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T H E

LADY'S POLITE SECRETARY, OR NEW FEMALE LETTER WRITER.

Containing an elegant Variety of interesting and instructive LETTERS, intended as Models to form the STYLE on every Point essential to the Happiness or Entertainment of the SEX. In which are comprised many admired EPISTOLARY NARRATIVES, an Article hitherto unattempted in every Book of the Kind. Likewise several ORIGINAL LETTERS of Wit and Sentiment, by LADIES of the first Rank in the Literary World.

To WHICH ARE ADDED,

Instances, to serve as Beacons to the Inexperienced, of that slimy, affected Style and Sentiment, so prevalent in *Modern CORRESPONDENCE*, the Delight of our NOVELISTS, and the Bane of our YOUTH. With Variety of POETICAL LETTERS, Humorous and Pathetic, Sentimental and Descriptive. And CARDS of Compliment and Condolance, of Friendship and Resentment. In this COLLECTION are contained Rules to be observed in writing LETTERS, and the different Forms of Address.

To which is prefixed -

A short, but comprehensive, GRAMMAR of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Whole so calculated, that any LADY may, in a very short Time, be enabled to write her Thoughts with a becoming Propriety and Ease.

Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
An Elegance of Mind as well as Dress;
Be that your Ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease.

LITTLETON.

By the Right Hon. Lady DOROTHEA DU BOIS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. COOTE, at No. 16, and T. EVANS No. 54
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P R E F A C E.

A Midst the varied improvements which engage the time and attention of our young ladies, the editor of these pages has been long surprised that EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION should be so generally neglected; that, whilst a multiplicity of works had appeared to model the style of the other sex, hardly any thing had been attempted which could be of any material service to her own.

Convinced that in every age, every nation, it has been a confessed maxim that women are born with talents peculiarly adapted for this path of literature—with a liveliness of imagination, and a facility of expression, unknown to the lords of the crea-

creation ; she determined to exert her efforts to supply the deficiency—to collect, as taste or judgment directed, a variety of LETTERS which might form the manners, whilst they formed the style, of her fair readers ; which might amuse them as GIRLS, and be worthy of their attention as WOMEN. How far her labours deserve the patronage of the public, the public are now to determine ; and, at any rate, it would ill become female delicacy to pronounce.

Several ladies of known distinction in the circle of genius have perused the manuscript—perused it, and generously contributed to its perfection : but publicly to repeat their names, without express authority, would be a breach of gratitude, an impertinence, for which no future apology could atone.

DOROTHEA DU BOIS.

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A

SHORT, but COMPREHENSIVE

G R A M M A R
OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

GRAMMAR is the art of expressing our thoughts with propriety, and is divided into four parts, viz. *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax*, *Prosody*.

Orthography teaches how to spell, or arrange letters into words: as for example to write *bird* not *burd*; *expectation* not *expectashun*; *close* not *cloce*; *tomb* not *toomb*, &c.

Etymology teaches the derivation of words, or their analogy to each other.

Syntax teaches how to form words into sentences by properly combining them together.

Prosody teaches how to pronounce according to due accent and time.

Of ORTHOGRAPHY or the POWER of LETTERS.

A letter is a character or mark of a simple sound. In the English language there are twenty-six letters, 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.

Five of these, viz. A, E, I, O, U, are vowels. A vowel is a letter which of itself makes a full and per-

perfect sound. *Y* is also a vowel when it follows a consonant; as in *thy, fly*; but is a consonant when it comes before a vowel, as in *yell, yesterday*.

A consonant is a letter which cannot be sounded without putting a vowel before or after it, as *B* which is pronounced *Be*; *N* which is pronounced *En*.

A monosyllable is a word of *one* syllable, as *strength, wealth, &c.*

A dissyllable is a word of *two* syllables, as *boun-ty, hand-some, &c.*

A trisyllable is a word of *three* syllables, as *be-gin-ning, dra-ma-tic, &c.*

A polysyllable is a word of many syllables, as *in-car-na-ti-on, in-ca-pa-ci-ty, &c.*

RULES for the Division of SYLLABLES.

I. When there is a single consonant between two vowels, it divides with the last vowel, as *la-dy, ho-nour, de-cent, &c.*

II. When there are two consonants together in the middle, which are *not* proper to be at the beginning, of a word between two vowels, they are thus divided, *ab-furd, let-ter, hap-py, ad-mire, &c.* No word can begin with *bs*, with *tt*, with *pp*, or with *dm*. But,

III. When two or three consonants, which are proper to begin a word, meet in the middle, between two vowels, they divide with the last vowel, as *mo-ther, re-flect, re-splendent*. A word may begin with *th* as *therefore*, with *fl* as *flower*, with *spl* as *spleen*, &c.

IV. When three or four consonants, which are not proper to begin a word, happen to meet between two vowels, the first consonant divides with the first vowel, and the rest with the second, as *ex-tract, sub-stance, ag-gravation, in-scription, &c.*

V. Whe

V. When two vowels, different in sound, meet in the middle of a word, they form two syllables, and are thus divided, *tri-al*, *ri-at*, &c.

Of ETYMOLOGY.

To understand etymology it is necessary to observe, that in the English language there are nine parts of speech, viz.

I. The article,--- 2, noun,--- 3, pronoun,--- 4, verb,--- 5, participle,--- 6, adverb,--- 7, preposition,--- 8, interjection,--- 9, conjunction.

The English have only two articles, viz. *a* or *an*, and *the*; as *a* gown, which denotes a gown in general; *the* gown, which specifies some particular gown. *A* or *an* is often used by way of emphasis; as *an Elizabeth*; one endued with the qualities of that princess. *A* is always singular; *the* is both singular and plural; as *the* letter, *the* letters; *the* town, *the* towns.

A noun is the name of whatever can be heard, felt, seen, tasted and smelted; and of whatever is perceptible by the understanding. A noun is of two kinds, viz the substantive and the adjective; or, in other words the name of a thing and its quality.

The substantive is a word perfect in itself, but the adjective is not so, and cannot be used unless joined to the other. Thus we say, *a king*, *a house*, *a fire*, but we cannot say *a wise*, *a large*, *a brisk*, without adding the substance, as *a wise king*, *a large house*, *a brisk fire*; and in like manner of every other word which denotes substance or existence.

English nouns have two numbers; the singular, which expresses one individual thing or substance, as *child*, *woman*, *stone*; and the plural, which expresses two or more things or substances, as *children*,

women

women, stones. The plural number is generally formed from the singular by adding *s* or *es*, as *stone*, *stones*, *fox*, *foxes*, &c.

Of CASES.

English nouns have but one case, which is the genitive, and terminates both in the singular and plural in *s* with an apostrophe, thus '*s*', as *Miss Hudson's book*, the book of Miss Hudson; *Thomson's Seasons*, the Seasons of Thomson.

Of GENDERS.

Gender implies the difference between male and female; but there is properly no gender in the English language, that difference being expressed by proper names,

Of PRONOUNS.

A pronoun is a part of speech which supplies the place of a noun substantive, and expresses the name of a person or persons; as *I*, *thou*, *he*, or *she*, *we*, *you*, *they*. For example, *you write with elegance*, instead of *you (ladies or gentlemen) write with elegance*. All language is confined to three heads; since we must unavoidably speak either *of ourselves*, *to others*, or *of others*. These are called *persons*, and when we speak *of ourselves* it is called the *first person*, as *I have been at court*; when we speak *to another* it is called the *second person*, as *thou hast been (or you have been) at court*; and when we speak *of another* it is called the *third person*, as *he has been at court*.

Of VERBS.

A verb is a part of speech which denotes *being*, *doing* or *suffering*, and is either active or passive.

To

To *be* and to *do* are active; as *I am miserable*; *I shall learn my lesson*, and so on.

The passive expresses something done to us, in which we had no concern, as *I have been tormented*, *I have been caressed*, *I have suffered*. The difference between an active and a passive verb is simply this; The active denotes something in which we personally act, the passive in which we are acted upon. There is likewise another species of verb which is called neuter; but all neuter verbs are, properly speaking, passive, as *I am rejoiced*, for *I rejoice*.

Of the PARTICIPLE.

The participle is a part of speech which partakes of a noun adjective, and a passive verb; or rather, is the quality which partakes of, or is joined with, the state of the person, as *I have been kindly received*, *I have been agreeably lodged*, &c.

Of ADVERBS.

An adverb is a part of speech joined to an adjective, to a participle, and sometimes to another adverb. For example, when joined to a verb, *you write well*, *but spell ill*; when to an adjective, *you are now idle though lately industrious*, &c.

Of PREPOSITIONS.

The preposition is a part of speech which is often put before words, which serves to connect them with one another, and to shew the relation between them, as *to over-look*, *to out-run*, *to under-take*.

Of INTERJECTIONS.

The Interjection is a part of speech so called, because it is sometimes thrown in between the parts of a sentence, without making any alteration in it, and is a kind of natural sound to express the feelings of the speaker or writer; as *Ah!* *Alas!* *O!* *Oh!* &c. All interjections must be distinguished with a point of admiration thus (!)

Of Conjunctions.

A conjunction is that part of speech which connects sentences so as out of two to make one; as for example, my sister *and* I went to the play, *but* my brother staid at home.

Of SYNTAX.

In the formation of words into sentences, great care ought to be taken in properly arranging the grammatical stops.

As the several articulate sounds are marked by letters, so the pauses between sentences, and their parts, are marked by points,

The period or full point is a pause which ought to last twice as long as the colon; the colon twice as long as the semi-colon; and the semi-colon twice as long as the comma.

The period The colon The semi-colon The comma	} is thus marked	(.) (:) (;) (,)
--	------------------	--------------------------

There are other points, as of interrogation, when a question is asked, which is thus marked (?) and of adm.

admiration, when we exclaim either with pleasure or abhorrence, which is thus marked (!). When we would shorten a word, or form the genitive case, we must use an apostrophe, marked thus ('); when we omit a letter or word, we must write underneath a caret (^); and when it is necessary to introduce something into a sentence, which is rather foreign to the subject, we must use a parenthesis marked thus (); but parentheses are generally disgusting, and should therefore be carefully avoided.

There are a few other marks as a *quotation* thus (""), indicates that the words so marked, are words which some other person has used.

A *breve* over a vowel indicates that it ought to be pronounced short, and is thus marked (˘)

An *accent* in this form (') indicates that the stress of the voice should be laid on the syllable over which it is placed.

An *hyphen* is thus marked (-), and must be always used in compound words, and at the end of a line when the word is not finished.

Of PROSODY.

As Syntax is the art of forming words into sentences with propriety and taste, so prosody is the art of repeating them with a graceful elegance. But this wholly depends upon imitation; and can therefore only be acquired from good company, and a critical attention to our most admired authors and public speakers.

T H E
L A D Y'S
POLITE SECRETARY.

LETTER I.

Miss Willis to Miss Sophia Middleton, on the Art of
Letter Writing.

DEAR SOPHY,

WANT of time seems to be 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 perpetual hurry about nothing; and, I think, I never had more business of that kind upon my hands than now. But as I can generally find time to do any thing I have a mind to do, so I can always contrive leisure to pay my respects to my dear Miss Middleton.

But the most universal complaint among correspondents of my rank is, want of sense. These generally

nerally begin with an apology for their long silence, and conclude with, *excuse this nonsense.* This is modest indeed ; but though I am exceedingly good-natured, I am resolved for the future not to pardon it entirely---in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a letter written well but what was written with ease ; and, if I had not some private reasons for being of a different opinion at this time, should conclude this to be a model of the kind both for thought and expression. And in this easiness of style (which Mr. *Wycherly* tells us is easily attained) I cannot help thinking I excel Mr. *Pope* himself ; who, even in some of his best letters, is too elaborate and ornamental ; though it must be confessed he out-does me in some trifles of another sort, such as spirit, taste, and good sense.

But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, letters, like beauties, may be over-dressed. There is a graceful negligence in both ; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to throw aside his genius, I do not know any body so likely to hit my manner as himself. But he insists upon it that genius is as necessary towards writing, as straw towards making bricks ; yet it is notorious, that the Israelites made bricks without that ingredient as well as with it.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this ; I never had more inclination to write you, and less to say, than at this moment. I have therefore had recourse to my old companion Dullness, who is ever ready at hand to assist me ; and have made use of all those her genuine expressions which are included under the notion of *want of time, want of spirit,* and, in short, *want of every thing but the most unfeigned*

unfeigned regard for my dear *Sophy Middleton*, whose most devoted I remain, &c.

CHARLOTTE WILLIS,

LETTER II.

Miss *Sophia Middleton* to Mrs. *Harwood* on the difficulty of writing Letters.

DEAR AUNT,

WHEN I wrote to you before, my heart was very full; and I find that the hand as well as the mouth may be influenced by such a situation. It is my duty to write to you; and till now I thought it as easy as it is agreeable. But I am sensible of my error. I feel that I have many things to say, and that I know not how either to begin or proceed. A thousand thoughts crowd into my head at once, and I am bewildered: and when I have at length determined upon one, I am equally puzzled for words proper to express it.

In short, dear Aunt, every thing confounds and perplexes me. What am I to do? Write to you I will, because I both wish to do it, and must; but I would fain write so as to give myself satisfaction, because if I fail of that, I am sure I shall never give you pleasure. With a view to my improvement I have bought some books of printed letters intended to assist beginners. But most of these are either antiquated or awkward. I have some which, under

THE LADY'S

the design of being eloquent are ridiculous, which, instead of raising my admiration, make me laugh: others, intending to be familiar, are mean; and others still, designing to be all purity, are full of affectation. I cannot think of copying from such bad originals, and if I did, you would easily discover me; not that I suppose you have occasion to read such books, but you would see it was all unnatural.

I have often been told that writing should be like conversation, but I see no writing that is so; and when I would put my own thoughts into that form, nothing appears so difficult to me as ease. If you know of any book of letters, dear Madam, which you think peculiarly calculated for ladies, and which you think may assist me, I beg you will let me know, for hitherto I have heard of none.

I hope you will not be offended at my delaying all mention of those matters, about which you charged me to write, 'till another opportunity.

I am,

Dear and truly honoured Aunt,

Your's most affectionately,

SOPHIA MIDDLETON

LETTER

LETTER III.

Mrs. Harwood to Miss Sophia Middleton, in Answer.

DEAR NIECE,

SINCE you have an inclination to know my sentiments of letter-writing in general, and my advice to you in particular, I will give you both with the greatest clearfulness. I am glad you have thought upon it in good time, as the observance of a few directions now will prevent endless errors, which you might never after have been able to amend.

In the first place, I will tell you what it is you are enquiring about: it is *style*, my dear; a thing of vast consequence to *public* writers, and in that perfection which they ought to possess it, of no easy attainment; but with respect to so much of it as concerns the ordinary subjects of correspondence, which only require ease and perspicuity, you will soon acquire the necessary skill. You already express yourself with more elegance, and think with more propriety, than is common at your years. If I had not a good opinion of your understanding, I should not say so much, for if you once suffer vanity to take root in your bosom you are undone for ever.

Epistolary writing should indeed be like conversation. Keep up to this for it is nature, and nature always pleases. What is natural, *Sophy*, cannot but be proper; and would you wish more than to write properly?—Ask yourself that question seriously; for be assured there are a multitude who wish to do more, and it is here they split upon the rock

6 THE LADY'S

of error. A thousand become contemptible from affectation, for one who is so from native dullness. Nay there is an advantage on the side of the latter, for while she is secretly pitied, the others are openly laughed at.

Those, my dear, always write with most elegance who write with most perspicuity. In regard to books that may serve for models to the sex, I have heard of many, and know but one, which I have had the pleasure of reading in manuscript, and which the lady who compiled it, informs me is published this very day. It is entitled the LADY'S POLITE SECRETARY, and may be had, I suppose, of any bookseller in town.

But even this will mislead you unless you follow it in the general manner: and still remember, *Sophy*, that *Nature* is your true instructor. In my next I shall give you some farther hints on this subject, and am,

My dear *Sophy*,

Your affectionate Aunt,

ELIZ. HARWOOD.

LETTER IV.

From the Same to the Same, containing Farther Considerations on the Manner of Writing Letters.

I HAVE been considering, my dear Niece, the subject of your last letter more attentively. I have examined both the letters you sent me, and am more and more inclined to think you will soon attain a happy

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a happy manner of expressing yourself. But in this do not misunderstand me. Though I by no means look upon a facility in delivering our thoughts upon paper as a trivial advantage, yet if you suppose it a point of such importance as to devote much of that time in labouring after it, which at your years may be so much better employed, I shall wish that you had never asked my opinion on the subject, or that I had not answered you so favourably as candour required. Believe me, my dear, however pleasing it may be, it is a matter of little importance as to the immediate concerns of life. But when *these* are not neglected for the consideration, I would by all means have it encouraged.

I shall now give you a few cautions, for they will be rather of that kind than lessons of instruction; and I wish you to keep them in your memory, as from this time I shall not advise, or so much as answer, you about the matter: your conduct will be of too much consequence to let me regard your manner of relating it.

In familiar letters, aim not too much at elegance: it is a needless requisite. Ease and perspicuity, as I have already told you, are the grand ornaments of this sort of writing. If you hunt for beauties, you hunt in vain: for nothing is beautiful but what comes naturally.

Do not be in pain about familiarity of style, for that very pain is a contradiction to it. Write always with freedom, but never with haste; and let your words follow one another from your pen, as they would from your tongue; were you conversing upon some subject with which you are well acquainted, and with persons with whom you are intimate. I should add with persons who think favourably

vourably of you, for on this a deal depends. The assurance of being heard with respect gives much of that pleasing manner which creates the respect that is allowed to it; it gives us a confidence in our abilities, without which every thing we speak, every thing we write, is awkward and confused: and those who are over-diffident, seldom obtain much commendation. I know I need not guard you against the other extreme. Vanity is a stranger to your heart: if it was not, I should speak in another language.

All I desire, my dear, is, that you should think of your abilities as you ought, and write what your heart shall dictate. Do this, and without knowing what is the grace of ease, believe me your style will become amiably familiar.

It is a mistake to suppose perspicuity to be appropriated to expression; it is a character of the thought, and not of the style. Those who *think* clearly will generally *write* clearly; but if the fountain be muddy, every part of the brook will be muddy also. Accustom yourself then, *Sophy*, to think justly, and you will be at no loss to write clearly; and let me give you another caution, which one would think hardly necessary did not daily experience convince us of the contrary, and that is, *never take up the pen till you have considered what you are going to write*. I have said that where one errs from absolute stupidity, a thousand err from affectation; and might have added, that full as many become ridiculous from hurry and precipitancy as from any cause whatever.

Of all things, my dear, learn to be correct. Correctness is as necessary in letter-writing as elegance is superfluous; and is an article of female education which

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which I am sorry to observe so much neglected. Adieu, my dear *Sophy*, it will be needless to write me any more on this subject. I have nothing more to say upon it, nor would have you consider it farther than within the bounds prescribed by

Your affectionate Aunt,

ELIZ. HARWOOD.

LETTER V.

From *Miss Harriot Smith* at Home, to her Sister abroad on a Visit, complaining of her not Writing.

DEAR SISTER,

I MUST acquaint you how unkind it is 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 *Williams* is of the same opinion, and no one but your *Polly* endeavours to excuse you. I beg I may not have that trouble any more, and that you will take care not to incur the censure of your friends hereafter, which you may easily do by writing soon and often.

You are very sensible how dear you are to us all ; think then whether it be right to deny us the only satisfaction which absence can afford, which is to hear often from each other.

Best

TO

THE LADY'S

Best respects to *Mr.* and *Mrs. Crumpton*, and
compliments to all friends, from

Your very affectionate Sister,

HARRIOT SMITH.

LETTER VI.

Miss Smith's Answer.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I WILL not aggravate my fault by contriving fruitless excuses, but frankly own it, and thank you for your kind reproof; in return for which I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the receipt of yours, to beg my Mama's pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my Aunt's on this my promise of amendment. Pray tell Mama that I shall certainly write her to-morrow. To-day's post is just setting off which obliges me to conclude with my duty to my dear Mama, love to my Aunt, and sincere respects to all friends.

Your ever affectionate Sister,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From *Miss Charlotte Hudson* to her Mama, requesting
a Favour.

DEAR MAMA,

AFTER the repeated instances I have received of your affection, I flatter myself that the favour I now presume to ask will not be displeasing.

The holidays are now at hand, when all our young ladies are to pay their duty and respect to their parents, except one; whose friends, her parents being dead, reside at too great a distance for her to expect the indulgence of being sent for. She is a young lady of such engaging affability, good sense, and sweetness of manners, that the whole school love her as their own sister.

How happy; dear Madam, should I think myself, above the rest of our young ladies, would you give me leave to engage her to spend the holidays with me at home! Her behaviour and disposition will, I doubt not, attract your esteem as well as that of all who know her.

Your compliance with this request will be no small addition to the happiness I already enjoy from the indulgences you daily heap upon me. With my duty to Papa, I remain,

Dear Mama,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

CHARLOTTE HUDSON.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

From Miss *Emily Tomkyns* to her Sister in London,
complaining of her long Stay in the Capital, and
urging her to return.

DEAR SISTER,

EVER since you left us, your favourite Miss *Wilson* and I have thought the time very tedious, and all our rural amusements dull and insipid, notwithstanding we have a very respectable company of players in *Beverley*, and an assembly every week. At your departure, if you remember, you gave us your word that nothing should detain you from us longer than one month, and it is now almost three. How can you serve us so, *Charlotte*? In short, Miss *Wilson* and I are determined, if you keep us much longer in suspence, to follow you, and find you out, let the expence of the journey, and the length of it be as great as it will. We live in hopes, however, that upon receipt of this, you will return without delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful jaunt.

Your compliance with this joint request of all your friends will highly oblige, not only them but,

Your ever affectionate Sister,

Beverley,
Yorkshire.

AMELIA TOMKYNS.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

From Miss Charlotte Tomkyns to her Sister in
Answer.

DEAR SISTER,

I RECEIVED your summons, and can assure Miss Wilson, as well as my dear, lively Emily, that my long stay in *London*, notwithstanding all the good company to whom I have been introduced, and the variety of diversions with which I have been indulged, has been altogether contrary to my inclination; and that nothing but my Lady *Betty Quadrille's* absolute commands not to leave her, could have prevented my return to *Beverley*, within the time proposed.

You know my obligations to *Lady Betty*, and you know how ungrateful it would be to deny the pressing solicitations of so generous a friend. To make amends, however, for my long absence, I have engaged her ladyship to spend at least one month with us in *Yorkshire* this summer; and I am persuaded that both Miss Wilson and you will be charmed with her Ladyship's winning behaviour. Save then, dear Sister, the unnecessary expence and fatigue of a journey to *London*, and remain contented where you are 'till you see

Your affectionate Sister,

CHARLOTTE TOMKYNS.

C

LETTER

LETTER X.

Miss Powell to Miss Dudley, in apology for not answering a Letter sooner.

MADAM,

IT is paying but an indifferent compliment to let one of the most entertaining letters I ever received remain by me so long unacknowledged. But when I inform you we have had a house full of strangers ever since, who have taken up my whole time, if you do not pity, you surely cannot but excuse me.

*Who steals my purse (you know) steals trash;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my valued time,
Robbs me of that which not enriches him
But makes me poor indeed.*

It is owing to this want, I should not say loss, of time (for the hours have not passed either idly or disagreeably) that I have not had leisure to tell you sooner how much I long for that retirement of which you make such an admirable use. It is in retirement alone that the mind unbands and enlarges itself; that it shakes off the forms and incumbrances of this world, and possesses that liberty which it was created to enjoy.

Oh! Miss Dudley, when shall I again behold my little farm--that calm recess, low in the vale of obscurity, which my busy fancy hourly paints before me?--You know I am always in raptures about the country

country, but your description of the *Leasowes* is enough to intoxicate the soundest head. Adieu, my dear! I am interrupted, and must conclude myself in haste

Your's, &c.

LUCY POWELL.

LETTER XI.

From Miss *Harriet Manly*, to Captain *Manly*, her Papa, who had embarked in his Majesty's Service, but was detained some Time at *Plymouth* by contrary Winds.

DEAR PAPA,

I Flatter myself you are too well convinced of my unalterable affection to imagine I would omit the least opportunity that offers to pay you my most humble duty.

My dear Papa will not, I hope, be offended if I tell him that it gives me a secret satisfaction to hear that he is still within the reach of a post letter: and though I cannot have the pleasure of a Father's embrace, yet I rejoice to think that once more, ere seas divide us, I shall hear that you are well and happy; a circumstance which, to my dear Mama, my Brother, and myself, is the greatest blessing which heaven can possibly bestow 'till it shall restore you to us again.

Oh! Sir, though short to some the interval of time, since I received your parting blessing, to me

it seems an age: and when I reflect how many such intervals I am doomed to support the absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable.—

May the divine being still protect you from the many dangers of that boisterous element you are obliged to traverse!—may he command such winds as he shall know to be most favourable to conduct your course!—and to crown the wishes of a weeping family may he grant you, in due time, a speedy and safe return!

I have nothing worthy notice to advise you of, but that we are all in the same good health you left us, and in anxious expectation of the same comfortable account from you in answer to,

Dear Papa,

Your affectionate Daughter,

HARRIOT MANLY.

LETTER XII.

From Miss *Sophia Edmunds*, congratulating her Friend on her Marriage.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH from your last I had reason to think you approached the indissoluble bond, I could not apprehend the change would have been so sudden. I pleased myself with the prospect of being your companion and confidant in the delightful task of choosing

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choosing silks, laces, and ribbons; and imagined that my being consulted on affairs of such importance, by so fine a young lady, would have made me appear in a more favourable light to my sister *Charlotte's* companions, than I could expect from my being a girl just come from school—but you have disconcerted all my schemes.

However, as I have not the smallest doubt of your happiness, I sincerely rejoice at the event. May it be long and uninterrupted, and may every thing conspire to render it more and more complete! My Papa gives Mr. *Frankly* just such a character as I wish the man may deserve who shall make a wife of my sister *Charlotte*; and why may I not add, since it is to my dear Mrs. *Frankly*, who shall make a wife of my Sister's Sister, your own *Sophy*?

Long, dear Madam, may Mr. *Frankly* live, deserving of so fair a character, deserving of so amiable a bride!—And to conclude, in one word, long may you both live the happiest pair in England!

With compliments to Mr. *Frankly*, I remain,

Dear Madam,

Your's, &c.

SOPHIA EDMUNDS.

LETTER XIII.

From Miss *Evans* to Miss *Thomson*, her Acquaintance, who had gone Home late the Night before from a Visit to her.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE been greatly concerned about you the whole night, and cannot deny myself the satisfaction

tion of enquiring how you do this morning? I am sensible we kept you too late; and my uneasiness has been for fear the breaking in upon your hours should have disordered you. I beg to know how you have rested, and whether I may pardon myself for pressing you to stay so long beyond your hour. Health, precarious as yours is, requires the strictest attention; and that not only for your own sake, but for the sake of all who have the happiness of your acquaintance.

In saying this I am sensible that I condemn myself; but I hope to have the pleasure of hearing that you have not suffered by my importunities.

Excuse this trouble, dear Madam, and believe me to be with the most sincere respect,

Your very humble servant,

CHARLOTTE EVANS.

L E T T E R XIV.

From Miss *Thomson* to Miss *Evans*, in Antwerp.

DEAR MADAM,

IHAVE this minute received your very obliging letter, and am glad I can answer you, with the greatest sincerity, that I am extremely well. I have perceived no inconvenience from my sitting up, though it was so very much beyond my usual custom.

I am very sensibly affected, Madam, by the civilities you have shewn me in your letter, and think myself

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myself the more obliged to you for them, as I so little deserve them. I am ashamed of a state of health that is so troublesome to my friends, and if there be any method beyond the reach of physic (for every thing within its compass has been already tried) by which it may be possible to get rid of so much tenderness, I will attempt it, that I may be less wearisome to those who honour me with a friendship so generous as that you are pleased to profess for,

Dear Madam,

Your very obedient servant,

CAROLINE THOMSON.

LETTER XV.

From Miss *Watkins* to the Hon. Miss *Scudamore*,
who had sent her Tickets for a Concert, which
she could not accept.

MADAM,

I HAVE the favour of your obliging letter, and think myself unhappy that I cannot accompany you to the concert on Friday as you mention. I know the value of the tickets, and therefore return them immediately, that some other Lady, less unfortunately circumstanced than I happen to be on that day, may have the pleasure of using them. It is peculiarly unlucky that the party I am of for that evening,

evening, leave town next day, otherwise I would not hesitate a moment to send my apology to them,

I shall be happy to attend you, Madam, any other time, for I long to hear this *Guadagni*, who has not sung this whole week that I have been in London ; and shall be pleased with an opportunity of telling you how much I am,

Your obliged humble servant,

FRANCES WATKINS.

LETTER XVI.

From Miss Melville to Miss Beverley, inviting her into the Country for the Summer.

MY DEAR JULIA,

I DO not know whether I flattered myself the other day when I thought you spoke to me with an air of uncommon friendship. You seemed to speak with great concern of our parting for the summer.—But for heaven's sake, my dear, what should one do all the dull season in *London*?—*Vauxhall* is well enough for once or twice, and *Ranelagh* half a dozen times in the season. What is it then my dear *Julia* can find to entertain her in an empty town for five long months together?—

I have an interest, my dear, in persuading you out of conceit with so disagreeable a place, for I want of all things that you should spend the summer months with us at *Melville-Park*.—We go on Monday.

Monday.—Will you go with us?—Pray do—there is a corner in the coach. Or will you come when we are settled?—I am sure that it will make you happy, and that nothing can make us more so than your company.

You have not seen our new house, but it is a mighty pleasant one. There are fine prospects from the park, and a beautiful streamlet runs through the garden; nor are we quite out of the way of entertainment. There is a deal of company round, and we have an assembly within a mile of us.

What can I say more? Surely nothing but that your *Sophy's* happiness is at stake, and that whenever you are tired she will not tease you to stay a day longer. Come then, dear *Julia*, and oblige

Your affectionate

SOPHIA MELVILLE.

LETTER XVII.

From Miss *Beverley* to Miss *Melville* in Answer.

DEAR SOPHY,

I never received more pleasure from a letter in my life than from your last. You know I have not been in love yet; and certainly a billet-doux is the only thing which could please a girl of my years better than such a testimony of friendship from one who is an honour to all who have the happiness of her acquaintance.

What,

Whatever I may have expressed, my dear, about any uneasiness at your leaving *London*, was truly from my heart, for I am never so happy as when in your company. I am greatly obliged to you for your kind invitation, but I cannot think of parting so long with dear *London*. I am of opinion with Lady *Betty Gaylo've* on this occasion, “That *London*, in winter, is the best place in the world ; and *London*, in summer, is better than anywhere else.

Do not suppose, *Sophy*, that I say this by way of apology to decline your invitation : for I am determined to go, if it were from no other motive but to convince you how sickening the country is, and that it is not the company but the place I shall run away from. I agree with you that *Vauxhall* is insipid, and *Ranelagh* tiresome—but will you agree with me that the prospects, and the park, and the garden, and the *beautiful streamlet*, will become, in a week's time, equally insipid, equally tiresome? —I fear not.

You tell me you love me, *Sophy*, and I know you will excuse the girlish giddiness of your friend ; for, honestly, I never heard that I had another fault. Adieu, my dear!—Promise me that you will not take it amiss when I run away, and I am happy to attend you, at a minute's notice, to *Melville-Park*.

Your affectionate

JULIA BEVERLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

From *Lucy Hearty*, lately come to *London* for a Place, to her Mother in the Country, giving an Account of her Situation.

HONOURED MOTHER,

Although it was somewhat against your inclination that I came to *London* to put myself to service, I believe you will not be sorry I did so, when you know how happy it has made me. I was always uneasy to live upon your labour, for what we could do in the country was not enough to provide ourselves; and though you was so kind to us, it was very hard upon you. I am now trusting to the work of my own hands, and, I thank God, I live very comfortably.

It is not a great family I live in, but they are sober, industrious people; and I do not know whether I am not better off than if I was in a higher place, where servants are often treated as if they were not human creatures as well as their masters and mistresses. We have every thing in plenty, and keep good hours, and there are no bad doings of any sort suffered in the family. On Sundays we all go to church in the afternoon; and when I once asked for a holiday to go and see my Aunt, they did not deny me. My Aunt is in good health, and sends her love to you, and Sister Sally.

I do not see but what we servants live as well as our mistresses, and we have none of their cares to vex us; so I think we ought to be thankful for the situation

ation in which Providence has placed us. As for my part, I love my Master and Mistress better than I do any body in the world, except you and *Sally*; and I do not desire to change my place so long as I live, if they continue pleased with me; and I shall always strive to give them satisfaction.

Honoured Mother, I wish you would read this to Sister *Sal*, and tell her from me, it is better to come to *London* and live as I do, than to continue in the country to be a slave for nothing, and a burthen upon you into the bargain. If she thinks well of it, I will take care to get her a good place before she comes; and I am sure, if she behaves as she ought to do, she will always find friends in my Master and Mistress.

I am,

Honoured Mother,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

LUCY HEARTY.

LETTER XIX.

From *Mary Hatfield*, another young Woman who had lately come to Town for a Place, to her Mother in the Country.

DEAR MOTHER,

IHAVE been at Mr. *Edwards's* a fortnight this very day; and, I thank God, begin to find myself some-

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somewhat easier than what I have hitherto been. But indeed I have suffered a deal since I parted from you, and all my dear Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every thing looked so strange about me: and when my Brother got upon his horse, and rode from the door, I thought every thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the window, and looked after him 'till he was quite out of sight; and then I sat down and cried, and that always gives me some relief. Many a time have I cried since, but I do my best to dry up my tears, and to appear as cheerful as I can.

I shall never forget, dearest Mother, your advice to me at parting. I think of it every day, aye, every hour of the day. But yet I think it would be better to have it in writing; that would be what I would value above all things; but I am afraid to ask for what will give you so much trouble. So with my duty to you and my honoured Father, and love to all Friends, I remain,

Your affectionate Daughter,

MARY HATFIELD.

LETTER XX.

From Mrs. Hatfield to her Daughter, in Answer.

