THE

LADIES

Complete Letter-Writer;

TEACHING

The Art of INDITING LETTERS

On every Subject that can call for their Attention, as

DAUGHTERS,
WIVES,
MOTHERS,

RELATIONS,
FRIENDS, or
ACQUAINTANCE.

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY LADIES,

Not only on the more important RELIGIOUS, MORAL, and SOCIAL DUTIES, but on Subjects of every other Kind that usually interest the FAIR SEX:

THE WHOLE FORMING

A Polite and Improving MANUAL,

For their Use, Instruction, and Rational Entertainment.

With many other IMPORTANT ARTICLES.

What's female Beauty, but an air Divine,
Thro' which the Soul's unsully'd Graces shine?
That, like a Sun, irradiates all between;
The Body charms, because the Mind is seen.

INCERT. AUCT.

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for JAMES HOEY, Junior, in *Skinner-Row*, M.DCC.LXIII.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

A WORK, the peculiar Design of which is to instruct the Ladies in the Art of Epistolary Writing, of which you are so perfect a Mistress *, to add that engaging and most useful Qualification to those they are naturally possessed of, can be addressed to no Person with such Propriety as to my Sovereign; whose Pre-eminence in every Female Accomplishment, as well as Her exalted Station, justly places Her at the

* See the Letter to the King of *Prussia*, inserted at the End of Part III. in this Collection.

DEDICATION.

Head of the *British* Fair; whose Piety, whose Conjugal and Maternal Excellencies, will for ever render Her an illustrious Example to Her Sex in present and future Times. Accept then, most gracious Queen, these well-meant Endeavours, of one whose highest Ambition it is to be of Service to the rising Generation.

That your Majesty may long enjoy all the Blessings of this Life, that your Domestic Happiness may be unmixed with the least Disturbance or Anxiety, is the sincere Wish and Prayer of,

ROYAL MADAM,

Your most dutiful Subject,

And most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

The Editor.

PREFACE.

THAT no Book of this Kind has ever been thought of for the Uſe of the Fair Sex particularly, has often raiſed my Wonder; Letters calculated for their Uſe and Inſtruction, being ſcattered promiſcuouſly throughout moſt of the Publications I have ſeen, and many even of thoſe ſelected with very little Judgment. To remedy this Defect, I have taken great Pains to gather, from every former Compilation, the very beſt and moſt approved Forms of Female Epiſtolary Writing, rejecting the numerous idle and improper Letters to be found in them all. Moſt of thoſe I have made choice of, at the ſame time that they render the Fair Reader Miſtreſs of an elegant Stile, are fraught with ſuch Inſtructions as cannot fail of having the beſt Effect upon her Mind; inculcating the Practice of every Moral and Social Duty, and tending to make her happy, by making her wiſe and virtuous. Others are replete with Entertainment, and all of them the Production of the moſt celebrated Authors. To theſe I have added many Original Letters never before publiſhed; and as

they are not the Iſſue of my own Pen, but ſupplied by the Friendſhip of Perſons of approved Senſe and delicate Manners, I may, without any Impropriety, ſay that they are not inferior to thoſe already ſpoken of.

Chaſtity and Purity of Sentiment has been conſulted in this Compilation; nothing trifling or abſurd is to be found therein. I have not borrowed from the *French* Letter-Writers; the Manners of their Females are ſuch as would ſit but ill upon the Ladies of this nation, and there is a flimſy Kind of Gaiety in their Epiſtolary Correſpondence, that would be diſpleaſing to the more grave and ſenſible Turn of Mind of our Fair. I have alſo carefully avoided inſerting Letters written by the Ladies of yore, ſo plentifully ſtrewed through other Books, as they ſeem very improper Models of Compoſition for the preſent Race of Beauties.

Faſhion has introduced the Method of ſending Meſſages on Cards; and therefore I have inſerted ſeveral Forms thereof, which may be varied as Circumſtances require.

In a Word, nothing is omitted that can render this Book a polite, a uſeful, and entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, of every Age and Station: And that they may have the happy Effects intended, is the ſincere Wiſh of

Their moſt devoted Servant,

The Editor.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION Page 1
Directions for addressing Persons of Distinction, either in Writing or Discourse 6
Proper Directions for addressing Persons of every Rank, and the Beginning of Letters and the Superscriptions 11
Rank and Order of Precedence 13

PART I.

LETTERS of Advice to Young Ladies and others, from Parents, Relations, and Guardians, on the most important Subjects, with Answers to many of them.

Letter
I. *From a Lady to her Daughter, who was under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country* 15
II. *To a Young Lady, cautioning her against keeping company with a Gentleman of a bad Character* 18
III. *From a Young Lady, in answer to her Mother's Exhortations to persevere in Christian Duties* 19
IV. *From a Young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a Favour* 21
V. *From a Young Lady to her Papa, detained at* Portsmouth *by contrary Winds* 22
VI. *From a Young Woman just gone to Service to her Mother* 23
VII. *The Mother's Answer* 24
VIII. *The Daughter's Reply* 25
IX. *The Mother's Rejoinder and Advice* 27

CONTENTS.

Letter Page

X. *To a peevish Young Lady* 30
XI. *Her Answer* 32
XII. *From an Aunt to her Niece, on hearing of her Imprudence* 34
XIII. *The Niece's Answer* 35
XIV. *From a Young Person who had left her Relations, to her Mother* 36
XV. *The Mother's Answer* 38
XVI. *To a Young Lady, with proper Advice on her first going to* London 39
XVII. *Containing Instructions to Young Ladies to judge of Proposals of Marriage* 43
XVIII. *From a Mother, on Modesty and the Art of Pleasing* 46
XIX. *From the same, on the Regulation of Pleasure* 49
XX. *With Rules for the Education of a Young Lady* 51
XXI. *On the Subject of Dress* 55
XXII. *From a Mother to her Daughter, who had expressed her Wonder that any Woman should be base or wicked* 56

PART II.

LETTERS relating to Love, Courtship, Marriage, and the Conduct of a Married Life.

XXIII. *From a Young Lady to her Mother, on her having received a Proposal of Marriage* 57
XXIV. *The Answer* 58
XXV. *From a Maid Servant to her Mother, for Advice whether she should marry her Master's Apprentice* 59
XXVI *The Answer* 60
XXVII. *From a Mother to a Gentleman who had asked Permission to address her Daughter* 61
XXVIII. *From an Aunt to a Gentleman who desired her Interposition with her Niece* 63
XXIX. *From a Lady to a Gentleman who professes a Tenderness for her* ibid.

XXX. *To*

CONTENTS.

Letter Page

XXX. *To encourage a Lover to a farther Declaration* 64
XXXI, *Answer to the farther Declaration* 65
XXXII. *Ridiculing a serious Lover* ibid.
XXXIII. *The Answer* 67
XXXIV. *From a Young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her* 69
XXXV. *To a Mother on the same Occasion* 70
XXXVI. *The Mother's Answer* 71
XXXVII *Expostulation against a Proposal of Marriage* 72
XXXVIII. *Another on the same Subject* 73
XXXIX. *From a Young Lady to a Gentleman she could not like, &c.* 75
XL. *To a Gentleman suspected of Infidelity* 76
XLI. *From a Lady to her suspicious Lover* ibid.
XLII. *To a Gentleman on whom the Lady had fixed her Affections, &c.* 78
XLIII. *To the same, on his exposing the foregoing Letter* 79
XLIV. *From a Mother to her jealous Daughter* 80
XLV. Lydia *to* Harriot, *a Lady newly married* 82
XLVI. Harriot's *Answer* 83
XLVII. Waller's *Letter to Lady* Lucy Sidney, *on the Marriage of her Sister* 85
XLVIII. *To a Widow Lady, to dissuade her from a second Marriage* 86
XLIX. *From a Lady, with an Extract from the* Spectator 88
L. *To a young Lady, who was going to be married to a rich Old Man* 97
LI. *With a Lady's Sentiments a few Weeks before her Marriage* 98
LII. *From a Lady to her Daughter, who was impatient of the Injuries she received from her Husband* 102
LIII. *From a Lady with her melancholy Story* 106
LIV. *From an Aunt to her Niece, who lived unhappily with her Husband* 117
LV. *From a Lady on the Point of Marriage* 118

CONTENTS.

Letter Page

LVI. *From a Lady to her Mother, on hearing she should be compelled to marry a Man she abhorred* 120
LVII. *On the Pleasures of even a Winter's Retirement* 122
LVIII. *To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox* 124
LIX. *To a Lady on her Marriage* 126
LX. *From a Lady lately brought to Bed* ibid.
LXI. *From a Young married Lady, complaining of the Ill-Conduct of her Husband* 127
LXII. *The Answer* 128

PART III.

LETTERS on various Subjects of Importance and Amusement, *viz.* From Wives to their Husbands, in many Situations; From Sisters to their Brothers; On Death; On the Pleasures of the Country, and the Joys of the Town; Female Oeconomy; Hiring and Management of Servants; Dress, Balls, Assemblies, *&c. &c.* And of Compliment and Civility.

LXIII. *From the Wife of an Officer then abroad* 129
LXIV. *From a Wife to her Husband, who had been uneasy at her Conduct* 132
LXV. *From a Lady to her jealous Husband* 133
LXVI. *To a Husband from his dying Wife* 134
LXVII. *From one Sister to another* 135
LXVIII. *The Answer* 136
LXIX. *From Miss* R———, *to her Sister at* Salisbury ibid.
LXX. Laura *to* Aurelia 138
LXXI. *Miss* Paget *to Miss* Vokes 140
LXXII. *Miss* Vokes *to Miss* Paget 142
LXXIII. *Miss* Paget *to Miss* Vokes 144
LXXIV. *Miss* Vokes *to Miss* Paget, *not quite in the usual Strain.* 151

LXXV. *Miss*

CONTENTS.

Letter Page

LXXV. *Miss* Evelyn *to Lady* Evelyn. 152
LXXVI. *From Mrs.* Centlivre, *with an Account of her Journey to* Exon. 154
LXXVII. LXXVIII. LXXIX. *From a reduced Young Lady to a Gentleman going abroad, with whom she was desirous of a Retreat* 157 & seq.
LXXX. *On the Pleasures of Retirement* 160
LXXXI. *In the modish Stile of a Lady* 161
LXXXII. *On the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments* 162
LXXXIII. *To a Friend on growing old* 163
LXXXIV. *On the same Subject, and how to render it agreeable and beneficial* 166
LXXXV. *On the proper Manner of conferring Favours* 169
LXXXVI. *From a Lady, with her Opinion of Masquerades* 171
LXXXVII. *The Answer* 174
LXXXVIII. *On the Folly and Danger of encouraging many Admirers* 175
LXXXIX. XC. XCI. *From a Lady, with an Account of a surprising Adventure* 178 & seq.
XCII. *From a Lady, divided between Love and Honour* 209
XCIII. *The Answer* 218
XCIV. *From a Lady to her Friend, on the Enormity of Scandal* 221
XCV. *From a Lady to her Friend, on a remarkable Shock of an Earthquake* 223
XCVI. *Melancholy Tale of two Lovers: From Mr.* Gay *to Mr.* F———. 225
XCVII. *Written by a Lady the Day before her Death* 227
XCVIII. *From Miss* Middleton *to Miss* Pemberton, *giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death* 229
XCIX. *The dying Sister's Letter, written a few Hours before she expired* 231
C. *To a Lady, on the Decease of her Husband* 232

Ci. *Conjure*

CONTENTS.

Letter Page

CI. *Cenſure of the Ladies Riding-Habits* 233
CII. *From a Lady in the Country, to one in* London 235
CIII. *Domeſtic Rule the Province of the Wife* 236
CIV. *Invitation to a Party of Pleaſure* 238
CV. *The Anſwer* ibid.
CVI. *Invitation into the Country for the Summer* 239
CVII *The Anſwer* 240
CVIII. *To a Lady who had gone home late from a Viſit* 241
CIX. *The Anſwer* 242
CX. *From an Officer's Wife to her Brother* 243
CXI. *To enquire the Character of an Upper Servant Maid* 244
CXII. *The Anſwer* 245
CXIII. *Another to the ſame Purpoſe* ibid.
CXIV. *With the Character of a Maid Servant, in Anſwer* 247
CXV. *From a Lady to a Maid Servant who had left her* 248
CXVI. *On a ſecond remarkable Shock of an Earthquake* 250
CXVII. *Finding fault with the Manner of educating a Daughter* 252
CXVIII. *On falſe Breeding and Affectation* 254
CXIX. *From a Lady, with an Account of a diſtreſſed Family which ſhe had relieved* 256
CXX. *With an Account of an extraordinary Adventure* 259
CXXI. *Incloſed in the foregoing* 265
CXXII. *Tranſlation of a Letter ſaid to have been written by a certain* GREAT PRINCESS, *to the King of* PRUSSIA. 267

PART IV.

Various Forms of Meſſages by CARDS 269 & ſeq.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE little Attention paid to the Instruction of the fair and most amiable Sex, in the Art of Letter-Writing, is too visible to be denied; and, though Nature has bestowed on them a Delicacy and Ease of Expression calculated at once to delight and captivate the Heart, yet when they commit their Thoughts to Paper (saving a very few extraordinary Instances) nothing can appear, in general, more trifling and empty than their Language and Sentiments: Whereas the Epistolary Stile and Manner may be as easily acquired, as the Knowledge of any Branch of Domestick Employment or Oeconomy.

We well know, that the softer Sex are blessed with such nice Discernment, and the Almighty has added to their engaging Forms such a Quickness and Readiness of Apprehension, as abundantly facilitate the Task of opening their Minds, and the Cares bestowed upon their Education. So that no more seemed necessary than to lay before them Examples of elegant Letters on every useful as well as entertaining Subject, that by frequent Perusal and Imitation, they may attain that so desirable Addition to their other Embellishments, the Art of conducting their Epistolary Correspondence with Beauty and Propriety. It is well known that the Ladies abroad, particularly in *France*, value themselves and are greatly extolled for their Skill in writing Letters; and surely the *British* Fair are not inferior to them in Understanding; and when such a Method, as the following Pages exhibit, is planned out for them,

them, we may expect they will equal, nay exceed the *Lamberts*, *Sevignes*, and the *D'Anois*'s of our rival Neighbours, in the graces of the Pen, as much as they excel in the Charms of their Persons.

If it is too general a Complaint of the fair Ladies, that when their Husbands or Lovers are removed, by Business or the Duties of their Stations, from the immediate Influence of their Attractions, they frequently grow cool, or become inconstant and false; Letters are an Expedient to charm at a Distance, and to secure that Empire over the Mind, in Absence, (by the Conveyance of their fond Wishes, their Languishments, and the Allurements of their Understanding, to the remotest Climes; by *wafting their Sighs from* Indus *to the Pole*) that their Personal Beauties had acquired over the Heart when present, and to insure the Objects of their Concern from Levity or Forgetfulness.

In the Joys of Friendship, but particularly in the Affairs of Love, how wretched must that Woman be, who cannot give a becoming Dress to her Esteem or her Fondness by Letter! How mortifying to call in the Aid of a third Person, to intrust, perhaps, not only a Stranger, but a treacherous Underminer and Supplanter, with her dearest, choicest Secrets; or, on the other hand, by her unmeaning, ill-spelt, unsentimental Scrawl, to hazard the Loss of that Esteem or Tenderness she would wish should last for ever. In short, we may place the Disadvantages the Want of this Knowledge lays them under, and the manifest Benefits arising from a Skill in this Matter, in as many Lights as we please; it is only employing one's self in the idle Task of proving a self-evident Proposition, which requires it no more than to prove that two and two make four, which no Man in his Senses will deny: I shall therefore, without more Words, endeavour to lay down some general Rules for acquiring an easy Stile and elegant Manner of writing Letters.

The first and most evident Step the Young Lady or others, should take, should be to attend to the many excellent Letters, on every Subject, presented to them in the following Pages, which are so selected as to come home to every Occasion that can, almost, arise,

in

in the Course of their Lives, as Daughters, Wives, Mothers, Relations, or Friends. By frequently perusing, copying, and imprinting the Language of them on their Memories, they will soon learn to express themselves with Grace and Freedom upon all Manner of Subjects.

At the same Time, Conversation with the polite and intelligent Part of their Sex, but above all the frequent Perusal of the most approved Writings in their native Tongue, as the Lucubrations of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Connoisseur*, and *Adventurer*, (Productions which will ever be the Standards of fine Sense and fine Writing amongst us) will aid them most powerfully in their Pursuits, and fashion not only their Manner of Writing, but their Manner of Thinking also; for, if polite Company inspires an Air of Politeness, there can be not the least Doubt that reading the purest and politest Authors, will have a similar Effect upon the Manner of Thinking and Writing. Indeed, if my Advice is taken, my fair Readers should learn first to speak with becoming Correctness and Ease, and in their Epistles express themselves in the same Terms, and with the same Freedom and unconstrained Air, that they would in their common Discourse; avoiding all Affectation of hard Words or Sublimity, and not committing the least Trespass upon Nature and Common Sense; at the same Time using no mean, low, and common Phrases, which should be left to those Walks in Life which we will suppose most of our Readers to be situated much above.

If our fair Readers would write clearly, they must endeavour first to think clearly, to revolve the Matter they are about to write upon in their Minds, and then to clothe their Sentiments in such Language as the Thoughts immediately dictate, observing the Quality of the Person wrote to, as well as their own; for it would be absurd to address a Lover with those Expressions that should be used to a Father, or to write as familiarly to a Lady of Quality, as to your Waiting-Woman.

When the Letter is finished, a careful Revisal of it will be necessary, and if it is thought expedient to erase out

many

many Expreſſions and ſubſtitute others, better liked, in their Room, it would be better to tranſcribe the Whole fairly over again, than to expoſe a Number of Blots and Interlineations to your Correſpondent.

I have ſubjoined ſome Directions relating to the mechanical Part of Letter-Writing, which may not be improper for Perſons very ignorant in this Reſpect: We are ſenſible the generality of Ladies are well acquainted with ſuch Things, and multiplying Rules would be impertinent and confuſing. I know no other Method of forming a pure Stile, and writing with Grace and Propriety, than that before given, which, if the natural Capacity is good, cannot fail of producing the deſired Effect; but if a Deficiency of Common Senſe is laboured under, or Nature has denied that Acuteneſs to any Reader, which ſhe generally beſtows moſt particularly on the Female Sex, I fear no Inſtructions, no Plan, though ever ſo plain and intelligible, will ſuffice: However, even to ſuch Perſons, this little Manual may afford a very uſeful and rational Entertainment; they may inform their Minds, though they cannot acquire a Facility in Writing, and may be made wiſe, religious, and virtuous; which will ſtand them in more Stead than all the other Accompliſhments of Life.

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

2. When you write to your Inferiors, you are at liberty to act as you think proper as to the laſt Caution; and take care, that you are not too familiar, or free in your Stile, leſt it ſhould make you contemptible.

3. If your Letter conſiſts of ſeveral Paragraphs, begin every freſh, or new one, at the ſame Diſtance from the Left-hand Margin of the Paper, as when you began

gan the Subject of your Letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper Stops; otherwise no Person will be able to come at the *Sense* or Meaning of your Letter; which Neglect very often causes *Mistakes* and *Misunderstandings*: And be careful to put a Period or Full Stop at the End of every Paragraph, thus—.

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

5. Letters should be wrote on *Quarto* fine gilt Post to Superiors; if to your Equals, or Inferiors, you are at your own Option to use what Sort or Size you please: But take care never to seal your Letter with a Wafer, unless to the *latter*.

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

To

The Right Hon.

The Earl of Warwick,

at

Warwick Castle.

RULES for addressing PERSONS of DISTINCTION either in Writing or Discourse.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

TO the King's Most Excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or, *May it please your Majesty.*

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

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

To the NOBILITY.

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

To the Most Noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis, your Lordship.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the PARLIAMENT.

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

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

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

To the CLERGY.

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

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

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

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

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

To the OFFICERS *of his* MAJESTY'S *Houshold*.

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

To the COMMISSIONERS *and* OFFICERS *of the* CIVIL LIST.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Marshal of *England*, one of his Majesty's

Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, *&c. My Lord, your Lordship.*

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

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

To the SOLDIERS *and* NAVY.

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

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

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

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

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

To the AMBASSADORS, SECRETARIES, *and* CONSULS.

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

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

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

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

To

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

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

To the JUDGES *and* LAWYERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the LIEUTENANCY *and* MAGISTRACY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To

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

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

To the GOVERNORS *under the* CROWN.

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

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

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

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

To INCORPORATE BODIES.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable ; as,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To MEN *of* TRADE *and* PROFESSIONS.

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

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

Bu:

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

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

Beginnings of Letters.

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

To 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 Family. *Highneſs.*

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

To a DUTCHESS. Ditto.

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

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

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

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

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

Note, All younger Sons of a *Marquis, Earl, Viſcount,* and *Lords Sons,* are ſtiled *Honourable,* and are *Eſquires.* To either of theſe. *Sir* ; *Honoured Sir* ; or, *May it pleaſe your Honour.*

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

To

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 their Letters; and at the Beginning, *Sir*; or, *Honoured Sir*; or, *May it please your Honour.*

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

All *Privy Counsellors* are *Right Honourable*; and all *Judges* that are not Privy Counsellors, *Honourable.*

Baronets are *Honourable.*

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

Likewise *Sheriffs* of Counties, *&c.*

All Governors under his Majesty are stiled *Excellency.*

Superscriptions of Letters.

To his Most Sacred MAJESTY; or, *To the* KING'S *Most Excellent* MAJESTY.

To her Most Sacred MAJESTY; or, *To the Queen's Most Excellent* MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess, &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters.

To his, or *her Royal Highness.*

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

To his Grace the Duke of K————n.

To her Grace the Dutchess of N————k.

To a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Lord. } *To the Right Honourable the Marquis of*; *Earl of*; *Ld. Viscount* F—h, *the Ld* H—w.

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

To

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Lord. *To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann* F——h.
Note, The Wives of Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, and Brigadier Generals, are *Honourable.*
Alſo, The Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Ambaſſadors, &c. *To the Honourable Mrs.* ————
To an Archbiſhop. *To his Grace the Biſhop of* Canterbury.
To other Biſhops. *To the Right Reverend Father in God* John *Lord Biſhop of, &c.*

[*It may not be improper, in a Manual for the Ladies, to point out the Precedence they obtain by Marriage.*]

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

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

Dukes	Viſcounts
Marquiſſes	Biſhops and
Earls	Barons.

The ſecond Order conſiſts of that of the Garter, (if not alſo otherwiſe dignify'd) *viz.*

Knights Bannerets	Knights Batchelors
Baronets	Eſquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen.

As to the Rank or Precedency of the firſt Order of Men amongſt us, *viz. Peers*, they take Place according to their Creation or Date of their Patents, unleſs of the Blood-Royal; then they precede all others of the ſame Degree, *viz.* the *Sons*, *Grandſons*, and *Brothers* of King or Queen.

The Great Officers of State do likewiſe break thro' this general Rule, and claim Precedency of the other Nobility, *viz.* Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Archbiſhop of *York*, the Lord Treaſurer, the Lord Preſident, and Lord Privy-Seal.

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

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

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

Dukes
Marquiſſes
Dukes eldeſt Sons
Earls
Marquiſſes eldeſt Sons
Dukes youngeſt Sons
Viſcounts
Earls eldeſt Sons
Marquiſſes younger Sons
Biſhops
Barons
Viſcounts eldeſt Sons
Earls younger Sons
Barons eldeſt Sons
Privy Counſellors
Chancellor of the Exchequer
Chief Juſtice of the K. Bench
Maſter of the Rolls
Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas
Chief Baron of the Exchequer
Juſtices and Barons of the ſaid Courts
Maſters in Chancery
Viſcounts younger Sons
Barons younger Sons
Knights of the Garter, if not otherwiſe dignify'd
Baronets
Knights of the Bath
Field and Flag Officers
Knights Batchelors
Colonels
Serjeants at Law
Doctors
Eſquires
Juſtices of the Peace
Barriſters at Law
Lieutenant-Colonels
Majors
Captains
Gentlemen
Citizens
Yeomen
Burgeſſes

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

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

PART

PART I.

LETTERS of ADVICE to Young Ladies and others, from Parents, Relations, and Guardians, on the moſt important Subjects, with ANSWERS to many of them.

LETTER I.

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

My dear Child,

THough I know you want no Precepts, under my Mother's Care, to inſtruct you in all Moral and Religious Duties, yet there are ſome Things ſhe may poſſibly forget to remind you of, which are highly neceſſary for the forming your Mind, ſo as to make that Figure in the World, I could wiſh you to do. I am certain you will be kept to your Muſic, Singing and Dancing, by the beſt Maſters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Houſewifery is a moſt commendable Quality. I would have you indeed neglect none of theſe Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I ſhould be grieved to hear you were ſo much attached

to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at leaſt every Day, to Reading. My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in being; and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, I would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not ſo) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul; and well wrote Novels are an Amuſement, in which ſometimes you may indulge yourſelf; but Hiſtory is what I would chiefly recommend;—without ſome Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at beſt but an agreeable Trifler.—I would have you gay, lively and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I muſt warn you to beware with what Diſpoſition you ſit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you lightly ſkim them over, and merely to gratify your Curioſity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Reſearch will afford you little Advantage:—You muſt, therefore, conſider what you read; mark well the Chain of Accidents which brings on any great Cataſtrophe, and this will ſhew you that nothing happens by chance, but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power;—in diſtinguiſhing the true Cauſes of the Riſe and Fall of Empires, and thoſe ſtrange Revolutions that have happened in moſt Kingdoms of the World, you will admire Divine Juſtice, and be far from accuſing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the Good dethroned, all Rites, both Human and Divine, ſacrilegiouſly trampled upon, a mock Authority eſtabliſhed in the Place of a real one, and lawleſs Uſurpation proſper; becauſe at the ſame Time you will ſee that this does not happen till a People, grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Deſtruction, have drawn down upon themſelves the ſevereſt Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppreſſion; and though innocent Individuals may ſuffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a juſt Senſe of

of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways.— This the historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

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

Next to History, I shall be glad to see you have some Smattering in Natural Philosophy. You have already read several little Treatises in that agreeable Science, and you may be furnished with more and better where you are. The same Person that brings you those Necessaries you desired me to send, will also deliver to you Glasses of various Kinds, by the Help of which you may discover plainly the Form of many Insects, which to the naked Eye appear but so many moving Motes. Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite Matter for a delightful Speculation, and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure. I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries on new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work: This may inform you that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in —I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you, more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER II.

To a Young Lady, cautioning her against keeping company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Niece,

THE ſincere Love and Affection which I now have for your indulgent, Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long ſince deceaſed, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happineſs and Welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. *Free-love*. You have been ſeen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-Boxes at both *Theatres*; in St. *James*'s *Park* on *Sunday* Night, and afterwards at a certain *Tavern*, not a Mile from thence, which is a Houſe (as I have been credibly informed) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been ſeen at *Ranelagh* Aſſembly, *Vauxhall* Gardens, and, what is ſtill more flagrant, at *Cuper*'s Fire-Works. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the leaſt prejudiced, or ſpeak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you, your Familiarity with him gives me no ſmall Concern, as his Character is none of the beſt, and as he has acted in the moſt ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertained too favourable an Opinion of his Honour. 'Tis poſſible, as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Annuity, as 'tis reported, of 200 l. a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Addreſs an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be queſtioned, however, whether his Intentions are ſincere; for notwithſtanding all the fair Promiſes he may poſſibly make you, I have heard it whiſpered, that he's privately engaged to a rich, old, doating Lady not far from *Hackney*. Beſides, admitting it to be true, that he is really intitled to the Annuity above-mentioned, yet 'tis too well known that he's deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income,

and

and has very little, if any Regard for his Reputation. In ſhort, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boaſting of Favours from our weak Sex, whoſe Fondneſs and Frailty are the conſtant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicul.

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

Your ſincere Friend, and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER III.

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

Moſt Honoured Madam,

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

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

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

When School is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourselves by Lecture. Books of Piety are our most common Choice; These warm our Wills, and enlighten our Understandings: They instruct us in the Cause of our Misconduct, and prescribe to us a Remedy: They neither flatter a dignified Title, nor insult the Peasant that tills the Ground; but, like painted Bustoes, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

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

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

much

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

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

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

Moſt honoured Madam,
Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

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

Dear Mamma,

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

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

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

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

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

I am, with my Duty to Papa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER V.

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

Dear Papa,

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

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

Oh!

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

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

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

Dear Papa,

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VI.

From a Young Woman juſt gone to ſervice, to her Mother at Home.

Dear Mother,

'TIS a Fortnight, this very Day, that I have been at Mr. *Johnſon*'s; and I thank God, I begin to find myſelf a little eaſier than I have been: But, indeed, I have ſuffered a great deal ſince I parted from you and all the reſt of our Friends. At our firſt coming hither, I thought every Thing looked ſo ſtrange about me: And when *John* got upon his Horſe, and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing looked ſtranger and ſtranger; ſo I got up to the Window, and looked after him till he turn'd into the *London* Road, (for you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the far-

ther

ther Side of it) and then I fat down and cried; and that always gives me ſome Relief. Many a Time have I cried ſince; but I do my beſt to dry up my Tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

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

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VII.

Her Mother's Anſwer.

My dear Child,

I AM very ſorry that you have ſuffered ſo much ſince we parted: But 'tis always ſo at firſt, and will wear away in Time. I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you uſed to ſay you loved to do in every Thing. You muſt conſider, that we never ſhould have parted with you, had it not been for your good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family will love and eſteem you. You will get new Freinds there; and I think I can aſſure you, that you will loſe no Love here: For we all talk of you every Evening; and every body ſpeaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time keep yourſelf employed as much as you can, which is the beſt Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Buſineſs of your Place; and be always ready to aſſiſt your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Buſineſs. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will ſoon have as many Friends about you there, as you uſed to have here. I don't caution you againſt ſpeaking ill

of

of any body living, for I know you never us'd to do it: But if you hear a bad Story of any body, try to soften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your own Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions: That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily, I might have said hourly: And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any thing of your Health in your last; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. *Yates*'s young Man, who said he called upon you in his Way from *London*, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird.——You know *James*'s Way of Talking.——However, I was glad to hear you was well; and desire you will not forget to mention your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you, my dear Child! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER VIII.

The Daughter to her Mother.

Dear Mother,

THO' we begin to have such cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked, I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. *Betty* and I are Bedfellows; and she, and *Robin*, and

Thomas,

Thomas, are all ſo kind to me, that I can ſcarce ſay which is the kindeſt. My Maſter is ſixty-five Years of Age next *April*; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an eaſy, ſmiling Look; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to paſs by me, as I have been duſting out the Chambers, or in the Paſſage, he generally ſays ſomething to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on the more pleaſantly. My Miſtreſs is as thin as my Maſter is plump: Not much ſhort of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peeviſh. Indeed that may eaſily be; for I have never yet heard my Maſter ſay a ſingle Word to any one of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Maſter, they ſay, is vaſtly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Buſineſs, with which he purchaſed this Eſtate here, and another in *Suſſex*, ſome Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good Houſe in *London*, as well as this here; but my Maſter and Miſtreſs both love the Country beſt, and ſo they ſometimes ſtay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer always; of which I am very glad, becauſe I am ſo much the nearer you: And I have heard ſo much of the Wickedneſs of *London*, that I don't at all deſire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that *Betty* (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to ſay the Truth, I am apt to believe, that they are actually promiſed to one another. Our Coachman, *Thomas*, ſeems to be a very good, worthy Man; you may ſee by his eyes, that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Pariſh, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. *Robin*, the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I'm ſure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almoſt as hearty as he does. With ſuch Fellow-Servants, and ſuch a Maſter, I think it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I aſſure you, I am,

and

and begin to be pretty well in Spirits; only my Heart will heave a little ſtill every Time I look toward the Road that goes to your Houſe Heaven bleſs you all there! and make me a deſerving Daughter of ſo good a Mother.

M. C.

LETTER IX.

The Mother's Anſwer and Advice.

Dear Child,

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

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

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at beſt very trifling, always unſatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in their very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleaſure among the Great, muſt be a very laborious Life: They ſpend the greateſt Part of the Night in Balls and Aſſemblies, and fling away the greateſt Part of their Days in Sleep: Their Life is too much oppos'd to Nature to be capable of Happineſs: 'Tis all a Hurry of Viſits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Perſons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendſhip or Eſteem for (ſuppoſing them to be capable of either); a perpetual Seeking after what they call Diverſions; an Inſipidity, and Want of Taſte, when they are engaged in them; and a certain Languiſhing and Reſtleſſneſs when they are without them. This is not living, but a conſtant Endeavour

to

to cheat themſelves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Conſtitution, make it worſe by their abſurd Way of Life, and deliver a ſtill weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous, than the ſeeing their wrinkled ſallow Faces all ſet off with Diamonds. Poor miſtaken Gentlewomen! they ſhould endeavour to avoid People's Eyes as much as poſſible, and not to attract them; for they are really a quite deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a ſtanding Leſſon againſt the ſtrange Lives they lead.

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

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

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be follow'd and admired,—to have Preſents offer'd from all Sides to one,—to be invited to all Diverſions, and to be diſtinguiſhed by the Men from all the reſt of the Company?——Yes, my dear Child! All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Preſents, and if this Diſtinction of you was to laſt always: But the Miſchief of it is, that theſe Things cannot be enjoyed without increaſing your Vanity every Time you enjoy them, and ſwelling up a Paſſion in you, that muſt ſoon be baulked and diſappointed. How long is this Beauty to laſt? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been uſed to be thus diſtinguiſhed and admired for ſome Time, to ſink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted,

by

by the very Persons who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you?

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

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

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

E. C.

LETTER X.

To a peevish Young Lady. From a Relation.

Dear Cousin,

I AM sure you are sensible that I am not wanting in Love and Respect to you. I have given you some Proofs of it, and whenever it is proper I shall not be backward to shew you more. I say thus much that you may be prepared to regard what I am going to write to you as you ought; for beside 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 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 Merit and Industry; and had put him in a Way of making use of his Talents to Advantage, by setting him forward in a genteel Manner. Pray understand me rightly; though I esteem him very much, yet all this was done for your Sake, and not for his: It is you that are my Relation, and what I have done was to make you happy. I believe any Woman in the World would be so in the Situation you are in, except yourself; but the Peevishness of your Disposition threatens otherwise. Pray remember how uneasy you made all the Company last Night, and think if there was any thing to give Cause to it. Your Husband acted like a Man of Sense and Good-Nature, to hide as much as he could all that you was so much to blame about, from the Company, and to seem to overlook it at the same Time himself; but you may be sure he feels it, and what he feels he will remember. My dear Cousin, People that are uneasy in themselves, are those who make every body else so. And I am sure you are not only unhappy now, but if you do not govern your Temper in Time, will be much more. Pray take my Word for it, that nothing is so unbecoming as chiding Servants before Company; and nothing could give those who had a Respect either

for

for him or you so much Disquiet, as to see you return the Good-Nature with which he attempted to carry that off, with Sharpness to himself.

My Dear, Husbands are Lords and Masters; and let them be as civil as they will, either out of Love or Policy, they will remember it. You have no Fault that I know in the World but this one, but it grows upon you; and take my Word for it, if you do not resolve to get the better of it in time, you will, before you expect any such Thing, find your Husband possessed of an Aversion to you, and all your Friends ashamed and weary of you. I tell you *truly* that I am as much inclined to overlook your Faults as any body, and yet I would not upon any Consideration spend another Evening so disagreeable as the last. I think you had Reason to respect those who were present, as much as any Company you could ever see; and I protest I did not perceive any thing that should put you out of Temper. If you could not be good-humoured on such an Occasion, I know none that can require it of you. And I think, that unless you take an immediate Resolution against it for the future, there is no Hope of your ever amending of it.

Do not take it ill that I speak so freely to you. You have no Father nor Mother, and I do not know of any body that has so much Right to advise you. People are often ruined by their Follies, as perfectly as by their Vices; and I assure you I think you in the greatest Danger. I need not say any more, for it is enough to point out Errors to Persons of your natural Understanding You have Sense enough to see what is right; God give you Grace to use it. This is the sincere Prayer of, dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Friend.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From the peevish Young Lady. In answer.

Honoured Madam,

I Have read your Letter, over with great Surprise, as well as great Sorrow. I am sure you have given Proofs of your Affection enough to shew your Thoughts are inclined to be favourable: But, good God! is it possible a Person can be so much to blame as you tell me I am, and yet so little sensible of it! However, I will take your Word; and I promise you to take all the Caution that is possible to avoid giving you farther Occasion of Offence, or to endanger any more the Happiness I at present enjoy in my Husband's perfect good Opinion.

I think myself happy in the Favour of my Friends. God forbid I should do any thing to lose their good Opinion; but, Madam, all these are little Considerations in respect of my Gratitude to you; and if any thing in my Life could give you Content, to think that I was wanting in that, I should deem myself the most miserable, and the worst of Women. When I read that you would not be prevailed upon to visit us again, there is but one Consideration which keeps me from being distracted. I know that you will be as rejoiced to see my Amendment, as you was grieved at my Fault; and, as I am sure there is nothing you could bid me do, if it was only for your Pleasure, that I should not for that Reason have the greatest Satisfaction in observing; much more, when you tell me, a Fault which sets all my Happiness at stake, shall I observe the Cautions you give me with the greatest Punctuality.

Believe, dear Madam, that you see a true Penitent, although I do not know of the Crime I beg you will be pleased to call upon us very soon, and that you will tell me whether I have not cured myself of what was so very blameable. I have communicated the Sense of your Letter to my Husband, though I did not dare

to

to read the Words to him. It was not, that I questioned whether I was guilty of what you mention, but I did it as a first Penance for the Fault.

He told me, he had often been uneasy, though he did not know how to mention it to me; but, had you seen the good-natured Manner in which he said this to me, the Readiness that appeared in his Face to forgive me, and the Pain at thinking I should be uneasy to be told of it; you would know that it is impossible for me to offend so much Good-Nature, and that all your Admonitions are unnecessary.

He has as strong a Sense of his Obligation to you as I have: He sees that he owes every thing to you; and every Advantage that accrues from his Industry he places to the Account of his Debt to you. I am sensible that you have given both to him and me the Opportunity of being the happiest People in the World; and God forbid I should be the Occasion of our forfeiting it.

I have written a great deal, because my Heart is very full. Mr *Spencer* and you are the Persons whom I ought, and whom I wish to please; and what must I think of the Danger of offending both of you! It all means, that my Love to him, and my duty to you, are either of them sufficient to make me conquer any bad Habit; and that both will make the Amendment as immediate as it will be certain. I humbly beg you will excuse my Faults that are past, and believe that they never shall offend you again; but that you will, in this and in all Things, find a perfect Obedience in, Madam,

Your most grateful,

And most dutiful, &c.

LET-

LETTER XII.

From an Aunt in the Country to her Niece, on hearing of her Imprudence.

Dear Niece,

WHEN I put you to Mrs. *Marshal*, I thought I did that for you, which both you and your Friends would thank me for as long as you lived; but it is not always that Things happen according to *their* Designs who mean ever so well. Notwithstanding I live so far off, I hear of your Behaviour, and I am afraid you are turning all that I meant for your Good to your Destruction. Mr. *Norton* is just come from *London*, and he says he was several Times at the Shop, but never found you there; but, on the contrary, that he never was at any Place of Idleness and Pleasure but he met with you. When he was at *Green-wich-Park*, *Betty* was rolling down the Hill with a Sweetheart at each Side, and one before her: When he was at the Place where the Man dances upon the Wire, there was *Betty* eating Shrimps with a young Man with a Silver Tassel to his Hat: When he was at *Chelsea* Masquerade, there was *Betty* among the People at the Road-side seeing them go; and he says, he is told that your young Sparks that take so much Notice of you, pay People for going on your Business, and so get you to these Places.

You might think I should write to Mrs. *Marshal* about this; but I chuse first to tell you of it; and if you have any Regard for yourself, or any Love for me, you will take care to mend. Dear *Betty*, I am under great Concern: One or other of these young Men may be your Ruin; and if not, they take you off from your Business, and you will never be Mistress of it. As to any Hope of mending your Condition by Marriage, I would not have you think of it, at least not in this Way. If I hear rightly about your Companions, they are young Men of no Ex-

pectations,

pectations, and would only make you and themſelves miſerable by ſuch an Alliance.

Indeed, Child, no Gentleman will ever be for marrying a Perſon in your Station; ſo do not think of it; and if you ever better yourſelf by Matrimony, it muſt not be by your Face, but your Behaviour. You may get the Liking of ſome Perſon in Trade, by minding your own Affairs, and being diſcreet; and more than this you muſt not think of. My Dear, I have written all this to you, to adviſe you which Way to purſue your own Good. You will find it beſt, and I hope you will obſerve it, and ſo God will bleſs you; and you ſhall have all that you can reaſonably deſire from

Your affectionate, but afflicted Aunt.

LETTER XIII.

The Niece's Anſwer.

Honoured Madam,

I Have read over the Letter you wrote to me a great many Times, and I am convinced that I deſerve a more ſevere Reprimand. But, Madam, this ſhall have the ſame Effect as if you had written ever ſo harſhly, or had told my Miſtreſs of my Faults; for you that are ſo far off know them better than ſhe does. Madam, I own every thing Mr. *Norton* ſays is true: But indeed no Perſon whatſoever has offered me any Injury. It was a youthful Folly: Indeed, Madam, you ſhall never hear any more of my doing wrong in this Manner; for it is not only my Duty to obey you, but I find you are in the Right in all you tell me; and if a Stranger had adviſed me the ſame, I would have followed the Counſel. You ſhall never hear after this Day but that I follow my Buſineſs as I ſhould do; and if any Perſon offers to me that ſeems fit to better my Condition, I ſhall tell him before I make any

Anſwer,

Anſwer, I muſt aſk your Approbation, and by that I will be guided in every thing. I am very ſenſible of my Folly, and am,

Honoured Madam,

Your moſt dutiful and thankful Niece.

LETTER XIV.

From a young Woman of Family, who had left her Relations; to her Mother.

Honoured Madam,

I Am ſenſible that it has been great Uneaſineſs to you not to have heard of me in the Time I have been abſent; and indeed it has been as great a Concern to me that I could not write to you, knowing what muſt be your Fears and your Grief about me. I thank Providence I can now write ſo as to give you Comfort: And I was determined, that whatever I ſuffered, or whatever I even ſuppoſed you felt for me, I would not write any thing till it was in my Power to do ſo. I have a ſtrange Story to tell you, but I ſhall be brief in the relating it.

You cannot have been inſenſible, Madam, of Sir *George*'s Civilities to me. Indeed I have often thought that they made you ſecretly uneaſy, although you could not conveniently ſpeak of it. To me they have been a continual Torment; and had there been no Danger of my Reputation, I would have fled to avoid the Perſecution. I have not, Madam, been bred under your Inſtructions to ſo bad a Purpoſe, as not to fear Diſhonour more than Death. I therefore was not in Danger with reſpect to Virtue; but, Madam, to one who is truly virtuous, it is a Pain beyond bearing to be ſollicited. I knew your Dependence upon this bad Man, and therefore I never complained to you, ſince I would not give you Uneaſineſs where you cou'd have no Remedy; but long before I left you I had determined to eſcape from him.

The Evening that you was with his Lady, and only the Maid at home with me, he made Excuſes to ſend her

her out of the Way, and was insolent to a Degree that I tremble now to think of: I pretended an Apology for a Minute, and I went out, determined never to return again. This, Madam, is the true Story of my leaving you. Be pleased to consider that I could not run into the Way of Dangers so great as that I left behind. The Waggon was to go out the next Morning; and I went with it for *London*. It is now eleven Days that I have been here. The little Money I had has more than served me for the Time, and I am now — I almost dread to tell you; yet what should it signify for me to depend solely upon you, an Expence and a Burthen while you live, and destitute afterwards, should it please God for me to out-live you—I am, at this Time, in the Service of the Lady *Sherwin*, the best Woman in the World; and I am as happy as if I were one of her Children.

You know very well, Madam, that the Ladies now keep nothing above a Chamber-maid: The Place of Companions and Waiting-Women is quite unknown: I do not therefore pretend to set my Condition at all better than it is; but indeed, Madam, it is a very happy one. I have great Content, and very little Trouble. My Lady is very kind, and I have the Respect of other Persons. There are two Things disagreeable, the Name of a Servant, and the sitting down to eat with Servants. But, for the first, it is a false Pride, that teaches those who have not wherewithal to support a higher Title, to blush at it; and as for the other, all the Time I spend among them is just while dining, for my Lady is better pleased to have me near her, than below Stairs amongst the others.

I do not put on this Appearance of Satisfaction, Madam, to deceive you. I feel justly what I express: To be sure there is something cutting to one born your Daughter, and bred to Plenty, and Affluence, and Respect, to sink into a Servant; but this is all, and the Pain that it gives, so truly is my Spirit humbled to my Condition, is nothing to the Satisfaction that attends it. The being freed from the Importunities of a Man whom I hated, but dared not offend;

the being ſenſible that I am no longer burthenſome to you, whoſe Income is full little enough for yourſelf; and the Peace of Mind I enjoy, are all together a Purchaſe very worthy this Price, though it be a great one.

I ſhall tell you, Madam, how I met with this good Fortune. Although I did not come ſo entire a Stranger to *London*, as ſome unhappy Perſons do, yet it was the ſame Thing to me, for I could apply to none that I knew on ſuch an Occaſion. I had been told of the Difficulty of getting good Places; and I had been warned of the Danger of falling into bad Hands. I went to an Office of Regiſtering, and I deſired to ſee the Maſter of it. I told him all that happened to me: I informed him of what Family I was, and what had made me leave my Relations. He ſpoke to me with great Friendſhip and Reſpect: He promiſed me a Place fit for ſo virtuous and well-born a Perſon, and he has kept his Word; for it was he that recommended me to this. I have told you all, Madam; you'll forgive me, and not be offended at the Step I have taken, ſince there wants nothing but your *Forgiveneſs* to make me *eaſy*, and nothing but your *Approbation* to make me the *happieſt Perſon* in the World.

I am, honoured Madam,

Your obedient Daughter.

LETTER XV.

The Mother's Anſwer.

Dear Daughter,

YOUR Letter has been the greateſt Comfort to me. I knew not what to gueſs was become of you, and indeed I feared the worſt. I taxed Sir *George* with knowing of your leaving me, but I found he knew nothing of it; and he ſeemed ſo concerned at it, that I was terrified with the Thought that you had reſented ſomething from him by laying violent Hands upon yourſelf. God be praiſed it's no worſe than it is. I do not pretend to be quite eaſy under the

the Thought of your present Situation. I little believed once that any Child of mine would come to wait upon another: And your Father would not rest in his Grave to think his own Want of Care had been the Occasion of it. But it is in vain to talk of that. You write so reasonably, that I cannot contradict any thing you say. God, that has given you Understanding to distinguish so properly, give you Strength to continue to bear what may be disagreeable in your new Station. I will not ask you to leave it, although it grieves me to think you should descend to it. However, my dearest Child, nothing is shameful that is honest. Comfort yourself with that Thought: It shall be my greatest Comfort too. I shall pray that you may not repent of what you have done; and I desire you often to write to me. My Dear, farewel; it will ease Sir *George's* Mind, tho' he scarce deserves it, to tell him that you are safe; but he shall never know where. My dear Child, farewell.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XVI.

To a Young Lady on her first going to London, *containing proper Advice on that Occasion.*

My dear Sally,

AS your Brother informs me you are going to *London*, a Place replete with every Kind of Vice, you must give me leave to offer you some Instructions with regard to your Conduct there; for there, my Dear, you may expect many Sollicitations will be made, and Snares artfully laid, to rob you of your Innocence and your Virtue.

As we have so many more Male than Female Writers, it is no Wonder that the Vices and Foibles of Women are most maliciously satirized, and placed in an unfavourable Light, while little Notice is taken of the villainous Behaviour of our Masters the Men; these Lords of the Creation, who trample Innocence

and Juſtice under Foot, and rejoice in the Power that is given them.

In their Tranſactions with each other, they are obliged to keep up an Appearance of Probity, while, with regard to us, every Stratagem, every Deceit is put in practice, to corrupt the Innocent and betray the Unwary. But why it ſhould be leſs a Crime to deceive an innocent, unexperienced Girl, whoſe Age and Situation render it impoſſible ſhe ſhould know the World, than it would be to direct a blind Man to the Extremity of a Precipice, I am at a Loſs to imagine; yet Cuſtom, that Tyrant Cuſtom, has taught us this and many more Abſurdities.

As Example, however, is more prevalent than Precept, I ſhall illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the following Story, which upon Enquiry you will find true, and which I hope will have a proper Effect on your Mind, and in ſome meaſure influence your future Conduct.

Mrs. *Jenny* **** having lately loſt her Father, that ſhe might not be a Burthen to her Mother, who had for her own Support but a ſmall Annuity, determined to apply to a Relation in *London*, for her Aſſiſtance in getting her a genteel Service. In order to this, ſhe took a Place in a Stage-Coach; the other Paſſengers were an elderly Gentlewoman and her Son, a Lad of about Fifteen, and three Gentlemen. The early Hour of ſetting out, and their being entire Strangers to each other, kept them almoſt ſilent for the firſt ten Miles: By this time the young Spark grew exceedingly ſick, and the indulgent Mother inſiſted on being ſet down at the firſt Town they came to, ſaying, her Child's Health was dearer to her than all the *Londons in the World.* They were now near the Town where the Coach uſually puts up that the Company might breakfaſt. They no ſooner arrived, than the young Man and his Mother retired to a Chamber, leaving our Country-Woman to purſue her Journey without any of her own Sex to accompany her. The firſt Day was paſt without any more than the common Civility of bearing her Expences, which were equally divided between the three Men; only now and then a Smile of Approbation, accompanied with a Sigh, ſeemed as it were to

eſcape

eſcape from the genteeleſt and beſt-dreſs'd of them, whenever ſhe by chance caſt her Eyes on his. At Supper he ſhewed the utmoſt Aſſiduity to pleaſe her, inſiſted on her being lodged in the beſt Room in the Houſe, and, in ſhort, ſpared neither Pains nor Expence to render himſelf agreeable. Thus they went on for the firſt three Days; but, on the fourth, which was to be the laſt of their being together, he appeared diſconcerted and uneaſy. At Noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her, in the Garden of the Inn where they dined, for a few Minutes: There he made the warmeſt Profeſſions of Love, mixed with the moſt ſolemn Appeals to Heaven, that he had no other Views than thoſe which were for her Honour and Intereſt; he told her, he muſt unavoidably be unhappy if ſhe refuſed to let him know where he might ſee her again. To all this ſhe replied, that Providence had placed her in ſuch a Situation, that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould grant his Requeſt, ſince ſhe did not know where ſhe ſhould be fixed; as her Buſineſs in Town was only to get a Service. A Service! he returned with ſome Emotion; No, no, that muſt never be the Caſe, while I have an Eſtate to maintain, or Hands to work for you. I am at preſent poſſeſs'd of upwards of 400 *l.* a Year; and expect, by the Death of an Uncle, more than double my Fortune. If, deareſt Creature, I am ſo happy as not to be diſagreeable to you, conſent to ſhare it with me. By this Time the Coachman called, which relieved *Jenny* from her Embarraſſment. At length they arrived at their Journey's End. She was met at the Inn by her Couſin, to whoſe Houſe ſhe went for that Night. As they were getting into a Hackney-Coach, ſhe obſerved her Lover ſpeak to the Coachman, and look earneſtly at the Coach-Door, but ſhe knew not what this meant. Next Day ſhe was ſurpriſed at hearing herſelf called by a Voice ſhe knew to be her Fellow-Traveller's. This Interview was the Fore-runner of many more; till at laſt, after a ſtrict Enquiry into his Character and Circumſtances, ſhe conſented to be his Wife; but as their Marriage was to be kept private, he propoſed the *Fleet* as the moſt proper Place for the Performance of the Ceremony. This,

with ſome Reluctance, ſhe agreed to; when, as if recollecting himſelf, he cried, There can be no Occaſion for our running the Hazard of being ſeen, ſince a Miniſter will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This alſo, weak and unthinking, ſhe conſented to. The next Day they went to a Tavern, and he ordered a Drawer, whom he aſked for at the Bar, to go for a Clergyman from the *Fleet*. This ſame Drawer ſerved for both Father and Clerk. The ſolemn Ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel Lodgings at the Court End of the Town, where he behaved with the utmoſt Tenderneſs for three Months.—She was now with Child, and he began to be leſs frequent in his Viſits; when one Day, on her deſiring Leave to acquaint her Mother with her Happineſs, he told her, that Happineſs was hers no longer than ſhe kept it a Secret, and immediately left her. She ſaw him no more for ſeveral Days; and when he came home, he was in the Height of Ill-Humour, and told her he was going out of Town for a Fortnight. She aſked him for Money for her Support, when flinging her a Guinea, he flounc'd out of the Room. This Behaviour, ſo different from what ſhe had Reaſon to expect, filled her Heart with Anguiſh, and her Eyes with Tears. But who can deſcribe the Aſtoniſhment, the Miſery, the Torture of this poor Creature, when the Woman of the Houſe told her, ſhe muſt provide herſelf with other Lodgings; for the Gentleman whom ſhe called her Huſband, had paid her to that Time, and told her, ſhe muſt expect no more from him! She ran——ſhe flew to the Tavern where ſhe was married; but, on Enquiry, found the Drawer had been diſcharged two Months before: She then aſked, if any of the Family knew the Miniſter that was ſent for by Mr. ****, but they all pretended Ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every Reſource, to whom could ſhe apply for Juſtice? The Wretch that betrayed her was flown; her Kinſwoman refuſed her Succour, called her an infamous Creature, and, to complete her Miſery, told her, that ſhe had the Work before received a Letter, which gave an Account of the Death of her Mother. Loaded with Grief, ſhe returned to her Lodgings. The Woman had Compaſſion

enough

enough to let her remain there that Night, and the next Morning ſhe was in a high Fever. The Expences of an Apothecary and Nurſe ſoon diſſipated her little Store, and the Pity of her Landlady did not continue much longer. By this Time the Strength of her Conſtitution got the better of the Diſtemper; and ſhe lives to feel more Diſtreſs.

