

Frontispiece to the Court Letter-Writer.



J. Taylor sculp:

T H E
COURT LETTER WRITER;
OR THE
COMPLETE ENGLISH SECRETARY
FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY.
CONTAINING

Variety of original familiar Letters on all Manner of Subjects and Occasions; intended as Models to form the Style on every Point essential to the Improvement of the Reader. Also a great Variety of the most elegant, entertaining and instructive Letters, extracted from the most celebrated modern Authors.

The whole forming a

Complete Library of Epistolary Correspondence, on

DUTY,	POLITENESS,
FILIAL AFFECTION,	TASTE,
PARENTAL AFFECTION,	BEHAVIOUR,
COURTSHIP,	AMUSEMENT,
LOVE,	INSTRUCTION,
MARRIAGE,	A N D
FRIENDSHIP,	MANY OTHER SUBJECTS.

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Variety of POETICAL LETTERS, or EPISTLES, serious, humorous, and pathetic; sentimental and descriptive. Together with CARDS of COMPLIMENT and CONDOLENCE; of FRIENDSHIP or AFFECTION; of ANGER or RESENTMENT. Also Rules to be observed in writing LETTERS, and all the different Forms of ADDRESS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A COMPLETE GRAMMAR of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The whole upon a more extensive Plan than any thing of the Kind, and so calculated, that any Person may, in a short Time, be enabled to express his Thoughts with Elegance, Ease, Freedom and Propriety.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
COURT LETTER-WRITER.

A concise ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Of GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR, the art of speaking and writing with the truest propriety, is divided into four parts.

1st. ORTHOGRAPHY, or the art of spelling with truth, and writing our words with proper letters; as *Aversion*, not *Avershun*.

2d. ETYMOLOGY, Which teaches how to distinguish words by their various significations, kinds and properties.

3d. SYNTAX, Which teaches how to join words in a sentence, or sentences together.

4th. ORTHOEPY or PROSODY, Which teaches the accent and quantities of syllables, the art of making verses, and consequently of speaking with propriety and good grace.

Of LETTERS.

THE English tongue is extremely simple in its compositions, and free from the many rules which render others so difficult to the learner. The letters are twenty-six in number, viz. *a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, (t,) t, v, u, w, x, y, z*. The *j* and *v* consonants are pronounced *ja* and *vee*.

Letters are distinguished according to their sound into vowels and consonants: a vowel is a letter that makes a full and perfect sound of itself without the addition of any other letter; they are in number six, viz. *a, e, i, o, u*, and *y*, the Greek vowel, which is also an English vowel, when it comes after a consonant, and has the sound of *i*, as in *by, thy*; it is never used in the middle of a word, but always at the end, except the word is derived from the Greek language. Each of these vowels has a long and short sound; when they end a syllable, as *Jericho*, or have silent *e* at the end, they

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are usually long; as *bat*, *bate*, *ber*, *here*, *Sir*, *Sire*, *bop*, *bope*, *jug*, *June*; in all other positions they are generally pronounced short, as in *ba-nish*, pronounce *bannish*.

Of the VOWEL A.

A has also a broad sound like *au* when it precedes *ll*, *ld*, *lk*, *lt*, as in *fall*, *bald*, *walk*, *salt*; it has the same broad sound in *almanack*, *albeit*, *almighty*, *almost*, *already*, *also*, *always*, *falcon*, *false*, *palsy*, *ward*, *warm*, *warn*, *water*, *wrath*.

A is not, however, pronounced broad before *ll*, if these letters are parted in spelling, as *bal-low-ed*; nor in the word *ball*.

A in the words *flea*, *fea*, *plea*, *sea*, *tea*, and (*yea*, now obsolete) sounds like *e* long.

It is also sometimes writ, but not pronounced, as *parlia-ment*, pronounced *parliment*.

As *a* never ends an English word, except those already quoted; *idea*, *dilemma*, *guinea*, and a few other words from foreign languages; as *asthma*, *opera*, *subpœna*, and some proper names, as *Asia*; its long sound at the end of a word is expressed by *ay*, as *day*, *say*; and its broad sound by *aw*, as *law*, *jaw*.

Of the VOWEL E.

E is sounded at the end of some proper names, as *Phebe*, and in *me*, *be*, *be*, *she*, *the*, *we*, *ye*, *epitome*, *simile*; but in other words is silent, as *office*; *e* serves to lengthen the sound of the foregoing vowel, as *mite*, *mute*, except it follow two consonants, when it is pronounced short, as *hinge*. *I* also is frequently, and the other vowels sometimes, pronounced short in the last syllable, though it ends with *e*, as *notice*; and the following monosyllables are short, *give*, *live*, *sieve*, *conie*, *jone*, *gone*, *none*, *dove*, *glove*, *love*.

EXCEPTION. *E* lengthens the former vowel after two consonants, in *change*, *grange*, *range*, *strange*, *charge*, *large*, *gorge*, *forge*, *haste*, *paste*, *taste*, *waste*, *bathe*, *swathe*, *blihe*, *sthe*, *tith*, &c.

E final, when it follows *c*, *g*, and *th*, softens their sound; as *mace*, *rage*, *bacbe*.

E, if it follows a consonant, and *l*, at the end of a word, sounds as if written before the *l*, as *little*; it also sounds like *u* wrote before the *r* in words ending in *cre*, *rie*, *tre*; as *acre*, *meagre*, *mitre*; and like *a* in *serjeant*, *Derby*, *merchant*.

The long sound of *e* in the middle of words or syllables,

is



is sometimes expressed by *e*, as *veal*; by *ei*, as *receive*; by *ie*, as *believe*; though mostly 'tis written *ee*, as *deed*, or *e* final, as *adhere*.

E is sounded like *a* long in *there*, *where*, &c.

Of the VOWEL I.

I, contrary to the general rule, is mostly sounded long in words or syllables ending with the following consonants, *gh*, *ght*, *gn*, *ld*, *mb*, and *nd*, as *high*, *fight*, *sign*, *child*, *climb*, *mind*.

It generally sounds like *y* before *er* and *on*, as *painer*, *panyer*; *onion*, *onyon*.

It sounds like *ee*, in *machine*, *magazine*, *fatigue*, *intrigue*, *pique*; and like *u* short, in *bird*, *third*, &c.

I never ends a word, this sound is expressed mostly by *y*, as *busy*.

I is written but never sounded in some words, as *business*, pronounced *bisness*; *chariot*, *charrot*.

Of the VOWEL O.

O, contrary to the general rule, is sounded long, in words or syllables ending with the consonants *rd*, *rn*, *rt* and *st*, as *cord*, *born*, *port*, *post*, except in the words *cold*, *frost*, *lost*, *tost*.

O is sometimes pronounced like *oo*, as in *do* pronounced *doo*; *prove* pronounced *proove*.

O also, has sometimes the sound of *u* short, as *come* pronounced *cum*; *constable*, *cunstable*, &c.

O at the end of a word before *n* is sounded something like *e*, as *button* pronounced *butten*; and like *i* in *women*, though not in the singular, *woman*.

The sound of *O* at the end of words is general expressed by *ow*, as *widow*, *willow*; except *doe*, *foe*, *roe*, *floe*, *woe*, and the following words *do*, *go*, *lo*, *no*, *so*, *to*, *too*, *two*, *who*, *wo*, *also*, *undo*, *whose*, and in some others derived from foreign languages.

O is sounded like *a* long, in *alloy*.

Of the VOWEL U.

U, contrary to the general rule, is pronounced short in the last syllable of several words ending in *e*, as *adventure* pronounced *adventur*; *fracture*, *fractur*, &c.

U is sounded like *i* short, in *bury*, *busy*; like *ow*, in *cucumber*, and like *w*, in *persuade*.

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U ends no words, except these, *you, thou, beau, lieu, adieu, flambeau*, and some Scripture proper names.

Words that end with the sound of *u* are generally wrote with *ew*, as *brew, crew, new*, and some with *ue*, as *accrue, ague, &c.*

Of the VOWEL *Y.*

Y, when used as a vowel, is mostly sounded like *e* short, as *boly* pronounced *bo-le*, except in words of one syllable, when it sounds like *i* long, as *tby*; at the end of AFFIRMATIONS OR VERBS, as *fructify*; and when accented, as *ketify*.

Y in the middle of compound and derivative words, is generally changed into *i* as from *plenty, plentiful*; unless *i* follows, as *burying, dying*; and in words derived from the Greek, as *tyranny*.

Of Double VOWELS, or DIPHTHONGS.

WHEN two vowels follow each other in a syllable, and in the pronunciation form one sound, they are called diphthongs.

As for example, *ai, ei, oi, ui, au, eu, ou, ee, ei, eo, ea, eu, oa, oe, oo, ua, ue*

At the end of words, *ai, ei, oi, ui*, are always wrote *y*, as *say, grey, joy, buy*; and *au, eu, ou* by *aw*, as *law, stew, low*.

Where three vowels meet and form one sound, they are called triphthongs, as in *beau, ac-quaint, &c.*

In improper diphthongs the vowel most sounded is generally writ first.

Of the CONSONANTS.

LETTERS which can form no sound without the addition of a vowel, are called consonants, and are divided into *mutes, liquids and neuters*.

Mutes, (so called because they cannot be pronounced next after a *liquid*, with a vowel following, as *rpo*;) *b, c, d, f, g, j, k, p, q, t, v, y*.

Liquids, (so called, because easily pronounced after a *mute*, as *pro*;) *l, m, n, r*.

Neuters, that is, neither *mutes* and *liquids*, *h, s, w*.

X and *z* are called double consonants, because they have the sound of two letters, viz. *ks* and *ds*.

None of the consonants, except *c, g, s, t*, vary their sound much.

B is silent, in *dumb*, *crumb*, *plumb*, *thumb*, *lamb*, *limb*, *debt*, *doubt*, *subtle*, pronounced *dum*, &c. In *climb*, *comb*, *tomb*, *womb*, *coxcomb*, pronounced *clime*, &c. it supplies the place of *e* final. In *subtle*; it is sounded like *t*.

C before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, and *r*, is always sounded like *k*; as *carpet*, *cork*, *cupid*, *clown*, *crown*: but before *e*, *i* and *y*, like *s*, as *cell*, *civil*, *cyder*; it has the like sound in *muscle*, and in words derived from the French language, where *h* follows it, as in *machine*, pronounced *mashine*.

C before *k* is silent, as *neck*; and in these words, *Glocester*, *Worcester*, *muscle*, *scene*, *scent*, *ascent*, *descent*, *disciple*, *discipline*, *apprenticeship*, *conscience*, *science*, *sceptre*, *scissars*, *schism*, *verdict*, *indict*, *virtuals*, *virtualier*, *perfect*, *perfectness*, pronounced *Gloster*, *Woster*, &c. but is sounded in *perfection*.

D is little sounded in *chandler*, *ribband*, *candlemas*, *handsel*, *handjome*, *landlord*.

F and *v* are very like in sound, and are sometimes changed into each other, as from *life*, *livess*; *give*, *gift*.

G is pronounced hard before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, *r*, and at the end of words or syllables, as *gain*, *gun*, *bring*, *sing*; and soft like *j*, before *e*, *i*, and *y*, as *gentle*, *gin*, *gypsey*. However, contrary to this rule, in scripture proper names, *g* is hard before *e* and *i*, and in some common words, as *Gibson*, *get*, *give*.

G is silent before *m* or *n* in the same syllable, and is not pronounced, as *phlegm*, *gnat*, *sign*, pronounced *pbleme*, &c.

If two *g*'s come together, they sound hard, as *stagger*, except in the words *exaggerate*, *suggest*.

Gh is silent in the middle or end of words, but lengthens the sound of the foregoing vowel; except in the following, *laugh*, *cough*, *tough*, *rough*, *rough*, *enough*, in which *gh*, is pronounced like *ff*, as *laff*, &c. but in the beginning of words it is sounded like hard *g*, as *ghost*, pronounced *gest*.

H alters its sound, according as *c*, *p*, or *g*, are placed before it.

Ch in most words derived from the Greek or Hebrew, sounds like *k*, as *Christ*, *chalic*; in those from the French like *sh*, as *champaign*; but its true English sound is like *tch*, as *church*; though it sounds like *qu* in *choir*: in *drachm*, *schism*, *yacht*, *ch* is silent.

Ph seldom occurs but in words derived from the Greek, and is sounded like *f*, as *physic*, *fic*; in the word *phibisc*, it is silent; and sounds like *v*, in *Stephen*.

H is silent at the end of proper names ending in *ah*, as *Jeremiab*, pronounced *Jeremia*; and after *r* and *sc*, as *Rhine*, *scholar*, pronounced *Rine*, *scolar*; as also in *John*, *Thames*, *Thomas*, *Thomasine*, *herb*, *heir*, *honest*, *honour*, *asthma*, *Anthony*, *Dorothy*, *lanthorn*, *thyme*.

J has always the sound of *g* soft, and is wrote instead of that letter before *a*, *o*, and *u*, as *jail*, *jot*, *jug*, but never at the end of a word.

K has always the same sound like hard *c*, as *kin*, *kennel*.

L has always its natural sound, except that it is silent, in *Bristol*, *Holborn*, *Lincoln*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, *chalk*, *balk*, *calk*, *talk*, *walk*, *falk*, *yolk*, *solder*, *calf*, *half*, *balm*, *calm*, *psalm*, *could*, *would*, *should*, *falcon*, *almond*, *calve*, *caularon*, *salve*, *salmon*, pronounced *Brisio*, *Linco*, &c.

L sounds like *r*, in *colonel*, pronounced *cornel*.

M has always the same sound, except in the word *accomp*, pronounced *account*.

N always keeps its natural sound, except in the following words, where it is silent, *autumn*, *column*, *condemn*, *damn*, *hymn*, *kin*, *limn*, *solemn*, *government*, pronounced *autum*, *celum*. &c.

P has always its natural sound, but is silent in *Thompson*, *Simpson*, *psalm*, *psalter*, *receipt*, *empt*, *attempt*, *exempt*, *contempt*, *empty*, *sumpter*, *sympetem*, *assumption*, *consumption*, *presumption*, *reception*, pronounced *Thomson*, *Simson*, &c.

Q is never used without *u* after it, as *Queen*; and has always the same sound, except in *banquet*, *liquor*, *chequer*, *exchequer*, *masquerade*, *conquer*, when it sounds like *k*.

Qu end a few words with *e* after them derived from the French and Latin languages, and are then sounded like *k*, as *pique*, *burlesque*, *antique*, pronounced *antike*, &c.

R always keeps its natural sound, except in *Worcester*, pronounced *Wofter*, where it is silent.

S has a sharp hissing sound, and an obscure soft one like *z*: It has the sharp sound in all words of more than one syllable that end in *ous*, as *duteous*; and in *this*, *thus*, *us*, *yes*; at the end of other words it is generally sounded like *z*, as *worms*; and sometimes when placed between two vowels, as *reason*.

S before *ure* at the end of words, as *sure*, is sometimes pronounced like *ʃ*, also in *sugar*, *bosier*, *usual*, *sensual*, *issue*.

S is silent in *Carlisle*, *viscount*, *isle*, *island*, *demesne*, pronounced *Carlile*, &c.

The affirmations or verbs, *use*, *abuse*, *disuse*, *excuse*, *refuse*, *rise*, *buſe*, are distinguished from the like noun substantives, by the pronunciation of the *s*, which is soft like *z* in the verbs, and sharp in the nouns.

T is

T is sounded like *s* sharp, in *thistle*, *whistle*, &c. and is silent in *delft*, *hautboy*, *Christmas*, *christen*, *mortgage*; and *th* sounds like *d* in *burthen*, *murther*, *further*,

Ti before a vowel is sounded like *ſi* or *ſb*, as in *nation*, pronounced *nashun* or *nashun*; except when *s* immediately precedes it, as *celestial*; or at the beginning of a word, as *tied*; or in derivatives and in the degrees of comparison of qualities, as *mightier*, *mightiest*, *emptiest*.

V has only one sound; ends no words without the letter *e* after it, as *live*; and is never writ double however strongly accented.

W is little sounded before *r*, as *wrap*, *wrath*, pronounced *rath*, &c. nor in *answer*, *sword*, *swoon*, *whore*. It becomes a vowel when it follows *a*, *e*, *o*, as *saw*, *sew*, *sow*.

X hath no sound of its own, but at the beginning of a word is always sounded like *z*, as in *Xenophon*; and in the middle and end of words like *ks* as in *wax*, *Xerxes*.

Z contains an obscure sound of *ds*, as *zeal*; and is used before or after any of the vowels; but never before or after a consonant.

The double consonants are forty-one in number, and are necessary to be known in order to facilitate the division of syllables: these are *bl*, *br*, *ch*, *cl*, *cr*, *dr*, *dw*, *fl*, *fr*, *gl*, *gn*, *gr*, *kn*, *ph*, *pl*, *pr*, *rb*, *sc*, *ſb*, *ſk*, *ſl*, *ſm*, *ſn*, *ſp*, *ſq*, *ſt*, *ſw*, *th*, *tr*, *tw*, *wb*, *wr*, *pbr*, *ſcb*, *ſcr*, *ſbr*, *ſpl*, *ſpr*, *ſtr*, *thr*, *thw*.

Of SYLLABLES.

ASyllable is a complete sound uttered in one breath; and consists of a vowel, or double vowel by itself, or joined with one or more consonants, as *at*, *A-dam*; for a syllable cannot be formed without a vowel, as *L n d n* form no syllable or word without the intervention of *o* or some other vowel after the *L*, and another *o*; or some other vowel after *d* thus, *London*; it then becomes the name of a city, and a word consisting of two syllables.

For every word has as many syllables as it contains distinct sounds, thus *good-ness* contains two syllables; *di-li-gent*, three syllables; *li-té-ra-ture*, four syllables; *ma-le-dic-ti-on*, five syllables; *fo-lem-ni-za-ti-on*, six syllables; *tran-sub-stan-ti-a-ti-on*, seven syllables; *in-com-pre-hen-si-bi-li-tý*, eight syllables.

No word contains more syllables than eight, few so many; nor does any syllable contain above eight letters.

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Words consisting of one syllable are called *monosyllables*; those of two syllables, *disyllables*; those of three, *trisyllables*; and those which contain above that number *polysyllables*.

Rules for dividing SYLLABLES correctly.

RULE 1. A consonant between two vowels must be left to the latter syllable, as *Ba-con*, *du-ty*, *monument*.

Exceptions to this Rule. *P*, *W*, and *X*, must be taken to the former syllable, as *up-on*, *flow er*, *ex-ile*; also silent *e* must not be considered as subject to this rule, when preceded by a consonant, because they form no syllable, as *u-nite*, not *u-ni-te*.

RULE 2. If two vowels meet together and form two distinct sounds, they must be divided, as *bi-as*, *di-al*, *so-ci-e-ty*.

RULE 3. When two consonants come together between two vowels, (if they be such as begin no words) they must be divided, as *an-ger*, *lum-ber*, *kif-band*.

RULE 4. When two or three consonants come together between two vowels, if they be such as begin some words, they must be left together to begin the latter syllable, as *a-pron*, *cy-pher*.

Note, A mute with a liquid following, may begin words, but very few other double consonants; *dl*, *kl*, *tl*, often begin syllables, though they begin no words, as *la-dle*, *wrin-kle*, *ti-tle*.

RULE 5. If three consonants come together between two vowels, they may be divided four different ways.

1st. If they are such as begin some words, they may all begin the syllable together, as *a-pron*, *a-bridge*.

2d. If they end some words, they may end the former syllable, as *pitch-er*, *fright-ful*.

3d. If the two last begin some words, or the last be *l*, they may begin the latter-syllable, as *ap-ple*, *bir-dance*.

4th. If the two first end some words, they may end the former syllable, as *back-ney*, *rank-ness*.

RULE 6. Words derived from others, must be divided according to the word from which they are derived, as *gold-en*, from *gold*; *pack ing*, from *pack*. Hence these endings *ed*, *en*, *er*, *est*, *etb*, *ing*, *ish*, *ous*, *age*, *al*, *ard*, *or*, *ly*, *less*, *ness*, are to be left by themselves at the end of words.

S makes

S makes no fresh syllable when it follows e unless the word ends in *ce*, *ge*, *x*, or *ze*; as *bribe*, *bribes*, both monosyllables; *lace*, *la ces*.

RULE 7. Compound words are to be divided into the parts of which they are compounded, as *ale-house*, *neck-lace*, *dis-ease*.

It is usual to divide these endings *cial*, *tial*, *sion*, *tion*, *cious*, *tious*, though they form but one sound, as *par ti-al*, *man-si-on*, *gra-ci-ous*.

RULES FOR TRUE SPELLING.

RULE 1. ALL words that can be sounded several ways, **A** must be spelt according to their *hardest*, *harshest*, *longest*, and *most unusual* sound.

RULE 2. Derivative words are always spelt as the primitive, except the primitive ends with a vowel, and the additional syllable begins too with a vowel, in which case the first vowel is always dropt, as *a pish*, from *ape* and *ish*; *lov ed*, from *love* and *ed*.

But *e* is not dropt before *able*, as *advise*, *ad·vise·able*; *agree*, *a gree able*; nor where the omission of that letter would confuse the sense, as write *singe-ing*, *singe eth*, from the verb *singe*; to distinguish these words from *sing-ing*, and *sing-eth*, derived from the verb *sing*.

When the original word ends with *y*, that letter is changed into *i* in the derivative, as *beau-ty*, *beau-ti-ful*: but *y* is retained before the vowel *i*, as *en-vy*, *en-vy-ing*.

When a word of one or more syllables, ends with a single consonant, not preceeded by a diphthong, and the accent lies on the last syllable, that consonant is doubled in the derivative, as *man*, *man-ned*; *drop*, *drop ped*.

RULE 3. Words that terminate with the sound of *i* must be wrote with *y*, as *mer-cy*, *du ty*; in the plural number the *y* is changed into *ies*, as *mer-cies*, *du-ties*, and not *mer-cys*, &c.

RULE 4. Words that end with the sound of the letter *l*, unless preceeded by a vowel, are always wrote *le*, as *i-dle*, *bri-dle*; except the following, *De-vil*, *e-vil*, *un-til*, *in-stil*, *coun-cil*, *an-vil*, *pe-ril*, *ful-fil*; at the end of monosyllables the letter *l* is always doubled; as *ball*, *bell*, *sell*, unless a diphthong goes before it, when it is not doubled, as *feel*, *fool*; *tool*;

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tool; nor is it ever doubled in words of more than one syllable, as *plen-ti-ful*, *faith-ful*.

RULE 5. Words which terminate with the hard sound of *g*, are always spelt with *ue* after *g*, as *Hague*, *plague*; except a few monosyllables, as *pig*, *dog*, *frog*, &c. which are easily distinguished; as also those words which end with the sound of *ang*, *ing*, *ong*, *ung*, as *dancing*, *fighting*, *tongue*, and *harangue* excepted, which are spelt as above.

RULE 6. The hard sound of *c* is always expressed by *k* before *e*, *i*, and *u*, as *keep*, *kin*, *kneel*; but before all other letters by *c*, as *cat*, *cot*, *cut*, except in some words derived from the Latin and Greek, and some proper names, where 'tis expressed by *ch*, as *Chart*, *Chro-ni-cles*, *Chry-sof-tonne*.

RULE 7. The sound of *j* consonant or soft *g*, is expressed by *ge*, as *rage*, *sage*, *bedge*.

RULE 8. *K* should never be wrote at the end of words exceeding one syllable, as *bark*, *clerk*, *pick*, *lo-gic*, *phy-sic*, *ruf-tic*.

RULE 9. The sound of *shar* at the end of words, must be writ *ian*, as *musician*; *shate*, by *tiate*, as *ingratiate*; *shent*, by *cient* or *tient*, as *ancient*, *patient*; and *shou* or *shun*, by *son* or *tion*, as *aversion*, *imitation*.

Note, If the word is derived from a Latin supine in *um*, *ti*, is used; if from one, ending in *sum*, *si*; if from a substantive ending in *ca* or *tia*, *itum* or *cium*, *ci* is used.

RULE 10. Most words beginning with the sound of *f* must be written with *f*, as *fix*, *seven*; except *cease*, *Cecrops*, *cedar*, *celebrate*, *celerity*, *celibacy*, *cell*, *cellar* (vault for beer) *celitude*, *Celsus*, *celandine*, *cement*, *censorious*, *centaur*, *center*, *centinel*, *centurion*, *century*, *centaury*, *cephalic*, *Cephas*, *Cerberus*, *cerecktb*, *ceremony*, *Ceres*, *Cæsar*, *certainty*, *certificate*, *cejs*, *cessation*, *cisatrice*, *Cicero*, *cyder*, *cieling*, *cinnamon*, *cinque ports*, *cion* or *cson*, *cipher*, *circle*; all compounds of the Latin word *circum*; *cistern*, *citadel*, *citation*, *citizen*, *citron*, *city*, *civet*, *civil*, *Cybele*, *Cyclades*, *Cyclops*, *cylinder*, *cymbal*, *cynic*, *Cynthia*, *Cypruss*, *Cyrene*.

RULE 11. The sound of *f* at the beginning of syllables is mostly writ by *f*, as *deserve*; except in the following words, *acerbity*, *acid*, *acidity*, *accident*, *adjacent*, *ancestors*, *ancient*; all

all words ending in *cism*, as *anglicism*; *antecedent*, *anticipate*, *artificer*, *associate*, *audacious*; *benefice*, *benificence*; *cancel*, *cancer*, *calcine*, *capacious*, *capricious*, *capacitate*, *chancel*, *chancellor*, *chancery*, *conceal*, *concede*, *conceive*, *conceit*, *concentrate*, *concern*; *concert*, *concession*, *concise*, *council*, *crucible*, *crucify*; *decease*, *deceive*, *December*, *decency*, *decennial*, *decent*, *deception*, *decertation*, *decession*; *decide*, *decimal*, *decimate*, *decipher*, *decision*, *deficiency*, *delicious*, *docible*; *efficacious*, *efficient*, *especially*, *exceed*, *excel*, *except*, *exercise*, *excise*, *excision*, *excite*, *excruciate*, *explicit*; *facilitate*, *felicity*, *facetious*, *forcible*; *gracious*, *grocer*; *imperceptible*, *implicit*, *inauspicious*, *incapacity*, *incentive*, *incessant*, *incest*, *incident*, *incision*, *incite*, *innocence*, *intercessor*, *intercept*, *invincible*; *judicious*; *larceny*, *loquacity*; *Macedonia*, *macerate*, *magnificent*, *medicinal*, *mercenary*, *mercer*, *mercy*, *multiplicity*, *municipal*, *munificent*; *necessary*, *necessity*, *necromancy*, *nuncio*; *officiate*, *ocean*; *pacify*, *parcel*, *parricide*, *participate*, *pencil*, *perspicuity*, *pervicacious*, *pertinacious*, *precede*, *precept*, *precinct*, *precious*, *precipice*, *precipitate*, *precise*, *predecessor*, *prejudicial*, *proficient*, *pronunciation*, *provincial*; *rapacious*, *ratiocination*, *reciprocal*, *recital*, *reconcile*; *sagacity*, *saucer*, *Sicily*, *simplicity*, *sincerity*, *sociable*, *society*, *Socinians*, *solecism*, *solicit*, *solstice*, *solicitous*, *sorcery*, *spacious*, *special*, *species*, *specify*, *specious*, *sufficiency*, *supercilious*, *superficial*, *suspicious*; *tacit*; *veracity*, *vivacity*, *voracious*.

RULE 12. The sound of *si* or *se* at the end of words is in general wrote *cy*, as *clemency*; except in *busy*, *causey*, *clumsy*, *controversy*, *courtesy*, *dropsy*, *drowsy*, *easy*, *epilepsy*, *extasy*, *frensy*, or *frenzy*, *greasy*, *gypsy*, *heresy*, *hypocrisy*, *jealousy*, *kersey*, *leprosy*, *palsy*, *pleurisy*, *posy*, *poesy*, (the verb *prophesy*) *pursy*, *quinsy*, *whimsy*.

RULE 13. The sound of *s* in words that end in *arce*, *erce*, *irce*, *orce*, *urce* or *auce*, is writ with *s*, as *horse*, *house*; except in *amerce*, *divorce*, *farce*, *fierce*, *pierce*, *force*, *scarce*, *source*. But the terminations *ace*, *ece*, *ice*, *oice*, *uce*, *ance*, *erce*, *ince*, *once*, *unce*, are written with *c*, as *face*, &c. these few words excepted, *abuse*, *base*, *cease*, *geese*, *grease*, *concise*, *merchandise*, *paradise*, *abuse*, *abstruse*, *excuse*, *profuse*, *refuse*, *recluse*, *refuse*, *use*, *dense*, *condense*, *dispense*, *immense*, *tense*, *intense*, *propense*, *sense*, *suspense*.

RULE 14. Words of the singular number that end in *f*, *ff*, or *fe*, in the plural change those letters for *ves*; as *sheaf*, *beaves*; *staff*, *staves*; *wife*, *wives*; except *hoof*, *roof*, *proof*, *grief*,

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grief, dwarf, handkerchief, mischief, relief, muff, Ruff, (a bird) whose plurals are formed by adding *s* only, as *hoofs*, *proofs*, *muffs*, *Ruffs*, &c. If the singular ends in *ce*, *ch*, *se*, *sh*, *x*, *ze*, or *ge*, the plural is formed by adding *s*, or *es*, as *fox*, *foxes*.

RULE 15. The sound of *x* short at the end of monosyllables, is frequently expressed by *cks*, as *backs*; if *x* is sounded long by *ks*, as *books*: in the middle of words before *e*, or *i*, by *cc*, as *accent*, *succinct*; and in the ending of words in *ion* by *ct*, as *action*, *election*, *fiction*, *coction*, *destruction*, *function*; the words *complexion*, *connexion*, *crucifixion*, *defluxion*, *reflexion* (a bending back) excepted.

RULE 16. *K* seems a superfluous letter after *c*, and is never written by the modans at the end of words exceeding one syllable, as *public*, *choleric*.

E T Y M O L O G Y.

Of WORDS.

THE use of words being to convey our sense of things to another person, they for that purpose are divided into names, or nouns substantives; qualities, or nouns adjectives; affirmations, or verbs; and articles.

Of NAMES or NOUNS.

ALL words are noun-substantives which express things themselves, without the addition of another word; as a *boy*, the *cat*, an *house*; thus, we cannot say, a *boy thing*, a *cat thing*, an *house thing*; though nouns in general as in the above instances, admit of the articles *a*, *an*, or *the*, to precede them; but sometimes need not either of those articles, as *courage*, *love*, *hatred*.

Names, or noun-substantives are divided into three different sorts, viz. common, proper, and personal.

NAMES common and proper.

All names that express an whole kind, as a *man*, a *tree*, a *mountain*, are called common names. Names which distinguish some particular one from the rest of that kind, as

Samuel

Samuel, Sarah, England, are proper names, for all men and women are not named *Samuel*, or *Sarah*, nor all countries, *England*.

Of Numbers.

NAMES, have two different numbers; singular and plural. The singular number is used when we speak of one only, as *a stone*; the plural, when we speak of more than one, as *stones*.

For the manner in which plurals are formed, turn to RULE 14. p. 11. though there are many exceptions to this rule, as *man, men*; *woman, women*; *child, children*; *brother, brethren*; *goose, geese*; *foot, feet*; *tooth, teeth*; *die, dice*; *louse, lice*; *mouse, mice*; *ox, oxen*; *penny, pence*; *cherub, cherubim*; *seraph, seraphim*; *cow, kine*; *beau, beaux*.

The addition of the letter *s* to a name does not always signify the plural number; when marked thus ('s), and used when a name, either singular or plural, is placed before another name, it signifies the same as if the word *of* had been placed between them, as *God's grace*, for the *grace of God*.

Several words have no singular number, as *scissars, thanks*; on the contrary some have no plural, as *London, butter*; proper names can have no plural, because they agree but to one.

NAMES PERSONAL, or PRONOUNS.

Personal names, or pronouns, when mentioned, must be either spoken of ourselves, to another, or of a third person; and therefore are said to be three persons. All other names or nouns, of themselves speak only of the third person; but these of any of them, whence their name. They prevent the frequent repetition of the same word, which would be disagreeable, as *when Thomas came to school, he read his book*, instead of *when Thomas came to school, Thomas read Thomas's book*.

Singular Number	Plural Number
<i>I, is the first person</i>	<i>We, the first person</i>
<i>Thou, thee or you, the second person</i>	<i>Ye, or you, the second person</i>
<i>He, she, or it, the third person</i>	<i>They, the third person.</i>

Personal names are changed another way, according as they go before or follow an affirmation, or one of the second

sort of particles, as *I love Sue*, *Sue loves me*; not *Sue loves I*: thus the foregoing state *I*, makes the following state *me*; *we* makes *us*; *thou* or *you*, makes *thee* or *you*; *ye* or *you*, makes *ye* or *you*; *he* or *she* makes *him* or *her*; *they* makes *them*; the quality *who*, makes *whom*.

C A S E S.

TH E R E are but two cases in the English language, viz. Nominative and Genitive; the last is formed in both numbers, by the addition of ('s), as *Prior's Poems*, *the Poems of Prior*; *England's glory*, *the glory of England*; *women's chastity*, *the chastity of women*.

Of G E N D E R.

VWE distinguish the masculine and feminine genders four different ways. The difference of sex, age, and other accidents is expressed by different words, as *boy*, *girl*; *bull*, *cow*; *uncle*, *aunt*: or by adding another word, as a *male child*, a *she goat*; sometimes by adding another substantive, as a *sow pig*, a *cock sparrow*; several words distinguish the female sex by terminating in *ess*, as *actor*, *actress*; *tyger*, *tygress*; and two words by *ix*, as *executor*, *executrix*; *administrator*, *administratrix*.

The pronoun *he*, or *him*, is commonly used to express the *male sex*; *she*, or *her*, the *female sex*; and *it*, to express the *neuter gender*, or inanimate things.

Of Q U A L I T I E S, or N O U N S - A D J E C T I V E S.

AL L words, are qualities, or adjectives, that express some quality, manner, or property of a thing; and must have a noun-substantive joined to them to make them be understood; as *good*, *hard*, *long*; which become sense thus, *a good boy*, *a hard stone*, *a long journey*.

Qualities are the same whether joined to names in the singular or plural number, as *a good book*, *good books*; except the qualities *this* and *that*, which in the plural form *these* and *those*.

Some qualities are derived from pronouns possessive, these also differ in the plural, as *my*, *mine*; *thy*, *thine*; *bis*, *bers*; *our*, *ours*; *your*, *yours*; *their*, *theirs*. *My*, *thy*, *her*, *our*, *your*, *their*, have always a noun-substantive, or the words *own*, or *self* after them, as *this is my coach*; *this book is my own*; *I* *sold*

sold this bullock myself; but the others have not the name expressed, but always understood; as this house is mine; this parrot is yours; that stable is theirs; his, is used with or without a name, as this is his dog, or, this dog is his.