MY DEAR CHILD,

V

YOU must not be discouraged at things appearing strange and disagreeable to you now. 'Tis always

ways so in a situation like yours at first. I had my share of it, but soon learnt to bear all with chearfulness, and hope you will endeavour to follow my advice 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 ; and that if you continue virtuous and obliging, the whole family you are with will love and esteem you. You will acquire friends where you are ; and I think I can assure you that you will lose none here ; for we all talk of you every evening, and every body speaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly, than ever. In the mean time keep yourself as much employed as you can, which is the best way of wearing off any thing that may disturb you. Do all the business of your place, and be always ready to assist your fellow-servants when you can. This will fill up your time, and greatly contribute to endear you to them. I need not caution you against speaking ill of other people, for I know you was never addicted to this vice. But if you should, at any time, hear a bad story of any body, try to soften it all you can ; and never repeat it, but rather let it slip out of your mind as soon as possible.

From the good character I hear of the family you are with, I am in great hopes you will be daily more and more happy with them ; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are the better. You did not mention any thing about your health in your last ; but I had the pleasure of hearing you were well, by 'Squire Harcourt's man, who told us he called upon you as he left *London*, and that you looked as fresh as a rose, and as bonny as a blackbird.---You know

Thomas's

Thomas's way of talking.---However, I was glad to hear you were well ; and desire you may not forget to mention your health in your next. Your Father desires his blessing, your Brothers their love, and all Friends their kind compliments to you. Heaven bless you, my dear Child ! and continue you a comfort to us all, and particularly to

Your loving Mother,

ELIZ. HATFIELD.

LETTER XXI.

From Mrs. Saville to Miss Stamford, on the Art of Pleasing.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I AM greatly pleased with the doubts and enquiries so elegantly expressed in your last. There is indeed no such thing as happiness without virtue, and seldom any real misery without vice. Anxiety always succeeds the loss of innocence, but modesty is ever attended with a certain inward satisfaction which is an inexhaustible source of felicity to all its votaries.

Do not, however, imagine, that modesty is your only virtue. There are numbers of women who have not the smallest notion of any other ; who fancy that to practise it is to practise all the duties of society, that they have a right to neglect all the rest, and to be as proud and censorious as they please. Make nobody pay for your chastity---rather confide

der it as a quality which merely regards yourself, and loses its greatest lustre, when unattended with the other virtues. We should be very tender in our modesty. Inward corruption passes from the heart to the mouth, and occasions loose discourse. The most violent passions have need of modesty to shew themselves in a seducing form ; it should distinguish itself in all your actions ; it should set off and embellish your person.

Let modesty then be the chief part of your finery. It has great advantages--It sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness. The grand misfortune of ugliness is, that it smothers and buries the merit of women. People do not look for the engaging qualities of the head and heart in a forbidding figure--'Tis no easy matter, when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

You do not want graces, my dear, to make you agreeable, but you are no beauty. This obliges you to lay up a stock of merit, for the world will compliment you with nothing. Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment which prepossesses people in its favour. If you have made no such impression, you must expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your air or manner that may induce people to think you do not know yourself. An air of confidence in an ordinary figure is shocking. Let nothing in your dress or conversation look like art ; at least, let it not be easy to find it out. That art is the most refined which never lets itself be seen.

Nothing is shorter than the reign of beauty--nothing more melancholy than the latter part of the lives of those women who never knew any thing but that they were handsome. If a man makes his court

to you for the sake of your agreeable accomplishments, make his regards center in friendship, and secure the continuance of that friendship by your merits.

It is very difficult to lay down any certain rules to please. The graces, without merit, cannot long prevail ; and merit, without the graces, may command the esteem of men, but can never move them. Women, therefore, must have an amiable merit, and join the graces to the virtues. There is nothing, perhaps, so hard as to please, without being so intent upon it that it shall be a little like coquetry. Women generally captivate the men of the world rather by their faults than their good qualities. The men are for making their advantages of the weaknesses of amiable women ; they would have nothing to do with their virtues ; they had much rather be amused by persons of little or no merit, than be forced to admire such as are virtuous.

In short, my dear girl, one must know human nature if one designs to please. The men are much more affected with what is new, than what is excellent. To gratify this passion for novelty, we must have a great many resources, and various kinds of merit in ourselves. We must not stick only at the agreeable accomplishments ; we must strike their fancy with a variety of graces and merits, to keep alive their inclinations, and make the same object afford them all the pleasures, or fancied pleasures, of inconstancy.

Women are born with a violent desire to please. As they find themselves barred from the paths that lead to glory and authority, they strike out another path, and make themselves amends by their agreeableness. Yet remember there is but the difference

of a few years between a fine woman and one that is no longer so. Subdue this excessive desire to please, at least take care not to let it appear.

But, to a young woman of your discernment, I am sensible I have said enough. Adieu, my dear girl ! and believe me,

Your affectionate Aunt,

CAROLINE SAVILLE.

L E T T E R XXII.

From the *Same* to the *Same* with Directions to enable her to form a proper Judgment of the Sincerity of her Lovers.

MY DEAR NIECE,

THE friendship I had for your amiable mother, and the unlimited confidence she always placed in me, will make me ever solicitous for the welfare of her family. You will therefore easily pardon me, for so often presuming to offer you my advice. I don't pretend, my dear, to have more natural discernment than you, but yet I know many things with which you have not had access of being acquainted : and if what I have acquired with pains and expence, can be conveyed to you without cost, and without trouble, you are sure to be no loser by the bargain.

You are now, dear *Harriet*, removed to *London*, where your accomplishments will engage many admirers, and your fortune, considerable as it is, will probably attract many more. Your business, my dear, is, to distinguish the one from the other, to make a due difference between the man who makes

makes love to your person, and the man whose affection is centered in your pocket. But, with your inexperience, this will be difficult to accomplish without the advice and assistance of your friends and guardians. Make them, therefore, your confidants in this and every other matter of any consequence. Never lend your ear to impertinent go-betweens, and infamous match-makers, who are bribed by the sharpers and coxcombs about town to betray ladies of fortune into their arms: and this, as usual, they will perhaps attempt by representing to you,

That some fine gentleman of great merit and fortune is deeply in love with you:

That he has seen you at some public place, and is impatient to declare his passion:

That he would not willingly make any overtures to your guardian, 'till he knows what reception he shall have from yourself:

That your guardian may probably raise such objections as are altogether groundless:

That in case he has any daughters of his own, he may possibly be inclined to see them disposed of first:

That your fortune being in his hands, he may have occasion to employ it, and consequently be unwilling to part with it:

That he may have private views in marrying you to some friend of his own, without consulting either your interest or inclination:

That it would be improper, therefore, for your guardian to be entrusted with the secret 'till you have seen the party proposed:

That, after all, it lies entirely in your breast, either to accept or decline his offer:

That

That the proposer, for her part, is altogether disinterested in the affair, and had no other view than to bring about a match which promised so much happiness to both parties :

That, in a word, there could be no kind of harm in accepting of a line from the gentleman, if an interview should be thought improper."

Discountenance with warmth and resentment all such officious busy-bodies, and boldly assure them,

" That you are determined to listen to no propositions, however seemingly advantageous, without the approbation of your guardian, or some other judicious friend."

For such, you may be assured, are the people who have your happiness most at heart.

If your officious confidents, or intermeddlers, have the smallest sense of shame, a conduct like this cannot fail to deter them from their designs ; and by this you will be convinced that such persons are altogether unworthy of your good opinion or acquaintance. Nor will you by such a procedure ever run the risque of losing an humble servant who in any degree deserves your encouragement. If he really loves you, and is possessed of the fortune he pretends, he will readily apply to your guardian, and entertain a very favourable opinion of your prudence and discretion. If he should decline his suit, you may justly conclude that his intentions were base ; and then you will have just cause to rejoice that you turned a deaf ear to all his artful insinuations.

But if, without the assistance of a go-between, a young fellow should presume to send you letters, without first making a regular application to those who have the charge of you, you should get some friend

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friend to write him some such letter as the following, but be sure you do not write yourself.

SIR,

I AM to inform you that Miss *Stamford* thinks herself much obliged to every one who has a good opinion of her. But she begs that you will not give yourself, or her, the trouble of any more letters, since things are so circumstanced, that she has neither power nor inclination to encourage your addresses.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

But if a proposal should come in such a manner that you have reason to think it not unworthy of your attention, it is your business, my dear, to rebuke the attempt of a clandestine address, which you may do by getting a friend to write to the following purport :

SIR,

IT may not be improper to acquaint you, that Miss *Stamford*'s guardian is Mr. *Austin* of *Crutched-Friars*, and that, without his advice, she never undertakes any thing of consequence. This, she hopes, will save you the trouble of any further application to her on the subject of your proposals.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

Thus,

Thus, my dear *Harriet*, have I laid before you a few instructions, the necessity of which you will, ere long perhaps, experience; and I doubt not but you will pay a proper regard to them when you consider that they come from a friend so solicitous for your prosperity, that her happiness in a great measure depends upon yours.

I am, my dear,

Your ever faithful and affectionate Aunt,

CAROLINE SAVILLE.

LETTER XXII.

From Mrs. *Newport* to her Cousin Mrs. *Clifford*. A Letter of Reproof.

DEAR MADAM,

I Dare say you are sensible that I love and respect you highly. You have had some proofs of it, and, when opportunity offers, I shall not be backward to shew you more. I repeat this merely that you may be prepared to consider what I am going to tell you as you ought; for, not to mention the affection of a friend and a relation, I think I have some right to give you my advice, both from my years, and from the readiness I have ever shewn to serve you.

I thought I had settled you as happily as woman could wish to be settled, when I had married you to a young man of Mr. *Clifford*'s merit and industry,

try, and had put him in a way of employing his talents to advantage, by setting him forward in a genteel manner. Pray understand me rightly : though I esteem Mr. *Clifford* much, yet all this was done for your sake, not for his ; it is you who are my relation, and what I have done was to make you happy. Except yourself, Mrs. *Clifford*, I know not the woman who would be otherwise in your situation ; but the peevishness of your disposition, I am sorry to say it, threatens you with a life of misery, unless you timely correct it.

You cannot have forgot your behaviour last night, and the uneasiness it gave the whole company : let me beg, therefore, you will consider if there was any real cause for it. Mr. *Clifford* acted like a man of understanding and good-nature in concealing your frailty, as much as he could, from his visitors, and in seeming to overlook it himself ; but believe me he feels it, and what he feels he will remember.

People, my dear Cousin, who are uneasy in themselves, are sure to make all around them so : and I am sure you are not only unhappy now, but, unless you govern your temper, will be daily more and more so.—To chide servants before any company is unbecoming, but before such a company as you had the honour to entertain last night, the grossest insult that can be offered ; and nothing could give either his friends or yours so much disquiet as to observe you return the good humour with which he attempted to carry that off, with sharpness to himself.

Do not take it ill, my dear, that I speak so freely to you. You have but this fault that I know of, and I could wish you to correct it ere it be too late. Without either father or mother, I know no person

son who has so much right to counsel you as myself. People are often as completely ruined by their follies as by their vices ; and I assure you I think you in the greatest danger. But I have done. To a woman of your understanding it is enough to point out an error. You have sense enough to know what is right ; and that you may be enabled to exert it is the earnest wish of,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate Cousin,

SARAH NEWPORT.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mrs. Clifford to Mrs. Newport, in Answer.

DEAREST MADAM,

WITH great surprise as well as sorrow, I have read your friendly letter ; and am too well convinced of your sincere wishes for my happiness to doubt the truth of your remarks.

But is it really possible I should be so highly to blame as you say I am, yet be so insensible of it myself ?---However, I will take your word ; and I promise you to be on my utmost guard to give you no farther room to complain of my conduct, and not to endanger the happiness I enjoy with the best of husbands.

I always

I always thought myself happy in the favour of all my friends, and of you above all ; and shall I do any thing to forfeit that favour ?---God forbid ! ---I know that you will be equally overjoyed at my amendment as you was sorry for my fault ; and Mr. *Clifford* and I both beg you will favour us with a visit very soon, that you may see the happy alteration you have worked upon me. I communicated the purport of your letter to him, though I did not dare to read it. It was not that I doubted my guilt, but I did it as a first penance for my offence.

He told me, he had often been vexed about me, but knew not how to mention it. Oh ! Madam, had you seen the delicacy with which he expressed this, the readiness that appeared in his face to forgive, and the pain at thinking I should be uneasy to be told of it ; you would be convinced that it is impossible for me to offend so much goodness, and that all admonitions will for the future be unnecessary.

Mr. *Clifford* has as strong a sense of his obligations to you as I have. You have given us an opportunity of being one of the happiest couples upon earth ; and God forbid I should ever be the occasion of our forfeiting it.

I have troubled you with a long letter. My heart was full, and I could not suppress the effusions of my gratitude and love.

You are too generous, dear Madam, not to forget faults that are past, and not to believe that in this and every other instance of my conduct, you may always depend on an implicit obedience from

Your grateful and affectionate Cousin,

LYDIA CLIFFORD.

E LETTER

L E T T E R XXV.

From the Hon. Miss *Stanley* to the Hon. Miss *Ruf-
port*, occasioned by her Absence.

THE first letter from an absent friend is surely the most agreeable thing to muse over in nature. Yours from *Stamford* revived in me those pleasing remembrances which not only enliven but expand the heart—that heart, which, but the moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the thoughts of your departure. Miss *Rivers* 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 stayed 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 the knocker. I could tell you many stories of the sensible things; but of all the insensible things upon this occasion your lamp provoked me the most. To see that creature when I have 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 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

could not bear to stay.—Miss *Arlington* departed two days after you ; and, in short, I have 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 Miss *Clinton* and Miss *Howard*. I shall begin verging towards my last home, and having just touched upon the confines of lady H^r's B^r'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. Savithin in your behalf; but he either does not hear me, or, to pay you a greater compliment, weeps plentifully for your absence. I fear you had a terrible journey; for scarce a day has passed that he has not shed many tears.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Hon. Miss Fairfax to Major Johnson, a Gentleman who had been some Time engaged to her, on a Suspicion of his Infidelity.

SIR,

THE sincerity with which I have, for some time, 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 men act not always as they ought. I have sat down, Sir, to write you what I endeavoured to speak, but could not. It is to desire, that before we meet,

E 2 you

you will either explain your conduct last night at Mrs. *Cornelys's*, or confess that you have used me ungenerously.

It is in vain to deny your assiduities to lady *Fanny*, and those pretty little familiarities which passed convinced me you were no strangers to each other.

I desire to know, Sir, what sort of acquaintance you can wish to cultivate with another lady, when the day of our union is so near at hand. I expect, Sir, you will answer me with as much plainness as I write. — I am not naturally suspicious, but your behaviour was so very particular that I must have been either altogether blind or altogether indifferent to have over-looked it. I am neither. — Would I had been both ere I had seen what I could not help seeing in the conduct of Major *Johnson* last night.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c. &c.

SCUDAMORE FAIRFAX.

L E T T E R XXVII.

From Miss *Howard* to Mr. *Bevil*, in Answer to a respectful Declaration of his Passion.

S I R,

TIF modesty be the chief ornament of our sex, it cannot surely be blamable in yours. For my own part, I cannot help thinking it the most amiable quality

quality which either man or woman can possess. Nor can there, in my opinion, be a true regard where there is not a diffidence of one's own merit, and an exalted idea of that of the person we esteem.

To say more on this occasion would ill become me. To say less, would look as if I was unwilling to pay that respect to modest merit, which modest merit alone deserves.

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

Your humble Servant,

AMELIA HOWARD.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Miss *Austin* to Mr. *Jennings*, a Gentleman whom her Parents had compelled her to consider as her future Husband, desiring him to desist.

SIR,

IT is a poor return which I make to your assiduities, when I acknowledge that, though the day of our marriage is fixed, I am still incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have frequently had together, that some secret hung upon my mind. I durst not reveal my sentiments, because I knew that my mother, from an adjoining closet, both heard and saw every thing that passed between us. Her commands, as

well as those of my Father, to receive you for a husband, are absolute ; and unless you have the generosity to desist, I am undone for ever.

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 with perhaps an offensive sincerity ; but that conduct is greatly to be preferred to a concealed dislike, which could not but embitter all the sweets of life, by imposing on you a companion who has been long tenderly engaged to another. I will not go so far as to say that my passion for that gentleman, whose wife I am by promise, violent as it is, should ever lead me into the commission of any thing injurious to your honour. I know it would be sufficiently dreadful, to a man of your delicacy, to receive mere civilities in return for the tenderest endearments, and cold esteem for undeserved love. For heaven's sake then forbear. Let passion give way to reason, and I doubt not but that fate has in store for you some worthier object, in recompence for your generosity to perhaps the only woman who could be insensible of your merit.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

ELIZ. AUSTIN.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

From an unknown Lady to Mr. S****, a Coxcomb, on whom she had unhappily settled her Affection. In Despair of being ever introduced to him by any other Means, she thus declared her Passion.

SIR,

I RELY on your generosity to redress and conceal my present distress.—But oh! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own?—It is now upwards of a year since I first saw, and—must I say?—loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you: but repeated sights of what I could not but admire, have rendered my endeavours vain.

I dare not put my name to this letter, lest it should fall into hands which might expose it; but if you, Sir, have any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Mall to-morrow forenoon exactly at twelve. I cannot but be under apprehension lest you should come more from curiosity than any other motive; but 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 altogether is 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 a declaration like this, from a woman, ridiculous; but, if you will consider, 'tis custom, not nature, which makes it so.—

My

My hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

L E T T E R XXX.

From the Same to the Same. Mr. S*** thought it beneath a Man of his Consequence to meet the Lady, but exultingly exposed the Letter in every Company, which reaching her Ears, she again wrote him as follows.

SIR,

Y OU 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 the decorums of custom, 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 so imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my Letter, because the man who is so unworthy of a woman's love is too inconsiderable for her resentment; but I cannot forbear asking your inducement to publish it, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person of whom you knew nothing worse than that

that she entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you.

For your own sake, I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from a cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding. But whatever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name. That would have been a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest; and how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the pity, if not the scorn, of the world, I may guess from the mortification I now feel in seeing my declarations and professions so basely returned and in 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 of your acquaintance (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any thing severe; but though their kind sense of the affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it is an undeniable evidence of my own weakness in lavishing my esteem upon the man in the world who least deserved it.

I hope, Sir, 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 merely as a decent cover for the emptiness within.

To

To cut off all hopes of your discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this Letter by a different hand, for which I am obliged to a friend, on whose fidelity I can rely.--- It is my last request, Sir, that you would make this as public as you have made the last. If you do not, there are other copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am sure of making it plain to all the world beside, that you are a coxcomb. Adieu !

L E T T E R XXXI.

To Mr. *Marwood*, an unknown Gentleman of supposed inferior Rank, in Answer to an Offer of his Addresses to Miss *Symmonds*. By a Friend of the Lady.

SIR,

I AM now taking perhaps as strange a liberty as you took yesterday, but if you hope for pardon from one woman, you must be ready to grant it to another. I have seen your Letter to Miss *Symmonds*, and as I think it impossible for her to answer it, my regard for the lady has prompted me to take the task upon myself. I am surprised, Sir, and doubt not but she is still more so, that an absolute stranger should take the liberty to write to her, especially as Miss *Symmonds* has so universal an acquaintance in the polite circle, that it cannot be very difficult for a man

a man of fashion to introduce himself without this extraordinary method. At the same time, you must permit me to say, that there are few to whom Miss Symmonds would wish to be known as an acquaintance, beyond the number of those who have at present that honour. We are not more ignorant of you than we are of your meaning; but if you have any farther views, I do assure you many advantages will be requisite to support such an application.

I am sincerely the lady's friend, and, in this instance, I am persuaded that I am acting the part of a friend to you. I have only observed what I think you ought to have done, and in what manner. The rest I leave to your own discretion,

And am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

ARABELLA MUSGROVE.

LETTER XXXII.

From Mrs. Woodman to Mr. Griffith, who had seen her Daughter at the Play, and begged her Permission to address her.

SIR,

THE letter I have had the honour to receive from you bespeaks you a gentleman, and a man of sense. After such a prepossession in your favour, I am

am sorry to inform you that I am induced from several reasons to decline the offer you are pleased to make of an alliance with my family. . My daughter, who is very dear to me, is, I think, already engaged—I wish it may be as worthily. Besides, I cannot by any means approve of the unaccountable manner in which you have placed your affections, and then pleading in behalf of a passion built on so slender a foundation as that of seeing a Lady once at a play. I could have wished, Sir, that you had had some acquaintance of my daughter before you had said so much, and afterwards taken an opportunity to mention it to me. 'Tis very probable that you are more than an equal match for her; since notwithstanding her merit (if you will suffer a Mother to say so much) her fortune is inconsiderable.

You see, Sir, that I waver in my opinion on this subject, but you must attribute it to the true cause, and believe that every thing which has a tendency, be it ever so remote, to my Daughter's welfare, will make me very cautious how I determine. To give you my final sense of the matter (at least what appears final to me at present) I have not a thought of enquiring who it is that has thus favoured us, nor would advise my Daughter to remember it. However, Sir, I thank you in her name, as well as my own, for the honour you intended us,

And am, S I R,

Your most obedient Servant.

JEAN WOODMAN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

From Miss Wilcox to her Mother, informing her of a Proposal of Marriage.

DEAR MADAM,

INDUCED both by duty and affection, I take the earliest opportunity to inform you that, since my arrival in town, I have received several visits from one Mr. Walford, an eminent silk-mercer on *Ludgate-hill*, who professes to entertain a very sincere affection for me. Mr. Walford's person is rather agreeable than otherwise, and my Aunt gives him an excellent character. She tells me, that he begun business about three years ago with a capital of a thousand pounds, and that he bids fair to be, in a few years more, a very wealthy tradesman. She also tells me, that she has known him from his infancy, and that he was always remarkable for an amiable disposition. But notwithstanding this favourable description, I hope, dear Madam, you will think me sincere, when I assure you, that he has not made the smallest impression upon my heart. It was contrary to my inclinations that he was ever brought into my company, or allowed to profess a passion which was not authorized with your approbation; but as my Aunt has considerable dealings with him, she was unwilling to disoblige him, by refusing to let him see and speak to me.

I have ventured, however, to tell him, that as he had neglected to write you, I was resolved to do it myself, and that I insisted upon his not paying me another visit 'till I should receive your answer. I

F * beg

beg then, dear Mother, you will give me your advice while I am in a condition to take it, and believe me at, all times,

Your dutiful Daughter.

CHARLOTTE WILCOX.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Mrs. Wilcox to Miss Charlotte Wilcox, in Answer.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

YOUR father and I are quite happy at this instance you give us of your duty and affection. If, upon enquiry, Mr. *Walford's* character be answerable to our wishes, we shall gladly give our consent to an union which affords so agreeable a prospect of happiness. However, it is necessary, in the mean time, that you should keep strictly on your guard. His professions may be nothing more than the idle, unmeaning flattery of a man who has no other view, but that of trifling away a leisure hour. Nay his designs may, for aught you know, be of the most dishonourable nature — he may seek your ruin, merely to gratify his own loose desires: and even on the supposition that all you have heard of him is true, may he not have private vices which may tarnish all his good qualities?

Do not think, my Dear, that these hints are a proof of an uncharitable spirit: his not acquainting your Father or me with his intentions gives too much ground

ground for such injurious suspicions, and the importance of an event, on which our happiness or misery must depend, calls for the utmost caution. Keep him, therefore, at a distance. Desire your Aunt to intimate to him (if she or you have not already done it) that you are not at your own disposal. But if you find you have an aversion to his person, or if any part of his behaviour is so disagreeable as to make it impossible for him to gain your affection, I would not have your Aunt give him any hopes that our approbation will be of any service to him; for let him be ever so worthy, *Charlotte*, we will never desire you to marry the man you cannot love.

Your father, my Dear, will obtain as perfect a knowledge of Mr. *Walford* as he can; and if we think him deserving of our child, and you are disposed to favour his passion, we shall rejoice in contributing all in our power to your felicity. Your Father sends you his blessing, and I am,

My dear Child,

Your ever affectionate Mother.

SARAH WILCOX.

LETTER XXXV.

From *Lady Almeria Dudley* to *Lady Harriet Williams*
on the Folly and bad Consequences of Coquetry.

DEAR MADAM,

TO behold you hurried, by the giddy vanity of youth, into a conduct which must unavoidably, at

one time or other, destroy both your character and peace of mind, and to remain silent, were unpardonable. I have had access, my Dear, to see a good deal more of the world than you: and I dare say you have too high an opinion of my sincerity to suppose I would offer you my advice from any other motive than the desire of seeing you as happy as yourself can wish, and I know you deserve.

I have for some time marked your affected ridicule of the woes of love, your affected insensibility of a passion which you, at the same time, take all imaginable pains to inspire in every man who happens to come into your presence.—Numerous as your admirers already are, you cannot conceal a flutter of joy at every addition you make to the list, a flutter of impatience when you suspect, but for a moment, that even the most worthless amongst them has left you for another.—How many arts have I seen you practise to engage the attention of fellows I know you in your heart despise!—how much trouble to prolong those devoirs you were determined never to reward!—

For heaven's sake, ask yourself what you propose by this, and what will be the consequence. When your lovers swear they die for you, you either do give credit to their vows, or you do not. If you do, your conduct is in the highest degree cruel and dishonest: if you do not, instead of being proud, you ought, in my opinion, to be ashamed, of the indelicacy of countenancing so gross an attempt to impose upon your understanding.—How ungenerous is it to triflē with the pains of a worthy man!—how mean to flatter the vain views of an insincere, empty coxcomb!—

But it is for neither the one nor the other that I am chiefly

chiefly concerned:--it is for your own sake, my dear, that I thus freely declare my sentiments, convinced as I am that, ere long, your present conduct will bereave you of all that esteem and admiration, which you seem so eager to attract, and so attentive to preserve.--A man of sense can ill brook a competitor in love who is received with equal regard as himself, far less to see himself put upon a level with a coxcomb.--To encourage all, is the way to lose all; and if so, you may depend on being ridiculed and unpitied.

In your serious moments I cannot suppose you have made any resolution against marriage. You will excuse me, therefore, if I remind you that it is now high time for you to fix your choice, if you know one among the number worthy of your hand: if you do not, let me beg you to discard them all, and wait till an unexceptionable object shall appear. For aught you know, you may have at this time some secret lover, endued with every quality to render you a happy wife, who is deterred from declaring the wishes of his heart, while he sees you hourly encompassed in a circle to which he does not chuse to belong.

Be that as it may, reflect, I beseech you, on the danger to which your reputation is exposed. It is not sufficient, that you are guilty of no attachment incompatible with the purest virtue--that you allow no liberties prejudicial to your character, or which might embolden any man to attempt your ruin; it is absolutely necessary, my dear, to behave in such a manner as to give no room for scandal, even to the most malicious. Nay were all the world to allow you as innocent as I do from my heart, yet vanity and giddiness are of themselves sufficient blemishes

to female reputation, and such, as I have already observed, as will unavoidably eradicate the esteem and affection of every man of solid understanding.

Forfeit not then, Oh! *Harriet*, those expectations of rational felicity to which your birth, beauty, and fortune, (not to mention your many amiable qualities) give you so undoubted a claim, for the vain, transient pleasure of exerting your power over a crowd of lovers, whether real or pretended.---Cease to take pains to captivate --- reserve all your cares to secure the affection of the man you shall find deserving of your hand; and 'till you are convinced that such a man exists, indulge not a wish to be courted by another.

I will not repeat my apologies for the freedom with which I have given you my sentiments. Your good sense will tell you, that it is no more than the effusion of a friendship, always attentive to your interest, and which I hope no misunderstanding will ever break off between my dear *Lady Harriet*, and

Her affectionate Cousin,

ALMERIA DUDLEY.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Miss *Stevenson* to her Father, who had promised her in Marriage to a Gentleman whom she could not love.

HONOURED SIR,

TILL now I never imagined it could be a painful task for me to answer any letter that came from my

my dear Papa. But yours of last Monday distresses me to such a degree that I know not how to send an answer, consistent with the duty I owe, and the affection I bear, to the best of parents, without relinquishing my sincerity, and sacrificing my peace and happiness for life.---

Ah! dear Sir, reflect--let me conjure you to reflect, on the intrinsick worth and use of riches.--- Can riches purchase health?--- can they purchase peace?--- can they purchase happiness?--- No.--- Then suffer me not, dear Sir, to forfeit all these for a splendid settlement with a man whom I can never love, and who, but for his wealth, would have been the last man in *England* you would have thought of for a husband to your *Polly*.

These are truths which I am afraid will be disagreeable to you, and it is with pain I write them: but, my dear Papa, what pain would it give you to see your only Daughter miserable, without a prospect of an end! What would shorten my days would, I know, put a period to yours. The sense of that affection, and of my own love and gratitude to you, the most indulgent of parents, will make me submit to any thing. Dispose of me as you please; but that you may be convinced of the fatal consequences, before the indissoluble knot is tied, is the prayer upon her knees of,

Dearest Sir,

Your dutiful Daughter,

MARIA STEVENSON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

From *Sarah Lewis*, a Servant in *London*, to her Mother in the Country, to ask her Advice in Consequence of a Proposal of Marriage.

HONOURED MOTHER,

LONDON is certainly the best place in the world for people who have nothing but their own labour to maintain them, provided they have so much good sense as to withstand the snares and temptations to which they are hourly exposed. I have now got a very good place, and am well respected by my master and mistress. I therefore return you my thanks, in the most dutiful manner, for persuading me, when it was so contrary to my inclinations, to come to town.

But the particular reason of my writing at this time is, to inform you that a young man, who is an apprentice to my master, has, for some time, strongly pressed me to marry him. He has good friends, and has served five years; but as my master and mistress might be displeased, were they to know it, I have concealed it from them; though I thought it my duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it. With love to brother *Dick*, and best wishes to all Friends, I remain,

Honoured Mother,

Your dutiful and affectionate Daughter,

SARAH LEWIS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. Lewis to her Daughter in Answer.

MY DEAR CHILD,

IT gives me very great joy to hear you are in a good place, and that your mistress is so well satisfied with you. I am sure you have reason to believe that I always gave you the best advice in my power, and you have, in more than one instance, when it has crossed your inclinations, found it of great advantage; I therefore desire you to pay a strict regard to what I am going to say. I do not doubt but that you are pleased with the prospect of being mistress of a shop, and keeping servants of your own; but as I have often told you, *Sally*, all is not gold that glitters, and can assure you that, by marrying an apprentice, you would take a most unlikely method to obtain that happiness.

You tell me that the youth has served five years, so that he has still two to serve; and what difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would those two years be to you?—I declare I tremble at the very thoughts of what you would suffer. In this time, you might perhaps have one child, and be far gone with another; while your husband had no honest means of supporting his increasing expences. The difficulties he would labour under, and the knowledge of this imprudent step, would destroy his credit; and if his friends should at last forgive him, and furnish him with money to open a shop of his own, you would both begin the world under the greatest disadvantages,
under

under great expences, and a shattered credit; but if they should never forgive him, he would be obliged to become a journeyman, and, at the same time, be burdened not only with a family, but with a load of debt, which he would never be able to pay. In either of these cases, can you imagine that the continual uneasiness of his mind, and the slights he received from all his friends, even from those he now looks upon as his inferiors, would not sour his temper, and make you still more wretched by his ill humour? He would reflect, with anguish of heart, on what he might have been, had he never known you: and what quarrels, what distress, what misery, would be your portion then?---

Let me advise you, therefore, my dear Child, as you have a regard for your own happiness, not to listen to his proposals 'till he is out of his time; and not even then 'till he has obtained the consent of his friends. Mean while be cautious of allowing him even innocent liberties; and, if possible, never give him an opportunity of being with you alone. If you cannot do this where you are, let no consideration prevent your leaving your place. God grant that you may follow this advice; and with my earnest prayers that you may, I remain,

My dear Sally,

Your affectionate Mother,

JEAN LEWIS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

From Miss *Collins* to her Sister on her imprudent Intimacy with a Gentleman of loose Character.

DEAR SISTER,

IT is with pain I find myself obliged to inform you that the town begin to talk very freely of your extraordinary intimacy with *Captain Grenville*, who, it seems, has been seen with you alone at most of the public places about *London*. This, my dear, is a severe reflection upon your prudence, when you know what a professed libertine the *Captain* is; and that he scruples not, exultingly, to recount, even in the presence of virtuous women, the favours he has received from the unwary of our sex. There is too much reason to fear that his empty boasts of this kind are not altogether groundless, and that the designs of such a man are far from being honourable. How many arts may so shameless a profligate employ to undermine your virtue! But should all his efforts of this kind prove ineffectual, yet you cannot associate with him in the manner you have hitherto done without receiving a wound in your reputation which you may never after be able to heal; for though I know you publicly ridicule him, as I think every woman of sense must so insignificant a fop; yet as the world will judge of people from the company they keep, you will find your most innocent actions misconstrued, and turned to your disadvantage.

Let me beg then, my dear Sister, if you value your friends, if you value your own peace of mind,

or that jewel, your reputation, avoid the company of *Captain Grenville* and all such worthless coxcombs.

I am, my Dear,

Most affectionately yours,

WILHELMINA COLLINS.

L E T T E R X L.

From Mrs. *Cecil* to Mrs. *Woodward*, her Daughter jealous of her Husband.

MY DEAREST NANCY,

YOUR suspicions of Mr. *Woodward's* fidelity have given me the greatest uneasiness. If you have the smallest regard for your future happiness, let me intreat you to suppress those early risings of a passion which can procure you nothing but the keenest anguish of heart, and to give no ear to the idle tales of your officious informers, who most likely have some interest to serve by setting you at variance.

Oh! my Child, indulge not a suspicion which, besides present uneasiness, will spoil your temper, and wean from you the affections of your Husband. If Mr. *Woodward* is innocent, your suspicion is one of the greatest injuries, one of the highest marks of injustice, which can be offered him; and you are in danger,

danger, by giving a loose to your resentment, of hurrying him into that very course which you dread, and of rendering those evils real, which are now perhaps only imaginary. I say imaginary—for I cannot be persuaded that a man of Mr. *Woodward's* prudence and understanding could be guilty of so much baseness and folly.

But if your suspicions really were just, your reproaches would only serve to make him fly from home—from you to his mistress, who would encourage him in his imprudence, and harden his heart against you. Thus would you contribute to the triumph of your hated rival; whilst your husband, seeing that he had no longer any occasion for reserve, would pursue that course openly which he would otherwise, for fear of its coming to your knowledge, have followed privately, and by stealth. Instead of loading him with peevish complaints therefore, exert every insinuating effort in your power to render home agreeable to him; and shew him that it is not in the power of a strumpet to surpass you in sweetness of temper, and obligingness—that though he is so abandoned as to forget his duty, you notwithstanding will steadily adhere to yours. If he has one spark of virtue in his soul, such a generous conduct could not but reclaim him. His affection would renew with encreased ardour, your own conscience would tell you, you had acted nobly, and your children would have cause to glory in the prudence of such a mother. With the most heart-felt affection I remain,

My dear *Nancy*,

Yours, &c.