Pray think of this, my Dear, and believe me to be,

Dear Sally,

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant.

LETTER XVII.

From an Aunt to her Niece, containing ſome Inſtructions for Young Ladies to judge of Propoſals of Marriage made to them.

Dear Polly,

THE Friendſhip I had for your dear Mother, and the entire Confidence ſhe always placed in me, will make me ever ſollicitous for the Welfare of her Family; you'll therefore pardon me, I hope, if in my Letters I ſometimes preſume to offer you Advice. I don't pretend to be wiſer than you, my Dear; but yet I know ſome Things that you have not had the Opportunity of being acquainted with; and if what I have learned with Pains and with Expence, can be conveyed to you gratis, and without any Trouble, you are ſure to be no Loſer by the Bargain. You are now, my Dear, removed to *London*; where your perſonal Charms, and Endowments of Mind, will attract many Admirers; and your Fortune, which is large, will probably engage many more. Your Buſineſs, my dear *Polly*, is to diſtinguiſh the one from the other, and to make a due Difference between him who makes Love to your Perſon, and him whoſe Affection is centered ſolely in your Pocket. But this will be difficult for you to do without the Advice and Aſſiſtance of your Friends and Guardians; make them therefore your Confidents in

this Affair; and 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 Hands: And this, according to their general Method, 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 make to you a Declaration of his Pas-"sion.

"That he would not willingly make any Overtures "to your Guardian till he knows what Reception he "shall meet with from yourself.

"That your Guardian may probably raise such Ob-"jections as may be 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 make use of 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 your "Inclination or Interest.

"That it would be improper, therefore, for your "Guardian to be intrusted with the Secret till you have "seen the Party proposed.

"That, after all, it lay in your own Breast, either "to admit of, or decline his Offer.

"That the Proposer, for her Part, was altogether "disinterested in the Affair, and had no other View "than the bringing about a Match that might prove "equally happy for both Parties.

"That, in a Word, there could be no Harm in "accepting of a Line from the Gentleman, if an Inter-"view 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 Propo-"sitions, how seemingly advantageous soever, without

"the

" the Approbation and Consent of your Guardians, or " other judicious Friends."

For they, you may be assured, are the People who study your Happiness.

Such a prudent Conduct as this, my Dear, will make your officious Confidents, or Interveners, (if they have any Sense of Shame) desist from their Designs upon you; and hereby you will be convinced, that such Persons are altogether undeserving of your good Opinion or Acquaintance. By such a Conduct you will never lose an humble Servant that is in the least worthy of your Encouragement. For, if the Person really loves you, and is possessed of the Fortune he pretends, he will readily apply to your Guardians, and entertain a very favourable Opinion of your Prudence and Discretion: And in case he declines his Suit, you may justly conclude that his Intentions were basely to betray you: and then you'll have just Reason 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 your Parents or Guardians, you should get some Friend to write to him in the following Manner; but be sure you do not write yourself.

SIR,

I am to inform you, that Miss *Jones* thinks herself 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: For Things are so circumstanced, that she has neither Inclination nor Power to encourage your Addresses.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

But if a Proposal should come in this Manner, that you have Reason to think is not unworthy some Attention, your Business, my dear *Polly*, is to rebuke the Attempt of a clandestine Address, which you may do by getting some Friend to write in the following Manner, or at least to the same Purport.

SIR,

It may not be improper to acquaint you you that Miss *Jones* is so happy as to have a Friend of Experience and

Probity, in Mr. *Williams* of *New Bond-Street*, who is her Guardian, and without whose Advice she undertakes nothing of consequence; you may therefore reasonably suppose that she will not care to admit of any Proposals of Moment to her, that have not passed his Approbation. This she hopes will save her and you the Trouble of any further Application.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant.

Thus, my dear *Polly*, (emboldened by your Friendship and good Opinion of me) I have endeavoured to offer you some Instructions, which by and by you may find useful; and I doubt not but you will pay a proper Regard to what I have said, since you know it comes from the Heart of one, who will be ever sollicitous for your Prosperity, as her Happiness must in a great measure depend upon yours.

I am, my Dear,

Your ever faithful and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XVIII.

From a Mother to her Daughter, on Modesty, and the Art of Pleasing.

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your welcome Letter, and the Enquiries and Doubts it contained, let me answer, that you can never be happy but by Virtue, and scarce ever unhappy but by ill Conduct. Whoever examines themselves strictly, will find that they never had any grievous Affliction but they occasioned it themselves, by some Fault, or by being deficient in some Duty. Anxiety always succeeds the Loss of Innocence, but Virtue is ever attended with an inward Satisfaction that is a constant Spring of Felicity to all its Votaries.

Do not, however, imagine, that your only Virtue is Modesty: There are abundance of Women that have no Notion of any other; and fancy, that by practising it they discharge all the Duties of Society: They

They think 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; think rather that it is a Virtue that regards only yourſelf, and loſes its greateſt Luſtre, if it be not attended 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 the chief Part of your Finery, then, be Modeſty; it has great Advantages; it ſets off Beauty, and ſerves as a Veil to Uglineſs: Modeſty is the Supplement of Beauty. The great Misfortune of Uglineſs is, that it ſmothers and buries the Merit of Women. People do not go to look in a forbidding Figure for the engaging Qualities of the Mind and Heart; 'tis a very difficult Affair, when Merit muſt make its Way, and ſhine thro' a diſagreeable Outſide.

You do not want Graces to make you agreeable, but you are no Beauty; this obliges you to lay up a Stock of Merit: The World will compliment you with nothing. Beauty inſpires a pleaſing Sentiment which prepoſſeſſes People in its Favour. If you have made no ſuch Impreſſions, you muſt expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your Air, or Manners, to make any body think that you do not know yourſelf. An Air of Confidence in an ordinary Figure is ſhocking enough. Let nothing in your Diſcourſe or Dreſs look like Art; at leaſt let it not be eaſy to find it out. That Art is the moſt refined that never lets itſelf be ſeen.

You are not to neglect the Accompliſhments and Ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for Women are deſigned to pleaſe; but you ſhould rather think of acquiring a ſolid Merit, than of employing yourſelf in trifling Things. Nothing is ſhorter than the Reign of Beauty: Nothing is more melancholy than the latter Part of the Lives of Women,

who

who never knew any thing but that they were handſome. *If any body* makes their Court to you for the ſake of your agreeable Accompliſhments, make their Regards center in Friendſhip, and ſecure the Continuance of that Friendſhip, by your Merits.

It is very difficult to lay down any ſure Rules to pleaſe. The Graces without Merit, cannot pleaſe long; 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. I do not confine the Merit of Women merely to Modeſty; I give it a much larger Extent. A valuable Woman exerts the manly Virtues of Friendſhip, Probity and Honour, in the punctual Diſcharge of all her Obligations. An amiable Woman ſhould not only have the exterior Graces, but all the Graces of the Heart, and fine Sentiments of the Mind. There is nothing ſo hard as to pleaſe, without being ſo intent upon it, that it ſhall look a little like Coquetry. Women generally pleaſe the Men of the World more 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 do not care to eſteem them; 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 Child, 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 keep up this Taſte of 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 up their Inclinations, and make the ſame Object afford them all the Pleaſures, or fancy'd Pleaſures, of Inconſtancy.

Women are born with a violent Deſire to pleaſe. As they find themſelves barred from all the Ways that lead to Glory and Authority, they take another Road to arrive at them, and make themſelves amends by

by their Agreeableneſs; yet remember there is but a very ſmall Number of Years Difference between a fine Woman and one that is no longer ſo. Get over this exceſſive Deſire to pleaſe; at leaſt keep from ſhewing it: But, I am ſenſible, my dear Daughter, to a young Woman of your Diſcernment, I have ſaid enough on theſe Heads; and ſhall conclude, with ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your moſt affectionate and tender Mother,
EUPHEMIA.

LETTER XIX.

From the ſame, on the Regulation of Pleaſure.

My dear Daughter,

I Deſire you to be very cautious, now you are with your Relations in *London*, on the Article of Plays, and the like public Diverſions. There is no Dignity in ſhewing one's ſelf continually, nor is it an eaſy Matter to preſerve a ſtrict Modeſty in a conſtant Hurry of Diverſions. 'Tis miſtaking one's Intereſt to frequent them: If you have Beauty you muſt not wear out the Taſte of the World, by ſhewing yourſelf continually: You muſt be ſtill more reſerved if you want Graces to ſet yourſelf off. Beſides, the conſtant Uſe of Diverſions leſſens the Reliſh of them.

When all your Life has been ſpent in Pleaſures, and they come to leave you, either becauſe your Taſte for them is over, or becauſe your Reaſon forbids you the Enjoyment of them, your Mind is itſelf in a very uneaſy Situation, for want of Employment. If you would therefore have your Pleaſures and Amuſements laſt, uſe them only as Diverſions to relieve you after more ſerious Occupations. Entertain yourſelf with your own Reaſon; keep up that Correſpondence, and the Abſence of Pleaſures will not leave you any Time upon your Hands, nor any Hankering after them.

It

It behoves us, therefore, to husband our Tastes: There is no relishing Life without them, but Innocence can only preserve them in their Integrity; Irregularity is sure to deprave them. When we have a sound Heart, we make an Advantage of every thing, and turn it into a Source of Pleasure. We come frequently to Pleasures with a sick Man's Palate; we fancy ourselves nice, when we are only surfeited and out of Taste. When we have not spoiled our Mind and Heart by Sentiments that seduce the Fancy, or by any flaming Passion, 'tis easy to find Delight: Health and Innocence are the true Fountains of Joy. But when we have had the Misfortune to habituate ourselves to vehement Pleasures, we become insensible to moderate ones. We spoil our Taste by Diversions, and use ourselves so much to violent Pleasures, that we can't take up with those that are simple and regular.

We should always dread such great Emotions of the Soul, as leave us flat and out of sorts. Young Persons have the greater Reason to fear them, as they are less capable of resisting what flatters their Senses. Be temperate: Temperance makes the Health both of Mind and Body; with it one has always a pleasing and an equal Joy; one has no need of Diversions and Expence; Reading, Work, and Conversation, afford a purer Joy than all the Train of the greatest Pleasures. In a Word, innocent Delights are of most Advantage; they are always ready at hand; they are beneficient, and are never purchased at too dear a Rate. Other Pleasures flatter, but they do Mischief: They alter the Constitution of the Mind, and spoil it like that of the Body. Adieu, my *Amelia!* be regular in all your Views, and in all your Actions, and you will not only secure your own Felicity, but greatly add to that of

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

EUPHEMIA.

LET-

LETTER XX.

From an Elderly Lady; with Rules for the Education of a Young one.

Madam,

WE cannot, methinks, have an Eye too ſoon to the Education of the little Creature. Every Age of Life requires a particular Attention; but 'tis in theſe firſt Years eſpecially that the Mind receives Impreſſions which are never after effaced, and that the Ideas of Good and Evil take their Places in the Imagination. It is therefore of infinite Importance not to diſturb their natural Order, and to take care to aſſign to the firſt Thoughts the Rank they are to occupy. Conſequently ſhe muſt be inſpired betimes with an awful Idea of God and Religion: Theſe ſublime Topics ought to be mentioned to her in a moving and affecting Manner; for 'tis only by touching the Heart that we can influence and work upon the Mind. Too happy, if in the Sequel of her Life her Sentiments have but the Deity for their Object!

That Education may have a proper Effect, the Perſon intruſted therewith muſt command Reſpect, and give a great Idea of herſelf. We ought not to be too familiar with Children. 'Tis proper to keep up a Gravity, and carry ſomething of a ſevere Hand over them. We muſt likewiſe be upon our Guard againſt their childiſh Endearments, which they know how to manage with great Advantage to extort what they want of us. Theſe budding Charms conceal a Number of Defects, and we muſt not ſuffer ourſelves to be ſeduced by them.

The greateſt Enemy our Sex has to ſtruggle with is Self-love or Vanity. We cannot too ſoon labour to weaken it, and great Caution ought to be uſed not to confirm it by Praiſes; for this is one of the great Dangers of Education. By this we ſwell the Idea the little Things have of themſelves; we arm their Pride, and ſet them above their Equals; they grow vain,

difficult

difficult to be corrected, apt to take Offence : And all this forms a very unamiable Character. We muſt alſo beware of *letting* them ſee how dear they are to us, and what an Intereſt we take in them. The contrary would bring them to fancy we ought always to be doating on them, and would conſequently ſtrengthen their Vanity. Do but let them alone ; whatever Application you may uſe to deſtroy this Principle, it will ſtill maintain its Ground againſt you. With modeſt and baſhful Children, indeed, Praiſes might be uſed to give them Courage ; but our little One is full of Vivacity, and doth not want this Aſſurance, but rather to be checked and held back. Not, again, that I am for entirely baniſhing Praiſes ; they are a Help to Education and virtuous Diſpoſitions : But we muſt know how to place them properly, and not beſtow them as ſeduced by our Affection, or the Children's Charms, but with Reflection. Beſides, they muſt never be commended on account of external Beauties, (for they may hence deceive themſelves ſo far, as to think that they ſupply the Place of every thing) but for their good Actions only.

They muſt be inſpired with a great Love for Truth, and taught to practiſe it even at their own Coſt. We muſt inſtil into them the Opinion, that nothing is ſo great as to ſay ingenuouſly, *I am in the Wrong* ; and beware of puniſhing them for the Faults they confeſs.

Again, Children muſt be made to have a vaſt Opinion of Honour, and taught to look upon Diſgrace as a Thing above all others to be dreaded. We often amuſe them with frivolous Tales that awaken all the timorous Paſſions ; 'twould be much properer to keep up their Apprehenſions for Diſhonour, that they might look upon Eſteem as the firſt of Benefits, and Contempt as the greateſt of Evils. When once you have worked them up to a Senſe of Eſteem, and of the Shame attending Faults, you have gained a great Point in their Education. Shame will then ſerve for a Puniſhment, and eſteem ſupply the Place of Rewards.

It is of infinite Importance to perſuade them thoroughly, that Happineſs is attached only to laudable Actions ;

Actions; and we ought to grant them their Requests, not as Recompenses, but as the necessary Consequences of their good Deeds. They bring themselves thereby to fancy, that what they ask is bestowed on, and belongs to worthy Actions only.

If the little Presents you make them consist of Eatables, you increase in them the Love of Pleasure, which is only to be barely suffered; if they are for Dress, you strengthen the Notion they have of Trifles, which they must be taught to despise. Children take a Pride in being treated like reasonable Folks. This Kind of Pride must be kept up, and made use of as Means to lead them whither we please. Reproof must be administered with Caution, and they be made to believe, that they have rather been guilty of Forgetfulness, than Failing.

'Tis necessary to break the Wilfulness of Children, to render them pliant and supple, to make them bend to the Authority of Reason, and teach them not to give way to their Desires. They have sometimes Tears of Obstinacy, and, not being able to compass their Will, they endeavour, by their Whinings, to maintain the Right they fancy they have to do what they please. We must beware yielding to these Fits of Obstinacy. Distinguish likewise their natural Wants from meer Whims of Fancy, and allow them to ask for nothing but real Necessaries. What gives Strength to our Desires is, the Liberty we are indulged in of expressing them; and whoever allows himself to change his Wishes into Requests, is not far from fancying that People are obliged to grant him every thing he desires. Besides, we can more easily bear a Denial from ourselves, than from other People. The Person who is with young Miss has a great deal of Merit, and ought to supply the Place of Reason with her. When we are not accustomed in our Childhood to submit our Wills to the Reason of others, we shall find it very difficult to listen to, and follow the Dictates of our own, in a more advanced Age.

Children's Minds must be armed with Courage; for a Firmness, which consists in a settled Insensibility of Soul, is the best Shield we can oppose to Evils. 'Tis the

the Support of Virtue, and a Rampart against the Approaches of Vice. Sensibility of Soul doth but lengthen out and eternize Misfortunes, and without Courage it is next to impossible to remain firm in our Duty. Nothing is more useful, also, than to make them susceptible of Friendship and Gratitude. 'Tis the Heart that must be wrought upon; we have no sure and lasting Virtues but by its Means. 'Tis well also to accustom them to a just Mind and an upright Heart. Inspire them with Liberality, and a Notion of dividing what they have with others. They must be persuaded that the Giver is the best off, since he hath for his Share the Glory and Pleasure of obliging.

Children often delight in mimicking others, and, when they do it with a Grace, we are apt to be diverted with them. But this is a dangerous Talent. We do not seek to imitate what is good; that would not raise a Laugh: 'Tis the Ludicrous we try to hit. Do not let them fancy any Agreeableness in Apery. Nothing is easier than to divert at other People's Cost, whilst we are helped and encouraged by the Malignity of the Hearers. It ever requires much more Wit to please with Good-Nature than with Malice.

Besides these general Rules for all Children, there are some peculiar to each Temper, which 'tis an easy Matter to find out with the least Application. Little Miss, for Instance, is tractable and endearing. This is a Qualification useful to those that possess it, but dangerous for others. It imposes on superficial People; and who is not so? Do we take the Trouble to dive into the Bottom of Characters? No; we yield to outward Appearances, which hide many Defects. Those who perceive how it serves their Turn, are all Talk and Outside in the common Course of Life, and depart from the Virtues of Society and Affection. Such only as do not deal in bare Appearances, pay us with Realities, and are under a Necessity of being true and solid, which others wholly depart from.

I am afraid also that the little Thing is inclined to Vanity and Giddiness. They are Foes to Modesty; and what can be done with a Woman that wants Modesty? Timidity, or Bashfulness, ought to be the Characteristic

racteristic of Women, for it secures their Virtue; and Bashfulness and Modesty are Twin-Sisters, and are so near alike, that they are often taken one for the other. I think it high Time now to set about correcting her. She gets forward in Years, and these little Imperfections, which may seem nothing to those who love her, are nevertheless the Seeds of Vices. You know better than me, Madam, how a Philosopher, meeting with a Child, reproved him for some Fault, and that, upon the Lad's telling him he chid him for a meer Trifle, he replied, *No habitual Defect can be a Trifle.*

I am sensible, Madam, that what I here offer is very imperfect; but I was willing to leave you the Pleasure of improving it with your own Thoughts, and the Right of correcting mine. I am, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From a Lady to her Niece, on the Subject of Dress.

Dear Biddy,

I AM much of your Opinion, that the Make of a Woman's Mind greatly contributes to the Ornament of her Body. Behold Lady *Vicars!* she has the largest Share of Simplicity of Manners, perhaps, in her whole Sex. This makes every thing look native about her; and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, Part of her Person. Every one that sees her, knows her to be of Quality; but her Distinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is such a Composure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the Garb you one Day see her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next Day see her in another. There is no Mystery in this, but that, however she is apparelled, she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gestures, that a Woman must think well to look well: This I have no Doubt of

of your endeavouring to do, my Dear; which will give the utmost Satisfaction to

Your affectionate and tender Aunt,

LÆTITIA.

LETTER. XXII.

From a Mother to her Daughter, who had expressed her Wonder that any Woman should be base or wicked.

Dear Hebe,

WHatever high Ideas you may have entertained of the Perfection of our Sex, the Truth is, they, like the other, vary in their Characters; and your Discourse last Night brings to my mind a Passage in one of the *Tatlers*: "The ordinary Class of the Good "or the Ill, have very little Influence upon the Ac-"tions of others; but the Eminent in any Kind are "those who lead the World below them. The Ill are "employed in communicating Scandal, Infamy, and "Disease, like Furies; the Good distribute Benevo-"lence, Friendship, and Health, like Angels. The "Ill are damped with Pain and Anguish at the Sight "of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The Vir-"tuous are touched with Commiseration toward the "Guilty, the Disagreeable, and the Wretched. There "are those who betray the Innocent of their own Sex, "and sollicit the Lewd of ours. There are those who "have abandoned the very Memory, not only of In-"nocence, but Shame. There are those who never "forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There "are also who visit the Beds of the Sick, lull the "Cares of the Sorrowful, and double the Joys of the "Joyful. Such is the destroying Fiend, such the "Guardian Angel, Woman."

You, Child, whom it has been the Study of my Life to adorn with every valuable Principle, I make no Doubt, will be an Honour to your Sex, and a perpetual Source of Comfort to

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

MARY CAREFUL.

PART

PART II.

LETTERS relating to LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, and the Conduct of a Married Life.

LETTER XXIII.

From a Young Lady to her Mother, on her having received a Proposal of Marriage.

Dear and honour'd Madam,

MY Duty and Affection both oblige me to inform you, that since I have been here, I have received several Visits from one Mr. *Coles*, an Ironmonger of this Place, who professes to have entertained a sincere Affection for me. His Person is not disagreeable, and my Aunt gives him an extraordinary Character: She tells me, that he has been set up for himself these three or four Years, and has a considerable Trade; that he began with a Capital of a thousand Pounds, and bids fair for being a wealthy Tradesman: She also says, that she has known him from his Infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the Excellence of his Temper. But, notwithstanding this favourable Description, I hope, you

you will think me ſincere, when I aſſure you, that he has not yet made the leaſt Impreſſion on my Heart. It was contrary to my Inclinations that he was ever brought into my Company, or allowed to profeſs a Paſſion that wanted 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, however, ventured to tell him, that as he has neglected writing to you, I have reſolved to do it myſelf, and that I inſiſt upon his not paying me another Viſit, till I have received your Anſwer. The Remembrance of your Indulgence and affection would have made me reproach myſelf for ever, had I not now taken the firſt Opportunity to inform you and my Papa of this Affair, and to beg your Advice, while I am in a Condition to take it. I am, with my humble Duty to you and my dear Papa, honoured Madam,

Your dutiful and obedient Daughter.

LETTER XXIV.

The Mother's Anſwer, on a Suppoſition that ſhe does not entirely diſapprove of the young Man's Addreſſes.

Dear Lucy,

YOUR Father and I are equally pleaſed with the Inſtance you have given us of your Duty and Diſcretion. Our tender Affection will induce us to take the firſt Opportunity to enquire into Mr. *Coles*'s Character; and if it be anſwerable to our Hopes, we ſhall gladly conſent to an Union that affords you an agreeable Proſpect of Happineſs. However, it is neceſſary that you ſhould ſtill keep yourſelf on your Guard. His Profeſſions may be nothing more than the idle unmeaning Flattery of a Perſon who has no other View, but that of trifling away a leiſure Hour: His Deſigns may be even moſt diſhonourable; he may ſeek your Ruin, only for the Gratification of his own looſe Deſires: And even

ſuppoſing

ſuppoſing all you have heard of him be true, he may have private Vices that may tarniſh all his good Qualities. Do not think, my Dear, that theſe Suppoſitions are a Proof of an uncharitable Spirit: His not acquainting your Father or me with his Intentions, gives but too much 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 done it already) that you are not at your own Diſpoſal. But if you find you have an Averſion from 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 my Approbation will be of any Advantage to him; for let him be ever ſo worthy of your Eſteem, we ſhall never deſire you to marry the Man you cannot love. I ſhall endeavour to obtain as perfect a Knowledge of him as poſſible; and if your Father and I have Reaſon to think him worthy 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 with mine. I am, my dear *Lucy*,

Your tender Mother, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From a Maid-Servant to her Mother in the Country, to aſk her Advice whether ſhe ſhould marry her Maſter's Apprentice.

Honoured Mother,

LONDON is certainly the beſt Place in the World for thoſe who are to maintain themſelves by their own Labour, provided they have good Senſe enough to withſtand the Temptations and Snares they are daily ſubject to, and which they cannot be too much guarded againſt. I have a very good Place, and am well reſpected by my Maſter and Miſtreſs. I therefore

fore return you my Thanks in the moſt dutiful Manner, for perſuading me, though 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, preſſes me to marry him; he has good Friends, and has ſerved five Years; but as my Maſter or Miſtreſs might be diſpleaſed with him, were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, tho' I thought it my Duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it. I am,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXVI.

The Mother's Anſwer.

Dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are in a good Place, and that you are ſo happy as to pleaſe your Miſtreſs. 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 you are pleaſed with the Thoughts of being Miſtreſs of a Shop, and keeping Servants of your own; but let me tell you, that by marrying an Apprentice you would take a moſt unlikely Method of obtaining that Happineſs. You tell me, the young Man has ſerved five Years: He has then two to ſerve; but what Difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would thoſe two Years be to you? I almoſt tremble at the very Thoughts of what you would ſuffer. In this Time, you probably would 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

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 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, and even from thoſe whom he now looks upon as his Inferiors, would not ſour his Temper, and make you ſtill more wretched by his Ill-humour? He will reflect, with Anguiſh of Heart, on what he might have been, had he never known you; and what Quarrels, what Diſtreſs, what Miſery, would then be your Portion!

Let me, therefore, my dear Child, adviſe you by all Means, and as you have a Regard for your own Happineſs, not to marry him till he is out of his Time; and not even then, till he has obtained the Conſent of his Friends Mean while, be careful 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 Conſiderations of preſent Advantages prevent your leaving your Place. God grant that you may follow this Advice; and with my earneſt Prayers that you may, I remain

Your tender, and fearful Mother.

LETER XXVII.

From a Mother to a Gentleman, who had aſked Permiſſion to addreſs her Daughter.

SIR,

THE Letter which you have done me the Honour to write to me, ſpeaks you to be a Gentleman, and a Man of Senſe. I am ſorry to acquaint

you,

you, that after ſuch a Prepoſſeſſion in your Favour, I am for more than one Reaſon deſirous to decline the Offer you are pleaſed to make toward an Alliance in my Family. My Daughter is very dear to me; and I think ſhe has caſt an Eye elſewhere: I wiſh ſhe may have employed her Attention as worthily. The Manner alſo of your Application does not quite pleaſe me: I think there is ſomething indelicate and improper in this wild Manner of engaging in an Attachment, and in pleading in Favour of it. I wiſh you had known my Daughter more before you ſpoke ſo much, and had met with me among our Acquaintance to have mentioned it. I am convinced, Sir, that I do not think more of you than I may with Juſtice, when I confeſs to you that I believe you would be more than an equal Match for her; for though ſhe has (and ſuffer me, Sir, although I am her Mother, to ſay it) great Merit, her Fortune, though not quite inconſiderable, is not great. You will 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, be it ever ſo remote, a Tendency to my Daughter's Welfare, will make me very cautious of determining. To give you my final Senſe, (at leaſt what is final to me at preſent) I have not a Thought of aſking who it is that has thus favour'd us, nor would adviſe my Daughter to remember it. I thank you, Sir, in her Name, as well as my own, for the Honour you intended us, and am,

S I R,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

Answer of an Aunt to a Gentleman who desired her Interposition with her Niece, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement.

SIR,

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

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXIX.

The Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman's Letter, in which he professes his Tenderness for her.

SIR,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory of *our* Sex, surely it cannot be blame-worthy in *yours*. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either

Man or Woman can poſſeſs. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Reſpect where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Perſon's we eſteem.

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

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

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXX.

Letter from a Lady, encouraging her Lover to a further Declaration.

SIR,

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

Your humble Servant,

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

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

SIR,

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

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXXII.

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

Dear Aunt,

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

The first Time the *honest* Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one *Sunday* after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at *my* Fingers Ends, that it was very

cold; and politely blew upon *his*. I immediately perceived that his Paſſion for me could *not keep him* warm; and in Complaiſance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-ſide. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he ſtood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and. looking about him, aſked, with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelve-month married, and juſt come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country: I ſaid, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry you Mercy, Madam!—And then he ſhuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pauſe———

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

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

bleſſed be God: And then he twang'd his Noſe, and *lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.*

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

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

Your greatly obliged Kinſwoman.

LETTER XXXIII.

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

Couſin Jenny,

I AM ſorry you think Mr. *Richards* ſo unſuitable a Lover. He is a ſerious, ſober, good Man: And ſurely when Serioufneſs and Sobriety make a neceſſary Part of the Duty of *a good Huſband, a good Father*, and *a good Maſter of a Family*, thoſe Characters ſhould not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Perſons of *our Sex* eſpecially, who would reap the greateſt Advantage

from them. But he talks of the *Weather* when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have him directly fall upon the Subject of *Love*, the Moment he beheld you?

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

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

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

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

I think, Cousin *Jenny*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, but to the *Land of Happiness*, with Respect as well to the *next World as this*. And it is to be hoped, that the *better Entertainment* you so much wish for on your *Journey*, may not lead you too much out of *your Way*, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have to your *Journey's End*.

In

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

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

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXXIV...

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

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr. *Loverwell*, whoſe Father, I am ſenſible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has during your Abſence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Paſſion for me, and preſs'd me cloſely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might ſeem to be, till I had your Thoughts on ſo important an Affair; and I am abſolutely determined either to diſcourage his Addreſſes, or to keep him at leaſt in Suſpenſe, till your Return, as I ſhall be directed by your ſuperior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submiſſion, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He ſeems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions,

tions, and to be no ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good Sense, or good Manners.———I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addresses with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore in so momentous an article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXXV.

From a Daughter to a Mother upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs *Prudence*, a Governess of a noted Young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her Assistant. She has treated me, ever since I have been with her, with the utmost Good-Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavoured to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gained me the Love and Esteem of the whole House, but young Mr. *Byron*, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye upon me some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite of Mrs. *Prudence*, a Man of unblemished Character,

Character, and very extenſive Buſineſs, I thought it would be an Act of the higheſt Ingratitude to ſo indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair whereon my future Happineſs, or Miſery, muſt ſo greatly depend. As to his Perſon, Age and Temper, I muſt own, Madam, with a Bluſh, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I ſhould think myſelf very happy, ſhould you countenance his Addreſs. I flatter myſelf, however, that I have ſo much Command of my own Paſſions, as in Duty to be directed in ſo momentous an Affair by your ſuperior Judgment. Your ſpeedy Anſwer therefore will be looked upon as an additional Act of Indulgence ſhewn to

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Mother's Anſwer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marrage made you by Mr. *Byron*, and as that is a very weighty Affair, I ſhall return to *London* as ſoon as poſſible, in order to make all due Enquiries. And in caſe I find no juſt Grounds for Exception to the Man, I have none to his Occupation, ſince 'tis ſuitable enough to that State of Life for which you ſeem to have a peculiar Taſte. However, though I ſhould rejoice to ſee you ſettled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and though you ſeem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour, and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too haſty, my Dear; conſider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often falſe and perfidious; promiſe fair, and yet, at the ſame Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Deſires. I don't ſay that Mr. *Byron* has any ſuch diſhonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not; for which Reaſon I would only have you act with Diſcre-

tion

tion and Reſerve; give him neither too great Hopes of Succeſs, nor an abſolute Denial to put him in Deſpair. All that you have to ſay till you ſee me is this, that you have no Averſion to his Perſon; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of ſo ſerious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Application to me on my firſt Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care ſhall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happineſs and Advantage. I am,

Dear Daughter,

Your truly affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXXVII.

From a Young Lady to her Father, expoſtulating againſt a Propoſal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

I Never till now thought it could be a Pain to me to anſwer any Letter that came from my dear Papa; but this laſt of yours diſtreſſes me to the greateſt Degree, as I know not how to ſend an Anſwer that is conſiſtent with the Duty I owe, and the Affection I bear, to the beſt of Parents, without at the ſame Time offering up my Sincerity, and making a Sacrifice of my Peace and Happineſs.—Ah! dear Sir, reflect, do reflect on the real Worth and Uſe of Riches: Do they purchaſe Health? Do they purchaſe Peace? Do they purchaſe Happineſs? No—Then why am I to barter Health, and Peace, and Happineſs, for Riches?—The Man you propoſe to me I know you would never have thought on but for his immenſe Wealth, for he has nothing elſe to recommend him. And I, who can live upon a little; I, who at preſent have no Canker in my Heart, and am happy in the Company of my dear Papa and Mamma, can never think of giving up this Peace and Tranquillity, and of throwing myſelf at the Mercy of a Brute, that I deteſt, for the ſake of being thought worth a large Sum of

of Money that I don't want, and can make no Use of. These are Truths that I am afraid will be disagreeable to you, and therefore 'tis with Pain I write them; but, my dear Papa, what Pain wou'd it give you to see me made for ever miserable! I know, what would shorten my Days, would put an End to yours, so great is your Affection for me. The Sense of that Affection, and my own Love and Gratitude to you, the best of Parents, will make me submit to any thing. Do by me as you please, but pray think of the Consequences; and believe me to be,

Honoured Sir, your most dutiful, affectionate, and obedient Daughter.

LETTER XXXVIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

THO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgence towards me, to contest your Will, and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequence thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommended to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady of more Experience, and of a more advanced Age, would, in my humble Opinion, be a much

much fitter *Help-Mate* for him. To be ingenuous (permit me, good Sir, to ſpeak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reſerve for once) a Man, almoſt in his grand Climacterick, can never be an agreeable Companion for *me*; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourſelf in every innocent Amuſement, be over-agreeable to *him*. Tho' his Fondneſs at firſt may connive at the little Freedoms I ſhall be apt to take; yet as ſoon as the Edge of his Appetite ſhall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cauſe. I ſhall be debarr'd of every Diverſion ſuitable to my Years, tho' never ſo harmleſs and inoffenſive; permitted to ſee no Company; hurried down perhaps to ſome melancholy rural Receſs; and there, like my Lady *Grace* in the *Play*, ſit penſive and alone, under a *green Tree*. Your long-experienced Goodneſs, and that tender Regard which you have always expreſs'd for my Eaſe and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expoſtulate with you on an Affair of ſo great an Importance If, however, after all, you ſhall judge the Inequality of our Age an inſufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Huſband is but a Triffle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in ſhort, you ſhall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to reſign up all my real Happineſs and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am too ready to ſubmit to your ſuperior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to obſerve, that 'tis impoſſible for me ever to love the Man into whoſe Arms I am to be thrown; and that my Compliance with ſo deteſted a Propoſition, is nothing more than the Reſult of the moſt inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the leaſt Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of

His ever obedient Daughter.

LETTER XXXIX.

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

SIR,

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

Sir, your most humble Servant, M. H.

LET-

LETTER XL.

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

SIR,

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

From a Lady to her Lover, who expressed, in a Letter, his Suspicions of her receiving the Addresses of another.

SIR,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of

your

your Letter to the ſingle Cauſe you would have me However, as I would not be ſuſpected of any thing that ſhould juſtify ſuch Treatment from you, I think it neceſſary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have ſeen: However, I wonder that other Eyes ſhould not be as eaſily alarmed as yours; for, inſtead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you ſee more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much ſharpened by unprovoked Malice, as your's by undeſerved Suſpicion.

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

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

Yours, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XLII.

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

SIR,

I Rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own? It is now a Year and a Half since I first saw, and (must I say?) loved you, and so long I have striven to forget you; but frequent Sights of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the *Park* To-morrow exactly at Two o'clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person 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 such a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous; but, if you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My Hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XLIII.

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

SIR,

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

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generosity in exposing my Letter, because the Man, that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had 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 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; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest; and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity of the World, I may guess from the Mortifications I now feel from seeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and in being convinced by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour hath

hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say *any thing* severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

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

LETTER XLIV.

From a Mother to a Daughter, jealous of her Husband.

My dear Polly,

I AM very much concerned at your thinking you have any Reason to suspect the Fidelity of your Husband: Let me intreat you, as you love your own Happiness, to suppress these early Risings of a Passion, that can procure you nothing but the keenest Anguish of Heart; and to give no Ear to the idle Tales of those officious and wicked People, who, perhaps, may find an Interest

reſt in ſetting you at variance. O my Child, take care of a Suſpicion, which will not only give you preſent Uneaſineſs, but by ſpoiling your Temper, wean from you the Affections of your Huſband. If he is innocent, your Suſpicions are one of the greateſt Injuries, one of the higheſt Marks of Injuſtice that can be offered him; and you are in Danger, if you give a looſe to your Reſentment, of precipitating him on the Courſe you dread, and rendering thoſe Evils real, which are now only imaginary. I ſay imaginary,—for I cannot think a Man of his Senſe can be guilty of any thing ſo baſe and ſo fooliſh.

But ſuppoſing that what you have heard is but too true, your Reproaches would only make him fly from home, and from you, to one who will ſide with him, and harden his Heart againſt you. Thus would you yourſelf contribute to her Triumph, while he, ſeeing that he can no longer have Occaſion for Reſerve, will grow hardened in Vice, and purſue that Courſe openly, which he would otherwiſe, for fear of its coming to your Knowledge, have followed privately and by ſtealth. Let me, therefore, beg of you to ſummon all your Prudence; inſtead of loading him with Reproaches, and by your Ill-Humour driving him to her you would have him ſhun, ſtrive to make Home agreeable to him, and let him ſee, that it is not in the Power of a Strumpet to ſurpaſs you in Sweetneſs of Temper, and an obliging Behaviour; and though he is ſo abandoned as to forget *his* Duty, *you* will keep ſteadily to yours. By theſe Means you will, in time, over-power him by your Goodneſs; you will force Conviction into his Soul, and obtain the nobleſt of all Conqueſts; you will recover his Heart, and, perhaps, ſave him you love from eternal Ruin. This Conduct your own Conſcience will approve, and your Children will have the greateſt Reaſon to rejoice in the Prudence of ſuch a Mother. I am,

My dear Daughter, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

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

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art ſhe, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apoſtate! how loſt to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more diſmal to be ſhut up in a Vault to converſe with the Shades of my Anceſtors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-Houſe in the Country, and confined to the Converſation of a ſober Huſband and an aukward Chamber-maid. For Variety, I ſuppoſe, you may entertain yourſelf with Madam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouſe of your Pariſh Vicar, who has by this Time, I am ſure, well furniſhed you with Receipts for making Salves and Poſſets, diſtilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Bleſs'd Solitude! I wiſh thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would perſuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here deſcribed: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little diſordered with Romances and Novels. After ſix Months Marriage, to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes ſo ſoftly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the *Sylvian* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradiſe*, like the firſt happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave theſe Whimſies, and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely intereſted in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice, at your firſt Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little inſolent in me, perhaps, to adviſe a Matron; but I am ſo afraid you'll make ſo ſilly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Huſband, and never to ſaunter about *St. James's Park* together. If you preſume to enter the Ring at *Hyde Park* together, you are

are ruined for ever; nor muſt you take the leaſt Notice of one another at the Playhouſe, or Opera, unleſs you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple moſt happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; ſhe is the moſt negligent and faſhionable Wife in the World; ſhe is hardly ever ſeen in the ſame Place with her Huſband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Abſence, and takes care he ſhall not be the Subject of any Diſcourſe that ſhe has a Share in. I hope you'll propoſe this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be ſo ſilly to think *Portia*, *Sabina*, &c. *Roman* Wives, much brighter Examples. I wiſh it may never come into your Head to imitate thoſe antiquated Creatures ſo far, as to come into public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment of Mrs. *Modiſh*'s Tea-Table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always thought you a diſcreet Perſon, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to ſee what demure and ſerious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but ſhe ſays ſhe ſhall never forgive your Choice of ſo gallant a Man as *Bellamour*, to tranſform him to a mere ſober Huſband; 'twas unpardonable: You ſee, my Dear, we all envy your Happineſs, and no Perſon more than

Your humble Servant,
LYDIA.

LETTER XLVI.

Harriot's *Anſwer to the above.*

BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I ſhall frequent no public Places, or make any Viſits where the Character of a modeſt Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocriſy; you, and all the handſome young Women of your Acquaintance, ſhew themſelves to no other Purpoſe, than to gain a Conqueſt over ſome Man

of

of Worth, in order to beſtow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confeſſion; the Deſign is modeſt and honourable, and all your Affectation can't diſguiſe it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to pleaſe the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dreſs, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or Play, 'tis to qualify myſelf for a Converſation agreeable to his Taſte: He's almoſt the End of my Devotion; half my Prayers are for his Happineſs——I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleaſure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wiſh you Happineſs; but am ſorry to ſee by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every thing that is ſober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Underſtanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a diſcreet, ingenious, pleaſant, pious Woman; I wiſh ſhe had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modiſh*; you would find, if you were too free with her, ſhe would make you bluſh as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is ſo kind as to viſit my Huſband, and his agreeable Converſation has brought him to enjoy many ſober happy Hours when even I am ſhut out, and my dear Huſband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. Theſe Things, dear Madam, will be laſting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs by whom they form themſelves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in Old-Age.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant,

HARRIOT.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

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

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

Madam,

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

May my Lady *Dorothy* (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her: And may this Love, before the Year go about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

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

 mortal,

* They were married at *Penshurst*, *July*, 11 1639.

mortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may in good Time be happily supply'd with a more constant Bed-Fellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hands, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Widow Lady, to dissuade her from a second Marriage, from an elderly Lady her Relation.

Dear Cousin,

I Was accidentally in Company, the other Day, where you was mentioned with great Respect; but it was said that you were about to marry again. I may be impertinent in what I have to say on this Subject, because the Observations may come too late: Yet I think that can hardly be the Case, because this is the first Time I have heard of your designing it, and then but casually. I know how ready the World are to interpret the slightest Acquaintances into Courtships; and I think had this been any thing more, I should have heard of it earlier, and with more Certainty; nay, I will not believe but you would have written to me of it yourself.

As I will persuade myself from these Reasons that you have not gone so far in this Matter, if you have made any Step in it, as to have made it too late to go back; I shall, with all that Freedom which our Acquaintance and Affinity support me in using, give you my Reasons why I think you do wrong. You are very happy at present, and those who do not know when they are well commonly change for the worse. It is a Maxim among the Gamesters, that nobody ought to play but those who have nothing to lose; and I think it ought to hold as good with those who marry after they

they are thirty. When there is a Bloom of Youth upon a Face, a Man may be tempted to do a great many Things to purchase it; but when that is gone, I should be always afraid that the Desire of winning the Bet, might go farther than the Love of Play. If that is the Matter, wretched is she who is caught, for the Winner will be as ready in this Case, as the Losers in the other, to break the Tables.

But to talk in plain Words, and argue the Matter like People of this World, I should imagine that any Woman who had been married a dozen Years, let it have been ever so happily, would have seen enough of the Condition not to be in an Humour to enter upon it again when the best Season of it was over. I talk very freely to you, Cousin; but I love you, and you know it: You will therefore excuse me; nay, I believe you will thank me. I advise you against Marriage, but I do not know who you are going to marry. There is one Test of Affection, and there is but one, and if your Lover's Affairs will bear that, why I shall give up half my Objections. The Man who has nothing may deceive you when he says he loves you, whether you have nothing, or have a Fortune; for in the one Case he may just like you enough for a Month's living together, and, as it is all one to him where he lives, he may resolve upon bidding Good-bye to you afterwards: In the other, he may very reasonably be in love with your Fortune, and may think no Incumbrance of your Person too much for the Advantage: But if the Lover have a Fortune more than equal to your own, take it for granted he is in earnest, and give yourself no Trouble but about his Constancy. It would not be worth while to marry a Man you was sure liked you To-day, but who, it was fifty to one, might change his Mind To-morrow: And as to him, who it was impossible to know whether he liked you or no, you, who will be too wise to fall into absolute Green-Sickness Love, would be distracted to venture upon.

Which of these, or whether either of these Descriptions, belongs to your present Admirer, I am entirely ignorant. You see I am a great Enemy to your marrying at all; but I have told you there is a Sort of

Man that I think you may venture upon: She will have good Luck, however, that finds him.

It would be easy to be grave upon this Subject; but, dear Cousin, it is not easy to be grave without being dull; and I have not a mind you shall throw away my Letter without reading it. You have a great many Years probably to come, and you have a Right to be happy in them. You have the Means in your own Hands, and in the Name of Wisdom keep them there. You have Relations who will want your Money, when you can make no more Use of it; and why should you rob them of it in Favour of a Stranger? Beside, I have that true Affection for you, that I should be unhappy to see you in Difficulties.

Consider all these Things, for you have Gratitude and Generosity; and consider yourself, for you have Prudence. You may be happy in yourself, and a Blessing to others these forty Years: or you may be miserable, and a Burthen to your Relations: This is the Chance; and, I protest, I believe the Choice is now before you. Dear Cousin, farewel; I only repeat it to you, consider.

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER XLIX.

From a Lady, with an Extract from the Spectator.

Dear Miss,

WHATEVER that rude, unthinking Mortal, said against Matrimony last Night, (and indeed it was not the only Discourse from him that I perceived caused Blushes to glow in every modest Cheek) we have this Comfort, that the wisest and best of Men have always held it to be a most excellent and amiable Institution: I send you inclosed the Sentiments of the *Spectator* on this Head, as I casually hit upon them in turning over those excellent Volumes, my usual Custom at Breakfast: and if any thing strikes me, my Husband, who is the most kind

kind and obliging Man in the Universe, adds to my Pleasure by reading them in a Manner, that, if possible, gives new Graces to the Diction. Pray, dear Miss, read them, and see how differently Men of Sense talk, in this Respect, from Coxcombs and Fools.

I am, dear Miss, your affectionate Friend,

SOPHIA EASY.

'I HAVE long entertained an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name 'in Nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser Part 'of Mankind from the beginning of the World have con-'sented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* 'has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, 'have turned it all to the Gratification of ungoverned 'Desires, in spite of Good-Sense, Form and Order; 'when in Truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries 'of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. 'But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire 'no way to be indulged or attained? and have we Appe-'tites given us, not to be at all gratified? Yes Cer-'tainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a con-'stant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capa-'ble of. Two Persons who have chosen each other, 'out of all the Species, with Design to be each other's 'mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Ac-'tion bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, 'discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect 'to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End 'of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it gene-'rally happens one of them is such) will, for her or 'his own Sake, keep Things from Outrage with the 'utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserved, 'the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. 'Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifi-'cations. The married Man can say, *If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me, from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the*

' *Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very* ' *Sorrow quickens her affection.*

' This Paſſion towards each other, when once well ' fixed, enters into the very Conſtitution, and the Kind- ' neſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the Blood in the ' Veins. When this Affection is enjoyed in the moſt ' ſublime Degree, unſkilful Eyes ſee nothing of it; ' but when it is ſubject to be changed, and has an ' Allay in it that makes it end in Diſtaſte, it is apt to ' break into Rage, or overflow into Fondneſs before the ' reſt of the World.

' *Uxander* and *Virimira* are amorous and young, ' and have been married theſe two Years; yet do they ' ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in Company, that ' in your Converſation with the dear Things, you are ' put to a Sort of Croſs Purpoſes. Whenever you ad- ' dreſs yourſelf in ordinary Diſcourſe to *Virimira*, ſhe ' turns her Head another Way, and the Anſwer is ' made to the dear *Uxander*; if you tell a merry Tale, ' the Application is ſtill directed to her Dear; and when ' ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if he had ' ſpoke it, *That is, my Dear, ſo pretty* ——— This ' puts me in mind of what I have ſomewhere read in ' the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where ' while honeſt *Sancha Pancha* is putting ſome neceſſary ' humble Queſtions concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, ' or his Lodgings, the Knight of the ſorrowful Counte- ' nance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly Hints of ' the 'Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, ' in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affec- ' tions.

' On the other ſide, *Dictamnus* and *Maria* are for ' ever ſquabling, and you may obſerve them, all the ' Time they are in Company, in a State of Impati- ' ence. As *Uxander* and *Virimira* wiſh you all gone ' that they may be at Freedom for Dalliance; *Dictamnus* ' and *Maria* wait your Abſence that they may ſpeak ' their harſh Interpretations on each other's Words and ' Actions during the Time you are with them.

' It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils ' attending this Condition of Life, ariſes from ' Faſhion. Prejudice in this Caſe is turned the

' wrong

wrong Way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it; we are laugh'd into a Prepossession that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfactions.

With all Persons who have made Good-Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is described as the State capable of the highest Human Felicity.

Spencer speaks of each Kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take place between two married Persons.

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three Kinds of Love together meet,
And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the ballance down; to-wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womankind,
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet;
But of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured bind.

For natural Affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is by *Cupid*'s greater Flame;
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering *Discipline* doth tame,
Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame,
For as the Soul doth rule this earthly Mass,
And all the Service of the Body frame,
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass.'

THE married Condition is very often unhappy, for want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The Truth is, we generally make love in a Stile, and with Sentiments, very unfit for ordinary Life. They are half theatrical and half romantic. By these Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in Human Life; and because we did not before hand think of the Creature we are enamoured of, as Subject to Ill-

' Humour, Age, Sickneſs, Impatience or Sullenneſs, but
' altogether conſidered her as the Object of Joy, Human
' Nature itſelf is often imputed to her as her particular
' Imperfection or Defect.

' I take it to be a Rule proper to be obſerved in all
' Occurrences of Life, but more eſpecially in the do-
' meſtic or matrimonial Part of it, to preſerve always
' a Diſpoſition to be pleaſed. This cannot be ſupport-
' ed but by conſidering Things in their right Light,
' as Nature has formed them, and not as our own
' Fancies and Appetites would have them. He then,
' who took a young Lady to his Bed with no other Con-
' ſideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance,
' and thought of her (as I ſaid before) only as ſhe was
' to adminiſter to the Gratification of Deſire; as that
' Deſire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms
' and her Merit abated: from hence muſt follow Indif-
' ference, Peeviſhneſs and Rage. But the Man who
' brings his Reaſon to ſupport his Paſſion, and beholds
' what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of Human
' Life, both in Body and Mind, and even at the beſt
' what muſt bring upon him new Cares and new Re-
' lations; ſuch a Lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accor-
' dingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his
' Circumſtances. This latter Perſon will be prepared
' to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for
' People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for
' every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man
' can hear the Cries of Children with Pity, inſtead of
' Anger; and when they run over his Head, he is
' not diſturbed by their Noiſe, but is glad at their Mirth
' and Health. *Tom Truſty* has told me, that he thinks
' it doubles his Attention to the moſt intricate Affair
' he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his
' Cares are applied, make a Noiſe in the next Room:
' On the other ſide, *Will Sparkiſh* cannot put on his
' Perriwig or adjuſt his Solitaire at the Glaſs, for the
' Noiſe of thoſe damn'd Nurſes and ſqualling Brats;
' and then ends with a gallant Reflection on the Com-

' forts

'forts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and 'drives to the Chocolate-House.

'According as the Husband is disposed in himself, 'every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Tor-'ment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well placed, 'and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Ho-'nour and Friendship, which are in the highest De-'gree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing rise 'in the Common Course of Life, or from the Blows 'or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find 'Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Con-'dition.

'He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and 'studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives 'Pleasure from the most indifferent Things; while the 'married Man, who has not bid adieu to the Fashions 'and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with 'every thing around him. In both these Cases, indeed, 'Men cannot make a sillier Figure, than in repeating 'such Pleasures and Pains to the rest of the World; but 'I speak of them only as they sit upon those who are 'involved in them. As I visit all Sorts of People, I can-'not indeed but smile when a good Lady tells her Hus-'band what extraordinary Things the Child spoke since 'he went out, Things which would afford very little 'Entertainment to one not turned to Reflection: But I 'love to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which 'Things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-'satisfaction and Triumph. I have known an ill-natu-'red Coxcomb, for want of this Disposition, silence 'the whole Family as a Set of silly Women and Chil-'dren, for recounting Things which were really above 'his own Capacity.