Comparison of Qualities.

Qualities alone, are capable of having their significations increased or diminished; which we express by a different ending of the quality, called degrees of comparison; which are three in number, the *positive*, *comparative*, and *superlative*; as, suppose I am speaking of three persons, *John is tall, Thomas is taller, George is tallest*; thus the comparative is formed by adding *er* to the positive, as *taller*; and the superlative by adding *est*, as *tallest*: but if the positive ends in *e* final, it loses *e* in comparison, as *wise, wiser, wisest*. If it be a monosyllable and end with a single consonant, that consonant is doubled; as *hot, hotter, hottest*; and if the positive end in *y*, it is changed into *i* in comparison, as *illy, illier, illiest*.

The comparative is sometimes expressed by placing *more* before the positive, and the superlative by *most*, or *very*, as *hard, harder or more hard, hardest or most or very hard*.

The following adjectives are irregular in their comparisons; as *good, better, best; bad or ill, worse, worst; much or many, more, most; little, less or lesser, least*.

Of the ARTICLES, A, AN, THE.

A, an, and the, though usually termed articles, require to be joined to names like other qualities; their signification is different *a*, is used before words beginning with a consonant; and *an*, before those that begin with a vowel, as *a man, an ape*. *A* or *an*, set before a name also give a large and unlimited sense, as *he is a man, that is one amongst men*. The article *the* shews the reality of the thing, or person, which it points out from the rest, as *the clock struck twelve*; signifies that *very clock* we are speaking of.

The articles are sometimes placed before proper names; but then it is either for distinction, eminence, or comparison; as *He is a Churchill, He is an Alexander*; that is, valiant as Alexander: or when a word is understood; as *the Severn*, (the word *river* being understood.)

The, is also sometimes put before the particular names of virtues, as *the Clemency of Titus*; but must not be put before

personal names, or, the particular names of virtues, vices and metals, nor before a common name.

Articles are also placed before adjectives, if a name or noun follows the quality either expressed or understood; as *a beautiful woman, William the Third.*

But the articles are never used before qualities derived from personal names.

Of AFFIRMATIONS, or VERBS.

A Verb is a part of speech that betokens doing, suffering or being, as *I sing, I am loved, I exist.*

Hence there are three kinds of verbs, *active, passive, and neuter.* A verb active denotes an action, or doing of any thing; and in such a manner that the person or thing it acts upon follows the verb; as *I scorn treachery.* A verb that signifies suffering is termed a verb passive; and as the English language has no word that denotes suffering, this deficiency is supplied by the use of two or three words called auxiliary or helping verbs; as *I am loved.* A verb neuter, signifies the state or being, and sometimes the action of a person or thing, but has no noun placed after it to denote the subject of action; and is sometimes active, as *I run;* and sometimes passive, as *I am sick.* There is also another kind of verb, called impersonal, being without any distinction to either sex; and is governed by the word *it,* as *it rains, it lightens, it is cold.*

Verbs have Numbers, Persons, Moods and Tenses.

Of NUMBERS and PERSONS.

Verbs have two numbers, the singular and plural; and three persons in each number, as

Singular.	Plural.
1st person, I eat, or do eat	1st person, We eat, or do eat
2d person, Thou eatest, or doest eat	2d person, Ye, or you eat, or do eat
3d person, He eateth, or doth eat	3d person, They eat, or do eat.

Of MOODS.

Moods signify the various ways of expressing a verb, or the action of a verb. As the verb itself, in the English language, undergoes no alteration, except in the second and

third persons singular, of the present tense, and the second person singular, of the preterimperfect; the mood is expressed or known by means of the auxiliary verbs. Thus the possibility of any thing to do, or to be done, is expressed by *can*, or *would*; the liberty or intention of the speaker or doer, by *may* or *might*; the inclination, by *will* or *would*; the necessity of doing a thing, by *must* or *ought*; *shall* or *should*; and command is implied, by *do* or *let*.

The names of the moods are as follows.

1st. *The Infinitive mood*, Which affirms nothing of action or manner, but expresses the verb itself, as *to dance*, *to sing*, *to run*.

2d. *The Indicative mood*, Which affirms or expresses the action of a verb, as *I dance*, *I sing*, *I run*.

3d, *The Conjunctive or Conditional Mood*, Which is known by conjunctions or conditional words placed before the verb, such as *if*, *and*, *but*, *should*, *could*, *might*, &c. as *I should fight*, *but I want courage*; *Could you love me, I should be happy*.

4th. *The Optative Mood*, Which is known by the action of wishing or desiring, as *I wish I could write*; *Oh that I had his estate*.

5th. *The Potential Mood*, Which shews both the power of the acting agent, or the want of that power; and uses words to express this like the conjunctive mood, such as *might*, *may*, *could*, *should*, *but*, &c. though with this difference that they are used here affirmatively, as *I can do as I please*, *He would have done it, but his wife hindered him*.

6th. *The Imperative Mood*, Which commands or forbids; as *Run*, *Let him run*, *Let us run*, *Run ye*, *Let them run*.

Of TENSES.

The word Tense, in grammar, signifies the different times of an action, viz. First, the action or thing that is doing at the present time. Secondly, the action or thing done or finished, without regard to any thing else. Thirdly, the action not yet done, but which will soon be done or finished; which are comprehended in the time present, time past, and future, or time to come. The time past is sub-divided into, 1st, the time not perfectly past, 2dly, the time long past. The time to come is subdivided into the time to come, and the time some great while to come.

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There are but two tenses expressed by the ending of the verb; the present tense as *I study*, (that is at this very instant;) and the preterperfect or time past, which is generally formed by the addition of *ed* to the present, as *I studied*, (that is some time since.) If the present tense ends in *y*, as *study*, that letter is changed into *I* in the preterperfect, as in the above instance; if the present tense ends in *e* that letter is obliterated in the preterperfect, as *I love, I loved*. If the verb be a monosyllable, and ends with a single consonant, or if a polysyllable, that ends in the same manner, the final consonant is doubled in the past time or tense, as *I fit, fitted; admit, admitted*. All other tenses are formed by the addition of the auxiliary verb only: as for instance, in the verb active, *I bate*.

DECLEMISION OF VERBS.

Declension of REGULAR VERBS active.

Regular verbs are such as observe a stated rule in the formation of their tenses, and remain the same in every person or tense, except that they have sometimes a syllable more in some of the persons, and the same in some of the tenses.

Present Tense, or Time present.

Singular.	Plural.
1st. I hate, or do hate	1st. We hate, or do hate
2d. Thou hatest, or dost hate, or, you hate, or do hate	2d. Ye or you hate, or do hate
3d. He hateth, hates, or doth or does hate	3d. They hate, or do hate

Preterperfect Tense, or Time past.

Singular.	Plural.
1st. I have hated	1st. We have hated
2d. Thou hast, or you have hated	2d. Ye or you have hated
3d. He has, or hath hated	3d. They have hated

Praterimperfect Tense, or Time not perfectly past.

Singular.	Plural.
1st. I hated, or did hate	1st. We hated, or did hate
2d. Thou hatest, or didst hate, or, you hated, or did hate	2d. Ye or you hated, or did hate
3d. He hated, or did hate	3d. They hated, or did hate

Preterpluperfect

*Preterpluperfect Tense, or Time long past.**Singular.**Plural.*

1st. I had hated	{	1st. We had hated
2d. Thou hadst, or you had hated		2d. Ye, or you had hated
3d. He had hated		3d. They had hated

*Future Tense, or Time to come.**Singular.**Plurar.*

1st. I shall, or will hate	{	1st. We shall, or will hate
2d. Thou shalt, or wilt hate, or, you shall, or will hate		2d. Ye or you shall, or will hate
3d. He shall, or will hate		3d. They shall, or will hate

*Second Future Tense, or Time of long space to come.**Singular.**Plural.*

1st. I shall, or will hate here- after	{	1st. We shall, or will hate hereafter
2d. Thou shalt, or wilt hate hereafter, or, you shall, or will hate hereafter		2d. Ye or you shall, or will hate hereafter
3d. He shall, or will hate hereafter		3d. They shall, or will hate hereafter

Some verbs that end in *d* or *t* are written the same in the preterperfect tense as in the present; as *read*, *beat*; but in most such, the past time is pronounced short, as if spelt *red*, *bēt*.

The Participle ends in *ing*, as *hating*.

Declension of REGULAR VERBS passive.

It has already been observed, that verbs passive are formed by adding the auxiliary verb *am* or *be*, to the preterperfect tense of a verb active, as *I wound*, *I am wounded*; *I hate*, *I am hated*. They are declined in the following manner:

*Present Tense.**Singular.**Plural.*

1st. I am hated	{	1st. We are hated
2d. Thou art, or you are hated		2d. Ye, or you are hated
3d. He is hated		3d. They are hated

Preterperfect

*Preterperfect Tense, or Time past.**Singular.*

- 1st. I have been hated
2d. Thou hast, or you have
 been hated
3d. He hath, or has been
 hated

Plural.

- 1st. We have been hated
2d. Ye, or you have been
 hated
3d. They have been hated

*Preter-imperfect Tense, or Time not perfectly past.**Singular.*

- 1st. I was hated
2d. Thou wast, or you were
 hated
3d. He was hated

Plural.

- 1st. We were hated
2d. Ye, or you were hated
3d. They were hated

*Preterpluperfect Tense, or Time long past.**Singular.*

- 1st. I had been hated
2d. Thou hadst, or you had
 been hated
3d. He had been hated

Plural.

- 1st. We had been hated
2d. Ye, or you had been
 hated
3d. They had been hated

*Future Tense, or Time to come.**Singular.*

- 1st. I shall, or will be hated
2d. Thou shalt or wilt, or
 you shall or will be hated
3d. He shall, or will be hated

Plural.

- 1st. We shall, or will be hated
2d. Ye or you shall, or will be
 hated
3d. They shall, or will be hated

Second Future Tense, or Time of long space to come,

Is formed by adding the word *hereafter*, to the preceding Tense.

The Participle ends in *ed*, as *bated*; and sometimes in *t*, or *n*, as *taught*, *slain*.

IRREGULAR VERBS.

A verb is said to be irregular, when it forms its preterperfect tense, or suffering quality differently, from the foregoing rules.

The principal IRREGULAR VERBS are

<i>Present Time, Past Time, or or Tense.</i>	<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Preterperfect Tense.</i>
Awake	Awoke	Ground
Abide	Abode	Hung
Be	Been	Had
Bend	{ Bended, or bent	Heard
Bereave	{ Bereaved, or bereft	Kept
Beseech	Besought	Laid
Bind	Bound	Led
Bleed	Bled	{ Leaped, or leapt
Breed	Bred	Left
Bring	Brought	Lent
Buy	Bought	Lost
Build	{ Builded, or built	Made
Burn	{ Burned, or burnt	Meant
Catch	{ Catched, or caught	Met
Creep	Crept	{ Plucked, or pluckt
Deal	Dealt	{ Pricked, or prickt
Dig	Dug	Rent
Dream	{ Dreamed, or dreamt	Said
Dwell	{ Dwelled, or dwelt	Sought
Feed	Fed	Sold
Feel	Felt	Sent
Fight	Fought	Shone
Find	Found	Shoed, or shod
Flee	Fled	Shot
Fling	Flung	Sat
Freight	Fraught	Slept
Geld	{ Gelded, or gelt	Smelt
Gild	{ Gilt, or gilded	{ Spelled, or spelt
Gird	{ Girt, or girded	{ Spilled, or spelt
		Spent
		Spun
		Stood
		Staid
		Stuck
		Sting

<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Preterperfect Tense.</i>	<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Preterperfect Tense.</i>
Sting	Stung	Weep	Wept
Stink	Stunk	Wind	Wound
Sweep	Swept	Work	{ Wrought, or worked
Teach	Taught		
Tell	Told	Wring	Wrung.
Think	Thought		

Irregular Verbs, that form their Preterperfect Tense, or past Time ; and their Participles, or suffering Quality, differently.

<i>Present Time, or Tense.</i>	<i>Preterperfect Tense, or past Time.</i>	<i>Participle, or suffering Quality.</i>
Bake,	baked,	baked or baken.
Bear,	bore,	born.
Beat,	beat,	beaten.
Begin,	began or begun,	begun.
Behold,	beheld,	beholden.
Bid,	bid or bad,	bidden.
Bite,	bit,	bitten.
Blow,	blew,	blown.
Break,	broke,	broke or broken.
Chide,	chid,	chidden.
Choose, or chuse,	chose,	chosen.
Cleave,	{ clave, cleft, clove,	cleft or cloven.
Cling,	clang, or clung,	clung.
Come,	came,	come.
Crow,	crew, or crowded,	crowed.
Dare,	durst or dared,	dared.
Die,	died,	dead.
Do,	did,	done.
Draw,	drew,	drawn.
Drink,	drank or drunk,	drunk or drunken.
Drive,	drove,	driven.
Eat,	eat or ate,	eat or eaten
Fall,	fell,	fallen.
Fly,	flew or fled,	fled or flown.
Forsake,	forsook,	forsaken or forsook.
Freeze,	froze,	frozen.
Get,	got,	gotten or got.

Present

Present Time, or Preterperfect Tense; Participle, or suffering Quality.

Give,	gave,	given.
Go,	went,	gone.
Grow,	grew,	grown.
Help,	helped or helpt,	helpt.
Hew,	hewed,	hewn.
Hide,	hid,	hidden or hid,
Hold,	held,	holden or held.
Know,	knew,	known.
Lie,	lay,	lain or laid.
Mow,	mowed,	mown.
Ride,	rid or rode,	ridden or rode.
Ring,	rang or rung,	rung.
Rise,	rose,	risen.
Rot,	rotted,	rotted or rotten.
Run,	ran or run,	run.
See,	saw,	seen.
Seeth,	fod,	fodden.
Shake,	shook,	shaken or shook.
Shear,	shore,	shorn.
Shew or show,	shewed,	shown.
Shrink,	shrank or shrunk,	shrunk.
Sing,	sang or fung,	fung.
Sink,	fank or sunk,	funk.
Slay,	flew,	slain.
Slide,	flid,	slidden.
Sling,	flang or flung,	flung.
Smite,	smote,	smitten or smit.
Snow,	snowed,	snowed or snown.
Speak,	spoke,	spoken or spoke.
Spring,	sprang or sprung,	prung.
Steal,	stole,	stolen or stole.
Stride,	strode or strid,	strid or stridden.
Strike,	struck,	stricken or struck.
String,	{ stringed, strang, strung, }	stringed or strung:
Spit,	spat,	spitten, spit or spat.
Strive,	strove,	striven.
Swear,	swore or fware,	sworn.
Swell,	swelled,	swoln or swelled.
Swing,	swung or swang,	swung.
Swim,	swam or swum,	swum.

Present Time, or Preterperfect Tense, Participle, or suffering Quality.
 Tense. or past Time. ing Quality.

Take,	took,	taken or took.
Tear,	tore or tare,	torn or tore.
Thrive,	throve,	thriven.
Throw,	threw,	thrown.
Tread,	trod,	trodden or trod.
Win,	won or wan,	won.
Wear,	wore,	worn.
Weave,	wove,	woven.
Write,	write or wrote,	{ written. writ. wrote.

The preterperfect tense of these, is never used as a quality of suffering; as *I am drew*, is nonsense, but *I am drawn*, is perfect sense.

Of the AUXILIARY VERBS.

These are, *do*, *will*, *shall*, *may*, *can*, *did*; *whence*, *did*, *would*, *should*, *might*, *could*: *must*, *ought*, *have*; *whence*, *had*: *am*, or *be*; *whence*, *was*.

If any of these are used before other verbs, these, and not the verbs themselves are changed according to the person.

Will, *shall*, *may*, *can*, *did*, *had*, *might*, *would*, *should*, *could*, are only changed in the second person singular; and form *wilt*, *shalt*, *mayest* or *may'st*, *canst*, *didst*, *hadst*, *mightest*, *would'st*, *should'st*, *could'st*; the other person is the same as the first.

EXAMPLE. *I may*, *thou mayest*, *he may*, *we may*, *ye may*, *they may*.

Do forms *dost* in the second person singular; and *doth* or *does* in the third person; and *do* in all three persons in the plural number.

Have forms *hast* in the second person singular; *hath* or *has* in the third person; and *have* in all the persons plural.

Am forms *art* in the second person singular; *is* in the third; and *are* in all the persons plural.

Was forms *wast* in the second person singular *was* in the third; and *were* in all the persons plural.

Be is sometimes used for *am*, and forms *beest* in the second person singular: *were* is also used for *was*, and forms *wert* in the second person singular; but all other persons are the same as the first, in both.

If you be used in the second person singular of any of these verbs, instead of *thou*, the second person is always the same as the first: except in *am* which then forms *are* in the second person singular; and *was*, which forms *were*: as *you are*, or *you were a valiant man*.

Do and *did* are used when we would speak forcibly, as *I do learn, I did learn*.

Do sometimes signifies action absolutely, and is preceded by some auxiliary verb, as *I shall do this*.

Will and *shall* denote the time to come absolutely, as *I will or shall go to town next week*. *Would* and *should* conditionally only, as *rather than he should go, I would go myself*.

Will in the first person promises or threatens, as *I will love George, I will correct James*. In the second and third persons it only foretels, as *you will learn your book*. *Shall* in the first person predicts, as *I shall die*; but in the second and third persons promises, commands, or threatens, as *you shall be rewarded; you shall go to town; you shall be dismissed my service*.

Would implies the will or intention of the doer, as *I would ride*, that is, *I am willing to ride*; but *should* only predicts, as *I should be drowned, if I fell in the river*.

May and *can* imply the time present, and to come, as *I may be young as you; I can recover the debt*; but *might* and *could* denote the time past and to come, as *I could not read your comedy last week, but I could read it next week*.

May, and its past time *might*, denote the liberty or possibility of doing a thing, as *I may shoot*, that is, I am at liberty, or it is possible for me to shoot. *Can*, and its past time *could*, denote the power of the doer, as *I can shoot*, that is, it is in my power to shoot.

Must denotes either the time present or to come, as *this must be false; you must go*. *Ought* denotes only the present time, as *I ought to be good*. If *have* be used after *must* or *ought*, they denote the time past, as *I must have sunk*.

Must denotes necessity, and *ought* duty, as *I must go home; I ought to visit John*.

Have indicates the time of action already past, as *I have read my book*. *Had*, that it was past previous to some other time past, as *I had drank tea, when you came*. But if *shall* or *will* precede *have*, it then denotes the time that will be past, as *I shall have done my business at three*. When *have* signifies possession, it is preceded by some of the other auxiliary verbs to

denote its time, and is followed by a noun, as *I may have a son.*

Am and *be* denote the time present, *was* the time past. *Am*, *be* and *was* set before a quality of suffering derived from a verb, supply us with passive verbs, or affirmations of suffering, which the English language otherwise wants, as *I am abused, if I be abused, I was abused.* These words are sometimes used by themselves, in this case, they signify being, as *I am at church, I may be at church, I was at church,* See page 20. They are also sometimes placed before qualities that signify doing, and then have the same signification as the verb active itself, as *I am dancing, for I dance.*

Be and *were*, must be used after *if, that, altho,* as *If I be at London; if I were at London.* *Be* is also used after *let,* and *been* after *have* or *had,* as *Let him be a dunce, I have been good.*

Of PARTICLES in general.

WORDS that shew the circumstance and manner of words, their state or relation to each other, or connect sentences together, are termed particles. They are divided into three sorts, Adverbs, Conjunctions, and Prepositions; and may be known by their not admitting these words before them, *a, an, the, of, to, for, with, by, from:* nor the pronouns, *I, thou, he, we, ye, they*

Of ADVERBS.

All particles that indicate the manner, time, or place of the word to which they are conjoined, and answer to the questions, *how, when, where?* as *softly, now, then, there, above,* are called adverbs. The desire of brevity in discourse first gave rise to this first sort of particles, which express in a single word, what could not be done otherwise without several, as *justly, that is, with justice; here, in this very place; then, at that very time.*

Most English words that end in *ly*, are adverbs, and are formed from noun-adjectives, as *brave, bravely;* and have their signification increased by placing *more* or *most* before them, as *he fought more bravely than Cæsar; He acted most justly:* or diminished by removing those additional words.

Besides adverbs in *ly*, there are the following which express the manner of *being, doing, or suffering; by chance, per-* chance, *peradventure, yes, no, nay, not, in no wise, how so,* *how*

. how much, more, little, less, least, most, very, rather, also, almost, well, nigh, as it were, alike, otherwise.

Some express the time, as now, to day, already, yesterday, before, long since, heretofore, hitherto, tomorrow, not yet, after, hereafter, hence, henceforth, henceforward, by and by, often, oftentimes, seldom, always, when, then, ever, never, whenever, once, twice, thrice, how long, a while.

Others indicate the place, as where, here, there, elsewhere, everywhere, no where, somewhere, above, below, behind, within, without, together, at once, apart, hither, whither, upward, downward, forward, hence, thence, whence.

Some adverbs are compared like adjectives, as soon, sooner, soonest; often, oftener, ofteneſt; little, less, least.

Adverbs may be joined to a verb, to an adjective, a participle, or to another adverb, as whither wouldest thou go? Lucy is a most charming girl; she is a very deserving woman; He sings extremely well.

Of CONJUNCTIONS.

Particles that join words and sentences together, and denote their relation to, or dependance on each other, are named conjunctions. The following are the principal ones, and, as, altho, also, because, but, either, except, for, however, howsoever, if, likewise, moreover, no, not, nor, neither, namely, nevertheless, otherwise, or, save, since, though, although, that, therefore, whereas, thereupon.

Conjunctions are divided into various kinds, viz. into copulatives, disjunctives, casuals, and conditionals.

A conjunction copulative joins words or sentences together, as I write, and my brother plays.

A Conjunction disjunctive joins words, but divides the sense of the passage, as you or I shall shed tears.

A Conjunction casual shews the cause, or reason of a thing, as We toil that we may grow rich.

A Conjunction conditional renders the speech doubtful, as If it rains, we shall be wet.

Of PREPOSITIONS.

All particles that express the state, reference, or relation, which the two words, between which they are placed, have to each other, are termed prepositions, from their being generally

nerally placed before other parts of speech, and are either in apposition or separated, or joined, or in composition.

The following are prepositions of apposition, *above*, *about*, *after*, *against*, *among*, *amongst*, *at*, *before*, *behind*, *beside*, *between*, *betwixt*, *below*, *beyond*, *by*, *beneath*, *far*, *from*, *in*, *into*, *off*, *on*, *upon*, *of*, *out*, *towards*, *to*, *until*, *on this side*, *on that side*, *over*, *under*, *through*, *up to*, *with*, *within*, *without*; as for example, *He travelled towards Bristol.*

Prepositions of composition are, *a*, *be*, *fer*, *fore*, *mis*, *over*, *out*, *un*, *up*, *with*, all English; these Latin, *ab*, *abs*, *ad*, *ante*, *circum*, *con*, *contra*, *de*, *dis*, *di*, *e*, *ex*, *en*, *extra*, *in*, *intra*, *ob*, *per*, *post*, *pre*, *pro*, *præter*, *re*, *retro*, *se*, *sub*, *subter*, *super*, *trans*; and these Greek, *a*, *amphi*, *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *meta*, *peri*, *syr*: none of these are ever used but in composition, except, *for*, *over*, *out*, *up*, *with*. Examples, *mistake*, *outdo*, *abject*, *diffract*, *amphibious*, *pericranium*.

Their signification and use.

1st. ENGLISH. *A* signifies *on* or *in*, as *affect*, that is, *on fact*.

Be signifies *about*, *by*, *nigh*, *far*, *from*, *in*, as *besprinkle*, that is, *sprinkle about*; *beside*, by or near the side; *bespeak*, speak for; *behead*, to separate the head from the body; *betimes*, in time. It also sometimes begins words insignificant without it, as *begin*, *bewitch*.

For denies or deprives, as *forbid*, to bid a thing not to be done.

Fore signifies before, as *to foretell*, to predict a circumstance before it happens.

Mis indicates defect or error, as *misdeeds*, bad deeds; *mistake*, take wrong.

Over signifies superiority or excess, as *to overcome*, to conquer; *overhasty*, too hasty.

Out also implies excellency in any thing, as *to outrun*, to run faster than another; as *to outdo*, to excel.

Un before an adjective signifies not, as *unfavourable*, not favourable; but before a verb, it implies more; for it destroys, or undoes what has been done, as *to unbind*, signifies to loose a thing that has been bound.

Up always means above, as *upside*, the highest side.

With signifies against or from, as *withstand*, to stand against; *to withdraw*, to draw back from.

2d. LATIN. *Ab* or *abs* signifies from, as *to abuse*, to pervert any from its right use. *Ad*

Ad implies to or at, as *adjoin*, to join to.

Ante signifies before, as *antecedent*, the foregoing word.

Circum denotes about, as *circumvallation*, a ditching about.

Con signifies *with* or *together*, as *conform*, that is, to comply with; the *n* is often left out, as *coeternal*; and is sometimes changed into *l*, as *colloquy*.

Contra or *counter* signifies *against*, as to *contradict*, that is gainsay.

De signifies *off* or *from*, as *deduce*, that is, infer from.

Dis signifies *not*, as to *disagree*, that is, not to agree.

E or *ex* signifies *out*, as to *exclude*, that is, shut out.

Extra signifies *above*, as *extraordinary*, that is, above ordinary.

In mostly signifies *not*, as *inhuman*, that is, not human.

Inter signifies *between*, as *interline*, that is, write between two lines. *Enter* is sometimes used for *inter* in words derived from the French.

Intro signifies *into* or *within*, as *introduce*, that is, bring into.

Per often signifies *through*, as *perforate*, that is, pierce through.

Post signifies *after*, as *postscript*, that is, writ after.

Pre or *præ* signifies *before*, as *pre-engaged*, that is, engaged before-hand.

Pro (besides many other senses) signifies *for* or *forth*, as *provide*, *produce*, that is, take care for, bring forth.

Præter signifies *above* or *against*, as *præternatural*, against nature.

Re generally signifies *again*, as *re-enter*, that is, enter again. Sometimes it only enlarges the signification of the simple word, as *replete*.

Retro signifies *backwards*, as *retrospection*, that is, a looking back.

Se signifies *without* or *by itself*, as *secure*, that is, without care.

Sub or *subter*, signify *under*, as to *subscribe*, write under.

Super signifies *upon*, *over* or *above*, as *superscription*, the writing upon a letter; *superfluous*, that is, beyond what is necessary.

Trans often signifies *over* or *beyond*, as *transgress*, that is, go beyond: Sometimes the *moving* or *changing* from one place or thing to another, as *transplant*, *transform*.

These, *ad*, *con*, *dis*, *ex*, *in*, *ob*, *sub*, often change their last letter into the consonant, that the word, to which they

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are joined, begins with, as *ac-cept*, *col lect*, *dif-fident*, *ef-face*, *il-legal*, *op-pose*, *sup-pose*.

3d. GREEK. *A* signifies *not*, as *anonymous*.

Amphi (*ἀμφι*) signifies *on both sides or about*, as *amphibious*, capable of living in both elements.

Anti implies *against*, as *Antichrist*, one against Christ.

Hyp̄er signifies *over and above*, as *Hyperbole*, an extravagant expression.

Hypo signifies *under*, as *hypocrisy*.

Meta signifies the same as *trans*, *beyond*; or else denotes the changing one thing into another, as *metamorphosis*, a transformation.

Peri signifies *about*, as *periphery*.

Syn means *with* or *together*, as *synod*, a meeting together of the clergy.

Of INTERJECTIONS.

AN interjection is a particle that betokens a sudden passion of the mind; either surprize, joy, grief, doubt, &c. as *O!* *Oh!* *alas!* &c. and have usually a note of admiration placed immediately after them, as *Ob! heroic soul*; *Alas! my poor friend*.

OF THE DERIVATION OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

ALL words whatsoever are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. Simple words are such as are not formed of any other, as *cat*, *child*, *god*. Derivative words are formed from simple words by the addition of another syllable or syllables, as *god-head*, *child-ren*. Compound words are formed of two or more simple words, as *gold-smith*, *toy-man*: or of a simple word preceded by a preposition, as *un-do*, *dis-like*.

Of Derivative Names, or Nouns, and the Signification of their respective Terminations.

NAMES in *ship* signify *office*, *employment*, or *condition*; as *Kingship*, that is, the office of a King; *partnership*, that is the state or condition of partners.

Names in *dom* signify *office* or *dominion*, with or without power; or the *place* where such office is held, as *Popedom*, that is, the office of a Pope, or dominions of a Pope.

Names in *rick* also signify the same, as *Bishoprick*.

From

From *ness* added to the end of *qualities*, come *names* signifying the *essence* of the thing; as from *white*, *whiteness*.

Names in *head* or *hood*, signify *state*; *condition*, or *quality*, as *Godhead*, *widowhood*.

- From *er* put to the end of *affirmations*, come *names* signifying the *agent* or *doer*; and from *ing* the *action*, as from *teach*, *teacher*, *teaching*.

NAMES signifying the *action*, &c. are sometimes made by adding *ment*, *age*, or *ance*, as *commandment*, *tillage*, *appearance*. Many derived from the Latin end in *ion*, as *correction*; and many otherwise, as *doctrine*, *lecture*, &c.

Of Derivative QUALITIES, or ADJECTIVES.

FROM *y*, *ous*, *full*, or *some*, added to the end of *names* or *nouns*, come *qualities* signifying *plenty* or *fulness*; as *wealthy*, *joyous*, *troublesome*.

From *less* added to *names* come *qualities* signifying *want*, as *senseless*.

From *en* added to *names* come *qualities* signifying the *matter* whereof a thing is made, as *golden*: and sometimes the *name itself* is used as a *quality*, as a *gold cup*.

From *ly* or *ish* added to *names* come *qualities* signifying *likeness*, or *belonging to*; as *earthly*, *childish*.

- *Ish* put to *qualities* lessens their signification, as *softish*.

Some *national qualities* end in *ic*, and signify *of* or *belonging to*, as *Germanic*.

Of WORDS derived from the LATIN.

MOST English words of more than one syllable, or which are not derived from words of one syllable, are derived from the Latin, for which observe these general rules; which may be of use to those who would learn Latin, or having learnt it, would retain it, so far as 'tis useful for the understanding English.

1. Most English names ending in *nce* or *cy*, come from Latin words in *tia*, as *temperance*, *clemency*, from *temperantia*, *clementia*.

2. Names terminating in *ion* are formed from Latin words in *o* by adding *n*, as *question*, *religion*, from *quaestio*, *religio*.

3. Names in *ty*, from Latin words in *tas*, by changing that syllable to *ty*, as *liberty*, *charity*, from *libertas*, *charitas*.

4. Names

4. Names ending in *ude*, are formed from the Latin, by changing *o* into *e*, as *fortitude*, *gratitude*, from *fortitudo*, *gratitudo*.

5. Qualities in *d*, by casting away *us*, as *rigid*, *horrid*, from *rigidus*, *horridus*.

6. Qualities in *t*, *n* or *r*, with *e* final, by putting *e* for *us*, as *mute*, *supine*, *obscure*, from *mutus*, *supinus*, *obscurus*.

7. Qualities in *nt*, by putting *nt* for *ns*, as *latent*, *vigilant*, from *latens*, *vigilans*.

8. Qualities in *al*, by casting away *is*, as *liberal*, *general*, from *liberalis*, *generalis*.

But many words derived from the Latin tongue are not reducible to any rule, as *nature*, from *natura*; *ingenuous* from *ingenuus*; *to dispose*, from *dispono*.

Of SYNTAX,

Or, the CONSTRUCTION of WORDS.

THIS part of Grammar teaches to connect words properly together in a Sentence.

Sentences are of two kinds; simple or compound. A simple sentence is that wherein there is but one verb, and one nominative word, either expressed or understood, though the sentence perhaps may contain several other words, as *The clock strikes*; *Peter spent his time yesterday at church very devoutly*.

A compound sentence is formed of two or more sentences joined together by a conjunction, or some relative, as *I laugh and you mourn*.

For the due joining of words, there are three concords, *viz.* between the nominative word and verb; between the substantive and adjective; and between the antecedent and relative.

The nominative word is the thing or person that is, does, or suffers, and is generally placed before the verb, as *He drinks*; *Jcbn bals*: Except when a question is asked, or something said conditionally, and if left out, in which cases the nominative is set after the verb, as *Does he complain?* *Had he refused*. Likewise if it be an imperative sentence, as *Leave me wretch*. And sometimes when *it* or *there* precede the verb, as *It was George*; *There came a person to me*.

A verb

A verb personal agrees with the nominative case, in number, gender, and person, as *I speak, but ye listen not to my words.* If there be two nominative words, the verb must be plural, though they are both singular, as *The King and Queen are both patterns of conjugal fidelity.* If the nominative signify more than one in the singular number, the verb may be either singular or plural, as *The mob is unruly, The mob are unruly.* Sometimes the infinitive mood of a verb, and sometimes the whole sentence, is the nominative case to the verb, as *To practice virtue is commendable; To rise early in the morning, is the most wholesome thing in the world.*

When two verbs follow one another the particle *to* must go before them, except the first be one of the auxiliary verbs, as *I love to write.*

Second concord, When you meet with an adjective, ask the question, *who or what?* The word that answers to the question is the substantive to it. In the application of adjectives to substantives, there is no distinction in the English language, of case, gender, and number, as in Latin; as for instance, *a fine woman, a fine man, a fine house.*

The adjective is mostly placed before the substantive, as *a swift horse;* unless there are more adjectives than one joined together, or one adjective with more words depending on it; or a verb be placed between the adjective and substantive; when it may be placed either way: and sometimes when the articles *a, an, or the,* intervene, as *A general both cautious and brave; A person skilful in various arts. Happy is the man, or The man is happy. King George the Third.*

Adjectives are frequently used as substantives, as *some, for some men; few, for few persons:* and when two substantives are joined together in composition, the first becomes an adjective, as *a water-cask; a sea-dragon.*

The pronouns *this* and *that,* make *these* and *those* in the plural number, as *This woman is my wife; These boys are my children; That book is my clerk's; Those shoes are my own.*

Third concord, A relative sentence is that which contains in it the relative adjective *who* or *which.* The antecedent is the word preceding the relative, and is rehearsed again of it, as *This is the horse which you bought,* that is, *which horse you bought.* The relative agrees with the antecedent in number and person, as *That man is wise, who says little.*

If no nominative word comes between the relative and the verb, the relative is the nominative case to the verb, as *who doats, but doubts, despairs, yet strongly loves.* Adverbs

Adverbs are commonly placed after the verb, whose manner they express, but before adjectives, as *John acts nobly*; *Charles is very honest*.