MARIA CECIL.

G

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

From Mrs. *Townsend*, to Mr. *Williams*, her Brother,
in Answer to his Complaint of bad Success in his
Courtship.

DEAR BROTHER,

TILL I received your last, complaining of the cruelty of Miss *Worley*, I must confess I imagined you a young fellow of spirit and address.—Do you suppose that one of the most accomplished young ladies in *England*, with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, will drop into your arms in a moment?—You must have a comfortable share of vanity, *Charles*, as well as folly, to expect such uncommon concessions.—You say you are convinced the suit will be fruitless:—pray what has convinced you?—Miss *Worley*, you own, has not given you an absolute denial—has not peremptorily forbidden your visits, or refused to receive your letters. Be thankful then, and attend with constancy 'till she shall think you have done sufficient duty to deserve her.—Lovers are like soldiers: they should sustain the charge with patience, and, when repulsed and beaten off, rally again, and renew the storm with vigour, not desert their colours, and leave behind them their treasure.

A lady, Brother, circumstanced as Miss *Worley* is, seldom chafes to speak as she thinks.—You scholars tell us that two negatives form an affirmative: why therefore may not *no, no*, in the mouth of a fine lady, have the full force and meaning of *yes with all my heart?*

Mrs

Miss *Worley* has many amiable accomplishments, and her affections must be engaged by degrees. She considers marriage as an affair of the last moment, as a state of either happiness or misery; and will not suffer an ill-grounded passion to lead her into a labyrinth from which she may never be able to extricate herself. To succeed, you must exert all your good sense and perseverance; and if you think my interposition may be of any service to you, you may freely command

Your affectionate Sister,

GEORGINA TOWNSEND.

LETTER XLII.

From Lady *Caroline Winford* to Sir *George Pelham*,
a Husband jealous of his Wife.

SIR,

I have sat down to take a liberty with you which, though it proceeds from the most inviolable friendship for you and for Lady *Pelham*, I am afraid you will never forgive me.

I went to see the *West-Indian* last night, Sir *George*, in company with your lady, and all the other gentlemen and ladies who did me the honour to dine with me, except yourself. A prior engagement, which you could not possibly dispense with, was your apology.--Judge then my amazement when I observed you, before we were well seated, steal into a corner

a corner of the pit, in the disguise of a horseman's coat, and attentively watching, for the whole evening, every smile, every look, every gesture of lady *Pelham* in the opposite box.

Her ladyship is indeed of a disposition uncommonly gay and cheerful.—What then?—People of her turn; though the most liable to misrepresentation, are generally the most innocent; for those can seldom be merry who have aught in their heart to reproach them. But jealousy always sees with jaundiced eyes: and it gives me real concern to find you so eagerly courting your own unhappiness.

Lady *Pelham*, I am convinced, has not deserved this usage. I have had the pleasure of her acquaintance long, and I never saw the most minute instance of her conduct which was not strictly innocent. How then can you debase yourself, and scandalize her, by behaving in this manner? I hope no body observed you but myself; and I hope, for your own sake, for the sake of your amiable lady, for the sake of your family, that this will go no farther, and that you will excuse the well-intended freedom of,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

CAROLINE WINFORD.

LETTER XLIV.

From Lady *Harriet Pelham* to Sir *George Pelham*, on
the Subject of his Jealousy.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

I Am so terrified, so amazed, at the contents of lady *Winford's* letter to you in my behalf that I know not what to do, what to say. She has done me the justice to send me a copy of it, with a request that I would make an apology to you for the step she has taken. I would not have troubled you with a letter upon this occasion could I have spoken to you, and have been forced to have recourse to the pen to disclose to you the inmost secrets of my heart.

Believe me then, dear Sir, I never entertained a single thought injurious to your honour, or committed a single action which the most rigid virtue might blush to own. If my gaiety, or any other part of my conduct, distressed you, you should at once have told me so — indeed you should: — and sure a hint of this kind would have come with more propriety from you than from another. I can judge of your feelings at present from what I know mine would be in such a situation; and cannot describe my sorrow that I should have been the cause, however innocent, of giving you a moment's pain.

Groundless, my dear, as your suspicions are, and injurious to my fame, I am far from blaming you in my heart, since I am convinced they proceed entirely from an excess of affection. But left any

of our mutual friends, I ought to have said : our mutual enemies, should have done me this kindness, I beg, if you have any regard for your own happiness, not to mention mine, that my whole conduct may be strictly scrutinized ; and that you will do me the kindness to acquaint me of every circumstance which you may have heard or seen amiss about me, that I may have an opportunity of convincing you how grossly you have been deceived, and with what unshaken fidelity I am,

My dear Sir George,

Your affectionate wife,

HARRIET PELHAM.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss *Molesworth* to Miss *Wilford*, a young Lady of Family and Fortune, on her encouraging the Addresses of a Gentleman her inferior in both.

MY DEAR LOUISA,

NOTHING but our long sincere friendship can apologise for the freedom I am about to take on the subject of your connection with Mr. *Watson*.

I am told that that gentleman is now become your daily visitor, and that the whole neighbourhood speak of your marriage with him as an event which must redound greatly to his advantage. I shall be glad to hear I am misinformed : but if it really is as I have

I have told you, I beg you will consider the sense which the world entertains of it as an unanswerable reason to break off the connection: since what is so very advantageous to him must certainly be disadvantageous to you. Consider likewise, my dear, how the world goes, and how you are circumstanced, and you will not blame me for this advice.

If people make this remark who know only your present fortune, what must we think who know your future prospects--For heaven's sake have a proper sense of your situation. With your person, fortune and connections, you are a match for one of the first subjects of the realm. I know nothing of Mr. *Watson* but that he has very little to recommend him in the eye of prudence. You are now to determine whether you will be one of the first women in the kingdom or the unknown Mrs. *Watson*.

Besides, in giving up your present right to a superior offer, you give up all your future expectations; for though Sir *James* might leave you twenty thousand pounds to support you as his niece, single, or to procure you a suitable match; he would undoubtedly alter his design, were he to see you, in his life time, destroy all possibility of fulfilling his intentions.

View these things, my Dear, in a proper light, and I am sure you will soon determine as your friends would have you, and as your own interest requires. I am with real esteem,

My dear *Louisa*,

Your affectionate Cousin,

JULIA MOLESWORTH.
LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

From Mrs. *Lennox* to her Husband, an Officer in the Army whose Duty had called him Abroad.

MY DEAR LIFE,

I Write you so often, and so much upon the same subject that I fear you think me tiresome. I feel myself unable to say any thing, but what I have said a thousand and a thousand times, that I love you, that I doat upon your remembrance, that this cruel absence distracts me. But if your affection be as sincere — and why should I doubt it? — if your form be as tender, and your mind as strongly worked upon as mine, we are still present to each other. It is only in the day I miss you ; every night and all the night we converse together. The joy which I feel, even in this imaginary manner, to behold your eyes fixed with tenderness upon me---to hear you speak with all that softness with which you was wont to charm me, is not to be expressed ; nor can any but ourselves conceive it. In these fancied visits you are, as when present, my friend, my counsellor, and protector. I tell you every thing, and I am told by you how every thing should be conducted.

These, my Dear, are my comforts, for I would not give you the uneasiness to suppose me entirely miserable ; but they are only the employment of the night, of hours in a state hardly to be called life. The day is a scene of real misery, the night of fancied happiness. From the instant that my eyes behold the light of day, every object brings you

you before me, and reminds me how happy I *was*, how wretched I *am*.

Is there no possibility, my Dear, of my following you? This letter will be carried, and why may not I have the same passage?—Can you suppose that the dangers of the sea, or the unwholesomeness of the climate could deter me?—No: you cannot think so meanly of your *Fidelia*. Your arms, my Dear, would be a sufficient shelter and defence; and there is no hardship to which you might be exposed, which I would not share with pleasure.

But I am afraid you are already tired of my prattle. When I write to you it seems as if I were talking to you; and earth and seas though they may divide us, cannot deny us the pleasure of a letter. Good night, my love.—That heaven may still protect you, and speedily restore us to each other, is the constant prayer of

Your affectionate Wife,

FIDELIA LENNOX.

L L T T E R XLVII.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, a few days before her Death.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

THE indisposition of which I wrote you in my last has increased upon me with fatal rapidity, and my

my physicians have this morning informed me I cannot live another week.

Even now my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I bear you which carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful circumstance in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you. But even in this there is a comfort to you as well as to me, that I have no guilt to hang upon my mind, no unrepented folly to retard me; that I pass my last hours in reflections upon the happiness we have enjoyed together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have a period. This is a frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that I cannot help thinking 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 happy 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 still a relief to you in all the conflicts of your mind?—I cannot figure to myself a happiness superior to this—to be present at all the adventures to which humanity is exposed—to administer sleep to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a sick bed--to cover thy beloved person in the day of battle—to attend thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee a weak, a fearful woman.

Such,

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Such, my Dear, are the thoughts with which I revive my languid heart: but reduced as I now am, I feel myself unable to support the agonising idea of the grief you must suffer at the news of my departure.—My strength forsakes me.—Farewell! thou best of husbands.—My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you.—The pen d my fingers.—I shall never see thy face again.—I well! for ever.

FIDELIA LENNOX.

LETTER XLVIII

From Miss Willoughby to Miss Russell, on hearing of her illness.

DEAR EMILY,

AFTER the many ardent professions which I have made to you of my sincere regard I must have been an unpardonable dissembler did I not feel myself very sensibly affected at the intelligence of your severe indisposition.

We receive life, my Dear, on the conditions of pain and sickness; and we ought by no means to repine at feeling ourselves what we know human nature is hourly liable to. You have hitherto been in full possession of every worldly advantage; and this attack upon it is no doubt the harder to be borne, as it is the first. But disagreeable as your situation appears, when compared with what it was, compare it with that of many around you,

THE LADY's

you, some of whom perhaps hardly ever enjoyed a day of health in their lives, and you will find more cause of thankfulness than of discontent.

At this moment, my Dear, there are in *London* alone, numbers lingering in the agonies of death, numbers left by their physicians to expect that stroke which they have in vain endeavoured to ward off, numbers in an uncertainty still more dreadful, and numbers, though exempted from all these, suffering as much as you do, and doomed to suffer it for life.

Would you form a proper judgment of your own condition, view the condition of these. This, my dear Girl, is no fallacious argument: all our enjoyments we measure by comparison, and it was intended we should do so. Let the sense of your being in no danger of death and the assurance of your physicians that the disorder will not be of continuance, give you spirits; and let me have the happiness to see you cheerful when I come to town next week, and to hear that it is in some measure owing to the serious counsel of

Your sincere Friend,

SUSANNA WILLOUGHBY.

L E T T E R

LETTER XLIX.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, on hearing that her disorder proved to be the Small-pox, and that she had recovered with the loss of her Beauty.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am too happy at the news of your compleat recovery to offer you my compliments of condolance on the havoc which your late illness has made upon your face: and indeed, however great it may be, I am far from thinking it deserves so much uneasiness, as you, I am told, express upon the occasion.

You have encountered death, and foiled him at one of his sharpest weapons; and if you have received a few scars, ought to consider them, not as blemishes but as trophies of your victory.---If in your glass you find fewer charms than heretofore, in your closet you will find more; and, deprived of the empty pleasure of contemplating the graces of your outward form, you will have the more leisure to improve and embellish those which are not so easily impaired.

Deny it as we will, *Emily*, it is the ambition of attracting admirers which renders beauty of so much consequence to the young and gay; but if we examine the matter seriously we shall find that it is virtue, good sense and sweetness of disposition, of which the girdle of *Cythera* should be formed, and that without these the finest features in the world will not long maintain their empire in the heart of man.

But I suppose you are already tired of the grave lectures of your moralising friend. I would not

H

have

THE LADY'S

have you suppose, however that it gives me any pleasure to find that you are brought nearer to a level with the generality of our acquaintance. I confess that the beauties of the person contribute greatly to set off and adorn those of the mind; and for that reason should exceedingly lament any defect in the one were I not convinced you had abundance of the other to engross the admiration of all who know you; and that the lustre of these may daily increase, is the ardent wish of,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate Friend

SUSANNA WILLOUGHBY.

LETTER L.

From Miss *Freeport* to Miss *Waller*, on the indecency of admitting the Visits of her Lover at improper Hours.

DEAR SOPHY,

WHEN I left you last night, I was a good deal surprised to meet Sir *Thomas Lovemore* at the door. This was past ten, my Dear; an hour highly improper for a lady to receive the visits of a gentleman, and which I am afraid you do too often--- You think your marriage to him is at hand, so do I, and all your friends, but we may be mistaken, and as you seem to conduct yourself, you must not take it amiss that I tell you so.

I don't

I don't doubt Sir *Thomas's* honour; and I believe his own character as well as yours, and his regard for the family would deter him from entertaining a thought injurious to your honour. But it is a bad custom: and were I in your place, with the knowledge I have acquired of the world, I would not suffer any man, if I thought ever so well of him, to sup with me alone.

It is my great regard for you, my Dear, which induces me to deliver my sentiments with so much freedom. Suppose some disagreeable circumstance should happen to break off the match—for there is no impossibility in the thing—how would the recollection of these familiarities, however innocent, distress you!

I think I have set your conduct in a light in which you have not hitherto considered it, and I am sure it is a proper one. Exert, my dear *Sophy*; your own understanding on this occasion, and you will need no farther directions from

Your affectionate Cousin
CHARLOTTE FREEPORT.

LETTER LI.

From Mrs. *Harwood* to Mrs. *Sandford* enquiring the Character of a Servant.

MADAM,

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I find myself under the necessity of troubling

ling you for a character of a young woman who has applied for a service in my family. Her name is *Elizabeth Miller*, and she tells me she lived almost three years with you ; a circumstance, which, if true, speaks strongly in her favour.

It is a distressing circumstance, I confess, Madam, to be obliged to give servants a bad character ; and it is too common for Ladies of tender dispositions to give them a better than they deserve, in hopes of their amendment. On some occasions this may be proper ; but in my situation I am obliged to be exceedingly cautious whom I admit into my house. I must beg therefore you will not suffer your humanity to conceal from me the smallest flaw in her disposition ; since, however improper she may be for my place, there may be others which may suit her well.

I again beg pardon, Madam, for giving you so much trouble on this occasion ; and am with great respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble Servant

SARAH HARWOOD.

LETTER LII.

From Mrs. Sandford to Mrs. Harwood, in Answer.

MADAM,

LIKE many other mistresses I must confess I was long too partial to servants who had left me ; and, provided

provided they were honest, generally concealed their other faults, on promise of amendment. But I am sensible of the bad consequences of such mistaken clemency ; and, in compliance with your request, shall conceal nothing which it is my duty to say, or your interest to know.

The young woman, Madam, who has offered herself to you, lived with me two years and a half, and I dismissed her because, in answer to a complaint I made, she dropped an expression or two which I thought rather disrespectful. She was sorry indeed for her behaviour afterwards, and asked my pardon with great submission ; but I could not prevail with myself to keep her, lest, from her long stay in the family, she should, after this, suppose herself of more consequence to me than she really was.

You are the best judge, Madam, how far this circumstance is against her ; but I must do her the justice to own that she might have some provocation. She is a person of discretion and understanding ; I have always found her strictly honest ; and I am really of opinion that, upon the whole, you will hardly find a better servant.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, humble Servant

MARY SANDFORD.

LETTER LIII.

From Lady *Amelia Tomkyns* to the Hon. Miss *Fitzroy*, on the destructive Use of Beauty-Washes, &c.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

ALL our physicians, after attentively examining the different nostrums daily obtruded on the world as helps to female beauty, have pronounced that there is not one which, from the quality of its ingredients, is either safe or effectual.---Alas! you have not yet heard of the hapless fate of the beautiful *Clarinda*.---Adorned by nature with every charm which could accomplish the fairest of women, her insatiable soul still panted for farther admiration. She had recourse to art. Her face, her neck, her breasts, which rivalled celestial beauty, were daily anointed with the *Stygian* application. The necessary exhalations of the vital fluid were detained; and, in all the triumph of beauty, she fell---no longer ago than yesterday---a victim to the ambition of false allurement.

Learn hence, my dear, if you value the true happiness of your life, to abandon a practice so injurious to your constitution. Though the lilies and roses combine in your cheek, will they flourish if the canker has seized them?---Behold the artless nymph of the valley: no paint ever touched her face, and yet *Clarinda*, in all the pomp of colouring, was not to be compared with her.---It is health which gives fragrance to her lips, bloom to her countenance, lustre to her eyes.

But

But could this treacherous art even be practised with impunity, what pleasure can it yield?---Can it inspire that conscious self-applause which results from the possession of native charms?---Can it elude the keen, penetrating gaze of a lover?---Yes, it may elude. But short will be the triumph of imposture: and then, Love, Beauty, Happiness, adieu!

Whene'er, therefore, the bloom of youth shall leave you, attempt not to renew it by methods so ruinous and inadequate; and should disease impair your complexion, endeavour to extirpate the cause, and returning *Hebe* will again light up your charms in the inimitable painting of nature. I am at all times,

My dear HARRIET,

Your affectionate Aunt,

AMELIA TOMKYNS.

P. S. In my next I shall give you a Beauty-wash of a different kind, which the experience of many years authorises me to pronounce both innocent and infallible.

L E T T E R LIV.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, with Directions to compose a Cosmetic, which was never known to fail.

I Was determined, my Dear, not to be worse than my word, and have taken the earliest opportunity to send you the receipt I promised in my last, which, as

as you seem so anxious to improve those charms which heaven has bestowed upon you, cannot fail to have the desired effect. You must not be offended at the plainness of my expressions. It proceeds entirely from the love I bear you. Besides, my Dear, I am old, you are young.—I have seen much of the world, you hardly any.

Early in the morning then you must use a certain quantity of fair water as a preparative; after which all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, which gives the skin a fallow paleness, must be carefully avoided. It may seem superfluous, if not impertinent, to talk of temperance to you, yet this must be attended to, in eating as well as drinking, if you would shun those pimples, for which the advertised washes boast such extraordinary cures. Instead of rouge, use moderate exercise, which will enliven your cheeks with a bloom not to be imitated by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to your countenance, which will make you universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will give fire to your eyes, and the morning breeze at sun-rise, the hue of vermillion to your lips. That amiable vivacity, which you now possess, may be happily heightened and preserved, if you avoid late hours and the card-table, and by no other means whatever.

Indulge me in a few words more, my Dear, and I have done. Preserve an unaffected neatness in your apparel. Your fortune will permit you to dress elegantly; but your good sense should always prevent you from descending to gaudiness, which may strike the eyes of the ignorant, but fails not to disgust every person of true taste and discernment. Besides, you possess so many natural charms that you can

can have no occasion to wear clothes that will attract the attention of the multitude. You indeed possess more than you seem conscious of, which is no small addition to your merit; and to induce you to improve these on solid principles was the motive of this and the former letter from,

My dear Harriet,

Your affectionate Aunt,

AMELIA TOMKYNS.

LETTER LV.

From Miss *Byron* abroad to her younger Sister in *London*, whom she had never seen, strongly urging her to leave *England*. In which is included a romantic Description of one of the Canary Islands.

MY DEAR BETSY,

ARE we doomed for ever to converse only at this melancholy distance?—Are we sprung from the same parents to be eternally unknown to each other?—What wonders I have heard of your wit, your ingenuity, and sweetnes of disposition!—And shall strangers, at least very distant relations, reap all the benefit of these amiable qualities, whilst those who are nearest, and ought surely to be dearest, mourn the want of it.

They tell us, my Dear, that there is a secret sympathy between persons of the same blood, and I am sure I feel it in a high degree. How is it then with you?—Do you never experience any of those yearnings

yearnings to see the daughter of your father and mother which daily agitate me?---If you do not long to be with a sister who stands in so much need of your assistance from affection, you should from pity. You know that my father's affairs seldom permit him to be with his family, and that death has now deprived me of my mother.---What can with-hold you from a place where your presence is so ardently desired?---What can detain you in a kingdom torn to pieces as *England* is with internal divisions?---where parent and child, brother and brother, if our accounts are genuine, maintain unnatural contest?---where misery and contempt approach with hasty strides, and the people are so infatuated as to hug the cause of their destruction?---Can this be agreeable to a person of your delicacy?---Surely no.

Listen then, my Dearest Sister, to the dictates of duty, of reason, and of nature, all which unite to call you from that worse than *Egypt* into a new *Canaan*.---Here peace and innocence go hand in hand, and all the graces wait upon their steps.---No foreign wars, no intestine broils, no envy, no distrust, disturb the soft serenity of these blissful regions, but all is harmony and love.---Eternal zephyrs attend us as we awake, with ten thousand odours on their wings, to 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 both our smell and taste. Sometimes on mules we trip it to *Teneriffe*, and on the foot of that stupendous mount, recline on banks of roses, under an umbrella of spreading myrtles. Let us shift the scene, and view the spacious vineyards, where huge alcoves

coves of clustering grapes hang pendant over our heads.—Sometimes we roam through long galleries of stately pines, whose loaded boughs present us every varied fruit in one.

But, my Dear, it is impossible to describe one half of the sweets which Nature, with a lavish hand, has poured on these islands, with so much propriety entitled *The Fortunate*: nor, I flatter myself, will there be any need of farther persuasions to bring you to us.

My father has this minute informed me that Captain *Dodd*, carries his positive orders to bring you along with him, and I may now rest assured of enjoying a happiness for which I have so long and so earnestly wished:—Yet still I am not perfectly satisfied:—I would fain, methinks, imagine that, with your duty to our father, some little share of love was mingled for me; and that you will embark with the greater chearfulness from the prospect of embracing a sister who so tenderly loves you, and who, except that of seeing you, knows no pleasure so great as that of subscribing herself,

Your truly affectionate sister,
JEMIMA BYRON.

LETTER LVI.

From Miss *Romney* to Miss *Norris*, with a present of a Gold Thimble.

WILL you believe me, my little friend, when I say that the present, which accompanies this, may

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*. You may have heard of the latter, and I will explain to you the virtues of the former. The ring, my little Dear, would render you invisible whenever you chose to be so; you might then range through the apartments of your play-fellows unseen, play ten thousand little tricks, which, at present, it is not in your power to do. But indeed the chief advantages of it 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 the night before a ball torment her with all the arts of ingenious mischief. These are advantages which, at present, may not tempt you; and the cap, as I can easily imagine, is rather the object of your wishes....“ But tell me,” you say, “ how this Thimble can be of such mighty service.”

At your years, my dear *Sophy*, employment is of the utmost use. To be busy, if it does not teach you to be virtuous, will at least guard you from contrary impressions. Whilst your imagination is employed how best to shade a rose, or in determining 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 to 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 of which our sex are guilty, proceed from a fault in the education, and that idleness is the parent of vice. Thus then,

in these early years, 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 you, in all probability, may never 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 maintained herself with decency, and felt the pleasure of living without depending on the bounty of others.

A few years hence, my Dear, when the youth, whom your eyes may have wounded, shall beg your acceptance of some trifle, in the warmest terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preserve it for his sake; but I, on the contrary, desire you to be frequent in the use of this, and to wear it out for mine.

I am, my dear Girl,

Your affectionate

CLARINDA ROMNEY.

LETTER LVII.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, a few Years after, to dissuade her from taking the Veil.

NO T to say that my *Sophy* is much too handsome for a Nun, how can the dear little hypocrite pretend a fondness for that way of life?---Trust me, for all your flourishes about the serenity of

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its happiness, you would never repent but once of such a step, that is to say every day and all the day. Like matrimony, it would be well enough for a month or two,---but for life!---only think of that.---No hopes of dear variety; still the same dull scene for ever. Intolerable! Thank heaven you are a protestant---but is there in reality any fear?---I do not know. You are an unaccountable girl, and have some grave whims now and then, which would make me tremble for you, were you a *bonne catholique*, living and conversing as you now do with the sober sisterhood, without a single beau to set before you the crying sin of celibacy. A pretty fellow, armed with sighs and vows would soon put to flight those gloomy ideas.

Are there no young, handsome priests among you, to enliven your solitude?---no little intrigues to divert a friend?---no curious anecdotes?---no scandal?---It cannot be. I know you could, if you pleased, furnish me with a thousand pretty love-tales, as by this time I dare say you are become a Confidant among the Virgin Tribe.

Do then, my dear, transmit me a few of their histories. You say there are some of them very handsome---how came they to be buried alive like vestals?---Perhaps for the same sort of *faux pas* which condemned those to a similar punishment. As for the ordinary damsel they are right to do the thing with a good grace, to shun temptations which they might feel, but never could inspire.---Peace be with those whom Nature has furnished with the proper requisites for chastity, says your sometimes grave, sometimes giddy, but

Ever affectionate

CLARINDA ROMNEY.
LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

From Miss * * * * *, a young Lady, to the late Mr. Pope. A Letter of compliment from *Paris*, with a humorous Account of the Ladies there.

SIR,

LAST post brought me yours of the 28th of last month. I am in a place where pleasure is continually flowing. The princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The ladies are of all parties, by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened, and fashioned from those blunt disputes on politics, and rough jests, of which they are so guilty with us; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these beauties are a little too artificial for my taste. You have seen a *French Picture*, the original is more painted; and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing stays and indulging themselves at table, they run out of all shape; but as to that, they may give a good reason, they prefer conveniency to parade, and by this means are as ready as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am surprised to find I have written so much scandal. I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit. I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with.

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I won't trouble myself to finish finely: a true compliment is better than a good one; and I can assure you, without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER LIX.

From Miss Adams to Sir Francis Stanhope: A friendly Letter of Complaint.

YOU know I never passionately loved the country, and you have made me hate it.

Naturally jealous, I cannot help considering *Stanhope-Abbey* as a favoured rival who engrosses your whole attention; yet, like a true woman, I eagerly wish for a sight of it, not to admire but to depreciate all its charms; though I fear my envy will have a very narrow scope, as I cannot help thinking whatever you design and execute must be perfect.

I have a great mind, if I thought it would vex you, not to write to you this month, for your negligence in not answering my last; but I will believe you did not receive it time enough, for I dare hope you would not fail me in a matter of business. You may see by this that my spirits are greatly recovered; for when these are low, I am always humble and desponding.

You say that I never did, nor ever will do, any thing you recommend to me, which has piqued me into a principle of contradiction to do nothing henceforward but at your desire. In short, you vile

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men have strange ways with us poor women, and you want but power to be most admirable tyrants.

I must repeat, what I have often told you, that I never took ill an advice you gave me; for I could not be such a child as to misinterpret the kindness of your design, though I might be silly enough to resent the harshness of your discipline. I have from my infancy been accustomed to a fatal delicacy which has enervated every faculty of my soul, and superadded a thousand tender weaknesses to the weakest of the weaker sex. Nay you have yourself, my Dear *Frank*, nursed the foible in me 'till it is perhaps beyond a cure. The tenderness of your manners, the fondness of your expressions, and the softness of your letters, all conspired to render my mind still more delicate.

From the transitoriness of every thing on earth I ought indeed to know that our passions are as variable as the Moon,

" Which monthly changes in her circling orb ;"

and that we should not depend on the tempers or affections of men, which ebb and flow as frequent as the sea.

I acknowledge myself obliged for the friendly concern you express at my want of health, which I can now inform you is greatly better. Adieu ! and believe me, &c.

CLARISSA ADAMS,

LETTER LX.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, containing her Sentiments on Love and Friendship.

HALF angry, half pleased, with my dear *Frank's* sprightly Epistle, I am at a loss whether to make a reply to it, or not. But I have still so much regard left for you, as to wish to convince you that your opinion is quite erroneous. Love, which is not founded on esteem, can be neither real nor permanent, it is only the effect of a wanton caprice, and is more likely to terminate in disgust than in friendship.

Pure love, like pure gold, cannot subsist without an alloy, which, though it debases the ideal value, enhances the true one, by making them both (love and gold) more fixed, and fit for use; and I dare answer for it that the love which does not begin in friendship will never end there. But friendship is independent, requires no mixture, no alloy; its purity, contrary to the nature of gold, is its strength and stability; nor is it without its elevations and transports; the mutual contemplation of truth, and the communication of knowledge, being higher enjoyments than what mortal sense is capable of.

"As friendship then is independent of love, and self-sufficient in its own nature, why may it not subsist, from its own purity, between persons of different sexes?---This *Platonic* love, which I am describing, is of the nature of that affection which a father and daughter, a brother and sister, feel for each other; which consists of such a guardian benevolence

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benevolence on one side, and such a gratitude on the other, as makes the most charming society in the world.

Recant, thou Prophane!--Offend me not again by so much as hinting at that love which is independent of friendship. Adieu!

CLARISSA ADAMS.

LETTER LXI.

From Lady Sarah Lambert to Lady Elizabeth Griffin,
acquainting her of a Sister's Death.

MY DEAR LADY BETTY,

I HAD hardly stepped into the carriage to follow my Sister to Margate, whither she set off about a week ago, when a letter from my Aunt, Lady Crompton, informing me of her death last Friday, was put into my hand.

It is even so, Lady Betty!--Our dear Almeria is gone. Blooming as we saw her so lately, she is now reduced to a lump of unanimated clay.—

To eternity are closed those sparkling eyes, hushed is that voice, which commanded attention from every hearer, and that frame which Art was ransacked to adorn, has now no other covering than an humble shrowd, and, ere to-morrow's sun, will be confined in the narrow compass of a tomb.

Ah! My dear Lady Betty---for to you I can breathe my sorrows,—tell me what is life?—what all the giddy pride of youth, of birth, of opulence?—what the vain adoration of a flattering world?—

world?---Delusive pleasures, fleeting nothings, beneath the attention of a rational being!

Alas! my Dear, in what dissipation have I hitherto lived!--Such, that I dare say you will be astonished at this sudden change of sentiment, and hardly believe it is your friend who writes to you. But, thank heaven! I am at length roused from my dream; my Sister's fate has roused me, pointed out to me the ends for which I was formed, and taught me to reflect that there is no time to be lost for their accomplishment.

If in an hour, a minute, I may be as my dear *Almeria* is, it is awful to consider how unprepared I have hitherto been to make my appearance at the grand Tribunal.--Death I knew was the unavoidable portion of humanity, yet I never took the smallest precaution to arm myself against the terrors of it.

I seldom went a journey, even of a few miles, without an attentive provision of every thing necessary---and have I neglected every provision for that long, that last journey, which before I have finished this letter I may be called upon to undertake?

Reason, just kindled, shudders at the recollection of that endless train of follies, of which I have been guilty. Well might poor *Almeria* feel all their force:---vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare imagination of those ideas which her last moments must have inspired.

Whether it was the suddenness of her fate, or a letter she wrote to me not two hours before her death, which has worked this sudden change upon me, I know not; but this I know, that I can never sufficiently acknowledge the goodness of that divine power,

power, without whose assistance it could not have been effected.

I am sensible, dear Madam, that your concern for my Sister will be greatly alleviated by finding me at length a rational being. Inclosed you have my Sister's letter, from which you may judge of the sentiments with which she expired.---Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me, as she desires, to be more early in mine. Believe me, my dear Lady *Betty*,

Your Afflicted,

But affectionate Friend,

SARAH LAMBERT.

LETTER LXII.

From Lady *Susan* to Lady *Sarah Lambert*, her Sister, the Night before her Death, containing her Sentiments of this and a future World at that awful Period.

MY DEAR, THOUGHTLESS SISTER,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging fiat will be passed upon me, and my eternal happiness or misery determined. I am not even flattered with the possibility of seeing another morning---short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal Salvation!

Yet precious, my Dear, as my moments are, I cannot better employ them than in admonishing, in conjuring you to prepare betimes for that dreadful

ful hour you know you cannot escape, and are uncertain how soon it may arrive.—We have had the same education, have lived in the same manner, and, though accounted very like in our faces, I am afraid resembled each other more in our follies.

Alas ! of what waste of time have we not both been guilty ! Dress was our study, pomp and admiration our ambition, pleasure our business, and the fashion our God. How often have I, because I heard others around me do so, deny the existence of that futurity which I shall in a few hours experience, and of which I am already fully convinced !

One moment, methinks, I behold the blissful seats of Paradise unveiled,—hear millions of myriads of celestial forms tuning their golden harps to songs of praise ;—the next, a scene all black and gloomy where nothing is to be heard but sobs and groans, and heart-rending shrieks. My wandering fancy varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my doom.—On one hand, smiling angels beckon me into their presence,—on the other, the furies seem to surround me, prepared to snatch my fleeting soul.

I dare not hope, nor will the worthy Doctor *Dodd* suffer me to despair. He comforts me with the promises in holy writ, with which, to my shame be it confessed, I was totally unacquainted : but now what balm do they yield to my tormented conscience !

I must now, thou dear, last object of my earthly care, bid thee eternally adieu ! In giving you this warning, I have discharged the duty of a Sister and a Christian. All I have now to do is, to retire into myself, and devote the few minutes allowed me to that penitence which can alone entitle me to

a happy immortality.—My spirits fail me, and I have now hardly strength to say Farewel for ever!

SUSAN LAMBERT.

LETTER LXIII.

From Miss *Stanley* to Sir *Henry Rivers*, containing her sentiments on Platonic Love.

I Would have chid you most severely in my last, had I not written it in so much haste, for declaring a resolution to act in a manner you owned to be contrary to your own judgment.

How could you say, “ I know such an action will appear a mark of levity: I allow it to be inconsistent with that character which I ought to maintain, and yet I am determined to do it?

Scarce could I believe my eyes when I read these, or words to the same effect under your hand. The greatest part of the letter is couched in a style equally improper for you to write, or me to read.—Your correspondence is too valuable to me, to bear the thought of losing it without the utmost concern: but there is not a blessing on earth which I would purchase at the expence of the least wilful deviation from the strict rules of reason and religion.

Under proper restrictions, this epistolary commerce of ours is not only innocent but, on my part, laudable. I cannot, however, by any means allow so much latitude of expression, and must insist that you use no words which the most rigid would have reason

son to condemn. The word *love*, for instance must be absolutely banished. Not that I have the least objection to it, according to its just and proper signification ; on the contrary I scruple not to profess the sincerest love for *Sir Henry Rivers*. But by love I do not mean a guilty passion, a criminal desire which debases human nature ; I mean a most exalted esteem and regard founded in reason and virtue, an affection which ennobles the mind, elevates the soul, and leads it nearer to heaven.