'I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful 'in Human Life, is to be enjoyed in greater Perfection 'in the married, than in the single Condition. He 'that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions of Joy 'can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How 'happy will this make my Wife and Children!* Upon 'Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort him-

' ſelf, *But all this while my Wife and Children are ſafe.* ' There is ſomething in it that doubles Satisfactions, be- ' cauſe others participate them; and diſpels Afflictions, ' becauſe others are exempt from them. All who are ' married without this Reliſh of their Circumſtances, ' are either in a taſteleſs Indolence and Negligence, ' which is hardly to be attained; or elſe live in the ' hourly Repetition of ſharp Anſwers, eager Upbraidings, ' and diſtracting Reproaches. In a Word, the married ' State, with and without the Affection ſuitable to it, is ' the completeſt Image of Heaven and Hell we are ca- ' pable of receiving in this Life.'

' IF Love be any Refinement, CONJUGAL LOVE ' muſt be certainly ſo in a much higher Degree. There ' is no Comparison between the frivolous Affectation of ' attracting the Eyes of Women with whom you are only ' captivated by way of Amuſement, and of whom, ' perhaps, you know nothing more than their Features; ' and a regular and uniform Endeavour to make your- ' ſelf valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one ' whom you have choſen to be the Companion of your ' Life. The firſt is the Spring of a thouſand Foppe- ' ries, ſilly Artifices, Falſhoods, and perhaps Barbarities, ' or at beſt riſes no higher than to a kind of Dancing- ' School Breeding, to give the Perſon a more ſpark- ' ling Air. The latter is the Parent of ſubſtantial Vir- ' tues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind ' while it improves the Behaviour. The Paſſion of ' Love to a Miſtreſs, even where it is moſt ſincere, re- ' ſembles too much the Flame of a Fever; that to a ' Wife is like the vital Heat.

' I have often thought, if the Letters written by ' Men of Good-Nature to their Wives, were to be com- ' pared with thoſe written by Men of Gallantry to ' their Miſtreſſes, the former, notwithſtanding any Ine- ' quality of Stile, would appear to have the Advan- ' tage. Friendſhip, Tenderneſs, and Conſtancy, dreſſed ' in Simplicity of Expreſſion, recommend themſelves by ' a more native Elegance than paſſionate Raptures, ex- ' travagant Encomiums, and ſlaviſh Adoration. If we

' were

'were admitted to ſearch the Cabinet of the beautiful 'Narciſſa, among Heaps of Epiſtles from ſeveral Admi-'rers, which are there preſerved with equal Care, how 'few ſhould we find but would make any one ſick in the 'Reading, except her who is flattered by them! But in 'how different a Stile muſt the wiſe *Benevolus*, who 'converſes with that Good Senſe and Good Humour 'among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the wor-'thy Object of his utmoſt Affection! *Benevolus*, both 'in public and private, and all occaſions of Life, appears 'to have every good Quality and deſirable Ornament. 'Abroad he is reverenced and eſteemed; at home, be-'loved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there, 'ſettles into an habitual Complacency, which ſhines in 'his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and ſeaſons his 'Converſation. Even thoſe of his Acquaintance, who 'have never ſeen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in 'the Happineſs of it; and it is very much owing to his 'being the beſt and beſt-beloved of Huſbands, that he 'is the moſt ſtedfaſt of Friends, and the moſt agree-'able of Companions.

'There is a ſenſible Pleaſure in contemplating ſuch 'beautiful Inſtances of domeſtic Life. The Happineſs 'of the conjugal State appears heightened to the high-'eſt Degree it is capable of, when we ſee two Perſons 'of accompliſhed Minds, not only united in the ſame 'Intereſts and Affections, but in their Taſte of the ſame 'Improvements, Pleaſures, and Diverſions. *Pliny*, one 'of the fineſt Gentlemen and politeſt Writers of the Age 'in which he lived, has left us his Letter to *Hiſpulla*, 'his Wife's Aunt, one of the moſt agreeable Family 'Pieces of this kind I ever met with. I ſhall end this 'Diſcourſe with a Tranſlation of it; and I believe the 'Reader will be of my Opinion, that CONJUGAL LOVE 'is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear 'to be as I have repreſented it, an Ornament as well as 'a Virtue.

'Pliny *to* Hiſpulla.

"AS I remember the great Affection which was "between you and your excellent Brother, and know

"you

" you love his Daughter as your own, ſo as not only
" to expreſs the Tenderneſs of the beſt of Aunts, but
" even to ſupply that of the beſt of Fathers; I am ſure
" it will be a Pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves
" worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your
" and her Anceſtors. Her Ingenuity is admirable; her
" Frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt
" Pledge of her Virtue; and adds to this a wonderful
" Diſpoſition to Learning, which ſhe has acquired from
" her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, ſtudies
" them, and even gets them by heart. You'd ſmile to
" ſee the Concern ſhe is in when I have a Cauſe to
" plead, and the Joy ſhe ſhows when it is over. She
" finds Means to have the firſt News brought her of
" Succeſs I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and
" what Decree is made. If I recite any thing in public,
" ſhe cannot refrain from placing herſelf privately in ſome
" Corner to hear, where, with the utmoſt Delight, ſhe
" feaſts upon my Applauſe. Sometimes ſhe ſings my
" Verſes, and accompanies them with the Lute, with-
" out any Maſter except Love, the beſt of Inſtructors.
" From theſe Inſtances I take the moſt certain Omens
" of our perpetual and Increaſing Happineſs; ſince her
" Affection is not founded on my Youth and Perſon,
" which muſt gradually decay; but ſhe is in love with
" the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation.
" Nor, indeed, could leſs be expected from one who
" had the Happineſs to receive her Education from you;
" who, in your Houſe, was accuſtomed to every thing
" that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love
" me by your Recommendation. For, as you had al-
" ways the greateſt Reſpect for my Mother, you were
" pleaſed from my Infancy to form me, to commend me,
" and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one Day what my
" Wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united
" Thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me;
" and her's, that you have given me to her, as a mutual
" Grant of Joy and Felicity."

LETTER

LETTER L.

A Letter to a young Lady, on her going to be married to a rich Old Man.

Dear Cleora,

YOU tell me that you are like to be teized by your Friends into a Match with *Avarus*, who has been hitherto your Averſion. Conſider, all your Happineſs is at ſtake upon this important Point. Will you then be influenced by Perſuaſion, or the falſe Glare of outward Show, to ſacrifice all the ſubſtantial Enjoyments of Life? Romantic Notions of Love are what you and I have diſclaimed: Yet there ſhould be a ſufficient Stock of the belle Paſſion to balance all thoſe little Anxieties which naturally ariſe in that State: Your good-Senſe will never ſuffer your Affections to run counter to your Judgment: Virtue and Honour, and all the manly Qualifications, only will attract your Heart. Suppoſe *Avarus* diveſted of all his Riches, would you debate a Moment whether you would accept of him for an Huſband? It is plain then, that from his Wealth you propoſe your Happineſs: but can a gay Equipage, or ſplendid Apartments compenſate the Want of Good-Senſe or Good-Nature? O *Cleora!* you are not to be told, that inward Peace of Mind is the true and only Source of Happineſs: The good Things of this World may improve and extend it, but are too weak to lay the Foundation of it. This is ſuppoſing *Avarus* would make you Miſtreſs of all his Fortune; but a Man of his Turn, and in the Decline of Life, will be afraid of furniſhing you with Arms againſt himſelf.

Let us conſider this Affair in another Light, and ſee whether it is not a ſort of Proſtitution to marry the Man you diſapprove, for the ſake of his Fortune. I know you ſtartle at the Word; but how is ſhe, who to ſupport herſelf in preſſing Want, gives up her Perſon to the firſt that will pay for it, more criminal than ſhe, who with an eaſy Fortune gives herſelf up to the Man ſhe ſecretly deteſts, for the ſake of enjoying more than ſhe wants?

You

You will not find it the leaſt of your Uneaſineſs to quit the Diverſions of Life for the Company of one ſo diſproportionate to you in Age and Temper, who neither knows nor can reliſh half your Merit. Further, *Avarus* will carry you to his Houſe as his Purchaſe; for he muſt be ſenſible he can have no Property in you but what he has paid for.

Study well your Man. Where there is Love, the Duties of a Wife are eaſy; where Intereſt is the only Motive, they are little better than Slavery. The Infirmities of Old-Age increaſe with Years; Tenderneſs, Obedience, and Obſervancy are eſpecially required of an Old Man's Wife, and frequently attended with Jealouſy.

Arm yourſelf then againſt all Perſuaſions to a Match that has nothing to recommend it, but that in point of Fortune it is more than you could expect. Never doubt but you will live to be happy in a Man who ſhall have Good-Senſe to know your Worth, Generoſity to reward it, and a Fortune and Inclination to make you perfectly eaſy.

The Woman who has a Competency of her own, makes but an ill Compliment to herſelf, when ſhe changes her Condition for Superfluities, if ſhe has not ſuperior or ſtronger Motives. It is neither juſt nor honeſt to marry where there can be no Love. I am

Your faithful Friend,

ESTIPHANIA.

LETTER LI.

Sentiments of a Lady, a few Weeks before her Marriage.

Dear Madam,

MY Imagination has been lately employed in building a pleaſing Fairy Caſtle concerning the Life I would lead, whenever I become the Wife of *Florio*; for notwithſtanding the Affectation of ſome Women, who aſſert that they are married quite accidentally,

dentally, and without having once thought of it; yet ſuch a Scheme of Life paſſes, I believe, in every Woman's Head, concerning the Man whom ſhe thinks well enough of to deſire to marry him. There are ſome, perhaps, who go no farther than the Viſiting-Scene, dreſſed in white Sattin to receive their Company; while others in their Imaginations follow the ſad Remains of their rich Huſbands to the Grave, and plan out their Scheme of Widowhood or a future Marriage.

The two Ideas, Huſband and *Florio*, are now ſo cloſely connected in my Fancy, that the former cannot be mentioned without the Image of the latter's becoming its pleaſing Companion. I conſider him as the Huſband of my Mind, the Huſband of my voluntary Choice, ſelected from among the reſt of Mankind by the joint Conſent of my Judgment and Inclination! and could I be prevailed on to marry any other Man, I might juſtly be deemed guilty of the higheſt Ingratitude and Treachery. To be bribed, from the Conſideration of Wealth and Grandeur, to become the Wife of one Man, while my Heart is fixed upon another; to marry a Man in whoſe Converſation I could have no Enjoyment; to ſit at the upper End of one Man's Table, a very common prudential Motive to Marriage, and at the ſame time to wiſh another in his Place—what Prudence! what Goodneſs! It is a ſort of Policy I could never ſathom.

Whenever I read the Speech which *Shakeſpeare* has put into the Mouth of Queen *Catherine*, in his *Henry* VIII. wherein ſhe ſays,

'I have been to you a true and faithful Wife,
'At all times to your Will conformable,
'Ever in fear to kindle your Diſlike;
'Yea, ſubject to your Countenance; glad or ſorry
'As I ſaw you inclin'd. When was the Hour
'I ever contradicted your Deſire,
'Or made it not mine too?'

juſt ſuch a Wife I think I could with Pleaſure make to *Florio*.

I never

I never could hear *Portia*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, freely and without reserve giving herself and all her Riches to the Disposal of *Bassanio*, without ardently wishing for the Power of using the same Words, and acting in the same Manner, to *Florio*.

How is my Heart warmed when I read of the Faith and true Affection of the Roman *Arria* to her *Petus*! and how often have I wished in this manner;

' My Heart let *Florio* most strictly prove;
' There's *Arria*'s Truth, her Innocence and Love!"

It is not, however, the Death, but the Life of *Arria* which is to me so exemplary. In what manner my Fears might be alarmed at the Approach of immediate Dissolution, I pretend not to say, nor as a Christian can I think it justifiable, or even excusable, to give my Husband such a Proof of my Affection. But when I reflect on *Arria*'s Gentleness of Spirit, her chusing Retirement with her Husband before all the most alluring Baits of Grandeur, her placing her chief Enjoyment in her innocent Endeavours to make *Petus* happy, the joining her own Cares with his in the Education of their Children; and when *Petus* lay ill of a Fever in one Room, and their youngest favourite Child dead in the next, her walking to and fro as if the Child was yet living, feigning also a Chearfulness which her Heart was unable to feel; these are the Virtues which raise my Admiration, and it is her tender, her affectionate Behaviour, throughout her whole Life, that I could wish to imitate.

Frequently have I thought within myself, to be placed in the Bosom of my *Florio*, not as a treacherous Snake, but as a faithful Friend; to have his entire Confidence; to be indulged by him, because he sees me capable of gratefully receiving such Indulgence, without crying like a humoured Child, for want of finding out my own Desires;

——— " is a Consummation
" Devoutly to be wish'd!"

There

There is haughty Pride of Mind that ſcorns even Indulgence itſelf, as it implies a Superiority in the Perſon who beſtows it; but there is no Idea of Pleaſure my higheſt Imagination ever could form, equal to that of being indulged by the Man I love.

The great Error that Women fall into about marrying, is the ſeeking Wives inſtead of Huſbands. The Fear of having it thought that they have Submiſſion enough in their Tempers to be governed, raiſes a monſtrous Diſturbance in their Breaſts. To join the Ideas of Love and Obedience is not in their Power. If a Woman would marry ſenſibly, let her chuſe the Man whom ſhe can obey chearfully. To marry *Florio*, and then to obey him, ever appeared to me as if I was commanded, as *Deſdemona* ſays upon another Occaſion,

—— " To do peculiar Profit
" To my own Perſon;

It is a Command to follow the Bent of my Inclinations; for ſo far am I from thinking the Vow of Obedience in the matrimonial Service a Burthen, that it will be my utmoſt Pleaſure. With *Florio*, how joyfully ſhall I purſue the ſame Studies, partake all his Pleaſures, and ſhare, or rather monopolize, all his Griefs! As in my Choice of him I am determined by nothing but himſelf, no outward Circumſtances, no Situations, no Opinions beſides my own, will have any Influence on my Mind.

But it would be endleſs to exhibit the various Pictures of Delight which my Imagination has formed, on the Thought of being his Wife. Very juſtly does an ingenious Poet ſay, that to a reflecting Mind

' On every Thorn delightful Wiſdom grows,
' In every Rill a ſweet Inſtruction flows.'

And with ſuch a Companion as my *Florio*, every Shrub, every Buſh, every Flower of the Field, muſt all become Objects of the higheſt Pleaſure. With my principal Wiſh thus fully gratified, what an inexpreſſible Luſtre muſt be thrown on every outward Object, while I place

I place my Delight in my Husband's Friendship, esteem his Understanding, make his Will a Law of Liberty, and spend my whole Life in giving him every Moment fresh Instances of what, in my Opinion, only deserves the Name of Love!

LETTER LII.

From a Lady to her Daughter who was impatient of the Injuries she received from her Husband.

My Dear,

I Have revolved your Behaviour, before the Company which visited you Yesterday, with Regret; but instead of entering into Arguments to prove it imprudent and unbecoming, permit me to relate to you the Behaviour of a Lady, nearly in the same Situation, and to express my Wishes that it may have a proper Effect on your Mind.

'In the Reign of *Charles* II. there was a young 'Lady, whom I shall call *Prudentia*, who was the 'reigning Toast of that gallant Age, and equally 'admired by the Men of Pleasure and the Men of 'Wit: Her Soul was as lovely as her Person: With 'her Beauty she was strictly modest, with her Wit 'she was discreet and good-natured. Among her 'numerous Train of Admirers, none seemed so agree-'able and deserving her Esteem as the young Lord '*Amiable*, who, incapable of any base Designs, gave 'such Assurances of his Love, that *Prudentia* easily 'surrendered her Heart. *Prudentia*'s Aunt, who was 'her Guardian, and loved her as her own Child, was 'pleased with a Conquest which would so much con-'tribute to the Honour and Happiness of her Niece; 'she readily consented to the Match, and the Nuptials 'were celebrated with a mutual Joy. As this was a 'Marriage not made up by Treaty, but free Choice 'and Inclination, they did not fall into that modish 'Coldness and complaisant Indifference People of Fa-'shion are soon apt to do. My Lord was a Man

'of

' of unusual Sweetness and Affability of Temper, ' which, when joined to that of *Prudentia*'s, must ne- ' cessarily make him happy with his Wife; yet his Ea- ' siness and Credulity of the Generosity of some Com- ' panions had like to have lessened his Domestic Felicity, ' had not the Discretion of *Prudentia* prevented it. My ' Lord had contracted a most intimate Acquaintance ' with one Mr. *Maskwell*, a Man of pleasing Conver- ' sation; which served only to conceal the tricking ' Gamester and the designing Pander. To render ' himself more powerful with Men of Quality, he made ' himself instrumental to their Follies or their Vices. ' Tho' Lord *Amiable* was not inclined to any of those ' Vices *Maskwell* was Procurer of, yet this Wretch had ' Cunning enough to draw him into all. With Drink- ' ing, his Health soon began to be impaired; with ' Losses his Temper was ruffled; with Wenching, that ' Fondness and cordial Love he was used to shew to his ' Lady, began to cease. *Prudentia* was not a little ' concerned at this Conduct: She too well knew all his ' Vices; yet discreetly thought, that any violent Op- ' position would but heighten the Mischief: She took ' care to make Home as easy to him as possible; studi- ' ous of obliging, she never disgusted him by harsh Re- ' proaches or satirical Reflections on his Conduct; nei- ' ther, tho' careful to please him, did she run into an ' Extreme of Fondness: She was not fond when she ' thought it would be disagreeable; for she knew ' that a Wife without Discretion may make the ten- ' derest Endearments the most troublesome. *Prudentia* ' was gay or fond as she found her Lord in the Temper ' to receive either; and without letting him know that ' she had Information of his Gaming abroad, would ' propose Cards or Dice at home with such Company ' she thought would most please him, and never forgot ' to include Mr. *Maskwell*.

' Sometimes her Proposal was accepted; and by that ' Means she found out the Sharper, the Pander, the ' Flatterer and the Villain, in the Silver-tongued Mr. ' *Maskwell*.

' It

'It happened that Mrs. *Thoughtless*, a beautiful Lady, 'who had married my Lord's Brother, was extremely 'uneasy on being informed of her Husband's keeping 'Women of the Town, and in Danger of being ruined 'by Sharpers at Gaming: She came one Day to my 'Lord to complain of his Brother's bad Conduct and 'Falshood to her Bed: She cried, she raved, and 'threatened not to live a Moment with him longer. 'My Lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in 'vain; my Lady succeeded better, who taking this 'Opportunity to shew my Lord his own Foibles, thus 'addressed herself to her Sister. I fancy, dear Sister, 'you want a little discreet Good-Humour to reclaim 'your Husband; Beauty and Wit will not avail with-'out Discretion: There is a passive Kind of Virtue 'necessary to shew him his Folly; it must not be done 'with Ill-Nature and constant Reproaches on his Con-'duct, which I am afraid is your Method. If my 'Lord *Amiable* was guilty of such Follies, which I 'dare affirm he never will, I should myself act as I 'advise you. You have Beauty enough to please a 'Husband, have therefore an equal Desire to do it: Be 'the more studious of his Humour as he is more faulty 'in his Conduct, and let your Affability shew his In-'justice in wronging you: The Mistresses the Men 'visit exert all their little Arts to please them for 'Gain only, without Honour, without Conscience, 'and without Love; why then should not a virtuous 'Woman shew as great a Desire to please her Hus-'band, as these artful Jilts do to please a Gallant?

'Mrs. *Thoughtless* was pleased with her Advice; my 'Lord approved of it, and was secretly touched to 'the Soul for his Transgressions against so incompa-'rable a Wife, who had acted what she spoke, and 'had more personal Charms than the Woman his 'false Friend had introduced him to. When he had 'recollected himself, he proposed that his Sister should 'bring her Husband to Dinner next Day, and that 'his Lady should repeat what she had already said, 'and he was assured that it would have an excellent 'Effect. It was agreed on, but with this discreet

'Caution

'Caution of Lady *Amiable*, that her Discourse should 'be directed to my Lord, to take off any Suspicion that 'it was intended for Mr. *Thoughtless*. The next Day 'they met; and my Lord *Amiable* saw himself pru-'dently attacked by his Lady for his real Faults, while 'she seemed only to take them for imaginary ones. 'To what she had said before, she added some Re-'flections on the ill Choice Men of Quality make of 'their Acquaintance, among whom are the merry 'laughing Buffoons, who lead them into all the Vices 'of the Age under the false Pretence of Friendship; at 'which Words, looking at her Lord in the most tender 'Manner, she concluded, *These, my Lord, are wretch-'ed Friends, who lead you into such Evils; on the 'contrary, the Friendship between Man and Wife is 'cemented by Virtue, Love and Interest, and cannot be 'dissolved without destroying the Happiness of both. Let 'not then, my Lord, any false friends deceive you to your 'Ruin. I desire a Continuance of your Love only so long 'as I continue to deserve it* At these last Words, my 'Lord, overcome with the gentle Reproach, flung him-'self about her Neck, and amidst a thousand Kisses pro-'mised mutual Love. These Transports were followed 'by the like in my Lady's Brother and his Wife, who 'owned himself a Convert to Virtue and Matrimonial 'Affection.

'Thus, what neither Beauty nor Wit could effect, 'Discretion did: Their Lives afterwards were prosperous, 'and their Deaths happy.'

May this Example, my dear Child, have its due Weight with you, and by altering your Conduct, restore you to that Peace of Mind and domestic Tranquillity, the Want of which has so much affected

Your most tender and affectionate Mother,

EUPHROSYNE.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Letter from a Lady to the Adventurer, *with her melancholy Story.*

SIR,

I Will not anticipate the Subject of this Letter, by relating the Motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one Topic of Instruction.

My Mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth Year, I was left an Orphan with a Fortune of twenty thousand Pounds at my own Disposal. I have often been told that I am handsome; and I have some Reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my Vanity or conferring Happiness.

I was soon addressed by many Lovers, from among whom I selected *Hilario*, the elder Brother of a good Family, whose paternal Estate was something more than equivalent to my Fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a Man of Sense; and to confess the Truth, not much less as a Man of Pleasure. His Character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new Dignity, not only from the Silence of the Men, but the Blushes of the Ladies; and those, whose Wit or Virtue did not suffer by the Admission of such a Guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal Terms with a Hero, who was become formidable by the Number of his Conquests: His Company, therefore, was courted by all whom their Fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a Sphere above them; and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own Circle.

I was

I was myſelf captivated with his Manner and Converſation; I hoped that upon Underſtanding I ſhould be able to engraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my Friends, and after a few Months Courtſhip I became his Wife.

During a ſhort Time all my Expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my Choice. *Hilario* was at once tender and polite; preſent Pleaſures were heightened by the Anticipation of future; my Imagination was perpetually wandering among the Scenes of Poetry and Romance; I appropriated every luxurious Deſcription of happy Lovers; and believed, that whatever Time ſhould take from Deſire, would be added to Complacency; and that in Old Age we ſhould only exchange the tumultuous Extaſy of Love, for the calm, rational, and exalted Delights of Friendſhip, which every Year would increaſe by new Reciprocations of Kindneſs, more tried Fidelity, and implicit Confidence.

But from this pleaſing Dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole Study of my Life to unite my Pleaſures with thoſe of *Hilario*, to regulate my Conduct by his Will, and thus prolong the Felicity which was reflected from his Boſom to mine; yet his Viſits abroad, in which I was not a Party, became more frequent, and his general Behaviour leſs kind. I perceived that when we were alone his Mind was often abſent, and that my Prattle became irkſome; my Aſſiduities to recover his Attention, and excite him to Chearfulneſs, were ſometimes ſuffered with a cold Civility, ſometimes wholly neglected, and ſometimes peeviſhly repreſſed as ill-timed Officiouſneſs, by which he was rather diſturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever Reluctance, that neither my Perſon nor my Mind had any Charm that could ſtand in Competition with Variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my Looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myſelf, and ſpent thoſe Hours in which I was forſaken by *Hilario* in Solitude and Tears.

But

But my Diſtreſs ſtill increaſed, and one Injury made way for another. *Hilario*, almoſt as ſoon as he ceaſed to be kind, became jealous; he knew that diſappointed Wiſhes, and the Reſentment which they produce, concur to render Beauty leſs ſolicitous to avoid Temptation, and leſs able to reſiſt it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but diſcover, he thought he had greater Reaſon to ſuſpect that I made Repriſals: Thus his Sagacity multiplied his Vices, and my Virtue defeated its own Purpoſe.

Some Maxims, however, which I had gathered from Novels and Plays, were ſtill uppermoſt in my Mind. I reflected often upon the Arts of *Amanda*, and the perſevering Tenderneſs and Diſcretion of Lady *Eaſy*; and I believed, as I had been taught by the Sequel of every Story, that they could not be practiſed without Succeſs, but againſt obdurate Ill-Nature, againſt the *Brutes* and the *Sullens*, whom, on the contrary, it was ſcarce a Crime to puniſh, by admitting a Rake of Parts to Pleaſures of which they were unworthy.

From ſuch Maxims, and ſuch Examples, I therefore derived ſome Hope. I wiſhed earneſtly to detect *Hilario* in his Infidelity; that in the Moment of Conviction I might rouze his Senſibility of my Wrongs, and exalt his Opinion of my Merit; that I might cover him with Confuſion, melt him with Tenderneſs, and double his Obligations by Generoſity.

The Opportunity for which I had ſo often wiſhed, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by Accident one Morning, that he intended to go in the Evening to a Maſquerade; and I immediately conceived a Deſign to diſcover his Dreſs, and follow him to the Theatre; to ſingle him out, make ſome Advances, and if poſſible bring on an Aſſignation, where in the Ardor of his firſt Addreſs I might ſtrike him with Aſtoniſhment by taking off my Maſk, reprove him without Reproach, and forgive him without Parade, mingling with the ſoft

Diſtreſs

Diſtreſs of violated Affection the calm Dignity of injured Virtue.

My Imagination was fired with theſe Images, which I was impatient to realize. My Pride, which had hitherto ſuſtained me above Complaint, and thrown a Veil of Chearfulneſs over my Diſtreſs, would not ſuffer me to employ an Aſſiſtant in the Project I had undertaken; becauſe this could not be done without revealing my Suſpicions, and confiding my Peace to the Breaſt of another, by whoſe Malice or Caprice it might be deſtroyed, and to whom I ſhould, therefore, be brought into the moſt ſlaviſh Subjection, without inſuring the Secrecy of which my Dependence would be the Price. I therefore reſolved, at whatever Riſque of Diſappointment or Detection, to trace him to the Warehouſe where his Habit was to be hired, and diſcover that which he ſhould chuſe myſelf.

He had ordered his Chariot at Eleven: I therefore, wrapped myſelf up in an Undreſs, and ſat alone in my Room till I ſaw him drive from the Door. I then came down, and as ſoon as he had turned into *St. James's-Street*; which was not more than twenty Yards, I went after him, and meeting with a Hackney Coach at the End of the Street, I got haſtily into it, and ordered the Driver to follow the Chariot at ſome Diſtance, and to ſtop when it ſtopped.

I pulled up both the Windows, and after half an Hour ſpent in the moſt tormenting Suſpenſe and Anxiety, it ſtopped at the End of *Taviſtock-ſtreet*. I looked haſtily out of the Window, hiding my Face with my Handkerchief, and ſaw *Hilario* alight at the Diſtance of about forty Yards, and go into a Warehouſe of which I could eaſily diſtinguiſh the Sign: I waited till he came out, and as ſoon as the Chariot was out of ſight, I diſcharged the Coach, and going immediately to the Warehouſe that *Hilario* had left, I pretended to want a Habit for myſelf. I ſaw many lying upon the Counter, which I ſuppoſe had been brought out for *Hilario*'s Choice; about theſe, therefore, I was very inquiſitive, and took particular Notice of a very rich *Turkiſh* Dreſs, which one of the Servants took up to put away. When I ſaw he was about to remove it, I aſked haſtily

 whether

whether it was hired, and learned with unſpeakable Satisfaction, that it had been choſen by the Gentleman who was juſt gone. Thus far I ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my Hopes, not only by diſcovering *Hilario's* Dreſs, but by his Choice of one ſo very remarkable; for if he had choſen a *Domino*, my Scheme would have been rendered impracticable, becauſe in a Domino I could not certainly have diſtinguiſhed him from others.

As I had now gained the Intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the Shop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was juſt filled with Ladies from two Coaches, and the People were in a Hurry to accommodate them. My Dreſs did not attract much Notice, nor promiſe much Advantage; I was therefore willingly ſuffered to depart, upon ſlightly leaving Word that I would call again.

When I got into the Street, I conſidered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a Habit, where *Hilario* would either come to dreſs, or ſend for that which he had hired for himſelf: I, therefore, took another Coach at the End of *Southampton-Street*, and went to a Shop near the *Hay-Market*, where I had before purchaſed a Capuchin and ſome other Trifles, and where I knew Habits were to be hired, though not in ſo public a Manner as at other Places.

I now returned home; and ſuch was the Joy and Expectation which my Succeſs inſpired, that I had forgot I had ſucceeded only in an Attempt, for which I could find neither Motive nor Apology but in my own Wretchedneſs.

During the Interval between my Return and the Time when the Doors of the Theatre were to be opened, I ſuffered the utmoſt Inquietude and Impatience. I looked every Moment at my Watch, could ſcarce believe that it did not by ſome Accident go too ſlow, and was continually liſtening to diſcover whether it had not ſtopped: But the lingering Hour at length arrived; and though I was among the firſt that entered, yet it was not long before I ſingled out my Victim, and found Means to attract his Regard.

I had,

I had, when I was at School, learned a Way of expressing the Alphabet with my Fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. *Hilario*, during his Courtship, had once observed me using it to a Lady who had been my School-Fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this Manner I saw my *Turk* conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an Appearance of Vexation and Disappointment. I thought this a favourable Opportunity to accost him; and therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the Sleeve, and spelt with my Fingers the Words, *I understand*. At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my Art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my Voice, which I considered as the more formidable Danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short Conversation, which he seemed to make a Point of continuing in the Manner I had begun, an Assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in Chairs to a Bagnio near *Covent-Garden*. During this Journey my Mind was in great Agitation; and it was difficult to determine, whether Pleasure or Pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my Triumph in the Confusion of *Hilario*; I conceived the Manner and the Terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the Superiority which I should acquire by this Opposition of his Character to mine.

He was ready to receive me when my Chair was brought into the Entry, and giving me his Hand, led me hastily up Stairs. As soon as we entered the Room he shut the Door, and, taking off his Mask, ran to me with the utmost Impatience to take off mine. This was the important Moment; but at this Moment I discovered, with inexpressible Astonishment and Terror, that the Person with whom I was alone in a Brothel, was not *Hilario*, but *Caprinus*, a Wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the Rakes that he frequently brought to his Table.

At this Sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an

Easy Chair that stood by the Bed-side. *Caprinus*, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my Mask to give me Air. At the first View of my Face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same Wonder that had fixed my Eyes upon him. But our Amazement was the next Moment increased; for *Hilario*, who had succeeded in his Intrigue, with whatever Lady, happened to be in the next Room, and either alarmed by the Voice of Distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the Door, which flew open before him; but, at the next Step, stood fixed in the same Stupor of Astonishment which had seized us. After a Moment's Recollection, he came up to me, and dragging me to the Candle, gazed stedfastly in my Face with a Look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale Countenance of Rage, which Contempt had distorted with a Smile; his Lips quivered, and he told me, in a Voice scarce articulate, that 'though I might well be frighted 'at having stumbled upon an Acquaintance whom I 'doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have 'screamed so loud.' After this Insult, he quitted me with as much Negligence as he could assume! and bowing obsequiously to *Caprinus*, told him, 'he would leave 'me to his Care.' *Caprinus* had not sufficient Presence of Mind to reply; nor had I Power to make any Attempt, either to pacify or retain *Hilario*.

When he was gone I burst into Tears, but was still unable to speak. From this Agony *Caprinus* laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my Distress: *Caprinus*, however, soon appeared to be chiefly sollicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate Mistake. He had no Conception, that I intended an Assignation with my Husband; but believed, like *Hilario*, that I had mistaken the Person for whom my Favours were intended: While he lamented my Distress and Disappointment, therefore, he pressed my Hand with great Ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my Confidence and my Love, and to facilitate his Design upon the Wife of his Friend, declared himself a Man of Honour, and that he would maintain the Character at the Hazard of his Life.

To

To ſuch an Addreſs, in ſuch Circumſtances, what could I reply? Grief had diſarmed my Reſentment, and the Pride of ſuſpected Virtue had forſaken me. I expreſſed myſelf, not in Reproaches, but Complaints; and abruptly diſengaging myſelf from him, I adjured him to tell me, 'how he had procured his Habit, and whether 'it had not been hired by *Hilario*.' He ſeemed to be ſtruck with the Queſtion, and the Manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it,' ſaid he, 'myſelf, at a Ware-'houſe in *Taviſtock-Street*; but when I came to de-'mand it, I was told it had been the Subject of much 'Confuſion and Diſpute. When I made my Agree-'ment, the Maſter was abſent; and the Servant neg-'lecting to acquaint him with it at his Return, he after-'wards, in the Abſence of the Servant, made the ſame 'Agreement with another; but I know not with whom; 'and it was with great Difficulty that he was brought 'to relinquiſh his Claim, after he had been convinced 'of the Miſtake.'

I now clearly diſcovered the Snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impoſſible to eſcape. Whether *Caprinus* began to conceive my Deſign, or whether he was indeed touched at my Diſtreſs, which all his Attempts to alleviate increaſed, I know not; but he deſiſted from further Proteſtations and Importunity, and at my earneſt Requeſt procured me a Chair, and left me to my Fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable Anguiſh, upon the Change which a few Hours had made in my Condition. I had left my Houſe in the Height of Expectation, that in a few Hours I ſhould add to the Dignity of an untainted Reputation, the Felicity of conjugal Endearments: I returned diſappointed and degraded; detected in all the Circumſtances of Guilt, to which I had not approached even in Thought; having juſtified the Jealouſy which I ſought to remove, and forfeited the Eſteem which I hoped to improve to Veneration. With theſe Thoughts I once more entered my Dreſſing Room, which was on the ſame Floor with my Chamber, and in leſs than half an Hour I heard *Hilario* come in.

He went immediately to his Chamber; and being told that I was in the next Room, he locked the Door, but did not go to Bed, for I heard him walk backward and forward all the Night.

Early in the Morning I sent a sealed Billet to him by his Valet; for I had not made a Confident, even of my Woman: It contained only a pressing Intreaty to be heard, and a solemn Asseveration of my Innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal Answer, that I might come to him: To him, therefore, I went, not as a Judge, but a Criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this Moment, I would have given the World to have been restored to that State, which the Day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great Agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hasted to relate my Project, the Motives from which it was undertaken, and the Means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with Calmness and Attention, till I related the Particular of the Habit: This threw him into a new Fit of Jealousy, and starting from his Seat, 'What,' said he, 'have you paid for this Intelligence? Of whom could 'you learn it, but the Wretch with whom I left you? 'Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of 'another, sollicit for himself?' Here he paused for my Reply; and as I could not deny the Fact, I was silent: My inviolable Regard for Truth was mistaken for the Confusion of Guilt, and equally prevented my Justification. His Passion returned with yet greater Violence. 'I know,' said he, 'that *Caprinus* related this Incident 'only that you might be enabled to impose upon my 'Credulity, and that he might obtain a Participation 'of the Favours which you lavished upon others: 'But I am not thus to be deceived by the Con-'currence of Accident with Cunning, nor reconciled 'to the Infamy which you have brought upon my 'Name.' With this injurious Reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the Warehouse, where the Testimony of Persons, wholly disinterested, might con-

vince

vince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which Dreſs he had choſen. To this Requeſt he replied, by aſking me in a peremptory Tone, 'Whether *Caprinus* had not told me where the 'Habit was hired?' As I was ſtruck with the Suddenneſs and the Deſign of the Queſtion, I had not Fortitude to confeſs a Truth which yet I diſdained to deny. *Hilario* again triumphed in the ſucceſsful Detection of my Artifices; and told me, with a Sneer of inſupportable Contempt and Deriſion, that 'he who had ſo kindly 'directed me where to find my Witneſſes, was too able 'a Sollicitor, not to acquaint them what Teſtimony 'they were to give.'

Expoſtulation was now at an end, and I diſdained to intreat any Mercy under the Imputation of Guilt. All that remained, therefore, was ſtill to hide my Wretchedneſs in my Boſom, and, if poſſible, preſerve that Character abroad which I had loſt at home. But this I ſoon found to be a vain Attempt: It was immediately whiſpered as a Secret, that '*Hilario*, who had long ſuſ'pected me of criminal Correſpondence, had at length 'traced me from the Maſquerade to a Bagnio, and ſur'prized me with a Fellow.' It was in vain for me to attempt the Recovery of my Character by giving another Turn to this Report; for the principal Facts I could not deny; and thoſe who appeared to be moſt my Friends, after they had attended to what they call nice Diſtinctions and minute Circumſtances, could only ſay, that it was a dark Affair, and they hoped I was not ſo guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my Female Acquaintance as infamous: If I went abroad, I was pointed out with a Whiſper, and a Nod; and if I ſtayed at home, I ſaw no Face but my Servant's. Thoſe, whoſe Levity I had ſilently cenſured by declining to practiſe it, now revenged themſelves of the Virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God that they had never yet picked up Fellows, though they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as to refuſe going to a Ball. But this was not the worſt: Every Libertine, whoſe Fortune authoriſed the Inſolence, was now making me Offers of Protection in nameleſs Scrawls, and feared not to ſollicit me to Adul-

tery; they dared to hope I ſhould accept their Propoſal by directing to A B, who declares, like *Caprinus*, that he is a Man of Honour, and will not ſcruple to run my Huſband through the Body, who now, indeed, thought himſelf authoriſed to treat me with every Species of Cruelty but Blows, at the ſame time that his Houſe was a perpetual Scene of Lewdneſs and Debauchery.

Reiterated Provocation and Inſult ſoon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a diſtant Relation, who ſo far intereſted himſelf in my Behalf as to obtain me a a ſeparate Maintenance, with which I retired into the Country, and in this World have no Hope but to perpetuate my Obſcurity.

In this Obſcurity, however, your Paper is known: And I have communicated an Adventure to the *Adventurer*, not merely to indulge Complaint, or gratify Curioſity, but becauſe I think it confirms ſome Principles which you have before illuſtrated.

Thoſe who doubt of a future Retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the Miſeries of Guilt, except the Reproach of Conſcience, and the Fear of Hell, by an Attempt which was intended to reclaim another from Vice, and obtain the Reward of my own Virtue.

My Example may deter others from venturing to the Verge of Rectitude, and aſſuming the Appearance of Evil. On the other hand, thoſe who judge of meer Appearances without Charity, may remark, that no Conduct was ever condemned with leſs Show of injurious Severity, nor yet with leſs Juſtice than mine. Whether my Narrative will be believed, indeed, I cannot determine; but where Innocence is poſſible, it is dangerous to impute Guilt, becauſe 'with whatſo-'ever Judgment Men judge, they ſhall be judged;' a Truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profeſs to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impoſe Silence upon the Cenſorious, and extort Candour from the Selfiſh. And I hope that the Ladies who read my Story, will never hear but with Indignation, that the Underſtanding of a Libertine is a Pledge of Reformation; for his Life

cannot

cannot be known without Abhorrence, or ſhared without Ruin. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESDEMONA.

LETTER LIV.

From an Aunt to her Niece, who lived unhappily with her Huſband.

Dear Sally,

YOUR Father called on me Yeſterday, and with Tears gave me an Account of the Miſunderſtanding that ſtill ſubſiſts between your Huſband and you; which indeed I had heard before, from ſeveral of your Neighbours, who wiſh well to you both, and would be glad to promote your Happineſs. You, I find, to excuſe yourſelf, rail againſt your Huſband, which, inſtead of healing the Difference, only makes the Breach wider, and is a ſort of Behaviour that I did not expect from your Prudence; for Prudence, I think, will induce a good Wife to bear a little with her Huſband's Faults without railing, eſpecially if ſhe conſiders that both her Duty and Intereſt require it. You ſay he is obſtinate, peeviſh and petulant. I am afraid he is, and your poor Father tells me you are ſo too. If that be the Caſe, and you are both determined in the Purſuit, there is an End of all Happineſs, and 'tis to no purpoſe to lend you either Advice or Aſſiſtance. The beſt Tempers indeed are ſometimes diſcompoſed, and the moſt affectionate People may have Words; but how eaſily are thoſe Things ſet to rights by means of a little Prudence!—I'll tell you a Story, my Dear, and I beg you will tell it to your Huſband; for I think it may be of ſervice to you both.

Archbiſhop *Cranmer* had a Niece, whom he married to a Gentleman every way her Equal in point of Family. The Wedding Day was ſolemnized with great Pomp and Splendor, after which, according to Cuſtom, the new-married Couple were left alone. Next Morn-

ing the good Archbiſhop went into their Chamber, and enquiring after their Health, told them he had a Preſent to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he perſiſted in concealing it till they both promiſed him never to wear it at the ſame Time; and having extorted from them that ſolemn Promiſe, he preſented them with a *Fool's Cap*.

Now, my Dear, when you ſee your Huſband is inclined to wear the Cap, I would have you be patient, meek and mild, give him only good Words, and he'll throw it off again preſently; when, if you pleaſe, you may put it on, provided he will promiſe you to behave in that Manner. But the leſs you wear it the better, and if I was you, I would not learn a bad Thing even of my Huſband. If you manage well, your Prudence in Time will get the better of his Paſſion, and he'll acknowledge your Superiority of Underſtanding, and be adviſed by you in every thing. I wiſh you happy, my Dear, and am,

Moſt affectionately yours.

LETTER LV.

From a Lady on the Point of Marriage.

Deur Madam,

TELL me (for you know) if there can be greater Pleaſure than that which reſults from the Reflection of pleaſing a Perſon dearer, infinitely dearer to us, than ourſelves. The grateful Look, the kindling Glance, the expreſſive Glow of tender Fondneſs, ſilently ſhot from the thankful Eye—O can there be greater Reward, to ſoften the charming Toil, if that can be call'd a Toil that will gladden the Heart we love? For this I will read and ſtudy to enrich my Mind, for this I will dreſs, for this I will plot new Arts to pleaſe, while Virtue, Innocence and Truth ſhall lead the Way, and mark my Path to laſting Bliſs. What Delight the diſtant Proſpect

ſpect beams upon my Soul! My *Lucius!* my Huſband! my Friend! dear Epithets! enchanting Sounds! – Sounds ſwelling with every thrilling Joy! – O all gracious Being! may my Abilities be equal to the Ardour of my Soul! may the Wife be loſt in the Friend; the ſoft, the tender, the generous Friend!

The Pleaſure I may be ſuppoſed to receive from theſe Reſolutions is extremely damped by abundance of intruding Fears that daſh my Joys with a Mixture of Bitterneſs; I tremble leſt in the unguarded Moments of my Life, I ſhould drop the Guard I reſolve to keep over my Temper; leſt I ſhould forget to pleaſe, or loſe the Power of doing it. Thoughts that are always attended with Pain.

You ſee what a fond unfaſhionable Creature I am grown; but as your Ladyſhip has given me ſome Reaſon to believe that you are not leſs weak than myſelf, I boldly brave your Satire; ſo that if you make merry with me on this Occaſion, I ſhall freely join in the Laugh.

My Happineſs is now ſo great, that there ſeems nothing wanting but the Conſideration of its being perpetual to render it complete: Nor does my Siſter's appear leſs exquiſite than mine; we are ſurrounded with every laughing Delight, every ſocial Endearment. The Congratulations of our Friends, the Careſſes of our Parents, the Tenderneſs of our Lovers, and the pleaſing Sympathy in each other's Felicity, all contribute to heighten our Joy; while Rapture itſelf grows more pleaſing, by ſettling into a ſerene and moſt charming Tranquillity. Every thing is preparing for the Ceremony that is to unite us for ever to the deareſt Perſons on Earth; and next *Thurſday* my Siſter and I are to be hailed under the Title of Brides, and initiated into that dignified State of venerable Matrons. And between you and me, Madam, we both heartily wiſh theſe ſolemn Doings over, for really they have ſomething terrible in them that frights at a Diſtance.

I am your Ladyſhip's moſt ſincere Friend,

FELICIA.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

From a Lady to her Mother, on her hearing she should be compelled to marry a Man she abhorred.

Most dear and honoured Madam,

AS on a thousand Occasions I have experienced your Indulgence, I impute rather to your Compliance with my Father's Request than your own Inclination, that I have been denied the Happiness of an Answer to any of those very many Letters I have sent since my Confinement in this solitary Recess; and am therefore emboldened once more to pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you;—to beseech you to have compassion on my forlorn Condition;—nay, even to conjure you, by the tender Name of Mother, and all the ties of Nature and Affection, to vouchsafe me your Assistance in this distracting Exigence,—this terrible Dilemma, that whichsoever way I turn, affords nothing but the Prospect of eternal Ruin.—My Aunt has just now shewn me a Letter she received from my Father, wherein he desires her to prepare for our Return to *London*; but, O heaven! to what End!—to be the wretched Bride, the Victim of a Man I can have no Taste for as a Husband! a Man, who, were my Heart entirely free from all Attachments to another, I never could be brought to love! How can I assume a Tenderness it is not in my Power to feel!—To be sincere in all my Words and Actions, was the first Precept of my early Youth;—— I have ever since held it sacred, and I cannot, and am certain you would not wish me to forget it.—But I am now told that Reason ought to guide Inclination, that the softer Passions should give way to the Considerations of Interest and the World's Esteem, and that these plead strongly in favour of *Andrugio*:—Alas, how different are my Thoughts!—What are his Titles to me!—— What all the Honours his late Success has gained!—— Meer Shadows to attract the distant Eye, but afford no real Charms upon a near Approach.—Can his Wealth purchase

purchaſe for me the leaſt Moment's Peace of Mind ?— or outward Grandeur compenſate for inward Diſcontent ? - O no,— where *Hearts* are not linked by a ſecret Sympathy, an inviſible, undiſcernable Attraction that binds them to each other, Heaven never intended a Union of *Hands*, nor will vouchſafe a Bleſſing.—Thus, Madam, I have heard you ſay, you argued with yourſelf, when you refuſed a Coronet for my Father: Your Parents indeed did not oppoſe your Inclination, but left you free, to make your Choice between *Love* and *Greatneſs* ;— that, alas ! is not my unhappy Caſe ;—yet do I not complain, much leſs preſume to expect you ſhould ſacrifice your Reſentment, to comply with the Tenderneſs of my Heart.—As I am torn from what I had once your Leave to think would form my greateſt Happineſs, I only intreat I may not be forced to what I know will be the moſt extreme Wretchedneſs that can be inflicted on me. ——*Celia* has given me ſome Hints which I believe ſhe had from my Aunt, that it is more out of Hatred to *Seraphino*, than Good-Will to *Andrugio*, that my Father has taken this cruel Reſolution, and, meerly to prevent my diſpoſing of myſelf againſt his Conſent, intends to diſpoſe of me ſo contrary to my own.——Ah, Madam ! if it be ſo, I beſeech you to aſſure him, as you ſafely may, that there is nothing (not even this dreadful Marriage) which more ſhocks my Imagination, than being guilty of ſo raſh, ſo unpardonable a Violation of my Duty.——I agree to renounce *Séraphino* for ever,—— utterly to abjure him,—to ſee him no more, and as little as poſſible to think of him. I will put it out of my Power to liſten to any Dictates my fond Heart muſt ſuggeſt in his Favour, by the moſt ſacred Obligations that Words can form, or Incredulity exact from me ; but if all this ſhould be thought too weak to atone for my failing in that implicit Obedience which is expected from me, reverſe at leaſt my Sentence ;— puniſh me by any other Kind of Means provoked Authority can invent ; condemn me to paſs the whole Remainder of my Days in lonely Solitude ; —— ſhut me from all Society, or baniſh me where only Lions and Tygers dwell.—Fate cannot reach me in any Shape ſo horrid as the Embraces of *Andrugio*.

Pardon,

Pardon, I beſeech you, Madam, the Wildneſs of theſe Expreſſions which nothing but the moſt poignant Anguiſh of the laſt Deſpair could have forced from me; and be aſſured, that, though I have ſaid much more than you may think I ought to have done, I have ſaid little in compariſon of what is felt by, Madam,

Your unhappy, but obedient Daughter,

LUCIDAMIA.

LETTER LVII.

From a Lady, on the Pleaſures of even a Winter Retirement.

Madam,

IT is now, indeed, the Time when the Town Diverſions ſummon the gay Part of the World to quit their rural Seats, and ſhine in the Circle of the *Beau Monde.* Plays, Balls, Maſquerades, and Operas, are already begun. The Country is almoſt as deſolate of Inhabitants, as the Trees in my Foreſt are of Leaves. All my Acquaintance, in theſe Parts, have left me for what they call Delights more agreeable to the Seaſon; yet I am ſtill here,—and what ſeems moſt ſtrange to you, am here by my own Choice; and think it not the leaſt of thoſe many Obligations I owe to the Love and Complaiſance of my dear Lord, that he conſents to be a little longer than is uſual, abſent from the grand Council of the Nation, rather than remove me from the Felicities this Receſs affords. But you wonder I am not eaten up with Spleen, or dying with Vapours, and cannot conceive how I am able to ſupport ſo long a Deprivation of thoſe Pleaſures, which, tho' far from being an Enemy to, I cannot help thinking you greatly over-rate; and charming as you paint them, and really agreeable as I confeſs ſome of them are, you muſt pardon me, when I ſay, they cannot, in my Opinion, come in any Competition with thoſe of Retirement. Here I am free from, and diſencumbered with, the inſincere Civilities,—the Vain Ceremony, the fantaſtic Pomp, which the troubleſome Rank I hold in Life

obliges

obliges me to partake of. What Company,—what Amuſements can I want, when the wide Creation is ſpread out before me;—when the Court of Heaven, with all its Glories, opens to my View, and an uninterrupted Tranquillity aſſiſts Contemplation to lift me above this dull Earth, to travel in Idea thro' the ætherial Regions, and anticipate the Privilege of Immortality! Whether the Sun appears in all his Radiance, or the pale Moon ſhines in her borrowed Light;—whether I hail the Dawn, or pay my Compliments to the Evening *Heſperus*;—whether my impatient Eye wanders among the unnumbered Stars, or loſes itſelf amidſt that Galaxy of Splendor which forms the Milky Way, my Soul ſeems all diſſolved and looſened from its Clay;—I feel myſelf, methinks, already a Gueſt in the celeſtial Abodes, and joining Chorus, with the bleſt Inhabitants, in Praiſe and Adoration of the Eternal Source of Love, of Light, and Joy.

But theſe are Raptures which I cannot at all times indulge, nor indeed ought I to be ſo entirely abſorbed in them, as to forget, that during the Time appointed for my Stay on Earth, I have Duties to diſcharge which cannot be diſpenſed with.—As I am a *Wife*, I am bound to make it my Study to pleaſe him to whom, by Love, Law, and the moſt tender Obligations, I am united; and as I am a *Mother*, to omit nothing in my Power to form the Minds of thoſe to whom I have given Birth, in ſuch a Manner as to render them incapable of doing any thing hereafter unworthy the Dignity of a reaſonable Being.—Above all things, I take care to inculcate into their moſt early Years, the Knowledge that they are born for Eternity; and while I amuſe them with the Study of Natural Philoſophy, I turn their Reflections on the Supreme Author of all the various and amazing Productions they behold with ſo much Pleaſure.—I endeavour, as much as poſſible, to make them leſs in love with *Art* than *Nature*, and to contemn all the Handy-works of *Man*, in compariſon with thoſe of *Him who made Man*,—to look on the Glare of Finery and Equipage as the meaneſt of all Trifles, and to conſider even Beauty (tho' the Gift of Heaven) as a Good, which can no way counterbalance

for

for any Defect in the *Mind*.—As the Precepts I lay down are delivered with a Familiarity which has nothing of the Air of Lesson, I have the Satisfaction to perceive they listen to them with more Delight than to any thing they can hear in the Nursery. This gives me Cause to hope, that the Impressions thus early made on their Hearts will not be easily erased.

Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful Account of the Duties I am employed in, during my Retirement from the Great World, which, I believe, you will allow are such as leave no Time heavy on my Hands; and when I assure you, as I can do, with the greatest Sincerity, that these Studies make the supreme Pleasure of my Life, you will also cease to wonder, that I am in no haste to visit a City, where it is utterly impossible for me to pursue them with the same Freedom I do here.—I must notwithstanding, submit to my Husband's Will, which, I am just now informed, has fixed *Tuesday* next for my Departure from this Scene of true Content.—I bear it, however, with the less Regret, as I shall have the Honour of congratulating Sir *Thomas* on the Reward of his long faithful Passion for the virtuous and beautiful *Clarinda*: I beg, in the mean time, you will make my Compliments acceptable to both, and assure them, that they share, with their Sister, in the sincere Friendship and Esteem of, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

MIRA.

