlessly represented: It would be diverting to me to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write its innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope

a Letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more Unreſervedneſs than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I truſt your Good-Nature with the whole Range of my Follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an Act of Goodneſs and Benevolence; the other a Kind of conſtrained Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every Hour of my Life my Mind is ſtrangely divided; this Minute perhaps I am above the Stars, with a Thouſand Syſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt Abyſs, and loſing my whole Comprehenſion in the boundleſs Space of Creation, in Dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers: the next Moment I am below all Trifles, grovelling with T. in the very Center of Nonſenſe! Now I am recreated with the briſk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. Steel in his liveliest and freeſt Humours darts about him; and now levelling my Application to the inſignificant Obſervations and Quirks of Grammar of C, and D.

Good God! what an incongruous Animal is Man! how unſettled in his beſt Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The Conſtancy of the one ſhook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blaſt of Wind! What is he altogether but one mighty Inconſiſtency! Sickneſs and Pain is the Lot of one Half of him: Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Buſtle we make about paſſing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little Inſtant of our Life, which (as Shakeſpeare finely words it) is rounded with a Sleep? Our whole Extent of Being is no more, in the Eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible Moment of Duration. Thoſe Animals, whoſe Circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturaliſts tell us, are yet as long lived, and poſſeſs as wide a Scene of Action as Man, if we conſider him with a View to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plots, what Achievements a Mite may perform in his King-

dom

dom of a Grain of Duſt, within his Life of ſome Minutes? And of how much leſs Conſideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the Sight of God, who is *for ever*, and for ever.

Who that thinks in this Strain but muſt ſee the World and its contemptible Grandeurs leſſen before him at every Thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupified in a Poiſe of Inaction, void of all Deſires, of all Deſigns, of all Friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our every Condition of Being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe Things that affect ourſelves: Our Paſſions, our Intereſts, flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere Mortals. For my Part, I never return ſo much into myſelf as when I think of you, whoſe Friendſhip is one of the beſt Comforts I have for the Inſignificancy of myſelf.

I am your's, &c.

LETTER XXV.

The following Letter was written by a Gentlewoman to her Huſband, who was condemned to ſuffer Death. The unfortunate Cataſtrophe happened at Exeter, *in the Time of* Oliver's *Uſurpation. A Gentleman whoſe Name was* Penruddock, *to whom the Letter was written, was barbarouſly ſentenced to die, without the laſt Appearance of Juſtice. He aſſerted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceeding, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence; and the Night before his Death, his Lady wrote to him this Letter, which is ſo much admired, and is as follows:*

Mrs. Penruddock's *laſt Letter to her Huſband.*

My dear Heart,

MY ſad Parting was ſo far from making me forget you, that I ſcarce thought upon myſelf ſince, but wholly upon you. Thoſe dear Embraces which I yet feel, and ſhall never loſe, being the faithful Teſtimonies of an indulgent Huſband, have charmed my Soul to ſuch a Reverence of your Remembrance, that were it poſſible, I would, with my own Blood, cement your dear Limbs to Life again; and (with Reverence) think

think it no Sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a Martyr. O, my Dear, you muſt now pardon my Paſſion, this being my laſt (O fatal Word!) that ever you will receive from me, and know, that until the laſt Minute that I can imagine you alive, I will ſacrifice the Prayers of a Chriſtian, and the Groans of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not (which ſure by Sympathy I ſhall know) I ſhall wiſh my own Diſſolution with you, that ſo we may go Hand in Hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turned out of Doors becauſe I came to beg Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood to their Charge. I would fain diſcourſe longer with you, but dare not; Paſſion begins to drown my Reaſon, and will rob me of my Devoir, which is all I have left to ſerve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thouſand Times, my deareſt Dear; and ſince I muſt never ſee you more, take this Prayer: May your Faith be ſo ſtrengthened, that your Conſtancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither Grief and Love will, in a ſhort Time (I hope) tranſlate,

My dear, Your ſad, but conſtant Wife,
Even to love your Aſhes when dead,
ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3d, 1665, 11 o'Clock at Night.

P. S. Your Children beg your Bleſſing, and preſent their Duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any Thing ſo affectionate as that Line, Thoſe dear Embraces which I yet feel!

Mr. Penruddock's Anſwer has an equal Tenderneſs, which I ſhall recite alſo, that you may ſee whether the Man or the Woman expreſſed themſelves the more kindly, and ſtrive to imitate them in leſs Circumſtances of Diſtreſs, for from all no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

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LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Penruddock's *last Letter to his Lady.*

Dearest best of Creatures,

I Had taken Leave of the World when I received yours: It did at once recall my Fondness for Life and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my Resolution to part from you; so when I reflect I am going to a Place where there is none but such as you, I recover my Courage. But Fondness breaks in upon me; and I would not have my Tears flow To-morrow, when your Husband and the Father of our dear Babes, is a public Spectacle: Do not think meanly of me, that I give Way to Grief now in private, when I see my Sand run so fast. I within a few Hours am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the mercileſs and insolent, that have wrongfully put me to a shameful Death, and will object that Shame to my poor Children. I thank you for all your Goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that Virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded; since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other Things, afford me, with Chearfulness, the Precedence in this.

I desire your Prayers in the Article of Death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Person in Town, to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I Have this Day been satisfying a Curiosity, I believe natural to most People, by seeing an Execution at Tyburn: This Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person at a Spectacle

so

ſo awful and ſo intereſting, to all who conſider themſelves of the ſame Species with the unhappy Sufferers.

That I might the better view the Priſoners, and eſcape the *Preſſure of the Mob*, which is prodigious, nay almoſt incredible, if we conſider the Frequency of theſe Executions in London, which is once a Month, I mounted my Horſe, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were five in Number. I was much diſappointed at the Unconcern and Careleſſneſs that appeared in the Faces of three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other two were ſpread with that Horror and Deſpair, which is not to be wondered at in Men whoſe Period is ſo near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being haſtened by their own voluntary Indiſcretion and Miſdeeds. The Exhortation ſpoken by the Bell-Man, from the Wall of St Sepulchre's Church-Yard, is well-intended; but the Noiſe of the Officers, and the Mob was ſo great, and the ſilly Curioſity of People climbing into the Cart, to take Leave of the Criminals, made ſuch a confuſed Noiſe, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when ſpoken, tho' they are as follow:

"All good People pray heartily to God for theſe "poor Sinners, who are now going to their Deaths, for "whom this great Bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with la-"mentable Tears. Aſk Mercy of the Lord for the "Salvation of your own Souls, through the Merit, "Death and Paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, who now ſits at "the Right-Hand of God, to make Interceſſion for as "many of you as penitently return unto him.

"*Lord have Mercy upon you! Chriſt have Mercy upon "you!*"

Which laſt Words the Bell-Man repeats three Times.

All the Way up Holborn the Crowd was ſo great, as at every 20 or 30 Yards to obſtruct the Paſſage; and Wine, notwithſtanding a late good Order againſt that Practice, was brought the Malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not ſuit well with their de-

deplorable Circumſtances: After this the three thoughtleſs young Men, who at firſt ſeemed not enough concerned, grew more ſhamefully daring and wanton; behaving themſelves in a Manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumſtance whatever: They ſwore, laughed, and talked obſcenely; and wiſhed their wicked Companions good Luck, with as much Aſſurance as if their Employment had been the moſt lawful.

At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew ſtill more ſhocking; and the Clergyman who attended, was more the Subject of Ridicule than their ſerious Attention. The Pſalm was ſung amidſt the Curſes and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the moſt abandoned and profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (ſo ſtupid are they to any Senſe of Decency) all the Preparations of the unhappy Wretches ſeemed to ſerve only for the Subject of a barbarous Kind of Mirth, altogether inconſiſtent with Humanity. And as ſoon as the poor Creatures were half-dead, I was much ſurpriſed, before ſuch a Number of Peace-Officers, to ſee the Populace fall to pulling and hauling the Carcaſes with ſo much Earneſtneſs as to occaſion ſeveral warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. Theſe, I was told, were the Friends of the Perſons executed, or ſuch as, for the Sake of Tumult, choſe to appear ſo, and ſome Perſons ſent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Diſſection. The Conteſts between theſe were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at; ſo that I made the beſt of my Way out of the Crowd, and, with ſome Difficulty, rode back among a large Number of People who had been upon the ſame Errand with myſelf. The Face of every one ſpoke a Kind of Mirth, as if the Spectacle they beheld had afforded Pleaſure inſtead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other Nations, common criminal Executions are ſaid to be little attended by any beſide the neceſſary Officers and the mournful Friends; but here all was Hurry and Confuſion, Racket and Noiſe, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and Singing of Pſalms. I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own from the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures

to

to which Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, ascribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast; but in this the *Behaviour of my Countrymen* is past my accounting for; every Street and Lane I passed thro' bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Deaths of five Members of the Community.

One of their Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the Way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubbed Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly covered with Earth.

This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no Way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to behold. I am,

Dear Brother, Your's affectionately.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss Paget *to Miss* Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I AM a thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss Vokes, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paltry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes Place of dear Variety.———Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to see Half a Dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, Charlotte, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days before these mistaken good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do you think we came at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. Bartlett drove us five Pair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads

to

to ſee a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpſe of an undiſtinguiſhable Gentleman's Houſe or two; Mr. Bartlett for ever hauling up one's Hand to be looked thro' for the Advantage of the *Perſpective* (he ſays.)

So down we came again, wiſer undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have ſeen London fine Town till their dizzy wiſe Heads have turned round upon the Tip-top of the Monument.———If you'll believe me, my dear Charlotte, I am fatigued to Death and worried to Diſtraction with ſeeing no-body, and having nothing to do. Exiſtence (you know) is inſupportable in ſuch a total Obſcurity. There is not a human Creature to be ſeen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, (except the Letter-Woman with the No-News and the No-Letters, I may ſay, from dear Vokes) and now and then a Man with a Keg of Newcaſtle Salmon, and a Baſket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. Bartlett, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will ſit and ſmile, and read you ſuch a Lecture (like the Curate of the Pariſh, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exerciſe, and the Country Amuſements; and ſays, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in ſhort, ſuch a Canterbury Tale of its Advantages, as if ſhe really believed that Towns and Cities, and all populous Aſſemblies, were a Sort of Diſgrace to the Creation. Dear, ſays I, Mrs. Bartlett, amuſe yourſelf and welcome with the pleaſing Melancholy of the ſhady Grove and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the cryſtal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderneſs and the Garden Scene, from the Riſing of the Sun to the Moon-Light, but give me the dear Reliſh of Society for the Object of my taſteleſs Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myſelf Penetration enough to diſcover, why good Senſe and Parts, and Genius, and all human Accompliſhments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Reſort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderneſs, or a Warren.

Dear

Dear Charlotte, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence with

Your affectionate

SUKEY PAGET.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss Vokes *to Miss* Paget.

London, Tuesday Night.

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear Miss Paget that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, Miss Moxon and I, and Lady Susan Lawson, and Mr. Hartley, and Mr. Dymer, and Miss Popple, and Mrs. Beddingfield, made a Party to Ranelagh.—The Weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chesnut. Mrs. Dimsdal and Mrs. Bradbury 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. Miss Bennet had appareled her Nob in a frightful Fanny Murray Cap, and looked Five and Forty; the Girl's mistaken if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her Tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Duchess of ——— may venture to imagine ornamental.——Mrs. Adcock was in a pale blue and Silver Night Gown: She was expected in Bombazeen—and it would have become her.——The dear Colonel Lovelace departed this transitory Life no longer ago than Saturday.——There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. Adcock has a Smile at Heart.—But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflections as crowd themselves this Moment into my Imagination.———After we had sailed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love, and Pleasure—away we transmographied ourselves to Vauxhall; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. Bartlett, we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear

Mrs.

Mrs. Bartlett, that the paler Blaze of Moon-Light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, Sukey, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o'Clock, Ma'am, the Crowd of Go-to-Beds had taken themselves away. Lady V. Consonant was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. Beverley played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he played delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute could have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no doubt, have been in Raptures.——But the Atom is so satisfied with his own Applause, that he desires no Body's else.——So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.——There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any Thing, I believe, of the wonderful and uncommon, except that Shrimp Beau Randal, with two of his aukward Sisters, and Mrs. Partington with her Husband.——Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss Paget, and remember

Your sincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXX.

Miss Paget *to Miss* Vokes.