Conjunctions are always placed between the two sentences or propositions, which they unite, as *Whe steals my purse, steals something, nothing, 'twas mine, 'tis his, AND has been slave to thousands; BUT he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, BUT makes me poor indeed.*

Prepositions are placed between the words, whose relation and dependance they express, as *O God! the memorial of thy love TO man FROM the creation, should be recorded WITH gratitude BY us.*

Of ACCENT and EMPHASIS.

IT is a general rule in the English language, to remove the accent far from the last syllable. Thus most words of two syllables are accented on the first, as *ármý, báby*; as are also words of three syllables, as *knávery, lúnacy*: except compound dissyllables, the first syllable of which consists of a preposition; some particular words that have the first syllable short, as *convért, chastié*; and compound words formed from words of two syllables, by having a syllable added either to the beginning or end, which retain the accent on the same syllable as their originals, as *assítance* from *assít*; *disjóinted*, from *disjóint*; *condescénd*, from *descénd*, and the preposition *con*.

Words of more than three syllables generally have the accent placed on the last syllable but two, as *mystérious, matri-
zániál*; but some words of four syllables, are accented differently; as *lápíday*, on the first syllable; *apólogy*, on the second; *mathemátics*, on the third; *animadvért*, on the last syllable: words of five syllables derived from these, keep the accent in the same place as in the original.

No common word that exceeds five syllables, is accented on the two last.

Some words of six or seven syllables have two accents, one on the first syllable, the other, which is the principal, is placed on the last but two, as *dissimulátion, jústificátion*.

Some verbs and nouns also are distinguished from each other, by the accent being placed on the first syllable in the noun, and on the last in the verb, as *cómpound a noun, to componud a verb; rébel, a noun, to rebél a verb; tórmant a noun,*

noun, *to torment* a verb. Words derived from these verbs, retain the same accent, as *rebéllious*, *torméntor*, &c.

As the stress of the voice which is laid on any particular syllable, is called *accent*; so that which is laid on any particular word is called *emphasis*; and if properly placed gives force, spirit and beauty to the whole sentence.

In all sentences, the word that indicates the principal design or meaning of the author is the *emphatical word*, or that whereon the emphasis should be placed, as *Are you going to PARIS?* *Paris*, being the place you are going to, and the chief thing wanted to be known by this question, is of course the *emphatical word*, and must be pronounced with a peculiar strength of voice.

If two words be placed in opposition to each other, and one of them is pronounced with an *emphasis*, the other must be pronounced emphatically too, as *if THEY dare fight, WE dare fight too; for OUR hearts are as good as THEIRS*.

To place the emphasis properly is of the greatest use. A speaker who would affect his auditors must at least seem moved himself. But by speaking without emphasis, a person appears either not to understand, or else wholly unconcerned about what he is speaking of, and thus renders his discourse obscure, or unaffected; and by placing it upon a *wrong word*, often changes the meaning of a sentence, and makes his intention seem widely different from what he intended, as *Will you walk to Hampstead to-day?* If the emphasis be laid on *will*, the answer may be *yes* in spite of you; if it is laid on *you*, the answer may be *no*, but *my son will*; if upon *walk*, *no*; *I will ride*: if upon *Hampstead*, *no*; *I will go to Highgate*: if upon *to-day*, *no*; *I will walk there to-morrow*.

In reading, besides a proper accent and emphasis, you must carefully observe to deliver the whole sentence with an easy unaffected tone, suitable to the subject: to do this fancy yourself in the author's place; or read as if it were not the composition of another, but what your mind at that instant dictated to you, and exactly as you would speak the same words in common conversation.

STOPS and MARKS used in Reading and Writing.

STOPS are used to point out the distance of time proper to be observed between words in reading: and are so absolutely necessary, that without they are carefully observed,

served, all speech or writing must be confused, and liable to many misconstructions.

Stops or pauses in reading and writing, are only four in number, and bear to each other a kind of progressionnal proportion of time.

The *Comma* marked thus (,) at the foot of a word, is the shortest pause, and distinguishes nouns, verbs, adverbs, and the conjunct members of sentences, as *The friendship between man and wife, is cemented by virtue, love, and interest, and cannot be dissolved without destroying the happiness of both.* The duration of this pause, is while a person leisurely tells one.

The *Semicolon* is a point placed over a comma thus (;) and is used in the sub-division of the members of a sentence, as *I confess I believe in fate, and predestination; no, I can't go so far as that; but I am of opinion, one's stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a sort of free-will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.* The duration of this pause is double that of a comma.

The *Colon*, two points placed over each other, marked thus (:) is used when the sense is perfect, but the sentence not ended, as *A sound mind is not to be shaken with popular applause: but weak minds are startled at every accident.* Its duration is thrice that of a comma.

A *Period*, a single point at the foot of a word, marked thus (.) is the longest pause of all, and is only used when the sentence is completely finished, as *With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity.* The duration of this pause is four times that of a comma.

? *Erotesis, or mark of Interrogation,* is placed at the end of the sentence, when a question is asked, as *Do you think I am right?*

! *Eccphonesis, or mark of exclamation, admiration, or astonishment,* directs us to raise the voice upon some vehement passion being expressed, as *Oh! how fallen, what an apostate! How lost to all that is good! What a wretched condition!*

() *Parenthesis,* serves to illustrate a sentence, which may be left out, and yet the sense remain perfect, as *If cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as is generally believed) I cannot think it an accomplishment even in the female sex.*

' *Apostrophe,*

* *Apostrophe*, is a comma placed between the heads of letters, and signifies some letter or letters left out for quicker pronunciation; as *I'll*, for *I will*; *ne'er*, for *never*; or denotes the genitive case; as *my son's violin*, that is, *the violin of my son*.

* An *Accent* is placed over a vowel to denote that the stress of voice in pronunciation is to be laid on that syllable; as *vénison*, *vénérable*.

* A *Breve* is a crooked mark over a vowel, and signifies it must be sounded short or quick; as *article*, *docible*.

* A *Caret* is placed underneath the line, just where anything, omitted by mistake, should have been inserted; as
and

Honour your father mother.

^

- An *Hyphen*, is a straight line used in joining the syllables of words and compound words; it also shews, when you have not room to write the whole word at the end of a line, but are obliged to finish it at the beginning of the next, that both syllables belong to the same word. in this case the word must be cruelly divided according to the rules of spelling. It is much used in old authors, placed over a vowel to express the omission of an *m*, or *n*; as *To write well is comedable*.

* A *Circumflex* is the same shape as a caret, but is always placed over a vowel, to show that the syllable is long; as *Euphrâtes*.

* *Diarezis*, or two periods placed over two vowels in a word, signifies that they are to be parted, and are no diphthong; as *Zaddeüs*.

☞ *Index* is a mark like a hand, and is used to point out something remarkable.

* An *Asterism* or *star*, directs to some remark in the margin, or at the foot of the page. Several together denote something defective or immodest in that particular passage.

¶ A *Paragraph*, denotes a division, comprehending several sentences under one head.

§ *Section*; signifies the beginning of a new head of discourse, and is used in the division of a discourse or chapter into lesser portions.

“ A *Quotation*, or double comma reversed, placed at the begining of each line, signifies that the words so marked are transcribed in the autho:’s own words.

[] *Brackets* or *Crotchetts*, generally include a word or sentence explanatory of what went before, or words of the same meaning which may be used in their stead.

+ An *Obelisk*, a mark like a dagger. || *Parallls*; Letters of the alphabet; figures; and sometimes an *Asterism*, refer to the margin or bottom of the page. An *Obelisk* in dictionaries signifies the word, before which it is placed, is obsolete, or out of use.

The most usual ABBREVIATIONS or CONTRACTIONS of WORDS.

<i>A.</i> or <i>Answ.</i> Answer, or	<i>Capt.</i> Captain
Afternoon	<i>Cent.</i> <i>Centum</i> , an hundred
<i>A. B.</i> Bachelor of Arts	<i>Ch.</i> Chapter
<i>Abp.</i> Arch-bishop	<i>Cler.</i> Clerk, or Clergyman
<i>Acc't.</i> Accompt	<i>C'</i> . County, or Company
<i>A. D.</i> <i>Anno Domini</i> , in the Year of our Lord	<i>Col.</i> Colonel, or Colonists
<i>Adm.</i> Admiral	<i>Comrs.</i> Commissioners
<i>Admrs.</i> Administrators	<i>C. S.</i> <i>Custos Sigilli</i> , Keeper of the Seal
<i>A. M.</i> <i>Anno Mundi</i> , in the Year of the World	<i>C. P. S.</i> <i>Custos privati Sigilli</i> , Keeper of the Privy-Seal
<i>A. M.</i> Master of Arts	<i>Cr.</i> Creditor
<i>Ana.</i> Of each a like quantity	<i>C. R.</i> <i>Carolus Rex</i> , King Charles
<i>A. R.</i> <i>Anna Regina</i> , Queen Anne; or <i>Anno Regni</i> , in the year of the Reign	<i>D.</i> Duke, Dutchy, Dutchess, <i>Denarii</i> , i e. pence
<i>Afr. P. G. C.</i> Astronomy Professor of Gresham College	<i>D. D.</i> Doctor in Divinity
<i>Bar.</i> Baronet	<i>Dr.</i> Doctor, Debtor, or Dear
<i>B. D.</i> Bachelor in Divinity	<i>Do.</i> The same
<i>Bp.</i> Bishop	<i>Dip.</i> Deputy
<i>B. V. M.</i> Blessed Virgin Mary	<i>Devon.</i> Devonshire
<i>Berks.</i> Berkshire	<i>E.</i> Earl
<i>Bucks.</i> Buckinghamshire.	<i>Edw.</i> Edward
<i>C.</i> 100.	<i>Esq;</i> Esquire
<i>C. C. C.</i> Corpus-Christi College	

<i>E. G.</i> or <i>ex. gr.</i> <i>exempli gratiâ,</i> for example	Oxon. Oxford
<i>Exon.</i> Exeter	<i>Obj.</i> Objection
<i>Exr.</i> Executor	<i>Obl.</i> Obedient
<i>Feb.</i> February	<i>Parl.</i> Parliament
<i>F. R. S.</i> Fellow of the Royal Society	<i>Pat.</i> Patrick
<i>Gen.</i> General	<i>Pr. per,</i> by
<i>Gent.</i> Gentleman	<i>Pr. Cent.</i> By the hundred
<i>G. R. Georgius Rex,</i> King George.	<i>P. M. G.</i> Professor of Music at Gresham College.
<i>Hants.</i> Hampshire	<i>P. S.</i> Postscript
<i>Honble.</i> Honourable	<i>P. Th. G.</i> Professor of divinity at Gresham College
<i>H. S. E. Hic situs est,</i> i. e. Here lies	<i>Q.</i> Queen, query, question
<i>Ibid.</i> <i>Ibidem,</i> in the same place	<i>Q. D.</i> <i>Quid dicas,</i> what can you answer or say
<i>Id.</i> <i>Idem,</i> the same	<i>Q. L.</i> <i>Quantum libet,</i> as much as you please
<i>i. e. id est.</i> that is	<i>Q. S.</i> <i>Quantum sufficit,</i> a sufficient quantity
<i>J. H. S.</i> <i>Iesus Hominum Salvator,</i> Jesus the Saviour of Men.	<i>R.</i> <i>Rex</i> or <i>Regina,</i> King or Queen
<i>J. N. R. I.</i> Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews	<i>Recd.</i> Received
<i>Jn^o.</i> John	<i>Rev^d.</i> Reverend
<i>K.</i> King	<i>Rob^t.</i> Robert
<i>Kn^t.</i> Knight	<i>R. S. S.</i> <i>Regiae Societatis Socius,</i> a Fellow of the Royal Society
<i>L.</i> <i>Libræ,</i> i. e. pounds	<i>Rt. W^pful.</i> Right Worshipful
<i>L. C. J.</i> Lord Chief Justice	<i>Salop.</i> Shropshire
<i>Ldp.</i> Lordship	<i>Se^t.</i> Section
<i>Lieut.</i> Lieutenant	<i>Sr.</i> Sir
<i>L. L. D.</i> Doctor of Laws	<i>Serjt.</i> Serjeant
<i>Mad.</i> Madam	<i>ss.</i> <i>semisis,</i> half
<i>M. D.</i> <i>Medicinae Doctor,</i> Doctor of Physic	<i>St.</i> Saint
<i>Monsr.</i> Monsieur	<i>S. T. P.</i> <i>Sanctæ Theologie Professor,</i> Doctor of Divinity
<i>Mr.</i> Master	<i>Sol.</i> Solution
<i>Mrs.</i> Mistress	<i>The.</i> Theophilus
<i>MS.</i> Manuscript. <i>MSS.</i> Manuscripts	<i>Tho.</i> Thomas
<i>N. B.</i> <i>Nota bene,</i> i. e. mark well	<i>V.D.M.</i> <i>Verbi Dei Minister,</i> a Minister of God's Word
<i>N. S.</i> New Style	<i>V.</i> <i>vide,</i> see; or verse
<i>O. S.</i> Old Style	<i>E 2</i> <i>Fiz.</i>

Fiz. *Videlicet*, that is to say

Ult. *Ultimus*, the last

Wn. When

Wilts. Wiltshire

Wm. William

W^p. Worship

ye. The

jn. then

jn. them

jt. that

jr. your

Xii. C. C. Christ college Cambridge

Xtopher. Christopher

&c. et cetera, and the

rest

7ber. September

8ter. October

9ber. November

10ber. December

4to *Quarto*, a book having four leaves in a sheet

8vo. *Octavo*, a book having eight leaves in a sheet

12mo. *Duodecimo*, a book having twelve leaves in a sheet.

But use not contractions, except in private affairs, or where it would be ridiculous to write at length, as *Mr.* for *Mister*; *Mrs.* for *Mistress*; *Sr.* for *Sir*; *&c.* for *and so forth*; because they are often puzzling to others, and argue disrespect, when used to superiors.

End of the GRAMMAR.

DIRECTIONS

D I R E C T I O N S

F O R

Writing a fine Hand, and with Correctness..

SIT with your body almost upright; place your book, or paper, directly before you; let the weight of your body rest on your left arm, and keep the book or paper down with the two first fingers of the left hand; let not any part of the breast, or the wrist of the right hand touch the table; your rest upon the right hand and arm must be very light, and terminate only on that part of the arm near the elbow, and upon the end of the little finger; the arm towards the elbow being all the while an hand's breadth from the body.

Hold your pen between the two first fingers and thumb; the fingers being extended almost straight, the thumb bending a little outward, with the hollow part of the nib of the pen next the paper; the pen must rest between the two upper joints of the fore finger, and upon the end of the middle finger, about an inch from the nib of the pen; let the ends of the little finger, and that which is next to it, bend in a little towards the palm of the hand; about half an inch from the end of the middle finger; let your pen-hand point a little to the right, or towards the outward part of the right shoulder, so that a line drawn from the inner part of the elbow, to the nib of the pen, may be nearly at right angles with the line you write upon; turn not your pen, nor alter the position of your hand, but let it move with an easy and steady motion, observing to make the hair-strokes with the corner of the pen.

Let the capital letters be made something stronger than the others, and the same height as *l*; let *a*, *b*, *d*, *g*, *h*, *k*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *u*, *y*, and such like be equal in width, and lean all the same way, *viz.* a little to the right; let the distance between each letter be the width of an *n*, and the distance between words that of an *m*; let all the stemmed letters in the running hand when looped, be longer than when single stemmed;

med; and let all capitals, and letters of the same height be made with the joint motion of the hand and wrist.

Write slowly at first, and with care, and no more at a time than what you write well, observing a due proportion of all the characters as in the annexed copy, also a just distance between the letters as well as the words, and a natural inclination of one letter to another.

Let the first word of every book, epistle, note, bill, and verse, begin with a capital; as also proper names of persons, places, ships, rivers, mountains, and all appellative names of professions and callings, &c.

It is esteemed ornamental to begin every substantive in the sentence with a capital; if it bears some considerable stress of the author's meaning upon it. But no other words are begun with a capital, unless they come immediately after a period or full stop, and begin a fresh sentence.

However, if a passage of an author be quoted in his own words, it begins with a capital, though not immediately following a period.

The pronoun *I*, and the exclamation *O!* must always be written with a capital.

Never write a capital in the middle of a word among small letters.

Where capitals are used in whole words and sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in the titles of books for the sake of ornament.

Never write the long *s* immediately after the short *s*, nor at the end of a word.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING LETTERS.

TH E necessities of life oblige almost all degrees of mankind to have recourse to an epistolary correspondence; but to succeed in this kind of composition, is far more difficult than is generally imagined, as experience daily affords convincing proofs. Out of an hundred good speakers scarce ten will be found who write in the same degree of perfection, though it should seem nothing more was wanting than to commit our thoughts to paper.

Far greater exactness is required for writing than speaking. What we see on paper remains subject to our criticism: the greatest part of conversation soon slips our memory, and is besides aided by succours to which it is in some measure indebted for the agreeable emotions it produces; viz. the advantages

vantages of pronunciation, a melodious voice, a due emphasis, and the graceful action of the speaker: but a literary composition can please by essential graces alone. Hence we cannot revise our letters too carefully; faults being both less excusable, and appearing greater in them, than in longer compositions.

The surest rule for writing well is to write as we speak, deliberately, without art, without affectation; but after having maturely weighed the subject in our minds, and considered it in every light, to enter immediately upon it without any long preamble, or introducing any thing foreign to what we intend to treat of; for the person who begins a speech before he is determined what to say, must undoubtedly be bewildered before he gets to the end, both in sentiment and grammar. To avoid this gross fault, before you begin a sentence, have the whole of it in your head, and make use of the first words that offer themselves to express your meaning, as they will generally be the most natural, and of course best answer your intention. Avoid making a parade of your wit, sounding words, high flown phrases, and a swell of pompous thought, both frequently used by the writers of the last age on very trifling occasions. Such a stile will meet with the approbation of the injudicious part of mankind only; for letter writing is always most agreeable, when most familiar.

However though every thing ought to appear natural in a letter, let not a familiar ease be confounded with a graceless simplicity. A character of politeness should always distinguish the letters of well bred persons: but by this I do not mean, overstrained high flown compliments, but an easy genteel obliging manner of address. In familiar letters relative to the common concerns of life, elegance is not required; ease and perspicuity are the only beauties necessary to be studied.

As all kinds of subjects are treated of in letters, there is no confining ourselves to one particular style; we must endeavour to suit our expressions to the nature of the subject, and the rank of our correspondent, being careful not to seem haughty when addressing our superiors, nor demean ourselves when writing to an inferior, and hold an equal rank with equals. Comparisons in writing are to be avoided, as having an air of vulgarity; fables, histories, proverbs, &c. formerly so studiously sought after as ornaments, are at present almost wholly disused by good writers, and

to consult the taste of our age and native country, should ever be considercd as an inviolable law.

However the stile used in an epistolary correspondence ought to be always equal ; and concise but perspicuous; (perspicuity being the chief cf all perfections in writing;) the reasoning close and natural ; the construction and length of the periods diversified ; exact in order ; not crowded with sublime figures, but noble without ostentation, abruptness, or impetuosity.

Letters in general ought to be short, especially those of business and compliment, and those written to persons who have but little leisure time ; yet, the fear of offending in this respect, should not induce us to omit any circumstance es- featial to the subject, provided we do not fall into repetitions. An air of good breeding ought constantly to appear in every expression, but no over-strained or affected compliments. In letters of respect, the submission made should be kept within certain limits : excessive flattery and servility are disgusting in the highest degree, and draw upon a person the contempt, instead of the esteem of those with whom he would wish to ingratiate himself. Too great familiarity used to our superiors is equally blameable. Praise bestowed without delicacy, is fulsome ; indeed it is no very easy task to offer this incense with decency. Horace advises us, to be careful to express common things and subjects, as if they were not so ; and thus make what we say or write our own, though already said a thousand times before, by giving it an air of novelty.

It is not enough that the words flow smoothly, we must examine whether they convey a perfect idea of what we mean to express. Antiquated words or terms must not be used, and those newly coined are to be adopted with caution. It is equally necessary to use epithets and adverbs in the most sparing manner, as when used too frequently they render the style harsh and less agreeable.

Read and transcribe frequently letters selected from the Spectator, Guardian, Tatler, Rambler, The World, Connoisseur, Adventurer, Pope, Addison, Swift, Sterne, and other works, admired for their beauty of thought and elegance of diction ; thus by degrees, art and study will correct the defects of nature. But nothing conduces so much to make us masters of this happy talent, as keeping up a constant epistolary correspondence with a friend ; by entertaining each other in this manner, we are insensibly accustomed to express ourselves with ease and propriety. *Of*

Of the FORM and SUPERScription of LETTERS.

BEGIN your letter about two inches below the top of the sheet of paper, and leave about an inch margin on the left hand: what compliments you send, insert in the body of the letter, and never by way of postscript, as it is neither so affectionate or polite, and not only favours of levity and forgetfulness, but also of disrespect.

If your letter consists of several paragraphs begin every fresh one at the same distance from the left hand margin of the paper, as when you began.

Letters should be wrote on *quarto* fine post paper, whether gilt or plain is a matter of no consequence, when addressed to a superior; if to an equal or inferior, the writer may use what sort or size he pleases: but be careful never to seal your letter with a wafer, except to the latter.

When you write to a superior let your letter be as short as the subject or occasion will permit, especially when a favour is requested; and be extremely careful never to abbreviate any of your words, as *P've* for *I have*, *can't* for *cannot*, &c. such abbreviations are both disrespectful and too familiar.

When your letter is folded and sealed; (which if addressed to a superior, should be previously inclosed in a cover of the same paper used for the letter itself) write the direction in the following manner, *viz.* the word *To* by itself as nigh the left hand upper corner of your letter as you can conveniently write it; then begin the title or name of the person about an inch lower almost in the middle or center of it, according to the length of the person's name and title; and write the place of his abode in a line by itself, at the bottom, in a larger character than the rest of the superscription, as for example,

To

His Grace the
Duke of Rutland,

at

Pelvoir Castle.

**INSTRUCTIONS for addressing PERSONS OF DISTINCTION,
in writing or discourse.**

MANY persons being at a loss how to address their superiors either in writing or conversation, we judge it will not prove disagreeable, to point out the suitable directions of address to all persons of distinction.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty; *Sire.*

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty; *Madam.*

To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; *Sir.*

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales; *Madam.*

In the same manner to the rest of the Royal Family, if Sons, Daughters, Brothers or Sisters of a Sovereign; otherwise only, *Highness.* The expressions, *May it please your Majesty,* *Your Royal Highness,* or, *Your Grace,* are neither used in writing or speaking, at present, by polite or sensible persons, though they may not be improper at the beginning of a petition.

To the NOBILITY.

To His Grace John Duke of Marlborough; *My Lord Duke,* *Your Grace.*

To the Most Noble Thomas Lord Marquis of Rockingham; *My Lord Marquis,* *Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable Richard Earl Temple; *My Lord,* *Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Viscount Townshend; *My Lord,* *Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable George Lord Abergavenny; *My Lord,* *Your Lordship.*

Their Ladies are addressed according to the rank of the Husband. The Sons of Dukes, Marquises, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have by courtesy the title of *Lord,* and *Right Honourable,* and all their Daughters are styled *Lady.*

The Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and the younger Sons of Earls, are styled *Honourable;* and all their daughters possess the same title.

The title of Right Honourable, is given to no Commoners, except those who are Privy Counsellors, and the three Lord Mayors

Mayors of London, Dublin, and York, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh during office.

In conversation with noble personages, we should only repeat expressions of their rank now and then, as memorandums, that we do not forget the distinction between us and them; any thing more is vulgar and troublesome.

To both HOUSES of PARLIAMENT.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled; *My Lords*: if a petition, *May it please your Lordships*.

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled; *Gentlemen*.

To the Right Honourable Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally a Privy Counsellor; *Sir*.

To the CLERGY.

To His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; *My Lord, or, Your Grace*.

To the Lord Bishop of Salisbury; *My Lord*.

To the Reverend Richard Clarke, D. D. Dean of Canterbury; *Mr. Dean, Reverend Sir, or, Reverend Doctor*.

To the Reverend Thomas Jones, D. D. Archdeacon, Chancellor or Prebend of Wells; *Mr. Archdeacon, or, Reverend Sir, or, Reverend Doctor, &c.*

Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and all other inferior Clergy, are styled *Reverend*.

To the OFFICERS of HIS MAJESTY's HOUSEHOLD.

They are mostly addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes according to the nature of their office; as *My Lord Steward, My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain &c.* and in all superscriptions of letters relative to Gentlemen's employments their style of office should never be omitted; but if they hold more offices than one, you need only mention the highest.

To the COMMISSIONERS and OFFICERS of the CIVIL LIST.

To the Right Honourable John Duke of Bedford, Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or, Lord Great Chamberlain, or Earl Marshal of England, or one of his

his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord Duke, Your Grace.* If either of these places are possessed by an Earl, Viscount or Baron, *My Lord.*

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

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Navy, Stamp-Office, Salt-duty, &c. are styled *Honourable*; if any of them are Privy Counsellors, they are usually styled collectively, *Right Honourable, Sir, Your Honour.*

To LAND and SEA OFFICERS.

In the Army and Navy, all Noblemen are styled according to their rank, to which is added their employ, as for example,

To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Falmouth, Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse Guards, or Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, or Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To Sir Charles Howard, Bart. Lieutenant General, Major General, or Brigadier General of his Majesty's Forces; *Sir, Your Honour.*

All inferior officers should have the name of their employment placed before their name; as for instance, *To Colonel Sands*; *To Major Walpole*; *To Captain Hayes*; *To Lieutenant Russel*; *To Ensign Davis*; mentioning the Regiment to which they belong.

In the Navy, all Admirals are styled *Honourable*; and Noblemen according to their quality and office. The other Officers according to their respective rank of precedence. Thus, To the Honourable Thomas Smith, Esq; Vice Admiral of the Blue Squadron. To Captain Marshal, Commander of his Majesty's ship the Nottingham.

To AMBASSADORS, SECRETARIES, and CONSULS.

All Ambassadors have the title of *Excellency*; as have all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Justices of Ireland.

To his Excellency Sir James Murray, Bart. his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid; *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To his Excellency J. Harris, Esq; Ambassador to his most Faithful Majesty; *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To his Excellency Baron Haslang, Envoy Extraordinary from the Electoral Court of Munich, to his Britannic Majesty; *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To William Chambers, Esq; his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Messina; *Sir.*

To Seignior Giovanni Povoleri, Secretary from the Republic of Genoa; *Sir.*

To the JUDGES and GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW:

All Judges are styled *Honourable*; if Privy Counsellors, *Right Honourable*; as,

To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Camden, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable Sir Richard Strange, Knt. Master of the Rolls; *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable William Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable Sir Eardley-Wilmot, Knt. Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Honourable Sir Thomas Parker, Knt. Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To the Honourable Judge Bathurst; or to the Honourable — Bathurst, Esq; one of the Lords Justices; *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To J. Thurloe, Esq; his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General; *Sir.*

All other Gentlemen of the Law are styled according to the rank and offices they bear, every Barrister having the title of *Esquire*.

To the LIEUTENANCY and MAGISTRACY.

To the Right Honourable William Earl Temple, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Buckingham; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable J. Duke of R. Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Devon. *My Lord Duke, Your Grace.*

To the Right Honourable Brass Crosby, Esq; Lord Mayor of the City of London; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, have the title of *Esquire* and *Worshipful*; as have also all Sheriffs and Recorders.

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

To B. C. Esq; High Sheriff of the County of Kent; *Sir, Your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful J. Wilkes, Esq; Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without, London; *Sir, Your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of York; *Sir, Your Worship.*

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. if Magistrates, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their respective titles allow.

To the GOVERNORS under the CROWN.

To his Excellency P. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; *My Lord, Your Excellency.*

To the Right Honourable G. Lord A. 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.

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

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

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

To BARONETS, KNIGHTS, &c.

Baronets and Knights are stiled *Honourable*, and their Wives Ladies; however Letters addressed to them are usually directed in the following manner:

To Sir T. C. Bart. at Clarendon Park, near Newcastle; *Sir.*

To

To Sir H. P. Knt. at Lewes, Sussex; Sir.

To S. R. Esq; at Coventry; Sir.

It is more proper and polite to direct to persons who are *Honourable*, either by Family or Office, without the title of *Esquire*, than with it; for instance, *To the Honourable Mr. F.* not *To the Honourable William F. Esq;* which would be ridiculous.

To MEN of PROFESSIONS and TRADE.

To Dr. P. in Red-Lion Square, London; Sir, or Dr.

To Mr. H. W. Merchant, in Token-House Yard, London; Sir.

But the method of addressing Men of Trade and Business is so generally known, that any farther examples are wholly unnecessary. Only observe, in directing Letters to persons who are well known, it is best not to be too particular; because to suppose him obscure, and not easily found, is lessening the person you direct to.

Of the SUBSCRIPTION and DATE.

THE Subscription closes the Letter, and, in writing to superiors, should be conceived in very respectful terms; as, *Your most humble and most obedient Servant, or, Your most obliged and humble Servant.* To equals, *Your humble and affectionate Servant, or, Your Friend and humble Servant.* To inferiors, *Your Servant, or, ready to do you a Service.* The Subscription, to persons of rank and quality, should begin with, *My Lord, or My Lady, or Your Lordship or Ladyship, Sir, Madam, or Miss,* in a line apart. When relations of unequal condition write to each other, it should seem that the greater might better express the degree of parentage in the beginning, and the other in the subscription.

It is usual, among the polite, to sign their names at a considerable distance below the conclusion of the Letter, and thereby leave a large vacant space over the names; which, though customary, is much better avoided, because it is putting it in the power of any one who has your letter, to write what he pleases over your name, and to make you, in all appearance sign a writing you would by no means have set your hand to.

As to the date, it is a matter of indifference whether it be set at top or at bottom of the Letter; though it is reckoned

more polite to give it a place opposite or under the subscription, especially when we write to persons of quality.

The Manner of FOLDING and SEALING LETTERS.

LE T T E R S may be folded up two different ways:—
The first method is to double the Letter in four, and enclose it in a cover of the same paper, which is to be sealed, and on which the direction is to be wrote.

When a cover is not made use of, the first half-sheet is doubled in its width into three equal parts, then both half-sheets together length-ways into three other parts, the two ends of which meet close, so that the middle part may be of the same length as the other two together; the remainder of the second half-sheet is then folded over the first, after doing which there remains only a small band, into which the whole is introduced, and then the seal applied.

Letters to a superior should always be folded in the first manner, and enclosed in a cover; as it would be extremely unpolite and disrespectful, to send a Letter folded up without one, to a person of high rank: Thus this second method is only proper to be used to inferiors, and between equals who are well acquainted, and reciprocally dispense with ceremony in this respect. A cover should even be used to persons of equal condition, who have previously made use of one themselves. A cover is also absolutely necessary for Letters which fill more than three pages, however little writing there may be on the fourth; because in this case they cannot be folded neatly, and in the manner above described. When all four pages are filled with writing, a cover of fine paper must of course be used. If you write to persons of very high rank, and the matter exceeds three pages, two whole sheets of paper must be used for the Letter; and write in such a manner, that at least a few lines may be wrote on the first page of the second sheet.

Good manners do not permit to enclose another Letter under the cover of one wrote to a person of distinction; such a step would be taking too great a liberty, and is never practised except in a very familiar correspondence. Even when you write at the same time to husband and wife, the Letters ought to be directed to each separately. 'Tis true, on some occasions a different conduct must be observed; for instance, if a husband is jealous, it is best to put both letters under the

the same cover; or if you write to a marriageable young lady at the same time as to her parents.

It is very unpolite to use a wafer, when you write to a superior: The Letter must be sealed with the best Dutch sealing-wax, which ought to be black, if the family to whom the letter is addressed are in mourning; and good manners require, that a seal of a coat of arms should be used for that purpose, rather than a cypher or device, unless a person has some particular reason for so doing.

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 properly distinguished under two heads: First, the Nobility or Peers, under the several titles of.

Dukes	Viscounts
Marquisses	Bishops and
Earls	Barons

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

Knights-Bannerets	Knights Bachelors
Baronets	Esquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen

As to the rank or precedence of the first order, *viz.* Peers, they take place according to the creation or date of their patents, unless of the Blood-Royal; then they precede all others of the same degree, *viz.* the Sons, Grandsons, and Brothers of King or Queen.

The great Officers of State do likewise break through this general rule, and claim precedence 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 precedence is claimed by the great Officers at Court, *viz.*

Lord Chamberlain of England	Lord High Admiral
Ed: High Constable of England	Lord Steward
Earl Marshal.	Ld. Chamb. of the Household.

These take place of all others of the same degree: Thus a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, precedes all other Barons; and if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided

those Earls are not superior Officers of State. After which they follow in their several orders, *viz.*

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

All Ladies have precedence according to the dignity of their husbands.

All Colonels are Honourable, and, by the law of arms, precede Knights; as do all Field Officers, the Master of the Ordinance, and Quarter-Masters General, &c.

P A R T I.

LETTERS on MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS;

From young Gentlemen and Ladies at School, Apprentices, Servants, &c. to their Parents, to their Relations, to their Acquaintances, and to each other; with suitable Letters of Advice to Youth.

L E T T E R I.

From a Father to his Son at School.

My dear Child,

I Could not give a more striking proof of my affection for you, than in the resolution I was obliged to exert, in sending you from me. I preferred your advantage to my own pleasure, and sacrificed the fondness to the duty of a father. I should have taken this step sooner, if I had not waited till my enquiries might produce a person, whose character might be responsible for your education; and the worthy Mr. Rose was at length my choice, for that important trust. He will be a fitter parent to you, in your present situation, than either of those you left behind you: He will see you, as you are, without the dangerous bias of natural affection: His approbation must be acquired by merit, ours might be merely the partiality of a tender connection: He is now the substitute of our authority; and you are to consider, that that duty and submission to which we laid claim, is, for a time, transferred to him. Your obedience, then, will be without murmuring or reluctance; and the more so when you reflect, that a strict attention to his appointments, and an implicit compliance with his commands, are not only to form the rule of your safe conduct in this life, but to be the earnest of your happiness in that which is to come.

As to your school-connections, it is impossible for me to give you any instructions, at present, as your affections will

form

form to themselves general attachments, till the improvement of your own sense and virtue may enable you to distinguish respective merit in others: All that I shall observe to you upon this head is, that though there may be few among them, whose birth is superior to yours, yet that there may be fewer still, to whom you may not be inferior in point of fortune; and I hope that this double consideration will ever animate you to act up to that character which becomes your family, whilst it teaches you to behave with an œconomy, and humility, suited to your circumstances.

Partial as I am in your favour, my dear, I am not so weak as to imagine, that you are as yet capable of comprehending the full scope of this Letter: I intreat, therefore, that you will keep it by you till you are. I do not write to your present comprehension, but to that understanding and virtue, which I trust in God, and Mr. Rose's tuition, you will very soon acquire. I exercise a fondness, I fulfil a duty, I confer my blessing, and am, my dearest Child,

Your truly affectionate Father,

GEORGE MORDAUNT.