LETTER LVIII.

To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery, to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that Concern you express.—You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one

one of his ſharpeſt Weapons; and if you have received ſome Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory, than Blemiſhes---- What if your Complexion has loſt ſome Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether ſo delicate; the leſs Charms your Glaſs preſents you with, the more you will find in your Cloſet; and, deprived of vain Pleaſure in contemplating the Graces of your outward Form, you will have the greater Leiſure to improve and embelliſh thoſe which are not ſo eaſily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of ſo much Value to all the Young and Gay! but if we conſider ſeriouſly, we ſhall find that it is Virtue, Good-Senſe, Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, and Complaiſance, of which the Girdle of *Cytherea* ſhould be compoſed.--- The fineſt Face in the World, without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Underſtanding, as the Poet truly ſays,

" Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Eye;
" Virtue alone has Charms that never die."

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greateſt Part of our Sex: I confeſs the Beauties of the *Perſon* greatly contribute to ſet off and render thoſe of the *Mind* conſpicuous, and for that Reaſon ſhould lament extremely any Defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engroſs the whole Attention of as many as know you; and that they may every Day increaſe in the Luſtre of true Dignity, is the ſincere Wiſh of, my dear *Ophelia*,

Yours,

SOPHRONIA.

L E T-

LETTER LIX.

To a Lady on her Marriage.

Dear Madam,

NOthing could give me ſuch a ſincere Delight as your laſt Letter, wherein you acquaint me you are joined, by the moſt ſacred Bands, to the accomplished, the tender *Philario*. May all your Days be propitious! May blooming Joys, ever opening with new Delight, perpetuate your Felicity! May your Spouſe's Affection, inſtead of decreaſing with Time, ripen into that ſoft Eſteem, that tender Complacency, which are the natural Attendants of Love and Merit, and the higheſt Summit of all ſublunary Happineſs! In ſhort, may you be bound to him with all that Dignity of Paſſion which is neceſſary to render him ever as dear to you as now; while Love ſhall have the Energy of Religion, and Inclination the Force of every ſacred Dictate!

Do not be ſhocked at being counted a *fond* Wife; you have, I am ſure, too much Good-Senſe to be aſhamed of what muſt now not only be the Eſſence of your Happineſs, but your higheſt Glory. It is your Duty to love your Huſband with unalterable Affection; and what is your Duty, the many fine Accompliſhments and the Worth of *Philario* will render always pleaſing to you. Your increaſing Felicity will ever ſenſibly promote that of, my dear Madam,

Your moſt affectionate and ſincere Friend,

ALICE GOODING.

LETTER LX.

From a Lady lately brought to bed.

Madam,

I Have now the Pleaſure of informing you, that we have another Perſon added to our Family; you, I am ſure, will be glad to find that I am able to tell

you

you ſo. I was happily brought to bed three Weks ago.

O my Friend! how delightfully does the Mind glow with Gratitude, thus riſing from the Struggles of convulſive Pangs, from the Languor of expiring Life! The dear helpleſs Infant too, the Subject of our future Care and Joy! with what new, what tender Senſations do we view the little Gift of Nature confided to our Protection! Methought a Beam of heavenly Comfort ſhot through my Soul! Eaſe, Joy, - tranſporting Joy, and mingled Fondneſs; all Delight, Extaſy and Love! My Heart o'erflowed at once with Gratitude and the ſofteſt maternal Affection. Though I am as well as can be expected, my Head is ſtill very weak; indeed my Eyes fail me, and I am forced to conclude,

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant,

SUSANNA GENTLE.

LETTER LXI.

A Letter of Complaint, from a Young married Lady to her Mother, againſt the ill Conduct of her Huſband.

Dear Mother,

YOU were right to tell me, that I ſhould repent of my Marriage, by ſuffering myſelf to be too eaſily ſeduced by the Appearances of Good-Nature and Behaviour in my Huſband, during the Time I enjoyed my dear Liberty; for, having followed the Motions of my own capricious Fancy, I ſuffer all that can be imagined from a Huſband who ſpends his Time in a continued Scene of Rioting and Debauchery. His Health, which he exhauſts and deſtroys in a Way to lay him ſoon in his Grave, affects me infinitely more than the Expences he is at. In this melancholy Situation I have Recourſe to you, dear Mother, to beg you would write to him. I know, as he has a particular Reſpect for your Perſon, he will pay a great Deference to any thing you ſhall ſay to him. Do not refuſe me this Favour for my Comfort. I beg alſo you would be

perſuaded

perſuaded that I am, with all the Tenderneſs and Obedience I am capable of,

Your moſt dutiful Daughter,

SOPHIA WELLBRED.

LETTER LXII.

Anſwer.

Dear Daughter,

IF your Marriage makes you uneaſy, you have no Reaſon to complain, becauſe you would marry, contrary to my Inclination, a young Man too well known for his ill Conduct. I always thought that you would paſs your Time very uncomfortably, and that you would not have that Satisfaction with him you imagined. I have wrote to him, to let him know, that, if he perſiſts in his debauched Courſe of Life, I will certainly ſend for you home. I hope my Letter will have its wiſhed-for Effect. Torment yourſelf no longer. On your Side endeavour as much as poſſible to reclaim him with Kindneſs. The Way of Patience is the ſureſt to induce him to a Reformation. Send me an Account of all that may happen, and believe that I am, from my Heart,

Your moſt affectionate and tender Mother,

ANNE LOVELY.

PART III.

LETTERS on various Subjects of IMPORTANCE and AMUSEMENT, *viz.*

From Wives to their Husbands, in many Situations; From Sisters to their Brothers; On Death; On the Pleasures of the Country, and the Joys of the Town; Female Oeconomy; Hiring and Management of Servants; Dress; Balls, Assemblies, *&c. &c.* and of Compliment and Civility.

LETTER LXIII.

From the Wife of an Officer whose Duty had called him into another Kingdom.

My Dearest,

I Write to you so often, that I am afraid I weary you with my Affection; but judge of it by the Cause, and you will be led to forgive me. What should I write to you but a Repetition of the same Thing, That I love you, and doat upon your Remembrance, and that I am, in spight of all your Kindness, unhappy in the greatest Degree, in this Absence? Yet there was no Time in which you was not pleased with hearing me tell you this; why then

then ſhould I ſuppoſe you will be leſs pleaſed with reading it? If your Affection be as perfect, but why do I ſay if, for I know it is as perfect as my own; but if your Form be as tender, and your Mind as ſtrongly worked upon as mine, we are not altogether abſent. My Dear, it is only in the Day I miſs you; every Night, and all the Night, we converſe together: My Eyes are no ſooner cloſed but you are at my Side, and with all that Tenderneſs which has ſo long, and which, I hope, will yet ſo very long make me happy, talk to me, and ſmile upon me. The Joy that I have, but in this imaginary Manner, to look upon your Eyes, and ſee them bent with Tenderneſs upon me; to hear you ſpeak with all the Good-Nature with which you uſed to charm me; it is not to be expreſſed what Tranſport this is to me; nor can any but you, who I know think as tenderly of me, conceive it. You are no irregular Viſitant at theſe Times; it is every Night I ſee you, nor do you leave me till the Morning. You are in theſe imaginary Viſits, juſt as in your real Preſence, my Friend, my Counſellor, and my Adviſer. I tell you every thing, and I am told by you how every thing ſhall be conducted.

I have told you, My dear Mr. ————, what are the Comforts of my preſent Situation, becauſe I would not have you ſo uneaſy as I know you would be to think me altogether miſerable; but although this be ſome Relief, it is enough that I have to ſuffer: This is but the Employment of the Night; of Hours in a State hardly to be called by the Name of Life: The Day is a Scene of as perfect Miſery, as this is of fancied Happineſs: From the Inſtant that my Eyes are opened, every Object brings you to my Memory, and while every thing reminds me how happy I *was*, every thing tells me how wretched I *am*. The Bed in which I am alone; the Servant who uſed to wait on you; the very Chair in which you uſed to ſit, are all Remembrances of what is loſt to me.

My dear Huſband, is there no Poſſibility of my coming to you? This Letter will be carried, and

why

why may not I have the ſame Paſſage? Sure you do nor think ſo meanly of me as to imagine that a Voyage terrifies me; or that the Bleakneſs of the Climate, or Wildneſs of the Place where you are, would give me Uneaſineſs. Your Arms, my Dear, would be ſufficient for my Shelter and Defence: Beſide, is there any thing you bear, from which your faithful Wife could wiſh to be excuſed? And ſure you cannot ſuppoſe that I ſhould want Company, or feel the Want of little Conveniencies of Life, when I had your Converſation, and you to think upon. If it be poſſible command me to come over to you. I am ſure you cannot be happy; I know, to have me with you would add to your Content: And do not think that I ſhould be leſs happy, be whatſoever the Circumſtances of my being with you. I have told you I ſhould have no Senſe to the Inconveniencies of Nature, or of any Kind; and, indeed, though I am not willing to confeſs it to you, I am ſo unhappy where I am, that the Change muſt be for my Advantage.

I tire you: But I could never weary myſelf with writing to you; for while I am doing it I appear as it were talking with you; and Earth and Seas cannot, although they ſeparate us ſo invidiouſly, prevent that Pleaſure. Pray let them not longer prevent any. I muſt tell you I am miſerable here; for that I know will be of more Power than all other Arguments to make you call me to you. My Dear, good Night. Heaven protect you! and make you every Moment as happy as I ſhall be when I receive your Letter, bidding me come to you.

Your moſt affectionate.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

From a Wife to her Husband, who had been uneasy at her Conduct.

My Dear,

DO not be surprised at a Letter from me, for it is impossible for me to speak what I have to say to you. I have seen the Letter you wrote to one of the worthiest and most friendly of Mankind, in which you declare yourself to be unhappy, and me to be the Cause of it. I beg you will not take it ill that he sent me the Letter; for sure it was the most kind Thing he could have done to let me into a Secret that so much concerned me, and at the same Time to convince me that it was your Love, and not your Hatred, that was the Cause of your Fears. My Dear, I am so innocent of a Thought that should wrong you, that I am in no Pain upon my own Account; and as I see your Love for me is the Occasion of your Fears, I cannot be offended at them, even though they reflect upon me so nearly. I beg you will tell me all that has given you Uneasiness, and I promise you never to repeat any thing that has done so: And as to my own Conduct, I request of you that it may be brought to the strictest Trial; not only for your own Peace, but for mine. I beg you will do me this greatest Kindness, and I will take care that nothing shall hereafter give you Pain. I am not sensible of any thing the least amiss in my Behaviour: I am very sure in my Heart there is nothing so; but it is enough to make me guard against any thing, to know that it is unpleasing to you; and had I known sooner what was so, no Part of it would ever have happened. Pray, my Dear, do me the Justice of enquiring into my Conduct in all Respects, and you will find me to have always been, as I always shall be,

Your most faithful and most affectionate Wife.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

From a Lady to her Husband, who was jealous of her.

My dear Husband,

MRS. *W***, who kindly wrote to you by my Desire, has done me the Friendship and Justice to send me your Letter, and directed me to make an Apology to you in her Behalf for the Step she has taken; but I am so terrified, so amazed at the Contents, that I know not what I do.—Speak to you, I cannot, but I can tell the Truth in Writing; and the Truth, my Dear, is this; I never swerved from my Duty to you, in any Respect; I never had a Thought to your Disadvantage, nor ever did any thing with design to make you uneasy. If my gay Deportment displeased you, or any Part of my Conduct gave you Pain, you should have told me so—indeed you should—and have prevented me from going on in a daily Course of disobliging you. Had you given me the least Hint of your Uneasiness (and sure it would come better from you, and with less Pain to me, than from any other) I should have immediately changed my Conduct; for a more restrained Behaviour will be as easy to me as this. I can judge what you feel, from the Pain any Apprehension of the Kind would have given me; and I am truly unhappy in having been the Cause of making you so. I don't blame you, my Dear, for this groundless Suspicion, (though it reflects on my Character) because I believe, it proceeds from the Affection you bear me; but, lest any mutual Friends, who are often mutual Enemies, should have done me this Kindness, I beg for your sake, as well as my own, that my Conduct may be brought to strict and severe Scrutiny; and that you will do me the Justice and Kindness, to write down every thing that you have heard or seen amiss in me, that I may have an Opportunity of clearing up every Doubt that may be fixed in your Mind; for till that is

done, it will be impoſſible for us to be perfectly happy. I am, and ever ſhall be,

Your faithful and truly affectionate Wife.

LETTER LXVI.

To a Huſband from his dying Wife.

BEFORE this can reach the beſt of Huſbands and the fondeſt Lover, thoſe tender Names will be of no more Concern to me. The Indiſpoſition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, leſt me, has increaſed upon me; and I am acquainted by my Phyſicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the moſt painful Thing in the Proſpect of Death is, that I muſt part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you, I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I paſs away my laſt Hours in Reflections upon the Happineſs we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is ſo ſoon to have an End. This is a Frailty, which, I hope, is ſo far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a State which is the Inſtitution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miſerable to the Wicked; why may we not pleaſe ourſelves at leaſt to alleviate the Difficulty of reſigning this Being, in imagining that we ſhall have a Senſe of what paſſes below, and may poſſibly be employed in guiding the Steps of thoſe with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my uſual Work, and, though, unknown to you, be aſſiſtant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me leave to ſay to you, O beſt of Men! that I

cannot

cannot figure to myſelf a greater Happineſs than in ſuch an Employment; to be preſent at all the Adventures to which Human Life is expoſed; to adminiſter Slumber to the Eye-Lids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a Guardian-Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. Theſe, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my preſent Weakneſs, of bearing the ſtrong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myſelf the Grief you muſt be in upon your firſt hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, becauſe your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Perſon for whom you lament offers you Conſolation. My laſt Breath will, if I am myſelf, expire in a Prayer for you. I ſhall never ſee thy Face again. Farewel for ever.

LETTER LXVII.

From one Siſter to another.

Dear Siſter,

EVER ſince you went to *London* your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. *Friendly*, and myſelf, have thought our rural Amuſements dull and inſipid, notwithſtanding we have the Players in Town, and an Aſſembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember, you paſſed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but, inſtead of that, it is now almoſt a Quarter of a Year. How can you ſerve us ſo? In ſhort, if you keep us in Suſpence much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking ſuch an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Requeſt will highly oblige,

not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Sister.

LETTER LXVIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sister,

I Received your Summons, and can assure Mrs. *Friendly*, as well as yourself, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have met with, and all the Diversions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations; and nothing but my Lady *Townly*'s absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you within the Time proposed. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for that Uneasiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavour to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month, which I hope will efface all the Uneasiness our Separation has occasioned, particularly to

Your most affectionate Sister.

LETTER LXIX.

From Miss R. *at* S. *to her Sister in* Salisbury.

I HAVE often, I may say very often, purposed writing a long Epistle to my dearest *Sukey*, and have as often been prevented. Miss *P.* was to have been the Bearer of one; but to my great Surprize, she left us without taking Leave, nay without giving Notice

Notice of her going, and I never ſo much as ſaw her ſince Yeſterday ſe'enight, when I very agreeably ſpent the Day with her and Mrs. *H* ——— at Mr. *W* ———'s, at *M* ———. My Uncle, whom I alſo intended to have wrote by, went away (as you know he always does) in ſuch a Hurry, that I had no Time to ſet about writing a long Letter, and a ſhort one I know, would by no means atone for ſuch a long Silence. You complain in your laſt of my writing with too much Reſerve; for my own Part I think I write with too little, when I reflect on ſome Particulars that my Uncle rallied me upon before he went hence; which he never could have known, had he not ſeen my Letters, or been acquainted with the Contents of them. What ſay you to that, my Dear? But I forgive. —— Well, but what News? ſay you: Why, I'll tell you; laſt *Monday* Morning a very agreeable Party, among whom was Aunt *R* ——, met us at a ſweet pleaſant Cottage of Content on *Weſtphalia-Common*; they brought with 'em a little elegant Repaſt, exactly ſuited to the Size of the Cottage, which, though but juſt big enough for us to ſit down in, was capable of holding a World of Happineſs, as we proved; for the Weather was extremely pleaſant, the Company perfectly harmonious, and we were all exceſſively agreeable to each other; but in an Inſtant, for ſuch a day of Pleaſure ſeemed but a Moment, the ſtill evening came on, and all our Joys were huſh: In ſhort, about Eight o'Clock we broke up from this ſweet little rural Retreat, which, believe me, dear *Sukey*, afforded high Entertainment for a Day to us all. I wiſhed greatly that you could have been a Partaker; but, however, at your Return we'll attempt the like again: By the Help of your Company, 'tis poſſible we may ſucceed as well a ſecond Time, tho' that, I muſt own, in Schemes of this Sort, is ſeldom the Caſe. Well, for the preſent, I'll take my Leave of the Cot, and now for the News of the Town: The firſt that occurs to me is the Marriage of our old Miſtreſs, who thought it better late than never, and laſt *Friday* ſhook Hands for Life with Mr. *S.* the Draper: He is a little advanced as well as ſhe, but no Matter; why may

there not be Pleasures at the latter Time of Life as well as the Beginning? Tho' for my own Part, I must confess, I am not for putting Happiness off till To-morrow, if it may as well be had To-day.

But to be serious, my Dear, there is no other News all over the Town worth mentioning; 'tis all as insipid as the last Dish of Old Batchelor's Tea. But when are we to see you? You have long, very long, talk'd of returning home; pray talk no more of it; nay, write no more, but instead of your agreeable Letters, let us have your more agreeable Company, and you'll most truly oblige

Your affectionate Sister,
E. R.

LETTER LXX.

Laura *to* Aurelia.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia!* How I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds, and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau Monde!*

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under

under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we ſhould never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear aſking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes*; not a Mile but ſeemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Averſion; I hate Trees and Hedges, ſteep Hills, and ſilent Vallies: The Satiriſts may laugh, but to me

'Green Fields, and ſhady Groves, and cryſtal Springs,
'And Larks, and Nightingales are odious Things.'

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than ſit liſtening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Muſic of the Woods; the ſmell of Violets gives me the Hyſterics; freſh Air murders me; my Conſtitution is not robuſt enough to bear it: the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I ſtay here much longer. If theſe are the Seats of the Muſes, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimſies, and converſe with the viſionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryads and Fairies, nor the leaſt Prejudice to Human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, ſuits my Taſte better than an airy Lover with his ſhining Treſſes and Rainbow Wings.

The ſober Twilight, which has employed ſo many ſoft Deſcriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon, (on which the Poets doat) with all her ſtarry Train, delight me half ſo much as an Aſſembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I ſhould preſer to the glaring Sun in his Meridian Splendor: Day-Light makes me ſick; it has ſomething in it ſo common and vulgar, that it ſeems fitter for Peaſants to make Hay in, or Country Laſſes to ſpin by, than for the Uſe of People of Diſtinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyleſs and deſolate. In whatever gay Images the Muſes have dreſſed theſe ruſtic Abodes, I have not penetration enough to diſcover them: Not the flowery Field, nor ſpangled Sky, the roſy Morn, or

balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast; and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself little at Ease in this Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better; and I wish, my dear *Aurelia*, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. *Adieu.*

LETTER LXXI.

Miss Paget *to Miss* Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlett Grove, Sunday *Evening.*

I AM a thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss *Vokes*, but my extreme inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paltry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes place of dear Variety. —— Mr. and Mrs *Bartlett*, my Dear, think it Variety to see half a Dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, *Charlotte*, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days before these mistaken good People talk'd of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do yo think we come at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. *Bartlett* drove us five

Pair

Pair of Stairs breathleſs, and out upon a ſcorching Balcony; and there we were to ſtrain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads, to ſee a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpſe of an undiſtinguiſhable Gentleman's Houſe or two; Mr. *Bartlett* for ever *hauling* up one's Hand to be look'd through for the Advantage of the Perſpective (he ſays.)

So down we came again wiſer undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have ſeen *London* fine Town till their dizzy wiſe Heads have turn'd round upon the Tip-top of the Monument. —If you'll believe me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am fatigued to death and worried to Diſtraction with ſeeing nobody, and having nothing to do, Exiſtence (you know) is inſupportable in ſuch a total Obſcurity. There is not a Human Creature to be ſeen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News, (and the No-Letters, I may ſay, from dear *Vokes)* and now and then a Man with a Keg of *Newcaſtle* Salmon, and a Baſket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. *Bartlett*, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will ſit; and ſmile, read you ſuch a Lecture (like the Curate of the Pariſh, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exerciſe, and the Country Amuſements; and ſays, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind! and, in ſhort, ſuch a *Canterbury* Tale of its Advantages, as if ſhe really believed, that Towns, and Cities, and all populous Aſſemblies, were a Sort of Diſgrace to the Creation. Dear! ſays I, Mrs. *Bartlett*, amuſe yourſelf, and welcome, with the pleaſing Melancholy of the ſhady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the Cryſtal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderneſs and the Garden Scene, from the Riſing of the Sun to the Moon-Light; but give me the dear Reliſh of Society for the Object of my taſteleſs Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myſelf Penetration enough to diſcover, why Good-Senſe, and Parts, and Genius, and all Human Accom-

pliſhments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Reſort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderneſs, or a Warren.

Dear *Charlotte*, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, reſtore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Converſation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correſpondence with

Your affectionate

SUKEY PAGET.

LETTER LXXII.

Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget.

London, Tueſday *Night.*

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear Miſs *Paget*, that I have no Comfort for her Diſtreſſes. Yeſterday, Ma'am, Miſs *Moxon*, and I, and Lady *Suſan Lawſon*, and Mr. *Hartley*, and Mr. *Dymer*, and Miſs *Dymer*, and Miſs *Popple*, and Mrs. *Beddingfield*, made a Party to *Ranelagh*. The Weather was immenſely hot and tireſome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roaſted Cheſnut. Mrs. *Dimſdale* and Mrs. *Bradbury* were under the ſame Operation of the Dog-Star, with a little Difference only in their Complexions; one of them looking like a Roſe, and the other the expreſs Image of a Raſher of Bacon. Miſs *Bennet* had apparelled her Nob in a frightful *Fanny Murray* Cap, and look'd Five and Forty; the Girl's miſtaken if ſhe thinks ſhe may take the ſame Liberty with her tapeſtry Set of Features, which the beautiful Dutcheſs of—may venture to imagine ornamental.—Mrs. *Adcock* was in a pale Blue and Silver Night Gown; ſhe was expected in Bombazeen—and it would have become her—The dear Col. *Lovelace*, departed this tranſitory Life no longer ago than *Saturday*.—There is no ſuch Thing as Grief if Mrs. *Adcock* has a Smile at Heart——But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with ſuch a doleful Ditty of Reflections as crowd themſelves this Moment into my

Imagination.

Imagination. ——— After we had ſailed about five Hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Muſic, Love and Pleaſure ——— away we tranſmography'd ourſelves to *Vauxhall*; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. *Bartlett* we had the Felicity to ſee the Sun riſe, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but I proteſt to your dear Mrs. *Bartlett*, that the paler Blaze of Moon-Light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to ſleep, *Sukey*, by Sunſhine, are altogether Strangers to. About two o'Clock. Ma'am, the Crowd of Go-to beds had taken themſelves away. Lady *V. Conſonant* was in the next Box to us, and ſung like a Nightingale; and Mr. *Beverly* played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature ſaid he play'd delightfully; but he is my Averſion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute cou'd have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might no doubt, have been in Raptures. ——— But the Atom is ſo ſatisfy'd with his own Applauſe, that he deſires no body's elſe. ——— So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt. ——— There was nothing elſe worth recommending to your Notice, nor any thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp Beau *Randal*, with two of his aukward Siſters, and Mrs. *Partingdon* with her Huſband ——— Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable Hiſtory of your preſent Life and Adventures; for I read it with ſuch a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grand-Mamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miſs *Paget*, and remember

Your ſincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

Miſs Paget *to Miſs* Vokes

The Deſcription of a Ball in the Country, with a vivacious Account of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are ſcarcely quite open to the Pleaſure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deſerve all Acknowledgment.—— 'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball, when 'tis over, only ſerves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on paſt Happineſs —— for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.—So, *Vokes*, you muſt know, that Mrs. *Iſlip's* Coach (but no Miſs *Rumzey*, thank Heaven in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton-Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dreſs'd in a white Luteſtring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly —— and *Sukey Paget* had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at *Leiceſter-Houſe*) and my Silver Tiſſue-Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never ſince offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, I would not be diſobliged if ſhe borrowed them of me one Day or other for herſelf. So, I ſuppoſe, ſhe has not altogether reduced Mr. *Aſhburnham* to Deſpair, though ſhe tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that ſhe'll never part with her Liberty any more.—— Liberty, my dear *Vokes*, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty, than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Luteſtring Sack, pink'd and full trimm'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin ſhoes, braided with Silver

Silver Cord; but ſhe neither became the Dreſs, nor the Dreſs her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the ſame Degree of Motion; ſeeming (to uſe Mamma's Expreſſion) to have loſt her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the expreſs Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened a Ball with Lady *Suſan Lawſon*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if ſhe had leſs Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyſhip declining a ſecond Dance, Mr. *Lawſon* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if abſolutely ſhe had no Joints, and, in Imitation of Lady *Suſan*, calling no other Partner. Mr. *Lawſon* ſingled out red *Lucy Benſon*, with a dark Pair of new Eye-Brows, but nothing elſe remarkable. Her ſecond aukward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wag-tail: I forget his Name, but it was ſomewhat like the Sieur *Hugglebatch*, or *Gubblebatch*, or ſome ſuch uncouth harſh Buſineſs, as rough as a Nutmeg-Grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* ſhewed he had ſome Taſte by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herſelf, danced ſo eaſy, ſo true to the Muſic, ſo politely graceful and ſerene, whilſt two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burſt with laughing at her inimitable Contraſt, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (reſolving not to make her Huſband jealous of her Choice) picked out a fearful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in *Saxon* Blue: The Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipſey, tho' indeed every body ſaid he was never otherwiſe, and that was his Excuſe. Out the inſenſible Creature ſingled, who but *Jenny Rowland*'s nipped ſhort Waiſt like a Honey-Pot, or a Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really ſober, he might have ſeen other Objects, without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I can't but ſay, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Diſcernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object choſe next to give her Lily Hand to? Mr. *Appleby*; of all People upon Earth. Hoop, Owl, hoop, hoop,

to

to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched ſince Dancing was created: But *Hob* fitted me for my Contempt, by ſeizing upon *me*, of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fiſhes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was ſecretly not diſpleaſed at it—for I was ſenſible that I ſhou'd appear to no Diſadvantage after his former Mawks, and was under ſome very diſagreeable Apprehenſions, that Miſs *Edly's* Tapeſtry Garment would have ſwept the Ground before me.———Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I ſhall, ſays I, Mr. *Bartlett*,——but Faith I never intended it; for I hate, of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with married Men: Go with 'em to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'em wait on me to *Vauxhall*, or *Ranelagh*, or ſo, but never chuſe 'em for Partners. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unleſs 'tis of getting rid of him ——— *Sally Leeſon* and Miſs *Finch* eyed me moſt deliciouſly; for I love dearly to ſee Folks burſting with Envy—They were in Hopes of ſharing the handſome Fop.——— But he is the moſt incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it ſo perfectly well;—but how can any body be ſo accompliſhed without perceiving it themſelves?——And yet I hate him too, irreconcileably, becauſe he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeſon*. Her Charms tho', *Charlotte*, what Mortal could reſiſt! elegantly attired, as ſhe was, in a large Pattern, embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the ſame, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, were unfaſhionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I muſt run down to Dinner.———You and I write like *Clariſſa Harlowe* and Miſs *Howe*, only not totally in the ſame Strain;—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Converſation of a Friend is her Correſpondence.

Sunday

Sunday Evening.

Though it ſhould tire my dear Miſs *Vokes* (as I am but too conſcious that it muſt) to read any farther Deſcription of the merry Dancers *A-la-mode de Françoiſe* yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But firſt of all, Ma'am, I muſt acquaint you, that Miſs *Finch*, becauſe ſhe could not have *Ardelio*, mortified herſelf ſo charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no ſmall Pleaſure, to be ſure. She, all the while affecting not to look diſappointed, ſat ſmiling from Ear to Ear, with much the ſame Senſation at the Heart, as Children have who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of Good-Manners.——Omit not, dear *Charlotte*, to be told, that Mrs. *Langford*, with her Colt's Tooth at Threeſcore, puddled herſelf into a Minuet, and ſquirmed round and round the Room like Madam *Catharina*: I thought her Clock-Work never would have ſtood ſtill; but it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Aſſembly their full Swing of gazing on an Object ſo calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with *Sally Leeſon*, the principal Original of a Groupe in *Taſte A-la-mode*, immoderately ſhort and clumſy, but ſo bedizen'd out with ſuch a Rainbow of Ribband, that ſhe abſolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Eſtate, diſtinguiſhing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confuſed Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by way of Contraſt, the ſqueezy Mrs. *Ellen Risborough*, contracting her Minuteneſs to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. *Bartlett's Nancy*, a Child five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well choſen Sweeting of a Partner was *Ned Saunderſon's* Uncle, with a little tiny ſhort Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy as a *Stilton* Cheeſe.——Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, ſtood up the incomparably erect Figure of *Sukey Beverly*, determined to ſhew the good Company, that

that tho' ſhe was not altogether as ſharp, ſhe was as ſtraight as an Arrow; for which Reaſon ſhe fancied herſelf under a Neceſſity of looking, all the while ſhe danced, like a Walking-Stick: Her Powder-Monkey was *Dick Commings*, ogling, and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would inſinuate a Belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his diſagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you were his Wife. But my Nameſake happening to dance with her Eyes ſhut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he ſucceeded better in a ſecond, who watched him moſt deliciouſly. Mr. *Patrick*'s humoured Family - Hopes of *Hebeſter*, whoſe real Name is Affectation. I thought, if her fidling and ſwaddling, and fooliſh unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country-Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with bleſſed Impatience for ſuch a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how tireſome Minuets are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in 'em.

Don't expect me to deſcribe this Part of the Scene ſo minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, *Charlotte*, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Groupe, and avoid Confuſion, tho' one may venture with ſome Proſpect of Succeſs upon now and then a ſingle Portrait, eſpecially, my Dear, you know, when the Features are pretty coarſe, and indelicate, as one may ſay.——— In ſhort, Child, you have already ſeen the grand Figures in the Show; the others are only Puppets of little or no Conſequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Eſſential to the *Conſiderable* and the *Magnifique* in ſuch Sorts of Aſſemblies, I apprehend. — — My *Punch* (to uſe a Puppetical Expreſſion) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made and handſome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeleſs, tho', *Charlotte*, and over-punctual, ſprawling confuſedly about at Right Hand and Left, and ſo afraid he ſhould be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and ſo exact to do the Figure, and ſo ſure to turn himſelf and me quite round, that I had really not ſo much Com-

ſort.

fort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Juſtice, he was elegantly dreſſed, and Gentleman-like; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear *Charlotte*.——*Sally Leeſon* had got away my *Ardelio*, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any thing. I was out of all Temper with every body, but really no-body more than Miſs *Finch* and Miſs *Rowland*; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any body the Honour of their Hand at Right Hand and Left, for fear, I ſuppoſe, they ſhould not meet with a Hand of Quality in return. I believe actually that *Jenny* thinks, becauſe her Siſter married a Lord, that ſhe's a Woman of Diſtinction herſelf; but thank my Stars, I ſtood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unleſs the People we viſit are as ill-bred as Mrs. *Hartfield*, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-Keeper's Wife; with her, firſt come, firſt ſerve: I deteſt ſuch Vulgarneſs. Miſs *Leeſon* too was not over and above guilty of Politeneſs: What, becauſe ſhe has an agreeable Partner, is ſhe to give herſelf an Air when ſhe has bounced down twenty Couple, to leave the reſt of the Company till another Dance is called? That ſhe did, *Vokes*, perpetually; and her vexatious Example was followed by five or ſix at once: ſhe that makes ſuch an over-parading Rout about Behaviour: But ſuch Sort of knowing Ladies are ſometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, *Charlotte*, be ſo good as to underſtand, that Mrs *Compton* danced with the Reverend Mr. *Audley* in a Perriwig as big as Judge *Burnet*'s; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day at *Paget-Bury*, that ſhe was amazed that Parſons could think themſelves Company for Gentlemen; ſo 'tis to be hoped ſhe thinks them at leaſt Company for the Ladies. Lady *Suſan Lawſon* and Mrs. *Bartlett* were incomparably the greateſt Beauties there; and Mrs. *Lawſon* (who did not dance, for fear, I ſuppoſe, of incommoding her Finery) was the moſt brilliant in Dreſs and Diamonds, even to a

Degree

Degree of Profusion, *Charlotte*; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crouded in all poor Lady *Louisa*'s Jewels, (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fashioned Breast-Plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from grey Hairs, or Mrs. *Pembroke*'s *French*-Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, *Charlotte*, (for I think I have pretty well satisfied you) the Ball continued its Briskness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like *Jenny Widemansol*, that every body says grows shorter and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

So, *Charlotte*, have I seen (excuse
The Pertness of a Female Muse)
A Birth Night stately Dame array'd
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:
Whilst near her plac'd an humble Fair,
Of easier, less affected Air,
Could with superior Lustre shine
In simple Lutestring, or Tobine.

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing) from,

Dear Miss Vokes,

Your truly affectionate and sincere

S. Paget.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget, *not quite in the uſual Strain.*

Hampſtead, Thurſday——

IT is an Age ſince I heard from dear Miſs *Paget*, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Aſſiſtance of a preſent Friend, and the Correſpondence of an abſent one. My poor dear Aunt *Wallingford* haſtens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which ſhe has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuſe Conſolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleaſure. We all read to her by Turns, and ſay Prayers conſtantly twice every Day.—I hope, dear *Sukey*, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greateſt of Bleſſings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like *Tunbridge-Wells* this Seaſon? But your Party is ſo perfectly agreeable, that it is impoſſible not to like the Place for the ſake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. *Morton* finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Abſence from *Evelyn-Hall* (Miſs *Anderſon* told Mrs. *Coldham*) is ſo much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miſs *Evelyn*'s Praiſes at the Long-Room, where I go, and at Church every *Sunday*. Mrs. *Coldham* and Miſs *Peter's* are for ever telling me of her Accompliſhments, and wiſh that *Tunbridge-Wells* may be as agreeable to her, as the Place, while ſhe continues there, muſt be to every body elſe.

I beg, dear *Sukey*, you will make my Compliments acceptable to theſe dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

Miss Evelyn *to Lady* Evelyn.

Of Mrs. Macnamara's *Grandeur.*

Tunbridge-Wells, August 8.

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. *Macnamara* is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. *Sunday*, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells.—*Monday* Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor, Mrs. *Macnamara*, in all the Innocence of a White and Silver full trimm'd *French* Sack, her Hair dressed, and powdered, with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when *Sukey Paget*, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her.—*Tuesday* Mrs. *Macnamara* was at the Concert, full of Rapture; (tho' formerly a Concert was her Aversion:) Her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan, like *Handel* at an Oratorio.— *Wednesday*, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. *Macnamara*, and the Company treated (*O magnifique et galant!*) with Morning Salvers of Champagne—At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs *Macnamara*, in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy—, and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. *Macnamara* gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure.—The grand Equipage, so beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilt Chariot of *Papier Maché*, lined with a pale Blue Sattin, Blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in *Saxon* Blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with White, like Sir *Joseph Wenman*'s, with the Addition only of Silver

Silver Shoulder Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. *Macnamara*'s Person, entirely *a la Pompadour*, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model—Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly *English* Complexion, but—a Forgetfulness of her Friends—and of herself. To me, indeed, she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general Good-Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutchess, or Lady *Mary*; but dear Mrs. *Morton* cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. *Sukey* was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know, her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. *Morton* ought always to be known.—One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to *Sukey*. Mrs. *Finch*, the Millener, waited on her with a fine *French* Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But *Sukey* not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. *Finch* directed her Band-box to Mrs. *Macnamara*. Mrs. *Macnamara* ordered her Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. *Macnamara* at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the *Honourable* Mrs. *Macnamara*. Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor *Sukey* with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even tho' I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. *Morton* tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it; for she is very sure Mrs. *Macnamara* will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, says she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin *Morton*'s Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, *en passant*,

passant, is in one's own Eye an easily pardonable Fault; but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after *Sukey's* Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one of her Superiors has lately met with in one of Mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Papa and Sisters, Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear *Morton* salutes you.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mrs. Centlivre *to Mr.* B———, *giving an Account of her Journey to* Exon.

April 8, 1700.

AS we have one good Quality in our Sex, beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise without a Design to keep it, I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any thing, which so great an Obligation as my Word engaged me to remember; and as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it, so I hope, on your part, there will be nothing more required, to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part just scribbled over with as much freedom as it was acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a loose Morning-Dress, not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a pretty Woman, without Stays may some of your Acquaintance.

In the first Place, I shall give you a rough Draught of those disorderly Mortals our Company was composed of

of in the Stage-Coach, *viz.* A Barrister at Law, an Attorney's Clerk, a *Cornish* Justice, a Taylor, and a Valet to a Parliament-Man that would be; but some Dispute arising in the Election prevents me fixing his Title; that, had I been travelling in a *Dutch* Scout, or a *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teazed with more Impertinence.

The Justice, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as drunk as a *Dutch* Captain before he engages, and, for the first Day, talked of nothing but Fox-Hounds, *March* Beer, Warrants, Whipping-Posts, and Vagabonds; hallooing as audibly in every Interval of his Nonsense, as if he had been riding Three-quarters Speed, at the Heels of his Beagles, larding his other Qualifications, now and then, with a *Hey down, ho down*, &c. which gave me good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood*'s Ballads, than with *Keeble*'s Statutes, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German* Juggler does Necromancy, or a Lord-Mayor State-Policy.

The Limbs of the Law were much disturbed at his Bawling; for I conceive they love no body's Noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, *Zounds! Sir, I won't sleep. I don't care a F—t for your Anger. I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth Thirty Thousand Pounds, and am the head Man where I live; and by G—d if you come to* Lancton, *I'll give you a Glass of the best* March *Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in Hopes of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the Ears; but, at last, *Justice* slept, and *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The Taylor, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*; for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Cloaths bore the Marks of Poverty. He complained very much of Trusting; and I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than a State-Lottery.

The Valet personated his Master to a Tittle, and

was

was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a Country 'Squire in *England.*

Now, if I were to be hanged, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these. The Lawyer slept a Dog-Sleep most Part of the Way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand. The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a Gossiping, and I was as dull as an old Woman at a Funeral. They failed not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning. Justice and Law were both of a Side, and the Courts of Equity being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arrived at *Exon*, where we met the Judges entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory. The High-Sheriff rode in as much State as a Colonel of the City Trained-Bands, and much in the same Order; only the Sheriff marched in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day, being *Sunday*, called, by the Natives of the Country, *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People looked as if they were gallied) I was waked by a tremendous Sound of a Horse-Trumpet, imagined some Monster was to be seen, and looking out of my Window, I saw several Sorts. The first were Mrs. Sheriff and her Husband (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I gave her the Pre-eminence) in a triumphant Chariot, erected on purpose for that Occasion, with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to see their Worships, as if it had been his *Czarish* Majesty. The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations.

I am your obliged Servant,

YOU-KNOW-WHO.

LET-

The three following Letters were wrote by a young Lady of a good Family, and very genteelly bred, (but afterwards reduced) to a Gentleman going abroad, under whose Care and Protection she was desirous of retiring in the Capacity of a House-keeper, from the Frowns of the World.

LETTER LXXVII.

SIR,

NO Circumstance is more shocking than that of being obliged to Strangers for Relief; and however conscious I may be of my own Innocence and Well-meaning, the Presumption of addressing a Gentleman in this Manner, may be a sufficient Reason to prevent my receiving such a share of Credit, as, were I known to you, I might with Justice pretend to. I have had the Misfortune to receive an Education greatly above the Rank that Heaven has allotted me; and I now, too soon, at the Age of Eighteen, have struggled through more Difficulties than you would chuse to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me, to shock the Man to whom I wish to be obliged. It is now some time since I formed the Design to leave *England*, and withdraw myself from the Acquaintance of those that have known me in a higher State. I can be content in a decent Retirement, and shall endeavour to do my Duty in the Station I pretend to. Chance has directed me to you, and 'tis without a Blush (and surely no one should be ashamed of so innocent a Boldness) that I offer myself to attend you abroad in the Quality of a Housekeeper: My Character and Story you shall be acquainted with; the first will be no discredit to me, and the latter may perhaps raise a Compassion in you, that may be serviceable to me. If you approve my Design, or have any Curiosity to hear more, I would beg the Favour of you to advertise, that the Letter directed to *Tom*'s was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

LETTER LXXVIII.

SIR,

I HAVE ſo few Obligations to the World, that I am at Times ſurprized at myſelf to find that the Idea of Gratitude ſhould be known to me; and yet I feel a Thankfulneſs in me, for the Notice you have taken of my (perhaps indiſcreet] Application. A thouſand diſtracting Thoughts have got the better of my Judgment; and tho' I know where you live, and am fully convinced that you would ſcorn to mean me an Injury, yet a certain Prejudice of Education forbids me to purſue what I deſigned; and I ſhall now ſolicit nothing more from you than a Pardon for having raiſed your Expectation, and engaged your Curioſity to be acquainted with a Story, that a womaniſh Pride will perhaps for ever prevent being known. I flattered myſelf, when I wrote before, that I had been Miſtreſs of more Reſolution; but my Fears ſtartle me, and I am ſo convinced of the ill Method I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your Knowledge of the World muſt neceſſarily encourage ſuch Suſpicions of me) that no Temptation can now be ſufficient to make me diſcover myſelf. I am aſhamed of what has happened, and feel a Reſentment to myſelf, for having dared to alarm your Good-Nature with Fears for an unfortunate young Woman. I will flatter myſelf you feel for me; and the Tenderneſs and Humanity that I believe you Maſter of, ſhall at leaſt be thus far ſatisfied, that I will hereafter, if Fortune has any Favours to beſtow on me, give you the Satisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what Accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu! *Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura Pitie de mon Innocence; car je n'ai jamais beaucoup fait de Mal.*

LETTER LXXIX.

SIR,

WERE I in the leaſt inclined to diſcover myſelf, ſo immediate an Anſwer to your Advertiſement might with Juſtice be eſteemed a Forwardneſs; but as my Reſolution is fixed, it will bear a better Interpretation, and ought to be looked on as a decent Regard for the Perſon that ſeems to bear a Share in my Misfortunes. You may with great Reaſon reproach me for having drawn you into ſo idle a Correſpondence; and the Perſuaſion I have of your Goodneſs and Humanity, are to me ſtrong Teſtimonials that your Enquiry is not the Effect of a giddy or ill-meaning Curioſity, but proceeds from true Principles of Virtue, and from a Deſign of giving me all the Aſſiſtance I can wiſh. I muſt own that Neceſſity firſt tempted me to apply, and though I am determined to ſtop ſhort, and give a Check to my ill-judged Scheme, yet I will for ever encourage myſelf in a Thankfulneſs to you, and compliment my own Judgment for having ſo eaſily diſcovered the Perfections of ſo amiable a Character. My Pen ſeems pleaſed with the Office of writing to you, and I am now prepared to run greater Lengths than Patience might excuſe. We are all fond of doing what is moſt pleaſing to us, and it is a Flattering of my Vanity in the Suppoſition of my having engaged your good Wiſhes. My Story, which is full of a Variety of ſhocking Circumſtances and Diſtreſs, added to a too ſenſible Feeling, has ſo furniſhed me with Expreſſions. that I ſhould conceive a Hatred to myſelf, were I capable of a farther Attempt to make any Impreſſion on you. Adieu! I ſhall for ever love and honour your generous Deſign, and will always have this Share of Merit with you, that no Neceſſity nor other unfortunate Circumſtance ſhall again force me to give an Alarm to your Humanity, or expoſe me to myſelf for having dared to raiſe your Curioſity to the Knowledge of that, which Charity for every well-meaning Perſon commands me to conceal.

Vous allez vers la Reputation, vers le Credit; et moi, J'en reviens.

LETTER LXXX.

To Cleora, *on the Pleasure of Retirement.*

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some rural Abode, than appear in the World; such Persons as you are fatal to the public Tranquillity, and do Mischief without ever designing it: But I must own, when Belles and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the sake of heavenly Contemplation, the World will be reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable, while the serious Hours are divided between *Hyde-Park* and the *Opera*; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantastic Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of their Pursuits, how few know the Emphasis of these few Lines!

'Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
'Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
'Toss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now
' o'er)
'Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
'Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
'And ask if Virtue has enlarg'd the Span:
'If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
'Trust future Ages, and contented die.'

TICKEL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness: Quietly to withdraw from the Croud, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World,

World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows, may be properly called a Digression,

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of the Earth! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delight, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss? No:—One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Bulkins, you will think; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph, as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies, in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXI.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope, *meant as a Satire on the trifling Matters that too generally employ their Minds.*

PRAY what is your Opinion of *Fate?* for I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination —— No, I can't go so far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, tho' 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 flounc-

cing

oing 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'll allow it has an extreme clean, pretty Look.

Ay, ſo has my Muſlin Apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I'll ſwear, Child, you have put me in Mind of a very pretty Dreſs; let me die if I don't think a Muſlin Flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation* Air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all Things——Do you think there are any ſuch Things as *Spirits*?

Do you believe there is any ſuch Place as the Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian Fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the World To-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has lov'd moſt in this World?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all? You know I abominate Reſerve.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Mrs. Rowe, *on the Vanity of all ſublunary Enjoyments.*

PEOPLE ſeem at preſent more buſily employed in preparing for the King's Birth-Day, than for their own laſt; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in the Dancing-Room, than for a Seat in Paradiſe.

I was laſt Night with ——; a Barge of Muſic followed us; but in the Midſt of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in Mind of Mortality; I had ſuch a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Softneſs of the Muſic, nor the Beauty of the Evening, could give me any ſincere Delight.—— If Pleaſure be the Lot of Man, it muſt be in ſomething beyond the Grave; for

no

on this *Side*, constant Experience tells us, all is Vanity.

But this Confession has hardly any Influence on Human Conduct; for People in a high Rank must often act against their Reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable; and for fear of being thought mad by the modish World, most act in a Manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to be in Vogue with their polite Cotemporaries.

I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being, endued with Reason and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loss what to imagine we were; and had he no Informer, but was to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a Species who were ensured always to live in the World we now inhabit; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could we were to be insensible for ever, without the least Expectation of a future Judgment, Punishment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much Pleasure the Injunction gives to

Yours unalterably,

CLEORA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on growing old.

My dear Clio,

I HAVE been thinking that *Human Understanding* is no less liable to be unhinged, than the Mechanism of the *Human Frame*. The least Jar of a Surprize puts it out of Tune, and one cannot presently get it into Order again.—We have certainly *Passions* of the *Mind*, as well as *Diseases* of the *Body*, which we are not aware of, till some sudden Accident calls them forth; and the *one* are no less capable of suspending the *Faculties* of *Reason* for a Time, than the *other* are of obstructing

that *Animal Fluid*, to the proper Circulation of which we owe our *Health* and *Vigour*.

I was led into this Reflection by catching myself in a Folly, which I shall not be much ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some Passages my Observation supplies me with, I find the Foible inherent, in a more or less Degree, to the whole Species of Human Kind, though few are ingenuous enough to acknowledge it.

I was sitting Yesterday in my Parlour Window, looking carelessly on the People as they passed; when all at once a Fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse Voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine Spectacles*, and at the same Time thrust a Pair of these Nose-saddles within the Sash: You cannot imagine, dear *Clio*, how I was shocked; I gave the Man a short Answer, and immediately drew down the Window.—*Good God!* said I to myself, *do I look old enough to be supposed to want Spectacles?* not considering that it was the Fellow's Trade to offer them to every body, and that many People younger than myself were obliged to make use of them —— I ran however to my Glass, and fancied I perceived what they call the Crow's Feet appearing at the Corners of my Eyes —I looked and looked again, and the more I did so, the more I thought these cruel Marks of Time were visible; and now recollecting that my last Birth-Day brought me into my one and thirtieth Year, and that a very few more of them would rank me among the Number of the Aged, I fell into such a Fit of the Vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable?—Where now was my Understanding?—— where my Reason? The little Share I have is sufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this World must grow old, and few of us there are who desire to die young; why was not this Knowledge at hand to make me easy under the common Course of Nature?

I do assure you I had grown two or thee Hours older, before I could bring myself to be reconciled with the Apprehensions that every Moment brought me nearer to that so-much dreaded Stage of Life; but,

but, thank Heaven, I got the better of it at laſt, and laughed at the *fooliſh* Part my Imagination had been acting.

That we all, however, have a natural Averſion to grey Hairs and Wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to overcome the Uneaſineſs their Approach inflicts, requires the utmoſt Exertion of our Reaſon; yet is not this an Inconſiſtency, a kind of Abſurdity in our Habit of thinking?—We ridicule a thouſand leſſer Follies of Mankind, yet paſs over that which more than all deſerves Cenſure, the being aſhamed or afraid of attaining what all the World as well as ourſelves would wiſh to arrive at. —But we would live for ever if we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the Depredations of Time from Fifteen to Sixty; and even then not be content perhaps to be thought in our Decline.

Were Old Age terrible to us merely as it is the Forerunner of Death, or as it is generally attended with Infirmities which render Life a Burden, I ſhould not be ſo much ſurprized; but, alas! we ſee Death and Diſeaſes ſeize on Youth and Strength; no Time of Life is a Security againſt either.—Nor is it altogether the Apprehenſion of being deprived of what Share of Beauty Nature may have beſtowed upon us, that renders it ſo alarming, ſince that alſo may be loſt by the Small-Pox, and a thouſand other Accidents.—No, it is only the *Name*, not the *Effects*, we ſo much dread; and I believe moſt People would rather chuſe *Deformity* with Youth, than *Comelineſs* with *Old Age*.

This, and ſome other Propenſities of the Mind, in my Opinion, are ſufficient to convince any thinking Perſon of the Impotence of *Human Underſtanding*, and oblige us all to own with the Poet, that

" Reaſon in Man is but a twinkling Lamp
" Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns;
" Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining."

You will imagine by my being ſo ſerious, that I have not yet got over the Fright the Man put me into, and indeed I am not ſure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have Reſolution enough to wiſh from the very Bottom of my Heart, that you and I may grow old in Friendſhip, and that, whatever Effect Time may have upon our *Perſons*, our *Minds* may remain as now united; which will be a Balance againſt the Mortifications in the Power of the old Gentleman with the Hour-Glaſs, to,

My dear Clio,

Yours, with the moſt perfect Amity,

HILLARIA.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Clio, *to* Hillaria, *giving her Reaſons for that Averſion Human Nature has to growing old, and pointing out the only Means of rendering it agreeable to ourſelves, and beneficial to others.*

My dear Hillaria,

YOU muſt forgive me when I tell you I laughed very heartily at the lively Deſcription you give of the Fright you were in, on ſeeing the terrible Man with the Spectacles: You might have apprehended it would have had a contrary Effect, however, on me, if you had conſidered I am four Years older than yourſelf; for I am ready to join with you in Opinion, that there is nothing more ſhocking, eſpecially to our Sex, than to be thought in Years; though we cannot help knowing it, yet we would fain unknow it, and ſeldom look upon thoſe as our Friends who remind us of it:—Yet do I not look upon this Averſion to Old Age to be ſo great a Weakneſs as you ſeem to think it.—It is not becauſe we have lived a long Time, and conſequently by the Courſe of Nature muſt be near our Diſſolution; neither is it becauſe the Loſs of Beauty ſeems to us ſo great an Evil; neither is it altogether through the Fears of thoſe Infirmities generally, though not always, felt in Age, that makes the Approach of that Æra ſo dreadful to our

Appre-

Apprehenſion; but there is another Misfortune which you have not mentioned, that for the moſt part attends it; which is, being treated with Contempt by every one who is a few Years younger than ourſelves:—This is the true Motive which makes People afraid of growing old, and aſhamed when they are ſo.—Every one, even the Aged themſelves, have a Prejudice in favour of Youth.—— Youth attracts the Love, the Reſpect, the Services of all the World; while Age may live alone unpitied, unregarded.—Impute the Folly, therefore, my dear *Hillaria*, not ſo much to thoſe who dread being old, as to thoſe whoſe Behaviour gives them Cauſe to do ſo.—As you juſtly obſerve, a long Life is a Bleſſing every one is deſirous of attaining, we all do every thing in our Power, in order to preſerve it; here therefore lies the Abſurdity, to deſpiſe that in others, which we take ſo much Pains to arrive at ourſelves.—Yet thus it is, and thus I doubt not it will ever be, while the World continues.—The only Way therefore to ward off the Slights Old Age is liable to receive is, to lay up in Youth a Stock of Knowledge wherewith to entertain ourſelves when no body elſe will think it worth their while to entertain us:—If we make good Uſe of our prime Years, we ſhall have leſs Reaſon to regret being left alone, than they ſhould have who ſhun our Converſation: Beſides, there are Ways to make Age agreeable to others as well as to ourſelves; not by endeavouring to conceal it by an Affectation of Youth, or by aſſuming the Privilege of reproving with Auſterity, but by preſerving a Medium between the grave and gay in our Behaviour, and by rebuking the Faults we ſee in others rather by Example than Precept.—When I ſee a gaudy Butterfly Coquette of Threeſcore, flying from Viſit to Viſit, pluming herſelf on the Elegance of her Taſte in Dreſs, and ſcrewing herſelf into a thouſand antick Poſtures in order to ſhew the Agility of her Joints, I admire the Ridicule ſhe is treated with: When I hear an antiquated Prude take upon her to give Leſſons to thoſe of better Underſtanding than herſelf, inveigh againſt all Diverſions how innocent ſoever, and cenſure

even

even a chearful Disposition as an unpardonable Crime, I do not wonder that she is despised and avoided.