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage and Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear Charlotte. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.——'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball when 'tis over only serves to torment one——and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, Charlotte, may be again.——So, Vokes, you must know, that Mrs. Alip's Coach (but

no

no Miſs Rumzey, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. Bartlett, in order to go in Company to Edgerton-Green. Mrs. Bartlett was dreſſed in a white Luteſtring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and Sukey Paget had on her Yellow and Silver (never was but once at Leiceſter-houſe) and my Silver Tiſſue Shoes and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never ſince offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, I would not be diſobliged if ſhe borrowed them of me one Day or other for herſelf. So, I ſuppoſe, ſhe has not altogether reduced Mr. Aſhburnham to Deſpair, tho' ſhe tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that ſhe'll never part with her Liberty any more.——Liberty, my dear Vokes, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at Edgerton; it was all another Ranelagh. The Bride was in a white Luteſtring Sack, pink'd and full-trimm'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver Cord; but ſhe neither became the Dreſs, nor the Dreſs her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the ſame Degree of Motion; ſeeming to uſe Mamma's Expreſſion, to have loſt her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the expreſs Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. Bargrove, and opened the Ball with Lady Suſan Lawſon, who is actually a fine Woman, and if ſhe had leſs Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyſhip declining a ſecond Dance, Mr. Lawſon twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if abſolutely ſhe had no Joints, and in Imitation of Lady Suſan, calling no other Partner. Mr. Lawſon ſingled out red Lucy Benſon, with a dark Pair of new Eyebrows, but nothing elſe remarkable. Her ſecond aukward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like

a Water-wag-tail; I forget his Name, but it is ſomething like the Sieur Hugglebatch, or Gubblebatch, and of an uncouth harſh Buſineſs, as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. Gubblebatch ſhewed he had ſome Taſte by taking out Mrs. Bartlett. The dear Creature began once more to look like herſelf, danced ſo eaſy, ſo true to the Muſic, ſo politely graceful and ſerene, whilſt two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burſt with laughing at her inimitable Contraſt, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet Nancy Bartlett (reſolving not to make her Huſband jealous of her Choice) picked out a frightful Figure, Mr. Selkirk, in Saxon Blue; the Man, Charlotte, was really tipſey, though indeed every Body ſaid, he was never otherwiſe, and that was his Excuſe. Out the inſenſible Creature ſingled, who but Jenny Rowland's nipped ſhort Waiſt like a Honey-Pot, or Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really ſober, he might have ſeen other Objects without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I can't but ſay, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Diſcernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object choſe next to give her Lilly Hand to? Mr. Appleby, of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched ſince Dancing was created: but Hob fitted me for my Contempt, by ſeizing upon me of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fiſhes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was ſecretly not diſpleaſed at it——For I was ſenſible that I ſhould appear to no Diſadvantage after his former Maux, and was under ſome very diſagreeable Apprehenſions, that Miſs Edly's Tapeſtry Garment would have ſwept the Ground before me.——Indeed, Charlotte, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud Ardelio. Mr. Bartlett had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I ſhall, ſays I, Mr. Bartlett——but faith I never intended it; for I hate of all Things, Charlotte, to dance with a married Man: Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wait on one to Vauxhall or Ranelagh, or

ſo,

ſo, but never chuſe 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unleſs 'tis of getting rid of him.——Sally Leeſon and Miſs Finch eyed me moſt deliciouſly; for I love dearly to ſee Folks burſting with Envy.—They were in Hopes of ſharing the handſome Fop.—But he is the moſt incomparable Dancer, and yet, Charlotte, he knows it ſo perfectly well,—but how can any body be ſo accompliſhed without perceiving it themſelves!——and yet I hate him ſo irreconcileably, becauſe he danced Country-Dances with Sally Leeſon. Her Charms though, Charlotte, what Mortal could reſiſt, elegantly attired as ſhe was, in a large Pattern embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the ſame, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfaſhionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear Charlotte, and I muſt run down to Dinner.——You and I write like Clariſſa Harlowe and Miſs Howe, only not totally in the ſame Strain——but in this I believe we all four agree, that next to the Converſation of a Friend is her Correſpondence.

Sunday Evening.

Though it ſhould tire my dear Miſs Vokes (as I am but too conſcious that it muſt) to read any farther Deſcription of the merry Dancers A-la-mode de Francois, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But firſt of all, Ma'am, I muſt acquaint you, that Miſs Finch, becauſe ſhe could not have Ardelio, mortified herſelf ſo charmingly, as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no ſmall Pleaſure to be ſure. She all the while affecting not to look diſappointed, ſat ſmiling from Ear to Ear, with much the ſame Senſation at the Heart as Children have, who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of good Manners.——Omit not, dear Charlotte, to be told, that Mrs. Langford, with her Colt's Tooth at Threeſcore, puddled herſelf into a Minuet, and ſquirmed round and round the Room like Madam Catherina: I thought her Clock-work never would have ſtood ſtill: But it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Aſſembly their full Swing

of

of gazing on an Object ſo calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger who came with Sally Leeſon, the principal Original of a Group, in Taſte A-la-mode, immoderately ſhort and clumſy, but ſo bedizened out with ſuch a Rainbow of Ribband, that ſhe abſolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Eſtate, diſtinguiſhing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confuſed Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch, and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by Way of Contraſt, the ſqueezy Mrs. Ellen Riſborough, contracting her Minuteneſs to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. Bartlett's Nancy, a Child of five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well choſen Sweeting of a Partner was Ned Saunderſon's Uncle, with a little tiny ſhort Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and fat, and frowzy as a Stilton Cheeſe——Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, ſtood up the incomparably erect Figure of Sukey Beverley, determined to ſhew the good Company, that though ſhe was not altogether as ſharp, ſhe was as ſtrait as an Arrow; for which Reaſon ſhe fancied herſelf under a Neceſſity of looking all the while ſhe danced like a Walking-Stick.——Her Powder Monkey was Dick Commings, ogling and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would inſinuate a Belief that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his diſagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Nameſake happening to dance with her Eyes ſhut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he ſucceeded better in a ſecond, who watched him moſt deliciouſly, Mr. Patrick's humoured Family-Hopes of Ilcheſter, whoſe real Name is Affectation. I thought if her Sidling and Swaddling, and fooliſh unalterable Simper did not provoke the Country Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with bleſſed Impatience for ſuch a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how

tiresome Minutes are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in them.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, Charlotte, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Group, and avoid Confusion, though one may venture with some Prospect of Success now and then upon a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know when the Features are pretty coarse and indelicate, as one may say——In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Show, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the Considerable and the Magnifique in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend.——My Punch (to use a puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well made and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless, though, Charlotte, and over punctual, sprawling confusedly about at right Hand and Left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear Charlotte.—Sally Leeson had got away my Ardelio, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper with every Body, but really with nobody more than Miss Finch and Miss Rowland; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honour of their Hand at right Hand and Left, for Fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually that Jenny thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Distinction herself, but thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. Hartfield, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-keeper's Wife; with her first come first serve; I detest such Vulgarness.

Miss

Miſs Leeſon too was not over and above guilty of Politeneſs: What becauſe ſhe has an agreeable Partner, ſhe is to give herſelf an Air when ſhe has bounced down twenty Couple to leave the reſt of the Company till another Dance is called: That ſhe did, Vokes, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or ſix at once; ſhe that makes ſuch an over-parading Rout about Behaviour: But ſuch Sort of knowing Ladies are ſometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, Charlotte, be ſo good as to underſtand, that Mrs. Compton danced with the Rev. Mr. Audley, in a Perriwig as big as Judge Burnet's; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day, at Paget Bury, that ſhe was aſhamed that Parſons could think themſelves Company for Gentlemen; ſo 'tis to be hoped ſhe thinks them at leaſt Company for the Ladies. Lady Suſan Lawſon and Mrs. Bartlett were incomparably the greateſt Beauties there; and Mrs. Lawſon (who did not dance for Fear, I ſuppoſe, of incommoding her Finery) was the moſt brilliant in Dreſs and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profuſion, Charlotte; but I'll tell you how ſhe had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady Louiſa's Jewels (her Son's late Wife) which are moſt elegantly ſet, with her own old faſhioned Breaſt-Plate, in the Taſte of the laſt Century; but they were full as diſtinguiſhable as Powder from grey Hairs, or Mrs. Pembroke's French Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, Charlotte, for I think I have pretty well ſatisfied you, the Ball continued its Briſkneſs and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to leſs, (like Jenny Widemanſol, that every Body ſays grows ſhorter and ſhorter) and departed this tranſitory Life as the Clock ſtruck Twelve. It was ſucceeded in Eſtate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

So, Charlotte, *have I ſeen (excuſe*
The Pertneſs of a Female Muſe)

A Birth-night ſtately Dame array'd
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:
Whilſt near her plac'd an humble Fair,
Of eaſier, leſs affected Air,
Could with ſuperior Luſtre ſhine
In ſimple Luteſtring or Tobine.

Which is all at preſent (according to the common Phraſe of Writing) from,

Dear Miſs Vokes,
Your truly affectionate and ſincere
S. PAGET.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget, *not quite in the uſual Strain.*

Hampſtead, Thurſday ——

IT is an Age ſince I heard from dear Miſs Paget, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Aſſiſtance of a preſent Friend, and the Correſpondence of an abſent one. My poor dear Aunt Wallingford haſtens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which ſhe has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuſe Conſolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleaſure. We all read to her by Turns, and ſay Prayers conſtantly twice every Day.——I hope, dear Sukey, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greateſt of Bleſſings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like Tunbridge Wells this Seaſon? But your Party is ſo perfectly agreeable, that it is impoſſible not to like the Place for the Sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. Morton finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Abſence from Evelyn Hall (Miſs Anderſon told Mrs. Coldham) is ſo much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miſs Evelyn's Praiſes at the Long-room, where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. Coldham and Miſs Peters are for ever telling me of her Accompliſhments, and wiſh that Tunbridge Wells may be

be as agreeable to her, as the Place, whilst she continues there, must be to every Body else.

I beg, Dear Sukey, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity, Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Evelyn *to Lady* Evelyn.

Of Mrs. Macnamara's *Grandeur.*

Tunbridge Wells, August 8.

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. Macnamara is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells——Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. Macnamara, in all the Innocence of a white and Silver full-trimmed French Sack, her Hair so dressed and powdered with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when Sukey Paget, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her——Tuesday Mrs. Macnamara was at the Concert full of Rapture (though formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan like Handel at an Oratorio.——Wednesday, Mamma, Breakfast was given by Mr. Macnamara, and the Company treated (O magnifique et galant!) with Morning Salvers of Champaigne——At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. Macnamara in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy——and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Macnamara gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imagination. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume

lume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure.——The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilded Chariot of Papier machè, lined with a pale blue Sattin, blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon-blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white, like Sir Joseph Wenman's, with the Addition only of Silver Shoulder-Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. Macnamara's Person, entirely à la Pompadour, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model.——Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly English Complexion, but a Forgetfulness of her Friends—— and of herself. To me indeed she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Duchess or Lady Mary; but dear Mrs. Morton cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. Sukey was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. Morton ought always to be known. One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to Sukey. Mrs. Finch the Millener waited on her with a fine French Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But Sukey not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. Finch directed her Ban-Box to Mrs. Macnamara. Mrs. Macnamara ordered the Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. Macnamara at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honourable Mrs. Macnamara.——Do not, Dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor Sukey with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even though I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. Morton tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for she is very sure Mrs. Macnamara will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach

which

which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, said she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin Morton's Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, en passant, is in one's own Eye an easy pardonable Fault, but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after Sukey's Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one * of her Superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Pappa and Sisters,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Moreton salutes you.

* Dr. Swift.

LETTER XXXIII.

The celebrated Miss Rowe, *to the Countess of* Hertford.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a Friendship, 'tis for Immortality. This Confession, I own, is enough to put you in some Terror that you are never like to drop my Conversation in this World, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the Realms of Light, and get a new Set of Thoughts to entertain you with at your Arrival there, which for the public Interest I wish may be long after I am sleeping in the Dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful Spirit that will welcome you to the immortal Coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest Songs of Paradise at your Arrival.——Mr. Rollie would think these all gay Chimeras and gay Visions, but how much more so are all the charming Scenes on Earth?

As the fantastic Images of Night,
Before the opening Morning take their Flight;
So vanish all the Hopes of Men; their Pride,
And vain Designs the laughing Skies deride.

You'll think, Madam, I am resolved you shall remember your latter End, whoever forgets it. I suppose you'll expect the next Picture I send you will be Time with a Scythe and an Hour-Glass; but really these Mementos of Mortality are necessary to People like you in the Height of Greatness, and the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty—If I go on, you'll think me in the Height of the Vapours, and the Perfection of the Spleen; but in all the Variety of my Temper,

I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

I admire the Verses you inclosed, and am surprised at the Author.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Clitander, *a melancholy* Valetudinarian.