L E T T E R II.

From Master MORDAUNT to his Pappa.

Dear Pappa,

I take the earliest opportunity of obeying your commands to write to you punctually once a week; and I have the pleasure to inform you, not only of my health, but of the happiness I enjoy in being placed under the tuition of so good a Master; and I am sure, were I inclinable to be an idle boy, his goodness to me would prompt me to be attentive to my lesson, that I might please him. Besides, I see a great difference made between those that are idle, and those that are diligent; idle boys being punished, and diligent boys being encouraged, as they deserve. But you know, Pappa, that I always loved my book; and the more so, when I consider what you have often told me, that if I intended ever to be a great Man, I must learn to be a good Scholar, lest, when I am grown up, I should be a laughing-stock or make-game to others, for my ignorance.

Pray give my duty to my Mamma, my love to my Brother and Sister, and to my Aunt Williams.

I am, dear Pappa, Your most dutiful Son,

WILLIAM MORDAUNT.

L.E.T.-

L E T T E R III.

From the same to his Pappa, in Answer to a Letter complaining of his naughty Behaviour.

Honoured Sir,

YOUR last informs me, and it gives me the greatest concern, that it has been reported to you, that I not only neglect my studies, but that I have been guilty of impertinence to our worthy Master. These, believe me, my dearest Pappa, are falsities invented, I suppose, by some of my school-fellows, (for there are very naughty boys amongst us) either from envy, or from the view of hiding their own faults, by aggravating mine.

I confess indeed, that, from their example, rather than my own inclination, I have been of late rather more remiss in my school business, than was proper, by which I am sensible that I have lost, in some measure, my time and reputation. By my future diligence, however, I hope to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a strict obedience to all your commands, to which I am equally bound by gratitude and duty; so that I may with propriety subscribe myself

Your most dutiful Son,

WILLIAM MORDAUNT.

L E T T E R IV.

From another young Gentleman to his Pappa, requesting that he may have Permission to learn to dance.

Dear Pappa,

THOUGH your unwearyed attention to my happiness leaves me no room to doubt your resolution of sparing no expence in order to qualify me for that employment which you design I shall hereafter follow; and though I am certain you intend that Dancing shall form a part of my education; yet I have taken the liberty to remind you of it, and also to desire you will no longer, on account of the strength of my limbs, (which, I am sensible, is the motive that retards me from beginning it) delay your orders to my Master for that purpose; as I am persuaded, from a striking instance of a young gentleman in our school, whose joints are much weaker than mine, that Dancing, instead of weakening them, will rather add to their strength.

It

58 *The Court LETTER-WRITER.*

It is not an ambition to dance a minuet, that is my motive for this request; for, if I mistake not, there are other points belonging to this accomplishment greatly more essential; such as, how to walk; to make a bow; to come into a room, and go out of it; to salute a friend or an acquaintance in the street, whether a superior, an equal, or an inferior, with propriety and grace.

I often blush at my awkwardness in these respects; an awkwardness which daily exposes me to the ridicule of one or other of my comrades: and as I am persuaded, that my dear Pappa would be sorry to see his son looked at in an inferior light, I flatter myself that this request will be granted by the first convenient opportunity. I have only to add, that I am,

My dear Pappa,

Your truly dutiful and affectionate Son,

HENRY JONES.

L E T T E R V.

From an Apprentice in Town to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE Bearer, John Walford, came to see me last night, and told me he should set out for home on Thursday. I was not willing to let slip the opportunity of sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am well, that I like both my Master and my Mistress, and, by what I can see of it, the business, extremely well; and do intend (please God) to use my utmost endeavours to make myself master of every thing that belongs to it, in which I shall have treble satisfaction; first in pleasing my master, secondly in pleasing my friends, and thirdly in benefiting myself. I have but little leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but I will take every opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am with gratitude,

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son,

WILLIAM LOWNDES.

L E T.

L E T T E R . VI.

From a Youth in *London* to his Father in the Country; on
his first going into Service.

Honoured Father,

I Most dutifully and thankfully return you my acknowledgments, for the agreeable life you have put me into. I find a great deal of ease, and my Master is very good-natured. If I do wrong, he tells me of it without anger; and I should deserve to be reprimanded if I did it again, after such warning. I have a great deal of time upon my hands, but I shall be careful not to misapply it. I am making myself perfect in writing, as you may see by this that I am improved, and, so far as I can, getting the better of accounts; but I find that very difficult. I can see those who make other uses of the time they have to themselves, but they will see what it comes to in the end. I never knew any good of sitting all day in an ale-house in the country; and I do not think it any better in London, by what I see of it: I am sure they have no very good examples before them.

Honoured Father, I pray God to bless you, and make you as happy as you have made me in this recommendation; for I am sure, unless it is my own fault, I need not wish to change.

I am your thankful and dutiful Son.

L E T T E R VII.

From Miss DOUGLAS to her Mamma, in Answer to a Letter she had received from her, enjoining her to persevere in the Duties of Religion.

Most honoured Madam,

W^ORDS cannot express the joy I felt at the receipt of your last, in which my dear Mamma is pleased to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave her 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

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, and 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 I possibly can, between the several branches of education I am engaged in both before and after dinner.

When school is finished for the day, a young lady, who is my bed-fellow, and of a like disposition, and I, retire to an apartment by ourselves, where we improve ourselves by reading. Books of piety are our 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, 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 review 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, with which the enemy of mankind is ready to allure us : for I am persuaded it was not my strength of virtue that withstood the temptations, but his assisting grace, that enabled me to overcome them. And if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sue for pardon, and lay not my body to rest till I have procured peace to my soul.

If at any time I am permitted to pay a visit, (which liberty your indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly ; for there are certain times when visits become rather troublesome than friendly. I therefore avoid them 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 that of my friends: that is, 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, 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, dear Madam, is a vice which you have often cautioned me against, and which 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. I am, with great affection,

Honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

HARRIET DOUGLAS.

L E T T E R VIII.

From an Uncle to his Nephew, cautioning him against bad Habits.

My dear Nephew,

LET me intreat you to take particular care how you contract bad habits of any kind. In spite of all your endeavours to shake them off, they will hang upon you, like the envenomed shirt of Hercules, to your destruction.

By habit, I understand such a custom of doing any particular action, as to fall into it involuntarily, and without thinking; or to repeat it so frequently, as to render it almost a part of our nature, not to be subdued without the greatest difficulty.

Of the first sort is the impious and foolish habit of swearing; and of the second, is that of drinking. What can be the motive for swearing, it is not easy to say; or why any man should depart from reason, as well as virtue, so far as to mention, with hourly irreverence, the sacred name of the Lord of Being, and subject himself to the danger of habitual perjury, of which, though part of the guilt may be extenuated, as nobody is deceived, yet the other part, which arises from the author of truth, no virtuous being can con-

ceive without horror. The original of this hateful practice was, perhaps, only the desire of appearing manly, and shewing that the fear of reproof is at an end ; and, at last, the claim to manhood is prosecuted, till the practice is no longer the consequence of thought, and the swearer is shunned as a demon by the pious, and a brute by the polite.

The inducement to drunkenness is easily discovered ; the pleasures of mirth, the solicitations of company, the calls of appetite, concur to promote it. But, my dear nephew, learn to despise mirth, of which the end is sorrow ; to refuse that company which calls you to destruction, and to deny those appetites which are never to be satisfied, and which will demand more as they are more indulged.— At least, before you suffer this habit to prevail, take a deliberate view of the consequences which must ensue from it :—an unfitness for, and inattention to, business ; a depravity of taste and manners ; a loss of appetite ; a decay of health ; and, perhaps, a sudden and untimely period of your days, or a condemnation to the sad remainder of them in pain and misery, with a broken constitution, a ruined fortune, and a lost reputation.

I might go on to shew you in several other instances the fatal consequences of indulging bad habits ; but I will only mention that of idleness and sauntering. “ Indolence,” says an Eastern writer, “ is the daughter of folly, the sister of vice, and the mother of misfortunes.” Whoever suffers himself to fall into this pernicious habit, cannot hope to make much progress in learning, or knowledge of any kind ; and, consequently must give up the glorious aim of rendering himself useful and conspicuous in any capacity or station of life. Wisdom is not to be won without great assiduity.— She must be fought for early, and attended to late. But he who consumes his hours in idle sauntering, or buries them in morning slumbers, shall never see the lustre of fame, any more than that of the sun rising upon him.

I am, my dear Frank,

Your affectionate Uncle.

L E T T E R IX.

From an Apprentice to his Friends.

Honoured Father and Mother,

I take the earliest opportunity to inform you, that by your good care and conduct I am most agreeably settled with Mr. Morris, and perfectly pleased with my station ; and that

that I think it my duty to return you my hearty thanks and grateful acknowledgements of your love and tender attention to my interests.

I will endeavour to go through my business chearfully ; and having begun well, I hope I shall continue to do so to the end, that I may be a comfort to you hereafter, and, in some measure, make a return for your love and kindness too.

Your most dutiful and obedient Son,

ROGER GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R X.

From a Father in the Country, to his Son, just put Apprentice in London.

My dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new situation into which the care of your friends has put you : but I would have you pleased, not with the novelty, but with the real advantage of it. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less restraint than you were ; for a master has neither occasion nor inclination to watch over a youth so much as his parents : but if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish satisfaction, may in the end betray you into mischief, nay, to your ruin.— Though your father is not in sight, my dear, act always as if you were in his presence ; and be assured that, what would not offend him, will displease no other person.

You have more understanding (I have often told you so) than most persons of your years. Now this is the opportunity of making good use of it ; and take this for certain, every right step you enter upon now, will be a comfort to you for your life. I would have your reason, as well as your fancy, pleased with your situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, dear Jack, that the state of life which charms you so highly at this time, will bring you to independence and affluence ; and that, by behaving as you ought to do now, you will be hereafter master of a house and family, have every thing about you at your command, and have apprentices, as well as servants to wait upon you. The master with whom you are placed, was some years ago in your situation ; and what should hinder you, in due time, from being in his condition. The only requisites to attain this, are patience and industry ; and these, my dear, are a very cheap price for ease and affluence.

G. 2

Your

64 *The Court Letter-Writer.*

Your master, I am told, had nothing to begin the world withal: In that he had the worse of you: for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome manner. So you have a sufficient inducement to be good; and a reward always follows it.

My dear boy, farewell for the present. Obey your master, and be civil to all persons; keep out of company; for lads like you have no occasion for it, and most of that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a fault, confess it at once; for the lie in denying it, is worse than the thing itself. Go to church constantly, and write to us often. I think I need not say more to a youth of your virtuous disposition to induce you to continue in it. I am,

Your affectionate Father.

L E T T E R XI.

From a Father to his Son, entering into the World, on the
Choice of Company, &c.

My dear Son,

AS you are now beginning life, as it were, and will probably have considerable dealings in business, the frequent occasions you will have for advice, should make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate acquaintances, one or two, whom you would view in the light of friends.

In the choice of these, your utmost care and caution will be necessary; for by a mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal effects you may hereafter experience. For this reason it will be proper for you to make a judgment of those who are fit to be your advisers, by the conduct they have observed in their own affairs, and the reputation they bear in the world; for he who has, by his own indiscretion, undone himself, is much fitter to set up as a landmark for a prudent mariner to shun his courses, than an example to follow.

Old age is generally slow and heavy; youth, headstrong and precipitate: yet there are young men replete with discretion; which makes me rather point out the conduct, than the age of the persons with whom you should chuse to associate; though, after all, it is a never-failing good sign of prudence and

and virtue in a young man, when his seniors chuse his company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your endeavours therefore be; at all adventures, to associate with men of sobriety, understanding, and virtue; for the proverb which says that “A man is known by the company he keeps,” is an unerring one. Such men you can single out; while you improve by their conversation, you will benefit by their advice; and be sure remember one thing, that though you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your sentiments when occasion offers, yet that you must be much more ready to hear than to speak, for to this purpose it has been significantly observed, that nature has given to man two ears, and but one tongue. Lay in, therefore, by observation, and a modest silence, such a store of ideas, that you may at their time of life make no worse figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other people’s ill than your own.

How must those young men expose themselves to the contempt and ridicule of their seniors; who have seen little or nothing of the world; are continually shutting out, by open mouths, and closed ears, all possibility of instruction, and making vain the principal end of conversation— which is improvement. A silent young man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent men. When, therefore, you come among strangers, hear every one speak, before you deliver your own sentiments: by this means you will judge of the merit and capacities of your company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate bolts, which they would have been glad to recall; when perhaps a silent genius in company has burst out upon them with such observations, as have struck consciousness and shame into the forward speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward reproach.

Thus have I thrown together, as they occurred, a few thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my care and concern for your welfare. I hope you will constantly, from time to time, communicate to me whatever you may think worthy of my notice, or in which my advice may be of use to you; for I have no pleasure in this life equal to that which the happiness of my children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate Father.

G. 3.

From

LETTER XII.

From a young Man in London, to his Father in the Country, complaining of his disagreeable Situation.

Honoured Father,

I came to London, in obedience to your commands ; and I would have done any thing to please you. But now I have had some experience of this way of life, and find it for the worse that I have changed : I most dutifully request of you, therefore, to give me leave to come down again. I am not in any hurry for this ; nor have I any desire to leave my place rudely ; only if you can get me a service in the country, I should think it much for the better.

I believe there is good and ill in every sort of life ; and I do not doubt but many young men have made themselves by this means ; but it is not my chance to be in the way of any good, and therefore all I desire is, that I may have your leave to get out of the way of mischief. Here is nothing in our family but drunkenness and rioting ; the conversation at table would make you tremble : and every night here is a different woman brought home ; then she steals something as she goes away, and it is all laid to the charge of some of the servants. I have been twice put to the oath before a justice about a spoon. Father, when a person knows himself innocent, it hurts his mind to be suspected of such things. I have lost my health by sitting up to such late hours as you never heard of ; and for any thing that I know, I may lose my life among them one way or other. The more I see of it, the more I am terrified ; and I most humbly beg you will provide a place for me, if you can, in the country ; or if not, that you will let me come, and do the best I can for myself ; for it is much better to follow the plough at home, in honest simplicity, than to wear finery in London, and to have one's morals corrupted.

I am your dutiful Son.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R XIII.

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

Dear Mother,

IT IS a fortnight this very day, that I have been at Mr. Harris's ; and I thank God, I begin to feel 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 Robin got upon his horse, and rode out of the yard, methought every thing looked stranger and stranger ; for I got up to the window, and looked after him, till he got into the London road, (for you know we live a quarter of a mile on the farther side of it) and then I sat down and cried—and that always gives me some relief. Many a time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my tears, and to appear as cheerful as I can.

Dearest mother, I return you a thousand thanks for all the kind advice you were so good as to give me at parting ; and I think it over often and often : but yet, methinks it would be better if I had it in writing ; that would be what I would value above all things : but I am afraid to ask for what would give you so much trouble. So, with my duty to you and my father, and kind love to all friends, I remain ever,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

MARTHA DAVIS.

L E T T E R XIV.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child;

I AM very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted : but 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in time. I have had my share too, but I bear it now pretty well ; and hope you will endeavour to follow my example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every thing. You must consider that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your good.

If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the family will love and esteem you. You will get new friends there ; and I think I can assure you that you will lose no love here ; for we all talk of you every evening, and every body speaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly, than ever they did.— In the mean time keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best way of wearing off any concern.— Do all the business of your place, and be always ready to assist your fellow servants where you can in their business.— This will both fill up your time, and help to endear you to them ; and then you will have as many friends about you as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any body living, for I know you never used to do it : but if you hear a bad story of any body, try to soften it all you can, and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your mind as fast 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 in 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 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 was well, by Sir Thomas Middleton'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 and sisters their kind love to you. Heaven bless you, my dear child, and continue you to be a comfort to us all. I am,

Your affectionate Mother,

SARAH DAVIS.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R XV.

From the Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother,

THOUGH 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 easy again, which is owing to my following your good advice, and the kindness that is already shewn me in the family. *Susan* and I are bed-fellows; and she, and *John*, and *Harry*, are all so kind to me, that I can scarcely say which is the kindest. My master is sixty-five years of age next *March*; but by his looks you would hardly take him to be above fifty. He has always an easy smiling countenance, and is very good to all his servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the rooms, or in the passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's work go on more pleasantly. My mistress is as thin as my master is plump; not much short of him in age, and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be borne; for I have never heard my master say a single word of any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent man, and laid up a great deal of money while he was in business, with which he purchased this estate here, and another in *Sussex*, some time before he left off; and they have likewise, I find, a very good house in *London*. But my master and mistress both love the country best, and they sometimes stay here for a whole winter, and all the summer constantly, of which I am very glad, as I am so much the nearer you; and I have heard so much of the wickedness of *London*, that I do not 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, *John* 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 in it, and rents another. *Harry*, the footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and

I am sure he has a good stomach. But I need not talk of that; for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does.

With such fellow-servants, and such a master, I think it would be my own fault if I was not happy. Well in health I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in spirits; only my heart will heave a little still, every time I look towards the road that leads to your house. Heaven bless you all there! and make me a deserving daughter of so good a mother, prays

Your affectionate Daughter,
MARTHA DAVIS.

LETTER XVI.

From the Mother to the Daughter.

My dear Child,

THE next piece of advice that I gave you, was, "to think often how much a life of virtue is to be preferred to a life of pleasure; and how much better and more lasting a good name is than beauty."

If we call things by their right names, there is nothing that deserves the name of pleasure so truly as virtue: But one must talk as people are used to talk; and I think they generally mean a life of gaiety.

Now our gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with difficulties in procuring them, with fatigue in the very enjoyment, and generally succeeded by regret and self-condemnation. What the great call a life of pleasure, must be a very laborious life. They spend the greatest part of the night in balls and assemblies, and fling away the greatest part of their days in sleep. Their life is too much opposed to nature, to be capable of happiness; 'tis a continued 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 for what they call diversions; and an insipidity and want of taste when they are engaged in them. This is not living, but a constant endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad constitution, make it worse by their absurd way of life,

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 sphere, 'tis true, do not act so ridiculously as those in a higher, but even among them there is 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 low life, virtue is only another name for happiness, and debauchery is the high road to misery; and this appears to me just as true and evident, as that moderation is always good for us, and excess hurtful.

But is it not a charming thing to have youth and beauty—to be followed and admired—to have presents offered from all sides to me—to be invited to all diversions, and to be distinguished by the men from all 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 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 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 are what we 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 is 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 will take as a blessing, and remember that they come from the heart of

Your tender and affectionate Mother,

SARAH DAVIS.

L E T T E R XVII.

From Master JACKSON at School to his Papa.

Honoured Sir,

I Am greatly obliged to you for all your favours; for which, I hope, the progress I make in my studies will be no disagreeable return. Gratitude, duty, and a view of future advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour, for my own improvement and your satisfaction; and to shew myself, upon every occasion,

Your most obedient and ever dutiful Son,

RICHARD JACKSON.

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

From a young Man at the Expiration of his Apprenticeship, to a Relation, requesting the loan of a Sum of Money, to enable him to go into Business.

SIR,

THE uncommon kindness you have shewn to our unhappy family; ever since my earliest years, has made an indelible impression on my mind; as, I flatter myself, my past conduct has in some measure evinced.

I may be mistaken in what I imagine further; but I have always thought you had no small hand in putting me out; for I think my father could not have commanded such a sum of money, without the assistance of some generous friend; and I can think of no one but yourself. If this should be the case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present occasion, since it is ingratitude to make one benefit a motive for asking another. Yet I will venture to say in my own behalf, that I think my behaviour during my apprenticeship will not make against me in this application; and if I ask what to you may seem improper, all that I further request is, to be pardoned.

I have at present before me, Sir, the prospect of being a journeyman at a small salary, and just getting bread, and that of being a master in one of the most advantageous trades: and this is the time of fixing myself in one station or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the design of this letter, because the becoming master cannot be done without money, and I have no where to apply for such assistance, but to your favour. A moderate sum, Sir, will answer the purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least I am sure I can take care that the value of it shall be always kept in stock, so that there can be no risque of losing any part of it. I have made the computation; and with cool, carefully laid out, I can make all the shew that is necessary, and have all conveniences about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to compleat the goodness you have already begun, by lending me this sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any part of it, nor shall any thing make me ever forget the obligation. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged, and very humble Servant.

LETTER XIX.

From Mr. STANLEY to Mr. THOMSON, his Cousin, cautioning him against sudden Intimacies, or Friendships, and reprobating him for his present Connection with an unworthy Person.

Dear Cousin,

I hear with great concern that Mr. Richards and you have lately contracted so close an intimacy, that you are hardly ever a-funder; and as I know his morals are not the best, nor his circumstances the most happy, I fear he will, if he has not already done it, let you see that he knows better what he is about in seeking your acquaintance, than you do in cultivating his.

I am far from desiring to abridge you in any necessary or innocent liberty, or to prescribe too much to you in the choice of a friend; nor am I against your being complaisant to strangers; for this gentleman's acquaintance, it seems, is not yet a month old with you. You must not, however, think every man, whose conversation is agreeable, fit to be immediately treated as a friend. Of all sorts, hastily contracted friendships promise the shortest duration, and the least satisfaction, as they commonly arise from design on one side, and weakness on the other.

True friendship must be the effect of long and mutual esteem and knowledge: it ought to have for its cement, an equality of years, a similitude of manners, and nearly a parity of fortune and station. But, generally speaking, an opening to a stranger carries with it strong marks of indiscretion, and not unoften ends with repentance.

For these, and many other reasons equally cogent, I should be glad you would be upon your guard, and proceed cautiously in this new connection. Mr. Richards has vivacity and humour enough to please any man of a light turn; but were I to give my judgment of him, I should pronounce him fitter for the tea-table than the cabinet. He is smart, but very superficial; and treats all serious subjects with a contempt too natural to bad minds; and I know more young men than one, of whose good opinion of him he has taken the advantage, and has made them wiser, though at their own expence, than he found them.

The caution I here give you, is the pure effect of my experience in life, some knowledge of your new associate, and

my

my esteem for you. The use you make of it will determine whether you merit this concern from

Your affectionate Cousin.

L E T T E R XX.

From HENRY FIELDING, Esq; to his Son, on his Removal
to the University.

My dear Son,

YOU are going into the wide world. Every step you take is attended with danger, and requires caution. My eye is upon you no longer, and the vigilance of governors, and the care of tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have concern or affection enough to advise you faithfully. Your conduct must be a good deal regulated by your own reflections. The only secure paths are those of religion and virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that simplicity of life, which academical societies prescribe. Mix not intemperance with your growing years, nor treasure up infirmities against an age the fittest for employment. You have received health from your parents, and you owe it to your children. Be careful in the choice of your company; pay civility to all; have friendship with few; and not too quickly with any: An idle companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I entrust to do all good offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with persons of superior age or quality, situation or endowments, pay a deference to them. So much is due to their experience and character. Modesty is the most amiable virtue, especially in a young man who professes himself a learner. Possibly, in a large society, you may meet with some bold young men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a value amongst their ill-bred companions, by daring to say and do abusive things to their governors.— But do not you imitate such examples; for impudence is not magnanimity. A brave mind is seen in persevering through the difficulties of a virtuous course, in the conquest of irregular appetites and passions, and in scorning to do any thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with politics, which when you have studied all your life, you will not

have found out what will hereafter be the humours or resentments, the private interests or public views, of men in power: a study which, as it is generally directed rather from virtue, is foreign to your present purpose; and in which if you could really have any skill, at your age it would seem to be affected. Take the proper advantages of living in a society. Observe the different tempers and dispositions of men; shun their vices, imitate their virtues, make use of their learning, and let the many eyes that are upon you, the conscience of your duty, and an indignation to be insignificant, raise an emulation in you to excel in some kind of art or knowledge, that may hereafter be useful to the public. From the moment of your entrance, take care of your reputation. Let not one exercise go out of your hands, that hath not employed your utmost diligence. Notwithstanding the affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the service I desire, unless you assist me with your character. And in all doubtful cases, let not your father who loves you best, and your governors who are well able to direct you, be the only friends you refuse to consult.

I am, my dear Son,

Your truly affectionate Father.

L E T T E R XXI.

From JOHN HERBERT, Esq; to MATTHEW WILKINS, Esq, a young Gentleman who had lately lost his Father.

I know no office in life, my dear friend, that is in general more impertinent, than that of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles which you imbibed from the best of fathers, have operated as they ought; they have made a youth, who has hardly reached his two-and-twentieth year, incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a handsome fortune.—I doubt not but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate, and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the sense you have

have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recall your father by your grief; but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.

L E T T E R XXII.

From Mr. HUME to Miss LENNOX, apologising to her for his Silence.

THESE are times, Madam, in which it is an unpar-donable negligence not to write to one's friends; there are others, in which it is a commendable prudence. I can-not help thinking it better becomes an unhappy man to be silent, than to speak; for he is tiresome if he speaks of his misery, or ridiculous if he attempts to be entertaining. I have not done myself the honour of writing to you since my departure, to avoid one or other of these inconveniences. I have too much respect for you, Madam, to importune you with my griefs, and I am not fool enough to have a mind to laugh. I know very well there may be a mean between these two extremes; but after all, the correspondence of the unhappy is seldom pleasing to those who are in prosperity. And yet, Madam, there are duties with which one ought not to dispense; and it is to acquit myself of them, that I now assure you, that no one can be with more esteem and respect than I am,

Your faithful and affectionate Servant,
FREDERICK HUME.

L E T T E R XXIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

I Know it will be a great satisfaction to you and my dear Mother, to hear that I am still very happy in my business; that my Master seeing my diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a manner, that I have great pleasure in it; and that I hope I shall answer in time your good wishes and expectations, and the indulgence which you have always shewn to me. There is such good order in the family, as

well on the part of Mrs. ——, as on that of my Master, that every servant, as well as myself, knows his duty and does it with delight. So much evenness, sedateness, and regularity is observed in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impossible it should be otherwise. My Master is an honest, worthy man, and every body speaks well of him; my Mistress is a cheerful, sweet-tempered woman, and rather heals breaches than widens them; and the Children, after such examples, behave to us like our own brothers and sisters. Who can but love such a family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a station, that I may carry myself just as my master does; and if I should ever marry, have such a wife as my mistress: and then, by God's blessing, I shall be as happy as they are, and as you, Sir, and my dear mother have always been. If any thing can make me happier than I am, or preserve to me my present happiness, it will be the continuance of that which you and my good mother already enjoy. I ever am, with all gratitude and love,

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful Son.

L E T T E R XXIV.

From Miss EVANS to her Mama, apologising for her Neglect in Writing to her.

Honoured Madam,

THOUGH the agreeable intelligence of your health and happiness, which was brought me last night by the hands of my uncle's man *Thomas*, gives me inexpressible pleasure; yet I am very much concerned, that my too long silence should have given you so much uneasiness, as I understand it has. I can assure you, Madam, that my neglect in that point was no wise owing to any want of that respect, which is due to so indulgent a parent, but altogether to a hurry of business, (if I may be allowed to call it business) occasioned by the honour of a visit from Sir *Charles* and Lady *Williams*, and their amiable niece Miss *Fanny*, who are exceeding good company, and whom my uncle and aunt are proud of entertaining in the most elegant manner. I am sensible, however, that neither this plea, nor any real business, of what importance soever, can justly acquit me for not writing oftener to my dear Mama. But as the case now stands, I

know no other way of making atonement, than by a sincere promise of a more strict observance of my duty for the future. If therefore, Madam, you will favour me so far as to forgive this first transgression of the kind, you may assure yourself, that it shall never be repeated by,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Daughter,

JANE EVANS.

L E T T E R XXV.

From Mrs. VARLEY in Town, to her Daughter in the Country, under the Tuition of an Aunt.

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no precepts, under my sister's care, to instruct you in the duties of morality and religion, yet there are some points, of which she may possibly forget to remind you, that are highly necessary for the forming your mind, so as to enable you to make that figure in the world, which I could wish. I am certain you will be kept up to your music, singing, and dancing, by the best masters that the county of York affords; and need not doubt but you will be very often told, that good housewifery is a most commendable quality.—I would have you indeed neglect neither 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 an admirable collection of books behind him, of which you now have the benefit; and as you have a tolerable knowledge of the French and Italian languages, I would have you not be altogether a stranger to their authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that library you will find nothing that is otherwise) greatly elevates the ideas and harmonises the soul; and well-written novels are an amusement, in which you may occasionally indulge yourself. History, however, particularly the history of your own country, is what I would chiefly recommend to you; and, as a necessary introduction to this study, I have sent you by the coach a little work lately published, and deservedly admired, entitled, THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, IN A SERIES OF DIALOGUES BETWEEN A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND HIS TUTOR.—

Without

Without some knowledge of history, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable trifler. I would have you gay and lively, but I would also have you solid and instructive in company.

I must warn you, however, my dear Sophy, to beware with what disposition you sit down to read books of this nature; for if you lightly skim them over, and with a view merely to gratify your curiosity with the amazing events delivered in them, the research will afford you little advantage. You must therefore consider what you read; mark well the chain of accidents which bring on any great catastrophe; and this will shew you, that, instead of happening by chance, every event is produced by the directions of an Almighty Power. In distinguishing the true causes of the rise and fall of empires, and of those amazing revolutions that have happened in most kingdoms of the world, you will admire divine justice, and be struck with the folly as well as impiety of accusing Providence of partiality, when you see, as frequently you will, the good dethroned,—all rights, human and divine, sacrilegiously trampled upon—a false 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, tyranny and oppression. And though innocent individuals may suffer in such calamities, yet it is for the general good of the whole, in order to bring them to a just sense of their transgressions, and turn them from their evil ways. This the historical part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless instances; and this the calamities, which at different times have befallen every kingdom and commonwealth, strongly evince.

I have been the more particular in giving you these cautions, as, without observing them, you would be liable to imbibe prejudices, which might insensibly pervert your judgment, and render you guilty of injustice: As you regard therefore my commands, which will always be for your improvement and emolument, never be remiss in this point.

Next to history, I should be glad to see you acquire some knowledge in natural philosophy. Believe me, my dear, the wide creation presents nothing that affords not infinite matter for delightful speculation; and the more you examine

the

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 about new fashions, nor any directions to your milliner; nor shall I be better satisfied with an account of your having finished such or such a piece of work. This may acquaint you, that there are other kinds of knowledge 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; of which a little more time and knowledge of the world will shew you the great importance, and prove to you, more than any indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am, my dearest Sophy,

Your affectionate Mother,

HARRIET VARLEY.

L E T T E R XXVI.

From a Young Gentleman, deprived of his Father, to an Elder Brother, who had undertaken the Direction of his Conduct. Written upon his arrival in London.

Dear Brother,

I feel it to be as much my duty, as it is my inclination, to write to you concerning every thing that happens to me. My mother tells me that having now no father, I am to look upon you as one. I do not know whether it will be to my advantage or not; but of this I am sure, that I shall find in you all the indulgence, and none of the severity.

My mother gave me her commands when she parted from me, that I should consider you in this double light; she bid me not lose that respect which was due to your years, and more due to the care which she had desired you to take of me, in that familiarity we used to live together as acquaintances; and I am sure I shall obey her. You may remember that she followed me to the stage-coach, but you cannot know the reason: I suppose affection did not want its part; but there was something besides; she took this opportunity of giving me this injunction, being willing to say these things rather before strangers than yourself.

I hope I have not, brother, been bred up with so good a person as you, to be ignorant of that respect which is due to a parent. I should have obeyed the command had it been delivered

delivered in any manner ; but I could see her hold up her handkerchief many times when she spoke to me. O, brother, every tear she shed cost me a thousand ! but do not speak of it to give her uneasiness. I only name it to you to shew how seriously I received her instructions. He that can disregard a parent's command, deserves nothing of that length of life which is promised to the obedient ; but if there be any who can slight a mother's tears, the world ought to disown him.

I do assure you, I am resolved to obey her perfectly ; and I give you this account as an engagement to that obedience. Perhaps you will say it is the first fruit of it ; but however that be, you have it to reproach me withal, if ever I forget to obey you as a father, while I love you as a brother.

I am, with real affection and respect,
Your obedient Brother.

L E T T E R XXVII.

From the same Young Gentleman to his Mother, thanking
her for her Care and Tenderness.

Honoured Mother,

I have written repeatedly to my brother, and not doubting but that he would inform you of my being well, I have taken the liberty to omit writing to you. I beg you will be pleased to hear the reasons that weighed with me against a very earnest inclination, that whether you tell me I was right, or not, you may acquit me of the charge of disobedience, or want of respect, as well as gratitude. The pain with which I saw you parted from me on the road, has made an impression on my heart which time will never wear out ; and I hope, as it will always keep in my remembrance your tenderness, as well as care for me, that, besides the natural right all your commands have to obedience from me, I shall on another principle avoid every thing that is wrong, lest it should give you disquiet.

I should be unnatural and unpardonable not to have the most sincere regard for the peace of your mind, and for its composure : God prevent that I should do any thing that might affect the former ; and I shall hope my true concern will guard me against every thing that might disturb the latter. Indeed, Madam, the care of this prevented my writing :

writing : I feared a letter from me, should the contents be ever so indifferent, might recall my remembrance too fully before you, and that the same pain might attend it as did your parting with me. This was the only reason of my not writing before ; and in the most sincere truth I have done violence to myself in omitting that testimony of my duty and respect.

As to occasions of writing, I have yet none, more than to tell you, that I do not forget to whom I owe my attention ; and to say how great a happiness it will be to me to receive your further thoughts as to things that are about me. I have yet entered into no acquaintance with them, being determined, so far as my youth and scanty judgment may allow of it, to consider them before I mix myself among them.— For this purpose I have kept myself within the house, where, partly from the conversation of my relations, and partly from that of persons of their acquaintance, who visit them, and some of whom are persons of very respectable talents, I settle in myself some character of the several persons I am likely to meet with, and of the occurrences which may fall in my way : but of all this having not yet established within myself any firm opinion, I shall take the freedom to write to you.

The greatest subjects of my consideration, Madam, are the instructions and the cautions you gave me. These will never be out of my remembrance ; and though perhaps the tenderness of the parent, or the fears of the mother, may have represented some of these in stronger lights than they are ordinarily seen, yet when I compare them with the observations I have hitherto had opportunities of making, I find them all perfectly just and necessary.

No person I am sure ever had the happiness of a more affectionate mother ; and I am fully persuaded that the great experience you have had of the world will render your judgment of things superior to that of most people.— I think it a great happiness that so excellent an adviser is so much concerned in my welfare ; and I do promise you, Madam, in the most sincere manner, that I will always prefer, to all other considerations in the world, the admonitions which you shall be pleased to give me. I shall also look upon myself as accountable for the least article of my conduct to You, as well as to God and my own Heart ; and it will hardly be a greater obligation upon me to do in every thing as I ought, that the eye of that all-seeing Judge

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is upon me, than that any wrong step in my behaviour will, besides throwing myself into difficulties, make you unhappy.