This is the idea which that sacred name conveys to me, pure, and unmixed with any gross conception ; and which, thus understood, may as well subsist between two persons of the same as of a different sex : though I confess the latter is capable of a more refined softness. I would not admit a doubt that your sentiments on this subject are less delicate than mine, and therefore take it for granted you always meant it in this its only proper sense. But as custom has unjustly connected an idea which deserves a much worse appellation to this word, - it is become highly exceptionable, and must at all events be renounced.

Accuse me not of an affected nicety in this. I appeal to your own judgment if it is not my duty to avoid every thing in this correspondence which might give it the smallest appearance of impropriety, or give offence even to my brother, should he, at any time, by accident discover it.

I am, &c.

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

From Miss *Villars* to *Colonel Newburg*, after having artfully engaged her affections, and, in an unguarded moment, robbed her of her Innocence. Written the day following.

START not when you read my name, or suppose I write to upbraid you. Plunged as I am in guilt myself, it would ill become me to adopt the language of reproach. My sole view is, to conjure you, as you are a gentleman, to be tender of my fame, the loss of which is the only circumstance that is now wanting to compleat my misery.

I beseech you Sir, by---I had almost said your love---but I am sensible that can never influence you to do me a service; and to adjure you by that power which we have both so lately offended, is equally unsuitable to your condition and my own.

Alas! what have I left by which I may touch your heart now?---Nothing but my deep distress. By these tears then, which wet the paper whilst I write, let me implore you to take care that no act or expression of inconsideration, resentment or impatience, shall escape you which may lead to a discovery of our fatal secret; when I solemnly and most resolutely declare, as I hope for forgiveness of my crime of last night---the only crime which has hitherto stained my conscience---that I never will repeat it.

Those days which are left me must be devoted to sorrow and sincere repentance. Would to God you were disposed to dedicate yours to the same purpose, that we might hereafter meet, in a more exalted

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state, strangers to that shame and confusion, which must for ever accompany the sight of each other here!

How happy I was!---how miserable I am!---Distraction is in the thought----Health, peace, innocence, farewell!---Learn of me to sigh and weep, but disturb not my solemn sorrows---disturb not the sacred moments of a dying wretch:---and since you have blasted the happiness of my present existence, help me to escape endless misery in the next, by praying for the desolate

MATILDA VILLARS.

[The above is a real circumstance and a real letter.--Miss *Villars* did not survive the loss of her honour many months, and *Colonel Newburg* followed her to the grave the week after.--May all who read their fate shun their errors!]

L E T T E R LXV.

From Mrs. *Mildmay* to her Daughter lately Married.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I Shared too severely the anguish of your heart, on our separation, to attempt to mitigate its excess; but reason or rather the dictates of christianity convince me, we shall be blameable in indulging an immoderate sorrow. I intreat you, my *Louisa*, to be influenced by the same motive which consoles me; and if we consider calmly, we shall own that our situation

ation is in every other respect so happy, as infinitely to exceed our cause for affliction. My children have shewn in their choice, that prudence may be blended with sincere affection, and that true love is not the blind, mutable deity painted in poetry and romance; but the offspring of reason, congenial with virtue, and co-existent with eternity. Oh! my Child, with what refined tenderness did I regard your Dear Father! and with what energy did revelation soothe the affliction of my soul on his loss, by confirming my hopes of a blissful re-union! These my Dear, are extatic thoughts! they ennoble the mind, purify the heart, soften the unavoidable calamities of life, and heighten our relish of all its blessings. Rejoice, my dear Daughter, in being one cause of the sensations I feel on the prospect, that you and my soul will enjoy such felicity as I have described.

Be assiduous in securing the esteem of your husband. Love founded on external charms, and which only seeks the gratification of the senses, will soon change its object, and be pleased with novelty; but where esteem is the basis of love, even the lowest pleasures of the man are exalted, and distinguish him from the animal. Never expect that your superiority in beauty alone will fix your husband's heart. Even the mere sensualist prefers novelty to beauty. An agreeable person in a wife is as likely to preserve an husband's love, as a fine one; and your mental perfections, my Dear Child, must secure Sir *William's* esteem, if you do not render yourself less amiable in his eyes by your tears, and unavailing regrets. A wife must study to be always obliging, or her husband will seek that complacency from others, in which she fails.

Do not expect, my Dear Child, to meet with a *reciprocal* fund of tenderness from your husband. Few men are capable of it. I never knew but one. Business and diversions prevent its cultivation; and most probably it is wisely ordained by providence, that an exquisite degree of sensibility is seldom felt but by those whose duties are chiefly domestic. Sir *William* has given proofs of disinterested love; but perhaps he may not be always so attentive to the gratification of your refined tenderness as you wish. Never lay any restraint upon his visits, &c. but endeavour to behave in the manner which will be most agreeable to him. Whilst the general tenour of his actions shews the constancy of his attachment, let not a casual expression occasion you any uneasiness; for we are more frequently hurt by our own misconstructions, than any intended unkindness. Many men mistake the tender fears of diffidence for injurious suspicions, and resent them accordingly. Do not therefore indulge them, but cultivate every useful and pleasing qualification.

I need not observe to *you*, my Dear, chastity is a purity of thought, word and action; for you are purity itself. I believe it is equally unnecessary to mention to you a constant unremitting attention to neatness, and such a dress as is most conformable to your husband's inclination. Always distinguish between true delicacy and false shame. To affectation your mind is superior.

Let unreserved confidence reign between you and your husband. It will render remonstrances unnecessary; which are more frequently thought to proceed from an affected superiority, than a desire of awaking to conviction. Appearances are often so deceitful, that they may warp our judgment; suspic-

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suspicions may be injurious, and inspire disgust, but confidence banishes apprehensions.

My Dear Child, are you not too apprehensive? Do you not shew a distrust which may really abate Sir *William's* love? I will give you, my *Louisa*, a recital of my own weakness, which I hope will fortify you. Soon after I married Mr. *Mildmay* I buried my last surviving parent and relation, so that all the affection of a naturally tender heart centered in him. It is impossible for words to describe my love. He repaid it with an equal fondness; but my diffidence rendered me fearful, that when he saw other people in company lively and entertaining, he might be disgusted by my insipidity. I could not conquer a reserve which made me silent, when I knew he wished me to impart my sentiments. The apprehensions of losing any part of my husband's regard rendered me very uneasy. He perceived that I was melancholy, and tenderly insisted on knowing the cause. A fear of offending him kept me a while silent, but Mr. *Mildmay* still begging I would tell him, I, at last, bursting into tears, owned to him the disquietude of my heart. He gazed upon me some minutes without answering; then taking my hand, "My dear *Theodosia*," said he, "I thank you for this acknowledgment. My heart gives me a delightful assurance, that it is firmly attached to you and you alone; yet I do not impute your fears to any particular suspicions of me, but to your observation of the frailty of human nature in general, and to your imperfect knowledge of your own merit. Would you examine your own mind, you would find in it so many virtues, that the examination would surely enable you to subdue all apprehensions which occasion a suppression of your sentiments. I

now give you a solemn promise, that to heaven and you I will be accountable for every thought word and action; I will behave with no particular caution in your presence, as this would introduce a constraint which might have dangerous consequences. My fidelity is guarded by considerations of love and duty; yet I intreat of you, my dearest *Theodosia*, as you value my eternal happiness, that you will tell me if any part of my conduct affects your peace. Should you think any of my amusements have an improper tendency, or should my reasons fail of contributing to your intire satisfaction, conceal nothing from me. Whatever diversions I may partake in *your* absence, if mine causes you the least uneasiness, remember that nothing is, or ought to be, so desirable to me as the preservation of your happiness. If my natural disposition inclined me to a dissipated life, I should not give this advice, nor would it be prudent in you to act in this manner. The mildest innuinations, though not really injurious would then be offensive, and a woman who finds her husband to be of a gay turn, must endeavour to appear always cheerful and agreeable. Hard task to an ingenuous mind! Yet religious considerations have supported many persons in this arduous trial. Yours, my *Theodosia*, shall be an easier task. I am persuaded that your mind and person must suffer an entire change, before I be able to make any comparison to the diminution of my love and esteem."---These assurances composed me to tranquility, and I never afterwards indulged the painful propensity.

I shall be impatient for a letter from you, and hope you will give me a pleasing account of yourself.

We had an agreeable journey down.---Your brother

ther goes on with his studies to the admiration of every body, and is as happy as it is possible a human being can be.

That you may enjoy the highest temporal happiness; and be always in a state of preparation for eternity, is the constant prayer of

Your ever affectionate Mother

THEODOSIA MILDMAY.

LETTER LXVI.

From Mrs. *Mildmay* to her Son, on his arrival in the Capital.

MY DEAR SON,

YOU are now entering on a situation the more hazardous because you are insensible of its dangers, and too fruitful of intoxicating pleasures, to awaken a suspicion of impending misery,

I feel a laudable exultation of heart on the reflection that you have hitherto persevered in the practice of the duties of life. But, my Dear, remember, that you have as yet been unassailed by temptation, and never removed from the eye of a tender parent. The duties which have preserved to you an happy serenity of mind will afford perhaps to your gay companions a subject on which to display their talents for ridicule. I tremble when I consider that you may be assaulted by all the destructive arguments of sophistry, exposed to the fallacious allurements of pleasure,

pleasure, and invited to plunge into the gulph of sensuality.

Oh ! my child, do not forget in the midst of a gay, licentious world that you have obligations which no human power can ever cancel, and duties to fulfil, from which you can never be disengaged.

Mr. Thompson has undertaken the superintendance of your conduct. You know my confidence in his understanding and integrity : to him therefore I intreat that you will apply for advice in every exigence, and be guided by his prudent and friendly admonitions.

I will not too severely task your obliging and dutiful disposition, but it will give me very great satisfaction, if you are punctual in writing to me once a fortnight. *Never study for expressions. Let your letters be like your heart, frank and undisguised ; your language be unembellished with ornamental flourishes, and breathe only the pure suggestions of truth.*

Your temper is lively, yet tender ; you are naturally friendly and unsuspecting ; beware lest you be seduced to a misapplication of intended blessings. Never suffer your gaiety to betray you into licentiousness, nor the tenderness of your heart to deviate into a neglect of true honour. Vice and imprudence are no necessary attendants on youth, though so often its inseparable companions.

If you are assailed by the ridicule of your gay acquaintance for perfiling in any laudable cultum, despise their contempt, and be only fearful of incurring your own. If you would be secure from the arrows of calumny, be careful never to part with the shield of your innocence. Remember you have a tender mother though heaven has robbed you of your father, who is anxiously solicitous for your improvement

provement in goodness, and whose happiness is dependent on the conduct of her children :---remember you have a sister to whom you are infinitely dear, and that *your honour* ought to be as pure and unblemished as her *virtue*. But above all remember that there is an omniscient being to whom you will be accountable for every deviation, whose displeasure consigns you to the everlasting punishments of guilt, or whose approbation crowns you with the eternal rewards of obedience.

In your choice of friends, do not prefer the title to the man. “ Virtue alone is true nobility.” Nor be deceived by the splendour of riches to overlook the claim of unassuming merit. If you commence an acquaintance with a person of superior rank, never aspire to vie with him in expence, nor suffer complaisance to degenerate into vice or folly. That friendship alone which flows from the source of virtue supplies an uninterrupted, an inexhaustible stream of delight. You have an allowance which is thought sufficient for your situation and disposition, and with which you appeared to be satisfied. Permit no artificial desires to deprive you of the power in which you always delighted, that of relieving distress.

If, my son, you are betrayed into any action you condemn, endeavour to atone for the fault rather than to palliate or disguise it. The regard I wish you should always feel for me is incompatible with dissimulation. I am no judge whose severity would awe you into silence, but a friend and a parent, in whom you repose an unreserved confidence.

I hope you will pursue the manner of reading which I have always recommended. Never forget what

what I have often repeated to you, 'That slow reading is the quickest way to knowledge.' A frequent perusal of a few well-chosen books, will tend more to the improvement of your understanding than a multifarious reading of all the superficial writers who have attempted to acquire literary fame.

I am not apprehensive that you will think my advice arises from any other motive than a desire of promoting your present and future happiness. Be assured, my dear Son, no heart can glow with more maternal fondness than that of

Your ever affectionate Mother,

And faithful Friend,

THEODOSIA MILDMAV.

LETTER LXVII.

From the *Same* to Mrs. Montague on the young Gentleman's Death. Written three Years after the above.

DEAR MADAM,

IT is now several months since I lost my only Son, the only Son I ever had: just ripened into manhood, of most fair and promising expectation; the pride of his Mother's heart; the comfort of her advancing years.

I find my sorrow undiminished by time; I cannot dissipate to drive it away; I would tell you my affliction, for you I think would pity me.

Scarce had this amiable youth arrived at the age of twenty-one without a vice, without a stain, without an instance of disobedience; when,

when, in all the vigour of health, which constitution and temperance could bestow; when, with every prospect before him of honourable success that merit and friends could ensure, he was seized, in an instant as it were, with a violent spitting of blood; which frequently returning, in a few weeks deprived him of life and me of comfort.

I attended him in his sickness; amused, as I could, his melancholy hours: saw him gradually wasting before my eyes; supported his enfeebled limbs; and turned him in his bed when he was unable to turn himself. He was pleased with my attendance; and I was fully determined, whatever might be the consequence, that he should not want that pleasure, whilst I was capable of giving it him. It was almost a miracle that I persevered; but I did persevere to the end; 'till, seeing my sad distress, he pronounced these last words from his mouth: "Mother, you may now retire; I have no farther need of your kindness."—I immediately retired in silence (how I know not) not able to return an answer; saw his face no more; for the fatal news soon after came to my ears that he had breathed his last.

The morning of the day his eyes were closed, sensible of his approaching dissolution, he called for my hand twice; and, after some endearing expressions, with a look of meaning I never shall forget, uttered these words: "The mountain in labour."—The expression never came to my mind before with such powerful accent. It conveyed to me, as I then thought, a most useful lesson, and seemed to address me in the following language:

"What pains, my dear Mother, have you taken to accomplish me as a gentleman and a scholar! You have spared no cost in my education; and I have

have perhaps more than answered your expectations. How anxious have I often seen you for such a progress in my studies as might give me some distinction in the world! and how anxious I to keep pace with your warmest wishes, and not to disappoint those hopes of me which you had too flatteringly conceived. But, alas! it was all to no purpose. Your views and my endeavours have both been alike fruitless. You will have no more to do with concerns of this trifling nature; trifling I mean in comparison; and I am on the point of reaching that world of spirits where such traffic will pass for nothing. It will soon be the same with me whether I had been born a beggar or a gentleman; whether I had been bred a scholar or the meanest mechanic. Had you neglected to form my mind to virtue, I should now have reason to curse you instead of blessing you, as I shall with my latest breath. Had you kept me in ignorance of every thing but God and my duty, I should now have no cause of complaint. I see the true value of life. You will see it shortly in your turn."——

This and more he said in the compass of four words, which spoke volumes to me, which made an impression upon me that must be lasting.---But I forget myself. It is high time to ask pardon, which, as you know what it is to be a mother, I dare say you will easily grant.

Methinks I am somewhat easier than when I sat down to write. I have by this testimony of my Son's virtues paid a kind of tribute to his memory, and my heart tells me it was but justice. With sincerity

I am, &c.

THEODOSIA MILDMAV.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

From Mrs. *Bennet*, on the Death of her Husband,
to Mrs. *Ellison*. A Picture of Distress.

DEAR MADAM,

AS I have no friend on earth but yourself, I hope you will pardon my writing to you at this season; though I do not know that you can relieve my distresses, or if you can, have I any pretence to expect that you should. My poor Dear, O heavens!—my Husband lies dead before me, and after I had procured sufficient to bury him, a set of ruffians have entered my house, seized all I have, have seized his dear, dear Corpse, and threaten to deny it burial. For heaven's sake, send me at least some advice; little *Tommy* stands now by me crying for bread, which I have not to give him.—I can say no more than that I am

Your most Distressed,

Humble Servant,

M. BENNET.

LETTER LXIX.

From *Maria Beaumont*, a young Woman in Service,
To Capt.—, after having repeatedly attempted
her Honour.

SIR,

BECAUSE I am only a servant in the house where you are a *temporary* lodger, you seem to imagine

gine it would be no disparagement to me to be your *temporary* mistress.---Your palpable intimations to that purpose having failed, you have proceeded to some degree of force, and still protest you will be gratified.---Now, Sir, I would beg leave to remonstrate to you, that this behaviour is as unhospitable to my master as indignant to me. Doubtless my master had (as you would expect, were you in his place) something of a character with me, as a woman of prudence and virtue: yet you think a very strumpet (for such I must be to comply with you) good enough for Mr. -----'s Housekeeper; and would make no conscience of converting his house into a brothel. How has he behaved to deserve such indignity at your hands?

Suppose, Sir, any man (gentle or common) were to use a Sister or Relation of yours as you have done me, I doubt not but you would be very liberal in your execrations against him; if so, pray apply the same to yourself.---Indeed you need not fear exaggerations.---If any female relation of yours should be violated, she would still have some consolation in rank, fortune, &c. but where should I look for comfort afterwards? Or, my peace and character once despiled, what consolation could remain? they are all my possessions; how tenacious ought I to be of them!

Perhaps you may presume the more upon me, as I have no Brother, no Relation, of your own rank, to call you to account with the point of his sword for such an injury. Alas! what a cowardly, rascally, turn of mind is that, to prey upon the defenceless! The man who wears a sword should rather be the protector of the meanest of our sex against lawless ruffians, than become one himself.

Pray,

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Pray, Sir, what must be the consequence to myself, of the connections you urge me to? Either open prostitution to others, or a life of hypocrisy and useless celibacy, and thence a total resignation of all thoughts of matrimony for ever. --- For, do you imagine, can you be the wretch to imagine, I could go to the altar with an honest man after being your harlot? --- Confusion to the vile thought! --- And may you be wedded to foul pollution and dishonour, if you but remotely surmise such a circumstance for another man.

I will no longer expostulate. --- Only I conjure you to desist from your attempts---for a further repetition of them, may produce some desperate resentment from

MARIA BEAUMONT.

LETTER LXX.

From Miss *Digby* to Miss *Calvert* on Diffidence in Love.

DEAR EMILY,

NOTHING could give me a more favourable opinion of Mr. *Harrison's* addresses to you than that *awkward silence*, that *ungentle bashfulness*, as you are pleased to term them, whenever you meet.— Diffidence in a lover, my Dear, is not to be ridiculed. I have long considered it as a proof of sincerity in both sexes, and am convinced that, when unaffected, it really is so.

I never yet saw a dangler, who had not a round of passionate speeches at the tip of his tongue, which,

meaning nothing, he was never at a loss to utter with volubility. By this volubility alone, I have known many girls seduced, and totally ruined. You, dear *Emily*, I am persuaded are more upon your guard. The lover, believe me, deserving of the smallest notice, is he who knows not how to express his feelings; who is full of doubts, fears, and perplexities; and who, when he speaks, speaks with diffidence and hesitation. The dangler, on the contrary, is ever bold, insolent, and self-satisfied; and addresses every woman, who is imprudent enough to listen to him, with the same assured air, unconstrained familiarity, and unvaried adulation. Such a one is well enough for a partner, a night or two, at one of Mrs. *Cornelius's* balls, but the other is the partner for life. Think of this, my dear, and believe me your

Affectionate Cousin,

CLARA DIGBY.

LETTER LXXI.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, on the Government of the Passions.

YOUR sermonising friend, as you, my Dear, think proper to call me, has again taken up the pen, to remind you of the important lesson of life, the Government of the Passions. The necessity of this all acknowledge, yet few attend to, though they are well assured that the neglect of it must one day, on a review of their past life, be productive of unutterable distress.

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The last, inevitable hour, my Dear, however unperceived, makes incessant advances; and what, at that awful period, will be able to afford us the least satisfaction?—The thoughtless failings of youth, and the more premeditated offences of ripened years, will then stare us in the face, and the best of our worldly employments appear but as specious sins, the mere blandishments of sense. We shall despise the splendour of a dying chamber; and the concern of our friends will rather retard than further a repentance.

“But is there is no path,” you cry, “allotted for the sportive days of blooming youth, that will enable us to bear with fortitude every evil to which we may be exposed in our journey through life, that will support us with composure under the separating stroke, and fit us for an acquittal at the grand Tribunal hereafter?”—There is, my Dear.—Follow the dictates of reason and religion, which forcibly command us to keep our passions in subjection, and to practise, without ostentation, the great duties of piety, benevolence and justice. Let us perform these, and we shall soon experience a serenity of mind which no earthly pleasure can ever give; a serenity unalloyed by remorse, which will qualify us to bear every affliction with a cheerful resignation, and prove an “unerring road to everlasting happiness.” Adieu! my dear *Emily*, and believe me with most

Affectionate Regard, &c.

CLARA DIGBY.

LETTER LXXII.

From Miss Barrow, a young Lady averse to Marriage, to Mr. Dennis, on a Suspicion of the sincerity of his Passion. An exemplary Instance of Humility and Benevolence.

SIR,

WHILST I confess myself to be desirous of securing your esteem, I entirely disclaim all designs upon your heart; nor can you more effectually forfeit that esteem with which your character has inspired me, than by persisting to importune me with professions of a love which I am confident you do not, cannot, feel.

I am no stranger, Sir, to the defects of my Person, nor do I blush to own them. It was the will of heaven to inflict them, and undoubtedly for wife purposes. When I consider this circumstance, I cannot by any means think myself the object of those warm expressions you lavish upon me; but when I consider the sentiments of my mind, I hope I do not flatter myself in believing that I am somewhat worthy of your friendship.

When to this motive of refusal I mention the additional one of a bad state of health, I shall have a still less favourable opinion of your honour, if you continue to persecute me with your solicitations.

Be assured, my resolutions against marriage are unalterable; but would you satisfy the predominant desire of my soul, make trial of my friendship; tell me if, in any respect, I can contribute to your happiness, or to that of any other deserving object. I expect

pect, Sir, you will be perfectly unfeſerved. Love was not the motive of your address; then tell me from what other source those ardent professions flowed. You owe to your own character a justification of your conduct; in effecting which you will give the greatest pleasure to

Your Sincere Friend,

AMELIA BARROW.

LETTER LXXIII.

From Mrs. Falmouth, an Officer's Wife, to *Henry Goodwin, Esq*; her Brother, after an absence of several Years.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

WITH what joy I read the news of your safe arrival, and the eagerness you express to see me, you, I know, can feel, but I can never express.

Your little name-fake should attend me, as you desire, were I not capable of giving your family trouble enough without him. The rogue teases me to death to take him to see his dear Uncle, and I am forced to contrive I know not how many excuses to appease him. His Father too will not hear of it. He tells me he has a hundred reasons against it, ninety-nine of which I am as yet to guess; and the other I find is, that he is sure your affection for the Child will induce you, if any thing can, to come and spend a few weeks with us this summer. I smiled, and told him he might keep all the rest of his reasons to himself.

And

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And now, my dear Brother, as it is several years since we met, and as women seldom alter for the better, when on the wrong side of thirty, which perhaps may be in some measure owing to *half-pay*, I desire you will not exclaim, "Dear Sister, how you are changed!—I protest I should not have known you!—why, Child, the wrinkles already appear on your forehead!"—

I only banter, my Dear. I believe you will hardly see the least alteration upon me, at least to the disadvantage; and if you did, you are too polite a Gentleman to tell any Lady——even a Sister——that she is older now than she was nine years ago.

But I tire you with my prattle.—My Dear *Harry*, adieu!—I set out to-morrow, and on Wednesday I hope to be happy—happy in again embracing my long-lost Brother.

The Captain refuses to inclose his compliments to you. He says it is more respectful to send them by a private messenger, and I am the messenger he has appointed for that purpose.

'Till Wednesday then, dear Brother; once more adieu! and believe me in the mean while with the most heart-felt affection,

Your's, &c.

SOPHIA FALMOUTH.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

From Miss Courtney to Miss Southern, humorously exposing the injudicious Fondness of Parents to their Children:

MY DEAR HARRIET,

WE have often laughed together, in our dear tête à têtes in the country, at the absurd behaviour of many of our acquaintance to their Children, and vowed that when it was our fate to be Mothers we would act in another manner.

I have been witness to a strange scene of this sort. You must know, my Dear, I had an invitation to drink Tea, and spend the evening last night with Mrs. *Fondle*. You have often told me of Mrs. *Fondle*, and I little imagined that your description of her was less lively than the reality. When I entered, I found her two pretty little boys, the eldest not above six, the youngest hardly three years old, extremely busy in torturing an unhappy kitten, which, I understood was reared with no other view than to gratify their infantine cruelty. One of them was diverting himself with drawing a string very tight about its neck, and the other every now and then got its ear into its mouth, and bit it 'till the poor animal gave a loud squall with which I saw they were both uncommonly delighted. Mrs. *Fondle* sat by all the time looking, with an eye of the most inconceivable satisfaction, sometimes at them, sometimes at me, and now and then remarking with a smile, that "she loved to see boy's unlucky, as it was a sure sign of spirit and understanding."

In

In this manner was our time spent 'till Mr. *Fondle* came in, and supper was served. I was now in hopes that the young gentlemen would be sent to bed, or at least taken out of the room; but my hopes were vain. Mr. *Fondle*, I found, was as ridiculously fond of the Children as his Wife, at least was too little master at home to interfere in such matters. Having placed them on two high chairs at the table, he desired the eldest to say a long grace; which he repeated four different times, having always been guilty of some omission, so that it was almost half an hour before we could fall to.

Well, this mockery being at last over, Mrs. *Fondle* cut up a duck, put a leg upon each Child's plate, and helped each very plentifully to gravy and pease; apologising, however, for serving them first, by telling us they would set up an instant roar if they saw any body with a bit before themselves. Unfortunately it was my lot to sit next the youngest, whose head I had once or twice stroked, and who on that account I was assured by his Mama honoured me with no small share of his favour. The good Lady was perfectly right, for master *Jockey* was continually distinguishing me by some mark or other of his regard. Sometimes, he poured his gravy into my plate; at others he raze away with half my peas, pawed my Duck with a remarkable degree of archness, and then wiped his fingers on my apron; his mother only putting on a constrained frown, and telling him he should be sent from table if he continued plaguing the Lady in that manner. At last, to crown all, by one unlucky move, he overset his plate, now newly supplied with a large quantity of gravy and butter, and

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the contents falling on a new favourite gown it was so miserably greased that I shall never be able to put it on again.

This accident was highly lamented by Mr. and Mrs. *Fondle*, and the maid called in good earnest to remove *Jackey* from the table; but he set up such a yell as the girl was carrying him off, that his mother ordered him to be brought back, and declared it would break her little lamb's heart to be sent away from the company. *Jackey* was therefore placed in his chair again, but indeed at the other side of the table; and I had now nobody but master *Dicky* to dread, who had hitherto applied himself so closely to his supper, that his mama said he behaved like a man, and should have money to buy cherries next morning.

I now began to think myself pretty safe, and endeavoured to be very chearful, in order to abate Mrs. *Fondle*'s anxiety, who alternately kissed her son *Jackey*, and expressed the deepest concern imaginable for my gown; when, as if my evil stars had determined to mortify me, somebody asked me what it was o'clock. On looking at my watch *Dicky* was greatly pleased with it, and desired me to let him look at it. It would have been cruel to deny the sweet little fellow's request, especially as Mrs. *Fondle* assured me the Child would take very great care of it. I therefore complied, but unfortunately he took it into his head to try if the glass would bear a knock, as he called it; and struck it with such force against the corner of the table as broke both the chrystal and the dial plate, and did so much damage upon the whole as Mr. *Cummings* assures me will require above a guinca to make good.

The

The Father was now out of patience, and actually damned the Child for his *unluckiness*; upon which the Mother burst into tears, and said she would rather pay for a hundred watches than have her little fellow cursed at in such a cruel manner. She told her Husband he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought; and concluded with saying, she knew the Lady—meaning your humble Servant—so well that she was sure she did not mind such a trifle, or put it in competition with the satisfaction of her pretty Lamb, that she did not. I was of course obliged to take Mrs. *Fondle's* side of the question; but some altercation arising between her and her Husband, who swore she spoiled the Children, the company, which consisted of other two Ladies and myself, found it necessary to withdraw; with what sentiments I leave you, my Dear, to judge.

Heaven defend me, and all I wish well to, from such another visit, prays, my *Harriet*,

Your affectionate Friend,

And faithful Correspondent,

LETITIA COURTNEY.

LETTER LXXV.

From Mrs. *Rutland* to Miss *Nevil*, her Niece, a young Lady about to marry. A humorous Letter of Advice.

WELL then, my dear, sweet *Clarissa*, since you will have it so, I will tell you what I think will

will be your fate with our friend Mr. *Lampard*, as you are resolved upon marrying him:—you love him, and, in truth he will deserve your love; so that, 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 time has riveted some peculiarities, you will take more pleasure in conforming to them, than some, I hope not many, women would in opposing 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, my Dear, is too much roasted,” you will not answer it is done to a turn; should he condemn the sauce of that fricassee, you will not insist it is the same he admired but 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 settling his annual accounts, you will not persuade your Physician or your Midwife to send you to *Bath* in the winter, or to *Margate* in the summer, by which you will again run out the next year. When you travel with him, you will not stuff and load 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 waiting as if you were 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 changed his state, he was also to change 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 economy for all our necessaries, 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 Mrs. Lampard's; no man lives so happy as Mr. Lampard; and though he enjoys all the luxuries of life he cannot spend his income. No party of pleasure is agreeable to him, of which his Clarissa is not one. You will find in every thing he eats, every thing he drinks, every thing he does, thinks, or says, Clarissa gives the relish. If he is pleased, it is chiefly that Clarissa is the cause. You will find him industrious to be happy at every thing, because he sees his Clarissa is industrious to make every thing agreeable to him: and I will add, my dear Niece, you can never quarrel, though 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

you will not have one moment to spare for contending about any thing else.

I am, my Dear, &c.

EUPHEMIA RUTLAND.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Miss Henley to the Hon. Mrs. Godfrey, containing her History, and requesting her Advice in a critical Situation.

PERMIT me, Dear Madam, to implore your advice in a matter on which my future happiness absolutely depends---My little story is as follows. I will not study for the ornamental diction of romance---Truth needs no ornament.

I am the only Child and Heir, Madam---as I believe you already know---of parents, who, if not affluent, are able to support a genteel rank in life. I am besides entitled, when of age, to a legacy from an Uncle more than sufficient to render me independent.

On these accounts my Father and Mother, now in the decline of life, are anxious to see me speedily settled in the world, lest, after their decease, some man more ambitious than honourable should attempt to gain my affections. To marriage I have no objection, but to the man whom my Father has desired me to consider as a Husband, I have many; not so much on account of the Gentleman's figure, as from a thorough conviction that he is incapable of

making me happy. Yet, were there no other obstruction, I would not hesitate to sacrifice my own happiness to that of a father whose unbounded fondness for me from my earliest years, has gained my warmest love, and merited my implicit obedience. In obeying him, however, I should involve in misery a mother equally tender, equally benevolent.

It is now, Madam, almost a year since I chanced to be in company with a Gentleman, not much older than myself, whose solid understanding, and easy behaviour, not to mention the graces of a handsome figure, took immediate possession of my heart. I determined, however, to expel from my bosom a passion so suddenly conceived, and, of course, so improper to encourage. I soon thought of him with indifference, and 'ere now perhaps, might have entirely forgotten him, had not chance again brought us together, when he was the means of saving my life at a fire, when I had no prospect but of perishing in the flames.

Romantic, Madam, as this circumstance may appear, it is literally true. I need not enlarge on the effect it had upon me. We now seemed equally enamoured of each other; though I should, 'till now, perhaps, have concealed my passion, had I not received the sanction of my Mother to permit his addresses, and even her promise to become his advocate.

This sanction, joined to the feelings of a heart warmed with love and gratitude, soon induced me to give the promise of my hand to Mr. Pritchard-- a promise which he declared, and I still believe, was essential to his happiness. To obtain my Father's consent was my Mother's task; and we had the mortification to hear his resolution was, never to consent to my union with a youth not only destitute of fortune,

fortune, but the son of a man who had formerly sought his life. This was an affair, he added, which he had never hitherto disclosed, nor would have then, but to prevent any further importunity upon so disagreeable a subject. My Mother reminded him of the son's noble behaviour in saving my life, a circumstance which she thought sufficient to atone for the crime of a deceased father, and to obviate every objection. But it was in vain to urge him upon this point, and he concluded with saying, that no solicitations should ever prevail with him to alter his resolution.

Soon after this, my Father took an opportunity to ask me my sentiments with regard to Mr. Pritchard, and if my mother had told me his. I answered him very frankly, that though without Mr. Pritchard I should never be happy, yet since I found him so averse to that connection, I would endeavour to forget that such a man existed. He thanked me for my dutiful affection; and telling me that he had received a letter from Mr. Evelyn—the Gentleman I have already told you of--requesting him to fulfil his promise of giving him me in marriage, begged to have my answer. I told him, that I thought Mr. Evelyn in every respect badly qualified to make any woman happy, much less one of my age. He smiled at this, as a trivial argument when balanced with his promise, and Mr. Evelyn's large possessions; and imputing it to my passion for Mr. Pritchard, insisted on my sacrificing my lover to his happiness, which he still declares depends on my marrying Mr. Evelyn. My Mother, on the other hand, who has a particular esteem for Mr. Pritchard, says she shall be for ever miserable, if I am united to another.

"Now, Madam, as I must necessarily either wed Mr. Evelyn soon, or incur my Father's displeasure, your advice must determine me whether I ought to sacrifice my own and my Mother's felicity to that of my Father, or his to both; and whether the fifth commandment enjoins me to obey my Father in preference to my Mother. The loss of my Father's estate is, to me, beneath a thought; but I will submit to the dictates of my duty. I beg pardon, dear Madam, for this long letter, a speedy answer to which will confer a real obligation on

Your affectionate Friend,

OLIVIA HENLEY.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the Honourable Mrs. Godfrey to Miss Henley,
in answer.

DEAR MADAM,

I READ your story with particular attention, and must confess your situation is uncommonly delicate. Though badly qualified to give you advice, I freely send you my thoughts, vague and unconnected as they are, and shall be happy to hear they are in any respect satisfactory.