TO convince you that I am incapable of forgetting you at a Time when Dissipation will scarcely suffer me to remember any Thing besides, I have embraced the Hour when

"Midnight listens to the slumb'ring Earth"

to thank you for your obliging Favour. If I did not write to you whilst others slept, your kind Letter must remain unanswered; for Bellario, whose Sincerity and Good-nature rise up in Arms against me, whenever I presume to think that he whisks me about too much, has been my Visitor ever since I saw you last. It was my Intention, when I took up the Pen, to have raised your drooping Thoughts by playing the Buffoon; but the melancholy Parts of your Epistle, have made me as mournful as yourself, and if your Virtues were as infectious as your low Spirits are, I should be one of the two best, and gloomiest Men alive. I hope, and would believe, that many of your Fears are but the Phantoms of the Imagination, not the frightful Creatures of Reality. Pray throw these sad perplexing Sentiments aside. Perhaps

haps they may be all ill-grounded. Let us ſuppoſe they are. Indeed I will abuſe you greatly, if you do not tell me in your next Letter that you are determined to ſeek for Entertainment from the gay, and find ſome Pleaſures more than thoſe which muſt ariſe from the Conſciouſneſs of Integrity. I have been looking at a ſhort Hymn to Health, which is amongſt the Fragments of the Greek Poets. To borrow the Sentiments of a favourite Writer who had peruſed this fine Addreſs to that fictitious Deity of the Heathens, I muſt tell you that her Power of exalting the Happineſs of Life, of heightening the Gifts of Fortune, and adding Enjoyment to Poſſeſſion, is inculcated with ſo much Force and Beauty, that no one who has ever languiſhed under the Diſcomforts and Infirmities of a lingering Diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the Images dance in his Heart, and adding from his own Experience, new Vigour to the Wiſh, and from his own Imagination new Colours to the Picture. The particular Occaſion of this little Compoſition is not known; but it is probable that the Author had been ſick, and in the firſt Raptures of returning Strength, addreſſed Health, in a Manner as like the following, as one Alteration, which I have taken the Liberty to make in the Conſtruction of it, will permit it to be:

Health! moſt venerable of the Powers of Heaven! With thee may the Remainder of Clitander's Life be bleſt! Nor do thou refuſe to chear him with thy Reſidence! For whatever is of Beauty, or of Pleaſure in Wealth, in Deſcendants or in ſovereign Command, the higheſt Summit of human Enjoyment; or in thoſe Objects of Deſire which we endeavour to chace into the Toils of Love; whatever Delight, or whatever Solace is granted by the Celeſtials to ſoften our Fatigue, in thy Preſence, thou Parent of Happineſs! all thoſe Joys ſpread out, and flouriſh; in thy Preſence blooms the Spring of Pleaſure, and without thee no Man is happy.

As I can give you nothing of my own that can appear with this, I will ſtop ſhort, and with all Sincerity, Affection, and Eſteem, bid you Adieu.

EUGENIO.

LETTER XXXV.

To Ariſtodemus.

I Have heard you, my ineſtimable Parent! obſerve that it is a common Excuſe with many that they ſhould have written often to their Friends, if they had gotten any Thing particular enough to write about. How much am I indebted to you for teaching me to differ from the Multitude in this Reſpect! When in your laſt endearing Letter, you gave a Looſe to all the Innocence of Levity, I was at once convinced that Trifles may become Matters of agreeable Importance, when they are told by thoſe we value and eſteem. I, now, remember to have found Harmony in a Voice which had obſerved that the Morning had began to lighten, or the Evening to grow dark, for no other Reaſon but becauſe I had been accuſtomed to enjoy a Pleaſure from the Sound of it. I have locked a Letter in my Deſk, with more Anxiety to ſave it for future fond Peruſals, than if every Syllable of its Contents had breathed more than the Fire of a Milton, or the Elegance of a Pope. Perhaps the favourite Epiſtle had no where mentioned ought but what I knew before, and yet it was dear to me, becauſe its Writer was beloved. Were he that ſhould receive theſe Lines, to ſay no more than that they reached his Hands, his Words would entertain me moſt. I hope I am not ſingular in this Opinion; and ſhould retain more Sons and Daughters on my Side, had they to whom they owe their Birth, but mixed, like you, the Parent and the Friend ſo charmingly together, that the one could never be diſtinguiſhed from the other. Much leſs than I have written would have convinced you that my Affection and your Merit muſt make your Letter welcome to me; the ſame Tenderneſs in my Father will prove a Surety for the Fate of this: But if only an equal Set of Virtues could ſecure me your Eſteem, I ſhould tremble for the Conſequences that muſt befall

Your dutiful, and affectionate,

EUBULUS.

To

To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer.

SIR,

Though Matrimony is out of Fashion, I cannot help sending the inclosed Epistle, till Wedding-Rings shall come in Vogue again. I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

WRITE then—as you will have it so, I will tell you, my dear sweet Niece, what I think will be your Fate with my Friend Heartfree, as you are fixed upon marrying him:—You love him, and in Truth he will deserve your Love, and if it is not your own Fault, you will be very happy with him.

As he is nearer Forty than Thirty, you must expect some Ingredients of the old Batchelor in him, but not a Grain of the Ill-nature;—though not a Rake, you know he has been no Joseph, till your sweet Self made him so;—now all Women are indifferent to him but you;—from his Experience in the Sex, he well knows you would not always be the Angel he calls you at present, if your good Heart, amiable Temper and fine Sense, were not to continue you so. I am sure he is so sensible of it, that he will almost confess to any Body but you, that by the End of the Honey-Moon, you will hear no more of your rosy Lips, love-darting Eyes, Vermillion Checks, Lilly Hands, and snowy Breast; and it is ten to one but you are taken down in your Wedding-Shoes;—nay, and strange as you think it now, take my Word for it, you will not be entitled to the Flitch of Bacon;—still you have no Cause to complain; you will enjoy his constant Love; you will find him ever happy in you, and ever watchful to make you so in him.—if you cease to be his Angel, you will please your Thoughts that you are his beloved Belinda;—and if you do not find what you young Lovers expect—that

Ecstatic Bliss shall every Hour employ,
And every Sense be lost in endless Joy——

you will not, believe me, have any Reason to repent your engaging with Heartfree.

How then am I to keep his Love; I fear the Experience of the old Batchelor.——Fear not, my Belinda, though Time has riveted some Peculiarities, you will take more Pleasure in conforming to them, than some, I hope not many, of your Sex would to oppose them. If you find him fond of Cleanliness, you will not call him nice and finical. If he loves Punctuality at Meal-times, you will not teach your Servants to think him peevish and impatient;—should he say this Chicken is too much roasted, you will not say it is done to a Turn;——if he condemns the Sauce of that Fricassee, you will not insist, it is the same he admired a few Days before;——you will not make a Point to contradict him in every Complaint he shall make at Table, as if you thought his censuring the Cook was an Affront to the Mistress;——if you see he loves Order and Regularity among the Servants, you will not encourage them to say he is so particular, that nobody can live with him;—if you see him grave, upon the settling his annual Accounts, you will not persuade your Physicians or your Midwife to send you to Bath in the Winter, or to Scarborough in the Summer, by which you will run out again the next Year;———when you travel with him, you will not stuff your Carriage like the York Machine;——and when you are going together on a Party of Pleasure, and he asks if you are ready, as the Chariot is come, and it is Time to go, you will not call him as punctual as one of the wooden Figures at St. Dunstan's, and keep him in waiting as if you was willing to try whether he is not as patient too.

You will remember the Life that he has been used to, and will not therefore expect that when he altered his State he was to change also his Nature. You will not let him say, now the Management of my Comforts is in the Hands of her whose Happiness it is to see me happy, there is more Confusion in my House, and Disorder among my Servants. I used to eat better at a Tavern than now at my own Table: A Party of Pleasure with her I love best in the World, is tiresome and disagreeable; and, though our Income is more than sufficient, with the least Oeconomy, for all our Necessities,

Com-

Comforts, Luxuries, and even Pleasures, I have less Pocket-Money than when I was a School-Boy.

This you will never give him Occasion to say. You will therefore hear instead,—No Family is so well managed as Belinda's; Nobody lives better than Heartfree; and, tho' he enjoys all the Luxuries of Life, he cannot spend his Income. No Party of Pleasure is agreeable to him of which Belinda is not one. You will find in every Thing he does, thinks, or says, Belinda gives the Relish. If he is pleased, it is chiefly that Belinda is the Cause. You will find him industrious to be happy at every Thing, because he sees his Belinda is industrious to make every Thing agreeable to him: And, I will add, my dear Niece, you can never quarrel, tho' you have heard it is inseparable from Matrimony, you will be so constantly employed in contending which shall contribute most to the Happiness of the other, that you will not have one Moment to spare for contending about any Thing else. Thus says the prophetic Soul of BENEDICT.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Pope *to Dean* Swift.

Dearest Sir, *May* 17, 1739.

EVERY Time I see your Hand, it is the greatest Satisfaction that any Writing can give me; and I am in Proportion grieved to find that several of my Letters to testify it to you, miscarry, and you ask me the same Questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Smith, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who in a Paragraph in my last, under his own Hand, gave you an Account of himself; and I employed almost a whole Letter upon his Affairs afterwards. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand Pounds, much to his own Satisfaction. His Plan of Life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest Country of France, divided between Study and Exercise: for he still reads or writes five or six Hours a Day, and hunts generally twice a Week. He has the whole Forest of Fontainbleau at his Command, with the King's Stables and Dogs, &c. his Lady's Son-in-Law being Governor of that Place.

She

She resides most Part of the Year with my Lord at a large House they have hired, and the rest with her Daughter, who is Abbess of a Royal Convent in the Neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger Health or in a better Humour with his Friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his Enemies. We very often commemorated you during the five Months we lived together at Twickenham. At which Place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I should envy no Country in the World; and I think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the visiting once in my Life.——The Mention of travelling introduces your old Acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in Search of Health. An Asthma has reduced his Body, but his Spirit retains all its Vigour; and he is returned, declaring Life itself not worth a Day's Journey, at the Expence of parting with one's Friends.—Mr. Lewis every Day remembers you. I lie at his House in Town. Dr. Arbuthnot's Daughter does not degenerate from the Humour and Goodness of her Father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful Women in the World towards others; the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more Women worth naming to you; the rest of the Ladies run after Music and play at Cards. I always make your Compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some Letter from you. I did my best with him in Behalf of one of your Friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give Fire, and flew to the Prince that Instant, who was as pleased to please you. You ask me how I am at Court. I keep my old Walk, and deviate from it to no Court. The Prince * shews me Distinction beyond any Merit or Pretence on my Part; and I have received a Present from him of some Marble Heads of Poets for my Library, and some Urns for my Garden. The ministerial Writers rail at me, yet I have no Quarrel with their Masters, nor think it of

* The late Frederick Prince of Wales,

of Weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the Courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with; at least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from Courtiers, and all a wise Man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great Court to me, but I am too old for her Mind and Body; yet I cultivate some young People's Friendship, because they may be honest Men; whereas the old ones, Experience shews too often, not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my Hand. There is a Lord Cranbury, a Lord Palworth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the Corruption of the World.

Having nothing to tell you of my Poetry, I come to what is now my chief Care, my Health and Amusement. The first is better as to Head-Achs; worse as to Weakness and Nerves. The Changes of Weather affect me much, otherwise I want not Spirits, except when Indigestions prevail. The Mornings are my Life; in the Evenings I am not dead indeed, but asleep, and am stupid enough. I love Reading still better than Conversation; but my Eyes fail, and at the Hours when most People indulge in Company, I am tired, and find the Labour of the past Day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in Bed as a Bird in his Nest, much about the same Time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next Morning. I often vary the Scene (indeed at every Friend's Call) from London to Twickenham, or the Contrary;—to receive them or be received by them. Lord Bathurst is still my constant Friend and yours, but his Country-Seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this Neighbourhood. Mr. Pultney has no Country-Seat, and in Town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the Summer I generally ramble for a Month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those Rambles my Mind is full of the Images of you and poor Gay: with whom I travelled so delightfully two Summers. Why cannot I cross the Sea? The unhappiest Malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest Accident of my whole Life, is that Weakness of the Breast, which makes the Physicians of Opinion that a

strong

ſtrong Vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural Motion that Way in fifteen Years. I went ſome Years ago with Lord Peterborough about ten Leagues at Sea, purely to try if I could ſail without Sea-Sickneſs, and with no other View than to make yourſelf and Lord Bolingbroke a Viſit before I died. But the Experiment, tho' almoſt all the Way near the Coaſt, had almoſt ended all my Views at once. Well, then I muſt ſubmit to live at the Diſtance which Fortune has ſet us at; but my Memory, my Affection, my Eſteem are inſeparable from you, and will, my dear Friend, be for ever yours, A. P.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lord Treaſurer Oxford, *on the Death of his Daughter, the* Marchioneſs *of* Carmarthen, *by Dean* Swift.

My Lord, *Nov.* 21, 1713.

YOUR Lordſhip is the Perſon in the World to whom every Body ought to be ſilent upon ſuch an Occaſion as this, which is only to be ſupported by the greateſt Wiſdom and Strength of Mind; wherein, God knows, the wiſeſt and beſt of us, who would preſume to offer their Thoughts, are far your Inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great Misfortune is apt to weaken the Mind, and diſturb the Underſtanding. This, indeed, might be ſome Pretence to us to adminiſter our Conſolation, if we have been wholly Strangers to the Perſon gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the Honour to know her, wants a Comforter as much as your Lordſhip; becauſe, tho' their Loſs is not ſo great, yet they have not the ſame Firmneſs and Prudence to ſupport the Want of a Friend, a Patroneſs, a Benefactor, as you have to ſupport that of a Daughter. My Lord, both Religion and Reaſon forbid me to have the leaſt Concern for that Lady's Death, upon her own Account; and he muſt be an ill Chriſtian, or a perfect Stranger to her Virtues, who would not wiſh himſelf, with all Submiſſion to God Almighty's Will, in her Condition. But your Lordſhip, who hath loſt ſuch a Daughter, and we, who have loſt ſuch a Friend, and the World, which hath loſt ſuch an Example, have, in our ſeveral Degrees, greater Cauſe to lament, than

perhaps

perhaps was ever given by any private Person before; for, my Lord, I have set down to think of every amiable Quality that could enter into the Composition of a Lady, and could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a Perfection as Human Nature is capable of. But as to your Lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable Misfortune to have lost such a Daughter, so it is a Possession which few can boast of, to have had such a Daughter. I have often said to your Lordship, that I never knew any one, by many Degrees, so happy in their Domestics as you; and I affirm you are so still, tho' not by so many Degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your Lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the Truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a Mortal; much more happy than is usual with the Dispensations of Providence long to continue. You have been the great Instrument of preserving your Country from foreign and domestic Ruin. You have had the Felicity of establishing your Family in the greatest Lustre, without any Obligation to the Bounty of your Prince, or any Industry of your own: You have triumphed over the Violence and Treachery of your Enemies, by your Courage and Abilities; and by the Steadiness of your Temper, over the Inconstancy and Caprice of your Friends. Perhaps your Lordship has felt too much Complacency within yourself, upon this universal Success; and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your Endeavours for the Public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic Loss, where he knew your Heart was most exposed; and at the same Time has fulfilled his own wise Purposes, by rewarding in a better Life that excellent Creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any Compliance with Form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordship any Ease. I think it was an Impulse upon me that I should say something. And whether I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, *on the Death of his Father, to his Friend* Euphronius.