The worst that can be *said of Age* is, that it magnifies the Errors, and renders the Virtues of the Person less conspicuous: It is our Business therefore to *correct* the *one*, and *improve* the *other*, before we arrive at that Stage of Life in which nothing will be excused, that proceeds from Levity and Want of Judgment. Each Year, as it furnishes new Matter of Observation, should add to our Knowledge. How despicable then must Age appear, unless Experience has improved the Talents we received from Nature! — Be assured, that how old soever we grow, and how much soever impaired in our *outward Form*, we shall meet with no Severity from those whose Treatment is worth our Notice, if we have taken due Care to beautify our *Minds*, and endeavour'd to verify the Character Mr. *Waller* gives of Age;

" The Soul with nobler Resolution deckt,
" The Body stooping does herself erect,
" Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes
" Conceal that Happiness which Age descries;
" The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
" Lets in new Light through Chinks which Time has made.
" Stronger by Weakness, wiser we become,
" As we draw near to our eternal Home."

But we have a greater Authority than Mr. *Waller*, which tells us, that the sure Way to make Age honourable, is to have it overtake us in Righteousness. Let us therefore, my dear *Hillaria*, endeavour to profit by the Mistakes of others, and instead of counting how our Years run on, examine how our Knowledge increases; what Progress we have made in rooting out our darling Follies, and planting the beneficial Seeds of Piety and Morality in our Heart.—To succeed in this Attempt, I am confident, will afford us an inward Satisfaction, infinitely superior to all we could receive from our Toilette, or the Flatteries of the World, while

while in the Bloom of Youth.—Adieu, my dear *Hillaria*, believe me,

With an unfeigned Sincerity,

Yours, &c.

CLIO.

LETTER LXXXV.

From a Lady, on the proper Manner of conferring Favours.

My dear Niece,

I WAS transported with Joy at the Account *Matilda* gave me of your generous Benefaction to the worthy and unfortunate Mrs. *** ; but my Satisfaction had yet been more complete, had I received it from any other Mouth than that of one who had it from yourself.—The Bounties we bestow do Honour to ourselves, and therefore should never be reported by ourselves.—Nay, it behoves us to silence, as much as in our Power, the Gratitude of the Receiver; for which Reason I should chuse to convey my Donations by an unknown Hand, especially if the Object of my Compassion had been born and bred in a Situation superior to Obligations of that Nature.—It requires the utmost Caution and Delicacy of Behaviour, when we appear in such a Case, to avoid giving greater Pain than Pleasure to the Person we should serve.—An ungracious Manner of conferring a Favour destroys great Part of its Merit, and mingles a certain Gall, which poisons all the Comforts it is intended to bestow. An ungracious Manner in offering Relief to an unhappy Person of tolerable Education, sinks him in his own Opinion, and makes him suspect that he is contemptible in the Eyes of his Benefactor; though Necessity tempts him to accept the Gift, yet he is sensible that there was no true Compassion in the Giver, and is shocked at being thus obliged. Indeed, Favours conferred in this Manner seem to flow rather from Ostentation than Charity. This is, my Dear, a Meanness of Spirit which I am so far from suspecting in you, that I know you utterly incapable of it:

it: I am certain you endeavoured to diſſipate the Confuſion ſhe muſt neceſſarily be involved in, by Expreſſions altogether obliging and polite; and that your very Looks, as well as Words, were ſo turned, as to convince her that you were doing yourſelf the greateſt Pleaſure:—All this I make not the leaſt Doubt of, yet am a little concerned for your Sake, that you mentioned any thing of the Affair to *Matilda*.—She told it me;—ſhe may tell it to others alſo,—they may repeat it till it comes round to Mrs. *** herſelf; and then how greatly will the Value of the Obligation you have conferred, be diminiſhed!—This, indeed, may not happen, and I hope it will not: But in Things of this kind, where the Peace of Mind in a Perſon whom we wiſh well is liable to be affected, we ſhould leave no thing to Chance: We are ſure of the Secret while in our own Boſoms, but cannot be ſo when intruſted to another: I therefore take the Liberty which Friendſhip, Conſanguinity, and the Experience of more Years, entitle me to, of reminding you, that true Generoſity requires we ſhould be ſo far from taking any Notice of the Favours we confer, that we ought to loſe the Memory of them ourſelves. There is nothing more common, than to hear People inveigh againſt the Ingratitude of thoſe they have ſome Way or other obliged; but if we examine into the Motives which induced them to do the good Offices they ſo much boaſt of, perhaps we ſhould not find they had ſo much Reaſon to complain.—There are many Inſtances in which the *Donor* deſerves little Thanks from the *Receiver*; but I ſhall take notice of only two;—the one where we expect an implicit and eternal Submiſſion in Requital for the Favours beſtowed, and look on the Perſons we have obliged as Slaves purchaſed with our Money;—the other, where what is done, is done merely with the View of magnifying ourſelves in the Eyes of the World. I never hear Accuſations of this Nature, without being put in mind of that genteel, but ſevere Reprimand, *Henry* IV. of *France* gave to one of his Generals, who had ſpoke too largely of the Services he had rendered him; which was this.

" Vous

" Vous ſauvez mes etat, j'aime a le publier :
" Mais quand je m'en ſouviens, vous devez l'oublier.

I find, my Dear, whoever has any other Proſpect in the beſtowing a Favour, than that of ſerving the Perſon on whom it is beſtowed; does no Favour at all, that demands much Gratitude from the Receiver.—The Act ought to be pure and ſimple, unmixed with any Conſiderations of Self-gratification, farther than that of the Pleaſure which flows in a generous Soul on having the Power of being ſerviceable to our Fellow-Creatures,

That you may always be bleſt with that Power and Inclination, is the Wiſh and Hope of, my dear Niece,

Your truly affectionate Aunt,

MIRA.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From a Lady, with her Opinion of Maſquerades.

Dear Madam,

FEW Things are capable of giving me greater Diſpleaſure, than that of finding myſelf under a Neceſſity of refuſing any thing to my dear *Fidelia*; but when I aſſure you, that to comply with what you now requeſt of me, would not only be doing the utmoſt Violence to my Inclination, but is alſo inconſiſtent with my Character, and the Rules I have ſet down for my Conduct in Life, I dare ſay, you would not wiſh me to endure ſo ſevere a Mortification:—It is certain, I never declared any Diſlike of the reigning Diverſions of the Town; there are ſome which receive, as well as deſerve, all the Encouragement in my Power to beſtow; but there are others, which, though I do not publickly depreciate, I ſhould be ſorry to countenance; and among theſe latter, I muſt be ſo free to tell you,

you, Masquerades stand in the first Rank of my Aversion and Contempt.

You know, my Dear, in what Manner I am, as it were, compelled to live:—There are many Things I give into for the sake of not being thought particular, which my Judgment entirely disapproves:—One of the Things to which my Humour, as well as Reason, is most averse, is Gaming; yet, one Day in a Week I have Tables set out for that Purpose, in two Rooms, and seldom fail of Mortification, from what others esteem; as a *Rout*, *Drum-Major*, and sometimes a *Hurricane*:—I go to Court, pay Compliments, measure my Steps, and walk back out of the Presence as others do, yet think it a kind of modish Slavery, from which I would gladly be free, if it were possible, in my present Station.—But as, thank Heaven, I have no such Obligation to frequent the *Masquerade*, I pity those who have no better Taste of the Value of Time, than to lavish it in that ridiculous Entertainment.—Curiosity and Persuasion once carried me thither;—but, good God: what a Heap of Absurdities, which way soever I turned, grated my Ears!—How ashamed was I to see myself in a Place, where an universal Lye was the public Profession; where the politest and most modest of the Croud strove most to conceal themselves; where Common Sense seemed wholly banished, and Ribaldry and Idiotism were the established Rules of Conversation and Behaviour!

To be free with you, my dear *Fidelia*, I look upon *Masquerades*, as they are managed here, to be not only foolish, but immoral:—They afford a Sanction to all the Indecencies of Speech at least; and a Man who has some Regard to his Character of Modesty, will venture to say that, in a Masque, which the most avowed Libertine would blush to express barefaced.

I give you my Sentiments on this Head, with the less Reserve, as I am confident they are partly your own, and that you are so far from being over-fond of this Diversion, that you have often made Presents to others of the Tickets you could not refuse. I wish I could prevail upon you to be less so, and that instead of

going

going but once in a Seaſon, you would reſolve never to go at all: --If you will take the Word of an old *Poet*, whatever is not worthy our Approbation ſhould be an Object of our Contempt.

" All Human Efforts have a certain Claim,
" In more or leſs Degree, to Praiſe or Cenſure:
" 'Tween *good* and *bad* no Medium here is found;
" Whatever's half the *one*, is all the *other*."

I muſt own I am for no Entertainments which my Underſtanding will not permit me to repeat; and though we both have ſeen the late Mr. *Thomſon*'s new Play of *Coriolanus*, if inſtead of my going with you to the *Hay-market*, you will favour me with your Company to *Covent-Garden*, I dare anſwer you will find your Account in it, and not only paſs your Evening more agreeably, but feel a much greater Satisfaction within yourſelf the next Day:—I would not, however, if you are under any extraordinary Engagement to the contrary, deſire you to break through it:—I would have none of my Friends be guilty of any thing that might be looked upon as Affectation, but if you can find any reaſonable Excuſe for changing your Intentions, it will give me double Pleaſure, by reſcuing you from the Danger, Impertinence, and Fatigue of the Vizard Ball, and improving my own Underſtanding and Spirits with the judicious and lively Sentiments which your Converſation can always furniſh to her, who is, with the greateſt Sincerity, my dear *Fidelia*,

Your's &c.

MIRA.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVII.

The Answer.

Dear Madam,

IT is utterly impossible for me to express how high a Sense I have of the Obligation your last has conferred upon me:—As to be able to follow the amiable Example you give our Sex, has been always my Ambition, so your friendly Advice is the greatest Favour you could possibly bestow:—To shew it is not thrown away upon me, be assured that no Engagements to others, no Inclinations of my own, will ever be of Force enough to induce me to any thing the excellent *Mira* disapproves, when once I am so happy as to know her Sentiments upon it: The Honour you do me in believing I have no Relish for that Scene of Folly, called a *Masquerade*, is very flattering to my Vanity, and the more so as I am conscious of deserving it in some Measure; for indeed, Madam, it was more in compliance with those I converse with, than any Self-gratification, which ever induced me to make one among that mingled Rout.—As nothing can be more weak than to be guided by the Judgment of others, merely because it is their Judgment, I shall for the future have the Courage to chuse for myself, whenever I am not so happy as to have the Advantage of your Council and Example.

As breaking off one Engagement for the sake of entering into another, I am afraid, would be looked upon as an Affront to the Company, as well as the Entertainment, I must defer the Pleasure of waiting on you to the Play till some other Night:—We have the Misfortune to live in an Age, when every thing that does not rally with the general Vogue, is looked upon as ridiculous; and one is under a Necessity, as you justly observe, of keeping certain Measures, if one would avoid being the Subject of Raillery.—I shall therefore, pretend Business, see no Company, keep close in my Chamber, and amuse myself with some new Books, which luckily enough are just sent in: They must afford very little Satisfaction indeed,

indeed, if not more than will compenſate for what I ſhould have found in the *Haymarket*; though they may not make ſufficient Amends for the Loſs of your Converſation, to which I am invited.—I have the Honour to be, with a profound Reſpect, dear Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

FIDELIA.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on the Folly and Danger of encouraging many Admirers.

Dear Millamant,

I AM ſorry to find a Pain in any thing that gives you Pleaſure; yet will not the ſincere Friendſhip I have for you permit me to be ſilent, while I ſee you hurried by a youthful Vanity into a Conduct which muſt in time be fatal to your Peace of Mind and Reputation:—Conſider, my Dear, the Incongruity of your Behaviour:—You affect to laugh at the Woes of Love, to be above all Suſceptibility of that Paſſion, yet take all imaginable Pains to inſpire it in others:—Nothing delights you more than a new Conqueſt, and how many ſoever you make, you cannot ſupport the Loſs of one with any tolerable Degree of Patience:—How many Arts do you put in practice to ſecure the Heart you deſpiſe! What Trouble do you give yourſelf to prolong the Devoirs you are determined never to reward! For Heaven's Sake, aſk yourſelf what you propoſe by all this, and what will be the Conſequence? When your Lovers ſwear they die for you, you either do, or do not, give Credit to their Oaths; if the former, your Manner of acting is the Height of Ill-Nature and Cruelty; if the latter, you ſhould, methinks, inſtead of being proud, rather be aſhamed to reflect you gave any Encouragement for ſo groſs an Attempt, to impoſe on your Underſtanding:—It is ungrateful and unjuſt to ſport with the Pains of a worthy Man;—it is mean to flatter the vain Views of an inſincere and empty Coxcomb.

comb.—But it is not for the one, or the other, but for yourself I am chiefly concerned:—Remember the Fate of *Melinda*, as described by good old *Drayton*.

" *Melinda* spread her splendid Train,
" And swept the Youths along the Plain:
" By turns she smil'd, by turns she frown'd on every Slave,
" Hope and Despair alternate gave:
" But ah! how humbled was her Pride!
" They found her Aim was only to give Pain,
" So broke at once the servile Chain,
" And all her Arts defy'd.
" Or on the Walks, or on the Green,
" No more she seems the *Woodland* Queen!
" No more her Breast the Glow of Triumph warms,
" While in their Bloom neglected are her Charms.
" Her Votaries once, indignant now,
" Pass scornful by, and scarce vouchsafe a Bow;
" Requital just! the Nymphs and Swains proclaim,
" And to the slighted Fair impute the Blame."

Believe me, dear *Millamant*, the Conduct you at present pursue, will in a short Time deprive you of all that Admiration and Esteem you are so desirous of preserving.—A Man of Sense can ill brook a Competitor in Love, who is treated with the same Regard as himself, much less to be put on a Level with a Coxcomb.—The Encouragement you give to all will lose you all; and if so, you will be as unpitied as the Poet's Heroine.

I cannot suppose that, in your serious Hours, you have made any Resolution against Marriage:—Permit me, therefore, to remind you, that it is high Time for you to fix your Choice, if you find any one among the Number of those, who make their Addresses, worthy of it:—If not, for Heaven's Sake, discard them all, and wait till some Offer is made, to which you will have no Objection; you know not but you may have some secret Lover endued with every Qualification, to render you as happy as a Wife can be, who may be deterred from making you an Offering of his Heart, while he sees

you

you encompaſſed with a Herd among whom he does not chuſe to rank himſelf.

But however that may be, reflect, I beſeech you, how much your Reputation ſuffers amidſt theſe Pretenders to your Heart:—You will, perhaps, think it ſufficient, that you are guilty of no Attachment to any of them, in breach of Innocence and Virtue:—That you allow no Liberties in Prejudice to your Character, or that ſhould embolden any Man to hope you might be brought to pardon the greateſt he could take:—For indeed, though far be it from me to imagine you can forget yourſelf in this Point, yet, my Dear, I would have you remember, that we ought to behave ſo as to avoid all Suſpicion in the moſt cenſorious:—But put the Caſe that none ſhould preſume to call your Conduct ſo far in queſtion:—Suppoſing the World in general ſhould allow you as innocent as I ſincerely do, yet Vanity and Levity are of themſelves ſufficient Blemiſhes in Reputation, and ſuch as, I before obſerved, will infallibly loſe you the Eſteem of all Men of true Underſtanding.—Forfeit not then thoſe Expectations of ſolid Happineſs, which your Birth, Beauty, Fortune, and a thouſand amiable Qualities, give you a juſt Pretence to, for the poor, empty, tranſient Pleaſure of ſhewing your Power over the Hearts that either are, or feign themſelves, devoted to you.—Ceaſe to take Pains to captivate:—Reſerve all your Cares to ſecure the Affection of him you ſhall find worthy of yours; and till you are convinced there is ſuch a one in the World, forbear wiſhing to be loved by any other.

I ſhall make no Apology for the Liberty I take in giving you this Advice. I am confident you will believe it, what it really is, the Effects of a Friendſhip always warm and ſincere in your Intereſt, and which I hope no Miſunderſtanding will ever break off between you and her, who is, my dear *Millamant*,

Yours, &c.

BELLIZA.

Three

Three Letters from a Lady, with an Account of a surprizing Adventure.

LETTER LXXXIX.

My dear Euphrosine,

YOU know I have been accustomed to be pretty punctual in discharging the Obligations my Friends confer on me, as soon as it is in my Power, and may perhaps think it strange that I have let two Posts go from hence without paying the Debt your last laid me under; but I assure you at the Time I received it, and some Days after, my Spirits were in so great an Agitation, that I was utterly unable to make use of my Pen.—The Occasion I dare say you will be anxious to know, and I therefore take the first Opportunity of relating it.

I know not whether, in the Description I gave you of my Brother's fine Retreat, I made any Mention of his Park, which I then had not seen, though heard much in the Praise of.—The Delight he takes in it, has made him often press me to go and see it; accordingly we set out just at Day-break, which, you know, at this Season of the Year, is about Four o'Clock:—We went in a Chaise and Six, and had two Servants on Horseback: —— As our Journey was but seven Miles, we proposed driving once round the Park, and returning by the Time at which I usually breakfasted.—As we drew near, one of the Servants galloped before to give Notice to the Park-Keeper, in order that the great Gate might be opened for the Chaise; but he had not passed us more than the Length of his Horse, when we saw him stop short, and the Coachman driving on, *Here has been Mischief done To night*, cried he; on which my Brother pulled the String, and looking out, saw the Grass was sprinkled with Blood:—*Yonder lies a Woman murdered*, said the Man, *I do not see her move.* My Brother at these Words jumped out of the Chaise, and ran to the Place his Servant pointed to:—I was too much frighted to stay behind, and immediately followed, where I beheld the most shocking Spectacle my Eyes had

had ever met: --It was a young Creature who ſeemed of Condition by the Richneſs of her Riding-Habit, which was green Sattin, fringed with Gold.——She had no Covering on her Head; and her Hair, which hung down on her Cheek, was full of Blood, which ſeemed to iſſue from a Wound ſomewhere about her Breaſt:——On a more cloſe Examination, we perceived ſome Signs of Life in her, and one of the Men raiſing her a little, ſhe opened her Eyes half Way, and preſently after cried in a faint Voice, but diſtinct enough to be intelligible, *If you have any Humanity in you, convey me to ſome Place where I may die with Decency:* ——My Brother, who has a great deal of Compaſſion in his Nature, was diſtracted at the Impoſſibility there ſeemed of giving her any aſſiſtance, there being no Town, nor even Houſe near; but I had more Preſence of Mind than he on this Occaſion, and ſent one of the Men to the Park-Keeper's little Hut, who being informed of the Accident, came running out with his Wife, and a Bottle of Brandy.——I made them fetch Water in a large Bucket, and having ſtripped my Patient to her Shift and Under Petticoat, threw it upon her:---This I did to ſtop the Blood, which, by the Swiftneſs of its flowing, I eaſily foreſaw would be fatal, if her Wounds were not ſo:——I found a large Cut in her Neck, another in her Left Arm, both which, my Brother ſaid, ſeemed to be made with a Hanger; and juſt below her Breaſt, very near the Pit of her Stomach, a Swelling of a round Form, about the Bigneſs of a *Portugueze* Three Pound Twelve Shilling Piece, and very black: It was plain that this Contuſion had been made by a violent Blow, but with what kind of Inſtrument, or Weapon, was paſt Conjecture.

The Water had the Effect I hoped for; the Bleeding ceaſed; after which I waſhed the Wounds with ſome of the Brandy the Woman had brought, and bound them up, to keep the Air from getting into them, with ſuch Things as the Park-Keeper's Wife could furniſh me with:——The Smart which the Brandy occaſioned, I ſuppoſe it was, brought the poor

Lady

Lady to herſelf; ſhe opened her Eyes again, and would have ſpoke, but had not Strength.

As there was a Poſſibility ſhe *might live, if* proper Care were taken, we conſulted in what Manner we ſhould diſpoſe her: —— My Brother thought it impoſſible ſhe could be attended as befitting her Condition, or the Rank ſhe ſeemed to be of, with the Park-Keeper, ſo reſolved to take her to his Houſe; but how to convey her thither ſafely without a Litter was the Difficulty: But this, by the Help of a little Contrivance, we got over. ——— We had put all the Garments I had ſtripped her of into one Side of the Chaiſe, and covered them with a Blanket I made the Park-Keeper bring, raiſed a Seat equal in my Knees as I ſat, then wrapt her up warm, and laid her acroſs, ſo as her Head reſted on my Lap, and her Feet on the Side of the Chaiſe: ——— My Brother got on one of his Men's Horſes, and in this Poſition, the Coachman driving very ſlow, we brought her home, where ſhe was immediately put to Bed: ——— During this little Journey, ſhe had ſeveral Times attempted to ſpeak, but had not the Power, and as I aſſiſted in putting the Pillow under her Head, that ſhe might lie as eaſy as poſſible, ſhe catched hold of that Hand which was neareſt to her, and preſſed it with all the Force her Weakneſs would permit, looking on me at the ſame time with Eyes, which, though deprived of all their Radiance, had yet an inexpreſſible Loveliness in them, and ſeemed to ſpeak all the Sentiments of a Soul overflowing with Gratitude for the good Offices ſhe had received from me.

A Surgeon, whom my Brother had loſt no Time in ſending for from the next Town, being arrived, he ſearched her Wounds, and to our great Satisfaction aſſured us, that none of them were mortal: —— That her greateſt Danger was the Loſs of Blood, which he ſaid had been ſo great, that had it continued but a few Minutes longer, her Life muſt inevitably have iſſued with it. —— He added, that the Contuſion on her Breaſt would take the longeſt Time to cure, and ſeemed no leſs at a loſs, than I had been, to gueſs by what Means it had been occaſioned.

After

After having given the neceſſary Directions as to what Regimen was to be obſerved in her Diet, he deſired, that above all Things, Care ſhould be taken to keep her as quiet as poſſible, and that even when ſhe received her Speech, as he doubted not but ſhe would after a little Sleep, no Queſtions ſhould be aſked her concerning the Abuſe ſhe had received, nor any Thing ſaid in her Hearing which had any Relation to it; becauſe the leaſt Agitation of Spirits in her preſent State, might make her Wounds bleed afreſh, and be of the moſt dangerous Conſequence.—Theſe Orders being given, he took his Leave, promiſing to make a ſecond Viſit in the Evening.

While I was employed above Stairs with the Surgeon and his Patient, my Brother was no leſs hurried below:—The great Hall was full of People:—A Gentleman from *London*, whom ſome Buſineſs had brought into the Country, and was at a Tenant's of my Brother's, had the Night before been robbed by his Servant of all his Money, his Watch, ſeveral Bank-Bills, and, in fine, every Thing elſe of Value he had with him:—My Brother granted his Authority, as *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of the County, to purſue and ſearch for the Villain in all the Houſes liable to Suſpicion, and would have accompanied the Gentleman himſelf, knowing him to be a Perſon of Family and Fortune, had he not been too much diſconcerted with the Accident above related:—He made him an Invitation to his Houſe, however, on his Return home from the Purſuit, and inſiſted on his making it his Home while his Affairs detained him in the Country. The Stranger accepted the Invitation, not having been very commodiouſly lodged, as it was but a poor ill-furniſhed Inn, though the only one thereabouts.

As nothing hindered my Brother from going in purſuit of this Villain, but the kind Conſideration that I ſhould be too deeply affected with the Condition of my fair Patient, if left alone to meditate upon it, he ſtayed at home with me the whole Day;—as it happened no Company came, which I was extremely glad of, not being in a State of Mind proper to entertain them:—I ordered my Woman to ſit by the

Bed-ſide of the wounded Lady, and apply ſuch Things as were preſcribed; notwithſtanding which, I went almoſt every Hour into her Chamber, and to my great Satisfaction found ſhe had taken ſeveral Slumbers, which, though ſhort, very much refreſhed her:—She had recovered her Speech, and on Sight of me, cried, *My charming Preſerver and Benefactreſs! with what Words ſhall I thank your Goodneſs?*—I replied, that I thought it, as I really did, the greateſt Piece of good Fortune I ever met with in my Life, to have the Opportunity of being ſerviceable to her; and that if ſhe imagined any Gratitude was due to me, ſhe muſt ſhew it in a ſtrict Obſervance of the Rules preſcribed for her, which above all Things was to forbear ſpeaking, and to keep her Mind as free as poſſible from all perplexing Thoughts. *When you have a little more Strength*, added I, *I ſhall be glad to hear by what unhappy Accident you were reduced to the Condition you are in; but till then, would be very ſorry to indulge a Curioſity which might coſt you ſo dear:—I flatter myſelf with enjoying, in the Friendſhip of ſo agreeable a Perſon, a greater Recompence than the little I have done, or ever can do, is able to deſerve.* With theſe Words I left the Chamber, to prevent any Anſwer ſhe might have made.

The Maids, who had the Charge of cleaning her Garments from the Blood with which they had been in a Manner dyed, told me there was nothing in her Pocket except a Handkerchief, but in the Inſide of her Stays, juſt within the Lining, which they were obliged to rip for waſhing, they had found a ſmall Picture which had been ſewed in, as might be ſuppoſed, for the better concealing it;—This they brought to me;—it was the Reſemblance of a handſome young Man, with a Cryſtal over it ſet in Gold, and a Cypher of ſmall Diamonds on the Back:—The Glaſs was broke, the Stones looſe in their Sockets, and ready to fall out, and both the Frame and Picture very much bent, as ſomething had been puſhed forcibly againſt it:—This made me imagine that a Blow given her juſt in this Place, had occaſioned the Contuſion in her Breaſt, the Hurt being exactly of the ſame Bigneſs with the Picture:—I laid the Jewel carefully by, not doubting but it was

very

very precious to her, but resolved to make no Mention of any such Thing to her, till she had recovered a greater Share of Strength.

The Surgeon came in the Evening according to his Promise, but did not think fit to take off the Bandages till next Morning:—He found her entirely free from a Fever, and gave us great Hopes that her Cure would be speedy;—After he was gone, and my fair Patient left to her Repose, my Brother and Self went to Supper; but we had scarce seated ourselves when Word was brought, that the Inn-Keeper, who had attended the Gentleman in pursuing his wicked Servant, was returned and begged to be admitted: — My Brother ordered he should be brought in, and asked if they had taken the Fellow; on which he gave the following Account:—That the Party he was with, for they divided themselves into several small Bodies, in order to prevent the Fellow from escaping any Cross-Road, having continued their Pursuit some twelve or fourteen Miles, one of the foremost 'spied a Horse saddled and completely accoutred, grazing without a Rider —The Gentleman presently cried out it was his own Horse, and the same his Man rode away with: *We then*, said the Inn-Keeper, *concluded our Search was nearly at an End, as indeed it was, for we found him in a Ditch, covered with Blood, and in an expiring Condition: His Skull was fractured, one of his Thighs broke, and, I think, both his Arms dislocated:—We did not, however, know at first how much he was hurt, and his Master was beginning to rate the Ingratitude and Villainy he had been guilty of towards him, when the Wretch cried out,—O Mercy, Heaven! you do not know, Sir, the worst of my Crimes! What I have stolen may be restored, but* Altezeera! *What of* Altezeera! *interrupted the Gentleman in such an Agitation as I cannot tell how to describe. Dead! dead! answered the Wretch, murdered! barbarously murdered by my curst Hand:—O Mercy!—Mercy, Heaven! and with these Words expired.*

The Gentleman, continued he, *seemed quite frantic on hearing this Confession; we had much ado to prevent him from running his Sword through the Body of him, who was now past Sense of feeling it, and afterwards*

from exercising that Act of Desperation on himself:—I thought we should never have got him back to my House, and now he is there, I know not what to do with him; for he will certainly be mad;—but who this Altezeera *is, or where the Murder was committed, we cannot find out.*

I had not as yet an Opportunity of telling my Brother any Thing concerning the Picture that had been found in the Stays of the wounded Lady; but it now came into my Head, that she was the same whom the Villain had so inhumanly abused, and whose supposed Death had thrown the Gentleman into such Agonies:—As this would be easily proved by producing the Picture, I ran immediately and fetched it, desiring both my Brother and the Inn-Keeper to tell me, if it bore any Resemblance to the Face of the afflicted Stranger: They both assured me, that it did, and, in their Opinion, could be drawn for no other:—On my relating where it had been found, my Brother joined with me in believing the wounded Lady, under our Care, was no other than the *Altezeera*, who seemed so dear to the Stranger; and that this second Adventure would unravel the Mystery of the first.—He therefore resolved to go directly to him, and put an End to his Distress, by letting him know the good Fortune we had of preserving a young Lady that Morning, who might, if Providence had not sent us so opportunely to her Relief, have been inevitably lost for ever, as her cruel Abuser doubtless imagined she was.

I begged, however, that he would not be too sudden in revealing the Affair, lest the Rush of Joy on such an Excess of Grief, might have a fatal Effect, either on his Reason or his Life: My Brother told me he was aware of it, and would behave with all Precaution.

As the Inn was scarce two Miles off, my Brother accompanied his Tenant on Foot, and in about an Hour and a half returned with *Philander*, for that was the Name of the Gentleman, whom he had in a Manner forced along with him:—Though Horror, Confusion, and the most poignant Anguish sat on every Feature, I was immediately convinced he was the Original of the

Portrait

Portrait I had in my Pocket: My Brother, in presenting him to me, said, *Sister, this Gentleman imagines he has lost a Mistress dearer to him than his Life, by the Villainy of his own Servant:—What say you, are we to judge wholly by Appearances?*

This Gentleman, answered I, *I hope is too wise to do so:—Heaven, for a Trial of our Fortitude, often threatens us with Misfortunes it never intends to inflict:—I flatter myself what he so much laments, is of the Nature I have mentioned.—Would to God, Madam*, said he, with a Sigh, which seemed to rend his Heart-Strings, *I had the least Room for Doubt; but the Villain with his dying Breath confessed the horrid Crime. Perhaps*, resumed I, *he might suppose his brutal Rage had taken Effect:—He might wound her, but not mortally:—Come, Sir*, continued I, perceiving he was ready to sink with inward Grief, which before he endeavoured to restrain, *I beseech you take Comfort:—I have a strong Prepossession that the Lady still lives to reward such constant Affection as yours appears to be: I am of the same Mind with my Sister*, cried my Brother, *and dare almost promise you a Sight of the fair injured* Altezeera *in a very short Time. O, were there a Possibility of hoping for the Blessing, I would forgive all else in the Power of Fate:—But she is too surely dead,—irrecoverably lost!—What Miracle can restore her to me, dear, murdered* Altezeera!—*The loveliest, best of Women, is fallen a Sacrifice to, I know not what, inhuman Motive.*

I would fain have asked him if he could guess by what Means she fell into the Power of such a Monster; but easily judging he could not resolve me in this Point, without entering into a Narrative his present Condition would but ill admit of, I deferred the Satisfaction of my Curiosity, till he should be more at Ease to afford it me.

I should write you a Book instead of a Letter, if I were to repeat the many Arguments made use of, both by myself and Brother, to bring him into an Imagination of the Possibility of his Mistress having escaped the cruel Stroke intended for her.—All we urged, however, was ineffectual, till I ventured to speak somewhat more plain:—*Many a Person*, said I, *has been ex-*

tremely, nay dangerously wounded, and even laid out for dead, yet have recovered: Who knows but in the very Crisis between Life and Death, some Heavenly-directed Hand might administer Relief, and save the Soul just fleeting into Eternity?—Perhaps Altezeera, *thus preserved, is this Moment thinking of* Philander, *and longing to communicate to him the Means of her Preservation.*

I spoke this with such an Air, as made him think there was something more in it, than merely to soothe his Griefs by a flattering Supposition; and looking earnestly in my Face, *Ah! Madam*, said he, *if any Accident has discovered to you any Thing relating to my* Altezeera, *I beseech, I conjure you to reveal it to me.*

I am not certain, answered I, *that a Lady who was found desperately wounded this Morning in a Field adjoining to my Brother's Park, is the same you mean; but if she prove so, I dare venture to assure you of her Life at present.—Where is that Lady?* cried he impatiently,—*the least Glimpse of her Face, the least Accent of her dear, yet well-known Voice, will soon convince me of my Happiness or Misery.*

Should the fair Person I mean, replied I, *be in reality your* Altezeera, *a Visit from you in the Condition to which she is reduced, might utterly destroy all the Efforts which have been made to save her, and be no less fatal than the Wounds she has received must have been, without the immediate Interposition of Divine Providence.—But there are other Ways to ease your Suspense, which I will point out*, continued I, *provided you give me your solemn Promise not to attempt seeing her, till she is better able to sustain so agreeable a Surprize.*

Having giving me his Word to submit to my Directions in every Thing relating to this Affair, I asked him if he had never made a Present to *Altezeera* of his Picture, to which he answering in the Affirmative, I shewed him the Picture that had been taken out of the wounded Lady's Stays.

Judge, my dear *Euphrosine*, of the Transport this Conviction gave him; I shall only tell you, it was such as sufficiently proved how necessary the Caution I had observed in making the Discovery was, to prevent

vent it from taking too violent an Effect on his Underſtanding.

By Degrees I proceeded to let him into the whole of this Adventure; but he had no ſooner known that it was to us ſhe owed her Preſervation, than the Expreſſion of his Gratitude exceeded all Bounds:—He threw himſelf at my Feet, kiſſing my Hands with the ſame Ardour he would have done thoſe of his Miſtreſs;—embraced my Brother, called him his Guardian-Angel; and it was a conſiderable Time before we could put any Stop to the immoderate Raptures of his Joy.

I thought I had now a Right to be let into the Hiſtory of a Paſſion in theſe Days ſo very extraordinary, and no ſooner ſignified my Curioſity in this Point, than he very obligingly gratified it, relating all that paſſed between him and *Altezeera* during the whole Progreſs of their Loves to the very Evening of that unhappy Accident, which was near parting them for ever.

To repeat it in his own Words, even if my Memory would permit, which is impoſſible, would be too tedious, ſince three Parts in four of the Narrative he made us, was expatiating on the Virtue, Beauty, Sweetneſs of his Miſtreſs, and his own Admiration of thoſe amiable Qualities, and even that which was moſt material, often interrupted with Exclamations on the Severity of his Fate, which had thrown ſo many Bars between him and the Accompliſhment of his Deſires—I ſhall therefore give the plain Account as I ſelected it from the leſs material, tho' I cannot but ſay very affecting Particulars.

Altezeera, it ſeems, is the Daughter of a Gentleman whom ſome fortuitous Events have raiſed to a Pitch of Opulence; yet not being content with enjoying his Wealth in a private Life, he neglects nothing that he thinks will tend to the aggrandizing himſelf and Family, and as the moſt likely Way of ſucceeding in this Point, takes all Opportunities of teſtifying his Attachment to the preſent Poſſeſſors of the Throne of *Great-Britain*. It has however ſucceeded ſo well as to make him taken Notice of at Court, and procure a Commiſſion in the Army for his ſecond Son, and one

in the Navy for his third: As for the eldeſt, he is of a different Way of thinking, and will by *no* Means accept of an Employment under the Government, though he had the Offer of one, both lucrative and honourable: This would greatly incenſe the old Gentleman, perhaps even enough to occaſion his being diſinherited, were the true Motive of his Refuſal known; but he finds Ways of evading it, and by joining his Father in railing againſt the Principles of *Jacobitiſm*, makes him far from ſuſpicious, that it is by them he is influenced to refuſe whatever would oblige him to take the Oaths.—*Ormuſia*, for that was his Name, has maintained a long Friendſhip with *Philander*, but knowing him violent in that Cauſe to which his Father is ſo averſe, never brought him Home, for fear any Diſpute concerning Party-Affairs ſhould happen between them:—They were, however, ſeldom a Day aſunder, and *Ormuſia* being ſeized with a Fit of the Gout, which confined him for a long Time to his Chamber, could not live without the Company of his dear *Philander*:—*Altezeera*, who had the moſt tender Regard for this Brother, on account of his being poſſeſſed of Qualities infinitely more amiable than either of her others, was almoſt continually with him: She either read ſome agreeable Book, or ſung to him, which greatly alleviated the Pain of his Diſtemper:—Here *Philander* frequently ſaw her, and here it was he firſt imbibed a Paſſion he had never been ſenſible of before.—The Perſon and Accompliſhments of this amiable Companion of a Brother ſo dear to her, had all the Effect the Poſſeſſor of them could wiſh on the young Heart of *Altezeera*:—*Ormuſia* obſerved in the Eyes of both the Deſires with which they were inſpired, and, as he thought, they were in every Circumſtance adapted to make each other happy, reſolved to encourage this mutual Flame.

It was he who emboldened *Philander*, to hope *Altezeera* would not be inflexible to his Offers, and contrived ſuch Opportunities for him to addreſs her, as ſhe could not well have avoided, even had ſhe had an Inclination to do ſo; but her Brother's Behaviour giving a Sanction to her Wiſhes, her Lover found her

more

more condescending than he could have hoped for without that Pretence —In fine, this tender Intercourse ended in a mutual Assurance of everlasting Affection, and a solemn Promise never to be but each other's.—*Ormusia* growing better, quitted his Chamber, but *Philander* being now acquainted with the whole Family, made his Visits almost as frequently as before: — The old Gentleman being much abroad, and his two younger Sons at their respective Posts, the Lovers had many Opportunities of repeating to each other the Sincerity of that Passion, with which both were equally inflamed; and *Philander* had now Thoughts, as he knew no Objection could be made, either as to his Family or Estate, of declaring to the Father of *Altezeera* his Pretensions: —*Ormusia* approved of his Design, and he went one Day with a full Resolution to address the old Gentleman on that Head.—No Conversation had yet happened when *Philander* was present concerning Party-Affairs, so his Principles on that Point were a Secret; but unluckily for him, a Person who was well acquainted with them, and had seen him often with *Ormusia*, had that very Morning informed the old Gentleman of all, and asked him, how he came to permit his Son to converse with a known *Jacobite*, such as *Philander*. Nothing could exceed the Rage with which this Piece of Intelligence inspired the Father; and when *Philander* entered, and was beginning to usher in the Request he was about to make, with some fine Speech proper for the Occasion;—*Sir*, cried the old Gentleman, *I hear strange Things of you, and if you do not clear yourself of an Accusation laid to your Charge, must desire you to refrain coming to my House any more, or keeping Company with my Son:—Bless me!* continued he, *I might have been undone, utterly ruined in my Fortune and Character, if I had not been warned in Time.*

Philander was so much confounded at this unexpected Treatment, that he could only ask him what he meant by it.—*Why, Sir*, replied the other, *I am told, by very good Authority, that you are a Malcontent,—a* Jacobite,—*an Oppugner of the illustrious Family of* Hanover, *or, in other Words, a Rebel.*

Had any Man but yourself called me so, answered *Philander*, somewhat warmly, *I should have known what Sort of a Reply it would become me to make :—But the Respect I have for you, is a Bond I cannot break through:—Yet, Sir, permit me to say, no Word or Action of mine ever gave Cause for branding me with the odious Appellation of Rebel.*

No, cried the old Gentleman, pouring out a Glass of Wine, *let me see you down on your Knees, and drink Confusion to the* Pretender, *and all his Brood*—*Sir*, said *Philander*, greatly shocked, *it is not in my Nature to wish Confusion to any one, and I hope you are too good a* Christian *to desire it of me in earnest.*—Christian, *or no* Christian, cried the old Gentleman in a Hurry, *he that will not drink Confusion to the* Pretender, *his Sons, and all his Adherents, I say, is worse than an Infidel: But I find what you are,—all is true I heard of you:—Therefore, Sir, I desire you will forbear my House, and if I hear my Son continues to keep you Company, he had better do somewhat else.*

I have inserted this Part of the Dialogue, my dear *Euphrosine*, merely to divert you, and to shew you how unjust and ridiculous an over-acted Loyalty may render a Person:—*Philander*, however, who had his own Reason for bringing his Antagonist into better Humour, appeared extremely cool, and though he could not persuade himself to deny his Attachment to the *Stuart* Family, he endeavoured to make the old Gentleman believe that, though he had the most tender Commiseration for the Sufferings of those unfortunate Exiles, and the greatest Admiration of their Virtues, yet he was far from wishing to attempt any Thing in Prejudice of the House of *Hanover*.

But this was so far from pacifying the Father of *Altezeera*, that he grew more outrageous, and a second Time forbidding him his House, the Lover was obliged to return without accomplishing any Part of the Business he had come upon.

Ormusia after this durst not appear in public with *Philander*, but the same Friendship as ever subsisted between them, and he not only saw him frequently in private, but also contrived Interviews between him and *Altezeera*, who did not like her Lover the less

for

for his ſteady Adherence to his Principles, ſhe being of the ſame herſelf.—But to return:

This Lady having Eighteen Thouſand Pounds left her by her Grandmother, to be paid on the Day of her Marriage, or when ſhe ſhould come of Age, was under no Neceſſity, in Point of Intereſt, to conſult her Father in the Choice of a Huſband:——Duty, however, had hitherto reſtrained her from giving her Hand without his Permiſſion; but as the Prejudice he had taken to *Philander* was as unlikely to be removed as it was unreaſonable, ſhe thought ſhe might be diſpenſed with from rendering herſelf and Lover unhappy, merely to ſubmit to ſo cruel a Caprice.

Her Brother fortified her Reſolution in this Point, appointed a Day for the Celebration of their Marriage, though it was thought proper by the Lovers, as well as himſelf, that he ſhould be preſent at it:—All Things were conducted with that Secrecy, that the old Gentleman had not the leaſt Suſpicion any Affair of Love was carrying on between his Daughter and the Man he ſo much hated, till the Eve before that Morning when ſhe was to ſteal out, and give herſelf away for ever.

The fatal Diſcovery was made by her unhappily dropping a Letter where her Father found it:—By the Deſcription of his Behaviour, it could only be compared to what we meet with in *Bedlam*:—He treated *Alizeera* with the moſt bitter Reproaches, and had he not been witheld by his own Servants, who feared he would kill her, had certainly committed ſome Outrage on her Perſon; he locked her into the Chamber, and kept the Key, however, himſelf.

Happy for *Ormuſia*, and the Lovers alſo, that his Name was not mentioned in this luckleſs Letter; ſo that, though his Father upbraided him for having introduced ſuch a Villain (for ſo he termed *Philander*) into his Family, yet he had no Suſpicion of his having any Hand in the intended Marriage; and the young Gentleman had the Addreſs to prevent him from believing any Thing againſt him in this Point, though ſome there were that laboured to inculcate in him a different Opinion.

Neither

Neither *Philander* in the Absence of his Adorable, nor *Altezeera* in her Confinement, was without some Glimpse of Hope from the Integrity of this dear Friend:—He indeed practiced every Method for the Enlargement of his Sister:—When his Father was abroad, he tried every Key in the House, but could find none would open the Door of her Prison, and to force it was impossible, without the Noise alarming the Servants: There she was compelled to remain, till her Father having formed his Resolutions went in to her one Morning, and bidding her follow him, put her into a Coach and Six, in which one Man and two Women attended to receive her.—She had no Time for Complaints or Expostulations:—The Door of the House was immediately shut, and the Coach drove away with all possible Rapidity:—She was thus carried, without knowing whither, to this Country, and placed in a small House, at present occupied by a Person, who, I find, is a Dependant on her Father, where the Person who received her, had strict Orders to confine her, to let no Person whatever have Access to her, and to refuse her even the Privilege of Pen and Paper.

The Father, though he entertained no Doubts of *Ormusia* on this Score, would not reveal to him how he had disposed of his Sister; but the young Gentleman, by the Manner in which she was carried off, had some Conjecture of the Truth; which on the Return of those who accompanied her, he had Artifice enough to sift from the Mouth of one of them.—*Philander*, who protests he would have searched the whole World for his beloved *Altezeera*, no sooner had an Account where she was, than he immediately took Horse, attended but by a Valet de Chambre whom he had lately hired, but whom he found a Fellow of an uncommon Share of Cunning, and therefore a Person proper to be employed in the Affair he had in hand; as he did not doubt but the fair Object of his Wishes would be kept as inaccessible, as while under the Key of her obdurate Father.

As our Lover had no Acquaintance in these Parts, he took up his Lodging at the Inn I before mentioned; which, though a wretched one, was the most commodious

dious for his Purpose, as being nearest to the House where *Altezeera* was confined.

The Valet had the Address to make the Discovery his Master expected from him, and the transported *Philander* no sooner was informed of the Place, which contained the Idol of his Soul, than he went in Sight, and walked backwards and forwards at a Distance, in confidence of not being known there by any body but herself, whom he hoped to see at some or other of the Windows.

His Hope in this Particular did not deceive him, he perceived her leaning her Head on her Hand in a disconsolate Posture.—Finding she did not observe him, he made a Noise with some little Stones which he picked up:—This made her cast her Eyes to the Place where he stood.—She started, and appeared equally surprized, and pleased. Not daring to speak, for fear of being heard by any of the Family, she made a Motion to him to write, and put down a Sling from the Window, to shew by what Means she might receive a Letter from him.—They continued some Minutes, exchanging the most tender and significant Glances, but, all at once, she retired hastily, and at the same time waved her Hand, in token for him to retire.

As he doubted not, but some Person coming into the Chamber, had occasioned this Interruption, he obeyed the Signal, and returned to his Inn, where he pass'd the rest of the Day in writing to her; in the Evening he was himself the Bearer of his Billet.—He waited not long before she appeared, and letting down the Sling to which he fixed it, she made a Sign that he should convey Paper, Pens, and Ink, to her by the same Means, which he afterwards did:—They continued this Conversation several Days.—The Purport of most of the Letters that passed between them, was contriving Means for her Escape, which at last was agreed to be made by a Ladder of Ropes, the Window not being very high; this Ladder was to be conveyed to her as the Letters had been; but before that could be procured, she gave him Notice, that a little Girl belonging to the Family, had said she had seen a fine Gentleman waiting in the Field behind the House, and

therefore

therefore desired he would send his Servant with the next Letter: He had seen the Child himself playing about, and as by coming frequently he might be seen by some other, he thought proper to observe the Caution *Altezeera* had given him; and his Valet, from that Time, carried what he wrote, and brought him her Answers.

Every thing being prepared for her being carried off, the Night was appointed in which she was to descend, and *Philander* now imagined himself on the point of obtaining all he had so long and so ardently languished for:—The last Night of his intending to stay in that Inn, and which he expected would be the last in which he should be under any Suspence, he went to Bed, full of the most pleasing Ideas.—Waking in the Morning, and hearing the Family were stirring, he wondered his Valet did not come into his Chamber, as was his Custom, to attend his Rising:—He lay still some time, thinking it to be more early than he at first took it to be; but undrawing his Curtains, and finding the Sun was very high, knew the Day must be far advanced; on which he started out of his Bed, and ran to the Table where he used to lay his Watch, in order to be more assured; he could neither find that, nor the Picture of *Altezeera*, which he had always worn about his Neck; but the Ribband being a little torn, he had taken it off, in order to have a new one put to it.—He was a little surprized, but supposing his Valet had laid them in some other Place, began to stamp with his Feet, and call hastily for him: Some of the People coming up he asked for his Man, and was answered that he was not yet returned. *Returned! from whence?* cried *Philander* hastily; they replied, they knew nothing, but from where they supposed he had sent him. In short, after some few more Questions little to the Purpose, but such as was the Confusion he was in, it was natural for him to ask, he was informed, that after he was in Bed, the Valet had come to the Stable, ordered the best Horse to be saddled, and when he mounted, told the Groom that he was going on an extraordinary Affair for his Master, and should not return till late the next Day. *Philander* then began to examine

examine his Cloak-Bag, and found himſelf ſtripped of every thing the Villain could carry off, without being ſuſpected by the People of the Houſe.

This, ſaid he, concluding his Narrative, *is all I am able to acquaint you with, in relation to the Deſign of that dead Monſter; it is* Altezeera *herſelf, who alone can inform us by what Magic Arts he got her into his Power, and what it was that prompted him to commit on ſuch Beauty, Youth, and Innocence, an Outrage which the moſt ſavage* African *would never have been guilty of.*

We paſs'd the reſt of the Evening in admiring the Goodneſs of Divine Providence, which frequently, when we think ourſelves moſt loſt to Hope, by Means the moſt unexpected, ſends Relief, and ſnatches us from Deſpair.

In the Morning, the Surgeon found his Patient in as fair a Way of Recovery as could be wiſhed, but yet not fit to hold any long Converſation; the Impatience of *Philander* to ſee her, is ſtill, therefore, obliged to be reſtrained; my Brother, to alleviate his Diſcontent, has taken him out this Day a fiſhing; and I ſeize on this Interval to acquaint you with an Adventure, which has ſomewhat in it remarkable enough to engage your Attention, and excuſe the length of this Epiſtle from my dear *Euphroſine*,

Yours, &c.

ASTREA.

P. S. The Moment I am let into the Myſtery of *Altezeera*'s Misfortune, I ſhall not fail to acquaint you with it.—Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XC.

My dear Euphrosine,

I Concluded my last with an almost assured Hope, that the Adventure related in it, would end to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned; an unlucky Turn has happened to cast a Gloom on the late fair Prospect, and involved us all in a second Confusion.

" Sure every Passion but fond Love,
" Unto its own Redress does move;
" But that alone the Wretch inclines
" To what prevents his own Designs.

Indeed I am more angry with *Philander*, than I have Words to express:——Certainly, if ever Lover had Cause to be contented with his Fate, he had;—to find his Mistress, whom he thought dead, alive, in the same House with him, and in the Care of Persons who took a Pleasure in promoting her Recovery; and that the very Accident which threatened him with her irrecoverable Loss, had given her Liberty, and put it in her Power to be for ever united to him:—These, I say, one would think, were Reflections to have made any reasonable Man happy;——but I see plainly, not only by his Behaviour, but that of some others, whom we both know, the Truth of the Poet's Words,

" ——That to be wise and love,
" Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

Though he had heard the Surgeon every Day repeat his Injunctions that his Patient should be kept extremely quiet;—that no unnecessary Questions should be put to her, and all Occasions of obliging her to speak, most carefully avoided; adding, that on her Silence and Composure of Mind the Certainty of her Cure depended; and though I had given him the most solemn Assurances, that the Moment she should be in a Condition to hold any Conversation, she should be informed of his being there; yet, notwithstanding all this,

this, it was with the utmost Difficulty I restrained him from shewing himself to her; and though I am pretty certain, from the whole Tenor of his Deportment, that he loves with as much Sincerity as any Man can do, I am at the same time convinced, that it was more the Fear of offending me, than any Apprehensions of the Consequences which might attend this Visit, that deterred him from going into her Chamber.

For four Days, however, I kept him within the Bounds so necessary to be observed; but on the fifth, when I was engaged with some Ladies who were come to visit me, his Impatience so far prevailed on my Brother as to gain his Consent for gratifying him so far as to see *Altezeera* when she was asleep, on condition, that he should content himself with a bare Sight of her Face, without attempting to disturb her Repose.