The ties, my Dear, between Parent and Child, are certainly the strongest in nature: as the benefits we receive are of the most extensive kind, so the gratitude

gratitude we feel ought to be proportionable. Fortune, honours, life itself, are sacrifices due to the connections of friendship alone: this duty is yet more extensive; the intercourse of Parent and Child strengthens the bonds of friendship with those of nature. But the exercise of this as well as every other virtue, is dependent upon circumstance; by this it is confirmed or circumscribed as chance directs.

Should I see the author of my existence fainting beneath the violence of the assassin, or in any other bodily danger, I ought undoubtedly to hazard that life in his defence of which he himself is the source. Should he, on the other hand, say to me, "Plunge this dagger in thy heart, that I may take pleasure in thy torments, and divert myself with thy agonies," he would, in the eye of reason, by such request, forfeit all claim to obedience.

In this light I look upon that Father who, to gratify his vanity, avarice, or ambition, would tamely sacrifice the happiness of his Child. But as sometimes a preposterous and blind fondness produces the same effect as a deliberate cruelty, how are we to act? -- Are we to take the poisonous potion which mistaken tenderness would persuade us is the medicine of health, or wait till time or accident shall discover the fatal tendency of the drug? -- But these reflections you will think too general, I shall therefore bring the question to a point.

If your Father, solicitous for your welfare, unhappily mistakes the means, will he in the end rejoice, that, blindly obedient to his authority, you have devoted yourself to misery? -- If, attached to his own interest alone, he disregards yours, can he deserve obedience? -- Is it a duty that, to gratify the momentary

mentary caprice of a Parent, in what is, by no means essential to his happiness (since increase of fortune, where there is already a sufficiency, cannot be looked upon as such) a Child should give up her own? They must be sordid wretches indeed, lost to every thing noble and virtuous, who will maintain a doctrine like this.—I am not one of those who can look upon marriage as a state of indifference; it may be so sometimes, but in general the die is cast for happiness or misery. As nothing so effectually determines the colour of our future life as marriage; so nothing is in itself so entirely dependent upon caprice. Were love the certain attendant upon merit, it might be some pretence for paternal authority to direct in the choice of a Husband; but when neither reason nor virtue can conquer a pre-conceived aversion, it seems a sufficient excuse for the want of acquiescence in a Child. No wisdom, no precaution, can possibly give a Father an excuse for compulsion. He may have chosen a man of virtue, a man of sense, a man of an amiable disposition; yet if his Daughter from prejudice, or from any other motive, is dissatisfied, he forces her to be miserable in forcing her to marry him: for as the beauties of nature are lost, when involved in the obscurity of night, so are the most engaging qualities often viewed through the medium of hatred and disgust.

After all, I know not whether Parents are in general the best discerners of real merit. They are often willing to keep up the tyranny which themselves experienced in their younger years, and often, ignorant of the joys of mutual love, are so far blinded as to doubt of its existence. Age is in itself sordid: it is the decay of the social, the exertion of the selfish principles; from thence it easily transfers to others that

that passion to which itself is most subject: this passion is often the love of money; no wonder then if this be looked upon as the chief ingredient of conjugal happiness.

To conclude, my Dear, though no daughter should dispose of herself without the consent of her parents, yet that her own should be consulted, is one of the first rights both of nature and reason. In your case, act as you will, you must be disobedient. There is no reason why you should not pay the same respect to the dictates of your Mother as to those of your Father. I would therefore advise you, if your heart is really engaged to a man of merit, to decline your Father's proposals in the most submissive terms, nay to suffer every extremity rather than acquiesce. If he recovers the use of his reason he will commend you; if not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have acted right, in not giving your hand where you could not give your heart. As to your union with Mr. Pritchard, I would advise you to defer it till your Father's authority may sanctify inclination, or his death, if it should please God to call him hence; shall remove the obstacle to your wishes. In expectation of hearing from you soon,

I remain, &c.

CAROLINE GODFREY.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Mrs. *Glover* to Miss *Harlow*, on the Dangers, that attend inexperienced Innocence in *London*, with the fatal Story of *Maria*.

MY DEAR HARRIET.

I CANNOT hear of your approaching view of settling in *London*, that mass of corruption, without trembling for your fate, and guarding you against the dangers which will unavoidably attend your inexperienced innocence; and I am convinced, I cannot more forcibly instruct you than by giving you a few anecdotes of a deserving young woman of my acquaintance, which happened not many months ago.

Like you, *Harriet*, Miss *Maria Davis* was young, handsome; and innocent, like you, had lost her Father; and, like you, found herself under the necessity of applying for a genteel service in the capital.—A striking similarity, my Dear!—then mark what follows.

After taking leave of all her friends, *Maria* at length set off in the machine. The passengers were, an elderly lady, a little master her son, and three gentlemen. For the first two hours not a word passed. What the thoughts were of the rest of the company is as uncertain as it is immaterial. Those of *Maria*, however, were totally engrossed by the fancied scenes of happiness she was so soon to enjoy in *London*.

On

POLITE SECRETARY.

On pretence of her dear boy's indisposition, the alarmed mother now begged the coachman to set her down at the first town they reached. Accordingly they no sooner reached the end of the stage, than master was put to bed, and *Maria* after breakfast, found herself in a coach with three flashy sparks, without a female to look at, or speak to, and with a journey of above two hundred miles before her.

Common civility, and the ceremony of paying her expences upon the road, were the only circumstances which appeared the first day. At night, indeed, after they had alighted, the youngest of the gentlemen appeared rather thoughtful; and a sigh, audible enough to be heard, every now and then escaped him, when his eyes met those of *Maria*.— When supper was served, he seated himself by her side, and took every silent method in his power to make her think he loved her. Such was his behaviour that night, and all next day. On the third day, which was to bring them to an end of their journey, he no longer concealed his pretended passion. After dinner he took her aside into the garden, and solemnly appealed to heaven that from the moment he had first beheld her, he loved her with a passion as disinterested as unbounded, and that the thought of parting with her without knowing where he might pay his respects to her in *London*, was death.

Maria, as she ought, told him, that her situation in life was such, that she could not by any means permit the visits of a gentleman of his appearance; that, at any rate, it was impossible to grant his request, as her business in town was merely to get a service,

service, and she knew not where she might be fixed.

"A service!" returned the youth, with emotion—“No, Madam, give me leave to say, it shall be your own fault if that should ever be the case, while I have an estate to maintain, or hands to work for you.—I am, when of age, Madam, entitled to an estate of three hundred a year, and to another of double that amount on the death of an Uncle.—But the coachman calls—for heaven's sake, my dearest life, do not leave me without telling me when and where we may meet again.”—

Maria knew not what to say, and was happily relieved by the appearance of the landlady, who told them that the machine was that minute setting off.

On their arrival in *London*, *Maria* was received at the inn by her aunt, who conducted her to her house for that night. A coach was called, and whilst she was getting into it, she observed Mr. *Warboys*—so it seems her lover was called—whisper the coachman, whilst he examined somewhat upon the door. She knew not what this meant, but was surprised next day when she was told that a gentleman begged to speak with her in the parlour. She never expected to see Mr. *Warboys* more, but she was deceived. It was Mr. *Warboys* himself.

This interview was a prelude to many more, 'till at length *Maria* consented to become his wife. How to get the ceremony performed was the difficult point. To divulge his marriage to his Uncle was the certain ruin of all his hopes, and to live longer without his *Maria* was intolerable.—

A trip

A trip to *Scotland* was eagerly proposed, and, I am sorry to say it, almost as eagerly accepted.

Thus are our lovers again become fellow-travellers. Nothing material passed till they reached *Alnwick*, a little town a few miles on this side the *Tweed*.

Mr. *Warboys*, though young in years, was not young in artifice.

"We are now," cried the dissembling scoundrel, "we are now, my dear, in *Scotland*--No longer "let us delay our happiness."--

A pretended parson was in a few minutes introduced, who pronounced a ceremony of marriage, ---pronounced the ruin of *Maria*.

On their return to *London*, he placed her in genteel lodgings and behaved to her, for some months, with unabated tenderness.--At length she became with child, and his visits daily decreased. She saw the alteration in Mr. *Warboys*'s behaviour, was uneasy at it, but never dreamt the cause.

"I have a Mother," said she to him, one day, "the only relation I have in the world beside my "Aunt, whom you have seen.--Will my dear Mr. "Warboys give me leave to acquaint *her* of my hap- "piness? She is old, and I dare say distracted about "my absence:--to tell *her* can be of no bad conse- "quence."--

"You may tell her," replied he, sullenly, "if "you think proper, but remember, what I have "already told you, the moment you divulge our "marriage to a soul on earth, that moment shall "be the last of your happiness."--He had no sooner said this than he rose, and took his hat.

He came not back for a week after, and when he came, told her, without sitting down, that he was

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going into the country and should not return for a month, perhaps longer."---There's a ten pound "bank note," cried he---"with proper management that may supply your wants."---

And he left the room without so much as looking at her.

"What can this mean?" thought *Maria*, with streaming eyes, and a heart ready to burst!---"What can this mean!---I am not surely betrayed!" "betrayed!---it is impossible."---

Mr. *Warboys* was not an hour gone, when the landlady appeared to tell her, that her husband, as she called him, had just paid her for the lodgings, and that she must provide herself elsewhere, as he had told her he should be accountable for them no longer.

Maria instantly fainted in the arms of the unfeeling wretch, who had told her the news---a wretch whom she had loaded with favours, and who now would hardly give her the least assistance. ---The alarm occasioned a miscarriage, and that, a fever; on her recovery from which she found herself without a shilling. She made proper enquiries about her marriage, and soon learnt the base artifice which had been employed against her at *Alnwick*.

She flew to the villain who had undone her, and he was already in another kingdom---she flew to her Aunt, and her Aunt told her, her house was no shelter for Strumpets---she flew to her aged Mother, and her Mother had been in her grave a week, after exclaiming with her last breath, that her Daughter's apostasy had killed her.

Imagine, oh! Harriet, the feelings, the distress, of this unhappy girl since---imagine them, my Dear, if you can, for my pen is unable to write them.---

Virtuous

Virtuous as I am convinced she still is in her heart, the world will not allow her the smallest pretensions to virtue, the smallest relief from her misery.... Such was the consequence of one unguarded, unadvised step.... That you, my Dear, will endeavour to deserve a better fate, I do not doubt, and shall be happy to hear. Believe me

Your affectionate Friend,
CHARLOTTE GLOVER.

LETTER LXXIX.

From Mrs. Talbot to Lady Sarah Sedley; containing an Account of her Affair with Mr. Richards. A necessary Caution against Fortune-hunters.

MADAM,

I HAD almost forgot the promise you made me give you to favour you with the particulars of my connection with Mr. Richards; and it is with pleasure that I have now taken up the pen for that purpose.

Mr. Richards, Madam, was a young Gentleman, handsome in his figure, and polite in his manners. He had not been many weeks settled in our neighbourhood, when he was introduced to my Father, who soon grew immoderately fond of him, and seemed to be always unhappy when he was not at our house. You may imagine that I, being the only young lady in the family, was treated by him with great attention. I received his civilities with a freedom which was natural to me, and my Father and Mother's

fondness for him laid me under no restraints; nay, they often expressed their wishes to me that he might continue his assiduities. I freely own to you that so engaging a young man, and perhaps the first too, with whom I had any degree of intimacy; his particular attention to me, and my Parents good opinion of him, engaged my approbation also, and made some impression on my heart. I was therefore very desirous to know more about him, and learn his character; but he being quite a stranger in the country, such an inquiry was impossible, which made me very uneasy.

He had a very good name all about us, and was generous and good-natured; two qualities which, you know, Madam, suit with my taste. He continued this intimacy near half a year, and daily encreased his particularities to me, which I endeavoured to hide; he grew daily more agreeable to me; but being determined to give no encouragement without just grounds, I continued my usual behaviour to him. On a sudden he grew less lively, and more thoughtful than common, though his visits were more frequent. I avoided all possibility of any private conversation with him, as I wished him to apply to my Parents in case he designed to propose to me: but my precautions were vain, for one day as I was walking in the park, he suddenly joined me, when I thought he had been hunting with my Father; which I observing to him, he answered, "that he could do nothing till he knew whether I would condescend to make him happy." So abrupt a declaration surprised me, and I made little return, but, that I did not understand him. He said I was too cold for encouragement, and too engaging to be left; on which

which I answered, That if he had any thing to say that required a serious answer, I begged he would apply to my Father, as I never would give one till I knew his mind. He started back and said he *could not* do that. This surprized me: but thinking he meant from bashfulness; and I own too, my wishes for his proceeding made me add, that if my Parents approved, I would make no objection.

This, I suppose, shewing him the favourable opinion I had of him, a mixture of hope and fear seemed to seize him, and he said with some eagerness, But cannot you consent without them, and we may have theirs afterwards? He then run on in the usual love-style; and ended with saying, he would order every thing with the greatest secresty, and a chaise should be ready that night. I was so struck with these last words, that I had not power to answer him; but parted from him abruptly, and went into the room to which I had brought him, on purpose to put an end to the conversation. As soon as I came in, I went to my chamber, you may imagine, not a little discomposed at what had passed; it gave me a very different idea of him, and yet I could not forget I loved him. I debated a long time whether to tell my Parents, but an unwillingness to give them uneasiness, which it must have done, to have encouraged one undeferving their good opinion, made me resolve on silence; for which reason, I was resolved not to appear any way different to him before them. I determined, however, to have no more conversation with him, if possible; and that evening left him alone with my Mother, whose good-nature, and being quite void of all form, and very fond

fond of him, I thought might induce him to open his heart to her.

When I was retired by myself, I began to revolve every thing in my own mind, and what I should do if he again pressed me to his first design. I rejected it much in my own mind, but it hung on me, his saying, he could not speak to my Father. If it should proceed from private reasons (which was what I feared) then, said I to myself, it is all over, and he can never be mine. This thought agitated me much, and I found he had made a deeper impression on my heart than I myself knew of: and shall I then refuse my own happiness? At length I determined that if he pressed it to me again, and refused to speak to my Parents, I would consent.

From the moment I took this resolution, I really believe I was the most miserable being upon earth. I could neither eat nor speak; every body I saw I thought would discover it in my looks; and the sight of my Parents cut me to the heart. However, I kept myself up with thinking, others had done it before, and had, as he said, been reconciled afterwards. I could not sleep one wink all that night, contriving the best way of doing it, whether to trust any body with me, or to go alone, and when and where to set out.

No one before execution suffered more than I did that night. My Mother observed I looked ill, but I made some slight complaint, and returned to my room as fast as I could, where I again thought on this affair, sometimes delighted with it, but mostly uneasy, how to contrive it. But I determined again, to sit down coolly, and consider it over, and whether I should do it or not. Immediately a thousand reasons occurred, which made against it; duty and affection

fection to my parents strongly forbid it, and on farther consideration it appeared an act contrary to decency and honour : having determined on the answer proper for a refusal, I found it so much more becoming me, than accepting would be, that I at length resolved to reject it.

I instantly felt myself relieved, as from the deepest misery, and a comfort, like ease after exquisite pain. I was composed and happy, and while I was rejoicing at my return to my reason, as I called it, (and indeed it was so in some measure) I took up a book to read that lay on my table, which proved a novel, and opened it just where a young lady was returned from such an elopement, and her Parents reconciled, and all things happy. I threw the book from me in a rage, determined never to read one of them again, since their whole tendency is to palliate what, on cool reflection, nothing can excuse.

I had not long concluded on my conduct for the future when he entered my room. I started at the sight of him, and feared his errand. He begun with upbraiding my cruelty. I asked him if he had spoke to my Parents, as I desired him. He said he had before told me he could not ; that there was but one way to make him happy, and it would be a much shorter way than the usual tedious ones, of lawyers and deeds, and he should think so much ceremony as must follow would be very disagreeable to me too. On this, finding he was still determined on the same thing I immediately looked on him with some indignation, but told him with calmness, that though such a proposal did not deserve an answer, yet, as I found my former silence had not made him desist, I should answer it now in a few words. I was very sorry, I said, to find he had so mean an opinion of

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me as to think me capable of such a step, and was much concerned if I had given any reason for it---that marriage, I thought, was of too serious a nature to begin it with an action that must give the person with whom I was to live alone for life, but a mean opinion of my understanding and integrity, since it was contrary to reason, honour and modesty; and as it was a breach of duty and affection, must give him but little hopes of the continuance of them to him; and neither could I have so good an opinion of any person that could make such an offer as to desire I should trust myself with him for life.

He seemed much struck with this answer, and said, with great discomposure, that if every body was of my opinion, there would be few such expeditions: and then, assuming an air of gaiety and disdain, said, it shewed great want of spirit to refuse so agreeable an offer; and he knew several young ladies that would not have refused his offer. I said, I thought it shewed more want of spirit not to be able to refuse one so much to our disgrace, nor to reject it with the contempt it deserved; that I was sorry I was particular in this way of thinking; that one or two refusals would make the gentlemen leave off such strange proposals, treat us in the manner they ought, and also do us more honour than any match, that could be obtained that way; and therefore, if he had nothing to say but a repetition of his request, I begged to be excused any further conversation with him. Seeing me determined, he took his leave, with the same appearance of contempt and indignation; though it seemed to cover approbation and some affection.

He dined with us that day; but his discomposure was visible. He took his leave early in the evening,
and

and gave me a hint at parting, that it was the last time we should see each other; and it proved so, for before light next morning he decamped, leaving, as we found afterwards, every thing unpaid for, and some of his trades-people almost ruined by his extravagance.

My Father and Mother were greatly surprised at this, and at every thing we heard afterwards; as his behaviour no way betrayed him. I felt myself, I freely own, sorry at losing my good opinion of him; but when that was gone, I easily lost my affection for him. I learnt some years after, that he was quite expert in those methods, and always conformed his behaviour to his company, both abroad and in England, by which means he was always sure to gain acquaintance: he proved a broken tradesman's son, who lived by his wits, and appeared either good or bad according to those he got acquainted with.

Thus did I escape ruin and misery; and though all such proposals may not be altogether so bad in their circumstances, they must have in some measure the same principles. Some time after, I told my parents all my story to their great surprise, and had the satisfaction of receiving their entire approbation; and that I have yours, too, Madam, is a great addition to my happiness: Indeed I should not have deserved my present, in the best man in the world, had I not acted as I did. I am sorry to entertain you with nothing but myself, but it was your own commands, which having obeyed, I hasten to conclude myself,

Your faithful and sincere

CAROLINE TALBOT:

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

From Lady Sarah Scudley, to Mrs. Talbot on the same Subject, containing an Account of her Affair with Captain Huntley. A Parent's choice of a Husband generally the most judicious.

DEAR MADAM,

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OUR story reminds me of my girlish days, when I was in a situation somewhat similar to yours with Mr. Richards, though my conduct to my pretended inamorato, to my shame be it told, was widely different.

When I was about fifteen, walking one evening in the Park, with two or three *infants* of the same age, we were accosted by a couple of young fellows, dressed extremely smart, each having a sword and a laced coat. I was rather tall for my years, and perhaps more forward than any of my companions. This, I believe, engaged me the particular attention of the handsomest spark, who the moment he could get an opportunity of speaking to me unheard, began to attack me with a formal declaration of a passion which he had long entertained for me; and concluded with a most solemn asseveration, that if I did not bless him with a reciprocal regard, my cruelty would speedily break his heart. This was the first lover I ever had who was old enough to have a beard: my little bosom fluttered: I was all over in an unaccountable tremor: I blushed excessively; but was pleased too. My adorer, guessing the situation of my heart, renewed his vows; compared my eyes to stars, my teeth to ivory, and, in short,

ran

ran through all the vulgar similes of ignorant admiration.

My pride was now strangely gratified; I thought myself at once a woman of extraordinary merit, and as my consequence was principally created by the praises of my *Corydon*, I could not help beholding him with a condescending eye of regard. To shorten my story, Madam, we began a correspondence by letter. He discovered that I had eight thousand pounds independent of my Father, proposed to carry me off, and would have succeeded in his design effectually, if Providence had not graciously interposed in my behalf. At supper, the night before I was to have eloped, the agitation of my spirits overcame me so much, that I fainted in my chair. My Mother instantly ran and unpinned my handkerchief, unlaced my stays, and found, eternal thanks to my merciful God! the whole plan of operations, written in a legible hand, and subscribed, *My fond, impatient Corydon.*

'Tis impossible, Madam, to express my Father's fury, my Mother's anger, or my own confusion.—Suffice it, they ordered me instantly to my room, and set a discreet, worthy woman who was our house keeper, over me by way of guard.—In the mean time, my Father, attended by his valet, and two of the footmen, went to my *fond, impatient Corydon*'s lodgings, which happened to be mentioned in the letter, where they found him regaling with a woman of the town. Upon being examined, the fellow who had passed upon my unsuspecting easiness for an officer of family and fortune, turned out to be a discharged ensign, cashiered in Flanders for his cowardice, and was then one of the most infamous

famous gamblers in the bills of mortality. Yet, would you believe, notwithstanding this apparent conviction of his baseness, it was some time before I could shake him entirely off. My pride at last got the better of my first love, as I ridiculously termed my partiality for him, and I remembered him with nothing but mortification and contempt.

My Father, being resolved that I should never run a second hazard of the same nature, kept me constantly under the eye of Mrs. Crawford, our housekeeper, till he found a suitable match for me himself. About three years after, having succeeded to his wishes, he introduced Lord Sedley to me as the person he had pitched upon for a son, and commanded me to receive him as my future Husband. I cannot say I was greatly taken either with my Lord, or my Father's peremptory manner of address; but what little understanding I possessed was now improved, and the worthy Mrs. Crawford convinced my reason, that no woman could be unhappy with a man of real merit, and infinuated in the most delicate manner, from the destruction which I had once escaped, that my Father was a better judge of a Husband's qualifications than myself. She convinced me that as a Parent's happiness was materially connected with that of a Child, he must naturally be very circumspect, for his own sake in a choice; and asked me how any Child could expect that a Father would shew an everlasting indulgence to her inclination, who was bent in the most material article of life, on an inflexible opposition to his. In short, she so effectually addressed my pride, my duty, my tenderness, and my understanding, that I gave a tacit consent, and in a month after, I was married to a man with whom

an intimacy of twelve years, has obliged me to confess that, with a very few exceptions in extraordinary cases, a parent's choice, as it is generally the most judicious, is generally the most fortunate too. With compliments to Mr. Talbot, I remain, &c.

SARAH SEDLEY.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Lady *Almeria Winnimore* to Lady *Catherine Maxwell*, containing an Account of her criminal Connection with Mr. *Bevil*. The Way of Virtue the only Way to Felicity.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH it is a disagreeable task to recite the many sufferings of a wretched victim to misfortune, yet I cannot resist your earnest solicitations to give you a few particulars of my past life; the rather, as from my errors you may be still more confirmed in the persuasion that *the way of virtue is the only way to felicity*.

Born to an elevated rank in life, I was taught to value myself rather on the blind acquisitions of fortune, and the tinsel of external accomplishments, than on the solid and commendable qualities of the mind. My years of infancy were marked by a childish pride, and the mercenary disposition of menial servants did not fail to make the evil encrease with my growth.

When I had just entered my sixteenth year, I was initiated into all the economy of high life.

O

Happy

Happy in the notion of the world, by being born to a title and a large fortune, it is not to be doubted that the coxcombs of the court were busy to ingratiate themselves in my favour, by genteely letting me know they thought themselves very pretty fellows.

Another class of lovers deserved rather my friendship or my pity than my love: these were men of sense, who by the malice of their fortune—or their stars, Madam, if you are an astrologer—had never risen in life to what their ambitious ideas aspired to.

I was in my nineteenth year when the personal accomplishments of a young gentleman of inferior rank and fortune to mine, a Mr. Bevil, first engaged my notice. I cannot say I conceived a passion instantaneously for him: I was never so romantic. I admired his manly figure, his easy air, and affable behaviour. In short, I wished to know him, which was going as far as a woman of prudence could go upon first sight. I was then universally allowed to be a beauty, and was unhappy enough to attract his attention. If his person pleased, his conversation charmed me:—I was now madly in love. A solid judgment without the least cynical act; a florid, easy manner of speech, without the least affectation; and a fluent tongue, without any impertinence, all conspired to make me so.

From the minute of our conversation, we began an acquaintance, an ill-fated one for me. Mr. Bevil had never spoke of his passion, though his fine eyes expressed unutterable things. We were often together, and I did not think it an unhappy circumstance that no declaration had been made; for that chilling

chilling coldness which, by the custom of the world, necessarily succeeds a declaration till the matrimonial act is determined, must, to mutual lovers, be a ceremonious torment. In the ensuing spring, Mr. Bevil being in the country, as I was one morning playing on my harpsichord, my father came hastily into the room.

"My dear girl," said he, throwing his arms round my waist, "I am overjoyed; partake of my transports, and ease one part of them."—

I replied, "Whatever gives my father joy, must consequently be welcome to me."—

"It is in your power," answered he, "in your power alone, to ensure this happiness to me. The *Earl of Wimmore* has seen you; he likes, he loves you: he has this day offered proposals to me, and will settle more than your own fortune upon you."—

I was thunderstruck at this intelligence; I could hear no more: I fainted. My father was frightened; he called for help, and soon recovered me. Seeing me revive, he changed his tender solicitude, to rage; called me an ungrateful, vile, disobedient wretch, in having engaged my affections to another, which he was sure was the case, without his consent; told me I should marry his Lordship within three days, or turn out of his doors with nothing but what I could demand.

Saying this, he flung out of the room, and left me to consult with *Lucy*, my waiting woman, who was privy to my prepossession in favour of Mr. Bevil.

"Oh! *Lucy*," exclaimed I, "was ever poor creature so suddenly plunged into the depth of misery."—

"Why, to be sure, Madam," replied she, "the matter is a little sudden ; but as to misery, I have heard your honourable father say, that happiness and misery were both in our own hands. Suppose, Madam, this affair had not happened, would you ever have had Mr. Bevil."—

"No," replied I warmly, "no : I would never have stooped below my birth."

"Why then, dear Madam, if he is out of the question, whom could you have better than an earl? It is true, he is old, but then you will have a man of quality, and have all your own fortune settled on you. For my part, I can see no reason to hesitate."

Weak as these reasons may appear, it was such cogency of argument as urged me to consent to be *Countess of Winmore*. Doubting the stability of the resolution, I hastened to put it into execution ; and in one fatal minute did what ages of repentance could not undo. My Lord was affable and kind ; my Father transported out of himself ; and I neither miserable nor happy, in a kind of negative existence, which, for want of a better name, we call the vapours ; a latitudinary word, which meaning every thing, means nothing.

Mr. Bevil heard of our marriage : he flew on the wings of love. As I was sitting alone in my parlour, amusing myself with fruitless repentance, he burst in upon me, and giving me an expressible look exclaimed.

"Oh ! my *Almeria*!"

That short sentence did more than the bitterest reproach could have done : it threw me into agonies not to be described. At last I gathered strength enough to speak.

"Since

" Since the laws of the world, Sir, have bound
 " me to another, to whom my kind regards are due,
 " they cannot now be yours"—

This I murmured in articulations scarce to be understood: I knew not what I said. He started from his chair, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed,

" And was there a possibility they could be
 " mine!"

This reply embarrassed me greatly; I was all confusion and hurry, when my Lord opened the door. Nothing can paint the distraction of his features; lunacy itself could not look more wild: he fiercely commanded Mr. *Bevil* to walk out of the house, without permitting him to speak, and returned to me with the countenance of a Fury.

" Madam," said he, " could you carry on your
 " vile intrigues no where but in my house?---But I
 " will take care for the future, that you shall have
 " no intrigues elsewhere."---

With these words in his mouth he left me, and never afterwards suffered me to stir out, but with an old woman, who served me in the office of a duenna. Vexed at this barbarous treatment, I resented it like a woman of quality and spirit. I insisted on the dismission of my spy, and being left to my liberty. This his lordship flatly refused. Maddening with rage, I made an immediate assignation with Mr. *Bevil*, exerted my authority, sent back my guard, and flew in my own coach to the place of rendezvous.

When a woman has taken one false step it is too late to think of receding; she is necessitated to go on. Jealousy is certainly the effect of love; yet it is a very troublesome effect, and only tends to make the possessor hated. My husband's behaviour grew

intolerable, and I was determined to leave him. This I did soon after with Mr. *Bevil*, and we retired to a neighbouring kingdom. Happy in not being disturbed, we thought his Lordship sat easy under his loss ; when the first intelligence we had of him, brought his will. Distracted at the fatal consequence of my resentment, I flew to the house once his, now mine ; his generosity having left me all, laying the blame on the disparity of our ages, my prepossession and his jealousy. Here I had the distraction to find my father dying, stabbed to the heart with the news of my flight. O my God ! what an everlasting hell-of reflection must attend the guilty

ALMERIA WINMORE.

LETTER LXXXII.

From Miss *Lindsay* to Miss *Fuller*. The Danger of employing Substitutes in Affairs of Moment.— Remarkable Instance of Female Heroism.

AS we gave a promise my Dear, at parting to communicate to each other every amusing anecdote that might happen in our respective little circles, it would be an unpardonable breach of that promise on my part to omit an adventure which happened, no longer ago than last week, to a very amiable young Lady, whose friendship I have long esteemed my peculiar happiness.

Mr. *Elliott*, my Dear, a gentleman of character in the neighbourhood of *Oxford*, after having long paid his addresses to Miss *Clements* at length pro-

cured

cured her consent to marry him. Such, it seems, was Mr. *Ellison*'s situation that he could not possibly wait on the Lady in town, and such his love for her that he was miserable 'till the knot was tied. In this cruel dilemma he applied to a Mr. *Stephenson*, a scoundrel of fortune who lived in his neighbourhood, his friend as he supposed him, and as he had always hitherto appeared, to conclude every settlement agreed on by the parties, and, to conduct Miss *Clements* into the country. Struck with the charms of the Lady, *Stephenson* instantly forgot his friend, forgot every tie of honour and honesty, misrepresented Mr. *Ellison*, openly professed himself her adorer; and, in a fit of despair at the contempt with which she treated him, had the audacity to attempt her honour. Exasperated at his baseness, she wrote him the following letter. How far she was justifiable in writing it, I shall leave to you to determine.

SIR,

Your false insinuations against Mr. *Ellison* your friend, and your infamous addresses to me, his wife by promise, mark you a villain. Were he here, he should punish you as you deserve; as he is not, that task, however disagreeable, shall be mine I fear not the censures of the world, and therefore dare you, Sir, to meet me at the spring in *Hyde-Park* to-morrow morning by ten o'clock, where I am determined, unworthy as you are, to risque my life for your's. I shall bring a couple of pistols with me, and if I succeed, shall think I have done a meritorious action in ridding the world of such an abandoned monster.

P. S. No answer to this will be received.

The

The combatants appeared at the time and place appointed. The Lady produced her pistols, and desired her Antagonist to take his choice. At sight of the fatal weapons, his teeth churned, his eye-balls rolled, and his whole frame seemed to be convulsed. He sunk upon his knees, and begged her for heaven's sake to consider the consequences of such an encounter, and, in a word, exerted all the rustic rhetoric of which he was master to dissuade her from her purpose. Miss *Clements* was inexorable. She cried, "Kneel not here, thou contemptible coward, " to parly with a woman thou hast affronted, but "consider me as thine equal. Here, take the pistol; " use it like a man, or by heavens I will discharge "them both about your ears."—

At these dreadful words, our hero instantly took to his heels, and left his Antagonist mistress of the field: but not thinking himself safe in this country, he set off next day for *France*; where let him think, if he is capable of thought, what a wretch he is; let him think of his ingratitude to his friend, his insults to the Lady, his cowardice, and that he will be despised by every person who knows of this transaction.

Adieu! my Dear.—Write to me soon. I have not time to make comments on this singular affair. The coach waits, and I must away to *Foote's*. We are to have *The Maid of Bath* to-night for the first time. In my next you shall have my sentiments of the piece.

Portman Square,
June 26, 1771.

I am, &c.
HARRIET LINDSAY

LETTER LXXXIII.

CONSTANTIA to THEODOSIUS*,
On Flattery, &c.

THERE is nothing more true, than that credulity is the foible of women. I have a violent inclination to believe every word you have said ; as well your gallantry as your philosophy.---Nay, I can hardly bewail the ruin of my poor arguments, though I have the vanity to think, that the breaches you have made in them, might easily be repaired.---However, you certainly had the happiest address to introduce your doctrine by the hand of flattery. The understanding of a woman is by nothing so easily vanquished as by the artillery of praise.---If it be to your purpose to weaken it, give it the compliment of strength. If you would blind it, call it brighter than the day. ---The praise of a philosopher is really a most dangerous thing, and it is not in fortitude to resist it.---Accompanied with the ideas of truth and gravity, it makes its way to the heart without opposition ; and the sense and dignity of the speaker conspire with our natural love of it, to give it the sanction of sincerity.

Should I preclude all future compliments from the letters of *Theodosius*, and say no more than what is usually said upon such occasions, viz. that I could not deserve them, however true it might be, it would not save me from the charge of affectation---an imputation, which of all others would be most dreadful to me ! Frank-hearted let me be esteemed, and

* For the story of these unfortunate lovers, see *The Spectator*, No. 164, and for their correspondence at large, see *The letters of Theodosius and Constantia*, published by the ingenious classical Doctor Langhorne.

though

though destitute of every other excellence, I shall not be the meanest of my sex.

But you see, my friend, I have given you serious, and I hope, satisfactory reasons, why you should shut up the fountains of adulation, unless you think that they will give fertility to a barren soil.---Assure yourself I shall conclude this to be your opinion, if you pay any more compliments either to my person, or my understanding.

I find no inclination to contravert any of the principles contained in your last.---They are all amiable at least, if they are not solid; and possibly it may be nothing more than the prejudice of a narrow education, that would with-hold any part of the credit due to them.

Ah, my friend! for, surely, you are my friend, if any confidence may be reposed in human appearances; pity the ignorance of a hapless girl, I had almost said an orphan, unassisted, and uninstructed!---Believe me, *Theodosius*, to your conversation I am indebted for almost all the valuable sentiments I have.---You first taught me to think at large.---You told me that liberty of opinion was as much a natural inheritance as personal liberty---that human nature had long groaned under the tyranny of custom; and that the worst species of captivity was the imprisonment of the mind.

Ever to be remembered is that distinguished lesson, which, upon our first acquaintance, you gave me in the Grove of Poplars.