May 5, 1743.

IF you received the first Account of my Loss from other Hands than mine, you must impute it to the Dejection of Mind into which that Accident threw me. The Blow, indeed, fell with too much Severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater Shock to a Breast of any Sensibility, than to see its earliest and most valuable Connections irreparably broken, than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared Object of its highest Veneration. At least, the Affection and Esteem I bore to that excellent Parent, were founded upon so many and such uncommon Motives, that his Death has given me Occasion to lament not only a most tender Father, but a most valuable Friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the Benefit of his animating Example, is one among the many aggravating Circumstances of my Affliction; and I often apply to myself what an excellent Ancient has said upon a similar Occasion, *Vereor ne nunc negligentius vivam.* There is nothing, in Truth, puts us so much upon our Guard, as to act under the constant Inspection of one whose Virtues, as well as Years, have rendered him venerable. Never indeed, did the Dignity of Goodness appear more irresistible in any Man: Yet there was something at the same Time so gentle in his Manners, such an Innocency and Chearfulness in his Conversation, that he was as sure to gain Affection as to inspire Reverence.

It has been observed (and I think by Cowley) "That "a Man in much Business must either make himself a "Knave, or the World will make him a Fool." If there is any Truth in this Observation, it is not, however, without an Exception. My Father was early engaged in the great Scenes of Business, where he continued almost to his very last Hour; yet he preserved his Integrity firm and unbroken, tiro' all those power-

ful

ful Assaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a Course of Action.

If it were Justice, indeed, to his other Virtues, to single out any particular one as shining with superior Lustre to the rest; I should point to his Probity as the brightest Part of his Character. But the Truth is, the whole Tenor of his Conduct was one uniform Exercise of every moral Quality that can adorn and exalt human Nature. To defend the injured, to relieve the Indigent, to protect the Distressed, was the chief End and Aim of all his Endeavours; and his principal Motive for engaging and persevering in his Profession was, to enable himself more abundantly to gratify so glorious an Ambition.

No Man had an higher Relish of the Pleasures of a retired and contemplative Life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm Scenes with greater Ease and Dignity. He had nothing to make him desirous of flying from the Reflections of his own Mind; nor any Passions which his moderate Patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only was not consistent with his generous and enlarged Sentiments. It was a Spirit of Benevolence that led him into the active Scenes of the World; which upon any other Principle he would either never have entered, or soon have renounced. And it was that godlike Spirit, which conducted and supported him thro' his useful Progress, to the Honour and Interest of his Family and Friends, and to the Benefit of every Creature, that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive Circle of his Beneficence.

I well know my dear Euphronius, the high Regard you pay to every Character of Merit in general, and the Esteem in which you held this most valuable Man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me were I to make an Apology for leaving with you this private Monument of my Veneration for a Parent, whose least and lowest Claim to my Gratitude and Esteem is, that I am indebted to him for my Birth.

I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXIX.

From Sir Thomas Fizosborne *to* Philotes, *on the Loss of a Friend.*

Dec. 7, 1747.

THE Visits of a Friend, like those of the Sun at this Season, are extremely enlivening. I am sure at least they would both be particularly acceptable to me at present, when my Mind is as much over-cast as the Heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the Design your Letter intimates, of spending a few Days with me in your Way to ***. Your Company will greatly contribute to disperse those Clouds of Melancholy which the Loss of a very valuable Friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first Moments of Separation from those, whom a daily Commerce and long Habitude of Friendship has grafted upon the Heart, that disorders our whole Frame of Thought, and discolours all one's Enjoyments. Let Philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted Strength, the Mind cannot immediately recover the Firmness of its Posture, when those amicable Props upon which it used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most indifferent Objects with which we have long been familiar, take some Kind of Root in our Hearts; and "I should hardly care (as a celebrated Author has, with great Good-nature, observed) to have an old Post pulled up, which I remembered ever since I was a Child."

To know how to receive the full Satisfaction of a present Enjoyment, with a Disposition prepared at the same Time to yield it up without Reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to Humanity: Pain in being disunited from those we love, is a Tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the social Affections. One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly insensible to Disquietudes of this Kind: And we must renounce the most refined Relish of our Being, if we would upon all Occasions possess our Souls in a stoical Tranquility.

That ancient Philosopher whose Precept it was, to converse with our Friends as if they might one Day prove our Enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very un-

ungenerous Maxim. To remember, however, that we muſt one Day moſt certainly be divided from them, is a Reflection, methinks, that ſhould enter with us into our tender Connections of every Kind. From the preſent Diſcompoſure, therefore, of my own Breaſt, and from that Share which I take in whatever may affect the Repoſe of your's, I cannot bid you adieu, without reminding you at the ſame Time of the uſeful Caution of one of your Poetical Acquaintance:

Quicquid amas cupias non placuiſſe nimis.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

From Sir Thomas Fitzoſborne *to* Palamedes, *againſt Viſitors by Profeſſion.*

I HAVE had Occaſion a thouſand Times ſince I ſaw you, to wiſh myſelf *in the Land where all Things are forgotten*; at leaſt, that I did not live in the Memory of certain reſtleſs Mortals of your Acquaintance, who are Viſitors by Profeſſion. The Misfortune is, no Retirement is ſo remote, nor Sanctuary ſo ſacred, as to afford a Protection from their Impertinence; and though one were to fly to the Deſart, and take Refuge in the Cells of Saints and Hermits, one ſhould be alarmed with their unmeaning *Voice crying* even *in the Wilderneſs.* They ſpread themſelves, in Truth, over the whole Face of the Land, and lay waſte the faireſt Hours of Converſation. For my own Part (to ſpeak of them in a Style ſuitable to their Taſte and Talents) I look upon them, not as paying Viſits, but *Viſitations*; and am never obliged to give Audience to one of this Species, that I do not conſider myſelf as under a Judgment for theſe numberleſs Hours which I have ſpent in vain. If theſe Sons and Daughters of Idleneſs and Folly would be perſuaded to enter into an excluſive Society among themſelves, the reſt of the World might poſſeſs their Moments unmoleſted: But nothing leſs will ſatisfy them than opening a general Commerce, and ſailing into every Port where Choice or Chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, the Years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to reſign ſome Part of one's

one's own Time, in charitable Relief of the unsufferable Weight of theirs; but since the Days of Men are shrunk into a few hasty Revolutions of the Sun, whole Afternoons are much too considerable a Sacrifice to be offered up to tame Civility What heightens the Contempt of this Character is, that they who have so much of the Form, have always least of the Power of Friendship: and though they will *craze their Chariot Wheels* (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your Repose; they would not drive Half the Length of a Street to assist your Distress.

It was owing to an Interruption from one of these obsequious Intruders, that I was prevented keeping my Engagement with you Yesterday; and you must indulge me in this Discharge of my Invective against the ridiculous Occasion of so mortifying a Disappointment. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Lady Jane Douglas *to Lady* Mary Menzies †.

FEW Things could have been more agreeable than my dear Lady Mary's Letter, which I had the Honour to receive last Week. It belongs to me, Madam, to make Apology for the Fault of not writing sooner, which you so obligingly charge yourself with; and I did indeed, immediately on my Arrival in Scotland, intend to have wrote to your Ladyship; but various Things came in the Way (not mighty delightful) which prevented my having that agreeable Employment. The warm Expressions you honour me with of your continued Friendship, give me a Satisfaction more easy to be imagined than expressed; only be assured I prize the Favour much, and value myself upon it.

It gives me great Pleasure to think how happy my dear Lady Mary has been for Months past in the Company of her Brother, and such a Brother as Mr. Mackenzie*

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† Lady Mary Menzies, Sister to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of Sir Robert Menzies, Baronet.

* Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal for Scotland.

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is I loved when a Child, I admire him now, and pay him no Compliment (Worth can't be complimented) when I ſay he's the agreeableſt and fineſt young Gentleman our Country can boaſt of at preſent. Amiable Lady Betty ‡ I likewiſe eſteem much; and to ſhew that I am not unacquainted with her Merit, I think ſhe deſerves Mr. Mackenzie, which is to ſay a great deal. Your Ladyſhip has been ſo happy Part of laſt, and Beginning of this new-ſtiled Year, in their Society, that I can only wiſh you many, very many ſuch Years of Satisfaction, with every other Joy your Heart can further deſire.

The Town is mighty gay, I'm told. But I can give no Account of its Entertainments, going to none of them, ſave to one Aſſembly ſeveral Weeks ago, appointed to ſolemnize King George's Birth-Day; I thought it my Duty to appear on that Occaſion to teſtify my Regard and Gratitude to my Royal Benefactor, who is the only crowned Head I ever was perſonally under any Obligation to.

The Account your Ladyſhip gives me of my dear young Mr. Stewart ‖ and his Family, gives me great Pleaſure. I have from all Hands heard the beſt Character of them, and of Bellachin his Lady, and their whole Family; and your Ladyſhip's good Opinion of them, convinces me, that all I hear to their Advantage is true. I ſaw Mr. Jackey ſeveral Times ſix Years ago, and I did think him a very fine and handſome Youth; my little Archy is reckoned by ſeveral People to reſemble him much, which I take as a Compliment to my little Man. Mr. Stewart, whoſe Affairs did not permit him to come to Scotland along with me, has the Honour to be, I do aſſure my dear Lady Mary, her devoted humble Servant, and her great Admirer, as well as ſincere Friend and Servant to Sir Robert.

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‡ Lady Betty Mackenzie, Daughter of the illuſtrious John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, and Lady of the Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, Eſq.

‖ Mr. Stewart, Son to the late Sir John Stewart, by a former Marriage, and now Sir John Stewart.

Lady

Lady Grace Campbell's † late Lying-in, and my perplexed Affairs, have prevented my waiting upon her Ladyship as yet; but I intend to do myself that Honour soon.

If I could expect to see my dearest Lady Mary in Edinburgh while I remain here, it would give me inexpressible Satisfaction; but it is a Happiness I dare not flatter myself with. My Stay here is uncertain, having Thoughts of going to the North of England; but before I leave these Parts I shall certainly give your Ladyship Notice. Adieu, my dear Madam. Favour me always with your Friendship, which I deserve for this one Reason, that I have the Honour to be, with the most perfect Esteem and Regard, your Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, and most affectionate Cousin,

Hope-Park, near Edinburgh, 23d Jan. 1753.

JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.

I offer my best Compliments to Sir Robert Menzies; I beg your Ladyship will likewise make them acceptable to Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty. Your old Friend Mrs. Hewit is just as much your Ladyship's devoted Servant as ever, and begs to be most kindly remembered to you, Madam, and her good Friend Sir Robert. Likewise, she begs Leave to offer her Compliments to her charming Favourite Mr. Mackenzie, whom she loves most tenderly.

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† Lady Grace Campbell, Sister to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of John Campbell, Esq; Judge in the Court of Session, by the Title of Lord Stonefield.

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LETTER XLII.

Miſs Paget *to Miſs* Vokes.

Her Counſel to her Friend upon the Subject of unequal *Matrimony.*

Tunbridge-Wells, Monday Morning.

HAVE *Ilchester*, *Charlotte*, at all Events —I honour your good Underſtanding—you are ſenſible, my Dear, that one ſmall Fortune is more Plague to any body than ten old Huſbands.—And, beſides, my Dear, if he's rich he muſt be worth having, and if he's old he can't live for ever.

She's an Idiot if then *ſhe ſays* No.

As to what People talk about ſtrange Matches, (ſuch Prate) and Ladies married to their Grandfathers, (meer Nonſenſe) and I don't know what Abſurdity, *Charlotte*, about Difference of Inclinations, it is the veriest Jest in the Univerſe. For if I can agree to put up with Inconveniencies for Reaſons which I have of my own, the Reaſons, it is to be ſuppoſed, are as good as the Inconveniencies are bad, and ſo we are even. And as to what the World takes upon itſelf to conjecture, who have no Sort of Buſineſs in the Affair, their impertinent Cenſures I have the Conſequence to tread on with the Heel of my Shoe. O *Vokes!* conſider, and conſider, and conſider, how many beautiful Ideas flow in the Mind from that dear Word *High-Life!* Conſequence, *Charlotte*, Figure, perſonal Accompliſhment of every Sort, Routs, Drums, Parties, Taſte, Diverſions, exquiſite and *A-la-mode*. Precedence, my Dear, above one hundred and fifty Animals of Faſhion whom one has the Merit to deſpiſe, and the Comfort to let 'em ſee that one does, without even the Breach of common Politeneſs: And in ſhort, my dear *Charlotte*, ſuch a Number of Advantages as no body can reckon up but who has ſtudied Arithmetic for twenty Years.—No Woman, my Dear, can have all ſhe wiſhes, let her marry who ſhe will. Reſolve to purſue the Scheme againſt all human Oppoſition, and determine to be Mrs. *Ilchester*.