You cannot know, Madam, how much and how gratefully I think of your care, in placing me where I now am ; where, under the eye of a good and prudent person, I have an opportunity to consider of my future conduct, and to see things before I am placed among them, and to consider this great world, before I may be said to make a part of it. I see it as a terrible, as well as a profitable scene of action. I have already set down many things which I shall avoid like death, and which I should else, perhaps, have fallen into heedlessly. I hope my future experience will shew me many more. Indeed, on the little that I see at present, I cannot wonder that of the youths who at my unthinking and rash time of life are let loose into the danger, and never consider it till they are in the midst of it, if they ever consider it at all ; the greater part are ruined. I hope I shall profit even by their misfortunes ; but whatever advantages I have over the young men I meet withal, I shall always remember with a due gratitude that I owe them to you.

I pray daily that you may continue in all respects happy. You will let my brother know, Madam, that I shall endeavour to think of all things as he would have me. He has taught me to write long letters ; but if it be not tedious to you, I cannot think the time it has taken me could be more worthily employed ; nor can I account that a trouble which, besides that it is a duty and a satisfaction to myself, will give you pleasure.

I am, Honoured Madam, with all duty and affection,
Your obedient Son.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From Mrs. WEBB, to Miss GRIFFITH, her Niece, on
her imprudent Connection with a Gentleman of loose
Character.

My dear Emily,

THE sincere love and affection which I now have for
your indulgent father, and ever had for your virtuous
mother now deceased, together with the tender regard I
have for your own future happiness, have prevailed on me

to inform you, rather by letter than by word of mouth, that your unguarded conduct, and the too great freedoms you take with Mr. Stukely, have rendered you the public talk of the town. Besides other places equally conspicuous, you have been seen with him in the side-boxes at both theatres, in St. James's park, 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.

Do not imagine, my dear, that I am in the least prejudiced, or that I speak out of any private pique, when I tell you, that your familiarity with this man gives me the most cutting uneasiness, as his character is notoriously abandoned, particularly for his conduct towards our sex.

'Tis possible, as you have no great expectations from your relations, and he has an income of a couple a hundred a year left him, as it is reported, by an uncle, that you may be tempted to believe his addresses advantageous to you. Believe me, it is much to be questioned, however, whether his intentions are sincere; for notwithstanding all the fair promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered that he is privately engaged to a rich, old widow in the country. Besides, admitting it to be true that he is really entitled to the above annuity, yet it is too well known that he is deeply in debt; that he lives beyond his income; and that he has little, if any, regard, for his reputation. In short, not to mince the matter, he is a finished libertine, and is ever boasting of his feats among the weak part of our sex, whose fondness and frailty are the constant topics of his raillery and ridicule.

All things, therefore, duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Emily, to avoid his company as you would the pestilence; for though still I have not a doubt of your discretion, yet your good name may be irreparably lost by such open acts of imprudence: and as I have no other motive, but an unaffected zeal for your interest and welfare, I flatter myself you will put a favourable construction on the liberty here taken, by

Your affectionate Aunt,

ANNE WEBB.

LETTER XXIX.

From Mr. FRANKLIN, a Gentleman abroad, to his Younger Brother in England, dissuading him from going to Sea; containing Rules for his Conduct in London; and upon other Matters.

My Dear Brother,

MANY and various have been the disappointments which I have sustained, since I had the pleasure of seeing you; the particulars of which it would be idle to enumerate; nor shall I say any more concerning them, than that Providence has at length placed me in a most advantageous situation, by means of which, please God I live, I shall shortly have it in my power to provide for, or assist, a friend.

Our great distance, my dear Harry, prevents a speedy correspondence, for which I am extremely sorry on several accounts, but particularly as it deprives me of the satisfaction of knowing what your views are, after the expiration of your apprenticeship. I have been told (and with sorrow I received the intelligence) that you have some thoughts of going to sea. Consider, my dear; a thing of so great consequence as your future happiness or misery in life, requires the most serious and mature consideration. I sincerely wish that this notion may not be a precipitate resolution of your own, without the acquiescence, or even the knowledge of your relations: Parents, alas! you have long been deprived of. As a friend, therefore, I offer you my advice; as a brother, I think it my duty to lend you every assistance, in my power, in so critical a juncture; and without further apology shall give you my free sentiments on the subject.

If your own inclinations, with the joint consent of your friends, (but by no means otherwise) lead you to sea, I hope it may be very well, as, in a short time, I may have it in my power to be of singular service to you. If you think proper to come over to Virginia, (which in that case I would advise) I will procure you the necessary means and opportunity: but on no account let what I have said otherwise flatter you into a persuasion for it. On the contrary, I would much rather have you continue in your own business; for since you have so long given your attention to it, you cannot fail to understand it, and, of course, will be

be more likely to succeed in it than in any other. Then you are not exposed to the great hardships, dangers, and bad treatment you will unavoidably meet with at sea. All these, my dear brother, may be avoided by your contenting yourself in your present employment; an employment which, with close application, honesty, and a constant endeavour to please, and gain the esteem of all with whom you may have connections, will soon afford an easy and genteel living: and be assured, that nothing in my power shall be wanting to add to it.

If you approve and make choice of this, I would advise London for your settlement, because as the greatest concourse of trade is centered there, it must necessarily employ a proportionable number of people of every branch and profession to conduct each respective business; (and yours is a very considerable one, I can assure you) and the greater the concourse of trade, the greater must be the circulation of money; therefore where most business is carried on, be assured most money is always to be got. I have several friends there, who, I dare say, would do you any kindness in their power on my account, but particularly Mr. Freeport, to whom you will forward the inclosed, which I wrote to desire that he would enquire, whether he thinks upon your going up, you would meet with employment in your own way, with a man of good business and character; and that he would be so obliging as to communicate to you by letter, his sentiments on that head; on the receipt of which letter I beg you will not fail to return him a punctual answer, fully acquainting him when your apprenticeship will expire, and whether you thoroughly approve of settling in your own business in the capital, or not.

My great distance, it is true, will prevent me from having the opportunity of advising you in any affair of present emergency, yet I have not the smallest doubt but that my friend Mr. Freeport will be your friend also, so long as you pursue the paths of virtue.

I earnestly desire, therefore, nay, I insist, that you will on no account, engage in any thing of the least moment after your arrival in London, without asking his advice. And pray, dear Harry, attentively consider what I now tell you: When once you are settled in London, your prospect of future success and happiness, the approbation of your master, and your hopes of assistance from me, must depend solely on your good behaviour.

Inattention, and a ridiculous curiosity to *know the town*, as it is absurdly called, often bring ruin upon the most deserving young men. Beware, therefore, of such inattention, of such curiosity. That innocence, that resolution and fortitude of mind, which you may think yourself sufficiently endowed with to resist every temptation, loses force every time you hazard them to an unnecessary trial.—Temptations are dangerous things, even for the best of young men to play with. Shun, therefore, their first approaches, while you are in a condition to withstand them, under whatever disguise, or pleasing form, they may present themselves. Sobriety is an amiable virtue, and particularly in youth: yet mankind often fall into intemperance, through the course of their lives, without design, as it were, through comp'aisance to the importunity of company; and principally in that of drinking. They are generally initiated into that science before the liquor is in the least palatable, but consent to disoblige their taste, merely in compliance, 'till by the habitual obsequiousness, they grow to a relish of the luxury, and then continue the debauch by inclination: the consequences of which are, the loss of character, the loss of fortune, and the destruction of constitution. Two other capital vices are, gaming and dishonesty, the constant attendants of which are, poverty, infamy, eternal ruin in this world, and in that which is to come. In short, the root of all temptations to wickedness, is an unsteadiness of mind, and a want of a proper trust in God; for which reason I earnestly intreat, that you will constantly attend divine service; and that your leisure hours may be profitably spent, I have inclosed a list of such books as I think necessary for your instruction and entertainment.

But I am prolonging this letter to an unreasonable length, with admonitions for your conduct in a sphere of life, in which you may never be engaged; though I trust that, upon a serious perusal, you will find them, in some measure, conducive to your felicity, in whatever station Providence may place you.

I am, with the most heart-felt wishes for your success and happiness, my dear Harry,

Your truly affectionate Brother.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXX.

From the Same, to the Same, some Time, after reproving
him for his Extravagance and bad Conduct.

Dear Brother,

YOU must be sensible, if you give yourself time to reflect, that your misfortunes, as being an only brother, affect me almost as much as my own ; which you know are not a few : but then you must also be sensible, that mine are owing to unforeseen accidents, and not to wilful profusion. This consideration supports me under them ; but as to what I have suffered on your account, that indeed has been occasioned by my own indiscretion.

Whilst my father and mother were living, they not only supplied you with every thing that was necessary and convenient, but even indulged you in your extravagance. What was left behind them is now devolved upon me ; and both nature and prudence direct me to make the best use of it I am able. I acknowledge I am inclined to serve you to the utmost of my power ; but, my dear brother, which way can I do it effectually ? The many supplies you have already received, have been actually thrown away, because, through your own misapplication of them, they have afforded you no real assistance. If you had made a proper use of that readiness which your friends testified to serve you, you had been happy long ago. To speak freely, your present distress is entirely owing to your own folly. The fortune which was left you, might, with prudent management, have afforded you a comfortable subsistence all your life ; whereas you have squandered it away in less than the space of three years.

Were I able and willing to give you as much more, what reason is there to suppose you would be a better œconomist for the future ? All I am worth in the world, at your rate of living, would support you but a very few years ; and as I think it my duty to take care of my own family, I must not injure them by relieving you.

Were I to send you the remittance you require, what other purpose would it serve, than to lengthen your credit, and involve you farther in debt ? This has always been the case, whenever I have assisted you ; and therefore it is now time to withdraw my favours. Nevertheless, when I am sufficiently convinced of your reformation, you may depend on all reasonable assistance from

Your affectionate Brother.

LETTER XXXI.

From Mr. HARRIS, to Mr. Booth, a Young Gentleman,
on the Value of Time.

Dear Jack,

LET me advise you to converse often with yourself, and
neither to lavish your time, nor suffer others to rob
you of it. Many of our hours are stolen from us, and others
pass insensibly away; but of both these losses, the most
shameful is that which happens through our own neglect.—
If we take the trouble to observe, we shall find that one con-
siderable part of our life is spent in doing evil, and the
other, in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do.
—We do not seem to know the value of time, or how preci-
ous a day is; nor do we consider that every moment brings
us nearer to our end. Reflect upon this, my dear, and
keep a strict account of time, I beseech you. Procrastina-
tion is the most dangerous thing in life. Nothing is pro-
perly ours, but the present instant; and all the rest is no-
thing; it is the only good we possess; but then it is fleet-
ing, and the first comer robs us of it. Men are so weak,
that they think they oblige by giving of trifles, and yet rec-
kon that time as nothing, for which the most grateful person
in the world can never make amends.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

From a Guardian, to his Ward, an Apprentice, leading an
irregular Course of Life, representing to him the fatal
Consequences thereof.

Dear Charles,

YOU are no stranger to the sincerity of that friendship
which always subsisted between your father and myself, or to his having constituted me the sole executor of his
last will and testament; by which he committed you to my
care during your minority. It is my duty, therefore, as
much as it is my inclination, to have a watchful eye over
your

your deportment, which I am sorry to find altogether the reverse of what it ought to be.

I am informed that you keep bad company, and bad hours; are frequently in liquor, and transgress the rules of your master's house, so as to give great uneasiness to the whole family. I am likewise informed that you treat your master's coolest expostulations in a manner that nowise becomes you, giving him pert answers, and putting on saucy airs. Nay, instead of amendment, you repeat the offence for which he reproves you, and turn his admonitions to ridicule amongst your profligate associates. Give me leave, therefore, to set before you in a true light, the fatal consequences that must attend you, without a speedy reformation.

In the first place, how can you in conscience break through that solemn contract which you have bound yourself faithfully to observe? or what excuse can I make to your master, to whom I stand engaged for your good behaviour? You are now barely sixteen—an immature age to become your own master, and to act without restraint. Stay, then, 'till you are one or two and twenty at least, before you take the liberty of keeping what hours, and what company, you please; and even then, it will be necessary to controul yourself, for fear of contracting vicious habits, which are not easily forsaken.

Consider, I beg of you, before it is too late, into what inconveniences and distress such a course of life may lead you, and what trouble you will give your sincerest friends, by persevering in your evil ways. And then again, have an eye on the golden rule, of doing as you would be done by. Ask yourself whether your present behaviour is such as you would approve of in an apprentice of your own?—Are you so capable of pursuing your master's business the next morning, as if you had gone to bed sober, and in proper time? If not, your mis-spent evenings are a double disadvantage to your master. And will not these small liberties (as you call them) lead you on, in time, to others of a more dangerous and destructive nature? Believe me, it is not in every one's power to stop when he pleases; and by ill-habits long persisted in, you may arrive to such a pitch of obduracy, as to bid defiance to all laws, both human and divine.

For my part, I served seven years, not only with pleasure, but, I hope, with reputation; and though I was not my

own master till I was two and twenty, I thought it was abundantly soon. I do not know what your sentiments may be on the like occasion; but I wish you may consult your own interest and credit as much as I have done, and not take such liberties as I cannot think either reputable or honest.

You are now at an age wherein you should study to cultivate your mind, instead of indulging yourself in pleasure. By reading proper books, and keeping good company, you will acquire a fund of wisdom and experience: you will usefully employ your leisure hours; avoid many temptations; enlarge your ideas of men and things; contract your expences; and, in a word, you will learn to look down with contempt on those frothy companions, who now give you so much satisfaction and delight.

Nothing but my sincere regard for your future welfare could have induced me thus to represent to you the dangerous tendency of your present conduct; and I hope my friendly admonitions will have the desired effect, so that I may not have cause to regret that I undertook the important trust which your father reposed in me. When I hear of the success of these remonstrances, you shall want for no encouragement from

Your affectionate Guardian,
FREDERICK NEWMAN.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From a Young Gentleman, to a Relation, requesting the Use of a little Money to enable him to prosecute his Studies.

SIR,

Should not thus intrude on your kindness, were I not conscious that my own conduct bears no part in the melancholy occasion of these lines. Bereft of an affectionate parent, and with him, of the means necessary for the prosecution of my studies, I can have no other prospect, if not assisted by some benevolent hand, than that penury which must result to every one in my situation from want of friends, and consequently want of preferment. I know you are so distant a relation, that I can have no right to expect any favour from you upon that account; but I have heard my father often

ten mention your name, and always with the greatest respect. If you entertain then, Sir, the same remembrance of him that he always did of you ; and if your fortune is so plentiful as I am told, perhaps you will not only pardon the present application, as strange as it may seem from one whom you never saw, but comply with my request of supplying me with twelve guineas, which will answer all my present demands, and, perhaps, before new difficulties fall upon me, I may find some friend to relieve me further. I only request of you, Sir, if you decline this, not to be offended at the presumption of the application ; because I would avoid nothing so carefully, as offending those whom my father valued.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

From Miss Rowe, to her Brother, to acquaint him with the Death of their Mother.

My dear Brother,

WHAT shall I tell you ? How will you be able to bear the fatal news of the death of our much honoured mother ; whose loss is to me more bitter than death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepest sorrow ? But the other night she called me to her bedside, and taking me by the hand, said, “ My dear child, I am just going to leave you : a few hours will bear me to the world of spirits. I willingly resign you, my dear charge, and your brothers, if they are yet alive, to the care of a good God, who will always reward the virtuous. I rejoice you are of that number. If you continue as you have set out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an opportunity to write to your brothers, or see them, tell them, I died with them on my heart ; left them a mother’s blessing, and had no higher wish on earth than to hear they were wise and good. Alas ! poor Pamphilus ! would to God he was so : were I sure of this, I should die perfectly easy. I hope Eubulus will return to you, and heaven make you happy in each other ! Farewell, my dearest child ; may heaven preserve you wise and good ; and when you drop a tear to the memory of a loving mother, be excited thereby to imitate whatever you thought good in her. Oh ! farewell.” —

With

With these words the dear woman resigned her soul into her maker's hand, and smiled in the agony of death. Oh ! my dear brother, grief overwhelms me ; I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to see you ; that will be the only cordial to alleviate the heavy loss of

Your affectionate Sister,

ELIZA. ROWE.

L E T T E R XXXV.

From Bishop ATTERBURY, to his Son, at Christ-Church College, containing some useful Observations on Epistolary Composition.

Dear Obby,

I thank you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excell yourself, and of consequence, to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently ; get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards ; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in all letters, by all means to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do, therefore, naturally resolve themselves into blank verse. I send you your letter again ; that yourself may now make the same observation. But you took the hint of that thought from a poem ; and it is no wonder, therefore, that you heightened the phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be, and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity, which, if it comes from your heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me. With these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me, and without them, the finest thoughts and language will make no lasting impression on me. The great being says, you know — *My Son, give me thy heart* — implying, that without it, all other gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that

that you do not think, but always to let your mind and your words go together, on the most trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean ; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away truth for breeding : I need not tell you how little this character gets by such an exchange.

I say not this, as if I suspected that in any part of your letter, you intended to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true ; for I am resolved to believe, that you were in earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am

Your loving Father, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From Mr. RICHARDSON to a Friend, on the Education of Children.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH sensible of my inability to give you any hints relative to the education of children, of which you are not already well apprised, yet I have sat down with great chearfulness to deliver my sentiments upon that important subject.

Every age of life, my friend, requires a particular attention ; but it is in infancy, that the mind receives impressions which are never after effaced, and that the ideas of good and evil take place 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. Of course, a child must be inspired betimes with an awful idea of God and religion. These sublime topics ought to be mentioned in a moving and affecting manner ; for it is only by touching the heart that we can influence and work upon the mind.

That education may have a proper effect, the person with whom it is entrusted must command respect. 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

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 that children of both sexes have to struggle with, is self-love or vanity, which we cannot too soon labour to weaken by wholesome severity, instead of confirming, as is too often the case, by injudicious praise. By this we swell the idea the little things have of themselves; we arm their pride; we teach them to despise their equals; we render them impatient of reproof, and incapable of improvement; all which form 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 not let them alone; whatever application you may use to destroy this principle, it will still maintain its ground against you. With bashful children, indeed, praises might be used to give them courage; but your little ones and mine are full of vivacity, and seem to require a bridle rather than a spur. I would not have you imagine that I am for entirely banishing praise. I confess it to be an admirable incitement to the attainment of knowledge and virtue. But then we must know how to place it with propriety; not to bestow it from blind fondness, but from mature reflection; not on account of external beauties, but of good actions only.

They must be inspired with a sacred veneration for truth, and taught to practise it even at the peril of their lives. We must instil into them the opinion, that nothing is so great as to say ingenuously, "I am in the wrong;" and be on our guard that we seldom, if ever, punish them for faults which they have confessed.

Children must likewise be taught to have a vast opinion of honour, and to consider disgrace as the most dreadful circumstance that can befall them. We often amuse them with idle tales, that awaken all the timorous passions. It would be much more proper to keep alive in them the fear of dishonour, that they might look upon esteem as the greatest blessing, and contempt as the greatest evil, of this life. To effect this, is to effect the most material point of all, as shame will then supply the place of punishment, as esteem will that of reward.

It is of infinite importance to persuade them, that happiness is attached only to laudable actions; and we ought

to

to grant them their requests, not as the recompences, but as the necessary consequences, of their good deeds ; by which means they will bring themselves to fancy, that what they ask is belloved on, and belongs to, worthy actions only.

If the little presents we make them consist of eatables, we increase in them the love of pleasure, which is only to be barely suffered ; if they consist of trinkets, we strengthen the notions 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 encouraged, and employed 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 of error.

'Tis necessary to break the wilfulness of children, that they may become pliant and supple ; submissive to the authority of reason ; and capable of relinquishing their desires. They have sometimes tears of obstinacy ; and, not being able to compass their will, they endeavour, by their whinnings, to maintain that right, which they fancy they have to do what they please. We must beware of yielding to these fits of obstinacy ; must distinguish their natural wants from mere whims of fancy ; and allow them to ask for nothing but what is really necessary. 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.

The minds of children must be armed with courage ; for a firmness, which consists in a settled insensibility of soul, is the best shield we can oppose to the evils of life ; is the support of virtue ; and is a rampart against the approaches of vice. Sensibility of soul doth but lengthen out and eterinze 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. It is the heart that must be wrought upon ; we have no sure and lasting virtue but by its means. 'Tis proper at the same time to accustom them to a just mind and an upright heart ; to inspire them with liberality, and a notion of dividing what they have with others ; and to persuade them that he who gives is the gainer, since he has for his share the glory and pleasure of obliging.

Children frequently 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. They should not be permitted to consider apery as an accomplishment. 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 it is an easy matter to find out with the least application. Little Master, for instance, is tractable and endearing; 'tis a qualification useful to those that possess it, but dangerous for others. It imposes on superficial people;—and how few are otherwise! 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 sensible, my dear Sir, 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, my dearest friend,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From Miss BELMONT in the Country, to her Friend in London, describing the charms of a rural life.

My dearest Emily,

I Am now I do not know how many miles distant from my dear London, the seat of your joys, and must not expect to see again those places of diversions 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

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 arise at least three or four hours sooner than ever I 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 beaux 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 Emily, 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 truly affectionate

JULIA BELMONT.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

From the late Mr. Moore, to a young Gentleman, his Relation, on Conversation.

My dear Billy,

THOUGH good humour and good sense seldom fail to render a person agreeable, yet it may be no bad policy, sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by enquiring, rather more minutely than your neighbours, into whatever has already, or may hereafter, become a reigning topic.

If, for instance, our House of Commons are debating a bill of importance at home, or our troops are laying siege to a place of consequence abroad, you may depend on being listened to with pleasure, if you have carefully informed yourself of the reasons for and against the former, or of the strength, situation, and history of the latter. The same effect will follow, if, when any individual begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn a few even of the most

trivial particulars in his life or conversation, which, though they are too fine for the observation of common minds, are yet the best opening to a real character; and, as such, give more real satisfaction to men of understanding, than the recital of his most glaring actions.

Nothing can be more silly, nothing more impertinent, than the pleasure which some people take in what they call "speaking their minds." A man of this disposition will say a rude thing, merely that he may have the pleasure of saying it; and does not consider, that an opposite behaviour might have been fully as innocent, and might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

A man may form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humours and sentiments of others, as in bringing others over to his own; since it is the infallible sign of a superior genius, to adopt and become whatever dress he pleases.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious name of modesty, and a desire of information, yet it seldom affords any pleasure to the rest of the company, and exposes a person to the mercy of another, till he is pleased to give him an answer.

After all, my dear, there is a something in conversation, which can never be acquired but from the company of the polite. The virtues of men, as well as their vices, are catching; and your own observation, added to these hints, will soon enable you to discover, what it is that commands our attention to the discourse of one man, and makes us tired and disgusted with that of another. Adieu. Give my best respects to your uncle and cousins, and believe me with real affection

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From Mr. O'BRIEN to his Son, lately returned from his Travels, familiarly reproving him for his False Breeding, and directing him how to behave with Propriety.

Dear Bob,

HERE is something in your behaviour, since your return from *Paris*, that disgusts me, and I must frankly tell you, that travel hath by no means improved you.

From

From keeping company with coxcombs, or from an absurd idea that ceremony is politeness, you have contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy, trifling manner, but of sacrificing every thing, even your sincerity, to compliment and ceremony.

You do not want understanding, my dear Bob; nor are you without a good share of learning: and yet that eternal simper, that cringe and obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your acquaintances, who, I understand, ridicule your behaviour behind your back, though they have not friendship enough to confess it to your face. But your father, who loves you sincerely, and who considers you as a part of himself, can never see you do any thing that may tend to your disadvantage, without warning you of the consequence; for bad must the heart or the head of that parent be, who does not inform a child of his faults. Your's is an error not of disposition, but of judgment; and therefore it may be easily rectified. I know you intend it for civility and politeness; but you deceive yourself. Forced and affected compliments are the reverse of politeness, which is ever attained with ease and freedom, and despises every thing that is unnatural. Besides, by cringing and fawning, you render your sincerity suspected. Those who make large professions to all, are esteemed by none. Every thing they say is considered as froth; and their friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome as their discourse.

Throw off, therefore, my dear lad, this mode of behaviour, and assume one that is more manly, that is consistent with the character of your family, who were always esteemed for their openness, freedom, and sincerity; qualities which entitle a man to more respect than all the fine speeches and low bows in the world. Not that I would have you entirely neglect what you brought from the dancing-school. A proper deportment is necessary; and even a little ceremony may be consistent with good manners; 'tis the excess which makes it blamable. Observe Mr Herbert; for in this case one example is more convincing than fifty precepts. Mr. Herbert is esteemed an accomplished young gentleman; every one is pleased with his behaviour; every one is charmed with his conversation: and the means which he employed to acquire this art of pleasing universally, are these:

He takes care to keep no company, but what is good; for by his company he is sensible that he shall be known

and distinguished; and his ears are ever open to receive instruction; for he considers that a silent youth commonly makes a wise old man. He attends to every body; and when he speaks, it is not till he has heard and collected the opinions of the whole company, well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than speaking on any subject; and that by this means he not only fathoms the capacities of the company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each person by giving him an opportunity to talk, especially when, with proper questions, he introduces such subjects as each man can speak to with propriety and judgment.—This he does with wonderful address, and affords to every man an opportunity to display his talents; for he is well assured, that in order to keep up an universal good humour, each individual should be pleased with himself, as well as with his company; and pray what pleases a man more, than to have it in his power to let the circle know that he is somebody.

How different from Mr. Herbert are those, who having seen but the surface of the world, expose themselves to contempt and ridicule, by impertinently giving their opinion of things they do not understand. What Mr. Herbert says is always to the purpose, and every body hears him with satisfaction; for though young in years, he is old in experience and understanding. When he speaks, it is always with a becoming ease and freedom. He has resolution enough to defend the truth: but he always delivers his sentiments in such a manner, that it may not appear as if he dictated to the company; and when he has done, he listens (let them differ from him ever so much) with patience and complacency.

In a word, my dear, excess of ceremony will never gain a man friends, but impertinent babbling will infallibly create him enemies; for conversation is a banquet of which every man present is entitled to a share; and why should any one expect to have the whole feast to himself?—Besides, the very end of conversation, which is improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks, has no time to hear, and of course can reap no benefit from what is said in company. Another vice in conversation (if I may be allowed the expression) I need hardly, I should think, caution you against, and that is talking obscenely, which is not only a mark of a depraved mind, but of low breeding, and is

never

never encouraged, but in the company of fools. I am, my dear Bob,

Your truly affectionate Father,
EDWARD O'BRIEN.

L E T T E R . XL.

From a Young Gentleman, to his Father, expressing his grateful Tenderness for him.

I Have heard you, my inestimable parent! observe, that it is a common excuse with many, that they should have written oftener to their friends, if they had gotten any thing particular enough to write about. How much am I indebted to you for teaching me to differ from the multitude in this respect! When in your last endearing letter you gave a loose to all the innocence of levity, I was at once convinced that trifles may become matters of agreeable importance, when they are told by those we value and esteem. I now remember to have found harmony in a voice which has observed, that the morning began to lighten, or the evening to grow dark, for no other reason, but because I had been accustomed to enjoy a pleasure from the sound of it. I have locked a letter in my desk, with more anxiety to save it for future fond perusals, than if every syllable of its contents had breathed more than the fire of a Milton, or the elegance of a Pope. Perhaps the favourite epistle had nowhere mentioned aught but what I knew before, and yet it was dear to me, because its writer was beloved. Were he that should receive these lines to say no more than that they had reached his hands, his words would entertain me most. I hope I am not singular in this opinion; and should retain, more sons and daughters on my side, had they to whom they owe their birth, but mixed like you the parent and the friend so charmingly together, that the one could never be distinguished from the other. Much less than I have written would have convinced you that my affection and your merit must make your letter welcome to me; the same tenderness in my father will prove a surety for the fate of this: But if only an equal set of virtues could secure me your esteem, I should tremble for the consequences that must befall

Your dutiful and affectionate Son.

L E T -

LETTER XLI.

From the Mistress of a Family, to a Young Woman, who had lately left her Service; containing Rules for her Conduct, which are highly necessary to be observed by all Persons of her Station, who have either their temporal or eternal Happiness at Heart.

Dear Lucy,

YOUR letter reached me very safe; and though I have not been speedy in my answer, yet my daily prayers and best wishes have constantly attended you.

As I hear nothing to the contrary, I trust that you have the good fortune to please the worthy family which you have the honour to serve; and if so, I make no doubt of your continuing in it by a constant endeavour to deserve their favour. I told you above, (and I told you truth) that I never fail to remember you in my prayers; and at the same time I will not suppose that you neglect 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 have not, I intreat you let no pretence whatever induce you to omit the indispensable 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 awake 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 is shocking to think on; and surely it is the same degree of ingratitude to close our eyes at night; without returning our unfeigned thanks for the dangers we have escaped—those eyes which, 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 every other duty is included. Be sure, in whatever you are about to do, think always what is due to the dignity of your nature; think that, though heaven has placed you in the degree of a servant, yet that your immortal soul is of an equal rank with that of the proudest empress.

This advice may, at the first view, appear to encourage pride; but, if duly attended to, it will be far otherwise, and prove the most effectual means to extinguish it; since a proper

proper consideration of 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 render you equal to good fortune, and superior to ill.

Mr. Webb joins me in the best respects to your master and mistress, and to Mr. Stanley. I desire, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would choose out a time when you can best be spared, and ask leave ; this will save you the confusion of equivocation, 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, that your time is not your own, but is entirely due to those you serve, and that you can never justly employ any of it on your own occasions without leave. Pray, dear Lucy, think of that.

I was concerned to find you had laid out so much money in play-things for the children ; however, I acknowledge 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 Lucy ; do me the justice to believe this letter is dictated by a heart full of the warmest wishes for your welfare, by one who will always consider every piece of happiness that befalls you as an additional one to herself. I am, &c.

ELIZABETH WEBB.

P A R T II.

LETTERS upon BUSINESS, FRIENDSHIP, and other important Subjects.

L E T T E R I.

From an Apprentice, to his Master in the Country:

SIR,

SINCE you left home, nothing material has happened in the family, nor any business offered but what we have been able to accomplish to the satisfaction of the customers. I thought it my duty to inform you of this, as I find your affairs will detain you longer in the country than you expected; and at the same time to assure you that business here, during your absence, shall be carried on with as much care and fidelity, as if your eye was over us.

Mr. Eaton has discharged his account, and bought eight pieces of the same holland, with which he is perfectly well pleased. Capt. Williams arrived yesterday. I saw him in the evening; and he tells me he has executed your commission much to his satisfaction, and hopes it will be to yours.

We are all in good health. Every body longs for your return, and my good mistress begins to be impatient; however, nobody expects you till the business you went about is compleated; and if, in the mean time, any thing of consequence should happen, you may depend on hearing immediately from, Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant.

L E T -

L E T T E R . II.

From a Husband in a remote Part of the Kingdom, to his Wife in London.

I Have the pleasure, my dear, to inform you that every thing goes on prosperously in my journey : I meet with great success in the business of it, and am treated with singular respect among the principal people of the several places where I come. Were it possible for me to be happy when absent from you, I must be very much so at this time : but a husband may be believed, where a lover would be suspected. Indeed, nothing gives me a true satisfaction that you do not share with me ; nor have I the proper taste of any success which I cannot communicate to you in all its particulars. I hope you are well, and easy. I have told you that my affairs are most agreeably circumstanced ; and let me tell you also, for I know that will be almost of equal concern to you, that instead of being fatigued, I find my journey a diversion. Pray take care of your health. Kiss all the little angels for me ; and tell them it will not be long before their papa is at home again. I shall be at Manchester on Sunday, and shall stay a day or two. So write to me there. My dear, farewell.

Your most affectionate Husband.

L E T T E R . III.

Soliciting the Loan of a Sum of Money from a Friend.

Dear Sir,

RELYING on our long and disinterested friendship, and the sense you have long possessed of my principles, I thus presume to request the loan of twenty guineas for about a month, if you can spare that sum without inconvenience to yourself.

I have been disappointed, and pressed for money at the same time. It is an unfortunate, but not an uncommon circumstance in trade. You will believe me, that I would not ask this of you, if I were not certain to return it punctually ; but if it be the smallest hardship to you to spare the money

at all, or to be so long without it, pray refuse me, and believe me, notwithstanding, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend.

L E T T E R IV.

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

S I R,

A Very unexpected demand has been made on me within these two days, for a sum which I was in hopes of keeping longer in trade; and it is with much reluctance that I take the liberty to request that you will oblige me with the balance of the account between us, or of as much of it as you can spare. When I have an opportunity to inform you of the nature of this demand, and of the necessity of my discharging it, you will, I am convinced, readily excuse the freedom I now take with you; and as it is an affair of great consequence to my family, I am too sensible of your past friendship, to doubt your serving me effectually in the present unforeseen emergency. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

GEORGE MARSH.

L E T T E R V.

The Answer.

S I R,

IT gives me no small pleasure that I have it in my power to answer your demand, and thereby serve a man I so much esteem. The balance of our account is one hundred pounds; for which I have procured a bank note, and for security have divided it, and sent one half by the carrier, and inclosed the other. I wish, dear Sir, that you may surmount this, and every other difficulty that lies in the road to happiness; and am, with all sincerity, Sir,

Your's, &c.

WILLIAM CAPELL.

L E T.

L E T T E R VI.

From a young Man in Trade to a wholesale Dealer, who had made a sudden Demand upon him.

SIR,

YOUR demand has come so unexpectedly, that I must confess I am rather unprepared to answer it. I know the stated credit in our business to be only four months; but as it has been usual to allow a moderate time beyond this, and as this is only the day of the old time, I had taken no steps to provide the money.

I beg, Sir, you will not suppose it is any deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the trade, if you will be pleased to order your servant to call for one half of the sum on the 20th instant, and for the remainder a fortnight afterwards, when it shall be punctually paid down. In the mean time, however, let me beg of you not to let a word slip of this circumstance, because a very little thing hurts a young beginner. You may take my word, Sir, with the greatest safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the money; for if I want credit with you, I cannot suppose I have lost it with all the world, not knowing what it is that can have given you these distrustful thoughts concerning

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R VII.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Am very sorry to press you for this money, which I should not have done without reason. It is not from any ill will to you that I have made the demand, but we have so many losses that it is fit we should take care. However, there seems to be so much frankness and sincerity in your letter, that I shall desire leave first to ask, whether you have any dealings with one Anderson, an usurer, in Fenchurch-street. Satisfy me on this head, and I shall continue to give you the same indulgence as hitherto; and as this may

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be done at once, I desire your answer by the bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in consideration of the great opinion I have of your honour, that I refer the demand I have made to this question; for it is not customary, and is supposed not to be fair and prudent, to mention our reasons on these occasions. If this point is cleared up to me as I wish, but I fear it cannot be, I shall make no scruple of the time you mentioned. I beg your answer without delay, and am sincerely

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

L E T T E R VIII.