You politely pretended, that it was written by some other person for the instruction of some other lady; but I soon discovered in it the spirit and manner of *Theodosius*, and found it so well adapted to my

my own circumstances, that I could no longer doubt either for whom, or by whom it was written.

Notwithstanding this discovery, I must beg you will favour me with a copy of it; for that which you gave me has been destroyed, I believe, by the zeal and industry of father M.—Adieu!

CONSTANTIA.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, on Visits—on Friendship, &c.

I Flew with your letter to our favourite alcove; and there with what pleasure, with what avidity, I perused it, *Theodosius* need not be told.

I verily believe, that I am better pleased to be entertained than to be instructed; for I scarce ever received so much pleasure from a letter of yours, as your last afforded me---yet what can be the reason? It is not, certainly, that I am jealous of your instructive letters as giving you a superiority---I cannot charge myself with so much pride---Nay were I not sensible of that superiority, I must be stupid indeed;---thus, however, I flatter myself on my penetration in being able to distinguish it, and on my modesty in being satisfied with it; and thus, like many other good people, I am vain of being free from vanity.

But all the instructions of my amiable philosopher have been seasoned with so much politeness, or conveyed in such an indirect manner, that while I had all the opportunity of profiting by them, I could hardly ever discern that they were intended for

for my use:---If then your last letter pleased me more than any other, it is because I am idle and voluptuous, and take more pleasure in poetry than in philosophy.

Yet the genius of *Milton* had such a moral turn, that he seldom wrote poetry without writing philosophy. How beautifully does he bewail the lost advantages of friendship!

To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?
And alas! how truly does he lament that man
In all the countless numbers of his kind,
Can scarcely meet with one congenial mind !

Young as I am, I have felt the force of this truth, and have made many melancholy reflections upon it; after the painful, ridiculous, trifling, and impertinent visits I have been obliged to pay and receive, from the sillier part of my sex. Horrid tyranny of fashion that imposes this upon us! What right can an equality, or a superiority, of fortune give one lady to rob another of her time, sense, and patience? I say her *sense*; for the conversation of fools leaves a tincture of folly upon us.---What title has dress or figure to lay a tax upon us for admiration? Do not they who expect this, insult our understanding? And are not those who pay it the slaves of folly? O that the shackles of custom were once broken, and that we might chuse our society out of either sex without censure, or inconvenience!

Just before I received your letter, I was delivered from the most despicable and impertinent visitors that ever disgraced the name of good company.---To me such visits are always visitations.---To the above-mentioned deliverance, you may, if you please,

please, impute some degree of that extraordinary pleasure I ascribed to the perusal of your letter.-- This I say, lest I should contribute to make you, what you have so often made me, vain; and thus, at least, you must acknowledge that I out-do you in generosity!

I am not displeased with your observation that young friendships are the most tender---no doubt they are---for these friendships, like all other pursuits and attachments of youth, have novelty to recommend them, passions to enliven, and enthusiasm to cherish them.--But ah! my friend! (for once I will say, my *Theodosius!*) when novelty is no more; when the passions subside, and enthusiasm vanishes like a dream; will not the friendships, will not the attachments, that these principles produced, vanish with them?--I will not fear it though it should be true.

One thing, however, I will freely acknowledge, or rather boast of, that my friendship for *Theodosius* is exclusively founded on esteem. For this reason, I flatter myself that it will last in all its present cordiality---why should it not? It has nothing to lose; when the charm of novelty is lost.--Its existence by no means depends upon the passions; it has therefore nothing to lose when they languish or decline.----It derives not its support from enthusiasm, and, consequently, cannot suffer when enthusiasm dies away.

While thus I comfort, I hope I do not deceive, myself.--But should even that be the case, let your sagacity for once give way to your compassion, and do not undeceive me.--This is perhaps, the only instance in which I could be satisfied with myself, for declining the report of truth.

P

Observe,

Observe, however, that I expect you will, with the utmost candour and ingenuity, resolve some part of my doubts, and tell me freely whether those young friendships which are heightened by novelty, by the passions and enthusiasm, will not inevitably perish with those sources that support them.

You see I have been at pains to induce you to declare your sentiments on this subject; since I have removed the principal objection that might have occurred to you, by declaring, that my friendship for you cannot be affected by the argument. Adieu!

CONSTANTIA.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, acquainting him of her Father's commands never to see him, or hear from him, any more.

OH! *Theodosius*!----my guide!---my friend!---my instructor! alas!---no more!---

The tear swims in my eye---my heart swells; and my hand trembles while I tell you, that you are---banished for ever from this place, and that I am forbidden to see you, or hear from you, any more.

What, what shall I do? Nothing ever can repair this cruel loss---the loss of a wise, a learned, and a virtuous friend! What has the world of equal worth!---Deprived, for ever deprived, of that presence, which enlivened with invariable cheerfulness and sensibility!---of that conversation which never failed to make the mind richer, the heart happier ---and---O cruel extension of resentment!---of that precious, that instructive correspondence, which,

as it afforded me the best means of cultivating and improving my mind, ought to have been considered with gratitude by the very person who has forbidden it.

But of whom, or of what, do I presume to complain? Duty restrains the remonstrances of grief, and the expostulations of sorrow.—You are not now ignorant, that the quarrel you dreaded, has actually happened, with the bitterest recriminations.

Then, farewell, my best and most valuable friend!—for ever to be remembered!—for ever to be regretted!—Accept of all I can return for your invariable, your industrious kindness!—most respected of men!—most esteemed of friends!—accept the gratitude of a tear, and think of

CONSTANTIA.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, after she had taken the Veil, on the Joy she felt in finding him alive.—
On Providence, &c.

MY sorrows for *Theodosius* are no more; he lives, and *Constantia* is happy. If you would not have me remember my sufferings, forget them yourself; for nothing now could make the reflection of them painful to me, but their affecting my revered father.

Gracious Providence! and have I at length found a father? Has Heaven granted what Nature refused? She gave me indeed a Father, but he forgot the name; or he remembered the name and the autho-

rity, but forgot the duties of the alliance. Do I err? Then instruct me, my holy guide, instruct me to revere the man who banished *Theodosius*, and im-
bittered without cause, the moments of her whom he had brought into being: but I will revere him, for he was kind at last, and permitted me to retire to this asylum of peace. Whatever were his motives, I will revere him, for have I not here found the only comfort I was capable of? Am I not sure that *Theodosius* lives? Without that conviction (I own my weakness) I should have been unhappy within these holy walls. The exercises of devotion I pursued with equal assiduity before I entered upon the conventional life; but my prayers were the heavy sacrifices of sorrow and contrition. I was alike a stranger to the serenity of peace, and to the alacrity of hope. It was not in the power of conscious innocence to set my heart at ease, whenever the painful thought presented itself that my cowardly acquiescence in the will of a father had been death to the most valuable and most amiable of men. Pitying heaven has at length undeceived me, and at once restored to my eyes those dear lamented fugitives, *Theodosius* and Happiness; both changed indeed, but both improved by the change. The pleasure I enjoyed in the company of the elegant and lively *Theodosius*, was gay, sprightly, and animated like himself! With him it departed and returned; and my heart was alternately delighted and depressed. Very different is the satisfaction I now feel. It is serene and peaceful like Father *Francis**. My mind is collected, and my spirits are reposèd.

* The name *Theodosius* had assumed, on his retirement from the world.

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No longer agitated with the anxieties and impatience of hopes that terminate here ; my eye is fixed on that distant, invariable object of happiness on which time or chance can have no influence.

Ye holy retreats ! ye venerable ailes ! do I owe this peace to you ? No, not to you : for methinks I have seen in your regions the gloom of discontent. Is it not, my pious Father, from a quiet conscience that I derive this repose ? I should not, indeed, have felt it before I entered this convent, but I should not then have known that *Theodosius* was still in being.

Do not think, however, that I rejoice not in my situation. I do rejoice in it : but my joy arises, as I apprehend, from a disburthened mind. The sudden change from painful apprehension to the certainty of confirmed wishes, was attended with a transport, the effects of which I still feel. But will not these effects last ? Surely they will. O my friend ! what tears of joy have I shed over that first welcome letter, which informed me that *Theodosius was alive*.

But do I not forget that I am addressing myself to the venerable *Francis* ? Pardon me ; I had indeed forgot, till on re-perusing that ever dear letter, I beheld the holy name at the bottom. Yes ; delightful letter ! sweet messenger of peace ! Thou informest me that I must consider *Theodosius* still as dead.---Ha ! dead didst thou say ? *Theodosius* is still alive. Didst not thou say that too ? Equivocating letter ! Be gone into my bosom : but presume not there to say that *Theodosius* is dead.

Heavens ! what rambling is this ? Whither has my unguided pen betrayed me ! Once more forgive me, my revered father !

I thank you for the comfort, as well as for the information, which your last letter afforded me. You have placed the *eternal Providence* in a light ! he most amiable, and new, at least to me. I had always hitherto looked upon that power as the inflicter of temporary evils, and considered both private and public calamities as his judgments. But you have now made me of a different opinion, and I entirely agree with you, that temporary rewards and punishments are superceded by the sanctions of the christian religion. Nevertheless I am still of opinion that God may occasionally interpose, by the infliction of evil, to save a wretch who is thoughtlessly or obstinately hastening to destruction ; but with you I apprehend that such dispensations are very rare, and am, for the reasons you mention, almost afraid to believe them.

One thought, however, occurs to me on this occasion, which I shall take the liberty to mention, in consequence of the invitation you have given me to express my sentiments without reserve.

We are so entirely different in our powers and passions, and the circumstances of sin and temptation are so extremely various, that though the Almighty might in general leave it to the sanctions of religion alone to influence the actions of men, yet possibly he might (so to term it) reserve a discretionary power, to bring proper objects by afflictions to their duty.

But though the Creator of the universe can in no sense be the author of evil, it cannot be doubted, I apprehend, that he may, and frequently does, bring good out of evil. Of this the story of *Joseph* is, in all its circumstances, a remarkable proof. I cannot suppose, neither would you have me believe

lieve, that God inspired the brethren of *Joseph* with envy, that they might sell him into *Egypt*; yet what glorious advantages did the Almighty Providence bring out of that event!

And has he not, for he regards the humblest of his creatures, has he not for me turned the path of sorrow towards the harbour of peace? I will believe it, lest I should prove ungrateful. Pray for me, and instruct me. Adieu!

CONSTANCE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the *Same* to the *Same*, on Conscience, &c.

THEodosius is not dead. The polite *Theodosius* still lives in the venerable Father *Francis*. When I received your last favour, my hand trembled, and my heart shrunk. Every idle, every wild expression, every effusion of vain imagination, and uncorrected passion, that had dropped from my pen when I last wrote to you, rose up and reproached me before your seal was broken. While I read the first period, of your letter, I frequently took my eye from the paper, and endeavoured to recollect the contents of my own. With fear and apprehension I proceeded from line to line; but when I found that you had overlooked many of my foibles, and touched the rest with so delicate, so indulgent a hand---O my paternal friend! What floods of tender sorrow fell from the eyes of your *Constantia*! Surely the kindness of those whom we revere, and are conscious

of

of having offended, is more cruel than their severity could be. The heart would oppose itself against severe treatment, and call in pride to its aid : but against the force of kindness, there is no shield.

In what an amiable light do you represent that *Goodness* which brought us into being ! Conscience was undoubtedly one of his gracious gifts. That moral inspector whose suggestions so lately gave me pain, is now the principal author of my happiness, and I find that conscience is not more severe as an enemy, than kind as a friend. Was it not this that supported the sufferer of *Uzz*, and was he not animated by the suffrage of conscience, when he wished that man might be permitted to plead his cause with God ? If I am mistaken, correct me, my Guide, my Father, and my Friend !

CONSTANCE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Miss *Vanhomrigh** to Dr. *Swift*, declaring her Passion for him, and complaining of his neglect of her.

BELOWE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched.

* Miss *Escher Vanhomrigh*, whom the Dean celebrated by the name of *Vassessa*. For an account of this Lady, and her epistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his *Life*.

Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Miss *Vanhomrigh* to Dr. *Swift*. On the same Subjects.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of —— who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present every where: your dear image

is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

LETTER XC.

From Lady *Mary W. Montague* to Miss —————
with a copy of Verses.

MY DEAR GIRL,

I Have so violent a cold, that I never was less qualified in my life for inspecting the heavenly bodies, and must content myself with the vulgar warmth of my dressing-room fire, to a corner of which I shall be confined all this evening, and very glad to see you, if you can attend me any time after your more learned employment.

If the moon is inhabited by mortals like us, and the most important transactions among them, are nothing more than kingdoms turned into commonwealths, and commonwealths into kingdoms, and these mighty events are produced there, as they are here, by tyranny or lust; I have no desire of being acquainted with its inhabitants, but can look down upon them as they do upon us: I have peeped behind the scenes here, more than contributes to my ease, and by examining the wires and mechanism of the shew, the entertainment has long since ceased: who is any longer entertained with à hocus pocus man, when he knows how the tricks are performed? In short, my dear Gil, our most pleasing pursuits

pursuits become carrion by the time they are hunted down ; I would not put you out of conceit with a world you are but just beginning to enter into ; but to prepare you to bear those disappointments common to all, but most severely felt by those of your cast and mine, for I would willingly tack myself to any thing that is half so good as I know you to be, and wish myself.

To C L I O :

Occasioned by her Verses on FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE, *Clio*, pondering o'er thy lines I roll,
 Dwell on each thought, and meditate thy soul,
 Methinks I view thee, in some calm retreat,
 Far from all guilt, distraction and deceit ;
 Thence pitying view the thoughtless fair and gay,
 Who whirl their lives in giddiness away.
 Thence greatly scorning what the world calls great,
 Contemn the proud, their tumults, power, and
 state,
 And deem it thence, inglorious to descend
 For aught below, but virtue and a friend.
 How com'st thou fram'd, so different from thy sex,
 Whom trifles ravish, and whom trifles vex ?
 Capricious things, all flutter, whim and show,
 And light and varying as the winds that blow :
 To candour, sense, to love, to friendship blind,
 To flatterers, fools, and coxcombs only kind.
 Say whence those hints, those bright ideas came,
 That warm thy breast with friendship's holy flame ?
 That close thy heart against the joys of youth,
 And ope thy mind to all the rays of truth,

That

That with such sweetness and such grace unite,
 The gay, the prudent, virtuous and polite.
 As heaven inspires thy sentiment divine,
 May heaven vochsafe a friendshipp worthy thine !
 A friendship plac'd where ease and fragrance reign,
 Where Nature sways us, and no laws restrain,
 Where studious leisure, prospects unconfin'd,
 And heavenly musing, lifts th' aspiring mind,
 There with thy friend, may years on years be spent,
 In blooming health, and ever gay content ;
 There blend your cares with soft assuasive arts,
 There sooth the passions, there unfold your hearts ;
 Join in each wish, and warming into love,
 Approach the raptures of the blest above !

LETTER XCI.

From the *Same* to Mrs. T----, giving an Account
 of the Beasts, Birds, Houses, &c. in *Turkey*.

Adrianople, April 1.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. T----, that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of *Turkey*, that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at *London*, if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.—What shall I tell you of?—You never saw camels in your life; and perhaps the description of them will appear

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new to you. I can assure you, the first of them was so to me ; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough, to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it before me ; but I do take them to be of the stag kind ; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse, and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far out-ran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed ; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse ; but it is a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures, their heads being ill formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens ; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox ; they have short, thick black horns, close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks beautiful when it is well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament. Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and

and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite, that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare mount him; yet I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command, in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the discovery of America. Here are some little birds, held in a sort of religious reverence, and for that reason multiply prodigiously: Turtles, on the account of their innocence; and Storks, because they are supposed to make every winter a pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be, that year, attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of the sacred nests under my chamber windows.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here will be as new to you, as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read in most of our accounts of Turkey, that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them, and I assure you it is no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the Grand Signior.

I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. It is true, if they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood; which I own is the cause of many inconveniences. but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house at the death of its master, is at the Grand Signior's disposal, and therefore no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not sure his family will be the better for. All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after. Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass; they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining, one is called the Haram, *that is*, the ladies apartment, (for the name of Seraglio is peculiar to the Grand Signior) it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and has the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at the end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the Sopha, which is laid

with

with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade or embroidery of gold wire upon white fattin.—Nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live.—The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the cieling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding doors, and serve for cabinets, I think more conveniently than our's. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving, at the same time, an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one bason to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basons, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprized at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality, and their Harans are

always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance ; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. There is none of our parterres in them ; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and to my fancy a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the Chioſk, *that is*, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jeſſamines, and honey-fuckles, make a ſort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the ſcene of their greatest pleafures, and where the ladies ſpend moft of their hours, employed by their muſic or embroidery.——In the public gardens there are public Chioſks, where people go that are not fo well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, ſherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building ; their Moſques are all of free ſtone, and the public Hanns, or Inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large ſquare, built round with ſhops under ſtone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a Moſque joining to them, and the body of the Hann is a moft noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloifters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own, I think it a more reaſonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.—I think I have told you a great deal for once. If you do not like my choice of ſubjects, tell me what you would have

me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. T-----,

Your's, &c. &c.

LETTER XCII.

From the *Same* to the Countess of ----, giving an account of *Genoa*, of the *Genoese* Ladies, their *Cecisbei*, &c.

Genoa, Aug. 28.

I Beg your pardon, my dear Sister, that I did not write to you from *Tunis*, the only opportunity I have had, since I left *Constantinople*. But the heat there wa's so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot ----, and durst not go on to write many others I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of *Italy*, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here,----I am in the house of Mrs. *D'Avenant* at *St. Pierre d'Arena*, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated on a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much

of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of *Constantinople*. The *Genoese* were once masters of several islands in the *Archipelago*, and all that part of *Constantinople* which is now called *Galata*. Their betraying the christian cause, by facilitating the taking of *Constantinople* by the *Turks*, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the *French*, since their *Doge* was forced by the late King to go in person to *Paris*, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of *France* over the house of the Envoy, being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the *Spanish* faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the *French* habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of *Cecisbeo's* has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion begun here, and is now received all over *Italy*, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures, as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient, first found out by the Senate, to put an end to those family hatreds, which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of *Cecisbeo's*, there has been nothing but peace and good humour.

mour amongst them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents:) They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas and assemblies, (which are called here *Conversations*) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c.---When she goes out, they serve her instead of *lacquies*, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name*; in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a *Cecisbeo* of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and saucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the *French*; but the old nobles pay little respect to the Doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife at that very time assumes no rank above another

* That is the day of the Saint after whom she is called.
ther

ther noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of *Andrea Doria* (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges. When the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke *Doria*. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought.—Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them the design of *Palladio*? The street called *Strada Nova*, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of *Durrazzo*, those of the two *Balbi*, joined together by a magnificent colonnade, that of the *Imperiale* at this village of *St. Pierre d'Arena*, and another of the *Doria*. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of *Raphael*, *Paulo Veronese*, *Titian*, *Caracci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Guido* and *Correggio*, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved painters shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a *Lucretia* in the house of *Balbi*; the expressive beauty of that face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A *Cleopatra*, of the same hand, deserves to be mentioned;

mentioned ; and I should say more of her, if *Lucrezia* had not first engaged my eyes.----Here are also some inestimable ancient busto's.---The church of St. *Lawrence* is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous piece of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which, they say, was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it ; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of *Sicily*, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the *Annunciation* is finely lined with marble : the pillars are of red and white marble : the church of St. *Ambrose* has been very much adorn'd by the Jesuits ; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of *Santa Sophia*, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which no body is exempted, coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably pass'd in Mrs *D' Avenant*'s company, in the village of St. *Pierre Larena*, about a mile from *Genoa*, in a house built by *Palladio*, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few *English*, in the company of a noble *Genoese*, commissioned to see we did not touch one another.---I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life ; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquility.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XCIII.

From the *Same* to Lady R———. Containing some Account of *France* and the *French* Ladies.

Paris, Oct. 10.

I Cannot give my dear Lady R———, a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her than chusing to do it in this seat of varibus amusements, where I am *accableed* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not; The *French* ambassadress at *Constantinople*, has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of my making enquires. The air of *Paris* has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, tho' I have been extremely ill all the road from *Lyon* to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of *France* shewing nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the *French* magnificence till you come to *Fountaine bleau*, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw

saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth rememb'ring. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks, round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at *Paris*, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. *Lawrence* is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of *Bartholomew*. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the grossièreté of their Harlequin, any more than with the music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of *Italy*. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn fields; but then, it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confident to La ——. I have seen the tragedy of *Bajazet* so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance. —— *A propos* of countenances

countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies. I have seen all the beauties, and such—(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures; so fantastically absurd in their dress; so monstrously unnatural in their paints; their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool; and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glitters in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hints of their dress, from a fair sheep newly raddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country women: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say, that these grotesque dawbers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auburne hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion. I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER XCIV.

From the same to the Abbot---Whimsical distress of a Lady, her fellow passenger---The effect of Travel, Study, &c.

Dover, October 31.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel,

vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing-boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's self in a greater scene of horror than on such an occasion; and yet I shall own it to you, though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an *English* lady that I had met at *Calais*, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the wordly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me—“ Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!—ah Lord, we shall all be lost! “ Lord have mercy on my soul!—pray, Madam, “ take care of this head-dress.” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by Nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are

given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having the sentiments of natural duty in her head confounded by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of *Asia* and *Africa*, and almost made the tour of *Europe*, I think the honest *English* squire more happy, who verily believes the *Greek* wines less delicious than *March* beer, that the *African* fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, that the *beca-figuas* of *Italy* are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of *Old England*. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life: and since I must be content with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of *Constantinople*.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

From the same to the late Duchess of *Buckingham*,
containing some Account of the Amusements at
Venice.

DEAR MADAM,

IN two letters I have lately received from our mutual friend Mr. *Pope*, he has conveyed to me so many obliging compliments on your Grace's part, that I cannot do otherwise than thank you for them myself, though my letter will contain little more than those acknowledgments; even from *Venice*, that native country of curiosities; notwithstanding I do nothing but run, or more properly row, about from morning till 'night in search of something new.

I was last night at an opera called *Riccardo Barbaro*, taken from our history of *Richard III*. I will not venture to contradict the general opinion of the world concerning the *Italian* music; and it must really be confessed, that they have some excellent airs, and most exquisite voices: but to tell you my sentiments of the matter, there is a certain unpleasant confusion in several songs of their operas, and they dwell many times longer in one quavering, than in singing four whole lines; and immediately after they run so fast, that you cannot tell whether they sing or speak, or do both by turns. It is certain, that the over-strained scream is not so pleasing to foreigners, as to the Italians. The orchestra is not over large; but this may perhaps be esteemed rather a perfection than a fault. There is a young

man who has lately appeared here, called *Farinelli*, who is counted to have the finest voice that has been heard in *Italy* for many years, but he has the most awkward action I ever saw. There are at present no less than seven operas at *Venice*, which, by foreigners, are frequented chiefly for the good company's sake. They have a buffoon in every opera, who intermixes his fooleries, without discretion, with the most serious and tragical parts of the play. Their comedies are filled with such ridiculous buffooneries, that, in other parts, they would not pass for tolerable farces ; Harlequin being commonly the head actor, who is backed in his grimaces with the most rank indecency that can be invented, to make the spectators laugh, and for fear they should be disappointed in their aim, they admit whole troops of the gondoliers, or watermen into the play-house for nothing, when they are ready to begin ; these are very diligent on this occasion, by bawling and clapping their hands, to extort, as it were, a general applause from the spectators. These theatres belong to some noblemen, who make a considerable profit of them during the carnival.

Their assemblies where they play at basset, they call *ridotti*, which are kept open as long as the theatres : they allow none but noblemen to cut. You shall see sometimes ten or twelve rooms on a floor, with gaming tables in all, crowded with gamesters masked, with courtezans and ladies of quality, who under this disguise, have the privilege of enjoying all the pleasures of the carnival, provided they can get a little out of the way of their spies, or jealous husbands. They have also certain rooms where they sell liquors, sweetmeats, and such things,

things, to relieve those who are fatigued with standing.

Every one thus masked, provided he be well dressed, has the liberty of talking to the ladies, even of the highest quality ; nobody, not the husband himself, taking notice at that time of what is said to his wife, because the mask is sacred ; though this sometimes gives occasion to an intrigue, in a place where the scarcity of opportunity, prompts them to do more with the wink of an eye, than in other countries with a long courtship.

But the chief place for masquerading is the place of St. Mark, where you may put yourself in what disguise you please, provided you can maintain the manner of the person you assume ; for here you see the harlequins jeer one another handsomely ; those who personate doctors dispute learnedly, and so with the rest ; but such as have no inclination to venture upon these engagements, may appear in the habit of a nobleman, or in some foreign dress, and be only spectators. All the masquers must appear without swords. Here you see besides, puppet-players, rope-dancers, and fortune-tellers, whose little stages are filled with globes, spheres, and other astronomical instruments ; they make use of a tube of tin, to speak into the ears of those who consult them ; and it is a pleasant sight to see the priests and monks more frequently taking up the tube than the rest. But I fear I tire your Grace's patience ; however, I would rather do that for once, than let you think me insensible of the goodness you have been pleased to shew me. I have taken the liberty to direct to your Grace, a large box of *Italian* flowers, and some other trinkets, which they make here very curiously ; and to recommend to your notice

tice the bearer of them ; he is a young gentleman a
relation of Mr. ————— I am &c.

LETTER XCVI.

An original Letter from the late Dutchesse of Somer-
set, on the Death of Lord Beauchamp.

I SHOULD have answered your first letter, good Mrs. —————, before I received the second, but that I had unfortunately lost the direction : nor am I sure I shall address it near the right post-town ; but I must run that risk. I am sorry to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish ; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing : while you resign yourself to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burthen of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world with, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope : an honour to his family, an ornament to his country ! With a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into *Italy*, made him more generally known by the name of the *English Angel* than by that

that of his family. I know this account may look like a mother's fondness ; perhaps it was too much so once : but alas ! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty of all human dependence. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness : that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off, the evening of his birth-day, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and clearfulness inherent to his nature ; the next but one came from his afflicted governor, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian ; but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground upon him, shewed me the sword, which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb thread, long before it dropped. As to my bodily pains, I bless God they are by no means insupportable at present : I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful suffering, and am spending the remains of nature, which was almost exhausted in continual care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to one than one's-self. My daughter, who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his poor uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter,

but

tice the bearer of them ; he is a young gentleman a relation of Mr. ————— I am &c.

LETTER XCVL.

An original Letter from the late Dutchesse of Somerset, on the Death of Lord Beauchamp.

I SHOULD have answered your first letter, good Mrs. —————, before I received the second, but that I had unfortunately lost the direction : nor am I sure I shall address it near the right post-town ; but I must run that risk. I am sorry to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish ; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing : while you resign yourself to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burthen of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world with, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope : an honour to his family, an ornament to his country ! With a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into *Italy*, made him more generally known by the name of the *English Angel* than by that

that of his family. I know this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: but alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty of all human dependence. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness: that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off, the evening of his birth-day, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and cheerfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian; but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it: A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground upon him, shewed me the sword, which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb thread, long before it dropped. As to my bodily pains, I bless God they are by no means insupportable at present: I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful suffering, and am spending the remains of nature, which was almost exhausted in continual care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to one than one's-self. My daughter, who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his poor uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter,

but

but there are some subjects on which neither my tears nor pen know how to stop when they begin to flow.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your sincerely affectionate Friend,

F. SOMERSET.

LETTER XCVII.

From Miss *L——y M——n*, to Sir *C-----R-----*, the Author of her Ruin, on finding herself with Child by him.

Dear, though Perjured, *C-----*,

THE crime I have committed is its own punishment, and must soon expose me to public shame, unless you will save me from it by the performance of your vows. I find myself with child, and now once more call upon you in the name of that Almighty Being by whom you swore, to make me your lawful wife.

I will not mention love, for that you seem to have forgot, though you have so often vowed that your passion should never decay; but if you have any regard for truth; if you have any honour; if you have any hopes of heaven, or fears of hell, pity, sir! pity, a wretch you have yourself undone.—

Save,

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Save, oh! save, your *L——y*, from the agonies of a distempered mind.—

I expect an answer by the bearer to fix the destiny of

The unfortunate

L——Y M——N.

LETTER XCVIII.

From Mrs. *Mandeville*, an unfortunate Mother, to her unfortunate Daughter, lately arrived in *London*, and ruined by the artful Villany of a false Friend. Ignorant of her Situation, and distracted at her Silence, the tender Mother thus breathed forth her afflicted Soul.

MY DEAR CHILD,

YOU should have considered when you left me, and your dear brothers and sisters, that you left a family at home, whose happiness entirely depended upon yours ; and you should have also considered, that every day and every hour must seem heavy, long and tedious to us while in constant expectation of hearing from you. Why then have you been so very unkind, as never to have acquainted us with your present situation or with any thing more than your kind reception from that best of men, Mr. *Davis**,

* In truth, that worst of men, that monster in a human form ; and, alas ! it was not long before Mrs. *Mandeville* had reason, in the bitterness of her heart, to say so.

to

to whom let me return the most grateful thanks, as I shall ever think myself bound to bless and love him for his fatherly kindness to my dear, fatherless child.— Why should I, my dear Child, damp your present joy? But surely, I, who have lived only for, and in you, deserve, at least, to be remembered by you: and though you, perhaps, never cast one thought on me, or your little brothers and sisters; yet I and they never talk or think of any thing but you. Indeed, my Child, the face of happiness or pleasure has never been seen in our melancholy dwelling, since your departure. You know, for my own part, I stript myself of all I had, of almost every penny, that I might not prevent your happiness. Oh, my Daughter! Remember the smallness of my annuity, the largeness of my family, and the many difficulties I have to struggle with, and, for God's sake, do not you encrease my difficulties. You, the fond object of all my hopes and wishes, do not you become the means of enhancing my grief, and bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Oh, my dear *Sophy*! why have you been so cruel, thus long to forget and neglect us? Tears, poverty, sorrow and dread, are the only companions of my solitary hours; and the cruelty of some insulting neighbours, is still more insupportable than these. Weak, infirm, and distressed as I am, be assured, if I do not speedily hear from you, I shall set forward, and wearily labour to walk up to you; for money, alas! I have not sufficient to procure me a passage. Think of these things, my Daughter, and if you have any love, any regard, any reverence, for your parent or your family, deliver us from this melancholy situation, and inform us of your own. Poor little *Fanny* is constantly asking

and

and crying for you; and when she sees the big tears trickling down my cheeks, the pretty innocent wipes them away, or mingles her own with them. Oh, my Child! as at present, never sorrow was like my sorrow, so will never joy, when I hear of your felicity, be like the joy of

Your most affectionate Mother,

HARRIET MANDEVILLE.

LETTER XCIX.

From the *Same* to the *Same*.

MY DEAR CHILD,

YOUR letter and Mr. *Davis's* have been as daggers to my heart.—What can be the meaning of them? For God's sake let us know where you are, what is become of you, and your motives for flying from the protection of so valuable a friend. What can be your motives? Oh, gracious heaven! grant there is no ill befallen you:—if there is, your poor mother's death is the unavoidable consequence. Dear *Sophy*, why have you written in such a dark, mysterious way?—Write then again, write directly, and inform me of every particular:—do not protract the agony of your distracted mother. The same post which brought me your letter, brought me one from Mr. *Davis* in which—shocking tidings to my ears! he acquaints me of your sudden clopement from his house, and that he has not the smallest conception

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where

where you are to be found. To fly from the only friend you had in *London*, and such a friend too, is a most extraordinary proceeding, and bodes something too dreadful for me to think of, much more to name. What shall I say? What shall I do? My heart is almost broken, and my eyes flow so fast that I can scarcely perceive the paper before me. One fear overtakes and presses hard upon another. May you be but virtuous and I shall be happy! But leave me not to this uncertainty. What satisfaction can it be to you, that your distressed mother is bowed down to the very earth amidst the greatest sufferings?

Some of the neighbours have offered to bring me comfort, suspecting I know not what, or knowing perhaps more than I do. How hard to become an object of compassion even to our enemies!---O *Sophy*! Miss *Warden*, who ever hated our family, was here the other day, to comfort me, as she said, "since she really very much pitied my situation." My heart was ready to burst, and with tears in my eyes, I endeavoured to pluck up my courage, but in vain; nor shall I ever be able to do it 'till I am acquainted with your intention and circumstances. Write, therefore, my dear Child, I command you to write me, by the very next post, fully to inform me why you have left your cousin, where you now are, and what are your designs. 'Till I hear from you, farewell, my beloved daughter! and think you see, in the greatest anxiety and distress,

The most disconsolate
and most tender of Mothers,
HARRIET MANDEVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER C.

From the *Same*, after her Arrival in *London*, to the
Same.

MY CHILD,

WHAT dreadful things do I hear? Alas! did I ever think it would have come to this?—You have broke my heart, and I have now but a very short time to live. I am come to *London*, and am at my worthy Nephew, Mr. *Davis's*, where I command you---if you have yet any degree of love and duty remaining---where, I say, I command you instantly to attend me.

Oh, *Sophy, Sophy!* to bring the tenderest mother that ever lived to such a situation!---But your own heart must upbraid and condemn you more than all I can write; and though thus afflicted myself, even yet I would not, if possible, give any sorrow to my dear Child. Do not then give me any more, but make all expedition to see me, that you may afford me some comfort, if any be left for me before I go hence and be no more seen.

Your most affectionate Mother,

HARRIET MANDEVILLE.

LETTER CI.

From Mrs. Radley to Mrs. Brownloe, on a Defect in
the modern Education of young Ladies.

DEAR MADAM,

SINCE I had the pleasure to talk with you on the subject of female education, one branch of it has occurred to me which it is generally thought the ladies cannot attain too early, and which I wish with all my heart was delayed till they arrive at years of discretion, and begin to form notions of the world with some little degree of propriety. I the more readily express this wish, because the protraction of the branch I allude to, can by no means be prejudicial either to their interest, their morals, or their capacities. The part of education which I am here so desirous of keeping a considerable time from the ladies, is nothing more than the knowledge of writing: I don't know that a very young woman has a greater enemy in the world than an ink stand; and many a parent who boasts of the rapidity with which his daughter improves in this art, may in a year or two have a lamentable motive for wishing she had never learnt it all.