Very few, *Charlotte*, have the Opportunity to have Fortune run bawling after them for their Company, and they are very ſimple Folks indeed, who can affect to be deaf at ſuch a Juncture. A Lover, my Dear, comes to great Advantage in a Coach of his own.

If *Cupid* in Sport
Should to me make his Court,
In a Form, my dear *Vokes*, moſt obedient,
Like a Slave at my Gate
The young Vagrant might wait
Till I thought the bold Viſit expedient.

But when *Hymen*, good lack!
From out of his Pack
Can rummage a Jointer or ſo;
May I die but I'd take
My farewell of a Rake,
And make Shift with an old-faſhion'd Beau.

S. PAGET.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget.

O, that vexatious Ilcheſter! *Off! off! off!*——
——*The Lady's Prayer.*

Park-Place, Friday.——

O If you have not ſeen my Scrawl of two Poſts ago, Miſs *Paget*, I hope you never will. My old-faſhioned Beau is old-faſhioned, indeed——The Man is deaf to all the Dictates of Mode and common Senſe. He an humble Servant! He a Lover! ſo is my little Monkey! a provoking ſly Creature! Oh, my Dear, I might have been decoyed into a fine Trap; but I have kept my Eyes open, Thanks be praiſed, to ſome Purpoſe. My Dear, you muſt be kept in Suſpence a Moment or two, or elſe my Story will begin at the wrong End.

Come read on now, *Sukey*, and don't turn over the new Leaf before you get to the Bottom of the old, like *Nancy Bennington*, who never looks upon any Thing but Indexes, and

and pretends ſhe reads all the new Books that come out. But I cannot bear to tell you the Progreſs of the Hiſtory; ſo, in ſhort, my Dear, take the Concluſion of it—*Ilcheſter* has pack'd up his Alls, and is gone to the World's End, for ought I care about the Journey.——No Affront—no Coldneſs upon Earth drove him away from the Charmer of his Heart: but it was all his own Act and Deed, *Sukey*, I declare to you. His Modeſty, my Dear, is ſo very great, that I am afraid it will reduce him to Deſpair.—What do you think, *Sukey?* When all comes to all, ſo ſmoothly as every Thing ſeemed to go on, this ſmitten Admirer of mine refuſed to make me any Settlement. A ſmall Fortune, he ſaid, would content him, but a Jointure was his Averſion.—It was the ſureſt Receipt, he ſaid, to make good Wives bad,—and ſuch a Meſs of Reaſons he gave beſides, in Support of ſuch an infamous Doctrine, that I am ſick of him, as if I had eaten an Ounce of *Straſburgh* and *Havannah*.—This noble Diſcovery was made to Pappa—not me, thank my Marriage Stars. But all our Leaves are taken—and there's an End of my Smithfield Bargain—A naſty, unreaſonable, cunning, ill-conditioned, arbitrary old Miſer. He's likelier by half to make Tinder than Matches. No Woman upon Earth will ever have him but a Gipſey.—Now, if you'll believe me, my Dear, I am as merry as a Grig; it ſo diverts me to think, the Hog, or the Dog, has made its Appearance ſo ſoon; for you know one might have been dangled after for a Twelvemonth, and no ſuch Diſcovery made as this; and then when Matters have been carried to ſo great a Length, and the Affair goes off, it immediately becomes the Talk of all the Market-Towns and Villages in the Kingdom.—Mr. *Hubſon*, Pappa's Attorney, found out this Charm of a Secret firſt, and *Ilchester*, my Dear, had the Face to juſtify his wicked Deſign.—No Jointure! dear Miſs *Paget*, only ſay the Words ſoftly over to yourſelf; there is ſuch Horror in the Sound, that it ſtops the very Circulation of the Blood! one would think it impoſſible, that a human Creature ſhou'd utter ſuch a Quantity of agreeable Nonſenſe as the Men do; and have tyrannical Schemes in their Heads at the very ſame Moment, prejudicial to our Liberties, and all the Comfort of our Lives. But Nature has ordered it ſometimes, that

we ſhall have as much Artifice as they.——The Plague's Face gave me a Diamond Ring, tho', *Sukey*, (in order, I ſuppoſe, to fun me out of common Senſe:) Mamma inſiſts upon my returning it; but hang me if I do, ſo long, at leaſt, as my Name happens to conſiſt of its own five Letters.—One Advantage, my Dear, I muſt acknowledge there is, when an humble Servant is pretty far advanced: If the Match happens to go off, one loſes, you know, but a very little of one's *Heart*.

Succeſs attend my dear Miſs *Paget* in all her Undertakings, but eſpecially that which I will leave her to gueſs at from the four Lines which Dr. *Maſſey* wrote upon Miſs *Egerton*'s Fan.

Oft on my Knees at Church I've been,
One Prayer my firſt and laſt:
A *Huſband* is the Thing I mean,
Good Lord! I am in Haſte.

C. V.

LETTER XLIV.

The following eight entertaining Letters of the Earl of Orrery, *the Rev. Mr.* Stern, Ignatius Sancho *(the Black) and Lord* Bathurſt, *are now firſt added to this Collection, and not to be found in any other.*

From Lord Orrery, *to his Curate Mr.* Coker.

Downing-Street, Weſtminſter, Feb. 22.

SIR,

I AM afraid you don't receive the News Papers in a regular Manner, occaſioned by the bad Hours that we Londoners keep: I generally come home too late for the Evening Papers to go, till the Poſt following, and then if you have not 'em, it is my Porter's Fault, who, as he is a diligent Fellow in other Things, I hope is more eſpecially ſo in this. Indeed the Curate of Hornſey tore one Evening Poſt before I myſelf had read it, and inſtead of applying it to the proper Place and Uſe, very

very ſeriouſly eat the greateſt Part of it, as he ſat over the Fire ruminating on his Sermon, or more likely thinking of the quondam Happineſs he had enjoyed in the Pariſh. This Reverend Brother Curate of yours has found out an excellent Method to indulge his Paſſions, and yet keep up to the Decency that is neceſſary to be obſerved by ſo great a Divine: He has invented a Parcel of Half Words, that ſupply the Place of Oaths: When a Layman would be thundering out eternal Curſes on the Man that provokes him, the more gentle Curate expreſſes his Anger by, Au, Au, Au, or elſe Dud, Dud, Dud, which, his malicious Enemies ſay, ſounds like God, as ſome wicked Wretches likewiſe affirm, that Muns, (a Word he often uſes) is Z——ns: And ſo of a great many others. He is a moſt incomparable Man; it is impoſſible to tell you Half the Adventures he has met with lately; but one Day or other, I hope, you'll have 'em all from his own Mouth.

Nobby's Picture is drawn; with him, in the ſame Piece, is my favourite Dog Hector, and my Groom, one Thomas Francis, of Marſton Pariſh, Son to Goody Francis, of Rodcraft. The Picture is a very fine one, and indeed coſt a great deal of Money; all the Figures are very like. It is deſigned for Marſton Hall, over the Marble Table.

When I go to Brittwell, to ſtay for a Fortnight, which I propoſe doing juſt before I go into Somerſetſhire, I muſt remind you of the Promiſe you made me to come and ſee me there. It will be the more convenient, as I ſhall go with you back again Home: Perhaps I may prevail on the Curate of Hornſey to meet you there, tho' I muſt tell you he is a little jealous of you. He has heard me ſpeak ſome Things to your Advantage, and ſuſpects you have taken a little too deep Root in my Heart; and the Curate, like the Turk, can bear no Equal in his Throne.

We hope this will find Mrs. Coker in good Health. My little Family have been much out of Order, but are now quite recovered. I am going to fix 'em at Brittwell, till I return from my Voyage to Ireland; where, by great Faith, I hope to remove the *mountainous* Curate into the *See* of Dublin.

News here is as ſeldom to be heard, as fine Muſic is with you. The whole World is in a State of Peace, except Fig, the Prize-Fighter, and Dr. Bentley, the Critic. But to ſhew you what a dull Fellow I am, I was one of five and twenty Fools, who would not be convinced by ſeventy-four wiſe Men, that Patriotiſm, and the Good of one's Country, like Virtue, is an Error that no-body ought to perſiſt in after they are at Years of Diſcretion. But I am likely to ſuffer for my Folly, for the next red Ribbon that falls is to be given to Lord Willoughby of Brooke, for having told the whole Houſe of Lords, that he would be glad of a Penſion, or whatever the Court would give him, when, and how, they pleaſed.

I think the Time long till I come to my beloved Home, which is made more agreeable to me by your being there. But Fate, that never gives but by Halves, hurries me away almoſt as ſoon as I get there; yet I hope 'tis in order to make my living there hereafter more durable and fixed.

I am, Sir,

Very truly your humble Servant,

ORRERY.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Sterne *to Miſs* L——, *afterwards Mrs.* Sterne.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an Indictment againſt me in the high Court of Friendſhip—I plead guilty to the Charge, and intirely ſubmit to the Mercy of that amiable Tribunal.—Let this mitigate my Puniſhment, if it will not expiate my Tranſgreſſion—do not ſay that I ſhall offend again in the ſame Manner, though a too eaſy Pardon ſometimes occaſions a Repitition of the ſame Fault.—A Miſer ſays, though I do no Good with my Money To-day, To-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome Deed of Beneficence.—The Libertine ſays, let me enjoy this Week in forbidden and luxurious Pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious Thought and Reflection.—The

Gameſter

Gamester says, let me have one more Chance with the Dice, and I will never touch them more.—The Knave of every Profession wishes to obtain but Independency, and he will become an honest Man.—The Female Coquette triumphs in tormenting her Inamorato, for fear, after Marriage, he should not pity her.

The Apparition of the fifth Instant, (for Letters may almost be called so) proved more welcome, as I did not expect it. Oh! my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an Apology for me, and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one Act of Kindness—for being thy Debtor, I will pay thee with Interest.—Why does my L. complain of the Desertion of Friends?—Where does the human Being live that will not join in this Complaint? It is a common Observation, and perhaps too true, that married People seldom extend their Regards beyond their own Fire-Side.—There is such a Thing as Parsimony in Esteem, as well as Money—yet as the one costs nothing, it might be bestowed with more Liberality.—We cannot gather Grapes from Thorns, so we must not expect kind Attachments from Persons who are wholly folded up in selfish Schemes.—I do not know whether I most despise, or pity such Characters—Nature never made an unkind Creature—ill Usage and bad Habits, have deformed a fair and lovely Creation.

My L!—thou art surrounded by all the melancholy Gloom of Winter; wert thou alone, the Retirement would be agreeable.—Disappointed Ambition might envy such a Retreat, and disappointed Love would seek it out.—Crouded Towns and busy Societies, may delight the Unthinking, and the Gay—but Solitude is the best Nurse of Wisdom.—Methinks I see my contemplative Girl now in the Garden, watching the gradual Approaches of Spring.—Do'st not thou mark with Delight the first vernal Buds? The Snow-Drop, and Primrose, these early and welcome Visitors, spring beneath thy Feet.—Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their Handmaid; and in a little Time will load thee with their sweetest Blessing.—The feathered Race are all thy own, and with them, untaught Harmony will soon begin to cheer thy Morning and Evening Walks.—Sweet as this

may be, return---return---the Birds of Yorkſhire will tune their Pipes, and ſing as melodiouſly as thoſe of Staffordſhire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *Peace*.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

From Mr. Sterne *to Miſs* S.

Bond-Street, April 9, 1767.

THIS Letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good Heart, for from the Beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining Strokes of Humour in it—I cannot be chearful when a thouſand melancholy Ideas ſurround me—I have met with a Loſs of near fifty Pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary Manner—but what is that Loſs in Compariſon of one I may experience?—Friendſhip is the Balm and Cordial of Life, and without it, 'tis a heavy Load not worth ſuſtaining.—I am unhappy—thy Mother and thyſelf at a Diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a Deſtitution?—For God's Sake perſuade her to come and fix in England, for Life is too ſhort to waſte in Separation—and while ſhe lives in one Country, and I in another, many People will ſuppoſe it proceeds from Choice—beſides I want thee near me, thou Child and Darling of my Heart! I am in a melancholy Mood, and my Lydia's Eyes will ſmart with Weeping when I tell her the Cauſe that now affects me.—I am apprehenſive the dear Friend I mentioned in my laſt Letter is going into a Decline—I was with her two Days ago, and I never beheld a Being ſo alter'd—ſhe has a tender Frame, and looks like a drooping Lily, for the Roſes are fled from her Cheeks—I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable Woman without burſting into Tears—I have a thouſand Obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole Sex, if not all the World put together.—She has a Delicacy in her Way of thinking that few poſſeſs—our Converſations are of the moſt intereſting Nature,

and

and ſhe talks to me of quitting this World with more Compoſure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an Epitaph, of which I ſend thee a Copy.—'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt Worth—but may Heav'n reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine.