To an intimate Friend, requesting the Use of a Sum of Money.

PRAY favour me, Frank, with twenty guineas by the bearer, who is my servant. I have immediate occasion, but will repay it whenever you please to make a demand. This letter will answer all the purposes of a note from

Your obliged humble Servant.

L E T T E R IX.

To an Acquaintance, on the same Subject.

Dear Sir,

IF it be altogether convenient and agreeable to you, I shall be infinitely obliged to you for the use of fifty pounds, for the space of three months precisely. Any security that you may think necessary, and I can give, you may freely ask. A shorter time would not suit me; a longer, you may depend on it, I shall not desire. Your answer will oblige,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

L E T T E R X.

The Answer.

Dear Sir,

A NY thing in my power is very much at your service.
A The sum you mention I have now by me, and I can very conveniently spare it for the time you fix. Any hour that you shall appoint to-morrow I shall be ready, and am, with the greatest sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant.

L E T T E R XI.

From one Lady to another, enquiring the Character of a Servant.

Madam,

I Have a request to make, on your compliance 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 that 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 on such an occasion; but I entreat the favour of you to inform me, whether the person who left your service a fortnight since, Sarah Jones, is fit for me.

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER XII.

Answer.

Madam,

AFTER the letter you have written to me, I should be unpardonable to say any thing to you but the strict truth. I know it is a custom with ladies, to be too favourable to discharged servants; but it is a very pernicious one. I would not be too kind to them on this occasion, in any case; but in the present case, I think it my duty to speak without the least reserve.

The young woman who has offered herself to you, Madam, has left me about three weeks. Some expressions, which I thought did not carry a proper respect, were the occasion of her being discharged; 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; though, 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, as 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 opportunity to observe whatever faults she has, I should not, as the world of servants goes, expect a better.

I am,

Madam, Your very humble Servant.

LETTER XIII.

From one Gentleman to Another, on Friendship, Age, and Death.

SIR,

IT is no small alleviation of that anxiety which the loss of a friend produces, to reflect that the same virtues which entitled him to our esteem, will likewise entitle him to eternal happiness. This consolation I received, upon clo-

closing the eyes of Aristus, the last and most melancholy office which friendship can perform.

At length, my Cleanthes, that friendship which we once divided, is now confined to ourselves : we have seen those who advanced along the vale of life, sink into the grave, and have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendship, which we helped to constitute.

At our entrance on the world, we have together, in the hours of youth, looked back, and despised the toys of infancy ; in our manhood, we have smiled at the pleasures of our youth ; and we are now come to that age in which we look back on all alike, and consider every prospect that terminates on this side the grave, as beneath our notice or regard.

At this season of life, one of the most considerable pleasures which remain to human nature, is the recollection of the moments which are past. Now while I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with satisfaction the times in which we were induced, by a parity of sentiments, to form the social connection and the steady union in which we have passed from that hour to the present. The time approaches, which must put a period to our friendship. None hope that Providence will extend their lives to an unusual length, but those who fear to die. As for ourselves, we have reached that age, which few are born to attain, and which, in the language of the admired writers, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myself that our days have been so spent, that we have no reason to tremble at the thoughts of our last end, nor imbitter the remainder part of our life, with apprehensions for the inevitable hour to come.

We have lent the tear of pity to distress, and alleviated the misfortunes of our fellow creatures ; we have neither indulged our passions, nor neglected the praise we owe the author of our mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble when we leave a world whose pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing ? We have passed through its enjoyments, and have found them vain ; we leave it for the happiest of states ! and yet the tenderness of parents holds us ; we must leave them whom Nature obliges us to love ! yet let us remember, that we leave them to the care of a Divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called, whilst their minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from the budding to the bloom of reason.

If at any time a kind of wish ariseth, which would defer the hour that heaven has allotted for my last, 'tis when I am surrounded with my family, and observe the looks of tenderness which they gratefully bestow on me; yet sometimes their being present has the opposite effect, and I am apprehensive lest the moment should not arrive till I mourn the loss of a child.

I know not any thing would give me more considerable amusement, than our reviewing together our past lives, and recollecting the danger we have past, from the storms of our passions, when now time has lulled them to rest. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various opinions and ideas we have had of the same object, and mark the progress of the human mind through the different stages of life; Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the blessing of health in a more eminent degree than his friend, will hasten to see, and give him the greatest satisfaction he can possibly know.

I write this from the grotto which Lucinda's fancy decorated, and where we have passed so many happy hours.— Providence has taken care to wean us from the love of life by degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened age of manhood, before we have more friends in the grave than surviving; and from that moment, which is almost the first of serious reflection, we begin to see the vanity of human happiness! It was the will of heaven I should mourn the loss of my Lucinda, and feel the pang of separation; yet not till we had grown old in love, and sweetened the greatest part of our lives with connubial happiness. Since the retrospect part of our lives presents us with nothing which should terrify our imagination, let us pass the remaining days which heaven shall allot us, in calm serenity, and in resignation to the divine will.

Whenever the destined-hour shall come, my Cleanthes, may we sink contented from the world, and in the perfect assurance of eternal happiness!

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

From a lively Young Lady, to her Friend, ridiculing the Pleasures of the Country, when compared to those of the Town.

COULD your importunity, my dear Sophy, 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 remove 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 the 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 Theatres Royal, from the Opera, from Mrs. Cornelys's, and from every thing in this world that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you where to direct your letters ; we are certainly at the end of the earth, or on the borders of the continent, or the limits of the habitable globe, under the polar star, among wild people and savages. I thought we should never have come to an 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 centre of all my joys. The country is my aversion ; I hate trees and hedges, steep hills, and silent vallies. The satirist may laugh ; but to me,

*Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystral 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 vision.

visionary beings of their own formation. I have no fancy for dryads and fairies, nor the least prejudice for human society : a mere earthly beau, with an embroidered coat, suits my taste better than an airy lover, with his shining tresses, and rainbow wings.

The sober twilight, which has employed so many soft descriptions, is with me a very dull period ; nor does the moon (on which the poets doat) with all her starry train, delight me half so much as an assembly-room illuminated with wax-candles : this is what I should prefer to the glaring sun in his meridian splendor : day-light makes me sick ; it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for peasants to make hay in, or country lasses to spin by, than for the use of people of distinction.—You pity me, I know, dear Sophy, 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 to discover them. Not the flowery fields, nor spangled sky, the rosy morn, nor balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts : I am neither a religious nor a poetical enthusiast ; and without either of these qualifications, what should I do in silent retreats and pensive shades ! I find myself but little at ease in this absence of the noisy diversions of the town, and 'tis hard for me to keep up my spirits in leisure and retirement ; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my breath flies away. Death, that ghastly phantom, perpetually intrudes on my solitude, and some doleful knell from a neighbouring steeple often calls upon me to ruminate upon coffins and funerals, upon 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 Sophy, you would oblige me so far, as to lay a scheme for my escape. Adieu.

L E T T E R XV.

From a Lady to her Friend, on growing old.

My dear Clarinda,

I Have been thinking that the *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 *p assions* 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 former are no less capable of suspending the *faculties of reason* for a time, than the latter 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 *Clarinda*, 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 corner of my eyes. I looked and looked again, and the more I did so, the more I thought the 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 known before. Is not this unaccountable! where was now my understanding! where my reason! The little share I have is sufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this world, must grow old, and few of us there are who desire to die young: why was not this knowledge at hand to make me easy under the common course of nature?

I do assure you, I had grown two or three hours older, before I could bring myself reconciled with the apprehensions that every moment brought me nearer to that so-much dreaded stage of life; but, thank heaven, I got the better of it at last, and laugh at the foolish part my imagination had been acting.

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That we all, however, have a natural aversion to grey hairs and wrinkles, cannot be denied ; and that to overcome the uneasiness their approach afflicts, 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 we 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 fore-runner of death, or as it is generally attended with infirmities, which render life a burden, I should not be 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 that share of beauty which may have been 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 the *name*, not the *effects*, we so much dread ; and I believe most people would rather choose *deformity* with *youth*, than *comeliness* with *old age*.

This, and some other properties of the mind, in my opinion, are sufficient to convince any thinking person of the importance of *human understanding*, and oblige us all to own with the poet, that

*Reason in man is but a twinkling lamp
Of wandering 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 ; 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 Clarinda,

Yours, &c.

HILLARIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R XVI.

The Answer.

From CLARINDA to HILLARIA, giving her the 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 gave 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 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 unkown it, and seldom look upon those as our friends who remind us of it. Yet I do 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 apprehensions. But there is another misfortune that 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, respect, and 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, 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 be, while the world continues. The only way, therefore to ward off the flights old age is liable to receive, is to lay up in youth a stock

stock of knowledge, wherewith to entertain ourselves, when nobody else will think it worth their while to entertain us. If we make good use of our prime of years, we shall have less reason to regret being left alone, than they should who shun our conversation. Besides, there are ways to make age agreeable to others as well as ourselves; not by endeavouring to conceal it by an affectation of youth, or by the privilege of reproving by 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 antic 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 a cheerful disposition as an unpardonable crime; I do not wonder 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 talent 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 to verify the character Mr. Waller gives of age:

*The soul with noble resolution deck'd,
The body stooping does herself erect;
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that happiness which age descries.
The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks which time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser we become,
As we draw near to our eternal home.*

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But we have 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 encreases, what progress we have made in rooting out our darling follies, and planting the beneficial seeds of piety and morality in our hearts. 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 in the bloom of youth.

Adieu, my dear Hillaria, believe me with an unfeigned sincerity

Your's, &c.

CLARINDA.

L E T T E R XVII.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, to comfort him under the Apprehensions of Death.

My dear Friend,

I Have heard of your indisposition with a great deal of regret. All who know you are much concerned at your desperate condition, but more so to find this last scene of your life not only dissonant from, but in some measure unworthy of, the rest. It is a misery of nature to be neither exempt from pain, nor easy under it; but your distemper has nothing in it but danger. I grant it is essential to humanity to dread a dissolution; and few are found so miserable, but who, upon very indifferent terms would compound to live. But these are men absolutely slaves to the mechanism of their existence, and who have not philosophy enough to raise them above the condition of animated clay. You, Sir, have tasted all the blandishments that life affords, and long ago, one would have thought, might have been tired with the nauseous succession of the same delights. — You were never imperious in authority, nor supercilious to your inferiours. You drank without quarrelling, and played without swearing: you repaid what you borrowed, and lent sometimes more than you could conveniently spare; you laughed at no religion, though you never declared your own: every one by this discretion thought you of his, because your morality shewed you of the best. If you have

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not improved your estate, you have spent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you.

I should suppose these reflections might make your mind more easy under your approaching disunion. That you should chuse to live, (if it were in your option) I do not wonder at; since your life was a pleasure to all your friends, and never a trouble to yourself. But since necessity seems to have determined your fate, the radical moisture is quite exhausted, and the glass in fine run out, why should you be anxious at the closing of a period, you have so gloriously protracted to a good old age; why cannot you calmly suffer what it is impossible to avoid, and not by any regrets or reluctance, seen so desirous of what must not, cannot be? This were by one action to tarnish the glories of fifty odd years. I cannot see a blessing on earth worth your staying for; the vicissitudes of things confirm you, that they were made to be changed, and that the law of succession would be violated, if you did not in your turn make way for a new part to be acted. Shew the world you believed what you practised; since to die is the consequence of being born, let the scene be quietly shifted, and go calmly off the stage. As you have lived honourably, die so, and then you may expect to rest happily, and leave a good name behind you.

L E T T E R XVIII.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

I should never have believed, Madam, that one of your letters could have afflicted me, how bad news soever it had brought me. The bare sight of your writing seemed to me a remedy against every evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you, it is an extreme grief to me, that I have been informed of the loss we have had. Our friend was valuable in every respect; she was beautiful, tender, and generous; witty, and of so just a judgment, that she valued you above every thing in the world. She had over and above in dying; the only good quality which she wanted during her life, that is, she bore with resolution a thing, the bare name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this greatness of soul with so truly a christian piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too selfish an affection, to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better; and when she goes

goes to enjoy, in the other world, a repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make an advantage of the exhortation you gave me, to follow so good an example; and it will not be the first time that you have made me a better man. The troubles I have hitherto had will not ill assist your admonitions; for I think few things contribute more to make us die without reluctance, than to have no pleasure in life. Not that I should be very glad to finish my career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it will be easy for me to renounce the advantage of seeing you again, and of protesting to you to what a degree I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

From EUGENIO to CLITANDER, a melancholy Valetudinarian.

To convince you that I am incapable of forgetting you, at a time when dissipation will scarcely suffer me to remember any thing besides, I have embraced the hour, when

Midnight listens to the slumb'ring earth,

to thank you for your obliging favour. If I did not write to you whilst others slept, your kind letter must remain unanswered; for Bellario, whose sincerity and good nature rise up in arms against me, whenever I presume to think that he whisks me about too much, has been my visitor ever since you saw me last.

It was my intention, when I took up the pen, to raise your drooping thoughts by playing the buffoon; but the melancholy parts of your epistle have made me as mournful as yourself: and if your virtues were as infectious as your low spirits are, I should be one of the two best and gloomiest men alive. I hope and would believe, that many of your fears are but the phantoms of the imagination, not the frightful creatures of reality. Pray throw these sad, perplexing sentiments aside; perhaps they may be all ill-grounded; let us suppose they are. Indeed I will abuse you greatly, if you do not tell me in your next letter, that you are determined to seek for entertainment from the gay, and find some pleasures more than those, which must arise from the consciousness of integrity.

I have been looking at a short hymn to Health, which is among the fragments of the Greek poets, to borrow the sentiments of a favourite writer, who had perused this fine address to that fictitious deity of the heathens. I must tell you, that her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and of adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much art and beauty, that no one that has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known; but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning strength, addressed Health, in a manner as like the following, as one alteration, which I have taken the liberty to make in the construction of it, will permit it to be.

"Health! most venerable of the powers of Heaven! with thee may the remainder of Clitander's life be blest! nor do thou refuse to cheer him with thy' residence! for whatever is of beauty or pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment; or in those objects of desire which we endeavour to chase into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials to soften our fatigue, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness! all those joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is happy."

As I can give you nothing of my own that can appear with this, I will stop short, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu.

EUGENIO.

L E T T E R XX.

From Miss. ROWE to the Countess of HERTFORD.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a friendship, it is for immortality. This confession, I own, is enough to put you in some terror, that you are never like to drop my conversation in this world nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the realms of light, and get a new set of thoughts to entertain you with at your arrival there, which, for the public interest,

terest, I wish may be long after I am sleeping in the dust. But perhaps mine will be the first joyful spirit that will welcome you to the immortal coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest songs of paradise at your arrival. Mr. Rolle would think these all gay chimeras and gay visions; but how much more so are all the charming scenes on earth!

*As the fantastic images of night
Before the opening morning take their flight,
So vanish all the hopes of men; their pride
And vain designs the laughing skies deride.*

You will think, Madam, I am resolved you shall remember your latter end, whoever forgets it. I suppose you will expect the next picture I send you will be Time, with a scythe and an hour-glass; but really these mementos of mortality are necessary to people like you, in the height of greatness, and the full bloom of youth and beauty.

If I go on, you will think me in the vapours, and the perfection of the spleen; but in all the variety of my temper I am,

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

P. S. I admire the verses you enclosed, and am surprized at the author.

L E T T E R XXI.

From the same to a Friend. Written a little 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 extacy. 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 farewell of 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 hope, 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 objects of mortal sense! All the glories of mortality, my much beloved friend, will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you must be separated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something persuades me this will be the last farewell in this world. Heaven forbid it should be an everlasting parting! May that divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue. Adieu, my most dear friend, until we meet in the paradise of God.

LETTER XXII.

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 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 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, must act in a manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to be in vogue with their polite cotemporaries.

I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a being, endued with reason and a capacity of judging, (an inhabitant of another planet, and an utter stranger to our nature) could take a view of our actions, he would be at a loss what to imagine we were; and had he no informer, but was to judge by our conduct, he would certainly either imagine, that we were a species who were insured always to live in the world we now inhabit, or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least expectation of a future judgment, punishment, or reward.

You would hardly make an apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much pleasure the injunction gives to

Your's unalterably,

CLEORA.

PART

P A R T III.

LETTERS relative to LOVE, MARRIAGE, and
the Conduct of a MARRIED LIFE, &c.

L E T T E R I.

From a Young Woman, in Service, to her Mother in the Country, to ask her Advice, whether she should marry her Master's Apprentice.

Honoured Mother,

FOR those who have to maintain themselves by their labour, London is certainly the best place in the world, provided they have the virtue to withstand the numberless temptations and snares to which they are daily exposed, and against which they can never be sufficiently guarded.

I have a very good place, and am well respected, not only by my master and mistress, but by all the friends of the family who come to the house: I therefore return you my thanks in the most dutiful manner for sending me to town, though it was contrary to my inclination.

My particular motive, however, for writing at this time, is to inform you, that a young man, who is an apprentice to my master, strongly urges me to marry him: his name is Charles Jackson; he has good friends; and he has served five years of his time; but as my master and mistress might be displeased with him, were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, though I thought it my duty to write to you, to know whether you approve of it. I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate Daughter,

MARY GRIEFITH.

L E T-

LETTER II,

The Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

IT has given me great pleasure to hear that you are in so good a place, and that you are so happy as to give satisfaction. 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 inclination, found it of great advantage. I desire, therefore, that you will pay a strict regard to what I am going to say.— You are highly pleased, I doubt not, with the thoughts of being mistress of a shop, and of keeping servants of your own; but let me tell you, Mary, 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 years to serve: but what difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would these two years be to you! I tremble at the very thoughts of what you would suffer. In this time you would probably have one child, and be far gone with another, while your husband had no honest means of supporting his growing expences. The difficulties he would labour under, and the knowledge of this imprudent step, would destroy his credit; and if his friends should at last forgive him, and furnish him with money to open a shop of his own, you would begin the world under the greatest disadvantages, a great expence, 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 never would be able to pay. In either of these cases, can you imagine that the perpetual uneasiness of his mind, and the slights of his friends, even of those perhaps whom he now looks upon as his inferiors, would not sour his temper, and make you yet more wretched by his peevishness? 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!

I intreat, therefore, my dear, as you have a regard for your own happiness and mine, as well as that of the young man, that you will not think of marrying him till his ap-

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prenticeship is expired, and not even then, till he has obtained the consent of his friends. In the mean time, beware of allowing him to take even innocent liberties ; and, if possible, never give him an opportunity of being with you alone. If you find this impracticable where you are, let no consideration prevent you from leaving your place.

God grant, my dear child, that you may pay the same dutiful obedience to my injunctions at present as you have hitherto done : and with my earnest prayers that you may, I remain,

Your affectionate Mother,

REBECCA GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R III.

From a Sailor abroad, to a Young Woman at Home, who was under Promise of Marriage to him.

My dearest Love,

If you think of me half as often as I do of you, it will be every day, and all the day, aye and all the night too ; for you are never out of my thoughts ; and when I am asleep in my hammock, I constantly dream of my dear Sally. I wear my half bit of gold always at my heart, tied to a bit of blue ribbon round my neck ; for true blue, my dearest, is the colour of colours to me. Where, my dearest love, do you put yours ? I hope you will be careful of it ; for it would be a bad omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same mind still, my dearest dear ; for God will never bless you, if you break the vows you have made to me. As to your faithful John, I would sooner have my heart torn from my breast, than it should harbour a wish for any other woman besides my Sally. O my dearest love ! you are the joy of my life ; all my thoughts are of you ; you are with me in all I do, and my hopes and my wishes are only to be yours.—God send it may be so !

Our Captain talks of sailing for England soon ; and then, and then, my dearest Sally !—O how I rejoice, how my heart beats with delight that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in England, and of joining hands with my Sal, as we have our hearts already, I hope !—I am sure I speak for one.

William.

William Heartfree, in the good ship, Britannia, captain Manly, which is returning to England, as I hope we shall soon, promises to deliver this into your own dear hand; and he will bring you too six bottles of citron water, as a token of my love. It is fit for the finest lady's taste it is so good; and is what, they say, ladies drink, when they can get it flyly.

Billy says he will have one sweet kiss of my dearest Sally for his care and pains. So let him, my dearest love, for I am not of a jealous temper. I have a better opinion of my dearest than so.—But oh! that I was in his place!—One kiss should not serve my turn, though I hope it may his!—Yet if he takes two, I will forgive him; one for me, and one for himself. For I love Billy dearly; and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say more? or rather what shall I say next? for I have an hundred things crowding in upon me, when I write to my dearest; and, alas! one has so few opportunities!—But yet I must leave off; for I have written to the bottom of my paper. Love then to all friends, and duty to both our mothers, conclude me

Your faithful Lover, 'till Death,

JOHN TRUMAN.

L E T T E R IV

. . . The Young Woman's Answer.

Dear Thomas,

FOR so I may call you now, we are sure; and so my mother says; this is to let you know, that nothing shall prevail upon me to alter my promise made to you when we parted—with heavy hearts enough, that's true.—And yet I had a little inkling given me, that Mr. Langley's son, the carpenter, would be glad to make love to me. But do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! for I doubt not your loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be sure I will.

“These sailors run such sad chances,” said one, that both you and I know; “they may return, and they may not.” “Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his friends their dear John so many a time, and often,” answered I.—“They will have a mistress in every land they come

come to", said they. "All are not such naughty men," said I ; "and I will trust Jack Truman all the world over." For why cannot men be as faithful as women tro' ? And for me, I am sure no love shall ever touch my heart but your's.

God send us a happy meeting ! Let who will speak against sailors, they are the glory and the safeguard of the land. And what would have become of Old England long ago, but for them ? I am sure the lazy, good-for-nothing land-lubbers would never have protected us from our rival foes. So sailors are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me : and of all sailors, my dear Jack Truman. Believe this truth from

Your faithful

SARAH MORRIS.

L E T T E R V.

From a diffident Lover, to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I have long struggled with the most honourable and respectful passion that ever animated the heart of man ; and though I have repeatedly tried to express to you by letter what my tongue could not pronounce, yet, 'till this moment, I have never been able to get the better of my doubts and fears. When I have the happiness of being in your company, instead of giving vent to the raptures which I feel, I am utterly confounded ; a circumstance which can only be imputed to a diffidence of my own merit, and to an exalted idea of your's. I need not mention that my views and motives are honourable. What man could be so lost to every noble sentiment, as to approach so much virtuous excellence, in the supposition that such an assurance would be necessary ? My fortune and situation in life are well known, and will stand the test of the strictest enquiry. All I have to beg at present, dearest Madam, is, that you will condescend to favour me with one line, intimating that if what I have now declared, and hope to have an opportunity of declaring, to you, shall be found to be unquestionably true, I may then flatter myself that my addresses will not be altogether unacceptable ; and be assured, that upon

your

your compliance with this request depends the happiness of,
dear Madam,

Your devoted Servant.

L E T T E R VI.

The Lady's Answer.

SIR,

IF modesty be the most amiable quality in our sex, it can-
not surely be unamiable in yours ; and, for my own
part, I consider it as the chief ornament of both. There
cannot be, in my opinion, a real respect where there is not
a real diffidence of one's self, and an exalted idea of the per-
son we esteem.

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

You, Sir, best know the sentiments of your own heart : if
they are generous, (as I flatter myself they are) you will re-
ceive, as it ought, this from, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

L E T T E R VII.

From a Gentleman of inferior Fortune, to a Lady, whom he
had accidentally seen, and been captivated with, at a
public place, desiring the Honour of her Acquaintance.

Madam,

NONE, surely, can labour under a greater disadvan-
tage than they who take the liberty to write to stran-
gers, especially when upon such a subject as that upon
which I now address myself to you. If any thing can apo-
logize for such an intrusion, it must be the despair of an
introduction by any other means ; and that, unhappily, is
my case. Since I had the happiness, madam, of fitting in
the box adjoining to yours, at the first representation of
Zobeide, I have been unhappy—unhappy, because I had
no prospect of attaining a more intimate acquaintance
with you, unless it might be by letter. No words can express
what I feel, when I tell you that, though a gentleman by
birth, my only dependence is an ensign's commission in the

army, and a legacy of about five hundred pounds left me by an aunt. I shall only add, dear madam, that my happiness or misery depends upon the reception with which this letter meets, and that I am, with unfeigned respect,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

L E T T E R VIII.

From a Friend of the Lady, in Answer.

SIR,

THE liberty which I now take may perhaps appear as amazing to you, as that which you took yesterday with Miss Harrison did to us ; but if you hope for pardon yourself, you cannot surely refuse to grant it to another.—I have seen your letter to my amiable friend ; and I have undertaken to give an answer to what, I am convinced it would be the height of impropriety in her to take the smallest notice of. We are surprized, Sir, that an absolute stranger should attempt to introduce himself by letter to a lady so distinguished in the polite circle as Miss Harrison is, when it is so easy for any person, who is *really* a gentleman by birth, to procure an acquaintance with her by other less extraordinary means. I am authorised, however, to declare, that there are few beyond those who have already that honour, to whom Miss Harrison would wish to be known as an acquaintance ; that we are almost as ignorant of your meaning, as we are of your person ; and that, if you have any further thoughts, many requisites will be expected to support your pretensions.

I have already declared myself the friend of Miss Harrison ; and, in this instance, I am convinced that I act the part of a friend to you. I have only observed what I think you ought to have done, and in what manner ; the rest I have left to your discretion. I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

L E T T E R IX.

From CLEORA to LEANDER, tenderly upbraiding him for his supposed Indifference.

I Parted from my Leander with a heart filled at once with the warmest resentment, and the tenderest regret—cruel sentiments to lodge together in one breast for the same object ! yet were they, for the time, of mutual service to me by keeping each other within bounds. My pride moderated my concern for having left you, and was at the same time restrained by the sorrow I felt at being separated from you. Possessed with thoughts so injurious to my repose, my mind has been the seat of anarchy and confusion. At length the rebel Pride was forced to yield, as he but furnished new strength to his more powerful rival ; for I found upon examination, that my chief cause of resentment was owing to your want of tenderness towards me, which had, at first, piqued my spirit, but was now softened into a mortification of another kind, for not having been able to inspire you with it. I no longer accused you—I only pitied myself. I lamented our having ever met, and wished earnestly for the instant dissolution of that being which had lost its value with your love.

In this situation I arrived in town, where I found a letter from you, which had come to my lodgings just after I had left them. How am I to reconcile the warmth of your expressions with the coolness of your manners towards me ! Is it possible you can think of me as you speak, and yet treat me with indifference ? Do you indeed love me, and yet take pains to make me think you do not ? Can you approve that converse in absence, which, when present, you seem to disregard ? What am I to conclude from such apparent contradictions ? I cannot, will not, doubt your sincerity. No ; let me rather think that the *extravagance* of my love has too hastily accused the *economy* of your's ; and that notwithstanding all my faults and foibles, you still love me for the only merit which your own renders a scarce one, that of esteeming and admiring you.

I have now given you an exact description both of the sentiments and sensations of my heart. Do not cruelly charge it with caprice, but remember that it is your own equivocal behaviour which has induced my suspicions.— Adieu !

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CLEORA:
L E T.

LETTER X.

From a Gentleman, to his Daughter, on the Choice of a Husband.

YOU are now, my dear Harriet, grown up to woman's estate, and you are not to remain always single.— Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends upon yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to make an honest man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you. We must think of this betimes; for your fate through life depends upon your marriage; and we cannot think too much on it.

Nothing is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps that of a good wife. You, my dear Harriet, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But however great your merit may be, there are men whose merit is yet more great. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you an honour to obtain. Among this number, the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all. The most important must be made sure of in preference to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitableness which may be called natural; a suitableness which arises from the institutions of men; and a suitableness which depends solely on opinion. Of the two last, parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, those suitabilities which arise from civil institutions and opinion are alone minded: the matches are not between the persons, but their ranks and fortunes: but both these are subject to change: the persons alone remain the same in all places, and at all times: the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitableness.

Your

Your mother was a woman of family; I had a large fortune: these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune; she has lost her rank: forgotten by her family, what doth it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing.—The conformity of our taste made us choose this retirement; we live happy in our poverty; each is the other instead of all. Harriet is our common treasure: we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else. You see, my dear, whither providence hath brought us.—Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished; and that which was accounted as nothing, makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes, their hearts, ought to be their first guides: for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another; and as to love, or not to love, doth not depend on us, this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature, which cannot be abrogated. Those who have restricted it by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order, than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, Harriet, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult. It tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. You have good nature, my dear, and good sense; much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable. But you have no fortune; you have the best riches, indeed; but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain; and regulate your ambition, not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of men. If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to my hopes. But never raise them above your fortune, which you are to remember is very small.

You never saw our prosperity ; you were born after we failed in the world : you have made our poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without pain. Never, my dear, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for having taken from us : we never tasted happiness till we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Harriet, not to please somebody ; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them : their outside will not impose upon you long : but though you have a good judgment, and can discern men, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you those virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, my dear, would ruin you before you perceived it, and you would not see your error till it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason cannot restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry us. If ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras ; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, your mind will be corrupted, you will cherish your very error ; and when you come to see it, will have no desire to leave it. It is to your reason, not to the bias of your heart, that we commit you. While passion hath no ascendency over you, judge for yourself : but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This argument which I propose to you, shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult them only for form's sake. We shall do just the reverse. — You shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Except this right, Harriet, freely and wisely. The husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours ; but it belongs to us to judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you ; and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to do. Birth, fortune, rank, or the opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose per-

person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for a son-in-law. His income will always be sufficient, if he hath hands, and good morals, and loves his family; nor will his rank be unworthy of you, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the world: your happiness sufficeth to us. I am, my dear girl,

Your truly affectionate Father.

L E T T E R XI.

From one Lady to another, on the same Subject, in a familiar Strain:

My dear Nancy,

I was uneasy at your long silence, and without loss of time have sat down to answer your agreeable letter, that you may not have it to say I follow your naughty example. It gives me no small pleasure to find that your health is restored; and that you may be happy in the continuance of that, and every other blessing, is my earnest wish. To prove it is, I shall now begin to chat about your London *Amoroso*, who, I hope, is possessed of all the merit my Nancy deserves; and in that case, I shall expect no small satisfaction from his acquaintance. And now I must take the liberty, in a free, but friendly manner, to give you my sentiments of the matter; and if the gentleman be a man of honour, he will readily forgive your humble servant.

As to his person, you are the only judge to be consulted; but the question is, are his principles of religion and morality well grounded, and is his temper mild and agreeable? Without good humour on the man's side, how must a woman bear the many hardships that attend her sex in the married state! We have then resigned ourselves, our fortunes, our every thing that is dear to us, to the man of our choice.—Connubial happiness, therefore, must depend upon the person with whom we have engaged. Marriage is a contract for life, which makes me again pronounce that

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that he ought to be good humoured, and of a sound and clear judgment; of the latter I confess he has given some proof, by desiring the hand of my dear Miss Eaton.

Though I am so old-fashioned as to esteem it the meanest of motives to marry for money, and put it to the last article; yet, Nancy, fortune is, in some measure, an essential ingredient, since the yearly income that will genteelly support a single person, will but smally contribute towards the expences of a family. Now, your fortune is above three thousand pounds, and Mr. Perkins's estate, by his own account you tell me, is only sixty pounds a year; and are you sure there are no debts upon that estate? You say he is a London tradesman; but I hope his estate is not there, as London is an immense way from York. I flatter myself, however, that you know some persons of honour and integrity, who have a thorough knowledge of your gentleman, his estate, and his reputation in the world; for though I have a high opinion of your judgment and discretion, yet I fear that both may be biassed in the case before us. Lovers tales, as I have heard yourself observe, are not always to be depended on. I beg that I may hear from you soon; for at present, lest you should have given your consent before this comes to hand, I will not say one word more. Adieu, my dear!

CHARLOTTE WILKINSON.

LETTER XII.

From a Young Man lately begun Business, to a Lady he had seen in Public.

Madam,

PERHAPS you will not be surprised to receive a letter from a person who is unknown to you, when you reflect how apt the charms of beauty are to create impertinence; and I persuade myself, that when you remember where you sat last night at the play-house, you will not need to be told this comes from the person who had the happiness of sitting just before you.

In the first place, Madam, I ask pardon for the liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater liberty I now

now take of assuring you, that my happiness or misery depends upon the reception which this letter meets with.

I shall not pretend, Madam, to be any better than I really am. I keep a linen-draper's shop in Fleet-street; and though I have been hardly two years in trade, yet I have tolerable custom. I do not doubt but that it will increase, and that I shall be able to do something for a family. If, happily, your inclinations are not engaged, I should be proud of the honour of waiting on you; and, in the mean time, if you will do me the favour to desire any friend to ask my character in the neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against, Madam,

Your most humble servant.

L E T T E R XIII.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer.

S I R,

I Have seen your letter to my neice, Miss Stamford; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her for consulting her friends in an affair of so great moment, as that you wrote about. Besides, a woman could not well answer such a letter herself, unless it was with a full refusal; and to have done that, until she knew something of the person that wrote it, would have been almost as imprudent as to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your designs; and as you gave permission to enquire about you among your neighbours, I, as her nearest relation, undertook that office. Your character, Sir, is unexceptionable; and I dare say you may be very suitable for one another. Miss Stamford has some fortune; and I shall tell you farther, that she took notice of you at the play, and does not seem perfectly averse to a visit from you, in the presence of

Your humble servant.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

From a Young Lady, to a Gentleman, whom she could not love, but whose addresses her Parents had compelled her to receive.

SIR,

IT is a very bad return which I make to the respect which you express for me, when I declare to you, that though the day of our marriage is already appointed, I am yet incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have had at those times that we were left together, that some secret hung upon my mind. I was constrained to an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my mother, from an adjoining closet, overheard every thing that passed. I have strict commands both from her and from my father, to receive you as my future husband; and I am undone for ever, unless you will be so generous as to discontinue your addresses. Consider, dear 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 is not that conduct infinitely preferable to a secret dislike, which could not but pall all the sweets of life, by imposing on you a companion whose heart has been long tenderly engaged to another. I will not go so far as to say that my passion for the gentlemen, whose wife I am by promise, would induce me to commit any thing criminal against your honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your sensibility to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for tender endearments, and cold esteem for undeserved love. If you will on this occasion let reason take place of passion, I doubt not but fate has in store for you some object more worthy of your affection in recompence for your goodness, to the only woman perhaps, that could be insensible of your merit. I am, Sir,

Your most Humble Servant..

L E T.

L E T T E R XV.

From a Lady to her Brother, who had complained of ill Success in his Addresses.