A young woman, now-a-days, let her be ever so homely, scarcely reaches her fifteenth or sixteenth year, but somebody takes an opportunity of pouring the fascinating language of adulation into her ear; and it rarely happens that this somebody is the person, who, if a treaty of marriage was proposed, would meet with the approbation of her family: natu-

naturally credulous, at so early a period, the most distant compliment is actually set down as a positive declaration, and the man is exalted into a first love, as it is called, for behaving with little more perhaps than an ordinary share of civility: the consequence therefore generally is, that an amour ensues, and the place of personal interviews is supplied by a literary correspondence; Miss while her doating relations suppose that she is reading some pious meditation, is most devoutly employed in the composition of darts and daggers to her *Strephon*; and setting her imagination on fire with the thoughts of a husband, when her infatuated parent believes that her very motion, to use the language of the poet, blushes at itself, and is certain that she would sink into the earth, if a man was to look her in the face with any extraordinary degree of steadiness. A girl of sixteen is most commonly as desirous of being thought a woman, as when a woman of forty, she wishes to be a girl of sixteen. Attentive to nothing but the impulse either of her passion or her vanity, the dear creature of a man probably receives half a dozen letters a day, till his vanity blazes the matter about; and informs her deluded parents, that their lovely little innocent has very vehement desires, under all that specious veil of simplicity; and burns for the possession of a bed-fellow, notwithstanding all her terrors, if a man but accidentally comes into her presence.

In reality a woman of this country, generally speaking, has very few occasions for the art of writing, but to carry on a literary correspondence; and this correspondence is always begun so very early, and directed so very injudiciously, that it is com-

monly unhappy in the end. A woman can have no occasion to correspond with a lover who receives the approbation of her family, and nothing can be more imprudent or dangerous than to correspond with a man who does not; but besides the imprudence and the danger of writing to young fellows, there is a disgrace always attending such a circumstance, which I am surprized does not more frequently deter a lady from committing the indiscretion. The men, however just in their engagements with one another, are most commonly unjust in their connections with our sex; the glory of being esteemed by an amiable woman is too much to be concealed, a bosom-friend must be trusted with the important secret; and this bosom-friend has *his* confidant, with whom, of course, it must be deposited; so that while the unsuspecting fair one believes her reputation is carefully locked up in the bosom of her adorer, she is the general subject of conversation with fifty other fellows, and is profigately jested with perhaps in half the taverns of the kingdom.

Many a sensible woman, when she has reached two or three and twenty, has blushed for her epistles of sixteen; and sickened, when she has married a man of intrinsic worth, at the bare recollection of the power which some rascal may possibly possess of exposing the weakness of her earlier years. For these reasons, I cannot but think that a hasty introduction of a girl to paper and pens, is as injudicious a measure as a parent can fall into. She can at any time get a messenger to carry a letter, when fear or shame will prevent her from applying to any person to write one; if, therefore, parents would be a little more

more attentive in teaching their daughters to read and spell with propriety, than anxious about the goodness of their hand-writing, they would improve their minds considerably more, and keep them from a number of temptations which often prove too powerful both for their pride and their virtue. Your sentiments on this subject, dear Madam, will give the greatest pleasure to

Your affectionate Friend,

And very humble Servant,

MATILDA RADLEY.

LETTER CII.

From the Lady C—— to Mr. W——, her cousin.
A prose Answer to a poetical Compliment to her
Beauty.

I received yours with the verses inclosed, and here return you my hearty thanks for the face, the shape, the mien, which you have so generously bestowed upon me. From looking upon your verses, I went to my glass: but, Jesu! the difference! Though I bought it to flatter me, yet, compared to you, I find it a plain-dealer: It showed me immediately, that I have been a great deal more beholding to you, than I have been to nature; for she only formed me not frightful; but you have made me divine. But as you have been a good deal kinder than nature has been to me, I think myself obliged, in requital, to be a good deal more liberal than Heaven has been to you,

you, and to allow you as large a stock of wit as you have given me of beauty: since so honest a gentleman as yourself has stretched his conscience to commend my person, I am bound in gratitude to do violence to my reason to extol your verses. When I left the town, I desired you to furnish me with the news of the place, and the first thing I have received from you is a copy of verses on my beauty; by which you dexterously infer, that the most extraordinary piece of news you can send me, is to tell me that I am handsome. By this ingenious inference, you had infallibly brought the scandal of a wit upon you, if your verses had not stood up in your justification. But tell me truly, Cousin, could you think that I should prove so easy a creature as to believe all that you have said of me? How could you and in your heart to make such a fool of me, and such a cheat of yourself, as to intoxicate me with flattery, and draw me in to truck my little stock of wit and judgment for a meer imagination of beauty; when the real thing too falls so infinitely short of what you would make me exchange for the very fancy of it? For, Cousin, there is this considerable difference between the merit of wit and beauty; that men are never violently influenced by beauty, unless it has weakened their reason; and never feel half the force of wit, unless their judgments are sound. The principal time in which those of your sex admire beauty in ours, is between seventeen and thirty; that is, after they are past their innocence, and before they are come to their judgment. And now, Cousin, have not you been commanding a pretty quality in me; to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes not only a corrupted will, but a raw understanding; besides, how frail, how transitory is it! Nature deprives

deprives us of it at thirty, if diseases spare it till then: by which constant proceeding, she seems to imply, that she gives it us in the childhood of our reason; and takes it from us, as a thing below us, when we come to years of discretion. Thus, cousin, have you been commanding a quality in me, which has nothing of true merit in it, and of which I have no greater a share, than to keep me from being scandalous. So that all I could have got by your kindness, if I had parted from my judgment, in order to reap the benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched conceit, and ridiculous affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant in you to take what I say in good part, I would advise you to engage no further in poetry: be ruled by a woman for once, and mind your *Coke upon Littleton*. Rather pettifog than flatter: for if you are resolved to be a cheat, you will shew at least some conscience, in resolving rather to chouse people of their money, than to baffle them of their understandings. Besides, cousin, you have not a genius which will make a great poet; and be pleased to consider, that a small poet is a scandalous wight; that indifferent verses are very bad ones; and that an insipid panegyric upon another, is a severe libel upon your self. Besides, there will start up a satire one day, and then woe be to cold rhymers. *Old England* is not yet so barren, but there will arise some generous spirit, who, besides a stock of wit and good sense, which are no very common qualities, will not only be furnished with a sound judgment, which is an extraordinary talent, but with a true taste for eloquence and wit, which is scarce any where to be found; and which comprehends not only a just discernment, but a fine penetration,

tration, and a delicate criticism. Such a satirist as this, cousin, must arise; and therefore you had best take care, by a judicious silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to divert, and not afflict you.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R C H I .

From Lady *Sophia Rusport* to Miss *Bowden*.

My DEAR FANNY,

WHILE I envy you the solid enjoyments of a calm retreat, you repine at being deprived, for a few months, of the noisy enjoyments of this tumultuous town.—You long to know what passes among the gay, the trifling world; wish to be told of the foibles you pity; and, in spite of all your good nature, are starved for want of a little scandal.—Indeed, my Dear, I am the most unfit person alive to treat you with this kind of food; however, I will do my best to entertain you, alluring you at the same time that it shall be at the expence of my own follies, not of those of other people.

You know though I lost my husband before what they call the *honey-moon* was expired, and became a widow when hardly seventeen, I always declared against entering into a second engagement. I need not tell you my sincerity in this point, since you have been witness of many instances to convince you of it.—For more than three years, I periled in my resolution; but, you do not see my blushes, while I confess

confess that, towards the middle of the fourth, other ideas came into my head.—About that time I happened to meet Sir *Frederick Stanley*, then just returned from his travels, at one of Lady *Charlotte Willoughby's* routs.—He seemed to distinguish me in a particular manner, insomuch that the whole company observed it, and from that day began to whisper it at every tea-table in town.

I could go to no public place without seeing him. When I went to church, to court, to the park, to the opera, to the play, Sir *Frederick Stanley* still presented himself.—At length he took the liberty of visiting me, declared with what unbounded ardour he loved me, and left nothing unsaid or unsworn to convince me of his sincerity.—It was not vanity that made me give ear to his flatteries: no, my Dear, I will own to you that I was weak enough to be pleased with the person and address of Sir *Frederick*, and even to let him see I was so.—

He proposed marriage, and I had half consented, when a sudden thought came into my head to try how far his affection would extend.—I told him I had but one objection to become his wife, which was, that being fully determined, as I imagined, never to marry again, I had made a deed of gift to a relation of all I was worth in the world, in case I ever did so, and that the same moment which made me a wife made me also a *beggar*. “ You see then, Sir,” added I, with a very serious air, “ it is out of my power to give my hand but to a man who has a sufficient stock of *fortune* and *love* to support a wife of quality without any contribution on her part. One of these, Sir *Frederick*, I know you to be master of, but dare not flatter myself you possess enough of the other to hazard the inconveniences of such an union”

Skilled

Skilled as he is in the art of dissimulation, my inanorato could not conceal the shock my story gave him. You would have smiled had you seen the awkward professions he afterwards made.--His words indeed were as passionate as ever, but the accent with which they were uttered was faint and languid. He vowed his whole desires were centered in my charming person, whilst his eyes gave the lie to every oath; and in the very moment he declared he wished no greater heaven than my presence discovered an impatience to be gone. I was now equally anxious to get rid of him, to break off all attachment to a man so undeserving of my love. Some company luckily came in, and relieved us both. He took his leave, and---would you believe it?---we have never seen each other since. I had a letter from him next day pretending sudden business in the country; but I know that he is still in town, and that he carefully avoids every place which threatens him with my appearance---he, who but the other day haunted me like my ghost, and vowed he could not live but in my presence.

You may believe I was not a little mortified at first. At times I even repented of the stratagem which deprived me of so agreeable a lover, 'till pride came to my assistance, and taught me to think only with contempt of a man who had no other passion for me but what sordid interest inspired; who, under pretence of the most refined admiration of my person and virtues, had no other motive in his addresses but to gain possession of my fortune.

On the recovery of my liberty I was sadly alarmed at what the world might say of the affair.--All my acquaintance had seen the devoirs paid to me by Sir *Frederick*: they now saw these devoirs were at an end;

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end; and I trembled at the thoughts that my picture might be drawn in a willow garland at all the tea-tables in town, nay, for aught I knew, my story exhibited on the stage, like that of *The Maid of Bath*, by *Foote*.

I found that an affectation of gaiety would not of itself be sufficient to ward off the impending mischief; and as I had heard it was a maxim with politicians to seem most open in those things they most endeavoured to conceal, I resolved to put it in practice, by relating to every one I came in company with the whole subject of my last conversation with Sir *Frederick*, my artifice and his confusion.—I had the good fortune to be believed.—My character of insensibility is retrieved, and the raillery falls wholly upon the Baronet.

To you alone, dear *Fanny*, my weakness is confessed, and I give you leave to laugh at me as immoderately as you please, provided you put it not in the power of any body else to laugh with you, and that you consider the confidence I repose in you as the highest mark of regard that can be given by

Your affectionate Cousin

SOPHIA RUSPORT.

T LETTER

L E T T E R C I V.

From Miss *Mordaunt* to Mr. *Henly*, a Stranger who had long pestered her with his Love-letters, in Answer to his last, in which he had given her his Address.

S I R,

YOU have at length done me a favour by giving me your direction, which enables me to return you all the billet-doux you have taken the trouble to write to me, and to assure you that, after the first, I should not even have damaged the seals had not the superscription been always in a different hand, so that it was impossible to know whence or from whom the letter came.

I might well be dispensed with for not sending any answer to a man who is utterly unknown to me, and whom I cannot possibly encourage; but have complied with your request, to put an end to all future trouble on both sides.

I am convinced, Sir, from the little share of reason I possess, that there can be but two motives for your romantic addresses; the hope of repairing, by my fortune, some defects which your own may labour under, or the caprice of amusing yourself at the expence of that vanity which you might expect to excite in me. But I am not to be made the dupe of either.

I have parents, Sir, who deserve, and have a right to demand, my unlimited confidence.--By
them

them not only all my actions, but my will itself, shall be invariably regulated ; and to that end I have entreated the favour of them to peruse, before I see it, every letter that may hereafter be directed to me.

This I am persuaded is the most effectual method a young woman can take to shield herself from the numberless artifices of designing men ; and I am likewise persuaded that those who have *love* for their *incitement*, and *honour* for their *aim*, will never be offended at it.

I am, as far as prudence permits, and good manners require,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

EUPHEMIA MORDAUNT.

LETTER CV.

From Miss *Vernon* to Mr. *Morton* in a Situation somewhat similar.

SIR,

A Declaration of love from a person so entirely unknown to me, seems so very extraordinary, that you cannot be surprised I have so long detained your messenger, in the uncertainty in what manner I should receive it.

Were my accomplishments ever so great, it would be a ridiculous, an unpardonable, vanity in me to imagine that from so transient a view as you have had of me, they could make an impression of the nature you describe ; or that your letter is dictated by

aught but mere whim or curiosity to try in what manner a woman would behave on such an occasion.

Fancy, it is true, can create merits where there really are none, and is more frequently than reason the director of inclination. If this should happen to be the case, gratitude and good manners demand a civil return; and I flatter myself, my character will not suffer by this compliance since it extends no farther than to inform you that I am not, nor ever intend to be, under any engagement, but such as shall have been approved of by Sir John Ellis, who is the only friend I have in *England*, and whose advice shall in every instance determine the conduct of,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VERNON.

LETTER CVI

From Miss Offory to Mr. Parker, a Gentleman who, being under Misfortunes, and relieved by her in the Hour of Distress, had mistaken the Effects of generous Friendship, for those of a secret Likning to his Person, and in that Supposition presumed to pay his Addresses to her.

SIR,

IT gives me no small concern to find that what I thought a virtue should be construed into a vice; that my readiness to relieve your distresses, instead of exciting in you a grateful esteem, should draw upon me the grossest affront that, every thing considered, you could possibly offer me.

I feel

I feel no concern, however, for you, who, I find, have vanity enough to buoy you up under any disappointment, but for others who may happen to be in a similar situation; since it will make me fearful hereafter of conferring an obligation on one of your sex, as I cannot be assured he will not return it in the same manner.

I return your letter, Sir, and with it this advice ---to be more humble for the future than to mistake pity for *love*, as you will infallibly convert the *one* into contempt without inspiring the smallest spark of the *other*. A due observation of this rule will, I am convinced, be of singular advantage to a man of your turn, and is the last act of charity you have to expect from

HARRIET OSSORY.

LETTER CVII.

From Mrs. Collet to Mr. Nelson, a Gentleman she had once tenderly loved, on his requesting a private Interview with her after her Marriage to another.

SIR,

THOUGH the power over all my actions is now, by love and law, become the right of another, yet I think myself too much obliged to you for the long affection you have borne me to refuse answering your letter. I must desire, however, to be excused from any *private* conversation, as it is not consistent with my honour nor can be of any service to your peace.

T 3

I am

I am sorry you have been so imprudent as to take this long journey on my account; but, as you are here, shall make no scruple of receiving a *public* visit from you as a friend. If you cannot bring yourself to this, I earnestly entreat you to quit this neighbourhood, and hope you have more generosity than to do any thing which may disturb the tranquillity of your sincere friend

MARIA COLLET.

LETTER CVIII.

From Mrs. *Hammond* to the Earl of ——, on his having conferred some Favours on her, under the Pretence of an honourable, disinterested Friendship, but in reality to attain the Gratification of a brutal, selfish, Passion.

My LORD,

NO circumstance in life could have brought greater distress upon me than the criminal sentiments couched in your letter of yesterday.

I had but one consolation, my Lord; and that was in thinking myself secure of a sincere friend, to whom, in every vexation I might be involved, I might have free recourse for counsel and protection.—Good Heaven! could I ever have imagined that you would have taken advantage of those difficulties you seemed to commiserate with so much tenderness? —No: nothing but your own conduct could have

con-

convinced me you were susceptible of such ungenerous principles.—

How despicable, how inconsistent, are the arguments of men of the finest understanding when used in favour of vice! You exclaim against my husband's injurious treatment of me, yet would persuade me to justify his conduct by my own, and give him an excuse for his ingratitude and ill-nature.— You say the situation to which *his* extravagancies have reduced me, is unworthy of my birth and accomplishments; yet *you* would not scruple to reduce me to one unworthy, not only of them, but of my reason also.— What could my most determined enemy wish me more, than to see me add shame and guilt to the load of wretchedness I am already doomed to sustain? Yet even this, you would have me believe is the effect of love.— Of love! alas, how is the noblest of all passions debased, when such gross desires are ascribed to it!— Defend, ye guardian powers, all who may be in a situation like mine from listening to such vain delusions!— May they, like me, discover the black polluted fiend, though he should appear as an angel of light!—

What, let me ask you, are your offers but so many baits to lure me to perdition?— What would my acceptance of them make me but a gaudy slave— a slave ridiculously miscalled a mistress? No, my Lord; be assured that no distress, no temptation, shall ever prevail on me to become the wretch you would have me.— The vows I made before the holy altar are indelibly engraved upon my heart, as well as registered in heaven; nor can any thing on the part of him to whom I am thus bound erase them thence.— Religion, reputation, duty, all laws human and divine, oblige

oblige me to beg, to starve, to wander with him a vagrant round the world, rather than shine in all the pomp of guilty grandeur with any other man.

I beseech you therefore, my Lord, nay I take the liberty to conjure you, if you have one spark of generosity towards me in your breast, to avoid seeing me for the future---Leave me to my miseries, nor seek to add to them by reminding me how greatly I deceived myself, when I imagined you found any thing worthy of a sincere friendship or regard in

The Unhappy

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER CIX.

Lady Frances Stanhope to the Hon. Mrs. Crompton
on False Breeding, with a striking Instance of it.

DEAR MADAM,

THERE is a sort of people in the world, pretty frequently met with, who, by an awkward imitation of manners, to which they have not been accustomed, not only render themselves ridiculous but all around them uneasy; I mean your pretenders to good breeding.

There seems to be a reigning mistake in most parents concerning this point. Those accomplishments which people of condition usually give their children, though they greatly contribute towards the attainment of politeness by no means constitute the whole of it. One may sing, dance, play on a variety

sity of instruments, speak every fashionable language with fluency, yet be very far from what I call *well-bred*. True politeness is a science not to be acquired in schools. Nature must bestow a genius; and that genius must be improved by reading authors of delicacy and spirit, and heightened by a freedom of conversation with persons of taste. It is an enemy to all kind of constraint, does every thing with ease, and though certain never to offend, is never at the expence of flattery to oblige.

I have lately had a very striking instance of this false politeness, my Dear, in the person of Sir *James Osborne's* new married bride, who has done me the *favour* of a visit since her arrival in *Shropshire*. I had been told she was a woman of fine breeding, and I received her in a manner suitable to that character; but how great was my disappointment when I found her behaviour such that I could neither look at her nor speak to her!---She so pestered me with compliments, and assurances of the high sense she entertained of the honour I had done her in permitting her to wait upon me, that I had scarce a word to answer in return. To gain a moment's truce I offered her ladyship a pinch of my cephalic; when she, happening to have her right hand glove off, took the box from me with her left, and laid it in the window, 'till she had drawn on her other glove, saying, she "would not be so rude as to touch my snuff with her naked fingers".

I called for tea sooner than I would have done, in hopes of shortening her visit; but unluckily put sugar into her cup, without asking whether she liked it or not.---She sipped and sipped, and all the time praised the tea, as the finest she had ever tasted. Sir *James*, not having observed that I had put sugar into it, cried, "you are certainly, my

my dear, the best judge of the flavour; drinking it as you do without sugar."

I now recollect the indecorum of which I had been guilty in not consulting her ladyship's palate, and asked her pardon. She appeared in a most terrible confusion, and told Sir *James*, she was surprised he should mention any thing of it.

"Truly" said the Knight with his usual simplicity, "I was quite ignorant of the matter; but since it is so, I think I have more reason to be surprised to see you punish yourself by drinking what I know you have so great an aversion to rather than speak a word to prevent it."

"Oh! fie, Sir *James*," replied she, "how can you talk so! Where do you think I was bred?—

Then turning to me, made a long apology for her husband's abruptness.—I took his part, but durst not say too much for fear of continuing the dispute. At last they took their leave. I waited on them to the head of the stair-case; but the good Lady so often turned back to prevent me, and dropped me so many curteisies, that returning them made my knees ache for an hour after.

As I have the most heart-felt regard for every branch of your family, I could wish you would read this little anecdote to your youngest sister, who, you tell me, is just come from the boarding-school, since it may help to teach her the distinction between overstrained complaisance and true politeness. She may possibly have acquired a certain stiffness of behaviour under the tuition of her formal governess, which, if not timely softened into a more easy habit, may in some measure eclipse her other accomplishments.

Believe me,

My Dear Madam, yours, &c.

FRANCES STANHOPE.

LETTER CX.

From Lady *Juliana Glanville* to Miss *Henriette Wentworth*.

An Instance of the Ridiculous.

HEIGH-HO! *Wentworth!* who would have thought it?—What a foolish thing is a fond heart!—How often have you told me what metal mine was made of!—Hard as it was, O'Brien's eyes have melted it—The dear youth saw, and conquered—Your friend is no longer free.—O ye dear enchanting scenes round *Glanville Castle*, that once delighted my innocent hours—Ye tow'ring forests—myrtle-shades - chrystral streams—and cooing turtles—ye have no more charms for me—none—unless O'Brien be there.

Rocks, from your caves repeat the plaintive strains,

And let the mournful tale be echoed o'er the plains.

—And so, my dear, I'll tell you how it was—I went last night to the Grove Assembly, in company with the Miss Seymours and the fright *Biffeton*—By the bye my dear, is not that fellow a dreadful creature?—Huge, horrid eye-brows, overlooking two milk-white eyes—and his vulgar manner—and his nasty cheeks—faugh! always full of tobacco! So, my dear, as I was saying, we all went together—I dressed in my white satin and silver, and my hair pinned up with my new Barbeiot's brilliant—apropos—how do you like my last suit of Brussels?—And just as we were going to cross the stile, whom should I see peeping on the other side of the hedge
but

but—*O'Brien!*—lovely and enchanting as he was when I saw him last winter at *Carlisle-House!*—I instantly feigned illness, returned, turned up the lane, and gave them the slip; when *O'Brien*, with an angel's swiftness, flew over the hedge—and we both dissolved in tears.—Oh sweet sensibility! why was my heart formed with more than woman's softness! why was *O'Brien* formed with more than manly grace!—It was in a bower formed with honeysuckles and jessamine that we reclined—The dear youth spoke a thousand tender things with his eyes, and I answered him with sighs and blushing cheeks—seated in a deep embowering shade—lips trembling—hearts beating—locked in each other's arms—what a dangerous situation! and the discourse on love---!

—And oh! his charming tongue
Was but too well acquainted with my weakness!
He talk'd of love, and all my melting heart
Dissolv'd within my breast.

Do you know, *Wentworth*, that I was violently inclined to play the fool? We found ourselves lavishing encomiums on disinterested love and a cottage. His description was animated to the last degree. My whole attention was engrossed. He held my hand tenderly pressed between his, while I listened to his soothing tale. His eyes were still more eloquent than his bewitching tongue..

I was almost a lost woman; when luckily for me, the idea of matrimonial bitters, squalling brats, and a knapsack, darted across my thoughts. Up I sprang. A fine day for a walk, cried I; and away I tripped. I had nothing for it but flight.

He

He followed me dejected, his arms folded. He looked amazingly handsome. But Prudence kept her seat in my breast : Prudence, you know, is the foil of love. We strolled towards the house, without any other conversation except expressive sighs on his side—half-afflicted ones, and stolen glances; on mine. I flew to the harpsichord to raise my spirits: He drew a chair near me; and, leaning on the instrument, rivetted his languishing eyes on my face. My fingers involuntarily touched the soft plaintive notes: Instead of a sprightly air, out came a ditty as melancholy as the *Babes in the Wood*. He perceived my confusion; and snatching the moment of love, he threw himself on his knees, looked moving; and swore that,

While youthful splendor lighten'd in my eyes;
Clear as the smiling glory of the skies;
More white than flax my curling tresses flow'd;
My dimpled cheeks with rosy beauty glow'd.

Enchanting lines! ain't they; *Wentworth*?--“ Well! and what followed ?” you ask me.--Aye, there's the rub---But positively you shan't know till my next letter---Heigh-ho !---Adieu, Henrietta---and tell me how your affair with the Baronet goes on: Adieu, my dear, and remember

Your sighing;

And almost ruined cousin;

JULIANA GLANVILLE;

LETTER CXI.

From Mrs. *Morris* to Mrs. *Jones* in the style of
Pamela. Another instance of the Ridiculous.

WELL! and so I sat me down in my room, and was reading *Pamela*.—One might furnish this book with several pretty decorations, thought I to myself; and then I began to design cuts for it, in particular places. For instance one, where *Pamela* is forced to fall upon her knees in the arbour: a second, where she is in bed, and Mrs *Jewkes* holds one hand and Mr. *B.* the other: a third, where *Pamela* sits sewing in the Summer-house, &c.

So I just sketched them out, and sent my little hints to Mrs. *Richardson*. As soon as I had sealed my letter, in comes Mrs *Thomas*.—

"Well, Mrs. *Thomas*," says I, "this Mrs. *Jones* never comes---what can one do? I'm as dull as a beetle for want of company."

"Ma'am" says she "the hen"—

"What makes you out of breath," says I, "Mrs. *Thomas*; what's the matter?"

"Why, Ma'am," says she, "the hen that I set last-sabbath-day-was-three-weeks has just hatched, and has brought all her eggs to-good."

"That's brave indeed," says I.

"Aye, that it is," says she, "so be and't please G-d an how that they liven, there'll be a glorious parcel of 'em. Shall I bring 'em up for you to see?" says she.

"No,

"No, thank ye, Mrs. *Thomas*" says I, "but aren't ye in some apprehensions from the kite, Mrs *Thomas*?"

"No, Ma'am," says she, "I hope there's no danger; I takes pretty good care of 'em."

"I don't question your care," says I; "for you are seldom without a duck or a chicken about you."

"Poor, pretty creatures!" says she; "look here, Mistress, this has gotten a speck of black upon her tail."—

"I don't think," says I, "Mrs. *Thomas*, but what your soul was designed for a hen, originally."

"Why, and if I had been a hen," says she, "I believe I should have done as much for my chickens as yonder great black and white hen does, tho' I say't that shou'd not say't," said she.

"Aye, that you would," thought I.

"Well, but now when Mrs. *Jones* comes, have you got e'er a chicken that's fit to kill?"

"No," says she, "I doubt there is ne'er a one."

"Well," says I, "Mrs. *Thomas*, you and your chicken may go down; I am going to write a letter."—

So I sat down, and wrote thus far: scrattle, scrattle, goes the pen—"why how now?" says I—"what's the matter with the pen"? So I thought I would make an end of the letter, because my pen went scrattle, scrattle. Well, I warrant I shall have little pleasure when Mrs. Jones comes; for I never fixed my heart much upon any thing in my life, but some misfortune happened to balance my pleasure.—After all, thought I, it must be some very ill accident that outweighs the pleasure I shall take in seeing her.

LETTER CXII.

From *AURELIA* to *CLEORA*.

On Fate.—On flounced Petticoats and Aprons.—
On Spirits.—On the Elysian Fields, &c.

Another instance of the Ridiculous.*

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 so 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 year, but then, my dear, you will allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Aye, so has my muslin apron; but I would not choose to make it a winter-suit of clothes.

* Another, another, and another!—The editor has in her possession some hundreds of letters written in much the same style and manner as these, which, to the eternal disgrace of the present taste, seem to be the only models that our young ladies are ambitious to imitate. How happy shall she be to hear that her feeble endeavours have in any degree contributed to remove so flagrant an abuse!

Well,

Well, now I will 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 to-morrow: 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 will not tell me all? you know I abominate reserve.

POETICAL LETTERS.

LETTER CXIII.

From Mrs. *** to General ***, her Husband.

Written a few Days before her Death.

THOU, who dost all my pleasing thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of every earthly joy,
Thou tenderest husband, and thou truest friend,
To thee, this fond, this last adieu I send.
At length the conqu'ror, Death, asserts his right
And will for ever veil thee from my sight;
He woos me to him with a chearful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shews that all life's pleasing dream vain

Th' eternal joys of heaven he sets in view,
 And tells me that no other joys are true.
 But love, fond love, would fain resist his pow'r,
 Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
 It brings thy mournful image to my eyes,
 And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
 But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend!
 Say, "would'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?"
 Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,
 And canst thou mourn that rest is come at last?
 Rather rejoice to see me shake off life;
 And die, as I have lived,

Thy Faithful Wife.

LETTER CXI.

From Miss Carter to Miss Gower, with a present
 of a Watch.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,
 Thy reason let it warn,
 And seize, my Dear, that rapid time
 Which never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care,
 The blessing can restore;
 And heaven exacts a strict account
 For every mis-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
 And soon its prospects end:
 Yet on that day's uncertain date
 Eternal years depend.

Yet

Yet equal to our being's aim,
 The space to virtue given ;
 And ev'ry minute well improv'd
 Secures an age in heaven.

LETTER CXV.

From Miss Shirley to Miss Clayton, with a present
 of a Spinning Wheel.

BETSY! with the wheel I send,
 Take the hint 'twas form'd to lend.
 Emblem this of life is found,
 While you turn it round and round.
 All the years that roll away,
 Are but circles of a day ;
 Still the same and still renew'd,
 While some distant good's pursu'd ;
 Distant, for we're never blest,
 'Till the lab'ring wheel's at rest ;
 Then the various thread is spun ;
 Then the toil of life is done.
 Happy if the running twine
 Forin'd a smooth and even line ;
 Not a foul and tangled clue,
 Not untimely snapt in two.
 Then the full reward is sure,
 Rest that ever shall endure ;
 Rest to happiness refin'd,
 Bliss of body and of mind !

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

From Miss Malone to Miss Newby, in Answer to a Card of Compliments and Excuses for breaking off an Engagement to accompany a party of Ladies on a short Excursion into the Country.

Monday Morning, half past 11 o'Clock.

MY good Miss, though at nine, your capricious design,

Was concluded (whatever might come on't)
Half a word in your ear shall I whisper, my Dear,
It ne'er came to my hand 'till this moment.

Next---to yours in reply---neither awkward nor dry,---

You will just give me leave to assure you,
If you dare disappoint, 'twill be all out of joint,
And each grace may transform to a fury.

Let but one of our sex such a message perplex,
And with her you well know what a trade is;
Then take time to repent, ere you feel the event,
Of provoking a coach-full of ladies.

Aye, a coach-full, dear *Bess*, as you'll easily guess,
Since yourself first propos'd us the favour,
Will their voices unite, and for fun or for spite,
Give their verdict, how odd your behav'our.

So you must not be slack, or presume to draw
back;

And I give you my honour and word,
Your compliance alone, shall for ever atone
For what's past.

You're in haste,

JEAN MALONE.

LETTER CXVII.

From Miss Soper in Answer to a Lady, who invited
her to retire into a monastic Life at St. Cross,
near Winchester.

I.

IN vain, mistaken maid, you'd fly
To desert and to shade ;
But since you call, for once I'll try
How well your vows are made.

II.

To noise and care let's bid adieu,
And solitude commend ;
But how the world will envy you,
And pity me your friend.

III.

You, like rich metal hid in earth,
Each swain will dig to find ;
But to expect no second birth,
For dross is left behind,

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

From *Celia* to *Cloe*, inviting her into the Country.

IRURAL life enjoy, the town's your taste,
In this we differ, twins in all the rest.
Yet when the dog-star brings diseases on,
And each fond mother trembles for her son;
Now when the Mall's forlorn, 'the beaux and belles
All for retirement croud to Tunbridge-Wells;
Say, will not *Cloe* for a while withdraw
From dear Vaux-hall and charming Ranelagh?
Sure at this homely hut one may contrive
A while not only to exist but live:
For not dull landscapes here my thoughts engross,
Woods, lawns, and rills, and grottoes green with moss.
No, the same appetite that courts infuse,
Haunts in retreat, and to the shade pursues.
Here all my cares are to receive and pay
Visits; my studies, a romance or play.
And then to pass the live-long Sunday off,
Walks or a ride, nay church serves well enough.
At church, one has a chance to see cockades,
Lur'd thither in pursuit of country maids;
Or tall Hibernian, smit with fond desire
To wed the only daughter of a squire.
Cards have their turn, to kill a tedious hour,
If baulk'd of whist, piquette is in my pow'r;
For oft the captain, fresh from town, bestows
A friendly week upon his friend my spouse.
Then gaily glide the days on downy feet,
For sure the captain has prodigious wit;
O I could hear his sweet discourse for ever!
Of all that's done, and who and who's together.

Oft

Oft far and wide for new delights I range,
 True sex, and constant to the love of change.
 Is there within ten miles a troop review'd,
 An auction of old goods, an interlude
 By strolling players, an horse-race, or a ball?
 There to be seen I have an urgent call.
 The labours of the plough are then forgot,
 And *Thomas* mounts the box in liv'ry coat.
 Scenes odd as these, if *Cloe* can endure,
 (And yet these scenes are town in miniature)
 Come, and reflect on Ranelagh with scorn,
 Content e'en here, at least till routs return.

LETTER CXIX.

From Miss *Carter* to Miss *Emily* —— on Happiness.

TH E midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er Nature's soft repose ;
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart lies still ;
 And varying schemes of life no more
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice,
 Attends each mental pow'r :
 Come, dear *Emilia*, and enjoy
 Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come,

Come while the peaceful scene invites,
 Let's search this ample round,
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form
 Of happiness be found ?

Does it amid the frolic mirth
 Of gay assemblies dwell ?
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
 That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
 A sick'ning heart conceals ;
 And thro' the cloister's deep recess,
 Invading sorrow steals !

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
 The fugitive we trace :
 It dwells not in the faithless smile
 That brightens *Clodio's* face.

Perhaps the joy to these denied,
 The heart in friendship finds :
 Ah ! dear delusion ! gay conceit
 Of visionary minds !

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
 Yet all agree in one,
 To place its being in some state,
 At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
 Of pow'r supremely wise,
 Who fancy happiness in aught
 The hand of heav'n denies !

Vain is alike the joy we see,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires
Is happiness confin'd,
And deaf to folly's call attends
The music of the mind.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

LETTER CXX.

Miss W—d—r to Lady Eliz. M-d-s, at —— Castle
North.

A View from the Parades at Bath, &c.