His Request was accompanied with such moving Expressions, that my Brother could not resist the Force of them:—He went with him to the Chamber of *Altezeera*, and being told by the Person whom I had ordered to attend her, that she was just fallen into a Slumber, they drew near the Bed, and *Philander* opening the Curtain gently, had a full View of the Face he so much longed to see:—Fatal Curiosity! how dear had it been like to cost him! His ungovernable Passion broke through the Bounds of Reason, Discretion, and even Care of the beloved Object, and perhaps, without even knowing what he did, he cried out in a Transport,—*Tis she,—by Heaven 'tis she herself!* and at the same Moment seized one of her Hands which lay over the Bed-Cloaths, and put it to his Mouth with an Eagerness as if going to devour it:—This Pressure, joined to the loud Exclamation he had made, would have awaked the slumbering Fair had she been in a more deep Sleep than the present Anguish of her Condition could be expected to permit:—She started, opened her Eyes, screamed and fell immediately into a Fit, out of which she recovered to relapse into a worse. *Philander*, now sensible of the ill Effects of what he had done, railed like a Man wholly deprived of Reason:—My Brother, though extremely disconcerted, forced him with much ado out of the Chamber:

ber :—She grew ſo bad that all the Servants in the Houſe were called to her Aſſiſtance ; I heard the Noiſe, and excuſing myſelf to my Friends, flew to the Chamber of *Altezeera*, whom I found as I then thought in the Agonies of Death :—The Surgeon was ſent for and a Phyſician, to join his Endeavours alſo for her Relief; indeed I deſpaired that it would be in the Power of either to afford her any. I was in too great a Concern to enquire preſently, if any Accident had happened to occaſion ſo ſad a Change in her ; but her own Words, when the intermiſſion of her Fits gave her leave to ſpeak, let me into great Part of the Truth: —*The inhuman Wretch*, cried ſhe, *has murdered my Maſter !*—O Philander ! Philander ! *but I follow thee*; then fainted away, and on her Recovery, *Where is the dear Shade?* reſumed ſhe, *why ſo ſoon vaniſhed ?—He was here but now—There, there he ſtood.* Thus did ſhe rave between the Intervals, and I aſking haſtily if any one had been in the Room, was informed by my Woman of what I have related to you. I cannot tell whether my Grief for the Effects of this Accident, or Rage at the Occaſion of it, was moſt predominant ; but this was not a Time or Place to expreſs my Sentiments, and caſting about in my Mind what was beſt to be done, I thought that as ſhe had ſeen her Lover, and imagined it was his Apparition, to convince her it was his real Self would be leſs prejudicial than the Error ſhe was in :—I therefore told her, that *Philander* was living and had no other Wounds than thoſe on his Mind for the dangerous Condition to which the Villainy of his wicked Servant had reduced her :— *Philander*, cried ſhe, *living ! and you know him, Madam, and our unhappy Story !—He is*, anſwered I, *a Gueſt at preſent in this Houſe.* And then perceiving ſhe was in a Condition to attend to what I ſaid, related to her all I knew of this Adventure ; the Remainder, I told her, muſt be her Part to unfold, when Heaven ſhould be pleaſed to give her Strength to do it.—*But*, cried ſhe haſtily, *may I not ſee* Philander ! *Did he appear before me only to give me Terror ?—and ſhall I not again have the Conſolation of beholding him whom my Soul longeth after, and for whoſe ſake I wiſh*

live? I then ordered he ſhould be called, and it ſeems his Diſtraction for his late Behaviour was ſo great, that it required no leſs than ſuch a pleaſing Mandate to reſtore him to his Senſes ;——he came, and throwing himſelf on his Knees at her Bed-ſide, conjured her to forgive the Fright which the Impatience of his Love had occaſioned. There needed little Rhetoric to obtain what he requeſted, and the Scene between them was extremely moving; but the Exertion of her Spirits on this ſudden Flow of Joy, after the Hurry they had been in with a contrary Emotion, threw her again into Firs ſo violent, that happy was it for us all, that the Doctor and Surgeon came in to our Relief ;—the latter of theſe finding ſo ſad a Change in his Patient, after having left her in the Morning ſo much better, ſhook his Head, and told us, he feared his Orders had not been complied with ; to which I anſwered, that indeed they had not, and the preſent Condition of the Lady was owing to an Accident which had thrown her Mind into ſome Confuſion; but intreated they would do their utmoſt for retrieving this Misfortune. *Philander*, who had looked very ſilly all the time I was ſpeaking, now cried out, *Reſtore her, and make your own Demands, though it be my whole Eſtate.* It is not to be doubted, but that they aſſured him, nothing in the Power of their Skill ſhould be wanting:——On examining her Pulſe, they found it much diſordered, and the Surgeon, when he took off her Dreſſings, ſaid the Wounds were much inflamed ; ——they both, however, gave us Hopes that if ſhe kept twelve Hours from a Fever, ſhe might get over this Shock ;——ſtrict Orders were again repeated, that every thing about her ſhould be as ſtill as poſſible, which *Philander*, too ſenſible of his late Error, will not tranſgreſs.

The Time ſpecified by the Phyſicians paſſed over without any Symptom of a Fever being diſcovered ; but ſhe was, and ſtill continues, ſo exceſſively weak, that when ſhe attempts to ſpeak, her Voice is ſcarce intelligible. I fear it will be ſome time before ſhe recovers Strength enough to relate that which we yet are ignorant of, concerning this Adventure :——Her

Life,

Life, however, is now judged to be out of Danger; *Philander* is never from her Chamber, but when Decency obliges him to retire:—His tender Assiduities certainly contribute greatly to restore her to that Composure of Mind, without which all exterior Remedies would be applied to little Effect; so that, angry as I was, at the Disregard he paid to my Intreaties, or the Orders of the Surgeon, I am now of Opinion, that the Prejudice done her by his Disobedience is well atoned for by the inward Satisfaction I can perceive she now enjoys, and have therefore heartily forgiven him that Act of Rashness, and my Brother for permitting it.

This is all I am able to inform you of at present, but hope a few Days will give me more Light into an Affair, which yet seems big with Mystery. Till then, adieu!—I need not tell you with how much Sincerity I am, my dear *Euphrosine*,

Yours, &c.

ASTREA.

LETTER XCI.

My dear Euphrosine,

I NOW write to you with double Satisfaction, having it in my Power, at last, to present you with the Sequel of an Adventure, which I know your Good-Nature must be very much interested in, though not yet acquainted with any of the Persons concerned in it.

I had but just finished my last Letter to you, and two or three other Dispatches I was obliged to send to *London*, when *Philander* came into my Chamber, and with a Transport of Joy told me, that his dear *Altezeera* was so much better, that she believed herself able to give an Account of the Accident that had befallen her, but would not do it till I was present: This so overjoyed me, that I did not stay to congratulate him on the Occasion, but ran hastily into the Room where she was; he followed with an equal Degree of Speed, and we were no sooner seated by her Bedside,

Bedſide, than ſhe began with a Voice mere audible than I could have imagined, to addreſs herſelf to us in the following Terms:

'It has been no ſmall Addition to the Pain I have 'felt, that you, Madam, and my dear *Philander*, ſhould 'ſo long he kept in Ignorance concerning the Man-'ner by which I was reduced to the Condition I was 'found in, and relieved by the generous Pity of your-'ſelf, and your noble Brother.

'The Beginning of my Hiſtory I know *Philander* 'has already made you acquainted with; it only re-'mains for me to tell you, that the Night before that 'appointed for my Eſcape, juſt as I was going into 'Bed, I heard the accuſtomed Signal under my Win-'dow: I was very much ſurpriſed, but looking out, 'found it was indeed *Philander*'s Servant; on which 'I haſtily let down the String, ſuppoſing he had 'brought a Letter:—*Madam*, ſaid he, *my Maſter had* '*no Time to write, an Accident has happened that re-* '*quires your immediate Removal;—no Time is to be loſt;* '*make haſte therefore to deſcend;—he has prepared a Cha-* '*riot in which he waits for you at a convenient Diſtance.* 'I had no Suſpicion of the Truth of what he ſaid, but 'ran back to fetch the Ladder of Ropes he had before 'conveyed to me: While I was fixing it, *Have you* '*got your Jewels, Madam?* cried he, *I have none here,* 'anſwered I:—*That is unlucky*, replied he, *but no* '*Matter*. By this Time I was got down;—he was 'on Horſeback,—he took me up before him, and we 'rode, I believe, near a Mile, without ſpeaking a 'Word, till coming to the great Road, I aſked him 'where *Philander* was.—*A little farther off*, anſwered 'he, and with theſe Words clapped Spurs to his 'Horſe, which galloped with us at ſuch a furious 'Rate, that I had no Breath to ſpeak.

'I thought we were now far enough from the Place 'where I had been confined, and began to wonder I 'did not ſee *Philander*. Our Pace being a little ſlack-'ened, I aſked where he was, and added, I hoped he 'had not miſtaken the Road, where the Chariot was 'to meet us:—*No, no*, replied this Monſter, *you are* '*nearer to your Lover than you imagine.*

'I was

'I was that Instant (continued she) seized with 'Terror which I could not then account for, nor am 'able to describe: I threw my Eyes round in search 'of what I so much wished to see; but though I might 'have discerned Objects at a great Distance, the Moon 'shining very bright, nothing presented itself to me 'but a dreary Waste, over which we passed, and came 'to the Entrance of a Wood;—Here it was the Villain stopped and still holding me in his Arms, dismounted:—He made me sit down on a kind of 'Bank, while he tied his Horse by the Bridle to a 'Tree; *Now*, said he, *you will immediately be in possession of the most faithful and passionate of all Lovers.* '*O where is he?* cried I, endeavouring to penetrate 'into the Thickness of the Wood; *why comes he not* '*to ease my trembling Heart?—Here, here he is*, replied 'that most execrable of all Traitors, and at the same 'time throwing himself down by me, *Behold in me* '*your faithful Adorer*;—Philander *loves you not,—he* '*has resigned his Title to you, and you are mine by his* '*Gift, and I hope will be so by your own free Will*, when '*you shall be convinced how much I adore you.*

'The Astonishment and Terror I was in at the Beginning of this infamous Declaration, left me not the 'Power of interrupting it, till he attempted to close 'it with a Kiss:—Rage got the better of the more 'timid Passions, and giving him a Blow with all my 'Force upon the Face, *Most impudent of all Villains!* 'cried I, *what Devil has prompted thee to this Behaviour?* *Your Beauty*, answered he, *and the Commands of* '*him that was once my Master.—Thou liest*, said I, half 'choaked with Indignation, and endeavouring to rise; 'but alas! all the Strength I could muster up, was 'feeble, when opposed to his. He had me fast within 'his Grasp, and compelled me to sit still and hear the 'odious Arguments he had prepared to work me to 'his Will:—He told me, that sensible of the many 'Inconveniencies that attend Marriage without the 'Consent of Friends, and besides having the Offer of 'a more suitable Match, that *Philander* had resolved 'to quit me; on which he said he had acquainted you 'with the secret Passion he had for me; that you advised

vised him to pursue it; and directed him in the Means he now had taken as the most likely for accomplishing his Purpose.

'Think not, my generous Benefactress, nor you, my dear *Philander*, (she went on) that I believed one Syllable of what this Wretch had uttered, but the different Passions of Fear and Anger warring in my Breast, prevented me for some time from saying any thing in contradiction to his Falshoods. He added, that though reduced to be a Servant, through the ill Management of his Parents, he was descended of a good Family, had a little Knowledge of Commerce, and as I had a Fortune independent of my Father, he would carry me to *Holland*, and lay it out in such Merchandize as he should find would turn to the best Account; *So that*, said he, throwing his hatefnl Arms about my Neck, *I doubt not but by my Industry, you may be one Day no less rich, and infinitely more happy, than you could have been in being the Wife of* Philander.

'Had I been Mistress of the least Presence of Mind, I should certainly have flattered the Villain's Hopes, have seemed to give Credit to his Allegations, made a shew of Consent to his Desires, and suffered him to conduct me on the Journey he mentioned, till we had arrived at some Place where I might safely have discovered my Disdain, proclaimed his Treachery, and applied for the Protection of Justice:—Believing himself secure of me, he then would perhaps have treated me with Respect, and I had escaped the Insults he soon after had the Insolence, and the Cruelty to offer:—But in that dreadful Juncture, my Senses were all confused and lost:—I had no Reflection, no Contrivance, no Thought, but to find proper Words wherewith to express my Abhorrence of his Person, and Attempt. This so irritated him, that he plainly told me, if I would not be his in the honourable Way he had proposed, I should be so by one which should make me hereafter repent my Pride and Folly; that he had not proceeded so far without a Resolution to stop at nothing; and that

'he

' he was not of a Humour to be checked by the vain
' Threats of a weak silly Woman.

' These Words were followed by *Actions* which
' left me no Room to doubt the horrid Intention of his
' Soul; my Modesty, alas! suffered but too many In-
' dignities, and it was Heaven alone that surely enabled
' me to repel the last of Violations:—All my Stock of
' Strength, however, was near exhausted, and I was
' very near being rendered the most wretched of my
' Sex, when I was relieved by the most unexpected,
' and, indeed, unhoped for Means.

' Just as I was on the Brink of Ruin, the sudden
' Trampling of Horses at some Distance made the
' Villain start, and pause in the Execution of his Pur-
' pose. This Interruption also gave me Time and
' Breath to send forth a loud Shout, in Hopes of
' drawing those Persons, whoever they were, to my
' Rescue:—He still kept listening, but stopped my
' Mouth with his Hand so close, that I could make
' little or no Sound; I used my utmost Efforts, how-
' ever, for that Purpose, which he perceiving, and at
' the same time imagining the Persons he heard were
' coming that Way, perhaps also they were in pursuit
' of himself, to prevent being taken, and in revenge
' for his Disappointment, he drew his Hanger, and
' gave me two Wounds, holding the other Hand still
' over my Mouth; after which he set his Foot upon
' my Breast, doubtless to dispatch me with the more
' Speed, then mounted his Horse, and rode away with
' an incredible Swiftness.

' My intended Ravisher being gone, as I might
' well be assured, by his last Usage of me, with no
' Thoughts of returning, I made no Efforts to call
' the Strangers, whom I still heard, to my Assistance,
' not doubting by the Pains I felt, but I had received
' a mortal Wound, and also not being sure but I
' might fall into as bad Hands as his I had just es-
' caped:—I therefore lay quite still till they were
' passed, which they did without taking any Notice of
' me; they were three in Number, and seemed earnest
' in Discourse; but on what Subject, or what Business
' bent, my Agonies prevented me from discovering:

' —You

'—You may ſuppoſe, indeed, I had little Curioſity 'to know.

'I will not trouble you with any Deſcription of the 'Agonies with which my Mind accompanied thoſe of 'my Body;—you may judge, in the dying Condition 'I then thought myſelf, they muſt be as terrible as 'Human Nature could ſuſtain; but I cannot forbear 'ſaying, that the Apprehenſions I had, that the wick-'ed Wretch had murdered his Maſter, were not the 'leaſt tormenting.

'My Wounds bled very faſt, and I can impute my 'not fainting quite away, only to the exceſſive Pain 'I felt from the Hurt in my Breaſt, the Monſter ha-'ving ſet his Foot juſt in the Place where a little Pic-'ture of *Philander*'s was concealed within my Stays.

'Day at laſt broke, the Weather was extremely ſul-'try, which, joined to the great Loſs of Blood I had 'ſuſtained, got the better of my Anguiſh, and I fell 'into a Kind of Swoon: How long I lay in that Con-'dition, I know not, but the firſt Objects that pre-'ſented themſelves to my returning Senſes, were you, 'good Madam, and your noble Brother: Let me call 'you the Guardian-Angels of my Life, my Honour, 'my Peace, my Happineſs, and my Love.

Here *Altezeera* ended the Narrative we had ſo long and ſo impatiently wiſhed to hear, which I would not detain your Attention from, by any Repetition of the many Interruptions, which the violent Emotions *Philander* was in at ſome Parts of it, forced him to give, during the Recital.

Altezeera herſelf was ſo much fatigued with holding ſo long a Diſcourſe, and alſo with the various Agitations which the Remembrance of what had paſſed raiſed in her, that even *Philander* himſelf, loth as he was to leave her Preſence, judged it neceſſary we ſhould retire, in order that ſhe might take ſome Repoſe.

We went down Stairs into the Parlour, where we found my Brother juſt come in. He ſeemed more penſive than ordinary, but before we had Time to aſk him the Cauſe of it, he ſurprized us with a Piece of Intelligence we little expected.

He told us that having been at —— Town, which you know is but ſix Miles off this Houſe, he had been informed that an old Gentleman, accompanied by three others, were all lodged at an Inn, and were coming the next Morning to him, to apply for an Authority to ſearch the County for a young Lady, who had for ſome Time been miſſing, and they imagined was concealed in ſome Houſe or other in theſe Parts.

By the Deſcription, ſaid my Brother, *this can be no other than the Father of* Altezeera; *and, if ſo, it would be mean and baſe in me to grant Authority for the troubling other People's Houſes with a fruitleſs Search after a Perſon whom I concealed in my own. Beſides,* added he, *I could not anſwer to myſelf the impoſing on a Gentleman of his Character and Figure in the World.*

Philander turned pale at hearing my Brother ſpeak in this Manner, fearing he intended to give up *Altezeera* to her Father, and they ſhould again be ſeparated :—Indeed, I was a little ſurprized myſelf, conſidering the Sweetneſs of his Temper, and the Friendſhip which he had conceived for *Philander* in this ſhort Time of their Acquaintance.

But he ſoon eaſed the Suſpence we both were in, by continuing his Diſcourſe in this Manner: *I ſee no Way,* ſaid he, *either honourable for myſelf, or that can ſecure the Poſſeſſion of* Altezeera *to* Philander, *but by an immediate Marriage; to which if they both agree, I will have the Pleaſure of giving her Hand to him, who, I am convinced, deſerves it, and my own Chaplain ſhall perform the ſacred Ceremony.—A Huſband's Power abrogates that of a Father, and his Affection will not attempt to diſannul what Providence ſeems to have deſigned.*

Never did I behold any Tranſport come up to that which *Philander* expreſſed on this Occaſion ;—he threw himſelf upon my Brother's Neck,—called him his Patron,—his Preſerver, and gave him all the tender Epithets that Gratitude could invent. The firſt Raptures of his Satisfaction being over, he began to expreſs ſome Fears, that *Altezeera* would not, in her preſent weak Condition, be prevailed on to agree to this Propoſal; but I undertook to bring it about; on which we all retired to our reſpective Chambers, having re-

ſolved,

ſolved, that very early in the Morning the Nuptials ſhould be ſolemnized: Before I went to Bed, I ordered the Woman, who attended *Altezeera*, to call me on her firſt Waking.

Accordingly, about Four o'Clock in the Morning, the Woman came to my Bedſide, and told me, that the Lady, after a very refreſhing Sleep, was now awake, and had called for ſomething to drink; on which I roſe, got on my Cloaths with all the Speed I could, and went into her Chamber: She ſeemed very much amazed at ſeeing me ſo early, but I ſoon told her what my Errand was, and found no Difficulty to perſuade her to follow the Scheme my Brother had propoſed.

This done, I ſent to awaken my Brother, *Philander*, the Chaplain, the Houſe-keeper, and Butler, thinking it neceſſary they ſhould be Witneſſes to the Marriage

Philander, I ſuppoſe, had not ſlept ſince I laſt ſaw him, for I had no ſooner ſent the Summons than he entered the Room;—my Brother and the reſt came in a ſhort time, and the Chaplain being told what he was to do, performed, between *Philander* and *Altezeera*, thoſe myſtic Rites which conſtitute the Matrimonial Union.

This, however, with the Thoughts of her Father's near Approach, and the Upbraidings ſhe expected from the firſt Fury of his Reſentment, made *Altezeera* ſomewhat diſordered, and it was as much as all of us could do to inſpire her with Courage to face the Storm.

It was not more than Seven, when my Brother was told ſome Gentlemen below deſired to ſpeak with him on an extraordinary Affair: This Intelligence almoſt threw *Altezeera* into her cold Fit again, but I left *Philander* to comfort her, and went down into a little Room adjacent to that my Brother always received Company in on theſe Occaſions, and where I could diſtinctly hear all that paſſed;—I ſoon found it was indeed the Father, the Brother, and two other Relations of *Altezeera*'s, who were there: They were beginning to addreſs him in the uſual Form for what they wanted,

but he presently told them, that they might spare themselves the Trouble of any farther Search, for the Lady they were in quest of was at that Time a Guest with her Husband in his House :—The Father flew into extreme Rage at the Word Husband; *What! is she married?* cried he, *the audacious Hussey! 'tis to* Philander *then, I suppose* — My Brother answered in the Affirmative, and was beginning to say some good-natured Things in Behalf of that Gentleman, and the Choice she had made; but the unreasonably-incensed Father would listen to nothing on that Score, nor be prevailed upon to see *Altezeera*, or *Philander*; he swore she never should have a Shilling from him, and that instead of a Blessing, he would load her with his eternal Curses. No Arguments my Brother could make use of had the Power to bring him to more Moderation: —He even forgot Good-Manners, and ran out of the House without paying those Respects which my Brother's Quality demanded. The other Kindred, who came with him, were more polite; — the Brother of *Altezeera*, so often mentioned in my former Letters on this Subject, stayed a little behind the others, and, in as brief Terms as he could, begged Pardon for his Father's abrupt Behaviour;—thanked him for the Favours he found had been conferred by him on his Sister and *Philander*;—intreated he would commend him to them, and let them know he would neglect nothing that might mitigate their Father's Indignation.

Poor *Altezeera* was very much affected on hearing this Detail, though we concealed from her the worst Part of what her cruel Father had said:—She received, however, some Consolation in a few Hours:—The generous *Ormusia* took an Opportunity of sending a Letter to her from the Inn, before they set out on their Return for *London*; he repeated in it what he had said to my Brother, and added, that he was very confident his Intercession, with that of other Friends, would soon bring about a Reconciliation.

I have nothing now farther to acquaint you with, my dear *Euphrosine*, than that as soon as *Altezeera* has perfectly recovered her Health, we shall all come to

London

London together; and you will then ſee a Pair of Lovers, who have ſuffered enough for each other to bring Conſtancy into Faſhion again. Farewel,—I have wrote you a Book inſtead of a Letter, and have no Time to add any Thing concerning myſelf, but that I am, dear Creature,

Sincerely yours,

ASTREA.

LETTER XCII.

From a Lady, divided between Love and Honour.

Dear Madam,

IT is only from your Prudence and experienced Friendſhip, I have my Hope of Relief, in an Exigence the moſt cruel, that certainly ever happened to any Woman in the World. I am, ſince laſt you ſaw me, involved in a Sea of Perplexities; which ever Way I ſteer, threatening Confuſion to my Peace of Mind, and Reputation—Aſſiſt me with your Counſel, I beſeech you; but I know the Intreaty will be needleſs, when you are acquainted with the Cauſe, which reduces me to want it. Take it then, as briefly as the Circumſtances will admit.

You are not ignorant, how, for two whole Years, I have been perſecuted with the importunate Addreſſes of *Leander*; I ſay, perſecuted; becauſe, tho' I found nothing in his Perſon, Character, or Converſation, to excite any Averſion, or indeed to give me any juſt Cauſe to refuſe him, yet he was far from having the Power of inſpiring my Heart with thoſe tender Emotions which are called Love, and which methought ſomewhat told me were neceſſary to be felt for thoſe to whom we intend to give up ourſelves for Life. In fine, the Conſideration of what I owed his Merits, and that generous and tender Affection, which he has given me a thouſand Proofs of, would not ſuffer me wholly to reject him, nor could I think of yielding to his Suit, without the moſt inexpreſſible Reluc-

tance. We were on these Terms together for the Time I mentioned, till last Week, wearied out by my Friends on the one Side, who, as I am turned of Two and Twenty, reminded me I ought to settle in the World, and pressed me to make an End of this Affair, and the passionate Sollicitations of *Leander* on the other, I made him a Kind of a Half-Promise in his Favour, at which he appeared in such an excessive Transport, vowing the whole Business of his Life should be to shew how sensible he was of the Blessing I had given him Room to hope, that I felt no Regret for the Condescension I had made.

But, O! dear Madam, that Day was the last of my Tranquillity; the Evening of the next I went with a Lady to the Opera; a Gentleman sat near us, who, being alone, entered into some Discourse with us, and said many gallant Things; which, though I perceived were directed chiefly to me, I should have taken little Notice of from any other Man; but there was something, that to me seemed so enchanting in the Manner in which he uttered them, the Looks that accompanied them, and the Mouth that spoke them, that I could not keep myself from taking more Pleasure in hearing him, than all the fine Notes of the Music. Towards the End of the Entertainment, *Leander*, and a Brother of the Lady's, hearing where we were, came to see us safe into our Chairs, on which I fancied this too charming Stranger looked a little disconcerted, but drew back to give those Gentlemen, whom he found were of our Acquaintance, Room to join us.— Till now, I never hated *Leander*, but at this Instant I wished him dead, or any Thing, rather than in the Way of occasioning this Interruption. We all supped together that Night, but I was such ill Company, that the tender *Leander* seemed in the utmost Anxiety for my Health, asked me a thousand Times if I had not taken Cold, or if the Kettle-drums had not made my Head ach, prescribed twenty different Remedies, and so much embarrassed me with this officious Love, that every Moment seemed an Age till I got home and parted from him.

But

But then, alas! I was far from being at Eaſe; the Idea of my unknown Conqueror ran in my Mind, and would not ſuffer me to take the leaſt Repoſe. I know you will condemn me, for thus indulging my Thoughts with a Perſon ſo utterly a Stranger to me; one I had never ſeen but once, and might probably never ſee again; one who might be already married or engaged; or, if not already ſo, might have ſeen nothing in me capable of attracting his generous Regards: I do aſſure you, Madam, all theſe Arguments I urged to myſelf, and added to them the Ingratitude I was guilty of to the Love and Conſtancy of *Leander*; but all was weak to ſtem the Torrent of ſoft Deſires, with which my Heart was overwhelmed at this one fatal Interview.—As the Poet ſays,

" A Change ſo ſwift, what Heart did ever feel!
" It ruſh'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
" And bore me in a Moment far from Shore!

You will expect, perhaps, I ſhould give you ſome Deſcription of the Charms that wrought this wonderful Effect; but I am too ſenſible, the leaſt I could ſay, would be ſuſpected of a partial Exaggeration, therefore ſhall refer to the Character given of him by others, which, as I had ſoon the Opportunity of hearing, I cannot finiſh my Story without repeating.

Neither the Morning, nor the various Objects which Day preſented, gave any Relaxation to my Diſquiets.—I traverſed every Room in my Apartment, ſat down in one, looked out of the Window of another, took up a Book, but had not Power to read. I went to Breakfaſt, but reliſhed nothing; I poured my Tea into the Sugar-Diſh inſtead of my Cup, and in fine was in ſuch an Abſence of Mind, that I knew not what I did, and was incapable of any one rational Word or Action. My Woman reminding me it was my Hour of Dreſſing, I adjourned to my Toilette, but nothing ſhe brought me to put on could pleaſe me. I threw one Set of Ribbands on the Floor, another at her Head, tore a third to pieces;—made her alter the Curls of my Hair twenty times over;—ſent her to

my Drawers for one Thing, which, when ſhe brought, I threw aſide, and called for another. While I was venting my Spleen in this Manner on my poor Maid, who had never ſeen me before in ſuch a Humour, one of my Footmen knocked ſoftly at the Door of the Dreſſing-Room, and, on her opening it, delivered a Letter, which he ſaid was juſt brought, and required an Anſwer. Alas! I did not know the Hand; I opened it with ſome Surprize; but, good Heaven! how greatly was that Surprize increaſed, when I found from whom it came, and what were the Contents! which I tranſcribe for your Peruſal, not chuſing to part with the Original, for Reaſons, to which Love alone can plead my Excuſe.

To the moſt amiable Brilliante.

' *Madam,*

' Heaven, who is the ſole Diſpoſer of all Human
' Events, can alone determine, whether I ought to
' date the Æra of my Happineſs, or Miſery, from
' laſt Evening. It is needleſs to tell you the Perſon
' who ſat next you at the Opera, and took the Liberty
' of ſpeaking to you as often as Opportunity per-
' mitted, became from that Inſtant wholly devoted to
' you; thoſe Eyes which made ſo ſudden a Conqueſt
' of my Heart could not want Penetration to diſcover
' the Effect they had upon me.—Yes, Madam, I own
' myſelf your Captive, but could not ſubmit to be ſo,
' without knowing the Name of my Conqueror.—I
' followed you to the Place where you went, and per-
' ceiving the Chair that carried you waited, concluded
' that was not your Abode, and ſtayed at a Houſe in
' the Neighbourhood, till I ſaw you come out, and
' attended you at a Diſtance, till you entered the Houſe
' which I perceive is your Habitation:—This Morning
' I was ſo fortunate to learn your Name, and that you
' are not married, but am ignorant whether pre-en-
' gaged or not; if the latter, I flatter myſelf, nei-
' ther my Family, Fortune, nor Character, are ſuch
' as would make me deſpair that the honourable Pro-
' poſals I have to make would be totally rejected.

' —Be

'—Be ſo good, therefore, I beſeech you, as to indulge me with the Knowledge, that if the Bleſſing I am ambitious of be already diſpoſed, I may, for the future, avoid all Interviews, ſo dangerous to my Peace; or, if your Heart is free to receive the ſoft Impreſſion of a faithful Love, I may endeavour, by all the Services in my Power, to be the happy Man. —This Conſideration, Madam, will prove your Generoſity equal to your Beauty, and I hope will not be thought too preſuming in me to intreat, ſince, if to gain you be among the Things that are impoſſible, Prudence requires my utmoſt Efforts to check the hopeleſs Paſſion. And, if happily for me it is otherwiſe, I cannot too ſoon begin to teſtify, with how much Ardour and Sincerity I am the charming *Brilliante*'s Adorer,

'ORONTES.'

What Agitations this Billet threw me into, I leave it to yourſelf to judge; for you, Madam, have doubtleſs known the Force of Love for that happy Man, to whoſe Memory you have been ſo faithful, as never to admit a ſecond Choice though left a Widow in all the Pride of Life and blooming Beauty.—I will not, nor indeed can I pretend to give you any exact Detail of the various, perplexed, and tranſporting Ideas, which, by turns, crouded into my Imagination, at a Declaration ſo unexpected, ſo unhoped for, ſo unthought of; I neither knew what I ought to judge of this Affair, nor in what Manner I ſhould behave.—The Reſerve of my Temper made me loth to write to a Man I had ſo little Knowledge of, eſpecially on ſuch a Subject; but there appeared ſo much Juſtice and Reaſon in his Requeſt, that after a good deal of Debate within myſelf, I at laſt reſolved to comply, but how I ſhould anſwer was the greateſt Difficulty.—To tell him I was under a previous Engagement, and entirely reject the Offer he made me of his Heart, was doing too great a Violence to my own; and to encourage his Pretenſions, after the hopes I had given to *Leander*, ſeemed diſhonourable to both; but I will not take up your Time with repeating the different Argu-

ments that my Generosity and Inclination urged on each Side the Question; I will only tell you the latter prevailed, yet not so far as to render me wholly guilty of a Breach of the other. An Expedient between both presented itself to me, as you will see by the Answer I gave, which I here inclose you a Copy of.

To Orontes.

'*SIR*,

'A Declaration of Love, from a Person so entirely 'a Stranger to me, seems so very extraordinary, that 'you cannot be surprised I have so long detained your 'Messenger, on the Uncertainty in what Manner I 'should receive it.—Were I in reality Mistress of 'more Perfections than I can pretend to be endued 'with, it would be a ridiculous and unpardonable 'Vanity in me to imagine they would have Force to 'make, in so transient a View as you had of me, an 'Impression of the Nature you make Profession of; 'and I should think your Letter dictated by meer Ca-'price, or Curiosity, to try in what Manner a Woman 'would behave on such an Occasion: But Fancy can 'create Merits where there 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.—I therefore 'flatter myself my Character will not suffer by this 'Complaisance, since it extends no farther, than to in-'form you, I neither am, or ever intend to be, under 'any Engagements, but such as shall be approved of 'by Sir *John Worthy*, who is the nearest Relation I 'have, and whose Advice shall always direct

'BRILLIANTE.'

I thought myself extremely politic in referring him to Sir *John*, as it would be the surest Touchstone of the Sincerity of his Professions, and also give me Time to collect my wandering Thoughts, so as to be able to judge what it would best become me to do, in order to gratisfy my Inclinations in favour of *Orontes*, yet not give

give his less fortunate Rival Room to complain of Infidelity. The more I considered, however, I was only the more distracted; though what I had said to *Leander* did not amount to a Promise, yet would I have given the World there had been a Possibility of recalling it; I easily perceived he depended on it, made himself sure of me, and seemed the most contented Man alive, when he had most Reason to complain — All that Day and the succeeding Night, I laboured under inexpressible Agitations:—The next Morning Sir *John* sent a Servant to desire I would come to his House, the Gout preventing him from stirring out, and added that he had Business with me of the greatest Importance.

I was not without some Suspicion, that it was on the Score of *Orontes*.—My Heart fluttered at the Thought, and I hurried to obey the Summons, with a Precipitation, which, after declaring the foolish Situation of my Mind, you will not wonder at.

He received me with a Smile, and wished me Joy; I asked of what? *Of having charmed the Heart of the most accomplished Gentleman in Town*, said he, *and of an Estate so much superior to what your Fortune could expect*. I could not restrain my Blushes, but affected to be Ignorant of his Meaning, till he told me *Orontes* had been with him, and having signified, that he found I had resolved to be directed by his Choice, had intreated his Interest. *I am infinitely obliged to you my fair Cousin*, said Sir *John*, *for paying me this Deference as I am no otherwise intitled to it than by my sincere good Wishes for your Happiness; but since you have done me this Honour, I have ventured to give* Orontes *my Promise of all the Assistance in my Power, and that as I cannot go out, I would engage you to sup with me this Evening, in order to introduce him to you in Form as a Lover, who, in my Judgment, merits your best Encouragement.*

He then told me, he had been intimately acquainted with the Father of *Orontes*, knew the Estate which devolved to the young Gentleman at his Decease, and that there was not the least Objection to be made to him, provided his Person was such as I could like; *And*, added he, *I look upon you to be too good a Judge of*

what

what is agreeable, to be blind to the many Perfections he has received from Nature as well Education, and think if you had formed in your Imagination a Man, such as would render you the most blest and envied of your Sex, you could not have exceeded what is really to be found in the accomplished Orontes.—I need not say how delighted I was to hear this Character of him from the Mouth of Sir *John*; but I dissembled it as well as I was able, and feigned some Reluctance at consenting to the Interview he proposed. I was at last, however, prevailed on to yield to what I more passionately desired than any thing this World could give, and I took my Leave, promising to return about Six in the Evening.

At the appointed Hour I went, having, as you may believe, neglecting nothing that I thought might confirm the favourable Opinion *Orontes* had entertained of me: I found him there before me; Sir *John* presented him; and he accosted me with the usual Forms on such Occasions, but I had enough to do to receive his Salutation as that of a Person who was more indebted to the Recommendation of my Kinsman, than to my own Inclination. Lady *Worthy* had prepared a very elegant Entertainment, after which, being just a Set for *Whist*, we went to Cards. *Orontes* was my Partner, which gave him an Opportunity of saying many Things to me, equally gallant as tender.

It growing late, he waited on me home, made me the most passionate Declaration of his Love, had my Permission to visit me the next Day, and to renew his Professions; he gave all the Tokens imaginable of thinking himself happy in the Progress he had made, and I was no less so in my own Mind, to find that this second Sight of me had not lessened the Passion the first had inspired him with.

But, Madam, when I was left alone, and had Leisure to meditate on the Circumstances of this Adventure, I could not forbear trembling at the Consequences.—The Violence of *Leander*'s long and constant Flame seemed to threaten all that was terrible, when he should come to know he had been supplanted in that Affection he had flattered himself with by a

Lover

Lover of a Day old.—I found there was but too much Reason to fear, he would not tamely suffer this new Rival to bear away the Prize he had long, by all Manner of Services, sought to obtain.—The most fatal Images now presented themselves to me.—The Reproaches I should receive from him, perhaps from the other also, on account of that Pre-engagement *Leander* might pretend; —the Censure the Town would pass on me for my imagined Levity; — all came at once into my Head, and rendered my Night more tormenting, than the Day had been transporting.

My Inquietudes had certainly but too just a Foundation.—They still remain upon me, nor can even the Presence of *Orontes*, whom I have seen twice since we met at Sir *John*'s, entirely dissipate them.

Leander, as yet, knows nothing of his Mishap: Fortune has been so much my Friend, as to take him out of Town for some Days, and given me Time to reflect on the Capriciousness of my Fate.—But alas! what does it avail?—I always regarded *Leander* as a Man of Honour; thought myself obliged to him for the Sincerity of his Attachment, but never either loved him, or pretended to do so; yet, as I have been inadvertent enough to say some Things, which he has construed into a growing Affection in me, to be convinced of the contrary must be the most cruel Disappointment. — I am grieved to think the Pains I must inflict, yet to relieve them must feel more poignant ones myself. What, Madam, shall I do? I esteem *Leander*, and I love *Orontes*. Both pursue the same Aim with me, and will be equally miserable in missing it. —Tell me, dear Madam, is there a Way in Nature for me to extricate myself from this Perplexity? I would marry according to my Inclinations, yet would not lose the Good-will of *Leander*, nor have my Character blemished by the Accusations of his Despair.—O! that he loved me less, or I had never known what it was to love another:—Had I never seen *Orontes*, I might have given my Hand to *Leander*,—have lived with him a dull, insipid, but innocent Life; if Happiness had not been my Portion, yet should I have been free from Wretchedness; but, what a superlative

Degree

Degree of Wretchedness, to suffer *one* to possess my *Person*, while *another* triumphs over my *Heart!*—Can I yield to the Endearments of *Leander*, yet languish with the utmost Height of Passion for *Orontes!*—I shudder at the Thought.—'Tis Death, or worse than Death.—Yet can I, to gratify this Passion, sacrifice Gratitude, Generosity, and Honour, run the Risk of involving him I love, and him I ought to love, in Perplexities, which may be lasting as their Lives?—I speak not of the Ills which may happen to myself, the least of which is Loss of Reputation, and a Consciousness of having acted wrong.

Once more I beg you will favour me with your Advice, and believe me that I truly am, in spite of my Distractions, with the greatest Respect, Dear Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

BRILLIANTE.

LETTER XCIII.

The Answer.

Dear Madam,

I KNOW of nothing, which for a considerable Time has given me more Pain, than the Account your last brought me.—I am extremely grieved to find in you a Proof of those unhappy Consequences, which I always thought threatened any Promises made to a Lover, previous to those before the Altar. When we come there, it is Time enough to declare our Sentiment; all Assurances we give of our Affection beforehand, though made with never so much Sincerity, are frequently broke, and when kept, I have observed, are seldom fortunate.

If it is dangerous, then, to engage ourselves to a Man we truly love and prize above the rest of his Sex, how much more is it to do thus to one, who is indifferent to us! We cannot, having a Heart unprepossessed, be certain, but that in a Moment an Object may be presented to us, which may at once destroy our former Insensibility, and teach us, indeed, what it is to

love. This has been your Caſe, and you have fatally experienced a Miſchief, which, I doubt not, but you were far from apprehending.—But Remonſtrances of this Nature are now too late.—You do not want to be made ſenſible of your Inadvertency, but to receive Advice, how to remedy the Inconveniencies which may probably attend it.—You are ſo good to requeſt this of me, and I will give it you with the utmoſt Sincerity, according to the beſt of my Judgment.

I cannot perſuade you, my dear *Brilliante*, to give yourſelf to a Man you do not love, even tho' you did not love another; much leſs as you are poſſeſſed with ſo extreme a Paſſion, and for one whoſe Merit, by all Account, (for I have heard much of him) ſeems to juſtify all the Tenderneſs you have for him. I cannot too much applaud the Delicacy of your Sentiments, and that nice Senſe of Honour which makes you tremble at violating what you ſay, and I will not diſbelieve, was no more than a Half-Promiſe. I heartily pity *Leander*, who it is certain loves you to an infinite Degree, and is a very worthy Man; but it would be an ill Return to his Love and Conſtancy, to give him a Wife, who would think herſelf miſerable in being ſo: —A Wife, to whom, the more he endeavoured to endear himſelf, the more he would be diſagreeable:— A Wife, who in his Arms, languiſhed for another, and who, in every Action ſhewed ſhe was his more by Compulſion than Inclination. Indeed, however unhappy *Leander* may think himſelf in being rejected by you, he would find himſelf much more ſo in being accepted, in the preſent Situation of your Heart, which, according to your Deſcription of it, and the Merits of your Conqueror, ſeems not very likely to change.

How then ſhall you behave, you ſay, how get off from the Encouragement you have given *Leander*, without incuring the Cenſure of Levity from him and all his Friends?—I muſt own it a very difficult Point, nor do I think, proceed which Way ſoever the Circumſtances between you permit, you can totally avoid ſome Accuſations of that Nature: I know how ſtinging they will be to a Woman who thinks as you do,

do, but yet they will be light in comparison with those severe Upbraidings which will attend the Consciousness of having rendered the Man so dear to you, yourself, and even *Leander* also, unhappy, by the fulfilling an inconsiderate Promise, which his Importunities alone extorted from you.

However, as the longer *Leander* continues in the Hope you have so unfortunately given him, the more will his Affection increase, and consequently the Disappointment be the greater, I would have you receive him with the greatest Coolness, and though I think it would neither be Good-Manners, nor Gratitude, to preserve that Ill-Humour towards him, you tell me you did, on your having first seen *Orontes*, yet I would have you behave so, as by Degrees to let him see how impossible it is for you ever to love or marry him. If possible conceal from him the Addresses of his Rival, and as that would be difficult in this Town, where all Eyes are on the Watch for such Discoveries, I think it highly proper you should retire to the House of some Friend in the Country, strictly forbidding him to follow you. When you are there, let Sir *John*, who I find is perfectly in the Interest of *Orontes*, make use of all his Rhetoric to convince *Leander*, that the Match he has so long solicited, could not bring Happiness to either Party; and according as he behaves on that Occasion, let him either venture, or not, to insinuate that you might marry to greater Advantage.

As our kindred are for the most part guided by Interest, Sir *John*'s appearing in the Matter will take away great Part of the Blame from you; and the World, and even *Leander* himself, will be apt to imagine, you rather yielded to the Persuasion of so near a Relation, than to any Change in your own Inclination.

This, I think, will be a much more eligible Way of proceeding, than precipitately to reverse the Hopes he at present flatters himself with.—To find himself at once rejected, and for the sake of a Rival, might produce some desperate Effects, perhaps, even fatal, either to the Loved, or Unbeloved, perhaps to both.—Whereas, Time, the Argument of Friends, and your

Reserve,

Reſerve may at laſt bring this impatient Lover to a more moderate Way of thinking, to judge with Temper on what you ſhall tell him, and make him know, by Experience, the Truth of *Oroonoko*'s Maxim,

" Degrees make all Things eaſy."

Thus have I given you my faithful Sentiments, as to the Dilemma you are in, and leave you to improve on the Scheme I have laid down for relieving yourſelf from it; if your own Ingenuity, actuated by a Paſſion fertile in Expedients, ſupply you with a better, I ſhall be ſincerely rejoiced, none being more truly deſirous of your Happineſs, than, dear Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant,

SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XCIV.

From a Lady to her Friend on the Enormity of Scandal.

Dear Ardelia,

I LEAVE it to the Divines to decide, what Sin it is which Heaven itſelf has determined not to pardon; but certainly there is none which on Earth deſerves ſo litt'e Forgiveneſs, as that of Scandal and Defamation.—Even Murder ſeems to me leſs cruel, leſs atrocious.—The Perſon ſtabbed, only meets before the Time that Fate to which all Nature is condemned: but the Slaughter of Reputation is a Poignard to the Soul;—and Life but prolongs the Senſe of Pain —Yet this glaring Iniquity, this ſavage Sporting, paſſes for Wit in thoſe who practiſe it, and is an agreeable Entertainment to the Hearers.—Methinks, it ſhould rather ſhock than delight any one who pretends to the leaſt Good-Nature, to hear the real Errors of their Fellow-Creatures, ſet forth and magnified with all the aggravating Circumſtances that witty Malice can invent. But where no Cauſe is given for Cenſure, where the moſt perfect Innocence is no Defence, and even that

that Openeſs of Behaviour, and unaffected Chearfulneſs, which are its trueſt Inclinations, are conſtrued into the marks of a vicious Inclination, the Crime of thoſe who do ſo, ought to be as deteſtable to Man, as moſt ſurely it is to Heaven.

I doubt not but you will readily imagine, I have the Story we heard laſt Night in view.—Indeed, my Dear, I cannot eaſily forget the unbecoming Flouts, the ſcurril Jeſts, which the greateſt Part of the Company paſſed upon two abſent Ladies, who, as it proved, had no Friends to take their Parts. As neither you nor I were acquainted with the Perſons and Characters of the young Perſons ſcandalized, we were obliged to content ourſelves with ſaying we were ſorry if there were any real Grounds for what we found gave the Aſſembly ſo much Diverſion.—You know how little weight the Diſpleaſure we teſtified had to put a Stop to the Career of Raillery, almoſt every Mouth was full of:—But I muſt now inform you, that this Morning I ſaw a Gentleman, who is well acquainted with the Ladies in queſtion, and on whoſe Veracity I dare depend.—He aſſured me, upon his Honour, that they were ſo far from giving any Room to authoriſe the injurious Treatment I related to him, that nothing could be more modeſt and inoffenſive than their Deportments; and that it was his firm Belief, their Thoughts and Inclinations were entirely conformable to what they appeared.—He told me, however, that he had heard ſomewhat of the Nature I had repeated, which he ſuppoſed had been invented by ſome wicked Perſon: *But*, ſaid he, *as I am confident there is not the leaſt Truth in it, I am amazed it did not immediately ſubſide and die with the other Lies of the Day.*—I replied, that I had always obſerved the *Left-Hand* Trumpet of Fame was more ſonorous than the *Right*; that the fatal Blaſt once ſounded, reached through every Quarter, and, with repeated Echoes, ſilences the ſofteſt Notes of Gentleneſs and Humanity. As one of the beſt of our *Engliſh* Poets juſtly expreſſes it:

" On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
" While virtuous Actions are but born, and die.

As I know you will be equally glad with *myself*, to have a just Pretence for vindicating the Reputation of the two young Creatures, so barbarously traduced, I could not forbear immediately acquainting you with the Opinion my Friend has of them.—If he should happen to be deceived, by his Inclination to believe the best of every one, and we should be found guilty of defending a bad Cause, it will at least be an Error, which all the humane, and good-natured Part of the World will easily forgive. I am, my dear *Ardelia*,

Sincerely yours,

CLEORA.

LETTER XCV.

From a Lady to her Friend on a remarkable Shock of an Earthquake.

Dear Semanthe,

TO contend with Heaven, to brave the Bolts of offended Justice, and bid Defiance to Divine Wrath, is a false Piece of Heroism :—Had I heard you had unmoved borne so terrible a Shock. I should have bewailed your Insensibility, not applauded your Courage.—For my own Part, I am far from being ashamed to confess, that I no sooner felt the tremendous Convulsion of every thing about me, than I fell prostrate on that Earth, which, for aught I knew, would immediately open and swallow me alive: I cried for Protection to the Almighty Being, who alone could give it me ;—that Great Supreme! in whose Hands are all the Corners of the Universe, who, when he pleases, can crush the Worlds he has made, and all within them, into their original *Chaos*.

You have sometimes been pleased to ask my Advice, and have flattered me with acquiescing to my Opinion in every thing,—do it then in this, my dear *Semanthe*, and cease to make any Attempts to repel that reverential Awe, which true Piety inspires, for every thing that seems sent by Heaven to warn us of our Transgressions. What though the Poet says,

" The

" The truly Innocent ſtand ſafe amidſt
" The Crack of Nature and the Cruſh of Worlds;

who is it that can boaſt ſo perfect a Virtue as never to have done any Thing which might provoke Divine Vengeance;—The very thinking ſo would be a Crime, which would require all Heaven's Mercy to forgive. —I hope there are none guilty of ſo impious a Preſumption.

But there are others, who, though they aſſign a far leſs guilty Pretence for their Inſenſibility of Fear in this, and other ſuch like dreadful Events, I cannot but look upon highly to be blamed:—I mean thoſe, who aſcribing every thing that happens, to natural Cauſes, will not allow there are any Indications of the Wrath of an offended Deity, except that which every Man feels in his own Boſom, in a Conſciouſneſs of having done a bad Action.

Among other Cauſes which I have heard aſſigned for the late Earthquake, by thoſe who call themſelves the Rationaliſts, one is, that the Planet *Jupiter*, in his Paſſage through the *Zodiac*, came ſo near the Earth, that the Percuſſion of his Atmoſphere occaſioned the Shock which ſo much alarmed us. Whether there be any thing in this Poſition, I am not Aſtronomer enough to take upon me to decide; but I ſhould think, had it been ſo, the Trembling would have been more general than it ſeems by the Accounts we have of it.

But be that as it may, can any one, but an Atheiſt, deny that *Jupiter*, and every other Star, that is in the Heavens above, or in the Earth beneath, are under Direction of an over-ruling Providence?—Is not all Nature actuated by the God of Nature?—Who then but muſt tremble at the Irregularity in thoſe Things which were created in the moſt perfect Order.

Yes, *Semanthe*, Heaven like a tender Parent, menaces before it gives the Blow: It is in us alone to avert impending Vengeance, by a timely Penitence and Submiſſion.—I am ſorry to hear ſo many People, for ſome of whom I have a great Regard, and a Good-will for all, were at the Play and Maſquerade on a Night ſucceeding

ceeding that Day of Terror:—Thoſe who had a true Senſe of it would certainly have employed their Time in a very different Manner. I am with the moſt perfect Amity,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER XCVI.

Melancholy Tale of two Lovers: From Mr. Gay *to Mr.* F———.

Stanton-Harcourt, Auguſt 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is ſcarce any thing that can reach me except the Noiſe of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have eſcaped: The only Thing that is Proof againſt it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant Heap of Towers in the Univerſe, which is in this Neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been conſumed to Aſhes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had periſhed! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter ſat two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech-Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-ſet Man of about five and twenty: *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame Age. They had paſſed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greateſt Satisfaction. If ſhe milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but laſt Fair that he bought her a Preſent of green Silk for her Straw-Hat, and the

Poeſy

Poesy on her Silver Ring was of his choosing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that he had any other Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for her Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of *July*, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now sollicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour and called to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they flept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and they 'spied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah*'s Neck, and the other held over, as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead and stiffened in this tender Posture. *Sarah*'s Left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-Yard. My Lord *Harcourt* at Mr. *Pope*'s and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furnished the Epitaph, which is as follows:

" When Eastern Lovers feed the Fun'ral Fire,
" On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:

" Here

" Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
" And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
" Hearts so sincere, th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
" Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this, and Mr. *Pope* says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* *.

Yours, &c.

* The Epitaph was,
Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hewet and *Sarah Drew*,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish,
who being at Harvest-Work
(with several others)
were in one Instant killed by Lightning
the last of *July*, 1718.

LETTER XCVII.

From a Lady ‡ *to her Friend* †.

Written the Day before her Death.

Madam,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from me, the last Assurance I shall give you, on Earth, of a sincere and stedfast Friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the Heights of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine perhaps may be the glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival to the happy Shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my Concern for your Happiness is: Thither I have sent my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering Delusions of the World; and, after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested Joy.—I am now taking my Farewel of you

‡ *Mrs.* ROWE. † *Countess of* HERTFORD.

you here, but it is a ſhort Adieu, with full Perſuaſion that we ſhall ſoon meet again.—But oh! in what Elevation of Happineſs!—*In what* Enlargement of Mind, and what Perfection of every Faculty!—What tranſporting Reflections ſhall we make on the Advantages of which we ſhall be eternally poſſeſſed!—To him that loved us in his Blood ſhall we aſcribe immortal Glory, Dominion, and Praiſe for ever: This is all my Salvation, all my Hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the Families of the Earth are bleſſed, is now, my glorious, my unfailing Confidence. In his Worth alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite Purity and Juſtice.—How poor are my Hopes, if I depended on thoſe Works, which my Vanity, or the Partiality of Men have called Good; and which, if examined by Divine Purity, would prove, perhaps but ſpecious Sins! The beſt Actions of my Life would be found defective, if brought to the Teſt of that unblemiſhed Holineſs, in whoſe Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes, but for a Redeemer's Merit and Atonement?——How deſperate, how undone my Condition!——With the utmoſt Advantages I could boaſt, I ſhould ſtep back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſhed Majeſty!——Oh *Jeſus!* What Harmony dwells in thy Name! Celeſtial Joy and immortal Life are in the Sound:—Let Angels ſet thee to their golden Harps, let the ranſomed Nations for ever magnify thee. What a Dream is mortal Life! What Shadows are all the Objects of mortal Senſe! All the Glories of Mortality (my much-beloved Friend) will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you muſt be ſeparated from this lower Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immortal World.