Dear Charles,

I Received your doleful ditty in regard to your ill success in your affair with Miss Stuckwell. No marble monument was ever half so cold, or vestal virgin half so coy ! She turns a deaf ear to my most ardent vows ! and what of all that ? by your own account it appears she has neither given you a flat denial, nor peremptorily refused your visits. Really, Charles, I thought a young gentleman of your good sense and penetration should be better versed in the arts of love, than to despair at once, and quit the field upon the first repulse.—I cannot help smiling at your vanity, in supposing that a young lady, beautiful and accomplished as Miss Stuckwell is, should drop into your arms at the word of command as it were. Her affections must be gradually engaged ; she looks upon matrimony as a very serious affair, and will never give way, I am fully persuaded, to the violence of an ill-grounded passion. For shame, brother ! shake off that unbecoming bashfulness, and shew yourself a man. Lovers, like soldiers, should endure hardships. Be advised, therefore. Renew the attack with double vigour. The revolution of a day (as the ingenious Mr. Rowe has it) may bring such turns as heaven itself could scarce have foreseen. Cheer up, then, under that thought, and I am not without hopes, if you will follow my advice, of hearing in a few weeks that you have gained the day.—In the mean time, as I cannot, without injustice to Miss Stuckwell, but applaud your choice, you may be assured that no stone shall be left unturned, on my part, that may in any respect contribute towards the success of a brother whom I dearly love.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

From a Lover to his Mistress who had jilted him, declaring his Resolution of never seeing her more.

Madam,

THERE was a time, when if I had been told that I should ever have expressed myself to you in such terms as what I have now sat down to write to you, I would as soon have

have believed that the earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see stars falling to the ground, or trees and mountains rising to the heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen. One thing would have appeared much more impossible than my expressing them, which is, that you should have given me such ample cause; and even that has happened.

The intention of this letter, Madam, is to tell you, that I disclaim, from this moment, all intercourse with you whatever. It gives me some pleasure that you will feel no uneasiness in consequence of this resolution, though I should have been very unwilling some time ago, even to have imagined that; but you know where to apply that attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and of which I do assure you I will not accept a part.

I was a witness, Madam, yesterday, to your behaviour to Mr. Jackson. I had often been told of your familiarity together, but refused to listen to it, and vainly supposed your heart was equally incapable of deceit as my own. But I can no longer disbelieve what my own eyes have confirmed. I beg, therefore, that you will forget there ever was such a man as

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XVII.

From a Young Lady to her Father, earnestly conjuring him not to insist upon her Marriage with a Gentleman in Years, who paid his Addresses to her.

Dearest, and, hitherto, best of Parents, ----

THOUGH 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. Though the consequences thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all obedience, in case what I have to offer in my own defence should have no influence over you, or be thought an insufficient plea for my aversion to a match, which, unhappily

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for me, you seem to have determined upon. It is very possible, Sir, the gentleman you recommend to my choice, may be possessed of all that substance, and all those good qualities that bias you so strongly in his favour; but be not angry, I dutifully beseech you, when I remind you, that there is a disproportion in our years, which will be an unsurmountable obstacle to our happiness. A lady of mere experience, and of more advanced years, would, in my humble opinion, be a much fitter help-mate for him. To be ingenuous, permit me, dear Sir, to speak for once the sentiments of my heart without reserve. A man who has already numbered sixty years, can never be an agreeable companion for one who has not yet numbered twenty; nor can the natural gaiety of my temper, which has hitherto been indulged by you in every innocent amusement, be in any respect agreeable to him. Though 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 will grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a cause; nay, perhaps, debar me of every diversion suitable to my years, though ever so harmless and inoffensive.

Your long-experienced goodness, and that tender regard which you have always expressed for my happiness, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an affair of so great importance. If, however, you shall still judge the inequality of our age an insufficient plea in my favour, and that want of affection for a husband is but a trifle, where there is a large fortune, and a coach and six to throw into the scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory commands upon me to relinquish all my real happiness and peace of mind, for the vanity of living in pomp and grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior judgment.— Give me leave, however, to observe, that it is 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 and Affectionate Daughter,

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LETTER XVIII.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, accusing her of Inconstancy.

MADAM,

YOU must not be surprized at a letter in the place of a visit from one, who cannot but have reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his company. You should not suppose, if lovers have lost their sight, that their senses are all banished; and if I refuse to believe my eyes, when they shew me your inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my ears against the accounts of it.

Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while. Am I a person whom you esteem, whose fortune you do not despise, and whose pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome coxcomb, who fancies himself the favourite admirer of a woman, who only laughs at him? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying that I deserve it; but if otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a person you intend to honour with your hand, for heaven's sake, what is the meaning of that universal coquetry in public, where every fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them? and what can be the meaning that you was last night in particular an hour with Mr. Griffin, and are so whenever you meet him, if I am not in company?—Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you my heart so entirely, I possessed yours in common with another.

I have said a great deal too much, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this; and I think I have a right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the effect of the distraction of my heart, for want of respect to you. While I write this, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my happiness is centered.

I am the unhappy

CHARLES EVANS.

LET-

L E T T E R XIX.

From the Lady, in Answer.

S I R,

If I did not make all the allowances you desire at the close of your letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really uneasy to hear of your unhappiness, and the more so to hear that I am myself the cause of it, I can hardly impute the unkindness and incivility of your letter to the single cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any thing that should justify such treatment from you, I think it is necessary to inform you, that what you have heard is equally void of foundation, as what you have seen : however, I wonder that other eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours ; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked malice, as yours by undeserved suspicion.

Whatever may be the end of this dispute, (for I do not think so lightly of lovers' quarrels as many do) I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself ; and I shall add, that if the fault of your temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to enter into marriage with you, you will not see me in that state with another, nor courted by any man in the world.

I did not know that the gaiety of my temper gave you any 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 had been disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this treatment more than I do ; but do not insult my weakness on that head, for a fault of that kind would want the excuse this has for my pardon, and might not be so easily overlooked, 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 or not, as you please.

I am, &c.

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L E T -

LETTER XX.

From a Young Lady, to a Gentleman, who paid his Addresses to her, accusing him of Infidelity.

SIR,

THE freedom and sincerity with which I have at all times laid open my heart to you, ought to have some weight in my claim to a return of the same confidence; but I have reason to fear that the best of men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your conduct last night at the assembly, or confess you have not used me as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took pains to recommend yourself to Miss Harris: the earnestness of your discourse shewed me that you was no stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what sort of acquaintance you can wish to have with another person of character, after making me believe that you wished to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular; and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From the Gentleman, in Answer.

WHAT, my dearest Betsy, can have induced you to be suspicious of me, when you know that my heart and soul are truly yours, and that my whole thoughts and wishes are centered in you! Sweet quarreller, you know this: what afternoon have I spent from you, or whom did you ever see me speak to without distaste, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your aunt; and you know she was there.— But you do well to blame me for being obedient to your commands; for, I promise you, you shall never get any other

ther cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking to another, when it was my business not so much as to look at you. Miss Harris is a very old acquaintance. She knows my perfect devotion to you, and she knows all that civility and earnestness of discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me; but I will make you ask my pardon for robbing me of those few moments which might have been passed with you, and which have been employed in writing this letter. My sweetest quarreller, I am coming to you. After this, never doubt but that I am

Your's from my Heart.

L E T T E R XXII.

From a young Man in Business to the Father of a Young Lady, to whom he was desirous of paying his Addresses.

S I R,

I hope the integrity of my intentions will excuse the freedom of this letter, whereby I am to acquaint you with the affection and esteem I have for your daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect address, that might have the least appearance of inconsistency with her duty to you, and my honourable views to her; choosing by your influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that honour, to commend myself to her approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the credit I have hitherto preserved in the world, of my ability, by God's blessing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to request the favour of an evening's conversation with you at your first convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your satisfaction, and take my encouragement or discouragement from your own mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean time, with great respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant;

L E T T E R XXIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

SINCE my arrival in town, Mr. Blacket, the son of your intimate acquaintance, has made an open declaration of his passion for me, and urged me strongly to com-

ply 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, to discourage his addresses, or to keep him at least in suspense, till I have received your advice, which I shall implicitly follow. I beg leave, however, with due submission, to acquaint you of the idea I have entertained of him, and I hope I am not too blind, or partial in his favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his intentions, and to be no wise inferior to any gentleman of my acquaintance, in point of good sense and 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 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 dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

L E T T E R. XXIV.

From a young Lady to her Mother, upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my friends in the country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Murray, a governess of a noted boarding-school for young ladies 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 make 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 of Mr. Collins, our writing-master, who has cast a favourable eye upon me for some time, and has lately made me such

overtures of marriage, as are, in my own opinion, worthy of attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great favourite of Mrs. Murray, a man of unblemished character, and very extensive business, I thought it would be an act of the highest ingratitude to so indulgent a parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an affair, on which my future happiness or misery must in a great measure depend. As to his person, age, and temper, I frankly confess, they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his addresses. I flatter myself, however, that I have so much command of my own passions, as in duty to be directed, in so momentous an affair, by your superior judgment. Your speedy answer, therefore, will be looked upon as an additional act of indulgence shewn to

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXV.

The Answer.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours, in regard to the overtures of marriage made you by Mr. Collins, and as that is a very weighty affair, I shall set out for 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 it is 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 question. 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. Collins has any such dishonourable intentions, and I hope he has not; for which reason I would only have you act with discretion and reserve; give him neither too great hopes of success, nor an absolute denial to put him in despair. All that you have to say to him is this, that.

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.

L E T T E R XXVI.

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

SIR,

I Am no more fond of the fashionable modes of courtship than yourself; plain dealing, I own, is best, though I think common decency should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in the manner of your expression, that I am absolutely at a loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible terms, I shall be better able to form a judgment of your passion, and more capable of returning you a proper answer. What effect your future addresses may have upon me, I cannot say; but, to be free with you, your first attempt has made no impression on the heart of

L E T T E R XXVII.

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

SIR,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of squandering away our time in idle, unmeaning compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct terms, that the disposal of my person is not altogether in my own power; and that, notwithstanding my father and mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single affair of any moment, without consulting Mr. Newman, of Lincoln's-Inn, who is my

my counsellor upon all occasions, and is a gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest honour and honesty, and one on whose judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you as freely to acknowledge, that I have no objection to your person. If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental reservation, and be very apt to encourage a passion, which I imagine to be both honourable and sincere.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R. XXVIII.

From a Gentleman, to his Mistress, bewailing his Absence from her.

THOUGH but a few hours, my Harriet, have elapsed since we parted, yet I have already, you see, taken up my pen to write to you. You must not expect me, however, in this or any future letter, to say fine things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones.

My heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the style, of my former conversation ; and I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled sincerity, what effect this absence has upon your usual chearfulness. I honestly confess, on my own part, that I am too interested to wish a circumstance so little consistent with my repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your advice, and divert myself by the subject you recommended to my thoughts. But it is impossible, I find, to turn off the mind at once from an object, which it has long dwelt upon with pleasure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from its nest, is still returning to the place of its affections, and, after some vain efforts to fly off, settles again where all its cares, and all its tenderness are centered.

Adieu, my Love !

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIX.

From a Gentleman, to a Young Lady, his Relation, who had desired his Advice as to the Choice of a Husband.

Dear Madam,

YOU have done me great honour in your application to me upon this important occasion ; and I shall therefore talk to you with all the tenderness of a parent, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one.

You do not seem to make any great distinction between your two lovers, as to their persons ; the whole question lies upon their circumstances and behaviour. If the one is less respectful, because he is rich, and the other more obsequious, because he is not so, they are in that point moved by the same point, the consideration of fortune ; and you must place each in the circumstances of the other, before you can judge of their inclinations.

To avoid confusion in discussing this matter, I will distinguish your rich lover by the name of Aristus, your other by that of Clitander. If you believe Clitander with Aristus's fortune would behave as he does now, Clitander is certainly your man : but if you think Aristus, were he in Clitander's condition, would be as obsequious as Clitander is now, you ought, for your own sake, to choose Aristus ; for where the men are equal, riches ought certainly to incline the scale. After this manner, I would have you abstract them from their circumstances ; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble, only because he is poor, is the very same man in disposition with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, my dear, as to consider the figure they make towards you, you will please next to consider the appearance you make towards them. If they are men of discernment, they can observe the motives of your heart ; and Clitander can see when he is disregarded, only upon account of fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature ; and you are still the same thing to Aristus, in taking him for his wealth merely : you are therefore to consider whether you had rather confer than receive the obligation.

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The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is, when two people, of no genius or taste for each other, are united upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence to those below them, or respect to those above them; and lead an useless, a despicable, and an independent life, without a sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and to ensure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant restraint before company, and too great familiarity by themselves. When they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's person, and conduct: in company, they are in a purgatory; when only together, in a hell.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love, in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very existence. When you have a true idea of this sort of passion, your fancy for living great will vanish, and you will find that love has nothing to do with state. Solitude with the person beloved, has a pleasure beyond show or pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your lovers will like you best undressed; which will bear with you most when out of humour; and your way to this is to ask yourself, which you value most for his own sake; and by that judge which gives the strongest instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some sense of the humble approach of Clitander, and a little disdain at the assurance of Aristus's

Aristus's address, you cry out, “ What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both ! ” It would, therefore, I think, be a good way to determine yourself. Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another ; for if you choose otherwise, there is no prospect that your husband will ever have what you liked in his rival. But intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms ; he whom you take for the sake of his personal perfections, will sooner attain the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for that of his fortune will acquire personal perfections.— If Aristus is not so accomplished and agreeable as Clitander, marriage to you will never make him so ; but marriage to you may make Clitander as rich as Aristus. Upon the whole, therefore, my dear, make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice these to fortune. Believe me at all times

Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XXX.

From a Gentleman, to his Friend, dissuading him from a Life of Celibacy.

Dear George,

YOU have peremptorily declared against matrimony ;— declared against it without having the smallest idea of its sweets. If you considered that there is no other lawful means for peopling the world, and establishing a kind of immortality by the production of a successive race of men, you would, I am persuaded, change your opinion. But without confining ourselves to general reflections, let us enquire whether you could not live more happily in wedlock than in celibacy. For my part, I should think that, if you find yourself capable of regulating a family, of living upon good terms with a deserving person, and of giving good education to children, you will find that there is nothing more comfortable than to live with a woman who has resigned herself to your protection, and who is willing to discharge all the duties of a wife. Observe what passes in a family, under proper regulation, and you will find that a good woman shares with her husband whatever may happen, endea-

endeavouring to heighten his joy by her satisfaction, and to alleviate his pain and sorrows by the part she bears in them. Though the first transports of love are abated, yet a virtuous woman is still her husband's truest friend. They concert together the measures they judge conformable to what they are about to undertake and execute ; they never act, but by agreement ; their thoughts and sentiments rest on the foundation of mutual confidence ; and the good understanding that subsists between them, adds an unspeakable charm to their union.

A husband may possess himself in perfect ease, by leaving the care of his domestic concerns to a frugal and good housewife. How delightful must it be for him to have children, who are the effects of his love, and who will be hereafter the supports of his old age ! If any thing can add to such happiness, it must be to behold those children growing up in goodness, by the education given them. Single life, in man, can no where find the real consolation and assistance that are met with in the society of a woman. You know that it is in quality of a help-mate that God has given so amiable a half to man ; and that therefore the scripture says, " It is not good for man to be alone." Read the history of the Romans, and you will find that that wise people expelled from their republic, as being useless members of it, all who persisted to live in the state of celibacy ; and I cannot help thinking that the parliament of Britain would do a service to the nation, by imposing a tax, adequate to their circumstances, upon all bachelors above a certain age. But I tire you with this grave lecture ; though I hope you will do me the justice to believe that it contains the real sentiments of

Your sincere Friend.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From a celebrated Genius, lately deceased, to a Lady whom he courted, and afterwards married.

WHAT shall I do, my loveliest, dearest, never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-obtained, Amanda ? What language shall I find to represent the situation of a heart so fixed, yet so divided ?

Respectful to your will, even when it bids me be unhappy,

py, I have tried the two extremes of business and of solitude. But still I saw you in the midst of crowds, where nothing in the least resembled you ; still met in retirement, so cut off from the surrounding world, that scarce an object entered, but the image of your sweetnes.

In every place you interpose the silent influence of a form that was not made to be forgotten : and it would be all in vain ; should I retreat to the world's utmost limits, you would be with me there, my meditation and my prospect. You alone have engrossed my heart ; you alone must engage my senses.

I hear, at my return, new instances of your great goodness, (who never meant to give a pain, yet do it while you pity.) Why are you so severely kind, to suffer me to think of seeing you ? How can I bear the trial of so anxious a delight ? It will be transport mixed with misery, too touching to be wisely coveted, and too serious to be safely hazarded.— If absence cannot screen me, how is it possible I should sustain the thousand dangers of your converse ? When I must compare my sense of what I see and feel in your society with my remembrance that it is a bliss you have forbidden me the greatest claim to.

And yet, what ease, what mitigation can I hope in distance ?—On one side it is despair, and on the other, agony. I know not how I ought to act. I am unable to support your presence, under a sense of the restraint you bind me.— I am more unable to support my life, made tasteless to me by your absence.

What was there, most desirable, and most faultless, yet most cold, Amanda ; what could you apprehend in my solicitation, that deserved a prohibition of such consequence to my felicity ?—My passion was no light effect of suddenness or fancy : it had its birth from your experienced excellence ; its growth, from my reflection and my judgment. I endeavoured to suppress it, long before you had the least idea of my feeling it ; because I feared I could not give you back that happiness I should have owed you : I mean that sympathetic, infelt happiness, the happiness of minds ; for fortune cannot furnish it. I therefore had no thought of yours, unless to have enlarged it. That would indeed have been my study and my pride ; for though I shun all gaiety myself, I know you born for shining. I made it my intreaty that you would, by proper previous settlements, have cut off from my claim all

right, but to your mind and person. There only lay the treasure of my hopes—there only the ambition of my purpose.

But I am in the wrong, perhaps, to dwell upon this subject, since you wish me to decline it. Forgive me the restless discomposure—and may you long live undisturbed and happy! Permit me only to remember, and to love you; and to carry on, to death, this dear, unalterable consciousness of soft, respectful tenderness, so due from

Your devoted Servant.

L E T T E R XXXII.

From another celebrated Genius, to his Mistress.

COULD I see you without passion, or be absent from you without pain, it would be needless to beg your pardon for thus renewing my vows, that I love you more than health, or any happiness here or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new charm to me; and though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealousy, despairing, ; yet every minute I see you, I still discover something more new and bewitching. Consider how I love you. What would I not renounce, or enterprize for you! I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy hour, can make the rest of my life tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more; for I cannot bear a kind look, and after it a cruel denial. This minute my heart aches for you; and if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From the Same, to the Same.

NOT believe that I love you! You cannot pretend to be so incredulous. If you do not believe my tongue, consult my eyes, consult your own. You will find by your's, that they have charms; by mine, that I have a heart which feels them.

Recall to mind what happened last night : that at least was a lover's kiss. Its eagerness, its fierceness, its warmth, expressed the god its parent. But oh ! its sweetness, and its melting softness expressed him more. With trembling in my limbs, and fevers in my soul, I ravished it : convulsions, panting, murmuring, shewed the mighty disorder within me. The mighty disorder increased by it ; for those dear lips shot through my heart, and through my bleeding vitals delicious poison, and an avoidless but yet a charming ruin. What cannot a day produce ? The night before, I thought myself a happy man. In want of nothing, and in fairest expectation of fortune ; approved of by men of wit, and applauded by others ; pleased, nay charmed, with my friends, my then dearest friends ; sensible of every delicate pleasure, and in their turn possessing all. But love, almighty love ! seems, in a moment, to have removed me to a prodigious distance from every object but you alone. In the midst of crowds, I remain in solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear transported to some foreign desert with you, (oh ! that I were really thus transported) where, abundantly supplied with every thing in thee, I might live out an age of uninterrupted ecstasy. The scene of the world's great stage seems suddenly and sadly changed. Unlovely objects are all around me, excepting thee. The charms of all the world appear to be translated to thee. Thus in this sad, but, oh ! too pleasing state, my soul can fix upon nothing but thee : thee it contemplates, admires, adores, nay depends on ; trusts in you alone. If you and hope forsake it, despair and endless misery attend it.

LETTER XXXIV.

From a Lady upon her Death-bed, to her Husband, an Officer abroad.

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands, and the fondest lover, those tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indisposition in which you (to obey the dictates of your honour and duty) left me, has increased upon me ; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, that I cannot live another week.

At this time my spirits fail me, and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you ; but let it be a comfort to you, that no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly retarded me ; but that I pass away my last hours in reflecting upon the happiness we have enjoyed together, and in grieving that it is so soon to have an end.

This is a frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that I cannot help thinking there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and a miserable one to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal ? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work ; and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind. Give me leave to say to you, O best of men ! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment ; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed ; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever ; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle ; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman.

These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart ; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in when you receive the news 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 to whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see your face again. Farewell, for ever !

LETTER XXXV.

From a Lady, the Day before her Marriage, to her Friend already married.

TELL me, dear Madam—for you surely know—tell me, is there a greater happiness on earth than that which results from the reflection of pleasing a person who is 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!—Can there be a greater reward to soften the charming toil, if that can be called 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 contrive new arts to please, while virtue, innocence and truth shall lead the way, and mark my path to lasting bliss. What transport the distant prospect darts upon my soul!—My Charles! my Husband! my Friend! Delightful epithets! enchanting sounds!—sounds swelling with every thrilling joy!—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!

Yet there is no situation in life that is unalloyed with pain. The pleasure which we may be supposed to receive from these resolutions, is greatly damped by a crowd of intruding fears—fears that, in the unguarded moments of my life, I should drop the guard I propose to keep over my temper, that I should forget to please, or, distracting thought! lose the power of pleasing.

You see, my dear, what a fond, unfashionable creature I am become; but as you have given me some reason to believe that you are not less weak than myself, I boldly brave your satire; so that if you presume to make merry with me on this occasion, I shall freely join in the laugh.

My happiness is now so great, that, to render it complete, there seems to be nothing wanting, but the consideration of its being perpetual. Nor is that of my sister Harriet less exquisite. We are surrounded with every laughing delight, every social endearment; the congratulations of our friends, the careffes of our parents, the tenderness of our lovers, and our sympathetic sensation of the felicity of each other, all contribute to heighten our joy; while rap-

ture itself grows more pleasing by settling into a serene and most charming tranquillity.

Every thing is already prepared for the ceremony that is to unite us for ever to the persons who are dearer to us than our existence ; and to-morrow Harriet and I are to be hailed under the title of brides, and initiated into the dignified state of venerable matrons. And *entre nous*, my dear, we both heartily wish these solemn doings over ; for really there is something unaccountably dreadful in them when viewed at a distance. This is the last letter which you will ever receive from your affectionate friend, under the signature of

CHARLOTTE LOVELL.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From a Lady, who had made an imprudent Marriage, to her Father, describing her Distresses, and praying Relief.

WOULD I had duly attended to your advice, my dear father, when you told me that I should repent of my marriage, by suffering myself to be too easily seduced by the appearances of good nature, and behaviour of my husband, during the time I enjoyed my dear liberty ; for, having followed the dictates of my own capricious fancy, I suffer all that can be imagined from a husband who spends his time in a continued scene of riot and debauchery abroad, and of peevishness and discontent at home. As after all I cannot cease from loving him, I am still more grieved about his health, which he exhausts in a way that must soon destroy him, if some method is not speedily taken to reclaim him.

In this melancholy situation, dear Sir, I am under the disagreeable necessity of applying to you for relief. As he has a particular respect for you, and is desirous of preserving your good opinion, I am persuaded that a letter to him from you would be attended with the happiest consequences.— Deny me not, I beseech you, this favour ; and be persuaded that I am, with the utmost tenderness and gratitude,

Your dutiful, but unhappy Daughter.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

From her Father, in Answer.

Dar Lucy,

IF your marriage makes you uneasy, you ought to confine your complaints to your own breast, since you would marry contrary, not only to my advice, but to that of all your other friends, who told you that a libertine like him, however graceful in his person, could never make a virtuous woman happy. But as I think you have already smarted sufficiently for your folly, I have written to him, that if he does not alter his course of life, I shall certainly send for you home. I hope this measure will have the desired effect. At any rate, torment yourself no longer, but exert your utmost endeavours to reclaim him with kindness, and fail not to send an account of all that may happen to

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From a Gentleman who had seen, and been captivated with; a Lady at a public Place, to beg Permission to wait upon her.

MADAM,

HEAVEN, who is the sole disposer of all human events, can alone determine whether I ought to date the era of my happiness or misery from last evening.

It is needless to tell you the person who sat next to you at the opera, and took the liberty of speaking to you as often as opportunity permitted, 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. My enquiries for that purpose have been crowned with success. I have this morning been so fortunate as to learn your name, and that you are unmarried; but whether pre-engaged or not, I am

still

still ignorant. If the latter, I flatter myself neither my family, fortune, nor character, are such as would make me despair that the honourable proposals I have to make would be totally rejected. Be so good, therefore, I beseech you, as to indulge me with this information, that if the blessing I am ambitious to possess be already disposed of, I may for the future avoid all interviews so dangerous to my peace ; or, if your heart is free to receive the soft impressions of a faithful love, that I may endeavour, by all the services in my power, to be the happy man. This condescendence, Madam, will prove your generosity to be equal to your beauty, and I hope will not be thought too presumptuous 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, it is otherwise, I cannot too soon begin to testify with how much ardor and sincerity I am the charming Miss Sedley's

Sincere Adorer,

HENRY MORDAUNT.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From the Lady, in Answer.

SIR,

A Declaration of love from a person so entirely unknown to me, seems so very extraordinary, that you cannot be surprized 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 an 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 mere caprice, or curiosity to try in what manner a woman would behave on such an occasion. Fancy indeed 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 that my character will not suffer by this complaisance, since it extends no further than to inform you I neither

ther am, nor ever intend to be, under any engagements, but such as shall have received the approbation of Sir Frederick Horton, who is the nearest relation of

ARABELLA SEDLEY.

L E T T E R XL.

From a Young Lady, to her Friend, to dissuade her from
being prevailed upon to marry an old Miser.

Dear Emily,

Y O U tell me that your friends seem to be determined to teize you into a marriage with old Stukely, who is your aversion. Consider, my dear; your happiness, perhaps for life, is at stake. Will you then be induced by persuasion, or the false glare of outward shew, to sacrifice all the substantial enjoyments of life? No: I am convinced you have more resolution. Romantic ideas of love are what you and I have long disclaimed; yet let me tell you there should be a sufficient stock of the *belle passion* to counterbalance those little anxieties which naturally arise in the married state. Were Stukely divested of his riches, would you hesitate a moment whether you would accept of him for a husband or not? Surely no. 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? Oh! Emily, you are not to be told that peace of mind is the true, the only, source of happiness. The good things of this world, though they may improve and extend it, are yet too weak to lay the foundation of it. This is upon the supposition that Stukely would make you mistress of his whole 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 dislike merely for his riches. I know you startle at the word; but how is she who, to support herself in urgent want, gives up her person to the first that will pay her 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 will not find it the least

of

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, Stukely 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, Emily. 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 attention 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 that 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 an inclination to make you perfectly easy.

The woman who has a competency of her own, pays but a poor compliment to herself, when she changes her condition for superfluities, if she has not superior or stronger motives. Believe me, it is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no love. Such, my dear Emily, are the real sentiments of

Your Faithful Friend.

L E T T E R XLI.

From Mr. POPE, to Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR, congratulating her upon her Marriage.

YOU are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand; and by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion: but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady—such as, an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and, at last, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that which was all you ever desired to hear, (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean truth: and it is with the utmost that I assure you no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is sincerely more delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed, while he is living,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XLII.

From a Lady, to her Friend, on the same Occasion.

Dear Madam,

NOTHING could give me greater happiness than your last, informing me of your marriage to the accomplished Sir Charles Osborn—Sir Charles, who has so long been the envy of his own sex, and the idol of ours. May all your days be propitious! may blooming joys, ever opening with new delight, perpetuate your felicity! may the tenderness of your husband, instead of decreasing with time, ripen into that soft esteem, that endearing complacency, which are the natural attendants of love and merit, and the summit of all sublunary happiness! In a word, may you be bound to him with all that dignity of passion, which is necessary to render him perpetually as dear to you as now; while love shall have the energy of religion, and inclination the force of every sacred dictate!

Be not shocked at being thought 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 an unalterable affection; and what is your duty, the many ami-

miable qualities of Leander will render a pleasure also.— Nothing, believe me, dear Madam, but the continuance of your felicity can possibly add to that of

Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XLIII.

From a Lady lately brought to-bed, to a Friend.

Dear Madam,

I have now the pleasure of informing you, that we have another person added to our family, and I am convinced you will rejoice to find, that though hardly three weeks have elapsed since my delivery, I am already able to take up the pen.

O, my friend ! how delightfully does the mind glow with gratitude, and 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, ecstasy and love ! My heart overflowed at once with gratitude, and the softest maternal affection. Though I have recovered beyond expectation, yet my head is still very weak ; indeed my eyes fail me ; and I am forced to conclude with repeating what I am sure you are well convinced of, that I am

Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XLIV.

From a Young Gentleman, to his Sister, who received the Visits of her Lover at improper Hours.

My dear Sister.

You think you are going to be married ; and I and your other friends think so likewise ; but we may be mistaken ; and as you seem to conduct yourself, you must not take it amiss that I tell you, if this should be the case, the consequences would be very disagreeable.



When

When I left you last night, I met Mr. Rupert in the street, when he told me he was going to you, and urged me to return with him. The clock had struck ten, my dear; an hour by no means proper for a single lady to admit the visits of any man. Do not be angry when I tell you, that I am afraid this is the case frequently, and that you do not know what you are doing. I believe Mr. Rupert to be a man of honour; and I believe that a regard for his own reputation and yours, as well as his friendship for me, would prevent him from entertaining an unworthy thought, while he is in your presence. But it is a bad custom; and were I a woman, with what knowledge I now have of the world, I do assure you I never would permit a man, were he ever so dear to me, to sup with me alone.

Take this advice, Charlotte—as that of a friend and a brother I mean it—something disagreeable enough to break off the match may happen. If it should be on your part, think how it will distress you, that you had ever allowed those familiarities to a man you find it proper to discard; and if it should be on his, those very familiarities will make it necessary for me to enquire into the cause of it.

I think I have put this imprudence of yours in a light in which you have not viewed it; and I dare say I need not write any more about it. Consult your own understanding, my dear Charlotte, and you will never have occasion for the advice of

Your affectionate Brother.

L E T T E R X L V .

From a Gentlewoman, to her Daughter, who was jealous of her Husband, containing Rules for her Conduct.

My dear Child,

IT has given me the most heart-felt uneasiness to hear that you think you have cause to suspect the fidelity of your husband. Let me entreat you, as you love your own happiness, to suppress those early risings of a passion that can procure you nothing but the keenest anguish of heart, and to give no

no ear to the idle tales of those officious and wicked people, who, perhaps, may find an interest 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 suspicion is 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, of rendering those evils real, which are now only imaginary. I say imaginary—for I cannot suppose a man of Mr. Johnson's education and understanding can be guilty of any thing so base and foolish.

But supposing what you have heard were true, your reproaches will only make him fly from home, and from you, to one who will side with him, and steel his heart against you. Thus would you contribute to the triumph of your guilty rival; 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 peevishness, driving him to the very person you would have him shun, endeavour 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, show him that you are determined to remember *your's*.

By these means, my dear, you will, in time, overpower 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 the man 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,

Your, &c.

Q 2 .

L E T.

LETTER XLVI.

From FRANCES to HENRY, a little before their Marriage, tenderly declaring her Love for him, and her Reliance upon his Fidelity, notwithstanding the Suspicions of her Acquaintance ; yet urging him to a thorough Explanation.

THE kind concern my dear Harry expressed in his last letter for my health, would, I think, render me unpardonable, if I did not feel as much pleasure in acquainting him with my recovery, as, I flatter myself, he will receive from the account. I am indeed much better, thanks to my regard for you ; for, were I not persuaded that my life is of moment to your happiness, how earnestly should I wish to abandon it ! The love of life, which is, I believe, implanted in the heart of every creature, renders death formidable to us while we are in perfect health ; but when the animal spirits are weakened by pain ; when we only live to misery, our sentiments are wholly changed, and we wish for death as a relief from torment. Think then, if my every thought, hope, and wish, were not centered in you, how earnestly should I have desired a deliverance from pain ! But perhaps I deceive myself ; perhaps in contradiction to what I have said, the voice of Nature, yet more powerful than that of love, made me wish to live—perhaps my life is of no consequence to you—“ I will, however, endeavour to banish the cruel reason that would inform me ; and preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life.”

As my first wish is to be beloved by you, my second is to be approved ; let me then, my Harry, giving full force to your protestations, account for what you unjustly call caprice. I own I love you enough to be guilty of the very folly you charge me with ; embittering the present happiness, by the fear of losing it. But it is not from this motive that I have mentioned our parting. I know and feel that my affection and friendship for you increase daily, therefore cannot suspect that yours for me are lessened ; but whenever I dare venture to ask myself what will be the end of our mutual attachment, I tremble at the reply my reason makes, and almost makes me wish we hated one another.—For the present, my regard for you renders every pleasure in life insipid to me, and every accident indifferent, that has

has not some relation to you ; — my whole time and thoughts are devoted to you, and business or pleasure are alike hateful to me.

For this indifference to the objects that surround me, I think myself amply rewarded by the pleasure I receive from your letters ; and wish for no other recompence for all my love and tenderness, but a continuance of yours. But tell me, my dearest Harry, in what will this end ? The little circle of my acquaintance speak of my attachment to you with seeming pity, from a belief that you have none to me. Answer me now, my heart's dear Harry, with truth and justice ; for Reason prompts the question, and Honour will not dally longer : can you indeed lay your hand on that dear breast, where Fanny's heart inhabits, and tell me you have love, honour, and constancy enough to repay all her past, present, and future sufferings, by seriously intending, whenever it is in your power, to make her your wife ? Consider well this point ; for it is of the highest moment to us both ; and on your answer entirely depends my continuing those pleasing ideas which have hitherto supported me through the various scenes of distress I have suffered for you ; or, by a proper resolution, erasing them and you for ever from my heart. Let not a false delicacy to yourself, or an affected tenderness for me, prevent your speaking your sentiments with that frankness which, I think, I ever merited from you, and be assured your speaking candidly, should it even acquaint me with the most unwelcome truths, will raise you higher in my esteem, than your attempting to amuse me with unmeaning expressions of regard. I do not indeed suspect that you have hitherto said any thing to me, which you did not think ; but as the matter in question is of the nicest nature, I would guard against every thing which could possibly aggravate the misfortune I am taught to apprehend.