Columns, and labour'd Urns but vainly ſhew,
An idle Scene of decorated Woe.
The ſweet Companion, and the Friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic Help to force the Tear.
In heart-felt Numbers, never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a Hearſe like thine;
'Twill flow, whilſt gentle Goodneſs has one Friend,
Or kindred Tempers have a Tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy Mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be, thy

Affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. ——— by your Deſcription he is a fat Fool. I beg you will not give up your Time to ſuch a Being—Send me ſome *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER XLVII.

From Ignatius Sancho *(a Black) to 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 Negroes.—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 unwearied Application.—The latter Part of my Life has been, thro' 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, Page ſeventy-eight, in the ſecond Volume—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 Geo. 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 at this Day practiſed in our Weſt-Indies.——That Subject handled in your ſtriking Manner would eaſe the Yoke (perhaps) of many——but if only of 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.

I. S.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

From Mr. Sterne, *in Answer, to* Ignatius Sancho.

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 yours, 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 sootiest 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 about in 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.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

To the ſame.

I Was very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at Home to return my Compliments by you for the great Courteſy of the Duke of M—g -'s Family to me, in honouring my Liſt of Subſcribers with their Names —for which I bear them all Thanks.—But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your Good-Will alſo on this Account, and that is to ſend me the Subſcription-Money, which I find a Neceſſity of dunning my beſt Friends for before I leave Town—to avoid the Perplexities of both keeping pecuniary Accounts (for which I have very ſlender Talents) and collecting them (for which I have neither Strength of Body or Mind) and ſo, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M. the Ducheſs of M. and Lord M. for their Subſcriptions, and lay the Sin and Money with it too, at my Door—I wiſh ſo good a Family every Bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt Compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your Friend and Well-Wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave Town on Friday Morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S———.

LETTER L.

To the ſame.

I Muſt acknowledge the Courteſy of my good Friend Sancho's Letter, were I ten Times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many Expreſſions of

of his Good-Will, and good Opinion—'Tis all Affectation to ſay a Man is not gratified with being praiſed —we only want it to be ſincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left Town very poorly—and with an Idea I was taking Leave of it for ever—but good Air, a quiet Retreat, and quiet Reflections along with it, with an Aſs to milk, and another to ride out upon (if I chuſe it) all together do Wonders.—I ſhall live this Year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the World, before I quit it, as good Impreſſions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much Health and Spirits, as are ſufficient to carry my Pen thro' the Taſk I have ſet it this Summer. —But I am a reſign'd Being, Sancho, and take Health and Sickneſs as I do Light and Darkneſs, or the Viciſſitudes of Seaſons—that is juſt as it pleaſes God to ſend them—and accommodate myſelf to their periodical Returns, as well as I can only taking Care, whatever befalls me in this ſilly World—not to loſe my Temper at it.—This I believe, Friend Sancho, to be the trueſt Philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our Fortunes.—Farewell—I hope you will not forget your Cuſtom of giving me a Call at my Lodgings next Winter—In the mean Time I am very cordially,

My honeſt Friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

Lord Bathurſt *to Dr.* Swift.

Dear Sir,

YOU have taken all the Precaution, which a reaſonable Man could poſſibly take, to break off an impertinent Correſpondence, and yet it will not do. One muſt be more ſtupid than a *Dutch* Burgomaſter, not to ſee through the Deſign of the laſt Letter. "I ſhew all your Letters to our Iriſh Wits. One of them is going to write a Treatiſe of Engliſh Bulls and Blunders."

ders." And for further Security, you add at laſt, I am going to take a Progreſs, God knows where, and ſhan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reaſonable breathing Time; and now, I muſt at you again. I receive ſo much Pleaſure in reading your Letters, that according to the uſual Good-Nature and Juſtice of Mankind, I can diſpenſe with the Trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obſtinate, and won't anſwer, I'll plague and peſter you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your Works to Pieces, and ſhew you that it is all borrowed or ſtole. Have not you ſtolen the ſweeteſt of your Numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed Thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At leaſt, I am ſure I have ſeen ſomething like them in thoſe Books. As to your Proſe Writings, which they make ſuch a Noiſe about, they are only ſome little Improvements upon the Humour you have ſtole from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the Stile,——a great Matter indeed, for an Engliſhman to value himſelf upon, that he can write Engliſh: Why, I write Engliſh too, but it is in another Stile.

But I won't forget your political Tracts. You may ſay, that you have ventured your Ears at one Time, and your Neck at another, for the Good of your Country. Why, that other People have done in another Manner, upon leſs Occaſion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and ſupported Miniſters; you have ſet Kingdoms in a Flame by your Pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the Knack of hitting the Paſſions of Mankind? With that alone, and a little Knowledge of ancient and modern Hiſtory, and ſeeing a little further into the Inſide of Things than the Generality of Men, you have made this Buſtle. There is no Wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of thoſe pretty Flowers, thoſe juſt Antitheſes, which one meets with ſo frequently in the French Writers. None of thoſe clever Turns upon Words, nor thoſe apt Quotations out of Latin Authors, which the Writers of the laſt Age amongſt us abounded in. None of thoſe pretty Similies, which ſome of our modern Au-

thors

thors adorn their Works with, that are not only a little like the Thing they would illuſtrate, but are alſo like twenty other Things. In ſhort, as often as I have read any of your Tracts, I have been ſo tired with them, that I have never been eaſy till I got to the End of them. I have found my Brain heated, my Imagination fired, juſt as if I was drunk. A pretty Thing indeed for one of your Gown to value himſelf upon, that with ſitting ſtill an Hour in his Study, he has often made three Kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other Points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will ſend me a long, a very long Letter, in Anſwer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better Pen, I can tell you, that I ſhould not have concluded ſo ſoon.

LETTER LII.

From a young Lady at Boſton, *of* 16 *Years of Age, to her Brother at Fort* Waſhington, *in the Service of the Congreſs.*

[This Letter afterwards fell into the Hands of an Officer of the King's Troops, who was ſo pleaſed with the heroic Spirit and Sentiment, that he gave out divers Copies thereof.]

Dear Billy, *Boſton, Sept.* 2, 1776.

WHAT News? would be the firſt Queſtion you'd aſk, could I ſee you. I anſwer by Way of Letter, none at all. The next is, how do you do? I anſwer very well; how do you do? Methinks I hear your comparatively feeble Voice, famed for the Noiſe of Battle; Betſy, I am well; happy Accents they are. ——I fancy I indulge a pleaſing Reverie that you are now ſtaking the Foe; how happy ſhould I be, to hear that my Brother was the firſt who ruſhed on to deſperate Battle. Never let the Name of ——— raiſe a Bluſh on his Siſter's Cheek; remember from me that I am your Siſter, that my Happineſs depends on your

good

good Behaviour. Return victorious, or return no more. Rather than hear that you was a Coward, or a timid Assertor of the Rights of your Country; I had rather hear that a leaden Death had dismantled your spirited Soul, and sent it murmuring to the Skies. I had rather be obliged to stalk the mangled Heaps with the Firmness of a grieved Daughter of Liberty, in Search of the crimsoned Corpse of my Brother, to wash his Wounds with my Tears, conscious that he was fighting for me, for himself, for his Country—I'd call the wondering Spectators, and shew your Corpse, and tell them with a boasting Smile, this was my Brother. But stop, I'll go no further—I hope you will fight, and have an Opportunity of seeing the Ruin of your Foes; your Hands stained with their Blood, shall procure you a Laureat that Time shall never brush from your Temples.

I am, &c.

Of LETTER-WRITING, *&c.*

By the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD, *in his* ADVICE TO HIS SON.

IT is of the utmost Importance to write Letters well; as this is a Talent which daily occurs, as well in Business as in Pleasure; and Inaccuracies in Orthography, or in Style, are never pardoned but in Ladies; nor is it hardly pardonable in them.

Letters 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 present with them.

Neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing Letters, is by no Means to be neglected. There is something in the Exterior, even of a Letter, that may please or displease, and consequently deserves some Attention.

Every Man who has the Use of his Eyes and his Right-Hand, can write whatever Hand he pleases.

Nothing

Nothing is ſo ungentleman-like as a School-Boy's Scrawl. I do not deſire you to write a ſtiff formal Hand, like that of a School-Maſter, but a genteel, legible and liberal Character, and to be able to write quick. As to the Correctneſs and Elegancy of your Writing, Attention to Grammar does the one, and to the beſt Authors, the other.

Of the KNOWLEDGE *of the* WORLD.

By the ſame.

WE ſhould endeavour to hoard up, while we are young, a great Stock of Knowledge; for, tho' during that Time of Diſſipation, we may not have Occaſion to ſpend much of it, yet a Time will come when we ſhall want it to maintain us.

The Knowledge of the World is only to be acquired in the World, and not in a Cloſet. Books alone will never teach it you; but they will ſuggeſt many Things to your Obſervation, which might otherwiſe eſcape you; and your own Obſervations upon Mankind, when compared with thoſe which you will find in Books, will help you to fix the true Point.

To know Mankind well, requires full as much Attention and Application as to know Books, and, it may be, more Sagacity and Diſcernment. There are, at this Time, many elderly People, who have all paſſed their whole Lives in the great World, but with ſuch Levity and Inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourſelf, therefore, with the Thoughts that you can acquire this Knowledge in the frivolous Chit-Chat of idle Companies: No, you muſt go much deeper than that. You muſt look into People, as well as at them. Search therefore, with the greateſt Care, into the Characters of all thoſe whom you converſe with; endeavour to diſcover their predominant Paſſions, their prevailing Weakneſſes, their Vanities, their Follies, and their Humours; with all the right and wrong, wiſe and ſilly Springs of human Actions, which make ſuch inconſiſtent and whimſical Beings of us rational Creatures.

There

There are no Persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some Time or other, and in some Thing or other, have it in their Power to be of Use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shewn them Contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but Contempt never is. Our Pride remembers it for ever. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your Contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable Enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their Weaknesses and their Imperfections known, than their Crimes; and if you hint to a Man, that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or aukward, he will hate you more, and longer, than if you tell him plainly, that you think him a Rogue.

Nothing is more insulting than to take Pains to make a Man feel a mortifying Inferiority in Knowledge, Rank, Fortune, &c. In the first, it is both ill-bred and ill-natured, and in the two latter Articles, it is unjust, they not being in his Power. Good-Breeding and Good-Nature incline us rather to raise People up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many Friends, instead of so many Enemies. A constant Attention to please, is a most necessary Ingredient in the Art of pleasing: It flatters the Self-Love of those to whom it is shewn; it engages and captivates, more than Things of much greater Importance. Every Man is, in some Measure, obliged to discharge the social Duties of Life; but these Attentions are voluntary Acts, the Free-will Offerings of Good-Breeding and Good-Nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, in particular, have a Right to them; and any Omission in that Respect, is downright Ill-Breeding.

We should never yield to that Temptation, which to most young Men is very strong, of exposing other People's Weaknesses and Infirmities, for the Sake either of diverting the Company, or of shewing our own Superiority. We may, by that Means, get the Laugh on our Side for the present; but we shall make Enemies by it for ever; and even those who laugh with us, will, upon Reflection, fear and despise us: It is ill-

ill-natured, and a good Heart desires rather to conceal than expose other People's Weaknesses or Misfortunes. If we have Wit, we should use it to please, and not to hurt: We may shine, like the Sun in the temperate Zones, without scorching.

There are many inoffensive Arts which are necessary in the Course of the World, and which he who practises the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The Spirits and Vivacity of Youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome; but subsequent Knowledge and Experience of the World remind us of their Importance, commonly when it is too late. The Principal of these Things, is the Mastery of one's Temper, and that Coolness of Mind, and Serenity of Countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by Words, Actions, or even Looks, those Passions or Sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the Discovery of which gives cooler and abler People such infinite Advantages over us, not only in great Business, but in all the most common Occurrences of Life. A Man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable Things, without visible Marks of Anger and Change of Countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden Bursts of Joy, and Expansion of Countenance, is at the Mercy of every artful Knave, or pert Coxcomb: The former will provoke or please you by Design, to catch unguarded Words or Looks; by which he will easily decypher the Secrets of your Heart, of which you should keep the Key yourself, and trust it with no Man living. The latter will, by his Absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same Discoveries, of which other People will avail themselves.

If you find yourself subject to sudden Starts of Passion or Madness (for I see no Difference between them, except in their Duration) resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one Word while you feel that Emotion within you.

In short, make yourself absolute Master of your Temper and your Countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible Change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by

by no Means impoſſible: and, as a Man of Senſe never attempt Impoſſibilities on one Hand, on the other he is never diſcouraged by Difficulties; on the contrary, he redoubles his Induſtry and his Diligence, he perſeveres, and infallibly prevails at laſt. In any Point which Prudence bids you purſue, and which a manifeſt Utility attends, let Difficulties only animate your Induſtry, not deter you from the Purſuit. If one Way has failed, try another; be active, perſevere, and you will conquer. Some People are to be reaſoned, ſome flattered, ſome intimidated, and ſome teazed into a Thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at laſt, if ſkilfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their ſeveral weak Places. The Time ſhould likewiſe be judiciouſly choſen: Every Man has his *Mollia Tempora*, but that is far from being all Day long; and you would chuſe your Time very ill, if you applied to a Man about one Buſineſs, when his Head was full of another, or when his Heart was full of Grief, Anger, or any other diſagreeable Sentiment.