Something perſuades me this will be the laſt Farewel in this World; Heaven forbid it ſhould be an everlaſting Parting: May that Divine Protection, whoſe Care I implore, keep you ſtedfaſt in the Faith of Chriſtianity, and guide your Steps in the ſtricten Paths of Virtue. Adieu, my moſt dear Friend, until we meet in the Paradiſe of God.

LET-

LETTER XCVIII.

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

Dear Miſs Pemberton,

JUST as I was ſetting out for *Worceſterſhire*, in order to follow my Siſter, who, you know, has been ſome Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that ſhe was taken ill laſt *Friday*, and died in two Days after.——Yes, that lately ſo much admired, that ſplendid Beauty is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay;——for ever cloſed are thoſe once-ſparkling Eyes;——huſhed is that Voice that gave ſo much delight;——thoſe Limbs, which Art has ranſack'd to adorn, have now no other covering than a ſimple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compaſs of a Tomb.——Ah! what is Life!—what all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp of Grandeur!——what the vain Adoration of a flattering World!—Deluſive Pleaſures,—fleeting Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reaſonable Being!——You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be ſurpriſed to find Expreſſions of this Kind fall from my Pen;—but, my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake: My Siſter's Fate has rouzed me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me ſee the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be loſt for their Accompliſhment.—Who can aſſure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as ſhe is!—And if ſo, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!——In what a ſtrange Stupidity have I paſſed fourteen or ſifteen Years! (for thoſe of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)——I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the leaſt Care to arm againſt the Terrors of it.——Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myſelf with all Things neceſſary; yet have I got nothing ready for that long, laſt Voyage I muſt one Day

take into another World:—What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minuteſt Requiſites for Eaſe and Pleaſure, in a Dwelling where I propoſed to ſtay a few Weeks or Months, perhaps yet wholly regardleſs of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation! Reaſon, juſt kindled, ſhudders at the Recollection of that endleſs Train of Follies I have been guilty of:—Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force;—vain, gay, unthinking as myſelf, I tremble at the bare Imagination of thoſe Ideas, which her laſt Moments muſt inſpire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

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

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

I ſhall make no Apology for this melancholy Epiſtle, becauſe I am very ſenſible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Siſter, it will be greatly alleviated by finding I am become at laſt a reaſonable Creature. I encloſe you the Letter ſhe ſent, to the End you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments ſhe left this World. ———Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find ſhe deſires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miſs,

Your moſt afflicted humble Servant,

PEMBERTON.

LETTER XCIX.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

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

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging *Fiat* will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.—None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of seeing another Morning.—Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the World, without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly may arrive:—We have had the same Sort of Education, have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces.—Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study,—Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition,—Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God.—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven! How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy!——Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in Question that Futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One Moment, methinks, I see the blissful Seats of *Paradise* unveiled;—I hear ten thousand Myriads of Myriads of celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praise, to the unutterable Name———The next, a Scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.—My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves

me in a ſad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom :—On one Hand beckoning Angels ſmile upon me, while on the other, the Furies ſtand prepared to ſeize my fleeting Soul.——Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Reverend Doctor G*** ſuffer me to deſpair ;—he comforts me with the Promiſes in holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before, but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conſcience.—— Dear, dear Siſter, I muſt bid you eternally adieu; I have diſcharged my Duty in giving you this Warning: O! may my Death, which you will ſhortly hear of, give it that Weight I wiſh and pray for : You are the laſt Object of my earthly Cares:—I have now done with all below,—ſhall retire into myſelf, and devote the few Moments allowed me, to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

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

LETTER C.

To a Lady, on the Deceaſe of her Huſband.

Dear Madam,

I Sincerely ſympathiſe in your Affliction, and I don't wonder that the Death of a Perſon ſo dear to you ſhould damp all your Spirits. To be forced to take a final Leave of that Form we love : to bid a long Adieu to the Spirit with whom we have daily converſed with pleaſing Intercourſe, is very hard ; the ſenſible Heart-Strings muſt feel the dreadful Rent, the diſtreſsful Mind is torn with Anguiſh. But oh ! Madam, why do you ſay *for ever !* The Separation is not ſurely for ever ;—ſoon you will ſee him in a more lovely Form ;—ſoon the well-known Mind, cloathed with Heavenly Radiance, will congratulate your Arrival on the bliſsful Shore.—Why do you complain that *now he is a lifeleſs Lump of Clay ?* Miſtake not ; he is all Bliſs and active Spirit.

Spirit. Thoſe ſhining Virtues, which, while you enumerate them ſeem to add to your Grief, and which you tell me will ever renew your Sorrow, ought to be the pleaſing Source of Joy. Though you lament his Loſs, lament not his Exaltation, nor derive your Tears from the very Subject of his Felicity; he is in the Land of Virtue its native Clime. How often do you repeat the Words *poor dear Man*, and dwell on Sounds expreſſive only of Pity! Pity, Madam, is not for Angels; it is you alone who are the Sufferer. O could you but be ſenſible of his Happineſs, Extaſy and tranſporting Rapture would dry up your Tears. Would you wiſh him back? Would you have him to pleaſe you, leave the Seats of Bliſs, and exchange the Regions of unfading Felicity, for a World of Sin, tranſient Happineſs, intermingled with Pain and Trouble? No; this you cannot wiſh.

O my dear Madam! recollect yourſelf, and, filled with a generous and refined Devotion, repoſe your Mind on God; and endeavour to loſe the Senſe of your own private apparent Loſs, in the delightful Contemplation of his tranſcendent Goodneſs. Repoſe yourſelf on his Sovereign Will, whoſe Determinations are always ſafeſt, wiſeſt, beſt: Let every dewy Tear be wiped away, by the Happineſs of him you loved: Love him ſtill, but be diſintereſted in your Affection; imitate and rejoice in his Virtues; and while you dwell with Pleaſure on his Felicity, anticipate your own. With the moſt tender Sympathy and Commiſeration, believe me to be, dear Madam,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

SARAH WILLIS.

LETTER CI.

Cenſure of the Ladies Riding-Habits.

Madam,

AS I was lately, in a beautiful Evening, admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landſcapes every

where around me, a little Party of Horſemen paſſing the Road almoſt cloſe to me, arreſted my Attention, and particularly a fair Youth, ſeemingly dreſſed up by ſome Deſcription in Romance. His Hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a conſiderable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the Hands of his Miſtreſs, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him. He had a Coat and Waiſtcoat of blue Camlet, trimmed and embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the fineſt Lace; and wore in a ſmart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver, and made more ſprightly by a Feather. His pacing Horſe was adorned in the ſame airy Manner, and ſeemed to ſhare in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Perſon, who appeared to be educated as an Object of Sight alone, I perceived, on my nearer Approach, a Petticoat of the ſame with the Coat and Waiſtcoat; and now thoſe Features which had before offended me by their Softneſs, were ſtrengthened into as improper a Boldneſs; and ſhe, who in Appearance was a very handſome Youth, was in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

Theſe occaſional Perplexities, and Mixtures of Dreſs, ſeem to break in upon that Propriety and Diſtinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preſerved, and would, if much more common, turn our Aſſemblies into a general Maſquerade.

The Model of this Amazonian Hunting-Dreſs, for Ladies, was firſt imported from *France*, and well enough expreſſes the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing, ſo it be with an Aſſurance; but I cannot help thinking it ſits aukwardly on our *Engliſh* Modeſty. The Petticoat is too a kind of Incumbrance upon this Dreſs, and if we go on in thus plundering the other Sex's Ornaments, we ought to add to our Spoils, methinks, the more commodious Breeches.

There is ſo large a Portion of natural Agreeableneſs among the Fair-Sex of our Iſland, that they ſeem betrayed into thoſe romantic Habits, without having the ſame Occaſion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be deſired of them is, that they would be *themſelves*, that is, what Nature deſigned them; and

to

to ſee their Miſtake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softneſs and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how our Sex muſt appear to the Men, when ſo near Approaches are made by us to their Reſemblance. I am, Madam,

Your moſt affectionate Servant,

LYDIA ARMSTRONG.

LETTER CII.

From a Lady in the Country to one in London.

Dear Madam,

I AM now I don't know how many Miles diſtant from dear *London*, the Seat of your Joys, and muſt not expect to ſee again thoſe Places of Diverſion and Gaiety, to which alas! I have been too much endeared. But I begin to fancy, that in a Month or two I ſhall be reconciled to gloomy Shades, tall Trees, and murmuring Brooks, and all the Sylvan Scenes which ſurround me; and even ceaſe to regret my Diſtance from the genteel Entertainments of the gay and polite World; for if plain and ſimple Nature can ever appear agreeable, it muſt be here, where ſhe ſhews herſelf in all her Beauties. What a Change have I already undergone! I riſe at leaſt three or four Hours ſooner than I ever did in my Life before; and even go to Bed long before Midnight. Inſtead of the Rattling of Coaches, I now hear only the Ruſtling of Leaves, or the Warbling of Birds; and inſtead of rich Perfumes, my Senſes are regaled with the milder Fragrance of Nature. You, I know, cannot perceive any Charms in ſuch a rude Retreat, fit to engage the Attention of a fine Lady. Here are no powdered Beaus, or gilt Equipages, none of the ſplendid Allurements with which Ladies of your Vivacity are apt to be captivated: But, for my Part, a natural Tincture of Gravity may poſſibly make me more eaſily ſupport the Abſence of what your gayer Diſpoſition may induce you to conſider as the very Eſſence of Happineſs.

Indeed, my dear *Cælia*, one Loſs which I have ſuſtained by my Removal, is my Diſtance from you, whoſe lively ſprightly Diſpoſition ſo tempered the ſerious Humour of your

Moſt ſincere and affectionate

CLEORA.

LETTER CIII.

Domeſtic Rule the Province of the Wife.

Madam,

I MUST aſſert that the Right of directing Domeſtic Affairs, is, by the Law of Nature, in the Women; and, that we are perfectly qualified for the Exerciſe of Dominion, notwithſtanding what has often been ſaid by Male-Cots to the contrary. Thoſe who pretend to direct our Bringing-up, ſeem to have deſtined us to that Power which they would afterwards diſpute. We are employed in our Samplers, or diverting ourſelves with our Babies; we paſs from our Mother's Nurſery to our own, and from imaginary Viſits to real ones, without fatiguing ourſelves with a Variety of unneceſſary Acquirements, on which the Men moſt value themſelves. Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a Purſuit of, we are taught Singing and Dancing; but what are theſe to the Drudgery of Schools and Univerſities! The Buſineſs of a Family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no Room for any Thing except innocent Relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to underſtand domeſtick Policy than the Men, who have twenty other Things to mind: A mere Houſewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing elſe, I admit, and will make a Man a very unſociable Companion. But as ſome Men of great Application to their reſpective Profeſſions, have notwithſtanding, a very polite Behaviour, ſo a Woman may make the Government of her Houſe the principal Care, without ſuffering it to become the principal Theme of her Diſcourſe; nor do I think it

at

at all necessary that to establish a Character as a Manager, her Husband should twice or thrice a Week hear her scolding the Servants. This is one of the great Objections to Female Government, and our Adversaries would fain present it as a Thing as necessary to us, as a standing Army to the Administration. But both may be Calumnies, and the mere Effects of a Desire to get into other Folks Places. Experience is wholly on our Side; for wherever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cook-Maid as well as the Coachman, we observe a great deal of Discord and Confusion. When a Man, who is always a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of setting them to rights, entrenches on the Woman's Province, it is the ready way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But when a Woman of tolerable Good-Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controul, all things go well; she prevents even her Husband's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. It is with great Concern that I perceive our Sex of late, incline to mind any thing rather than their Families, which inclination must have fatal Consequences. Can there be any thing more honourable for a Woman, than the right Management of her Family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their Choice, either to manage their Children and Servants, or to be managed by them. If Liberty is the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road; a Woman's Freedom consists in Power, and not in a Licence to gad about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddiness of Soul below Compassion. The Conduct of the Estate or Business ought surely to be in the Husband; and if he parts with it, it is an Act of Weakness: The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Wife; and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of such Concerns. Adieu, dear Friend! incroach not on the Province of your Husband, but continue to be Mistress in your own. I am

Your most affectionate Friend,

SYLVIA SHARP.

LETTER CIV.

Invitation to a Party of Pleasure.

Madam,

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their Parties, because you are sure to make them agreeable: This is a Reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a Cause of your being sollicited oftner than any Woman in the World. After you were gone Yesterday, Mr. *Williams* proposed an Expedition to *Richmond* for To-morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no Title to such a Liberty himself) to tell you that we all understood you to be of the Party, though you happened to be out of the Way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the Weather promises to be favourable, and your Company you know how we value. I need not tell you that we shall suppose it a Matter of Form if you are absent: What we shall think it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every Body thinks who has the Pleasure of your Company. I beg you will not invent an Excuse, but go with us.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity,
Dear Madam,
Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER CV.

In Answer, from the Lady invited.

YOU oblige me extremely, Madam, in naming me of your agreeable Party. I should have thought myself unhappy if I had missed my Share in an Expedition that, I dare say, will be so pleasant, by my going away before you broke up; but you know the Occasion of that, and you are sensible I could not avoid it. I have no Engagement for To-morrow,

morrow, and ſhall think myſelf very happy to be among you. I will call to know the Hour. *Williams* is an agreeable Perſon. I would not have you tell him I think ſo; but, poſitively, I hardly know, nay, I do not know one that is more ſo.

I ſhall only thank you for your Compliments; tho' I might very well return them to you. I have never failed of being happy where I have met you; and as this is not always the Caſe, or with all People, I muſt ſuppoſe that it is, in ſome Degree, to be placed to your Account. Pray make my Compliments agreeable to as many of the Party as you ſee before we meet; and believe me to be, with great Reſpect,

Madam,

Your obedient Servant.

LETTER CVI.

An Invitation into the Country for the Summer.

My dear Sally,

I DO no know whether I flattered myſelf with an Opinion of your ſpeaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendſhip, or whether I am ſo happy to hold that Place, of which I ſhould be ſo ambitious in your Eſteem. I thought you ſpoke with Concern of our parting for the Summer upon our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Seaſon in *London? Vauxhall* is not for more than twice; and I think *Ranelagh* one would not ſee above half a dozen Times in the Seaſon. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together? I would fain perſuade you to be out of Love with ſo diſagreeable a Place, and I have an Intereſt in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to ſpend the Summer with us, at leaſt I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on *Monday*: Will you go with us? For there is a Corner in the Coach; Or will you come when we are ſettled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will pleaſe you. I am

ſure

ſure I need not tell you we ſhall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

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

Yours moſt affectionately.

LETTER CVII.

Anſwer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I HAVE been honoured with your Letter, and never received more Pleaſure from any Thing I have met withal. You know I have not been in Love yet; and certainly a Billet-doux is the only Thing that could pleaſe a Girl better than ſuch a Teſtimony of Friendſhip from you, who muſt do Honour to every one to whom you allow that Diſtinction. Whatever I have ſaid about my Uneaſineſs at your leaving *London*, be aſſured, Madam, was from my Heart, for I am never ſo happy as when with you; and whatever I may have ſaid as to my Thoughts of our Acquaintance, you may be very well ſatisfied had the greateſt Sincerity, for there is no one whom I ſo much eſteem. I thank you moſt ſincerely, Madam, for the Invitation you are pleaſed to give me, but I am too much in Love with *London*. I am of the Sentiment of a Noble Lord on this Occaſion, That *London*, in *Winter*, is the beſt Place in the World; and *London* in *Summer*, is better than any where elſe.

Do

Do not imagine, Madam, I am saying this as an Apology to decline your Invitation, for I go with you; only that you may know how certain it is I shall be tired of the Country in a little Time; and may not think it is the Company, when it is the Place, I run away from. I agree with you that *Vauxhall* is insipid, and *Ranelagh* is tiresome; but I am afraid too that the Prospects, and the Park, and the Garden, and the River, will be all in the same Places a Week after, that I find them in when I come down; and I am afraid that, if so, I shall certainly get away from them. Dear Madam, you tell me you love me, and I know you'll excuse the *Giddiness* of a Girl, for, honestly, I do not know that I have any other Fault. Only promise me that you will not take it amiss when I run away, and I am ready, and shall be very happy in waiting on you.

I am, with the greatest Respect, Madam,
Your very obedient and humble Servant.

LETTER CVIII.

From a Lady to her Acquaintance, who had gone home late the Night before, from a Visit.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE been in Concern about you the whole Night, and cannot deny myself the Satisfaction of sending to know how you do this Morning. I am sensible we kept you too late; and I have been uneasy ever since, 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 too much; I hope you have not suffered in the least Degree by it. Health, precarious as yours is, requires a most strict Guardianship; and though it is to yourself I speak it, you must forgive me that I say, while so much Goodness, and so much Satisfaction to others, depend upon it, it deserves all that Care which it requires, and that from others as well as from your own Regard.

I am

I am ſenſible that while I ſay this I am condemning myſelf; but I ſhall be happy to hear that I have only been to blame, and you have not ſuffered by it. Excuſe this Trouble, and believe me to be, with the moſt ſincere Reſpect,

Your very humble Servant.

LETTER CIX.

The Anſwer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I HAVE your moſt 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 very much beyond my uſual Cuſtom: And I may poſſibly be induced to venture it again, that I may, if practicable, break myſelf of a Tenderneſs which, although I have eſcaped this Time, is indeed a Habit of Body, and not of Mind.

I am ſenſibly affected by the Civilities you have ſhewn me in your Letter, and underſtand myſelf the more obliged to you for them the leſs I deſerve them. I am ſorry for a State of Health that is ſo troubleſome to my Friends, and if there be any Means beyond the Reach of Phyſic (for all that are in its Compaſs I have tried already) by which it is poſſible to ſtrengthen my Conſtitution, I will attempt them, that I may be leſs wearyſome to thoſe who honour me with ſo generous a Friendſhip as you are pleaſed to profeſs for,

Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

LET-

LETTER CX.

From an Officer's Wife, to a Brother whom she had not seen for many Years.

My dear Brother,

I MOST thankfully accept of your kind Invitation, and would gladly bring my little Boy with me, but that I think myself capable of giving your Family Trouble enough without him, and his Father tells me he has a Hundred Reasons against it, Ninety-nine of which he condescends to keep to himself, and the other I find is this, that he apprehends the Affection you have for the Child, will induce you to come and spend some Time with us this Summer in the Country.

And now, my dear Brother, as it is many Years since you saw me, and as Women do sometimes alter for the worse when turned of Thirty, to which Alteration, it is probable, *Half-pay* may be no Hindrance, I desire you will avoid those natural Exclamations of *Dear Heart, how you are altered! Why, Sister, you are not the same Person! I protest I should not have known you! Why, the Wrinkles have devoured your Forehead,* &c. &c. for as it is a Rule with me never to tell other People impertinent unpleasing Truths, so I would gladly avoid hearing any Thing of that Sort to my own Disadvantage. Pray, inform our mutual Friends of this, and tell them I am a near Relation to the *Spectator*, and that I don't love to be stared at.

Dear Brother, adieu!—Next *Thursday* I hope to be happy, for then I hope to meet you at *Bath*. I shall set out in the Machine To-morrow. The Captain refuses to inclose his Compliments in this Letter: He says, 'tis more respectful to send a Person on purpose; and I am the *Courier* he has made choice of, whom he intends to dispatch, as I observed to you, in a Machine. I am, my dear Brother, and ever shall be,

Your affectionate Sister, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXI.

From a Lady to a Stranger, enquiring the Character of an Upper Maid-Servant.

Madam,

I HAVE a Requeſt to make, on your complying with which I place a great Dependence. The Occaſion of this Letter is nothing more than the common Form of enquiring the Character of a Servant; and I am very ſenſible, that in the general Way, this ſignifies little; for whatſoever was the Fault the Perſon committed, ſhe begs Pardon when ſhe goes away, and her Lady promiſes her a Character upon a Belief that ſhe will mend. But, Madam, I beg Leave to mention to you, that I am too ſenſible how much Injury may be done by the Tattling of a Servant, much more by her Wickedneſs, if ſhe is bad enough to take Bribes from deſigning Perſons.

I have a Daughter grown up to Woman's Eſtate, who is as dear to me as a Child can be to a Parent; I have omitted no Care in her Education; and I think ſhe wants no Kind of Goodneſs. I ſhould be very unhappy to ſee ſuch a Character ſacrificed to the Malice of a Servant; or the Child (for ſhe has ſome Fortune) attempted by needy Perſons, becauſe they can command enough to engage ſuch a Perſon in their Service.

I beg Pardon for troubling you with ſo long a Letter on ſuch an Occaſion; but I intreat the Favour of you to inform me whether the Perſon whom you diſcharged a Fortnight ſince, *Mary Scarborough*, is fit for me.

I have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Madam,

AFTER the Letter you have written to me, I should be unpardonable to say any Thing to you but the most perfect Truth. I know it is a Custom with Ladies to be too favourable to discharged Servants; but it is a bad one. I would not be too kind to them on this Occasion, in any Case; but in the present I shall think it a Duty to speak without the least Reserve.

The Servant who has offered herself to you, Madam, has left my Place six Weeks: The Occasion of her being discharged, was some Expressions that I thought did not carry a proper Respect; but they were spoken to me, and not behind my Back. I will do her the Justice also to acknowledge, that, perhaps, she might have some Provocation: However, if I had been sensible I was in Fault myself, I would not have kept the Servant afterwards. As to the Circumstances you mention, I have no Cause to suspect them: I believe her to be very discreet and honest. How far what I have mentioned may plead against her, I cannot say; you are to judge of it; but, I think, as it is all that can be objected to a Person, otherwise very desirable; and is all I have to charge her with, who have had Opportunities of seeing whatever Faults she has; I should not, as the World of Servants goes, expect a better.

I am, Madam,

Your very humble Servant.

LETTER CXIII.

Another to the same Purpose.

Madam,

A YOUNG Woman, whose Name is *Sarah Johnson*, has applied for a Service in my Family. She says she lived three Years with you, and can have a good

good Character, which to me is a great Recommendation; but as I do not know the Truth of this, and as it would be particularly imprudent in me to take a bad Woman into my House, I must beg the Favour of you to let me know how she behaved in your Service, and whether you think her a Person of Modesty, Integrity, and Discretion.

I know, Madam, 'tis too common for Ladies of humane Dispositions, to give Servants better Characters than they deserve. We are all apt to do it, in hopes they may mend their Faults for the future; and perhaps it may be sometimes right; but mine is a Case in which I am obliged to be very circumspect and exact, and therefore I must beg of you not to incline too much on the Side of Good-Nature; since there are other Places that may suit her very well, though she may not be altogether so proper for mine.

I have a Daughter, Madam, almost a Woman grown, who is as dear to me as a Child can be. Great Care has been taken of her Education, and she is of an amiable Disposition, and in all Respects a very good Child. Such a Character one would not have sacrificed to the Malice of a Servant, nor a Child so dear and valuable, and one who has some Fortune, seduced, or attempted by needy Persons, because they have Money enough to engage her Maid in their Service.

I beg Pardon, Madam, for giving you so much Trouble on this Occasion, which I should not have done, but you see how extremely improper it would be to admit a Servant into my Family, who is not trusty and of a good Disposition. I have the Honour to be, with the greatest Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

From a Lady, with the Character of a Maid Servant; in answer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I OWN to you that I, like many others, have been perhaps too partial to Servants I have parted with; and, if they were honest, have concealed their Faults on Promise of their Amendment; but in Case of Dishonesty I never spare them.

In answer, however, to the Letter you have written me, I shall tell you the most perfect Truth, without Reserve, and conceal nothing which I think it my Duty to say, or your Interest to know.

The Servant, who has offered herself to you, Madam, lived with me three Years, and I parted with her because she gave me, in answer to a Complaint I made, some tart Expressions, which I thought savoured of Disrespect. This she was sorry for afterwards, and asked my Pardon; but I would not keep her, lest from her having been so long in the Family, she should, after this, think herself of more Consequence to me than she really was. And sometimes, Madam, even the best Tempers, you know, may live too long together.

I don't know how far this may plead against her; but as it is all that can be objected to a Person otherwise very desirable, I think, was the Case my own, I should not construe it particularly to her Disadvantage; for I must do her the Justice to acknowledge, that she might have some Provocation. She is a Person of Good-Sense and Discretion; I have always found her very faithful and honest; and, as the World goes, I do not think you will meet with a better Servant.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER CXV.

A Letter from a Lady to a Maid-Servant, who had left her. In which is contained an useful Lesson for all Persons in that State of Life.

Dear Sally,

I HAD your Letter very safe, and though I have failed to answer it before, yet my daily Prayers and best Wishes have constantly attended you. I trust you have the good Fortune to please where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary: I go by the old Saying, *No News is good News.* If you are so happy as to be in Favour with the good Family that you have the Honour to serve, I make no question of your continuing in it by a constant Endeavour to deserve it. I told you above, and I told you Truth, that I daily remember you in my Prayers; and at the same Time I will not suppose that you forget to remember yourself. I fancy you lie with the other Maid, and know not that you have a Closet or Retiring-Place to yourself; but whether you have or not, I intreat you let no Pretence whatevever prevail on you to omit the indispensible Duty of Prayer to God. I hope your Fellow-Servant thinks as she ought on this Occasion: but if she be so unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your Example, but beware of being perverted by hers: To wake in a Morning, and, without addressing the Throne of Grace, to commit ourselves to the Hazards of the Day, is such a Degree of Impiety and Fool-hardiness, as shocks one but to think on; and surely it is equally the blackest Ingratitude to close our Eyes at Night, without returning our unfeigned Thanks for the Dangers we have escaped; those Eyes, for aught we know, may never be again unclosed in this World. — I was going to offer some Advice of another Kind, but I recollect that, perform but your Duty to your Creator, and all the rest is included. Be sure, in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the Dignity of your Nature. Consider, that although you are placed by Providence in

in the Degree of a Servant, yet your immortal Soul is of an equal Rank with that of an Empreſs. This Counſel at the firſt Glance may appear to encourage Pride; but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwiſe, and prove the moſt effectual Means to extinguiſh it; for a proper Conſideration on the ſeveral Degrees of Men in the Order the Wiſdom of God has placed them with Relation to this Life, will teach you to condeſcend to your Superiors without Meanneſs, and to diſtinguiſh yourſelf from thoſe below you without Arrogance; it will hinder Adverſity from approaching you; and if Proſperity be your Lot, (as I heartily wiſh it may) it will find you worthy of it; in a Word, it will make you equal to good Fortune, and ſuperior to ill. Mr. *H*—— joins me in the beſt Reſpects to your Maſter and Lady, and Mr. ———. I deſire you, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would chuſe out half an Hour when you can beſt be ſpared, and aſk Leave; this will ſave you the Confuſion of equivocating, if you are demanded what has been your Employment, and prevent your turning an indifferent Action into a guilty one: For be ſure never to forget, your Time is not your own, but is intirely due to thoſe you ſerve, and that you can never juſtly employ any of it on your own Occaſions without Leave. Pray, good *Sally*, think of that. I was concerned to find you had laid out ſo much Money in Play-Things for the Children; however, I acknowledged myſelf obliged to your Good-Nature. I ſhall take the Hint from you of ſending this free to *London*, and ſave half the Poſtage; Obſerve my Method, and be not above being taught by any one, any Thing that is worthy the Trouble of learning; no Matter who it is teaches, provided the Inſtructions are good. Adieu, dear *Sally*; do me the Juſtice to believe this Letter dictated from a Heart full of the warmeſt Wiſhes for your Welfare, from one who will always regard every Piece of Happineſs that befalls you as an additional one to herſelf; for I am, *&c.*

L E T-

LETTER CXVI.

From a Lady to her Friend, on a ſecond remarkable Shock of an Earthquake.

My dear Semanthe,

AGAIN has all-gracious Heaven vouchſafed to warn a ſinful World of what it ought to expect:—Again has the Almighty, like a tender Parent, ſhook the Rod before the Blow is given, which, when it once deſcends, excludes Repentance; as I remember to have ſomewhere read,

" The Years of our Probation paſt,
" All future Prayers and Penitence are vain.
" By the irrevocable *Fiat* doom'd
" To never-ending Bliſs or Woe,
" Both Hopes and Fears in Certainty are loſt.

We can die but once indeed, and, if well prepared, ought not to be too anxious in what Manner we make our Exit hence:—But the Pleaſures and Temptations of this World are too alluring, alas! for the generality of People wholly to reſiſt:—How many, perhaps, full of the Memory of the enchanting Entertainments of the preceding Evening, forgot to recommend themſelves to the Divine Protection, before they yielded to that Image of Death, Sleep! How many were negligent of paying their Duty to the Deity, by forming Schemes in what Manner they ſhould paſs the next Day, what Viſits they muſt return, and with what new Diverſion they ſhould kill Time!—How many were guilty of the ſame Omiſſion, through the anxious Cares which Penury excites!—Much are theſe laſt to be pitied, though not excuſed; but, O *Semanthe!* what ſhall we ſay, what can we think of thoſe, who, even in the Inſtant of that dreadful Shock, were by it interrupted in planning new Arts of Oppreſſion, who were that Moment plotting Deſigns pernicious to Society!

" The

" The ſly Projector, (who deſigns to build
" His Fortune on his Neighour's, or, perchance,
" His Country's Ruin,—'tis alike to him
" If Individual, or whole Nations ſink,)
" Wakes with the Dawn, nor taſtes a Morning's
" Slumber.

Others, leſs hurtful to Mankind, but unjuſt and cruel to themſelves, who lay drowned in Luſt and Wine, and fatigued with the laſt Night's Debauch, were rocked in ſo profound a Sleep, as not to be awaked by the tremendous Shock :—A Shock, which, had not infinite Mercy interpoſed, might have buried all the Inhabitants of our Metropolis under the Ruins of their City.

What ſhall I ſay then to the bold impious Man, who would rob the Almighty of Power, nor, till he feels his Vengeance, will be convinced he takes any Cognizance of what is done below ? Such I tremble for indeed.

But this Accident, as I before obſerved, in its moſt dreadful Effects, could but have anticipated our Fate, and done what Nature, ſome Time or other, will do without it,—no more than a thouſand other Caſualties, of a leſs dreaded Kind, might poſſibly have brought about :—Death, therefore, in itſelf, is not the proper Object of a wiſe Man's Fear, it is inevitable ; but there is a great Difference between a ſlow or ſudden Death, as it may relate to the Happineſs or Miſery of an immortal Soul which is to ſurvive the Body, and may humbly expect Favour in Proportion to its Repentance. I cannot therefore call it Heroiſm in any Man, to ſay, that it matters not whether he dies of a Conſumption, or is ſwallowed up in an Earthquake.—Let us reflect, that when national Tranſgreſſions have called down national Chaſtiſements, forced long-neglected *Mercy* from her Seat, and all is left to *Juſtice*, at that Tribunal, who dare expect to be acquitted !

Prayers and Humiliations can alone avert the menaced Stroke, and thoſe I hope will not be omitted.—

I am,

I am, with a Confusion of Mind too great for Words to describe,

My dear Semanthe,

Your's, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER CXVII.

From a Lady to her Friend, finding Fault with her Manner of educating her Daughter.

My dear Aurelia,

I FLATTER myself you are too well convinced of the Sincerity of my Friendship, to imagine what I am about to say is dictated by any Ill-Nature, or a Desire of finding somewhat to condemn in the Conduct of those for whom I profess a Regard: I shall therefore make no Apology for telling you, that tho' in most Things you come as near Perfection as Woman can do, yet in *one* you are guilty of an Error, which may open a Door to let in that very Misfortune you are most careful to avoid. I know you to be kind and indulgent to those over whom you have Command; —faithful to those you call your Friends;—a tender, affectionate Wife, and make it your Study to be the best of Mothers —But, alas! it is in this last Article you fail:—You start, perhaps, at an Accusation which may seem to you so unjust.—You will reply, that you have nothing to do with the Education of your Son, and that you have early instructed your Daughter in the Principles of Virtue and Religion; that you have given her all the Accomplishments becoming her Sex and Rank, and have omitted nothing in your Power for forming her Mind, so as to know how to behave well through every Stage of Life:—All this I grant: —And, moreover, that you keep a most vigilant Eye over all her Words and Behaviour, so as to prevent her from having any Knowledge of, or Acquaintance with, the modish Fopperies of the present Age; and above all, that nothing which has the least Tendency

to

to Flattery ſhall ever reach her Ears. And here it is *I think you are in the wrong*; not that I would encourage any thing that might raiſe the Seeds of Vanity, that Bane to Virtue, in a Female Heart; and were you certain of having it always in your Power to defend that of *Corinna* from it, ſhe would be bleſt indeed, and the Caution you uſe in this Point could never be too much extolled.—But, my dear *Aurelia*, conſider with yourſelf, how almoſt impoſſible this is; —that, in ſpite of all your Care, ſome Accident may happen to lay her open to the Snares which are always ſpread for Innocence:—Some gay and ſelf-ſufficient Coxcomb may find an Opportunity of addreſſing her with all the Rhetorick of pretended Paſſion; and ſuch Diſcourſes being new to her, how can ſhe be prepared to anſwer as ſhe ought!—Believe me, when a young Girl, who has never been treated otherwiſe than as ſhe really is made by Nature, finds herſelf all at once erected into a Goddeſs, ſhe is too apt, if not to imagine herſelf ſuch, to think her Worſhipper does ſo: Whereas thoſe more accuſtomed to be entertained with ſuch Fooleries, treat them with the Contempt they merit, and think no more of them when paſt.—For this Reaſon I cannot approve of a Boarding-School Education for Girls of Condition:—A Convent is much better, provided they avoid the Superſtitions of the Place; becauſe they are uſed to Gallantry at the Grate, from young Gentlemen who take Pleaſure in entertaining the Nuns, and are no Strangers to the World when they come into it.—In a Word, too much Reſtraint is as dangerous as too much Liberty.—Let, therefore, the young *Corinna* ſee ſomething of the Humours of the Town.—I am confident the more ſhe is acquainted with what you ſo careſully hide from her, the more her good Senſe and the excellent Rudiments you have given her, will teach her to deſpiſe it.—I have much to add on this Subject, but Company prevents me, and I muſt defer what I have farther to ſay till another Opportunity; and, in the mean Time, am,

Dear Aurelia,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER CXVIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on falſe Breeding and Affectation.

My dear Euphroſine,

THERE are a Sort of People in the World, pretty frequently met with, who, by an aukward Imitation of Manners, to which they have not been accuſtomed, not only render themſelves extremely ridiculous, but alſo are equally troubleſome to others: —I mean your Pretenders to Good-Breeding :——The Affectation without the Reality, produces a thouſand Impertinencies, to which I know not if a downright Abruptneſs of Behaviour is not preferable.

There is a reigning Miſtake in moſt Parents concerning this Point.—It is not thoſe Accompliſhments, which Perſons of Condition uſually give their Children, that, in my Judgment, conſtitute the whole of Good-Breeding, though I own they very much contribute towards it.—One may ſing, dance, play well on various Sorts of Inſtruments, have a perfect Underſtanding in Muſic, and ſpeak the *French* and *Italian* Languages with the greateſt Fluency ; yet, after all, be very far from what I call well-bred.—True Politeneſs is not a Science to be learned in Schools.—Nature muſt beſtow a Genius :—That Genius muſt be improved by reading Works of Delicacy and Spirit, and heightened by a Freedom of Converſation with Perſons of Taſte.—It is an Enemy to all Kinds of Conſtraint, does every thing with Eaſe, and, though it is ſure never to offend, it alſo never is at the Expence of Flattery to oblige. What the witty Earl of *Rocheſter* ſaid of Poetry, I think may be properly applied to Good-Breeding.—His Words are theſe :

" In Poetry, that ſooneſt wins the Heart,
" Where moſt of Nature's ſeen, and leaſt of Art.

From

Form and Ceremony, Things which ſo many People ſtudy, and take ſo much Pains to be *well verſed in* all the Punctilios of, ſpoil the beſt Education, and make the Perſon who practiſes them diſagreeable and tireſome.

Sir *Thomas* * * * *, whom you know I greatly eſteem on account of his Honeſty and Good-Nature, brought his new-married Bride to viſit me the other Day.—— I had been told ſhe was a fine bred Woman, and received her in a Manner ſuitable to that Character; but, dear *Euphroſine*, how much did I find myſelf at a Loſs, either to look or ſpeak before her!—She ſo peſtered me with Compliments and Aſſurances of the great Senſe of the high Honour I had done her, in permitting her to wait upon me, that I had ſcarce a Word to anſwer in return.—I offered her a Pinch of Snuff, in order to gain a Moment's Truce; but 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 to touch my Snuff with naked Fingers. I called for Tea ſooner than I would have done, in the Hope of ſhortening her Viſit; but unluckily, put Sugar into her Cup, without aſking whether ſhe liked it or not.—She ſipp'd and ſipp'd, and all the Time praiſed the Tea as the moſt excellent ſhe had ever taſted.—— Sir *Thomas* not having obſerved that I had put Sugar into the Cup, cried, *You are certainly, my Dear, the beſt Judge of the Flavour, drinking it as you do, without Sugar.*—On which I remembered I had been guilty of an Indecorum, in not conſulting her Palate on that Account and aſked her Pardon.—She appeared in a moſt terrible Confuſion, and told Sir *Thomas* 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 an Averſion to, rather than ſpeak a Word to prevent it.* To which ſhe replied, "Oh! fie, Sir *Thomas*, how can you talk ſo! Where do you think I was bred? Then turning to me, made a long Apology for the Abruptneſs of her Huſband.—

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 dropt me ſo many Courteſies, that returning them made my Knees ach for an Hour after.

As I have the moſt perfect Regard for every Branch of your Family, I would wiſh you to warn your youngeſt Siſter, who, I hear, is juſt come from the Boarding School, not to miſtake this overſtrained Complaiſance for true Politeneſs. She may poſſibly have acquired a certain Stiffneſs of Behaviour under the Tuition of her formal Governeſs, which, if not by Time ſoftened into a more eaſy Habit, muſt render her other Accompliſhments of leſs Merit in the Eyes of the Diſcerning. I am my dear *Euphroſine*,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER CXIX.

From a Lady, with an Account of a diſtreſſed Family ſhe had relieved.

Dear Madam,

UPON hearing a few Days ſince, of the Neceſſities of an honeſt but indigent Family, about a Mile diſtant from my Aunt's, I reſolved to pay them a Viſit, to indulge ſome of that ſublime Pleaſure which it is the greateſt Advantage of a large Fortune to procure us. *Amelia* only was acquainted with this Viſit ; nor did I tell her of it till I was ready to ſet out, when I deſired her to accompany me, to which ſhe inſtantly conſented. We found the unhappy Manſion ſituated at the Foot of a Hill, ſurrounded with ſeveral Incloſures of Orchards, Paſture-Grounds, and Corn-fields : At the Entrance leading to the Door, was a ſhort Walk between two Alder Hedges, which incloſed a ſmall Kitchen Garden, with ſome Stacks of Hay, and near the main Building ſome Stables and Barns. But every thing was in profound Silence ; for no Human Object was near, and nothing to be heard, but the warbling Songs of the airy Choriſters, who ſuttered amongſt the Hedges,

Hedges, or ſat making their Reſponſes from the diſtant thorny Brakes. The ſolitary Stillneſs of the Place, added to the Reflection of the Buſineſs in which I was employed, contributed to render me thoughtful, and I could not help giving ſome Moments to the Conſideration of the various unavoidable Miſeries which attend Human Nature; Miſeries which neither Virtue nor Prudence can always guard againſt. With a Mind thus dipped in Pity, I could not help heſitating a little when we came to the Door; but at laſt, rapping ſoftly, we entered the Room, where Deſpair and Sorrow were painted in the ſtrongeſt Colours, and in every Face ſuch an undiſſembled Sadneſs, as ſtruck me to the very Soul; for notwithſtanding the Relief I intended to give them, I could not forbear ſharing in the general Grief; and, indeed it was with ſome Pain that I aſſumed an Air of Eaſe and Chearfulneſs, in order to comfort a pretty Boy who ſtood with his Eyes fixed upon his Mother, and pulling her by the Apron, cried at ſeeing her weep. Two other Children, too young to take the ſame Notice, were playing about the Room: But wherever I turned my Eyes, every thing was in diſorder; nor was it poſſible to croſs the Room, or take a Chair, for the confuſed Heap of Litter which was every Way ſtrewed about. Alas! the poor Woman was in too deep Affliction to attend to the Management of her Family: her Mind too much diſcompoſed to attend to Trifles! For a violent Diſtreſs almoſt always renders us inactive; it ſinks and depreſſes the Spirits, and when no viſible Aſſiſtance is in view, makes the Unhappy incapable of thinking or uſing their natural Abilities, in order to extricate themſelves from the Preſſure of their Difficulties.

Theſe Obſervations, Madam, I have learnt from my Aunt, and have always found them agreeable to Truth. At one of the Windows ſat a young Man, with Deſpair in his Eyes, and a Look that diſcovered he was grown ſtupid with Grief: A Book of Devotion lay open before him, on which his Regards were fixed; but fixed in ſuch a ſteady Manner, as ſhewed that he was incapable of reading: He pored on the ſame Place, and neither his Eyes nor his Head moved to take in the

Compaſs of a Line. As ſoon as we entered the Room, the Good-Woman aroſe from her Chair, and ſeeming ſurpriſed at the Sight of Strangers of our Appearance, aſked our Buſineſs; when taking the little Boy into my Arms, I wiped away his Tears, and kiſſing his pretty roſy Cheeks, told him I would wipe away his Mother's too if I was able; at this he ſmil'd, when emptying ſome Lumber out of a Chair, while the Mother made one ready for *Amelia*, we both ſat down. At a Loſs how to introduce the Cauſe of our Viſit, and willing to oblige them in a Way as little painful as poſſible, I ſeemed mighty fond of the little Creatures that were playing around me; then turning to the Mother, deſired that ſhe would look upon us as her ſincereſt Friends, and that we ſhould think it a Pleaſure to ſerve her; but ſhe thanked me in a Manner that ſhewed that her Hopes were at a low Ebb, and too far ſunk to be raiſed by glimmering Proſpects, and airy Viſions. However, ſhe called her Huſband, who with more Firmneſs in his Countenance, but with Eyes drooping with Care, came to us from a Back-Room, and related the Cauſe of his Misfortunes, with that honeſt Frankneſs and Simplicity, which always affect the Mind, though uttered in the moſt plain, and homely Language. He told me, That by the exceſſive Rains which had enriched the Farmers of the neighbouring Hills with ſeveral ſucceſſive Years of Plenty, he was reduced from a State of Affluence to Penury and Indigence; that he ſhould be obliged to ſell the plentiful Crop that covered his Lands to a vaſt Diſadvantage to ſatisfy his Landlord's Demands; and that he had no other Proſpect than to loſe the Fruit of his Labours, to be turned out of all his Poſſeſſions, and perhaps to glean the Fields he himſelf had ſown; and all this for want of a ſmall Sum, which his Landlord had now a particular Occaſion for. —Willing to ſhorten his Uneaſineſs, I here interrupted him to know what Sum would remove his preſent Anxiety, and as ſoon as he had informed me, I told him with a Smile, that I thought myſelf very happy in having it in my Power to give Joy to an honeſt Family, and at the ſame Time emptied my Purſe upon the Table. I now felt

my

my Heart overflow with a ſympathetic Extaſy, ariſing from the Tranſports I myſelf had occaſioned.

Thus with a little Gold that has long lain uſeleſs in my Cheſt, and for which I have here no Uſe, I have procured the Happineſs of a whole Family, and given myſelf a Delight more exquiſite than ever I experienced on the like Occaſion; ſince the Advantage they have received from it (as they told me) may probably redound to their Children's Children. What Uſe could I poſſibly make of this hoarded Pelf to procure me equal Satisfaction? Or what is the Pleaſure we receive from Pride, the Gratification of luxurious Appetite, or the Indulgence of the higheſt Animal Delight, compared to this Luxury of the Mind, the more natural Rapture which results from the Gratifications of our Humanity? I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CXX.

From a Lady to her Friend, with an Account of an extraordinary Adventure.

My dear Friend,

I AM afraid my having ſo long delayed acknowledging the Favour of your laſt, has made you by this Time look on me as unworthy of calling you ſo; but I am very ſenſible you are not of the Number of thoſe who judge altogether by Appearances, and flatter myſelf with regaining your good Opinion, when I ſhall acquaint you with the Cauſe of this ſeeming Negligence.

You may remember a Letter of mine, ſome Time ago, acquainting you that being reputed very rich, and known to be free from the Incumbrance of Children, had laid me under the Perſecution of no leſs than three Lovers at once;—two of them I diſpatched pretty eaſily, but could no more get rid of the other, than of my Shadow at Noon-Tide.—He had told me he had a large Eſtate in Poſſeſſion, but as I had no Inclination

to be jointured out of it, I never gave myſelf any Trouble to enquire into the Truth of what he ſaid.—Finding Self-Intereſt was not my darling Paſſion, he began to attack me on what is called the weak Side, and endeavoured to charm me by Dint of mere Love; to enjoy a Moment's Peace out of my Preſence, was among the Things that are impoſſible in Nature:—I was no leſs than an Angel, a Goddeſs; a civil Look, or what he interpreted as ſuch, raiſed him to the higheſt Heaven, and a Frown endangered his plunging himſelf into another Place.—Never was ſuch an *Oroondates*, in all but his Patience;—in that indeed he was extremely wanting; for the Hero in the Romance thought a Kiſs of his Miſtreſs's Hand a ſufficient Recompence for ſeven Years Service; thus, doubtleſs, he imagined he ſhould carry my whole Perſon in ſeven Weeks.

In fine, he would take no Denial,—nothing I could ſay checked his Hopes:—In vain I forbad him my Houſe;—he did not only follow me to all public Places, but found Means to get himſelf introduced to moſt of my Acquaintance; ſo that unleſs I could have reſolved to ſeclude myſelf from all Diverſion, all Converſation, I could not totally avoid him.—This Perſeverance, this Aſſiduity, might, for aught I know, in Time have perſuaded me he really had found ſomething in me worthy of a ſincere Attachment, if a lucky Accident had not prevented the Deception he ſo well carried on from taking effect; and I might have thought, as *Hudibras* ſays,

" His Paſſion true, and would ſurvive
" New Worlds, and Natures too outlive;
" And like to Heralds Moons remain
" All Creſcent, without Change or Wane.

But if I had any Vanity riſing in me on this Score, you will ſee how it was mortified.—Lady *Fanny* had made a Party for Country-Dancing at her Houſe; I was deſired to make one.—*Clerimont* (for ſo my pretended Enamorato was called) was alſo either invited or intruded himſelf, I know not which; but I was no ſooner in the Room than he came in:—After having made

made his Compliments to her Ladyſhip, and ſome others in the Company, whom he knew, he approached, and ſaluting me with an Air very different from that with which he had accoſted the others, entreated I would be his Partner; but as I was aware of his Intention, from the Moment I ſaw him enter, I had already engaged myſelf to a Gentleman who I was very certain had no Deſign upon me.—He ſeemed much chagrined, but that was not a Place for him to teaze me with any Complaints, in impertinent Accuſations of Cruelty.

Many Dances had not been led up before the Heat of the Exerciſe, joined to that of the Seaſon, had the uſual Effects.—*Clerimont*, in plucking out his Handkerchief, dropt a Letter, which fell juſt at my Feet: —Though every Thing relating to him was a Matter of perfect Indifference to me, Curioſity put it into my Head to take it up, which I did, without, I believe, any of the Company obſerving it;—but how I was ſurpriſed, you may eaſily imagine, when I ſhall tell you, examining it after I came home, I found it a Letter from a Woman who ſubſcribed herſelf his Wife; and indeed the artleſs and tender Expreſſions it contained, left me no Room to doubt her being ſo.—So flagrant a Piece of Villainy, in a Man of the Family and Fortune he pretended to be, extremely ſhocked me, and I could no Way fathom either the Motives of his addreſſing me, or the End he propoſed to himſelf, had I been ſo weak as to liſten to his Suit.—I reſolved, however, to penetrate into this Myſtery, if there was a Poſſibly, and accordingly ſent for him the next Morning.

Such a Meſſage, after the Treatment I had always given him, would certainly have greatly aſtoniſhed him; but I thought there appeared more of Guilt and Shame, than either Pleaſure or Surpriſe, in his Countenance when he approached me.—He was beginning, notwithſtanding, to aſſume ſome Show of the latter, but did it in ſo aukward a Manner, that I then preſently imagined he had miſſed the Letter, and had ſome Apprehenſions of the Truth.—I was really in ſome Pain for him, and to put an End to his Diſſimulation, let him know, in a few Words, the Diſcovery I had

made, without mingling the leaſt Reproach with what I ſaid.—This it was which perhaps gave him the Confidence to think of continuing to impoſe on me; and he replied, with all the Aſſurance of Innocence, "Alas! "Madam, this Letter belongs to a Friend of mine, "whoſe Marriage, for ſome Reaſons, being a Secret, "I conſented, all the Letters from his Wife ſhould "be directed to me."—This Turn, he had the Vanity to imagine, as he afterwards confeſſed, would have paſſed upon me; but unluckily there was one Paſſage in the Letter, which ſhewed to a Demonſtration, that he was the individual Man to whom it was *meant*, as well as *directed*.—He had for ſeveral Days paſt had the Foreſinger of his Right-Hand tied up, on account of a *Whitloe*:—this very *Whitloe* was mentioned by his Wife; you will ſee on what Account, by the Copy of her Letter, which I here incloſe.—On my confronting him with this Proof, as it ſtood in the Text, he grew all Confuſion: And after I had expatiated, in what I thought a proper Manner, on the Baſeneſs of his Proceeding, he fell at my Feet, confeſſed all I had ſaid was juſt, but conjured me not to expoſe him, as what he had done had been enforced by the moſt melancholy Neceſſity.

I then told him, that there was a Poſſibility for him to prevail on me to grant his Requeſt; but it could only be done by his ſincerely laying open the whole Affair, and convincing me there were indeed ſome other Inducements, beſides a natural Propenſity to Wickedneſs, that had led him into a Deſign ſo infamous in itſelf, and ſo highly criminal in the Eyes of God and Man.—On which, with an unfeigned Readineſs, he confeſſed he had endeavoured to deceive me in almoſt every Thing he had pretended;—that he was indeed of the Family he ſaid, but was a younger Brother of a younger Branch of it;—that the ſmall Fortune bequeathed him by his Father, was far from being ſufficient to ſupport himſelf in the Faſhion he had been bred, much leſs a Wife; yet in ſpite of all theſe Conſiderations, he had married a young Creature, the Daughter of a Country Clergyman, whom he loved to the greateſt Exceſs;—that ſhe already had brought him one

Child,

Child, and was now pregnant with another, and that it was merely the Apprehenſions of what ſhe might be reduced to, (the greateſt Part of his little Fortune being exhauſted) which alone had put him upon this deſperate Method of Relief, having in vain tried all others.

I aſked him if ſhe were privy to his Purpoſe, and he anſwering in the Negative. I deſired to know, in caſe he had ſucceeded, by what magic Art he could expect to conceal the Crime he had been guilty of from either of us.—" As to that, *ſaid he*, it might have been eaſy enough:—My Wife knows nothing of the Town, has never been in it, and I would have taken Care to have kept her always out of it;—an Employment I had obtained here, was to be the Pretence when I left her; and a Jaunt into the Country for my Health, an Excuſe when I left you.—The greateſt Difficulty, *continued he*, would have been where to find Balm to heal thoſe Stings of my own Conſcience, which I am ſenſible muſt have been ſevere and ſharp, by what I feel in this Detection of my intended Guilt, even without the Perpetration."

He accompanied every Article of this Confeſſion with ſuch bitter Sighs, and gave ſo many Tokens of a ſincere Penitence, that I was touched with a great deal of Compaſſion.—I aſſured him that I was much better pleaſed with him for deſigning rather to make me his Convenience, than abandon, for my Sake, one who had the only juſt Title to his Heart;—that I not only forgave the Ill he intended againſt me, but would alſo prevent his falling into any future Temptations from his Neceſſities, provided he approved the Means I offered.—He ſeemed quite raviſhed at the bare Imagination, and ſaid he would gladly do any Thing he was capable of.—I then told him there was a genteel Employment vacant in my Brother's Office, which I did not doubt being able to procure for him; adding, that as he had told me his Misfortunes, and I knew Money would be required, I would advance the Sum, and take his Bond for Quarterly Payments out of the Profits of his Poſt.