SWEET are yon hills, that crown this fertile vale!
Ye genial springs! Pierian waters, hail!

Hail, woods and lawns! yes—oft I'll tread
Yon pine-clad mountain's side,
Oft trace the gay enamell'd mead,
Where Avon rolls his pride.

Sure, next to fair Castalia's streams
And Pindus' flow'ry path,
Apollo most the springs esteems,
And verdant meads of Bath.

The Muses haunt these hallow'd groves,
And here their vigils keep ;
Here teach fond swains their hapless loves,
In gentle strains to weep.

From water sprung, like flow'rs from dew,
What troops of bards appear !
The God of verse and physic too
Inspires them twice a year.

Take then, my friend, the sprightly rhyme,
Whilst you inglorious waste your prime
At home in cruel durance pent,
On dull domestic cares intent ;
Forbid, by parent's harsh decree,
To share the joys of Bath with me.
Ill judging parent ! blind to merit,
Thus to confine a nymph of spirit !
With all thy talents doom'd to fade
And wither in th' unconscious shade.
I vow, my dear, it moves my spleen,
Such frequent instances I've seen
Of fathers, cruel and unkind,
To all paternal duty blind.
What wretches do we meet with often,
Whose hearts no tenderness can soften !
Sure all good authors should expose
Such parents, both in verse and prose ;
And nymphs inspire with resolution,
Ne'er to submit to persecution.
This wholesome satire much enhances,
The merit of our best romances.
And modern plays, that I could mention,
With judgment fraught, and rare invention,
Are wrote with much the same intention.

But,

But, thank my stars! that worthy pair,
 Who undertook a guardian's care,
 My spirit never have confin'd,
 (An instance of their generous mind!)
 For Lady *B-n-r-d*, my aunt,
 Herself propos'd this charming jaunt:
 All from redundancy of care,
 For *Sim*, her fav'rite son and heir;
 To him the joyous hours I owe,
 That Bath's enchanting scenes bestow;
 Thanks to her book of choice receipts,
 That pamper'd him with fav'ry meats;
 Nor less the day deserves a blessing,
 She cram'm'd his sister to excess in:
 For now she sends both son and daughter,
 For crudities to drink the water;
 And here they are, all bile and spleen,
 The strangest fish that e'er were seen:
 With *Tabby Runt*, their maid, poor creature,
 The queereſt animal in nature,
 I'm certain none of Hogarth's sketches,
 E'er formed a ſet of stranger wretches.
 I own, my dear, it hurts my pride,
 To ſee them blund'ring by my ſide;
 My ſpirits flag, my life and fire
 Is mortify'd *au despoir*,
 When *Sim*, unfashionable ninny,
 In public calls me *Cousin Jenny*.
 And yet, to give the wight his due,
 He has ſome ſhare of humour too;
 A comic vein of pedant learning,
 His converſation you'll discern in;
 The oddeſt compound you can ſee,
 Of threwdneſs and ſimplicity,

With natural strokes of awkward wit,
 That oft, like Parthian arrows hit,
 For when he seems to dread the foe,
 He always strikes the hardest blow,
 And when you'd think he means to flatter,
 His panegyrics turn to satire;
 But then no creature you can find,
 Knows half so little of mankind,
 Seems always blund'ring in the dark,
 And always making some remark;
 Remark, that so provokes one's laughter,
 One can't imagine what he's after.
 And sure you'll thank me for exciting,
 In *Sim* a wond'rous itch for writing,
 With all his serious grimace,
 To give descriptions of the place,
 No doubt his mother will produce
 His poetry for gen'ral use,
 And if his bluntness does not fright you,
 His observations must delight you;
 For truly the good creature's mind,
 Is honest, generous, and kind:
 If unprovok'd, will ne'er displease ye,
 Or ever make one soul uneasy.
 I'll try to make his sister *Pru*
 Take a small trip to *Pindus* too;
 And me the nine shall all inspire,
 To tune for thee the warbling lyre;
 For thee the Muse shall ev'ry day
 Speed, by the post, her rapid way;
 For thee, my friend, I'll oft explore
 Deep treasures of romantic lore.
 Nor wonder if I gods create,
 As all good bards have done of late;

'Twill

'Twill make my verse run smooth and even,
 To call new Deities from Heaven.
 Come then, thou Goddes I adore, —
 But soft---my Chairman's at the door;
 The ball's begun---my friend, no more. }

Bath.

J—W—D—R.

LETTER CXXI.

MIR A to DAPHNE.

IN vain, dear Madam---yes, in vain you strive,
 Alas! to make your luckless *Mira* thrive.
 For *Tycho* and *Copernicus* agree,
 No golden planet bent its rays on me.

'Tis twenty winters, if it is no more;
 To speak the truth, it may be twenty-four.
 As many springs their destin'd space have run,
 Since *Mira's* eyes first opened on the sun.
 'Twas when the flocks on slabby hillocks lie,
 And the cold fishes rule the wat'ry sky:
 But tho' these eyes the learned page explore,
 And turn the pond'rous volumes o'er and o'er,
 I find no comfort from their systems flow,
 But am dejected more as more I know.
 Hope shines a while, but like a vapour flies,
 (The fate of all the curious and the wise)
 For, ah! cold *Saturn* triumph'd on that day,
 And frowning *Sol* deny'd his golden ray.

You see I'm learned, and I shew't the more,
 That none may wonder when they find me poor.
 Yet *Mira* dreams, as slumb'ring poets may,
 And rolls in treasures 'till the breaking day:

While books and pictures in bright order rise,
 And painted parlours swim before her eyes :
 'Till the shrill clock impertinently rings,
 And the soft visions move their shining wings :
 Then *Mira* wakes---her pictures are no more,
 And through her fingers slides the vanish'd ore.
 Convinc'd too soon, her eye unwilling falls
 On the blue curtains, and the dusty walls :
 She wakes, alas ! to business and to woes,
 To sweep her kitchen, and to mend her clothes.

But see pale Sickness with her languid eyes,
 At whose appearance all delusion flies :
 The world recedes, its vanities decline,
Clorinda's features seem as faint as mine :
 Gay robes no more the aching sight admires
 Wit grates the ear, and melting music tires :
 Its wonted pleasures with each sense decay,
 Books please no more, and paintings fade away :
 The sliding joys in misty vapours end :
 Yet let me still, ah ! let me grasp a friend :
 And when each joy, when each lov'd object flies,
 Be you the last that leaves my closing eyes !

But how will this dismantl'd soul appear,
 When stripp'd of all it lately held so dear,
 Forc'd from its prison of expiring clay,
 Afraid and shiv'ring at the doubtful way.

Yet did these eyes a dying parent see,
 Loos'd from all cares except a thought for me,
 Without a fear resign her short'ning breath,
 And dauntless meet the ling'ring stroke of death.
 Then at th' almighty's sentence shall I mourn,
 " Of dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return "?
 Or shall I wish to stretch the line of fate,
 That the dull years may bear a longer date,

To

To share the follies of succeeding times
 With more vexations and with deeper crimes?—
 Ah! no:—tho' Heaven brings near the final day,
 For such a life I will not, dare not, pray;
 But let the tear for future mercy flow,
 And fall resign'd beneath the mighty blow.
 Nor I alone--- for through the spacious ball
 With me will numbers of all ages fall:
 And the same day that *Mira* yields her breath,
 Millions may enter through the gates of death.

LETTER CXXII.

From *Mira* to *Celia*. The Sacrifice.

IF you, dear *Celia*, cannot bear
 The low delights that others share:
 If nothing will your palate fit
 But learning, eloquence, and wit,
 Why, you may sit alone, I ween,
 Till you're devoured with the spleen:
 Eat if variety can please
 With humble scenes, and careless ease;
 If smiles can banish melancholy,
 Or whimsy with its parent folly;
 If any joy in these there be,
 I dare invite you down to me.

You know these little roofs of mine
 Are always sacred to the nine;
 This day we make a sacrifice
 To the *Parnassian* deities,
 Which I am order'd by *Apollo*,
 To shew you in the words that follow.

At

At first we purge the hallow'd room,
 With soft utensil called a broom ;
 And next for you a throne prepare,
 Which vulgar mortals call a chair,
 While zephyrs from an engine blow
 And bid the sparkling cinders glow ;
 Then gather round the mounting flames
 The priestess and assembled dames,
 While some inferior maid shall bring
 Clear water from the babbling spring,
 Shut up in vase of fable dye,
 Secure from each unhallow'd eye ;
 Fine wheaten bread you next behold,
 Like that which *Homer* sung of old,
 And by some unpolluted fair
 It must be scorch'd with wond'rous care.
 So far 'tis done : and now behold
 The sacred vessels—not of gold ;
 Of polish'd earth must they be form'd,
 With painting curiously adorn'd.
 These rites are past : and now must follow
 The grand libation to *Apollo*,
 Of juices drawn from magic weeds
 And pith of certain *Indian* reeds.
 For flow'r of milk the priestess calls,
 Her voice re-echoes from the walls.
 With her's the sister voices blend,
 And with the od'rous steam ascend :
 Each fair one now a *Sibyl* grows,
 And ev'ry cheek with ardour glows,
 And, though not quite beside their wits,
 Are seiz'd with deep prophetic fits.
 Some by mysterious figures show
 That *Celia* loves a shallow beau ;

And

And some by signs and hints declare,
 That *Damon* will not wed *Ziphair*:
 Their neighbours' fortunes each can tell,
 So potent is the mighty spell.

This is the feast, and this, my friend,
 Are you commanded to attend:
 Yes, at your peril:—But adieu!
 I've weary'd both myself and you.

LETTER CXXIII.

From *Mira* to *Aurelia*. Written in a fit of the Head-Ache.

AURELIA, when your zeal makes known
 Each woman's failing but your own,
 How charming *Silvia*'s teeth decay,
 And *Celia*'s hair is turning grey:
 Yet *Celia* gay has sparkling eyes,
 But to your comfort, is not wise:
 Methinks you take a world of pains,
 To tell us *Celia* has no brains.

Now you wise folk, who make such pothesy
 About the wit of one another,
 With pleasure would your brains resign,
 Did all your noddles ache like mine.

Not cuckolds half my anguish know,
 When budding horns begin to grow:
 Not batter'd skull of wrestling *Dick*
 Who late was drubb'd at single stick:

Not

Not wretches that in fevers fry,
 Not *Sappho* when her cap's awry
 E'er felt such tort'ring pangs as I.

Not love-sick *Marzia*'s languid eyes,
 Who for her simp'ring *Corin* dies,
 So sleepy look, or dimly shine,
 As these dejected eyes of mine :
 Nor *Claudia*'s brow such wrinkles made
 At sight of *Cynthia*'s new brocade.

Just so, *Aurelia*, you complain
 Of vapours, rheums, and gouty pain ;
 Yet I am patient, so should you,
 Since cramps and head-aches are our dues :
 We suffer justly for our crimes,
 For scandal you, and I for rhymes :
 Yet we, as harden'd wretches do,
 Still the enchanting vice pursue ;
 Our reformation ne'er begin,
 But fondly hug the darling sin.

Yet there's a mighty difference too
 Between the fate of me and you.
 Though you with tott'ring age shall bow,
 And wrinkles scare your lovely brow ;
 Your busy tongue may still proclaim
 The faults of ev'ry sinful dame ; ♀
 You still may prattle, nor give o'er,
 When wretched I must sin no more.
 The sprightly nine must leave me then,
 This trembling hand resign its pen ;
 No matron ever sweetly sung,
Apollo only courts the young.

Then

Then who would not, *Aurelia*, pray,
 Enjoy his favours while they may?
 Nor cramps nor head-aches shall prevail;
 I'll still write on and you shall rail.

LETTER CXXIV

From Miss Whateley to Mr. O——y, in answer to
 his request that she would paint his character.

THO' you flatter my genius and praise what
 I write,
 Sure this whimsical task was impos'd out of spite.
 Because this poor head with much scratching and
 thinking
 Made some idle reflections on raking and drinking,
 To clip my weak wings with malicious intention,
 You present me a theme that defies all invention.
 Your picture! Lord bless us! where can one begin?
 To speak truth were insipid, to lie were a sin:
 You might think me in love should I paint your per-
 fections;
 Should I sketch out your faults, you might make worse
 objections.
 Should I blend in one piece of superlative merit,
 Good-nature and wit, condescension and spirit.
 Should with modesty, ease and politeness be join'd,
 Unlimited freedom, with manners refined;
 Courage, tenderness, honour enthron'd in one heart;
 With frankness, reserve; and with honesty, art;
 Were these glaring good qualities plac'd in full view,
 Do you think any soul would believe it was *you*.

"Why

"Why then, turn t'other side," says ill-nature,
"and find him,

"In some few modish faults leave his sex all behind
him;

"For levity, flatt'ry, and so forth, he's fam'd;—"

P'r'ythee, peace! fool, and let not such trifles be
nam'd:

If his failings be such, time will certainly cure 'em;
And the *ladies*'till then, will with pleasure endure 'em.

M. WHATELEY.

LETTER CXXV.

From a Lady in *England* to a Gentleman at *Avignons*.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health, she wants, thy gentle *Cloe* sends.
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's side,
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?
The strength of armies? or the force of pray'r?

Docs

Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive?
 From saints departed or from priests alive?
 Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
 stand,

And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;
 Heav'n to our vow's may future kingdoms owe,
 But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
 Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
 In female joys I took a dull delight,
 Slept all the morn, and panted half the night:
 But now, with fears and public cares possest,
 The church, the church, for-ever breaks my rest.
 The papers on my pillow I explore,
 And sift the news of ev'ry foreign shore,
 Studiois to find new friends, and new allies;
 What armies march from Sweden in disguise;
 How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
 And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold:
 Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
 Cross many a region marks the winding way;
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
 And grow a meer geographer by love:
 But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
 Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
 And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our *James*, tho' foil'd in arms, despair,
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
 Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs;
 Be theirs the musquet, while the tongue is ours.

We reason with such fluency and fire,
 The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
 Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
 And from our judges vindicate the laws.
 Then moan not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost,
 A crown, tho' late, thy sacred brow may boast ;
 Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree ;
 Those who win hearts, have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Haft thou not heard that, when profusely gay
 Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sov'reign's day,
 We stubborn damsels met the public view
 In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?
 What whig but trembled, when our spotless band
 In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !
 Who can forget what fears the foe possest,
 When oaken boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal breast !
 Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood,
 When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
 Till near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
 The youth of Kent beneath its wandring shade.

Those, who the succours of the fair despise,
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
 Thy female bands, O prince by fortune crost,
 At least more courage than thy men may boast :
 Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
 And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.
 From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
 The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
 Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
 With all their poles the guardians of the night,
 And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
 To vend the discontented stateman's thought.
 Tho' red with stripes, and recent from the throng,
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song;
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
 His sword for James no brother sov'reign draws.
 The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
 And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
 But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
 And into ready money coins his gods.
 The dauntless Swede, pursu'd by vengeful foes,
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snoxs :
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
 Safe, Bar-le-duc, within thy silent grove
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove :
 The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
 Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the sylvan war :
 Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
 Inconstant Orleans still we mourn the day
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway,
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
 Far from the call of his desponding friends.
 Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace !
 And such the terrors of the Brunswick race !

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
 And sudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd !
 For this did Heav'n display to mortal eyes
 Aërial knights and combats in the skies !
 Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red !
 And Thames, driv'n backward show'd, his secret bed !
 False auguries ! th' insulting victors scorn !
 Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !
 O portents constru'd on our side in vain !
 Let never Tory trust eclipse again !
 Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace ye, skies !
 And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rife !

To Rome then must the royal wand'rer go,
 And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?
 His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
 One half in lux'ry, and one half in pray'r ?
 His mind perhaps at length debauchi'd with ease
 The profer'd purple and the hat may please.
 Shall he, whose antient patriarchal race
 To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
 In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
 And poll for points of faith his trusty vote !
 Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
 And with his casting suffrage fix a creed !
 Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
 And English heretics curse once a year ?
 Garnet and Faux shall he with pray'r invoke,
 And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smioak !
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! my soul, to fury wrought,
 Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
 And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine ;

Yet

Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
 And still the double claim divides my breast.
 The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
 And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due :
 To James my passion and my weakness guide,
 But reason sways me to the victor's side.
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear !
 You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
 In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace ;
 What force had falsehood, when he show'd his face !
 In vain to war his boastful clans were led ;
 Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled :
 France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
 A second Dunkirk in another name :
 In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
 And up the Thames the world's abundance flows.
 Spite of fam'd fears, and artificial cries,
 The pious town fees fifty churches rise :
 The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
 And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
 Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
 The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
 Shows all his fire : another and the same.
 He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
 To future ages propagates her charms :
 With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
 The mingled parents in each daughter's face,
 Half sick'ning at the sight too well I spy
 The father's spirit through the mother's eye :
 In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
 And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess! happy by thy foes confest!
 Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!
 As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
 While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.
 Transplanted to each court, in time to come,
 Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom
 Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
 And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
 The fair descendants of thy sacred bed
 Wide branching o'er the western world shall spread,
 Like the fam'd Bánian tree, whose pliant shoot
 To earthward bending of it's self takes root,
 'Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
 In verdant arches on the fertile land;
 Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
 My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend:
 Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
 And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain;
 Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
 Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd *Cloe*'s sake,
 Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
 If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
 Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend:
 What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
 Great Brunswick's Virtues will secure thy fame:
 Say, these invite thee to approach his throne,
 And own the monarch, Heav'n vouchsafes to own.
 The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
 Say this to them; but swear to me 'twas Love.

LETTER CXXVI.

From Mrs. *Gordon*, an Officer's widow, to the Right Hon. the Lady *Carteret*.

Wear'y'd with long attendance on the court,
You, Madam, are the wretch's last resort.
Eternal King! if here in vain I cry,
Where shall the fatherless and widow fly?

How blest are they, who sleep among the dead,
Nor hear their children's piercing cries for bread!

When your lov'd off-spring gives your soul delight,
Reflect how mine are irksome to my sight:
O think, how must a wretched mother grieve,
Who hears the want she never can relieve!

An evil preys upon my helpless son,
(How many ways the wretched are undone!)
Cruel distemper! to assault his sight,
And rob him of his only joy, the light!
His anguish makes my weary'd eyes o'erflow,
And loads me with unutterable woe.

No friendly voice my lonely mansion cheers;
All fly th' infection of the widow's tears:
Ev'n those, whose pity eas'd my wants with bread,
Are now, O sad reverse! my greatest dread.
My mournful story will no more prevail,
And ev'ry hour I dread a dismal jail:
I start at each imaginary sound,
And "Horrors have encompass'd me around,"

Tremble, ye daughters, who at ease recline,
Lest you should know a misery like mine.
Ye now, unmov'd, can hear the wretched moan;
And feel no wants, yourselves oppress'd by none;
Fly from the sight of woes ye will not share,
And leave the helpless orphan to despair.

But know, that dreadful hour is drawing near,
 When you'll be treated, as you've acted here :
 To you no more the wretched shall complain ;
 'Twill be your turn to weep, and sue in vain,
 Herself distress'd till she relieves their pain.

This fame reports, fair *Carteret*, of you ;
 This blest report encouraged me to sue.
 O angel-goodness, hear, and ease my moan,
 Nor let your mercy fail in me alone !
 So at the last tribunal will I stand,
 With my poor orphans, plac'd on either hand ;
 There, with my cries, my Saviour I'll assail ;
 (For at his bar the widow's tears prevail)
 That she who made the fatherless her care,
 The fulness of celestial joys may share ;
 That she a crown of glory may receive,
 Who snatch'd me from destruction, and the grave.

LETTER CXXVII.

From *Constantia* to *Letitia*, urging her to come to Town.

IF my *Lætitia* still persists to love
 The country village and the shady grove,
 The murmur'ring riv'let and the turtles moan,
 Despising all the grandeur of a town ;
 Where beauty triumphs, and where pleasure reigns,
 And rounds of mirth relieve our daily pains ;
 In short, where there is all that can engage
 One of your wit, your beauty, and your age.

If

If all these pow'rful arguments should fail,
 I'll in the tend'rest part your heart assail ;
 The lovely *Damon* languishes and dies,
 Nor can revive, but by your charming eyes ;
 But I forgot——Mamma these lines must see,
 So shall you hear no more of him from me.

LETTER CXVIII.

From Mrs. Jones to Miss Clayton, on her breaking
 an appointment. A Parody on a celebrated
 Ballad.

NO W ponder well, Miss Clayton dear,
 And read your bible book ;
 Lest you one day should rue the time
 That you your promise broke.

'Twas on that bed where you have lain
 Full many a restless night,
 That you did say, nay swear it too——
 But you've forgot it quite.

Your tender mother eke also
 Did ratify the same ;
 And strok'd me o'er the face, and vow'd—
 Much more than I will name.

But what are women's oaths and vows,
 With which we make such bother ?
 Ah ! trust us not, ye faithful swains !
 Who cannot trust each other.

The

The swain may vow eternal love,
 And yet that vow revoke ;
 For lover's vows, alas ! are made
 On purpose to be broke.

The courtier breaks his word, 'tis true,
 Or keeps it but in part ;
 But you, whene'er you break your word,
 Perhaps may break a heart.

The chemist says he'll turn to gold
 Each thing he lights upon ;
 And so he will, whene'er he finds
 The philosophic stone.

The lawyer says he'll get your cause,
 Then loses cause and cost ;
 But there's a maxim in the law
 Says, " fees must not be lost."

Allegiance firm to gracious king
 Swear parsons one and all :
 Pity ! Christ's vicars, or of *Bray*,
 Should ever swear at all.

Physicians too can promise fair,
 In figure and in trope.—
 Then let your faith and fee be great,
 And while there's life there's hope,

But when all confidence is lost,
 Small ease can hope afford ;
 For whom hereafter can I trust,
 Now you have broke your word ?

L E T T E R . C X X I X .

From *Delia* to *Strephon* upbraiding him for his In-
constancy.

BEHOLD the spring in fresh attire,
Gay blooming season of desire,
With fragrant breath salutes the grove,
Awaking nature, joy and love ;
The woods in verdant beauty dress'd,
Have her enliv'ning pow'r confess'd, }
What means this coldness in your breast ? }
Not all the kindly warmth in mine
Can thaw that frozen heart of thine.
Go then, inconstant, go, and rove,
Forget thy vows, neglect thy love ;
Some senseless, tasteless, girl puffe,
Bought smiles befit such swains as you ;
While for the worst I see you change,
You give me a complete revenge.

L E T T E R . C X X X .

From Mrs. *Pilkington* to the Hon. Colonel *D--nc--be*.

SINCE so oft to the great of my favours you boast,
When, you know, you enjoy'd but some kisses at
most ;
And those, as you say, never ought to be sold,
For love's too divine, to be bârter'd for gold.
Since this is your maxim, I beg a receipt,
To know, how without it a lover can eat.

For

For tho' the fine heroes, we read in romances,
 Subsisted whole weeks upon amorous fancies ;
 And yet were so strong, if those writers say true,
 That dragons, and giants, some thousands they slew ;
 Those chiefs were of origin surely divine !
 And descended from *Jove*, as direct as a line.
 But in our corrupted, degenerate days,
 We find neither heroes, nor lovers, like these :
 Our men have scarce courage to speak to a lass,
 'Till they've had a full meal, and a chirrupping
 glas;

And so much in myself of the mortal I find,
 That my body wants diet as well as my mind.

Now, pray, Sir, consider the case of yoar mistress,
 Who neither can kiss, nor write verse, in distress ;
 For *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, we frequently prove,
 Are friends to the muses, as well as to love.

LETTER CXXXI.

From Mrs. Jones to Lady Bowyer.

HOW much of paper's spoil'd ! what floods of ink !
 And yet how few, how very few, can think !
 The knack of writing is an easy trade ;
 But to think well requires — at least, a head.
 Once in an age, one genius may arise,
 With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wise.
 Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot !
 No tender scions springing at the root.
 Whilst lofty *Pops* erects his laurell'd head,
 No lays, like mine, can live beneath his shade.
 Nothing but weeds and moss, and shrubs are found.
 Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground ?
And

And yet you'd have we write! — For what? for whom?

To curl a fav'rite in a dressing room?

To mend a candle when the snuff's too short?

Or save rappee for chambermaids at court?

Glorious ambition! noble thirst of fame! —

No, but you'd have me write — to get a name.

Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;

'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,

A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.

The world and I are no such cordial friends;

I have no purpose, they their various ends.

I say my pray'rs, and lead a sober life;

Nor laugh at *Cornus*, or at *Cornus'* wife.

What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?

If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print!

Myself too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint!

The preface done, the dedication fram'd;

With lies enough to make a lord ashame'd!

Thus I step forth; an auth'ress in some sort.

My patron's name? "O choose some lord at court.

"One that has money which he does not use,

"One you may flatter much, that is, abuse.

"For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,

"Regardless of the trimm'd, or untrimm'd coat,

"Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat."

Well then, to cut this mighty matter short,
I've neither friend nor interest at court.

Quite from St. James's, to thy stairs, Whitehall,

I hardly know a creature, great or small,

Except one maid of honour, * worth them all.

Z

I have

I have no bus'ness there. Let those attend
 The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,
 Who more than fate allows them dare to spend : }
 Or those whose avarice, with much, craves more,
 The pension'd beggar, or the titl'd poor.
 These are the thriving breed; the tiny great !
 Slaves! wretched slaves! the journeymen of state !
 Philosophers! who calmly bear disgrace,
 Patriots, who sell their country for a place.

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme ?
 For these, like *Bavus* creep, or *Glencus* climb ?
 Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,
 To be the very creature I despise ?
 With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
 Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand ?
 Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud,
 Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the croud.
 Will entertain me 'till his lordship's dreſt,
 With what my lady eats, and how she reſts :
 How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,
 And how she trampt to ev'ry shop in town.

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
 I'm forc'd to hear, nay smile at ev'ry word.
Tom raps at laſt, —— “ His lordship begs to know
 “ Your name ? your bus'ness ? ” — Sir, I'm not a foe.
 I come to charm his lordship's lift'ning ears
 With verſes, soft as music of the ſpheres.
 “ Verſes —— Alas ! his lordship ſeldom reads :
 “ Pedants indeed with learning Ruff their heads ;
 “ But my good lord, as all the world can tell,
 “ Reads not ev'n tradeſmen's bills, and ſcorns to
 ſpell.
 “ But truſt your lays with me. Some things I've read,
 “ Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred :
 “ And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
 “ I'll recommend your poetry and you.”

Shock'd

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I start,
 Pocket my poem, and in haste depart ;
 Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit,
 Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Peace to all such. I can be no man's slave ;
 I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have.
 By fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low
 To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
 Meanness, in ribbons or in rags, I hate ;
 And have not learnt to flatter, ev'n the great.
 Few friends I ask, and those who love me well ;
 What more remains, these artless lines shall tell.

Of honest parents, not of great, I came ;
 Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame.
 Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,
 Nor knew a baker's, or a butcher's debt.
 O be their precepts ever in my eye !
 For one has learnt to live, and one to die.
 Long may her widow'd age by heav'n be lent
 Among my blessings ! and I'm well content.
 I ask no more, but in some calm retreat,
 To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat.
 No noisy slaves attending round my room ;
 My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.
 No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,
 No household lord, for better or for worse.
 No monstrous sums to tempt my soul to sin,
 But just enough to keep me plain and clean.
 And if sometimes, to smooth the rugged way,
Charlotte should smile, or you approve my lay,
 Enough for me. I cannot put my trust
 In lords ; smile lies, eat toads, or lick the dust.
 Fortune her favours much too dear may hold :
 An honest heart is worth its weight in gold.

C A R D S.

From Mrs. *Collins* to Mrs. *Wilcox*, in Answer to an
Apology for not waiting on her.

Mrs. Collins presents her sincere compliments to Mrs. Wilcox---is much obliged to her for her enquiries, though extremely sorry she should make any apology for not waiting on her. Mrs. Wilcox's present situation is of itself a sufficient excuse. And as Mrs. Collins flatters herself, a strict friendship will subsist between the two families, she proposes to do herself the pleasure of paying her respects to Mrs. Wilcox, on Thursday evening at six o'clock; after which, she must insist that all ceremony be laid aside, and that Mrs. Wilcox will favour her with her commands whenever her company would be agreeable.

Monday Noon.

From Mrs. *Evans* to Miss *Thomson* Inviting her to a Party at Cards.

Mrs. Evans's compliments to Miss Thomson---she is to have a few particular friends at cards this evening, and cannot think of such party without her dear Miss Thomson. Hopes she is not engaged.

Miss

Miss Thomson's Answer declining the Invitation.

Miss Thomson is exceedingly sorry she did not receive Mrs. Evans's obliging message a day sooner, having unfortunately pre-engaged herself to drink tea and spend the evening with Miss Lewis.—Presents her compliments to Mrs. Evans, and will do herself the pleasure to wait on her on Wednesday.

Friday Morning.

From Mrs. Evans to Mr. Markham Inviting him to the same Party.

Mrs. Evans presents her compliments to Mr. Markham—has the pleasure to inform him that she has a few friends engaged for the evening, and that his company will greatly add to their and her happiness. Begs he will make no apology, as she absolutely depends on seeing him. There will be about four tables.

Friday Morning.

From Lady Sarah Sinclair to Miss Sutherland Inviting her to an Airing.

Lady Sarah Sinclair's compliments to Miss Sutherland—hopes to have the pleasure of hearing by the bearer that she is not engaged this morning. Lady Sarah has ordered the carriage at half past twelve for an airing to Kew. Nothing but Miss Sutherland's company can add to the enjoyment of so fine a morning.

Thursday Morning twenty Minutes past Ten.

From Miss Gower to Miss Shirley enquiring how she does after a late Visit to her the preceding Evening.

Miss Gower's compliments wait on her dear Miss Shirley. She has given orders not to disturb her; but if she is up, hopes to hear by the bearer, that she has found no inconvenience from the late hour to which Miss Gower's fondness of her company detained her last night. If Miss Shirley is indisposed, Miss Gower will not easily forgive herself; if she is not, begs her forgiveness for detaining her so long beyond her usual hour.

Tuesday Eleven o'Clock.

From Miss Shirley in Answer.

Miss Shirley is greatly obliged to Miss Gower for her friendly enquiries.—She has the pleasure to inform her that she never enjoyed more happiness than she enjoyed last night, nor better health than she enjoys this morning. Presents her best respects, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Gower in Hanover Square very soon.

From Mrs. Howard to Mrs. Clifford. An Invitation to Cards.

Mrs. Howard's compliments wait on Mrs Clifford —hopes she is well, and has been so during the many months in which she has been deprived of the pleasure of hearing from her. A few friends will be at Mrs. Howard's this evening to play at friendly whist, and nothing can add so much to the pleasure of the Party as Mrs. Clifford's company.

Mrs. Clifford's Answer accepting the Invitation.

Mrs. Clifford has the honour of Mrs. Howard's card—thinks herself exceedingly obliged in being

of

of the party, and will certainly do herself the pleasure of waiting on Mr. Howard and her.

Mrs. Clifford's Answer declining the Invitation.

Mrs. Clifford returns her sincere respects to Mrs. Howard—is much obliged for her unexpected message, but confesses she had rather have been remembered on any other occasion. Mrs. Howard knows Mrs. Clifford's aversion to cards; especially when she has the happiness to be in Mrs. Howard's company, since they deprive her of a conversation at once instructive and entertaining. She hopes to be excused on the present occasion, and shall be happy to obey any other summons.

Lady Winmore to Miss Sedley. An Invitation to drink Tea and Sup.

The party that was last night at Ranelagh have engaged to drink tea and sup with Lady Winmore on Saturday se'nnight, and have unanimously requested her to present their compliments with her own in entreating the favour of dear Miss Sedley's company. None of your ready-made apologies therefore, Harriet, for you must come positively. Mr. Melville has likewise engaged to be with us, but I will not suppose Miss Sedley can have a stronger inducement than to know, she will make above a dozen ladies and gentlemen happy in her compliance with this request.

Mr. and Mrs. Marwood, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis. An Invitation to Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Marwood hope that Mr. and Mrs. Willis are well this morning—present their compliments and will be extremely glad of their company to-morrow to dinner; the more so as Sir John and Lady Powell will be of the party,

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. *Willis* in Answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis are extremely sorry they are engaged for the whole day to-morrow—but beg their compliments, and on any other occasion that shall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Marwood will be happy to wait upon them.

From Lady *Susan Pelham*, supposing herself affronted,
to Lady *Elizabeth Nelson*.

Lady Susan Pelham is extremely sorry she should be under the necessity of troubling Lady Nelson with another card, after having already left three or four at her Ladyship's door. She begs to know whether her aunt Lady Ridley is still in Paris, as she has occasion to write to her by to-night's post. She hopes Lady Elizabeth will excuse this message, and assures her she shall be no longer impertinent.

Monday Noon.

From Lady *Elizabeth Nelson* in Answer.

Lady Elizabeth Nelson begs leave to present her compliments to Lady Pelham, and to assure her that she is greatly concerned to have received a card from her Ladyship so full of displeasure. She will not affront Lady Pelham's understanding so far as to suppose her angry without foundation, but hopes she will believe that no disrespect whatever was intended; as a proof of which she will do herself the pleasure of waiting on her Ladyship this afternoon, to beg pardon for giving cause for any misunderstanding; and to beg the continuance of a friendship which she has always considered as the greatest happiness of her life.

Mrs

Miss Mortimer to Mr. Harrison, Thanking him for his Enquiries, &c.

Miss Mortimer presents her compliments to Mr. Harrison—is much obliged to him for his polite attention to her last night at the assembly, and for his obliging card this morning. She has the pleasure to tell him that she has catched no cold.

Thursday Noon.

Proper Directions for addressing Persons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginning of Letters, and in the Superscriptions.

BEGINNINGS OF LETTERS.

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

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

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

To

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 styled *Honourable*, and are *Esquires*.

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

Also the Title of *Lady* is given to the Daughters of *Marquises, &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, Honour'd Sir; or, May it please your Honsur.*

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

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

Baronets are *Honourable.*

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

Likewise *Sheriffs of Counties, &c.*

All *Governors under his Majesty* are styled, *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 B——t.

To her Grace the Duchess of G——n.

<i>To a Marquis,</i> <i>Earl, Viscount, Lord,</i>	<i>To the Right Honourable the Marquis of; Earl of; Lord Viscount B——e The Lord S——r.</i>
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*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 Eliz. G——e.*

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

Also the Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Am-
bassadors, &c. *To the Right Honourable Mrs. ——*

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

To other Bishops. *To the Right Rev. Father in
God William Lord Bishop of, &c.*

THE END.

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