In order to judge of the Inſide of others, ſtudy your own; for Men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing Paſſion, and another has another, yet their Operations are much the ſame; and whatever engages or diſguſts, pleaſes or offends you, in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, diſguſt, pleaſe, or offend others in you. Obſerve, with the utmoſt Attention, all the Operations of your own Mind, the Nature of your Paſſions, and the various Motives that determine your Will; and you may, in a great Degree, know all Mankind. For Inſtance: Do you find yourſelf hurt and mortified, when another makes you feel his Superiority, and your own Inferiority, in Knowledge, Parts, Rank, or Fortune? You will certainly take great Care not to make a Perſon, whoſe good Will, good Word, Intereſt, Eſteem, or Friendſhip you would gain, feel that Superiority in you, in caſe you have it. If diſagreeable Inſinuations, ſly Sneers, or repeated Contradictions, teaze and irritate you, would you uſe them where you wiſhed to engage and pleaſe? Surely not; and I hope you wiſh to

engage

engage and pleaſe almoſt univerſally. The Temptation of ſaying a ſmart and witty Thing, or *Bon Mot*, and the malicious Applauſe with which it is commonly received, have made People who can ſay them, and ſtill oftener People who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more Enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other Thing that I know of.

When ſuch Things, then, ſhall happen to be ſaid at your Expence (as ſometimes they certainly will) reflect ſeriouſly upon the Sentiments of Uneaſineſs, Anger, and Reſentment, which they excite in you; and conſider whether it can be prudent, by the ſame Means, to excite the ſame Sentiments in others againſt you. It is a decided Folly to loſe a Friend for a Jeſt; but, in my Mind, it is not a much leſs Degree of Folly, to make an Enemy of an indifferent and neutral Perſon, for the Sake of a *Bon Mot*. When Things of this Kind happen to be ſaid of you, the moſt prudent Way is to ſeem not to ſuppoſe that they are meant at you, but to diſſemble and conceal whatever Degree of Anger you may feel inwardly; and, ſhould they be ſo plain that you cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of their Meaning, to join in the Laugh of the Company againſt yourſelf; acknowledge the Hit to be a fair one, and the Jeſt a good one, and play off the whole Thing in ſeeming good Humour; but by no Means reply in the ſame Way, which only ſhews that you are hurt, and publiſhes the Victory which you might have concealed. Should the Thing ſaid, indeed, injure your Honour, or moral Character, remember there are but two Alternatives for a Gentleman and a Man of Parts——extreme Politeneſs, or a Duel.

If a Man notoriouſly and deſignedly inſults and affronts you, knock him down; but if he only injures you, your beſt Revenge is to be extremely civil to him, in your outward Behaviour, though at the ſame Time you counterwork him, and return him the Compliment, perhaps with Intereſt. This is not Perfidy nor Diſſimulation; it would be ſo, if you were, at the ſame Time, to make Profeſſions of Eſteem and Friendſhip to this Man; which I by no Means recommend, but, on the Contrary, abhor. All Acts of Civility are,

are, by common Consent, understood to be no more than a Conformity to Custom, for the Quiet and Conveniency of Society, the *Agrémens* of which are not to be disturbed by private Dislikes and Jealousies. Only Women and little Minds pout and spar for the Entertainment of the Company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own Part, though I would by no Means give up any Point to a Competitor, yet I would pique myself upon shewing him rather more Civility than to another Man. In the first Place, this Behaviour infallibly makes all the Laughers of your Side, which is a considerable Party; and in the next Place, it certainly pleases the Object of the Competition, be it either Man or Woman; who never fail to say, upon such an Occasion, that "they must own "you have behaved yourself very handsomely in the "whole Affair."

In short, let this be one invariable Rule of your Conduct: Never to shew the least Symptom of Resentment, which you cannot, to a certain Degree, gratify; but always to smile where you cannot strike. There would be no living in the World, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble the just Causes of Resentment, which one meets with every Day in active and busy Life. Whoever cannot master his Humour, should leave the World, and return to some Hermitage, in an unfrequented Desart. By shewing an unavailing and sullen Resentment, you authorize the Resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very Pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary Behaviour would lay them under the Restraints of Decency, at least; and either shackle or expose their Malice. Besides, Captiousness, Sullenness, and Pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar.

Tho' Men are all of one Composition, the several Ingredients are so differently proportioned in each Individual, that no two are exactly alike; and no one, at all Times, like himself. The ablest Man will sometimes do weak Things; the proudest Man mean Things; the honestest Man, ill Things; and the wickedest

wickedeſt Man, good ones. Study Individuals then, and if you take (as you ought to do) their Outlines from their prevailing Paſſion, ſuſpend your laſt finiſhing Strokes till you have attended to and diſcovered the Operations of their inferior Paſſions, Appetites, and Humours. A Man's general Character may be that of the honeſteſt Man of the World: Do not diſpute it; you may be thought envious or ill-natured; but, at the ſame Time, do not take this Probity upon Truſt, to ſuch a Degree, as to put your Life, Fortune, or Reputation in his Power. This honeſt Man may happen to be your Rival in Power, in Intereſt, or in Love; three Paſſions that often put Honeſty to moſt ſevere Trials, in which it is too often caſt: But firſt analyſe this honeſt Man yourſelf? and then, only, you will be able to judge how far you may, or may not, with Safety, truſt him.

If you would particularly gain the Affection and Friendſhip of particular People, whether Men or Women, endeavour to find out their predominant Excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing Weakneſs, which every Body has; and do Juſtice to the one, and ſomething more than Juſtice to the other. Men have various Objects in which they may excel, or at leaſt would be thought to excel; and though they love to hear Juſtice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are moſt and beſt flattered upon thoſe Points where they wiſh to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for Example: Cardinal Richlieu, who was undoubtedly the ableſt Stateſman of his Time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle Vanity of being thought the beſt Poet too: He envied the great Corneille his Reputation, and ordered a Criticiſm to be written upon the *Cid*. Thoſe, therefore, who flattered ſkilfully, ſaid little to him of his Abilities in State Affairs, or at leaſt but *en paſſant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the Incenſe which they gave him, the Smoke of which, they knew, would turn his Head in their Favour, was as a *Bel Eſprit* and a Poet. Why? Becauſe he was ſure of one Excellency, and diſtruſtful as to the other.

You

You will easily discover every Man's prevailing Vanity, by observing his favourite Topic of Conversation; for every Man talks most of what he has most a Mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the Quick.

Women have, in general, but one Object, which is their Beauty; upon which scarce any Flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a Woman ugly enough to be insensible to Flattery upon her Person; if her Face is so shocking, that she must, in some Degree, be conscious of it, her Figure and her Air, she trusts, make ample Amends for it. If her Figure is deformed, her Face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself, that she has Graces,—a certain Manner,—a *Je ne scais quoi*, still more engaging than Beauty.—This Truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate Dress of the ugliest Women in the World. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious Beauty, is, of all Women, the least sensible of Flattery upon that Head; she knows it is her Due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her Understanding, which, tho' she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that Men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal Flattery: No, flatter nobody's Vices or Crimes; on the Contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the World without a complaisant Indulgence for People's Weaknesses, and innocent, tho' ridiculous Vanities. If a Man has a Mind to be thought wiser, and a Woman handsomer, than they really are, their Error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other People; and I would rather make them my Friends, by indulging them in it, than my Enemies, by endeavouring, (and that to no Purpose) to undeceive them.

Suspect, in general, those who remarkably affect any one Virtue, who raise it above all others, and who, in a Manner, intimate that they possess it exclusively. I say suspect them, for they are common Impostors: But do not be sure that they are always so; for I have known

known *Saints* really religious, Blusterers really brave, Performers of Manners really honest, and Prudes really chaste. *Pry into the Recesses* of their Hearts yourself, as far as you are able, and never implicitly adopt a Character upon common Fame; which, tho' generally right as to the great Outlines of Characters, is always wrong in some Particulars.

Be upon your Guard against those who, upon very slight Acquaintance, obtrude their unasked and unmerited Friendship and Confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them only for their own eating; but, at the same Time, do not roughly reject them upon that general Supposition. Examine further, and see whether those unexpected Offers flow from a warm Heart and a silly Head, or from a designing Head and a cold Heart; for Knavery and Folly have often the same Symptoms. In the first Case, there is no Danger in accepting them,—*valeant quantum valere possunt*. In the latter Case it may be useful to seem to accept them, and artfully to turn the Battery upon him who raised it.

If a Man uses strong Oaths or Protestations, to make you believe a Thing, which is of itself so likely and probable, that the bare saying of it would be sufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it, or else he would not take so much Pains.

There is an Incontinency of Friendship among young Fellows, who are associated by their mutual Pleasures only, which has very frequently bad Consequences. A Parcel of warm Hearts, and unexperienced Heads, heated by convivial Mirth, and possibly a little too much Wine, vow, and really mean at the Time, eternal Friendships to each other, and indiscreetly pour out their whole Souls in common, and without the least Reserve. These Confidences are as indiscreetly repealed as they were made; for new Pleasures and new Places soon dissolve this ill-cemented Connection, and then very ill Uses are made of these rash Confidences. Bear your Part, however, in young Companies; nay, excel, if you can, in all the social Joy and Festivity that become Youth. Trust them

with your Love-Tales, if you pleaſe; but keep your ſerious Views ſecret. Truſt thoſe only to ſome tried Friend, more experienced than yourſelf, and who, being in a different Walk of Life from you, is not likely to become your Rival; for I would not adviſe you to depend ſo much upon the heroic Virtue of Mankind, as to hope or believe that your Competitor will ever be your Friend, as to the Object of that Competition.

A ſeeming Ignorance is very often a moſt neceſſary Part of worldly Knowledge. It is, for Inſtance, commonly adviſeable to ſeem ignorant of what People offer to tell you; and when they ſay, *Have not you heard of ſuch a Thing?* to anſwer No, and to let them go on, tho' you know it already. Some have a Pleaſure in telling it, becauſe they think they tell it well; others have a Pride in it, as being the ſagacious Diſcoverers; and many have a Vanity in ſhewing that they have been, tho' very undeſervedly, truſted: All theſe would be diſappointed, and conſequently diſpleaſed, if you ſaid Yes. Seem always ignorant (unleſs to one moſt intimate Friend) of all Matters of private Scandal and Defamation, though you ſhould hear them a thouſand Times; for the Parties affected always look upon the Receiver to be almoſt as bad as the Thief; and whenever they become the Topic of Converſation, ſeem to be a Sceptic, tho' you are really a ſerious Believer; and always take the extenuating Part. But all this ſeeming Ignorance ſhould be joined to thorough and extenſive private Informations; and, indeed, it is the beſt Method of procuring them; for moſt People have ſuch a Vanity in ſhewing a Superiority over others, tho' but for a Moment, and in the mereſt Trifles, that they will tell you what they ſhould not, rather than not ſhew that they can tell what you did not know; beſides that, ſuch ſeeming Ignorance will make you paſs for incurious, and conſequently undeſigning. However, fiſh for Facts, and take Pains to be well informed of every Thing that paſſes; but fiſh judiciouſly, and not always, nor indeed often, in the Shape of direct Queſtions; which always put People upon their Guard, and often repeated, grow tireſome. But ſometimes take the Things that you would know, for granted; upon which

which ſomebody will, kindly and officiouſly, ſet you right: ſometimes ſay, that you have heard ſo and ſo; and at other Times ſeem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want; but avoid direct Queſtioning as much as you can.

Human Nature is the ſame all over the World; but its Operations are ſo varied by Education and Habit, that one muſt ſee it in all its Dreſſes, in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The Paſſion of Ambition, for Inſtance, is the ſame in a Courtier, a Soldier, or an Eccleſiaſtic; but from their different Educations and Habits, they will take very different Methods to gratify it. Civility, which is a Diſpoſition to accommodate and oblige others, is eſſentially the ſame in every Country; but Good-Breeding, as it is called, which is the Manner of exerting that Diſpoſition, is different in almoſt every Country, and merely local; and every Man of Senſe imitates and conforms to that local Good-Breeding of the Place which he is at.——A Conformity and Flexibility of Manners is neceſſary in the Courſe of the World; that is, with regard to all Things which are not wrong in themſelves. The *Verſatile ingenium* is the moſt uſeful of all. It can turn itſelf inſtantly from one Object to another, aſſuming the proper Manner for each. It can be ſerious with the Grave, chearful with the Gay, and trifling with the Frivolous.

Indeed nothing is more engaging than a chearful and eaſy Conformity to People's particular Manners, Habits, and even Weakneſſes; nothing (to uſe a vulgar Expreſſion) ſhould come amiſs to a young Fellow. He ſhould be, for good Purpoſes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones——a Proteus, aſſuming with Eaſe, and wearing with Chearfulneſs, any Shape.——Heat, Cold, Luxury, Abſtinence, Gravity, Gaiety, Ceremony, Eaſineſs, Learning, Trifling, Buſineſs, and Pleaſure, are Modes which he ſhould be able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much Eaſe as he would take or lay aſide his Hat.