It

It would be needleſs to trouble you with any Repetitions of the Acknowledgments he made me; you will eaſily ſuppoſe them to be ſuitable to the Occaſion.—I ordered him to come to me in the Afternoon, being reſolved to go inſtantly about the Performance of my Promiſe.—Accordingly I dined that Day with my Brother, and obtained a Grant of the Poſt for the Perſon I recommended.—I made *Clerimont* write that ſame Night for his Wife to come to Town, and in two Days I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing her;—ſhe is very beautiful, but there is a native Sweetneſs and Simplicity in all her Air and Behaviour, which renders her more lovely than the fineſt Features in the World could do without it.—Her Mind ſeems conformable to her Perſon, and my Judgment is very much deceived, if ſhe is not worthy of a Man incapable of the Treachery her Huſband was about to practiſe;—but of that ſhe is entirely ignorant, and, perfectly contented with her Lot, bends her whole Thoughts on pleaſing him: He, doubtleſs, loves her no leſs than he aſſured me he did; and, I hope, as they are now in a Condition to live eaſy in the World, they will always be amiable to each other.—For my Part, it gives me an inexpreſſible Satisfaction, to think it has been in my Power, to make a virtuous young Woman happy, and of recovering a Man of ſome Merit, back to Honour, when he was attempting to be a Villain.

Thus, my dear *Mira*, while I have ſeemed to labour for the Good of others, I have been procuring a real one for myſelf; and ſure, if thoſe whom Heaven has ſo laviſhly endued with the Means of being ſerviceable in their Generations, could be ſenſible of that refined Pleaſure which reſults from conferring Benefits, there would be no ſuch Thing as Miſery in the World;—all Diſcontent,—all Envy,—all Murmurings at the unequal Diſtribution of Fortune, would ceaſe; Compaſſion on the one Side, and a grateful Senſation on the other, would eſtabliſh a perpetual Harmony between the *great* and the *inferior* World.—To me it is therefore ſtrange, that ſo many of the former are indolent in what would certainly be of infinitely the moſt Advantage

vantage to themſelves; as the admirable *Cowley* juſtly expreſſes it:

" Riches alone are of uncertain Date,
" And on ſhort Life long cannot wait;
" The virtuous make of them the beſt,
" And put them out to Fame for Intereſt:
" With a frail Good they wiſely buy
" The ſolid Purchaſe of Eternity.

To avow thoſe Sentiments among ſome of my Acquaintance, would infallibly draw on me the Cenſure of a Lunatick, or Enthuſiaſt; but I know to whom I am writing, and that it is as needleſs to make any Apology for what I have ſaid on this Score, as it would be to entreat you to keep the encloſed Letter, and the Narration which depends upon it, an inviolable Secret, or to aſſure you that I never can be other than

Your faithful humble Servant,

ALTHEA.

LETTER CXXI.

Incloſed in the foregoing.

My dear Clerimont,

WHERE ſhall I find Words to expreſs the Agitation I was in, on opening the laſt Letter you ſent?—Knowing, as you do, how much a Coward I am in every Thing where you are concerned, you could not but ſuppoſe I ſhould be terribly alarmed at ſeeing, under your Signet, a Hand-Writing ſo different from yours.—How could you then be ſo regardleſs of my tender Heart, or the Condition I am in, as not to order your *Amanuenſis* to tell me at once the Cauſe, inſtead of beginning with thoſe ambiguous Words, *I am obliged to employ another Hand to write to you?*—Good God! what dreadful Interpretations did I put upon them!—All that was ſhocking to Imagination came at once into my Head: Wounded,—ſick,—dying perhaps,

haps, cried I, and had not Courage to proceed, but invoked my better Angel to explain what it was so easy for me to have told myself.—At last I ventured, tho' trembling with Suspense and Terror, to cast my Eyes a second Time upon the Paper, and (Thanks to Heaven) immediately found that all these horrible Apprehensions had been occasioned only by a *Whitloe* on your Fore-Finger.

I doubt not but you will laugh at this new Proof, added to the thousand others I have given you, of my Simplicity; but that you may not have too contemptible an Opinion of me, I must now acquaint you, that though I have nothing of the *Hero* in me, I am grown a Piece of a Philosopher since you left me; and as the *Chemists* pretend to extract Gold out of the basest Metal, I have learned the Art of bringing *Pleasure* out of *Pain*, and converting the worst of *Ills* into a *Good*.—As thus, my Dear, (for I cannot find in my Heart to keep you in a Moment's Suspense) I never give myself Leave to think how unfortunate I am in your Absence, but how happy I shall be in your Return.—I recollect every little Event that has happened since your going, and range them in Order in my Memory, to entertain you with when you come home, and please myself with the Expectation of hearing from you many and more agreeable Narratives of those Occurrences, which the great World, you are at present engaged in, cannot fail of presenting you with in Abundance.

This, dearest *Clerimont*, is the Manner in which I anticipate, in *Idea*, the Blessing Heaven will, I hope, permit me soon to enjoy in *Reality*: And this is the only Method I could take to enable me to obey that strict Injunction you laid upon me, of not afflicting myself at our enforced Separation.—I do assure you, it has had so good an Effect upon me, that I have lost nothing of my Complexion, nor that Vivacity you used to say you thought so well became me; and if you do not stay (which God forbid) till my Shape is too much extended, I fancy you will find me much the same you left me; but whatever my *Form* may appear, there needs no Asseverations to convince you my *Heart* is incapable of changing.—I am resolved to

flatter

flatter myſelf with being no leſs ſecure of yours, and that all the Beauties you may happen to be acquainted with, will have no Charms for you, in Prejudice of that Affection which Law has made my Due, and which makes all the Happineſs, and is the ſole Ambition of, my dear Soul,

Your ever-faithful Wife,

AMANDA.

P. S. I ſaw our little Boy Yeſterday; he is pure well, and has cut two Teeth.—Heaven proſper your Undertakings, and ſend you ſoon to us again.

LETTER CXXII.

Tranſlation of a Letter ſaid to have been written by a certain GREAT PRINCESS, *to the King of* PRUSSIA.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

I AM at a Loſs whether I ſhould congratulate or condole with you on your late Victory, ſince the ſame Succeſs which has covered you with Laurels has overſpread the Country of *Meclenburgh* with Deſolation. I know, Sire, that it ſeems unbecoming my Sex, in this Age of vicious Refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the Horrors of War, or wiſh for the Return of Peace. I know you may think it more properly my Province to ſtudy the Arts of Pleaſing, or to inſpect Subjects of a more domeſtic Nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot reſiſt the Deſire of interceding for this unhappy People.

It was but a very few Years ago that this Territory wore the moſt pleaſing Appearance. The Country was cultivated, the Peaſant looked chearful, and the Towns abounded with Riches and Feſtivity. What an Alteration at preſent from ſuch a charming Scene! I am not expert at Deſcription, nor can my Fancy add any Horrors to the Picture; but ſure even Conquerors themſelves would weep at the hideous Proſpects now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one

frightful

frightful Waſte, preſenting only Objects to excite Terror, Pity, and Deſpair. The Buſineſs of the Huſbandman and the Shepherd are quite diſcontinued; the Huſbandman and the Shepherd are become Soldiers themſelves, and help to ravage the Soil they formerly cultivated. The Towns are inhabited only by old Men, Women and Children; perhaps here and there a Warrior, by Wounds or Loſs of Limbs rendered unfit for Service, left at his Door; his little Children hang round him, aſk an Hiſtory of every Wound, and grow themſelves Soldiers before they find Strength for the Field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate Inſolence of either Army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in purſuing the Operations of the Campaign: It is impoſſible to expreſs the Confuſion, even thoſe, who call themſelves our Friends, create: Even thoſe, from whom we might expect Redreſs, oppreſs with new Calamities. From your Juſtice, therefore, it is that we hope Relief; to you, even Children and Women may complain, whoſe Humanity ſtoops to the meaneſt Petition, and whoſe Power is capable of repreſſing the greateſt Injuſtice.

I am, Sir, &c.

PART

PART IV.

Various FORMS of MESSAGES by CARDS.

CARD I.

MRS. *Jones*'s Compliments to Miſs *Butler*, hopes ſhe ſhall have the Pleaſure to hear ſhe is not engaged for an Hour this Morning. Mrs. *Allen* has ordered the Coach at Twelve, for an Airing through *Hyde-Park* and the *King's-Road*, and if Miſs *Butler* will give her Leave, will take her up at a Quarter after. Nothing can add more to the Enjoyment of ſuch a Morning than her Company.

Monday, Ten o'Clock.

CARD II.

THE Party that were laſt Night at *Vauxhall* dine with Mrs. *Smith* To morrow, and ſhe entreats the Favour of dear Miſs *Roberts*'s Company. There is not one of the Company but has joined in the Requeſt; ſo do not ſend any of your ready-made Apologies. I tell you all the Party dine with me; and you know who was one of them. But why ſhould I ſuppoſe Miſs *Roberts* needs any farther Inducement than to know ſhe will make me happy in complying with my Requeſt?

Thurſday Afternoon.

CARD

CARD III.

LADY *Anne Russell*'s Compliments wait on the most obliging Mrs. *Allsee*. She is incapable of expressing her Concern for the Mistake of last Night, or of making any Apology for such a Rudeness as she has been guilty of. Begs Mrs. *Allsee* will believe that it was impossible for her to foresee the Accident that prevented her from waiting on her, and as much impossible to give her any Notice of it. Lady *Anne* shall not think Mrs. *Allsee* has forgiven her, if she does not appoint another Evening, when she need not promise not to fail paying her Respects, where it is so much her Inclination to pay them.

Tuesday Morning.

CARD IV.

MRS. *Shaw* does herself the Honour to send her Compliments to Miss *Burnett*. Hopes she is very well; and flatters herself that she has Good-Nature enough to pardon this Impertinence. She begs to be favoured with the Pattern of the *Vandyke* Handkerchief which Miss *Burnet* had on the other Night at *Hickford*'s. Mrs. *Shaw* does not imagine this will sit upon any other Neck as it does on Miss *Burnett*'s; but she is ambitious to appear like what is agreeable, if she cannot arrive at the Thing itself; to which indeed she has no Pretensions.

Wednesday Morning.

CARD V.

MISS *Burnett*'s Compliments to the obliging Mrs. *Shaw*. She has sent her the Patterns of three *Vandykes*. That with the Collar is what she had on at *Hickford*'s; but she thinks the fringed one is prettier. As there is something particular in the Way of cutting them out, Miss *Burnett* sends her Servant with the Patterns,

terns, whose Assistance she begs Mrs. *Shaw* will accept; and believes that she understands this Request as the greatest Compliment.

Friday.

CARD VI.

MISS *Saunders* presents her Compliments to Mr. *Wray*, and thinks she is very civil that she sends five Cards at a Time. *Tuesday* is *Woodward's* Benefit. She has a Box; and desires Mr. *Wray* will dispose of so many Tickets to People who may be decently seen in it: For no professed Rakes will be admitted, himself excepted.

CARD VII.

MRS. *Jones's* Compliments wait upon dear Miss *Hall*, but she has given Orders that she shall not be disturbed. If Miss *Hall* is up, she would be glad to hear that she found no Inconvenience from the late Hour to which Mrs. *Jones's* Fondness of her Company kept her. If she has a Head-ach from the Time, or a Cold from the going home, Mrs. *Jones* will not easily forgive herself; if not, she begs Miss *Hall* will pardon her for the pressing her to stay so late.

Thursday, Two o'Clock.

CARD VIII.

MISS *Hall* is extremely obliged to the polite and friendly Mrs. *Jones* for her kind Enquiry after her Health. She has the Pleasure to tell that Lady, that she never was so happy as she was last Night; nor ever in better Health than she is this Morning. Begs that her sincerest Respects may be acceptable; and hopes she shall have the Pleasure of seeing her in *Bury-Street* very soon.

CARD

CARD IX.

MRS. *Thompson* presents her Compliments to Mrs. *Millar*; hopes she is well, and has been so during the many Months in which she has heard nothing from her. Three or four Friends will be at Mr. *Thompson*'s this Afternoon to play at friendly Whist; and nothing can add to the Pleasure of the Party so much as Mrs. *Millar*'s Company.

Friday Afternoon.

CARD X.

MRS. *Millar* returns her sincerest Respects to Mrs. *Thompson*; is obliged to her for the strange and unexpected Visit of a Message; but confesses she had rather have been remembered on any other Occasion. Mrs. *Thompson* knows she has a settled Aversion to Cards; and when she has the happiness to meet with her, must be most displeased with them, because they take the Place of a Conversation at once entertaining and instructive. She begs to be excused on the present Occasion, and shall be happy to obey any other Summons.

CARD XI.

MRS. *Bowden*'s Compliments to Mr. *Price*. She has a Party for Cards To-morrow, about four Tables; and cannot think of such an Evening, without setting him down as one of the Party. Hopes he is not engaged.

Tuesday Morning.

CARD XII.

MRS. *Bowden* Presents her sincerest Respects to Mr. *Cray*. She has a few Friends engaged for this Evening about four Tables, and thinks it no more than Justice

Juſtice to that Eſteem ſhe has for Mr. *Cray*, to tell him of it. Begs that he will make no Apology, for ſhe abſolutely depends upon him.

CARD XIII.

MISS *Wilſon* has the Honour of Mr. *Simonds's* Meſſage. The Elegance of the Paper is raviſhing. She is not poſſeſſed of any of theſe ornamented Cards; nor has a ſingle drooping Cupid into whoſe Hand to put her Civilities. She thanks Mr. *Simonds* for his unexpected Politeneſs; and as ſhe is obliged to return her Compliments on a paltry Two of Hearts, has ordered her Footman in his Way to call at the Apothecary's, and for fear of the delicate Mr. *Simonds's* fainting at the Sight of the Card, to take with him a Bottle of Sal-Volatile.

CARD XIV.

MISS *Williams* takes the Liberty of ſending her Compliments to Mr. *Brounker*. She has the Misfortune to hear that her dear Friend his Siſter is very ill. Does not know that it may be proper to trouble her with a Meſſage; and begs that ſhe may know from Mr. *Brounker* how that Lady does. She is very unhappy that ſhe did not hear of this ſooner, that ſhe might have taken earlier Opportunities of teſtifying her real Concern.

CARD XV.

MRS. *Savage* is ſorry there ſhould happen any Occaſion of her troubling Miſs *Knightly* with a Card, but ſhe has forgotten the Direction of Mrs. *Ekins*, from whom ſhe borrowed ſome Books which ſhe is deſirous to return. She begs Miſs *Knightly's* Pardon for this Meſſage, and for the Trouble ſhe has given in leaving two or three Cards at her Door, and promiſes to be no farther impertinent.

CARD

CARD XVI.

MISS *Knightly* ſends her Compliments to Mrs. *Savage*, and begs ſhe will believe that ſhe is moſt extremely concerned to have received a Card from her with ſo much Reſentment. Miſs *Knightly* will not add to the Cauſe of her Diſpleaſure ſo much as to ſuppoſe that it is without Foundation; but whatever may have been her Fault, ſhe does moſt ſeriouſly and truly aſſure Mrs. *Savage* it was not any intended Diſreſpect. Miſs *Knightly* will wait on Mrs. *Savage* To-morrow Morning to beg Pardon, and a Continuation of an Acquaintance which has been always very dear to her.

CARD XVII.

MR. and Mrs. *Singleton*'s Compliments to Miſs *Williams*; they hope to have the Pleaſure of her Company to the Aſſembly. A Corner of their Coach is at her Service, and they beg Leave to wait on her at Six.

Tueſday Morning.

CARD XVIII.

MISS *Williams*'s Compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*. She is truly ſenſible of the Honour they intend her, and will do herſelf the Pleaſure to wait on them at the Time propoſed.

Tueſday Noon.

CARD XIX.

THE Bride and Bridegroom dine with Mrs. *Jones* To-morrow, and they join with her in ſolliciting the Favour of Mrs. *Thompſon*'s good Company, as the only Thing that can add to their Happineſs. None of your ſecond-hand Apologies, pray now; for, indeed, my

my Dear, you muſt come. We are to be very merry.

Wedneſday Morning.

CARD XX.

MRS *Richardſon* ſends her moſt reſpectful Compliments to Lady *Lovewell*, and hopes her Ladyſhip will do her the Juſtice to believe, that ſhe is inexpreſſibly concerned that ſhe could not have the Honour of waiting on her Yeſterday. Had ſhe received the Card her Ladyſhip ſent in any tolerable Time, ſhe ſhould not have failed in her Duty; but ſhe was on a Party of Pleaſure with Miſs *Bloom*, and did not ſee the Meſſage ſhe was honoured with till this Morning.

Saturday Noon.

APPENDIX,

Not in the ENGLISH EDITION.

THE

PRECEDENCY due to WOMEN.

WOMEN before their marriage have precedency by their fathers; but there is this difference betwixt them and the male children, that the ſame precedency is due to all the daughters that is due to the eldeſt, tho' it is not ſo amongſt ſons; and the reaſon of the difference ſeems to be, that daughters would all ſucceed equally, whereas the eldeſt ſon excludes all the reſt; but if this be the adequate and true reaſon, then where the eſtate and honours are provided to the eldeſt daughter only, excluding the reſt, they ought not to have the ſame precedency that the eldeſt ſiſter has.

And therefore I ascribe this difference rather to the custom of nations, meerly founded upon the respect due to that sex.

During the marriage, the wife regularly participates of the condition of her husband by the civil law, and law of nations: For as she was to be a sharer in his misfortunes, the law thought it just that she should be a sharer in his advantages.

But yet this rule has some exceptions; for though in France the wives of those who have their dignities by offices, enjoy the same precedency with their husbands together with a communication of his title; and thus they say there, *Madam la Chanceliere*, *Madam la Presidente*; yet it is not so with us, who think that offices are bestowed on husbands upon a personal account, which is not communicable to their wives; and yet in some temporary dignities, such as that of a knight bachelor, the wife participates of the husband's title and the precedency: Though I find by the herald's records that this proceeded originally rather from courtesy than from law, and that of old a knight's wife enjoyed only his honours during the spousals, nor were they to be called in law *Dame Alice*, or *Dame Catherine*, *&c.* after the marriage was dissolved.

By our law likewise, if a woman has precedency by her birth, or descent, she retains still the same, notwithstanding she marry a person of inferior dignity, contrary to the rules of the civil law; and thus if the heiress of a dutchy, or earldom, marry a gentleman, she has still the precedency due to a duke, or earl, and which, by the civil law, however, is forbid: The reason whereof is, as Faber observes upon that law, because it were most absurd that the wife should have more dignity than her husband: And thus Livius observes, that Virginia, daughter to a Patrician, or noble Roman, was debarred from the honours due to her birth, because she had married a Plebeian; and it seems indeed that he being her head, it is unnatural that any part should be more honourable than the head; nor can there be any thing more contrary to that superiority, given both by the law of God and man to husbands,

husbands, nor any means fitter to make a wife despise her husband than this is. But I think this precedency has arisen from the feudal law; for the wife having once a noble fee, she cannot forfeit the same by her marriage; and therefore she must retain the dignity that is annexed to it, which is incommunicable to her husband, because he is not in fee. But it is observable, that if the daughter of a nobleman marry another nobleman she will lose the precedency due to her by her birth, though she would not have lost it if she had married a gentleman: And the reason of this is, because by marrying a nobleman, she receives another feudal dignity, which cancels the first.

We find it observed in judge Cook, lib. 12. fol. 112. that if a baron dies, having divers daughters, the King may confer upon either of them the title: And thus the lord Cromwel having died without heirs male, Burchier, who married the youngest daughter, was made lord Cromwel, of which there is no Example in Scotland: For by their law, if the title descend to females by the patent, the eldest only can succeed to the title; but if it descend not by the patent to heirs female, then the King may admit either, or not, as he pleases.

After the husband's decease, the wife did by the civil law enjoy her husband's precedency during her widowhood; but if she marry to a person of inferior quality, she loses that precedency; which holds only in Scotland: and yet sometimes the King allows her the same precedency, by a letter, as he does also to the daughters of dukes, and others who have lost their precedency by marriage, which letters, or warrants, are directed to the herald's office, and registered there. But the queen never loses her former dignity, though she marry the meanest person after the king's death. But the privileges due to the King are communicated to the Queen: Notwithstanding whereof, lawyers think that her bastards are not noble as the bastards of Kings, nor does the womb ever nobilitate; the country of Champaigne in France only excepted, where it is sufficient that either the father or mother be noble, which

was allowed to the ladies of that country, upon the killing of all the nobility at a great fight.

By the civil law alſo, a widow living lewdly, loſes her former dignity: But this holds not in England.

It has been doubted, whether a mean woman marrying a nobleman, retains the privilege due to her by her huſband, who has been degraded by forfeiture, or otherwiſe; and Corbin cites a deciſion, 37 Auguſt, 1698, whereby it was reſolved, that ſhe retains ſtill her former privilege, ſince crimes are perſonal.

It is fit to obſerve that the wives and daughters of all dukes, marquiſſes, earls, &c. do take the ſame place that the huſbands and ſons do, conform to the precedency formerly expreſs'd. We find in the herald's office, an eſtabliſhment ſettled thus among women, by Jaſper duke of Bedford, and other noblemen, by warrant from Henry the IVth.

The wives of dukes of the blood-royal.
The wives of other dukes.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of dukes of the blood-royal.
The daughters of dukes of the blood-royal.
The wives of marquiſſes.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of dukes.
The daughters of dukes.
Counteſſes.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of marquiſſes.
The daughters of marquiſſes.
The wives of the younger ſons of dukes.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of earls.
The daughters of earls.
The wives of viſcounts.
The wives of the younger ſons of marquiſſes.
The wives of barons (that is to ſay your lords)
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of viſcounts.
The daughters of viſcounts.
The wives of the younger ſons of earls.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of barons or lords.
The daughters of barons.
The wives of knight bannerets.
The wives of the younger ſons of lords.

The wives of knights bachelors.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of knights-bannerets.
The daughters of bannerets.
The wives of the eldeſt ſons of knight-bachelors
The daughters of knights-bachelors.
The Queen's maids of honour.
The wives of the younger ſons of bannerets.
The wives of the younger ſons of knights-bachelors.
The wives of eſquires
The wives of gentlemen.
The daughters of eſquires.
The daughters of gentlemen.
The wives of citizens.
The wives of burgeſſes.

From all which it is to be obſerved, that the wife of the eldeſt ſon of any degree, takes place before daughters of the ſame degree, and both of them take place of the younger ſon's wife of the preceding degree: Thus the lady of the eldeſt ſon of a marquis precedes the daughter of a marquis, and both precede the ladies of dukes younger ſons: *Item*, the wife of the next degree as a counteſs, precedes the lady of the eldeſt ſon of the preceding degree, as of a marquis, and the daughter of a marquis.

Though the daughter of a marquis gives place to the wives of the eldeſt ſons of all marquiſſes; yet if that daughter be an heireſs, and the daughter of an elder marquis, then ſhe takes place of the wives of the eldeſt ſons of all younger marquiſſes, as Segar obſerves. It is likewiſe obſervable, that ſince this ranking under Henry the IV, there are ſeveral new additions: For after the wives of lords eldeſt ſons and lords daughters are ranked, the wives of privy counſellors and judges; wives of the younger ſons of viſcounts, and of lords or barons, the wives of baronets, the wives of bannerets, the wives of knights of the Bath, and the wives of knights-bachelors, &c. As in the foregoing eſtabliſhment, by the duke of Bedford.

Of doing the Honours of a TABLE.

THIS is an article in which fashion more prevails than it ought, for reason should be the guide altogether. We are obliged to the French in this, as in many other articles of behaviour; for they have the art of preserving good manners with less ceremony than our ancestors used to do. At the same time we are to observe, that the good old English custom, though more ceremonious, was more obliging.

It was our custom to let the lady of the house help her visitors; and this, though troublesome to her, was founded upon reason. She was supposed to understand carving perfectly well, and to know where the best bits were: it also gave her an opportunity of shewing with what satisfaction she waited on her friends.

At present the fashion is, after the lady at the head of the table has made a beginning, by helping those near her, for every one to take care of himself, by helping himself to what is next, or sending his plate to the person who sits near what he likes; so that the lady fares like the rest of the company, and has no more trouble than others. This is civility to her, because it excuses her a great deal of trouble, without taking from her the opportunity of serving her friends, if she pleases.

In the old way, when there was but a tolerably large company, it were almost impossible the mistress of the house should taste a bit of any thing. As the custom is at present, she is one of the company.

The early fashion in England was suited to times of plainness and simplicity. The present custom is fitter for our extravagant entertainments. When there were but two or three dishes the lady might help every body, and eat something herself too: this was some trouble, but the pleasure to see her friends made amends. In the present grand way of living it is impracticable, where so many persons are entertained, one cannot help all; and where there is such a number of dishes, it is quite impossible to remove them backwards and forwards to the head of the table.

The

The company are meant to be entertained, and the better they are so, the more the master of the house will be pleased; but they were under a constraint, when every thing was to come from the hand of the mistress; and they did not care to shew they had large stomachs, or they were ashamed to speak, or they were sorry to give her trouble; so that half of them did not dine well. Now every one helps himself as he likes, and where he likes; no body sees what he eats, and if he gives any of the company trouble, he is in the way of returning it, by helping them in his turn, to any thing that is next him; the company are easy, the master is pleased, and the lady has no trouble.

Thus we see what was the ancient, and what is the present manner; but it may be proper to give here one short piece of advice. This French fashion of perfect ease was calculated for great tables, and it should in a manner be confined to them. What reason dictates on the subject is this:

When there are but two or three at a table, and but two or three dishes, the mistress of the house should help every body once, and desire them afterwards to take care of themselves. When there are a great many dishes, and a great deal of company, she should tell them she leaves them to the French ease, the dinner is before them, and they are expected to take care of themselves, and of one another.

In the old times in England people thought they never entertained one another well, if they did not feed them till they almost burst; as at present a man in Germany never thinks he makes much of another, if he does not make him drunk: but this is a custom set aside for a much more reasonable civility.

We suppose that every one who dines with us dines as well every day at home, and therefore we make no pother about his eating, as if he was at a feast.

It was the custom then for the mistress of the table to see her guest eat of every dish, and eat heartily; now the true politeness among perfectly polite people, is not to regard what any one eats; but if there happens to be a present not so much used to company, the lady

in

is to aſk him, without ceremony, whether ſhe ſhall help *him to this* diſh or that diſh. This is an eaſe to the backwardneſs of the gueſt, and may be done in ſuch a manner, as not to draw on the attention of the company.

As our grandmothers made too much racket with their gueſts, we are in danger of making two little; ſo natural it is for ladies to run from one extreme to another: thoſe good old gentlewomen were always finding fault with their food, and thought they ſhew'd their own ſkill in letting their company know what was amiſs, and their civility in expreſſing their concern that things were not good enough for their entertainment; on the other hand, our ladies are too apt to neglect the thing entirely: they take no notice of their proviſion; it goes as it comes, and the company have no way to know they are welcome, but by remember they were aſk'd.

A middle practice is better: let the truly polite lady take ſome notice of theſe things, though not too much; and let her praiſe a diſh that is good, though her own, 'tis civil to recommend it to her company.

A few ſhort and intelligible Forms of Billets, which may be varied at Pleaſure, ſo as to ſerve all Occaſions.

MR. and Mrs. CECIL's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD, and deſire the Favour of their Company *Wedneſday* next, to drink Tea, and ſpend the Evening.

Monday Morn.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD return their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. CECIL, and will certainly do themſelves the Pleaſure to wait on them.

Monday Noon.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD return their Compliments, and are *sorry it happens that a Pre-engagement will not* permit them the Pleasure of waiting on Mr. and Mrs. CECIL, which they would otherwise have readily done.

Monday Noon.

Mr. and Mrs. COMPTON's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY; and if they are disengaged this afternoon, will take the Pleasure of waiting on them.

Tuesday Morn.

Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY are perfectly disengaged, beg their Compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. COMPTON's agreeable Company.

Tuesday Noon.

Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY are very sorry it so happens that they are engag'd this Afternoon and Evening, but beg their Compliments, and any other time, that shall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs COMPTON, will be proud of the Pleasure of their Company.

Tuesday Noon.

Miss WILLIS sends her Compliments to Miss BYRON, and desires to know how she does, and if well enough to see Company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea.

Wednesday Morn.

Miss BYRON, without a Compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss WILLIS, whom she will be extremely glad to see and accept of her kind salutary Offer, of an Airing in her Coach, at the Time proposed.

Wednesday Morn.

Miss BYRON, instead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miss WILLIS her best Thanks, for her very obliging Card, and is extremely sorry she is not well enough to have the Pleasure of her Company, which however she hopes very soon for a full enjoyment of, and

and to be able to accept her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wednesday Noon, and not up.

Mrs. Wyndham presents her Compliments to Mrs. Pemberton, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Whist.

Thursday Afternoon.

Mrs. Pemberton is not so well as she could wish to be, but much at Mrs. Wyndham's Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thursday Even.

Mr. Lambert's Compliments wait on Miss Norris, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Assembly.

Friday Morn.

Miss Norris's Compliments, and she is engaged.

Friday.

Miss Norris's Compliments, she is not certain of being at the Assembly, and undetermin'd about Dancing; so Mr. Lambert must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

Miss Wansey is sorry to trouble Miss Cooper on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt Waterland, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by Bearer.

Saturday Evening.

Mrs. Chedworth's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and if not engag'd, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is greatly desired this Evening at a Party of Whist, about four Tables in the Whole.

Monday Morning.

Miss

Miſs CHARLTON's beſt Services; ſhe has the Pleaſure of Miſs CHEDWORTH's reſpectful Meſſage, and 'tis much againſt her Inclination, that ſhe is obliged to ſay ſhe can't poſſibly wait on her, having this Evening an Engagement that can't be diſpens'd with.

Tueſday Morn.

If Miſs ROMNEY be well enough, Lady BATHURST's Compliments. She propoſes a Viſit this Afternoon to Miſs ARRAN, and will be very glad of her Company; the Coach is ordered exactly at four, and an Airing will not be amiſs.

Wedneſday Eleven o'Clock.

Miſs ROMNEY has the Honour of Lady BATHURST's Card; ſhe begs leave to return her Compliments, and is very much at her Ladyſhips ſervice, and will certainly wait on her.

Wedneſday.

Mrs LEGG has a Party at Cards next *Wedneſday* Se'nnight of eight Tables; ſhe preſents her Compliments to Mr. STRONG, and deſires the Favour of his Company.

Thurſday, December 5.

Mr. STRONG has the Honour of Mrs. LEGG's Card, thinks himſelf extremely obliged in the Remembrance, and will certainly do himſelf the pleaſure of waiting on her.

Thurſday, December 5.

Mr. BEDFORD, after the Honour of dancing laſt night with Miſs HAMMOND, is concern'd that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a ſudden Call to Town; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Meſſage will find her in perfect Health, and that ſhe took no Cold.

Friday Morn. Eight o'Clock.

FINIS.

BOOKS printed by and for JAMES HOEY, junior.

ARTICLE I.

THE LADIES FRIEND, being a MUSEUM for the Fair-Sex, or Cabinet of polite Literature and Rational Amusements for Ladies. With an epistle to the most noble the Marchioness of *KILDARE*. By EUPHROSINE.—*Price bound in calf and lettered*, 2s. 8½*d*, *sewed* 2s. 2*d*.

*** From the entertaining variety and novelty of the plan whereon this work is constructed, it is humbly supposed it cannot fail of being received with universal satisfaction.

Thou, NOVELTY, *art my Goddess.*

Three fourths of this volume are taken up with a new novel, by the celebrated Mrs. LENNOX, intitled,

S O P H I A.

Concerning which the following letter has appeared in the PUBLIC LEDGER, a London literary paper.——

'Among the number of Novels lately published, 'I must confess I am not a little pleased with one 'adorned with the name of a lady, who without any 'hyperbole, may be stiled, *The glory of the female sex, 'and an honour to the British nation.* HARRIOT STE-'WART, the FEMALE QUIXOTE, HENRIETTA, &c. 'are lasting monuments of her fine taste and superior 'genius as an original writer; and the elegant English 'dress she has given to SULLY's *Memoirs*, (which on 'various occasions, I have quoted and applied, to the 'satisfaction of the public) and BRUMOY's *Greek Thea-'tre*, now published in three volumes quarto, sufficiently evince her thorough knowledge of the lan-'guages, and her abilities as a translator Most of her 'original pieces have also obtained the approbation of 'foreigners, and have been translated into French 'and other languages. I hope this circumstance 'alone will procure *The History* of SOPHIA DARN-'LEY, what the intrinsic merit of the work it-'self deserves, a favourable reception from the 'public. Mrs. LENNOX has forfeited no part of 'her

'her reputation by this publication, which I warmly re-
'commend as one of the best and most pleasing novels
'that has appeared for some years. The story is quite
'new, uniform and interesting; the characters are na-
'tural and properly supported; the stile equal, easy,
'and well kept up, sinking no where below the level of
'genteel life, a compliment which cannot be paid to
'one of the most celebrated novel writers we have.

PROBUS.

The authors of the Monthly Review, speaking of the Memoirs of the duke de Sully, say, 'That the transla-
'tion is judiciously executed, the language is easy and
'proper for the subject, and such as may well become
'the fair hand to which the public is obliged for the
'Female Quixote, and Shakespear illustrated.' In short Mrs. LENNOX has not written or translated any thing but what has obtained the warmest commendations from all the Reviewers, and from the Public in general.

*** As the LADIES FRIEND consists of two parts, published at different times, either part may be had alone for 1*s.* 1*d.*

ARTICLE. II.

MAGAZIN DES ENFANS. The POLITE TUTOR and TUTORESS, or the Young GENTLEMEN and LADIES INSTRUCTOR; being a Series of Dialogues between Mrs. AFFABLE, a sensible Governess, and several of her Pupils of the first rank; in which the young ladies are made to think, speak and act, in a manner suitable to their respective tempers, dispositions, and capacities. No less care being taken to form their hearts to virtue than to cultivate their understandings with useful knowledge. In this work are included lessons in GEOGRAPHY, and a clear abridgement of Sacred and Profane HISTORY, interspersed with useful REFLECTIONS, FABLES, MORAL TALES, SONGS, &c. for their amusement: A very proper study for young Gentlemen and Ladies of fashion, especially those at Boarding-schools. By Madam LA PRINCE DE BEAU-

MONT; tranſlated from the French. To which is added, the PERFIDIOUS ORPHAN; and the DOUBLE ESCAPE; two new NOVELS, never before printed. The laſt novel was wrote by the late celebrated Mrs. MANLY, author of the Atlantis, but never before printed. In the opinion of thoſe who have read it, it is equal to any thing of the kind yet extant in the Engliſh language, for ingenuity of plot, elegance of ſtyle, purity of the moral, and intereſting cataſtrophe, with an Addreſs to the maſters and governeſſes of Boarding-ſchools. Inſcribed by the editor to Lady AMELIA FITZGERALD, eldeſt daughter of the moſt noble JAMES Marquis of Kildare. In two Volumes: *Price, neatly bound together in red leather and gilt, 2s. 2d.*

*** Thoſe who buy ſix together (for ſchools, or to make preſents of) to have a ſeventh gratis.

The following are the opinions of the authors of the MONTHLY *and* CRITICAL REVIEWS, *with regard to this work.*

'This is the prettieſt book of the kind that we have 'ſeen: it is written in the Socratic manner, and can-'not fail of entertaining, while it improves the young 'readers for whoſe uſe it is intended. MADAM DE 'BEAUMONT is excellent in this way, &c.' See Monthly Review, Vol. XVII. Page 604.

'When it is remembered how much the happineſs of 'ſociety, and the good of mankind, depends upon the 'education of its individuals, we ſhall be pardoned for 'taking notice of one of the beſt works that has been 'written to that end: the intention of thoſe dialogues 'is to give a juſt way of thinking, ſpeaking and act-'ing, to young people according to their different ſta-'tions in life: And they every where contribute to en-'lighten the underſtanding, to form the heart to good-'neſs. Here we find the uſeful and agreeable happily 'blended, a ſhort and clear abridgement of ſacred and 'profane hiſtory, and ſome leſſons in geography. As 'our young diſcourſers and their governeſs advance in 'their ſubject they become more ſenſible and pleaſing, 'like good wine that grows better from age. The eaſy 'reflections and maxims of decency and good breeding

'cannot

'cannot but be of service to such as are charged with 'the education of young females, &c.' See Critical Review for August 1757, Page 177.

*** This work has already gone through seven editions, viz. two in Paris in the original French; two in London, in English: and now a third in Dublin.

ARTICLE III.

THE CENTINEL: By the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, and the other authors of the WORLD. Executed on the same plan of the SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN, RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, &c. Complete in 2 Vols. inscribed to PHILIP STANHOPE Earl of Chesterfield.—*Price bound in calf's leather and lettered, 5s. 5d: sewed in blue paper 4s. 4d.*

One of the Monthly Critics speaks thus of the CENTINEL, as Successor to the WORLD.

An infant Phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same term-renews.

DRYDEN'S *Ovid.*

'There was a time, and that we believe within most 'of our readers remembrance, when the SPECTATOR 'and GUARDIAN were held in such high estimation, 'that a periodical paper of the same nature and on the 'same plan, would have been looked on as a vain and 'fruitless attempt, or rather as a kind of literary treason 'against the universally acknowledged sovereignty of 'STEEL and ADDISON, whose extraordinary and deserv-'ed success had intimidated every writer from striking 'into their paths, and of course turned the tide of ge-'nius into another channel. Prejudice, however, by 'degrees subsided: New manners, and fashions arising 'brought with them fresh matter of observation, and 'fresh fund for ridicule: some men, therefore, of cou-'rage and abilities took the liberty to walk in the steps 'of their predecessors, and met with the reward of 'their labours in the cause of truth, learning and vir-

'tue. Some writers have of late years ſprung up a-
'mongſt us who would not have diſgraced what we ge-
'nerally conſider as our Auguſtan Age. There is a
'ſprightlineſs and vivacity running through theſe pa-
'pers, which keeps our attention always awake to them,
'and which ſeems to be the genuine and natural effect
'of the good humour and chearfulneſs of the author.
'What SHAKESPEAR calls, *the form and preſſure of the*
'*times*, is more immediately viſible in the CENTINEL
'than in any thing of this kind we have yet ſeen.
'There is alſo a fire and ſpirit peculiar to good painters,
'which animates, invigorates, and enlivens the whole,
'&c, &c.'

ARTICLE IV.

[*A new Edition, being the third, corrected by the Author, and illuſtrated with Copper-Plates.*]

THE Life and Adventures of Sir LAUNCELOT GREAVES: By the author of RODERICK RANDOM, &c.——*Price bound in calf and lettered,* 2*s.* 8½*d: ſewed* 2*s.* 2*d.*

'The character of the author of Roderick Random,
'&c. is ſo firmly eſtabliſhed as one of the firſt maſters
'in this humourous and entertaining kind of compoſi-
'tion, that the work he now offers to the public re-
'quires no other recommendation, than his name. We
'may, with truth, inhance this recommendation, by
'ſaying, it is the beſt of this author's performances in
'the novel way; and to be the beſt of his entertaining
'pieces, is no ſmall praiſe: yet it is no more than this
'agreeable work deſerves. Our author, who is excel-
'lent at characters in general, is particularly happy in
'that of a SAILOR, which he introduces into all his
'pieces of this nature, wherein he has a manner of his
'own, and a certain original air not to be counterfeited.
'That of Capt. CROWE, in the romance now before
'us, is, if poſſible, ſuperior to any he has yet drawn
'of that caſt. In fine, we are confident, that when the
'reader

'reader has gone thro' this new NOVEL he will have
'but one wish, that the author had extended the story
'to many volumes.'

ARTICLE V.

[*A new Edition, being the second, with great additions; particularly, the History of* PAMPHILIUS *and* SOPHIA, *not in the former edition.*]

THE History of OPHELIA. Published by Miss FIELDING, author of DAVID SIMPLE, Countess of DELWYN, &c.—*In two volumes bound together, Price 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

In an advertisement prefixed to the work, the editor thus expresses herself: 'I am obliged to fortune for 'the papers I now offer to the public: it is a pity ad-'ventures, so new and entertaining, should be buried 'in oblivion, especially when they and the reflections 'scattered throughout the book, are as well calculated 'for instruction as amusement.' The Critical Reviewers deliver their opinion in the following terms: 'This 'novel preserves a peculiar delicacy of sentiment; and 'we may safely venture to say, it affords as much en-'tertainment and pure recreation, as any production of 'this kind that ever appeared.'

ARTICLE VI.

THE History of the COUNTESS of DELWYN: By the author of DAVID SIMPLE, OPHELIA, &c.—*In two volumes bound together, price 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

'The known talents of the ingenious author of DA-'VID SIMPLE, will, (say the writers of the Review of 'Books) we doubt not, so far recommend the present 'work, as to render our suffrage unnecessary. With this 'lady's story that of several other families is connected, 'in which great knowledge of life is displayed, the 'leading passions are well marked, and the consequences

'naturally resulting from those passions, set in the 'strongest point of view.'

ARTICLE VII.

[*The second Edition.*]

THE entertaining Life and Adventures, in several Parts of England and Ireland, of JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON, son to the Rev. Mr. Matthew and the celebrated Mrs. Letitia Pilkington. Written by himself. To which are added, never before printed, a series of letters which passed between the late lord KINGSBOROUGH and Mrs. Pilkington. Poems by Mr. Pilkington. A new scene for *High Life below Stairs*. An extraordinary letter from the late Colley Cibber, Esq; to Mrs. Pilkington, &c. The last articles are not in the London edition.—*Price, bound in calf and lettered,* 2*s.* 8½*d: sewed* 2*s.* 2*d.*

The character given of this performance by one of the Monthly Criticks, is conceived in the following terms—'This piece (if we may be allowed the expression) may be regarded as a modern IRISH ATLANTIS, in which several curious Anecdotes of the following persons are preserved.

'Lord Kingsborough,
'Lord Carteret,
'Sir John B——n of the Neale.
'Mrs. Barber,
'Mrs. Grierson,
'Dr. D—l—ny,
'Dr. George Vanlewen of Cork,
'Colonel N——gh of Ballyhaise,
'Baron D—n,
'Ch—s O'N—, Esq;
'Sir J—n F—ke and lady,
'Mrs. and Miss B——ch,
'Mr. and Mrs. Coddington of Oldbridgetown near Drogheda,
'Sir Ch—s M—e,
'Arthur H—l Esq;
'Late Lord Ross,
'Earl of Kildare,
'Capt. Pockrich,
'Miss W—r,
'Brigadier Meade,
'Sir Edward Montague,
'Colonel Duncom,
'Earl of Chesterfield,
'Lord B——,
'Cornet K—g,
'A—w F—t, Esq;
'Lord L—n,

'Lord

'Lord Ligonier,
'The Rev. Mr. J—b,
'Colley Cibber,
'Mr. Thomas Sheridan,
'Mr. Garrick,
'Mr. Theo. Cibber,
'The widow Pockrich, with a copy of her celebrated epiſtle to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, now firſt printed from her original manuſcript,
'Weſtley the Methodiſt, &c.

'Our author's narrative is enlivened, and receives 'conſequence by the introduction of a variety of anec-'dotes and little epiſodical ſtories of the abovemen-'tioned perſons.

'The firſt volume is chiefly taken up with his own 'adventures, which, however, do not ſo much intereſt 'the reader from their ſtrangeneſs, as from the agree-'able manner in which they are related; domeſtic diſ-'treſs, the inſolence of the wealthy, and the uncon-'tinuing profeſſions of premature friendſhips, make up 'the detail. Being early involved in his mother's diſ-'treſſes, he met ſeveral, who, in the firſt impulſe of 'tenderneſs, were ready to harbour and relieve him; 'but every repeated ſolicitation diminiſhing their ſen-'ſibility, they all at laſt abandoned him, and charged 'upon his inſolence or ingratitude that coldneſs, which 'proceeded only from their own diſcontinuance of ſym-'pathy with his diſtreſs.

'This performance was firſt publiſhed by ſubſcripti-'on: ſeveral names of people of the firſt faſhion ap-'peared upon the liſt. We muſt own, however, that 'patronage extorted from the great, whatever praiſe it 'might reflect on them, added none in our eye to the 'merits of the author. We took up his book with a 'deſign to be diſpleaſed; and even prejudice prediſ-'poſed us to read a performance thus uſhered into the 'world with indifference and even contempt. But as 'we proceeded in his narration, we began to become 'reconciled to the author: the eaſy ſimplicity of his 'manner, the flowing elegance of his ſtyle, and a pret-'tineſs of thinking, ſo much reſembling that of his 'mother, the well-known Letitia Pilkington, entirely 'altered our ſentiments; nor can we avoid claſſing it

'among

'among the most amusing performances that have ap-
'peared this season.'

ARTICLE VIII.

THE LIFE, extraordinary HISTORY and INTRIGUES of the Chevalier, JOHN TAYLOR, Occulist; who has been on his travels upwards of thirty years, thro' England, Ireland, Scotland, and the rest of Europe: Containing his adventures in London, Dublin, Paris, &c. Written from authentic materials, and published by his son, JOHN TAYLOR, of Hatton-Garden, London.——*In two volumes bound together, price* 2*s.* 2*d.*: *sewed,* 1*s.* 7½*d.*

Character of this work from the REVIEW.

'In the course of our reviewing, we have not received more entertainment from the perusal of any work 'of amusement, than what this agreeable and lively 'novel afforded us. The masterly manner in which it 'is wrote, convince us the Doctor had but little hand 'in it. It abounds with wit, satire, and a variety of 'humorous incidents, related in fluent language, per-'fectly adapted to the scenes, which, the very delicate 'reader will wish were in higher life; however, they 'are perpetually spirited, and discover an uncommon 'quickness of thought. The exploits of the matchless 'hero of this story, founded upon facts so manifest, ex-'ceed, in number and entertaining adventures, the 'most fertile romance that invention has hitherto pro-'duced; a character so complex, and so contrasted, no 'age, perhaps, or country has beheld. It looks as if 'nature in a playful frolic, had thrown him out to the 'world, in order to shew mankind how reason and pas-'sion, how genius and caprice, could counterwork each 'other within the human mind, and mark out a moral 'prodigy made up of all extremes. Our author's man-'ner is concise, yet perspicuous; his allusions are truly 'comic, and his observations sensible and animated; 'his sentiments are forcible, and his satire most inge-'niously severe. His descriptions are a species of com-'position in which he displays uncommon talents for

'wit

'wit and humour. Where he ſteps aſide from truth, '(by way of muſic between the acts, and plays upon 'his invention) he entertains us with ſpecimens of fa- 'cetiouſneſs, equaled by none in our language, ſince 'the days of Harry Fielding.'

ARTICLE IX.

APOLLO: or the SONGSTER'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY: Being a collection of all the Songs in the Engliſh language, *old* and *new*, on Love, Mirth, War, Hunting and Drinking; likewiſe the Paſtoral Ballads, Loyal and Sea Songs, Duetts, Cantatas, &c. contained in the ſeveral Theatrical pieces and oratorios, or thoſe ſung at the gardens in theſe kingdoms: Interſperſed with many *Iriſh*, *Engliſh*, and *Scotch* Songs of mirth and oddity, that have hitherto been only handed about incorrectly in manuſcript. This part, being the firſt, contains upwards of 200 modern Songs, with other articles, viz. 1. The new art of Singing, by Dr. ARNE, conſiſting of conciſe inſtructions, whereby a perſon of the leaſt capacity, and but an indifferent voice, may ſpeedily attain this moſt agreeable accompliſhment. 2. A new Song with the Muſic (by way of frontiſpiece) wrote and ſet for a celebrated catch club in Dublin. 3. The whole of a new muſical performance, intitled, *The* SULTAN. 4. Another new entertainment entire, intitled, *The* ENCHANTER.—*Price* 1*s.* 1*d*: or, *ſewed up with the ſecond part, (intitled the* WREATH,) 2*s.* 2*d*: *bound* 2*s.* 8½*d.*

N. B. None of the Songs contained in the *ſecond* part are inſerted in *this firſt* part. Either part may be had alone for 1*s.* 1*d.*

ARTICLE X.

THE WREATH; or, SONGSTER'S POCKET COMPANION: Being a collection of the Songs, Dialogues, and Cantatas ſung of late years at the Theatres and Gardens of London and Dublin. Interſperſed

ſperſed with various ſongs adapted to the ſeveral ſocieties of Maſons, Friendly Brothers, Bucks, Bacchanalians, Sportſmen and Choice Spirits, &c. and thoſe dedicated to Cupid and Mars, amongwhich are ſeveral not before made public. The whole ſo judiciouſly ſelected, as not either to deprive the Humouriſt of his laugh or crimſon over the virgin cheek of beauty. Four of the ſongs are printed with the muſic, taken from folio plates.

I've ſearch'd the fields of every kind,
The ſweeteſt flowers I've choſe,
And ſend them in a WREATH *to bind*
My Roſalinda's *brows.*

This is the ſecond part, or number, of the APOLLO, advertiſed above.——*Price* 1*s* 1*d.* or, *bound up with the firſt part* 2*s.* 8½*d: ſewed* 2*s.* 2*d.*

N. B. None of the ſongs contained in the *firſt* part are inſerted in *this ſecond* part, which contains the celebrated *Kilternan* ballads.

ARTICLE XI.

THE CHAPLET of CHEARFULNESS, and *Company Keeper's Aſſiſtant:* A ſelect Collection of Songs for the Entertainment of the Bacchanal, Lover, Buck, Sportſman, Free Maſon, Loyaliſt, Soldier, and Sailor: and for all thoſe who would render themſelves agreeable, divert Company, kill Care, and be joyous: Where the high ſeaſoned WIT and HUMOUR will be a ſufficient Apology for a *bad voice*; and whereby ſuch as have a *tolerable one* will be able to ſhine, without repreſſing the Laugh of the merrily diſpoſed, or offending the Ear of the moſt chaſte Virgin. Conſiſting of many valuable and real Originals, not to be met with in any other Collection: Likewiſe, thoſe ſung at the Theatres and Gardens of London and Dublin for ten years paſt to this day, many of which were quite out of print. To which is annexed, a Collection of TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, and HOB NOBS now in uſe, with ſeveral

newly

newly coined but not yet current, this being the first Delivery of them from the Mint. By EUPHROSYNE.

Hence loathed Melancholy:——
But come thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven y'clep'd EUPHROSYNE:
And by men,—heart-easing Mirth.
Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. MILTON.

This is the *third* number, or first part of the second Vol. of APOLLO, advertised above——*Price* 1*s.* 1*d.* or, *bound up with the second part of the second Vol. (intitled,* WIT, WOMEN, and WINE) 2*s.* 8½*d: sewed* 2*s.* 2*d.*

N. B. None of the Songs inserted in this *third* number of APOLLO, are contained in the two former numbers, or in the succeeding.

ARTICLE XII.

WIT, WOMEN, and WINE; or, The MIRTH-LOVING SONGSTER. A collection of original Songs, Odes, Cantatas, Catches, Burlettas, &c. satirical, political, comical, tragi-comical, farsical and pastoral, in the *Irish, Scotch, Italian,* and *English* taste: to which is annex'd, the celebrated Dutch and German story of Mynheer VANSLAWKEN and Mynheer EUPHARSON, as it was exhibited by the author at the theatres in London with the highest applause. Also, several of the new Songs serious and comic, which, for want of room, were omitted in the CHAPLET of CHEARFULNESS.——*Price* 1*s.* 1*d:* or, *bound up with the* CHAPLET of CHEARFULNESS, *(the first part of this vol.)* 2*s.* 8½*d: sewed* 2*s.* 2*d.*

N. B. This is the 4th number, or second part of the second Vol. of APOLLO, advertised above. None of the Songs contained in *this* part, are inserted in any of the preceding parts or numbers.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE XIII.

THE Adventures of JACK FITZPATRICK, embellished with a copper-plate frontispiece of a NIGHT-SCENE.—*Price bound in calf and lettered 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*

Account of this work from the REVIEW.

'The hero of this piece is a fortune-hunter: in the 'prosecution of his profession he meets with several ad-'ventures; which are happily cenceived, and related 'with genuine humour. We should be glad to see 'more of this author's productions, who appears, from 'this specimen, well qualified to entertain the public. 'It is embellished with an ingenious frontispiece, re-'presenting one of the hero's adventures, being a Night 'Scene in a new taste, well executed by the engraver. 'To diversify the volume, the incidents of our hero's 'history being all of the droll kind, the reader is pre-'sented with some new novels in a more refined taste.'

ARTICLE XIV.

LETTERS of the Rt. hon. Lady MARY WORTHLY MONTAGUE: written, during her travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, to persons of distinction, men of letters, &c. in different parts of Europe. Which contain, among other curious relations, accounts of the policy and manners of the Turks; drawn from sources that have been inaccessible to other travellers.

ARTICLE XV.

THE STORY TELLER on a new plan. In which is inserted none of those insipid thread-bare Jests or Stories, published in the collections that are perpetually issuing from the press; this entertaining work consisting of entire new Stories: an assertion, tho' somewhat strange, is nevertheless true, as the candid reader will acknowledge on perusal.—*Price, bound 2s. 8½d: sewed 2s. 2d.*