Young Men are apt to think that every Thing is to be carried by Spirit and Vigour; that Art is Meanneſs, and that Verſatility and Complaiſance are the Refuge

of Pusillanimity and Weakness. This most mistaken Opinion gives an Indelicacy, an Abruptness, and a Roughness to the Manners. Fools, who can never be undeceived, retain them as long as they live: Reflection, with a little Experience, makes Men of Sense shake them off soon. When they come to be a little better acquainted with themselves, and with their own Species, they discover that plain right Reason is, nine Times in ten, the fettered and shackled Attendant of the Triumph of the Heart and the Passions; consequently they address themselves nine Times in ten to the Conqueror, not to the Conquered; and Conquerors, you know, must be applied to in the gentlest, the most engaging, and the most insinuating Manner.

To conclude: Never neglect or despise old, for the sake of new, or more shining Acquaintance; which would be ungrateful on your Part, and never forgiven on theirs. Take care to make as many personal Friends, and as few personal Enemies, as possible.

POETICAL EPISTLES.

Epistle to Philander, *an eminent Tutor in the Capital.*

FRIEND of my Bosom! Dear Acquaintance! Say!
Can'st thou forgive an humble Poet's Lay!
Tho' rough the Line, tho' dull the Strain appear,
More honest Notes did never greet the Ear.
Pure from their Parent's Heart to thine they flow,
Nor fear to find Philander is their Foe.

From flow'ry Meads, from Daisy-coated Plains,
In Thrones of Violet where Nature reigns,
To Steams of Smoke, to Pestilence of Air,
This rustic Letter must at Morn repair.
For thee she quits the Cowslip-scented Vale,
The smiling Field, and sweetly-breathing Dale.

As, here, she wander'd on the mossy Beds,
Where conscious Roses dropp'd their blushing Heads,

By

By guilty me the Virgin was beguil'd,
And all her ſnowy Form with Ink defil'd.

How varying from this calm, this lov'd Retreat,
Is thine, and Learning's hard laborious Seat!
Herculean Taſk! to form the Blockhead's Mind,
And make the Brute grow poliſh'd and refin'd,
Bright Wiſdom's Lamp its glorious Light denies,
To the dull Idiot's dark, benighted Eyes.
Some few there are (and ſuch ſhalt thou prepare!)
Whom Knowledge makes her own peculiar Care:
By thee deſign'd to grace a future Age,
They now dive deep into the claſſic Page,
Th' enlighten'd Heights of Science they explore,
Find out her Hoards, and rifle all her Store,
Philoſophy's luxuriant Mount aſcend;
Her Beauties ſearch, her Myſteries attend;
Till bleſt with Talents, and with Arts to ſhine,
Like precious Gems, they glitter at her Shrine.

Such are thy Toils! Hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
The Sons of Learning rais'd to Fame by thee.

Then be thy Fortunes, like thy Genius bleſt!
Thy Pains forgotten, and thine Heart at Reſt!
Thy little Bark ſhall land on Comfort's Shore,
And the keen adverſe Storm ſhall rage no more.
From Schools expell'd, it ſhall be thine to roam,
Contented Exile! to thy rural Home.
There Larks ſweet-warbling o'er thy humble Shed,
Shall charm thee to forſake thy peaceful Bed;
Whilſt fragrant Morn ſhall breathe her Incenſe round,
And pearly-colour'd Dews bedeck the Ground.
For thee the Grove ſhall ſpread her cool Retreat,
And yield thee Shelter from the Noon-tide Heat,
Then when mild Eve draws out her duſky Veil,
And Philomela chaunts her plaintive Tale,
To Jeſs'min cover'd Cot muſt thou repair,
Tend the ſweet Babes, and guard th' expecting Fair.

O Joys of Innocence! nor theſe alone,
Whilſt Names there are which Merit calls her own;

They in the twining Honey-Suckles Bow'r,
Shall in ſoft Converſe ſpend the ſocial Hour:
Whilſt honeſt Damon, and his Mate exiſt,
Pure Friendſhip's Footſteps never ſhall be miſt,
And tho' ſmall Excellence to me belong,
I ſure may form the meaneſt of the Throng.
I ſure may bring my dear Maria there,
My Balm of Life! my Antidote to Care.
A Heart like her's, ſuſceptible of Love,
Will bleſs this Union, and this Band approve.

Ere the Soul ſickens, ere the parting Breath,
Shall feebly ſtruggle with the Pains of Death,
Ere the cold Sod ſhall raiſe its humble Heap,
Form my laſt Bed, and guard my peaceful Sleep,
Thou! Pow'r benevolent, O! deign to ſend,
Whate'er the Poet fancied for his Friend.

Regard, not Pride, ſpreads out her welcome Fare,
And hoſpitable Hands the Feaſt prepare.
Let every Nymph, and every Shepherd meet,
In ruſtic Scenes, gay Nature's green Retreat.

When the firſt Bird ſhall warble in the Air,
To my poor Cot, lov'd Intimates! repair!
And when the laſt ſhall tune his mellow Throat,
Perhaps———I'll mind the Warning of his Note.
Perhaps———I'll hide the Feelings of my Heart,
And ſay, not think, 'tis Time for us to part.

Epiſtle from Arthur Grey *the Footman, to the Object of his Deſires, after his Condemnation for attempting a Rape.*

READ, lovely Nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread;
I aſk not Life, for Life to me were vain,
And Death a Refuge from ſeverer Pain.
My only Hope, in theſe laſt Lines, I try
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as fordid as my Fate,
Nor curs'd the Deſtiny that made me wait

A servile Slave; content with homely Food,
The gross Instinct of Appetite pursu'd:
Youth gave me Sleep at Night, and Warmth of Blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my Breast;
My lordly Master knew no sounder Rest;
With Labour healthy, in Obedience blest.
But when I saw——O! had I never seen
That wounding Softness, that engaging Mien!
The Mist of wretched Education flies,
Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair and Love arise,
The new Creation of those beauteous Eyes.
But yet that Love pursu'd no guilty Aim,
Deep in my Heart I hid the secret Flame.
I never hop'd my fond Desire to tell,
And all my Wishes were to serve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your Command,
And kiss'd the Letters giv'n me by your Hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Present the sparkling Wine, or change the Plate!
How, when you sung, my Soul devour'd the Sound,
And ev'ry Sense was in the Rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move:
—You knew not that Stupidity was Love!
But oh! the Torment not to be express'd,
The Grief, the Rage, the Hell that fir'd this Breast,
When my great Rivals in Embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your Side, or led you from the Play.
I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
(The Flambeau trembling in my shaking Hand)
I saw, or thought I saw, those Finger's press'd;
For thus their Passion by my own I guess'd,
And jealous Fury all my Soul possess'd.
Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
And Madness would have thrown me at your Feet.
Turn, lovely Nymph, (for so I would have said)
Turn from these Triflers, who make Love a Trade;
This is true Passion in my Eyes you see;
They cannot, no——they cannot love like me.
Frequent Debauch has pall'd their sickly Taste,
Faint their Desire, and in a Moment past:
They sigh not from the Heart, but from the Brain:
Vapours of Vanity, and strong Champaigne.

Too

Too dull to feel what Forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted Fire,
To ſome lewd Brothel they at Night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd Quality and Charms,
Enjoy your Beauties in a Strumpet's Arms.
Such are the Joys thoſe Toaſters have in View,
And ſuch the Wit and Pleaſure they purſue;
—And is this Love that ought to merit you!
Each Opera-Night a new Addreſs begun,
They ſwear to Thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh—but all my Sighs are vain—
Die, wretched Arthur, and conceal thy Pain:
'Tis Impudence to wiſh, and Madneſs to complain.
Fix'd on this View, my only Hope and Eaſe,
I waited not the Aid of ſlow Diſeaſe:
The keeneſt Inſtrument of Death I ſought,
And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought.
Thus all the Night, when I remember well
The charming Tinkle of your Morning Bell!
Fir'd with the Sound, I haſten'd with your Tea,
With one laſt Look to ſmooth the darkſome Way.—
But oh! how dear that fatal Look has coſt!
In that fond Moment my Reſolves were loſt:
Hence all my Guilt, and all your Sorrows riſe—
I ſaw the languid Softneſs of your Eyes;
I ſaw the dear Diſorder of your Bed,
Your Cheeks all glowing with a tempting Red;
Your Night-Cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs Grace;
Your flowing Hair play'd careleſs round your Face;
Your Night-Gown faſten'd with a ſingle Pin;
——Fancy improv'd the wond'rous Charms within!
I fix'd my Eyes upon that heaving Breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfy'd with Sight,
My Head grew giddy with the dear Delight,
--Too well you know the fatal following Night!
Th' extremeſt Proof of my Deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous Doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the Woes to come;
But when you ſee me waver in the Wind,
My guilty Flame extinct, my Soul reſign'd,

Sure

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel Consequence of furious Love.
Think the bold Wretch that could so greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere;
Think, when I held the Pistol to your Breast,
Had I been of the World's large Rule possess'd
The World had then been your's, and I been blest!
Think that my Life was quite below my Care,
Nor fear'd I any Hell beyond Despair.——
If these Reflections, tho' they seize you late,
Give some Compassion for your Arthur's Fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

A few short and intelligible FORMS of MESSAGES for CARDS or BILLETS, which may be varied at Pleasure, to serve all Occasions.

MESSAGE I.

MR. and Mrs. Cecil's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and desire the Favour of their Company on Wednesday next, to drink Tea, and spend the Evening.

Monday Morn.

II. Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and will certainly do themselves the Pleasure to wait on them.

Monday Noon.

III. Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments, and are sorry it happens that a Pre-engagement will not permit them the Pleasure of waiting on Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, which they would otherwise have readily done.

Monday Morn.

IV. Mr. and Mrs. Compton's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley; and if they are disengaged this Afternoon, will take the Pleasure of waiting on them.

Tuesday Morn.

V. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are perfectly disengaged, beg their Compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. Compton's agreeable Company.

Tuesday Noon.

VI. Mr.

VI. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are very ſorry it ſo happens that they are engaged this Afternoon and Evening; but beg their Compliments, and at any other Time that ſhall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, will be proud of the Pleaſure of their Company.

Tueſday Noon.

VII. Miſs Willis ſends her Compliments to Miſs Byron, and deſires to know how ſhe does; and if well enough to ſee Company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea.

Wedneſday Morn.

VIII. Miſs Byron, without a Compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miſs Willis, whom ſhe would be extremely glad to ſee, and accepts of her kind ſalutary Offer of an Airing in the Coach, at the Time propoſed.

Wedneſday Morn.

IX. Miſs Byron, inſtead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miſs Willis her beſt Thanks for her very obliging Card, and is extremely ſorry ſhe is not well enough to have the Pleaſure of her Company; which however ſhe hopes very ſoon for a full Enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wedneſday Noon, and not up.

X. Mrs. Wyndham preſents her Compliments to Mrs. Pemberton, hopes ſhe is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a ſmall but agreeable Party at friendly Quadrille.

Thurſday Afternoon.

XI. Mrs. Pemberton is not ſo well as ſhe could wiſh, but much at Mrs. Wyndham's Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thurſday Even.

XII. Mr. Lambert's Compliments wait on Miſs Norris, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Aſſembly.

Friday Morning.

XIII. Miſs Norris's Compliments to Mr. Lambert, and ſhe is engaged.

Friday.

XIV. Miſs Norris's Compliments; ſhe is not certain of being at the Aſſembly, and undetermined about Dancing;

Dancing; so Mr. Lambert must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

XV. Miss Wansey is sorry to trouble Miss Cooper on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt Waterland, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by the Bearer.

Sunday Evening.

XVI. Mrs. Chedworth's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and if not engaged, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is desired this Evening at a Party of Quadrille, about four Tables in the whole.

Monday Morn.

XVII. Miss Charlton's best Services; she has the Pleasure of Mrs. Chedworth's respectful Message, and 'tis much against her Inclination, that she is obliged to say she can't possibly wait on her, having this Evening a previous Engagement that can't be dispens'd with.

Tuesday Morn.

XVIII. If Miss Romney be well enough, Lady Bathurst's Compliments, and she proposes a Visit this Afternoon to Miss Arran, and will be very glad of her Company; the Coach is ordered exactly at Four, and an Airing will not be amiss.

Wednesday, Eleven o'Clock.

XIX. Miss Romney has the Honour of Lady Bathurst's Card; she begs Leave to return her Compliments, and is very much at her Ladyship's Service, and will certainly wait on her.

Wednesday.

XX. Mrs. Legg has a Party at Cards next Wednesday se'nnight of eight Tables; she presents her Compliments to Mr. Strong, and desires the Favour of his Company.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXI. Mr. Strong has the Honour of Mrs. Legg's Card, thinks himself extremely obliged by being of the Party, and will certainly do himself the Pleasure of waiting on her.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXII. Mr.

XXII. Mr. Bedford, after the Honour of dancing laſt Night with Miſs Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a ſudden Call to Town; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Meſſage will find her in perfect Health, and that ſhe took no Cold.

Friday Morn, Eight o'Clock.

F I N I S.

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