Your reproaching me with want of tenderness, I can readily forgive : first, as my heart is armed so strong with truth that it repels the dart, nor suffers it to wound your image, which is lodged in its inmost recesses ; next, as my so often mentioning our parting, without having courage to assign the cause, might well warrant your seeming suspicion of my affection ; though I dare venture to affirm, you never yet injured me so far, as in reality to doubt it.

Let me now, my dear and best-beloved Harry, conjure

you by all the love and tenderness you ever vowed to me, to rest assured, that the words which I have written on the melancholy subject of our parting, have been so many daggers to my heart; and that no light suspicions of your love, or idle caprice of my own, has occasioned my reducing you to an explanation, which I would part with a limb to avoid; for though I cannot, will not doubt your love, yet I tremble at the trial.—No; my own heart bears witness to your truth; it is filled with you, and you alone; why then should I not, in contradiction to the world, believe this faithful evidence?—Alas! I fear it is too much your friend!

Deliver me, I intreat you, my heart's dear Harry, from the painful situation I am in: raise me at once to a higher sense of happiness than I have yet known, or plunge me into such a state of misery as can only be relieved by the sad cure of all our ills.

You have commanded me not to apologize for my writing—I obey—though conscious that, all my letters are written from the heart, they have nothing to atone for their folly, but their sincerity; which will ever impel me, through every season, change, and chance of life, to subscribe myself

Your's, and only Your's,

FRANCES.

L E T T E R XLVII.

From a Sprightly Lady of Quality in Town, to a Friend in the Country, on her Marriage.

My dear Lady Harriet,

If thou art she, but ah! how fallen, how changed, what an apostate! how lost to every thing that is gay or agreeable!—To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; for surely it cannot be more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of one's ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and of course confined to the conversation of a sober husband, and an awkward chambermaid. For variety, I suppose you have Madam in the grogram gown, the parson's spouse, who has by this time, I dare say, supplied you with receipts for

making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

Blest solitude!—I wish you joy, my dear, of your loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me, is immensely agreeable, and bears no kind of resemblance to what I have here described. But, child, I really fear thy brain is disordered with novels and romances. After having been married six weeks, to hear thee talk of *love*, and paint the country scenes so softly, is not a little extravagant. One would imagine you lived the lives of the sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of paradise, like Adam and Eve before the fall.

Let me beseech you to leave these whimsies, and come to town, in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I interest myself highly in your reputation, I cannot help giving you a little good advice, which it is necessary you should adopt as a married woman. It is somewhat insolent in me, perhaps, to counsel *amatron*; but I am so apprehensive that you will make an awkward figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in public with your husband. If you presume to take a saunter thro' St. James's Park, or to enter Mrs. *Cornelys*'s, or the Pantheon, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at a play, or an opera, unless you choose to be laughed at as a very *loving* couple, most *happily* paired in the yoke of wedlock.

I would recommend, my dear, the example of our friend Lady Bab Nevil, to your imitation. Bab is the most fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband; and when they do meet, by chance, you would think they had never seen each other before; nay, she never was heard to name him in his absence, or to suffer him to become the subject of any discourse in which she had a share.

Would you believe it, my dear? You have already become the nightly entertainment of one half of the tea-tables in town, particularly of Lady Bell Howard's. You would laugh to hear how rarely her Ladyship tells the town, that "she always thought you a prudent young person, and admirably well qualified for the management of a family."—She dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given to you; but she says she shall never forgive you for transforming the gallant Sir George Pelham into a downright

right domestic husband. After all, my dear, every one of us, as you may well perceive, longs to attain to your happiness, and no one more than

Your affectionate

CAROLINE WILLOUGHBY.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

The Answer.

THANKS, my dear Lady Caroline, a thousand thanks for your lively, entertaining letter. I am indeed happy in one of the best of husbands, and soon may you, my dear, be so likewise. For what is every unmarried woman so solicitous to adorn herself, to appear in every public place, but that she may make a conquest of some man deserving of her person and her fortune. There is no indecency in the confession ; the design is laudable, nor is it in the power of affectation to disguise it.

When I married, my Caroline, I bid adieu to every concern but that of pleasing my husband. Sir George is the object of my whole attention. If I dress, it is for him ; if I sing a song, it is because I know he likes it ; if I take up a book, it is to qualify myself for a conversation that may be agreeable to his taste. He is almost the subject of my devotion ; half my prayers are for his happiness : I am never so happy as when I mention him ; nor can I hear him mentioned by others, without feeling, if you will allow me the expression, the joys of paradise.

These, my dear, are satisfactions which I shall continue to feel when your ladies of the *bon ton*, as they are ridiculously called, and the coxcombs, whom they blush not to make the models of their behaviour, are irreparably ridiculous—ridiculous even in their old age.—Adieu, my dear Lady Caroline, and believe me, &c.

HARRIET PELHAM.

L E T -

L E T T E R XLIX.

From a Gentleman, to his Friend, exemplifying the real
Rise and Progress of Love in the Human Breast.

I Am sorry, dear Sir, that I cannot send you such agreeable intelligence as you seem to expect, and I could wish, of the success of our friend Willoughby, with the fair Miss Eaton.

He threw himself at her feet; and, in the common strain of lovers, “ Will you not (said he) take compassion on my youth?—will you not pity one that dies every moment for you?—will you not shew some tenderness to the man who never bowed to the god of love till now.”—Cease to persecute me, returned the lady, after she had paid him a compliment as cold as if it had come from the extremity of Greenland, cease to persecute me with idle stories of your passion, with your pretended darts, and your romantic flames—you do but lose your time and labour.

The youth was reduced to despair; and as anger on these occasions generally succeeds to love, vented the most bitter, reproachful expressions against her that his indignation could inspire him with; when his fury had spent itself, looking upon him with a scornful air,

“ I know (says she) how to punish the insolence of your tongue; all your sex are perfidious and false; you devour us, nay, you devour each other. The savage beasts in the woods, unless compelled by hunger, seldom attack travellers; but when they are taken by you, and have been debauched with a domestic education, they prove more errant brutes than any in the forest. In a word, your perjury and inconstancy teach us to throw aside all pity, and to treat you as you deserve; for in the first ardours of your love you can be all night at our thresholds on the bare ground; you can say the most sublime things in the world; you can whine and cry, and make fools of yourselves, while you make goddesses of us. You have oaths perpetually at command, and with those counters you deceive us; but no sooner have you attained the summit of your wishes, than, like ungrateful beggars, you grow insolent and haughty; you make our credulity the subject of your unmannered mirth, and you disdainfully spurn us from you, though perhaps not an hour before you had knelt at our feet as if each of us

us had been a divinity. You are all atheists as to love, and exultingly exclaim, that Jupiter has other business upon his hands than to trouble himself with the vows of lovers."

Thus did Miss Eaton discard our unfortunate friend ; and, partial as I am to Jack Willoughby, I cannot help owning there is a good deal of truth in her invectives.

I am, &c.

LETTER L.

From a Young Lady, to an unknown Gentleman, who had for some Time teized her wth Love Letters, in Answer to his last, in which he had given her his Address.

SIR,

YOU have at length done me a favour, by giving me your direction, which enables me to return you all the billet-doux you have taken the trouble to write to me, and to assure you that, after the first, I should not even have damaged the seals, had not the superscription been always in different hands, so that it was impossible to know whence, or from whom the letter came.

Though I might well be dispensed with for not sending any answer to a man who is utterly unknown to me, and whom I cannot possibly encourage, I have yet complied with your request, to put an end to all future trouble on both sides.

I am convinced, Sir, even from the little experience I have acquired, that there can be but two motives for your romantic addresses ;—the hope of repairing, by my fortune, some defects which your own may labour under ; or the caprice of amusing yourself at the expence of that vanity which you might expect to excite in me. But I am not to be made the dupe of either.

I have parents, Sir, who deserve, and have a right to demand, my unlimited confidence ; by them, not only all my actions, but even my will, shall be invariably regulated ; and to that end I have intrusted the favour of them to peruse, before I see it, every letter that may hereafter be directed to me.

This

This I am persuaded, is the most effectual method a young woman can take to shield herself from the numberless artifices of designing men; and I am likewise persuaded that those who have *love* for their *incitement*, and *honour* for their *aim*, will never be offended at it.

I am, as far as prudence permits, and good manners require,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R LI.

From a Young Woman in Service, to one of her Master's Lodgers, who attempted her Honour.

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

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

Perhaps you may presume the more upon me, as I have no brother, no relation, of your own rank, to call you to

account with the point of his sword for such an injury.— Alas! what a cowardly, rascally turn of mind is that, to prey upon the defenceless? The man who wears a sword should rather be the protector of the meanest of our sex against lawless ruffians, than become one himself.

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

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

MARIA BEAUMONT.

L E T T E R LII.

From a Young Gentleman, to his Sister, on the Point of Marriage.

YOU are in the right, my dear sister, when you say that prudence and virtue will certainly procure the esteem of a husband; but unhappily esteem alone will not constitute a happy marriage; passion also must be kept alive, which the continual presence of the beloved object is too apt to make subside into that apathy, so insupportable to a sensible mind. The higher your rank, and the less your manner of life separates you from each other, the more danger there will be of this indifference. The poor, whose necessary avocations divide them all day, and whose sensibility is blunted by the coarseness of their education, run no hazard of being weary of each other; and, unless naturally vicious, you will see them generally happy in wedlock; whereas even the virtuous, in more affluent circumstances, are not secure from this cessation of tenderness.

I have been reading Madam de Maintenon's advice on this subject to the Duchess of Burgundy; and I shall therefore transcribe so much of it as relates to the woman; leaving

ing her advice to the princess to those whom it may concern. "Do not hope for perfect happiness (says she) there is no such thing in this sublunary state; our sex is the more exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependence: be neither angry at, or ashamed of, this dependence on a husband, or any of those which are in the order of Providence. Let your husband be your best friend, your only confidant; do not hope that your union will procure you perfect peace; the best marriages are those, where with love and softness, and patience, they bias by turns with each other; there are none without some contradiction and disagreements. Do not expect the same degree of friendship that you feel: men are in general less tender than women, and you will be unhappy, if you are too delicate in friendship. Beg of God to guard your heart from jealousy: do not hope to bring back a husband by complaints, ill humour, and reproaches; the only means which promise success are patience and softness: impatience sours and alienates hearts; softness leads them back to their duty. Men are naturally tyrannical; they will have pleasure and liberty, yet insist that women renounce both: do not examine whether their rights are well founded; let it suffice that they are established. They are masters; we know only to obey and suffer with a good grace."

Thus far Madame de Maintenon, who must be allowed to have been no incompetent judge of the human heart.— Do not, however, my dear, be alarmed at the picture she has drawn of marriage; nor fancy with her that women are only born to suffer and obey. You will think it presumption, perhaps, to add my sentiments to those of the renowned Maintenon, yet I cannot help expressing a wish that you may study the taste of your husband, and endeavouring to acquire a taste for those pleasures which he appears most to affect. Let him find amusement at home, but be not peevish at his going abroad. He will return with a heightened relish for your conversation. In your address, be exquisitely delicate in every respect; receive his friends with good breeding and complacency; contrive such little parties of pleasure as you know will be agreeable to him; be lively, even to playfulness, in the general turn of your conversation with him; but, at the same time, spare no pains to improve your understanding, so as to render yourself the companion of his graver hours. Be not ignorant of any

which it becomes your sex to know; but, of all things, avoid an affectation of knowledge. Let your œconomy be exact, but without appearing otherwise than by the effect; do not imitate those, who, by ill temper make a husband pay dear for their fidelity; let virtue in you be dressed in smiles, and be assured that cheerfulness is the native garb of innocence. In a word, my dear Betsy, do not lose the mistress in the wife, but let your behaviour to Mr. Franklin, as a husband, be such as you would have thought proper to attract him as a lover; have always the idea of pleasing before you, and you cannot fail to please.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R - LIII.

From a Gentleman to a Friend, on the general Folly of Women, in preferring a *reformed Rake* to a Man of Virtue and Sobriety.

Dear Bob,

I believe I may venture to say, without incurring the accusation of vanity, or self-conceit, that I am generally allowed, by most of my acquaintance, to be a young fellow of virtue and sobriety; qualities which, I imagined, foolish I confess, would have recommended me to the favour of the fair sex, instead of prejudicing them against me. But I deceived myself.

Happening lately to fall into company with a large parcel of ladies, where matrimony was the topic, one of the company, who thinks herself entitled to say free things, because, forsooth, nobody questioned her reputation, had the audacity to advance, that reformed Rakes make the best husbands. I turned my eyes to my fair companions, expecting to see some stand up the champions of virtue, and contradict, on her part, this libertine assertion, while the rest should have supported it with all the artillery of frowns which the sex know so well how to play off upon occasion. But what was my surprize, any friend, when I saw a simper of approbation upon every countenance! I left the company very much mortified; but though in my anger I wished every one of them to make the experiment, yet my natural goodwill to them prevailed, and induced me to throw together

ther a few reflections on this error so fatal to themselves, so prejudicial to virtue, and so unjust to real merit : and here they are for your perusal.

Considering the influence the sexes have on each other, the ladies have a great deal to answer for, in thus deterring us from virtue, by declaring their preference to vice ; since a man may, upon this principle, set out with a resolution to run on in a course of extravagance and dissipation, being assured, that when he is tired of it, he has a better chance of obtaining an agreeable partner for the remainder of his life, than if he had lived like an honest man, and a rational being.

Even policy, one would imagine, might tell a virtuous woman that she can have little prospect of happiness with a reformed rake, granting he is secure from a relapse of which he must be hourly in danger, since from his being acquainted chiefly with the abandoned part of the sex, he forms, from them, his notions of the whole ; and because his behaviour has excluded him from the virtuous, he wisely concludes there are none such in the world. This will make him jealous and suspicious ; for as he cannot confide in the principles of his wife, he has nothing to depend on but his own watchfulness, which he seems to have strong occasion for, since, judging by his own heart, he fancies all men like himself. The lady will, therefore, find herself obliged to set the strictest guard on her words and looks, the most innocent of which may be prevented by his most severe constructions. In the next place, if he be thoroughly reformed, it is highly probable he may have laid up such a store of remorse, as may render him not the most agreeable companion in his reflecting hours, and, added to an impaired constitution, will give him a tolerable share of peevishness ; besides that, having seen the vanity of pleasure, he will expect his spouse should take his word for it, and give up even her most innocent amusements. Read these remarks, Bob, to your sister ; and if she is tainted with the prevailing folly, I hope they will have a due effect upon her. Believe me, at all times,

Her and your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R LIV.

From a Young Lady lately married, to a Friend.

" **V**E gay scenes of dissipation; ye motley crowds, who dance, in giddy sounds, through the various maze of vanity and pride; ye wanton circle, whom delusive pleasure still beckons forward, and still deceives, adieu!—Welcome ease, tranquility, and all the serene joys of domestic life!—But where am I wandering. Already my imagination hears Lucinda exclaim, “ What means all this *strapody*? ” Not to keep you longer in suspense, my dear friend, I am married; and you are at liberty to call me an unfashionable creature. I am ready to bear every opprobrious epithet with which the tea-table shall think fit to brand my name. I am ready to bear them with pleasure, and, like a true martyr, to glory in my sufferings. For know that I have learned to estimate things according to their value. I have learned to think the censure of those who esteem me, censurable for my present conduct, the greatest honour. Still, methinks, you say, “ Why, silly creature, did you not flutter a little longer in the bright regions of pleasure? It would have been soon enough to have resigned your liberty when your charms were in their decay; when you was in distress, you might have sought the port of wedlock, and have found a secure refuge in the arms of a husband. But, in the flower of youth and beauty, when all confessed themselves subdued by the power of your eyes, to confine, voluntarily to confine, your conquests within the narrow limits of one heart! 'tis madness! ”—Ah! Lucinda, I would not barter the share I possess in that dear heart, to gain the admiration of all those vain, empty, silly, flattering things that figure in the fashionable world: and I am persuaded, that, did you taste the exquisite bliss of sincere affection, your ideas of pleasure would be so exalted by the taste, that you would wonder how once you could have lived the life which is called a life of pleasure; which should be called a life of splendid misery.

Yes, my dear, I am married—married the man I love—by whom I am beloved. For never sure did affection meet with such ample returns. If perfect happiness ever falls to the lot of mortals, it has fallen to mine: nor will I think my bliss is short-lived. By experience I can contradict that pre-

prevailing opinion, which maintains that indifference is always the consequence of possession. Every hour I receive fresh instances of tenderness, and every hour I give.—Thus far I will be confident—my heart shall never lose the deep impressions that it has received; and I flatter myself, that I have taken such possession of another heart, as will render it impossible for me to be rejected. No; I never will entertain suspicions of infidelity in that breast which has so often poured itself out to my view, and in which I held nothing but love.

By this time, I imagine, you are impatient to have a description of the object of my affection. But, alas! my love makes me think that others are fond of knowing what I am fond of relating. However it be, excuse my impertinence when I tell you that my partner is in the flower of his age; not a perfect beauty, yet agreeable; in conversation gay, sensible, and sprightly, yet not affected; in dress neat, yet plain; without the least tincture of that odious animal, a coxcomb. In a word, he is easy, affable, good-natured, polite and genteel; and, what in my esteem, is his least recommendation, he is possessed of a moderate and independent fortune. I have said enough (and I have said nothing but the truth) to justify my choice.

You see, my dear, I have been very explicit; I fear tedious. However, I have experienced the amiableness of your disposition often enough to be able to promise myself your pardon. But in return for my frankness to you, I must beg you to give me your confidence: And believe me, in whatever unfavourable light I view the greater part of the beau monde; yet I never shall esteem any thing in which you, Lucinda, are interested, uninteresting to:

Your Sincere Friend,

LETTER LV.

A Declaration of Love from a Gentleman in reduced Circumstances, to a Lady of Fortune.

Madam,

FROM the hour in which I first beheld you, your lovely image has never quitted my eyes, nor your idea my remembrance. Unable to remain at such a distance from you, I have ventured to appear in your presence. But how shall I excuse myself, or tell you the purpose for which I am come hither?—tell you that though unknown to you, and without any recommendation, I am come to ask you to think favourably of me. My station in life, and prospects of fortune, would once have entitled me to make such proposals to Sir George Howell, as might, with your approbation, have proved agreeable. But unhappily these are now obscured, and all I have to offer in my own behalf, is, that I love you with the most ardent and pure affection, that if the fear of being supplanted by some rich and powerful rival, had not driven me almost to madness, I would have remained silent, till fortune should make me in some degree worthy of your hand. On your mercy, Madam, I throw myself. Distracted with the fears of losing you for ever, I only wish to know my fate from your lips; and if I shall be banished from your sight, misery and despair must be my portion. Permit me to assure you that I am, and ever shall be, with the truest affection, and the most sincere respect,

Madam,

Your devoted Servant,

EDWARD JENKINSON.

LETTER LVI.

From a Lady suspicious of the Sincerity of her Lover, requesting an Explanation from him.

HOW can I regard or believe the assurances of one, who ~~has~~ has already been guilty of deceit? I trusted to your honour and your honesty, and you have betrayed them. My father has permitted me to see you once more. Tomorrow evening I shall be at home, and shall be glad to hear what you can say in your defence, or why you have imposed upon the too credulous

MATILDA RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

A pathetic Letter from an unhappy Lady, Miss P. of M—, in Somersetshire, to the Hon. Mr. ———.

THE various passions that agitated my distracted soul have subsided, and I now am calm. I am alone, and in no danger of interruption : the insignificants that fluttered round me are fled ; and their departure gives me no uneasiness.

I am at leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am : admired, applauded, courted ; avoided, despised, pitied. However, when I take a view of my own heart, the prospect is less gloomy. I have been incautious, but not abandoned ; indiscreet, but not vicious ; faulty, but not depraved. If female virtue consists, as I have sometimes been told, in female reputation, my virtue is indeed gone : but if, as my soberer reason teaches, virtue be independent on human opinion, I feel myself its ardent votary, and my heart is pregnant with its noblest principles. The children of ignorance cannot, and the children of malevolence will not, comprehend this ; but I court not their approbation, nor fear their censure.

My soul, it must be owned, was formed of sensibility, formed for all the luxury of the melting passions ; but it is equally true, that the severest delicacy had ever a place there. The groves of M— can witness, that whenever the loves presided at the entertainment, the graces were not absent ; that, in the very delirium of pleasure, the rapture was chastened, and the transport restrained.

My understanding was never made procurer to my fonder wishes ; nor did I ever call in the wretched aids of a sceptical and impious philosophy to countenance my unhappy fall. Though nature was my goddess and my law-giver, I never dreamt of appealing from the decisions of positive institutions. My principles were uncorrupted, whilst my heart was warm ; and if I fell as a woman, yet you know at the same time that I fell like Cæsar, with decent dignity.

I write not to justify myself to you. You deserve not, you desire not any such justification ; but whilst I lay open my heart, I advise you to examine your own. The hour of reflection seldom comes too soon ; and what must your sensations

sations be, when you recollect that you have violated all laws, divine and human, broken through every principle of virtue, and every tie of humanity ; that you have offered an insult to the kind genius of hospitality, the benevolent spirit of good neighbourhood, and the sacred and dignified powers of friendship ! I mean not to reproach you ; but suffer me to ask, Was it not sufficient that you had added my name to the list of your infamous triumphs, (for infamous they are; in spite of sophistry, gaiety, and the mode) that you had ranked me amongst the daughters of wretchedness and ignominy, deprived me of my father, my all of comfort, and my all of hope : were not these things, I say, sufficient, without adding to them the meanness and the baseness of publicly speaking of me, in the streets of Y——l, in language that a gentleman would not have used to the vilest wanton that ever breathed the infected air of St. Clements ? Weak, unhappy man ! I am now indeed ashamed of my defeat.

For myself, I am well aware, the world is not my friend, nor the world's law. I expect not, nor desire its favour ; it never forgives offences of this kind. My own sex, in particular, is inexorable : for never did female kindness shed a tear of genuine commiseration on misfortunes like mine. The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others, the affected concern, the self-approved condolance, sufficiently teach me what is the friendship of women. But I have no anxiety on this account. The remainder of my days I give to solitude : and if heaven will bear my most ardent prayer, if my presaging heart and declining strength deceive me not, this remainder will not be long. Sister angels shall with joy receive me into their happy choirs, though my too virtuous sisters in this world avoid my company as contagious. In the mean time, never shall the returning sun gild the roof of my humble habitation, but I will drop a tear of deep repentance to the fatal indiscretion that robbed me of my peace, and plunged a whole family in misery ; and when the hour of my delivery comes, if an offended-parent will but take me in his arms, and pronounce me forgiven, my heart shall again be sensible of comfort ; joy shall once more sparkle in the eyes of

ELIZA.

LETTER

L E T T E R LVIII.

From Mrs. Mildmay to her Daughter lately married.

My dear Child,

I shared too severely the anguish of your heart, on our separation, to attempt to mitigate its excess ; but reason or rather the dictates of christianity convince me, we shall be blameable in indulging an immoderate sorrow. I intreat you, my Louisa, to be influenced by the same motive which consoles me ; and if we consider calmly, we shall own that our situation is in every other respect so happy, as infinitely to exceed our cause for affliction. My children have shewn in their choice, that prudence may be blended with sincere affection, and that true love is not the blind, mutable deity painted in poetry and romance ; but the offspring of reason, congenial with virtue, and co-existent with eternity. Oh ! my child, with what refined tenderness did I regard your dear father ! and with what energy did revelation soothe the affliction of my soul on his loss, by confirming my hopes of a blissful re-union ! These my Dear, are extatic thoughts ! they ennable the mind, purify the heart, soften the unavoidable calamities of life, and heighten our relish of all its blessings. Rejoice, my dear daughter, in being one cause of the sensations I feel on the prospect, that you and my soul will enjoy such felicity as I have described.

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

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

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

Let unreserved confidence reign between you and your husband. It will render remonstrances unnecessary; which are more frequently thought to proceed from an affected superiority, than a desire of awakening to conviction. Appearances are often so deceitful, that they may warp our judgment; suspicions may be injurious, and inspire disgust, but confidence banishes apprehensions.

My dear child, are you not too apprehensive? Do you not shew a distrust which may really abate Sir William's love? I will give you, my Louisa, a recital of my own weakness, which I hope will fortify you. Soon after I married Mr. Mildmay, I buried my last surviving parent and relation, so that all the affection of a naturally tender heart centered in him. It is impossible for words to describe my love. He repaid it with an equal fondness; but my diffidence rendered me fearful, that when he saw other people in company lively and entertaining, he might be disgusted by

By my insipidity. I could not conquer a reserve which made me silent, when I knew he wished me to impart my sentiments. The apprehensions of losing any part of my husband's regard rendered me very uneasy. He perceived that I was melancholy, and tenderly insisted on knowing the cause. A fear of offending him kept me a while silent, but Mr. Mildmay still begging I would tell him, I, at last, bursting into tears, owned to him the disquietude of my heart. He gazed upon me some minutes without answering; then taking my hand, "My dear Theodosia," said he, "I thank you for this acknowledgment. My heart gives me a delightful assurance, that it is firmly attached to you and you alone; yet I do not impute your fears to any particular suspicions of me, but to your observation of the frailty of human nature in general, and to your imperfect knowledge of your own merit. Would you examine your own mind, you would find in it so many virtues, that the examination would surely enable you to subdue all apprehensions which occasion a suppression of your sentiments. I now give you a solemn promise, that to heaven and you I will be accountable for every thought word and action; I will behave with no particular caution in your presence, as this would introduce a constraint which might have dangerous consequences. My fidelity is guarded by considerations of love and duty; yet I intreat of you, my dearest Theodosia, as you value my eternal happiness, that you will tell me if any part of my conduct affects your peace. Should you think any of my amusements have an improper tendency, or should my reasons fail of contributing to your entire satisfaction, conceal nothing from me. Whatever diversions I may partake in your absence, if mine causes you the least uneasiness, remember that nothing is, or ought to be, so desirable to me as the preservation of your happiness. If my natural disposition inclined me to a dissipated life, I should not give this advice, nor would it be prudent in you to act in this manner. The mildest insinuations, though not really injurious would then be offensive, and a woman who finds her husband to be of a gay turn, must endeavour to appear always cheerful and agreeable. Hard task to an ingenuous mind! Yet religious considerations have supported many persons in this arduous trial. Yours, my Theodosia, shall be an easier task. I am persuaded that your mind and person must suffer an entire change, before I be able

able to make any comparison to the diminution of my love and esteem."—These assurances composed me to tranquility, and I never afterwards indulged the painful propensity.

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

We had an agreeable journey down — Your brother goes on with his studies to the admiration of every body, and is as happy as it is possible a human being can be.

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

Your ever affectionate mother
THEODOSIA MILDMAK.

LETTER LIX.

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

Dear Emily,

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

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

Affectionate Cousin,

CLARA DIGBY.

P A R T IV.

LETTERS on MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS,
by eminent Persons.

L E T T E R L

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

My Lord,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship : you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends ; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you ; for being the most insignificant of all your humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims ; to make you a General, because you had courage and conduct ; an Ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe ; and an Admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs : whereas according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's. The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he

was just upon the point of leaving the Bath : I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune. I remember, lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write *at* you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this country of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R II.

From the Earl of PETERBOROUGH to MR. POPE.

WHENEVER you apply as a good papist to your female mediatrix, you are sure of success ! but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission to Mother-Church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the haycock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheel-barrow : surely such letters might escape examination.

Your idea of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes; and I would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh ! how I wish to myself and my friends, a freedom which fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves ! Why is our shepherdess in voluntary slavery ? Why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us ? And why are you confined to what you cannot believe ?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journies beforehand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But

the de'll will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of corruption.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R III.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord FOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances; as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not a secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of œconomy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, *That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart.* Pray, my lord, enquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have

demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for six-pence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in *London*; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who, I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for lady *Bolingbroke's* ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before: which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground; but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and, I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend *Congreve's* verses to lord *Cobham*, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in *Horace* to *Tibullus*, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in *Asia*, and hardly a thimbleful in *Europe*. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there.

there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme in spite of your notions, to govern *England* upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about 1900 years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read *Baronius*.

L E T T E R IV.

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

NOW hold the pen for my lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your letter between two haycocks ; but his intention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me ; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the power like *Augustus*, and another with all the pleasures like *Anthony*. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree; that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him ; and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter will enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishoprick in *England*. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his hay-makers ; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.

—Now turn over a new leaf,—he bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in *Ireland* an hour.

The *Dunciad* is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Preemæ, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notes variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best; whether dry railly, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics: or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill, Dr. *Arbuthnot* vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R V.

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR,

Oates, Sept. 3, 1694.

I HAVE so much the advantage in the bargain, if friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfaction you find in yourself on that account, you must allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendship of ingenuous and worthy men; and therefore you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farther hopes; for it is no small reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your judgment

judgment and candor, that I think myself secure in you from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will silently pass by any thing you are not thoroughly satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the advertisements I have received from you of this kind, will satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth, and that your animadversions will not be lost upon me. Any faults you shall meet with in reasoning, in perspicuity, in expression, or of the press, I desire you to take notice of, and send me word of; especially if you have any where any doubt; for I am persuaded that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men used to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatretiy, and a little foolish vain-glory of not having made a mistake. I shall not need to justify what I have said of you in my book: the learned world will be vouchers for me; and that in an age not very free from envy and censure. But you are very kind to me, since, for my sake, you allow yourself to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilst your modesty checks at the other part of your character. But assure yourself, I am as well persuaded of the truth of it, as of any thing else in my book: it had not else been put down in it: it only wants a great deal more I had to say, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwise you had been disappointed, if you had depended on Mr. Gibbs; as a letter I writ to you from London about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, and most humble Servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

Dr. GARTH to ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq; inclosing a Poem, called, his *Dispensary*.

SIR,

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still more discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you should be but justice, and to tell you so should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem, by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe, that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression: but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude, that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers. But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions, those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous Reitors; insomuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own. Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in,

Your humble servant,

L.E.T.

L E T T E R VII.

Queen ANN BOLEYN's last Letter to King HENRY VIII.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant: whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty, perform your command. But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire: If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace

Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled upon that party, for whose sake I am now as I am ; whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness ; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof ; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request ; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Mr. BEVIL GRANVILLE, upon his entering into
holy Orders.

WHEN I look upon the date of your last letter, I must own myself blameable for not having sooner returned you my thanks for it.

I approve very well of your resolution of dedicating yourself to the service of God ; you could not chuse a better master, provided you have so sufficiently searched your heart, as to be persuaded you can serve him well : in so doing, you may secure to yourself many blessings in this world, as well as a sure expectation in the next.

These

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from, which is flattery ; you have bestowed so much of that upon me in your letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of such flights of fancy, which however well meant, oftner put a man out of countenance than oblige him.

You are now become a searcher after truth ; I shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly reproved by you, than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you understand me as if I recommended to you a sour severity, that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like physic, should be so sweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt against it. Be always sincere, but at the same time always polite : be humble, without descending from your character ; reprove and correct without offending good manners ; to be a Cynic is as bad as to be a sycophant. You are not to lay aside the gentleman with your sword, nor to put on the gown to hide your birth and good breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the world from the beginning, that pride, avarice, and ambition, have been charged upon the priesthood in all ages, in all countries, and in all religions ; what they are most obliged to combat against in their pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their conduct. It behoves you therefore to be more upon your guard in this, than in any other profession : let your example confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach you with practising contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, Dr. Dennis Granville, dean of Durham, whose memory I shall ever revere, make him your example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very beauty of holiness : he was as cheerful as familiar, and condescending in his conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his piety : as well bred and accomplished as a courtier ; as reverend and venerable as an apostle ; he was indeed in every thing apostolical, for he abandoned all to follow his Lord and Master.

May you resemble him ! may he revive in you ! may his spirit descend upon you as Elijah's upon Elisha ! and may

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the great God of heaven in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down his best and choicest blessings upon you! You shall ever find me, dear Nephew,

Your most affectionate Uncle, and sincere Friend,

LANSDOWNE.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. STEELE.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

IHAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose * will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

* The notes to his translation of Homer.

L E T T E R XI.

From Mr. FARQUHAR abroad, to a Friend in England;
containing a humorous Description of Holland, &c.

Dear Sam,

THE usual excuse of gentlemen abroad for neglecting their friends at home, is, that new sets of different objects continually entertaining us with changes of admiration, the ideas of our old acquaintance are by degrees worn out by the accession of the new. But this kind of forgetfulness were too severe a charge upon the merit of my friends and my own gratitude, both of which I will choose to maintain ; and I leave it to your charity to make an excuse for my silence. The truth is, I have had a very tedious fit of sickness, which had almost sent your friend a longer journey than he was willing to undertake ; but being now pretty well recovered, I can only inform you in general, that every day surprizes me with some agreeable object or other ; and I find, very much to my wonder, that the accounts I have had of this country are very different from the observations that may be made upon the place. Some general remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the industry of the Dutch, but the luxury of the English ; and that the money laid out in the taverns in London, in purchasing diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully with their wholesome course of diet ; that the standing army maintained by the Dutch for their security against a foreign force, are not half so expensive as the fifty thousand lawyers kept up by our civil factions in England, for no other use but to set us continually by the ears ; people, like the Jews, who are tolerated in all governments for the interest of the public, while their main drift is to enrich themselves, and who, by their gettings and cunning, have brought their riches and practice into a proverb. The lawyers here put the question only, whether the thing be lawful ; and, upon application to the statutes, the controversy is immediately determined. But our casuists at Westminster dispute, not so much upon the legality of the cause, as upon the letter of the law, and make more cavils upon the meaning of the words that should determine justice, than upon the equity

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of the allegations contended for by the parties ; and the bulk of our laws have loaded justice so heavily, that it becomes a burthen to the people, who, in regard of their sufferings of this kind, should borrow an appellation from physic, and be called patients rather than clients.

Another thing worth consideration, in respect to the laws in Holland, is this : none but honest men make estates by their practice; for the siding with the wrong party brings the lawyer into contempt, and lays him under a severe reprehension, either of ignorance in his business, or of knavery to the people. Hence it comes to pass, that injustice, not finding a patron to support its cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring kingdom, where the wrong side was never known to make its assertors blush where the eloquence of ——, and the impudence of —— are plausible pretences for patronising justice, and abusing the client. But there are bravoes in all parts of the world, that will take money for cutting of throats, whether there be grounds for the resentment or not.

So much for the law—now for the gospel, Sam. I think Holland may contend for the catholic church with any part in Europe, because it is more universal in its religion than any country in the universe. It is a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians, and Greeks, swarming together like a hive of bees, without one sting of devotion to hurt one another ; they all agree about the business of this life, because a community in trade is the interest they drive at ; and they never jostle in the way to the life that is to come, because every one takes a different road. One great cause of this amiable correspondence and agreement is, that only the laity of these professions compose the mixture ; here are no ingredients of priesthood to sour the compositions ; pulpits indeed they have, but not like Hudibras's ecclesiastical drums, that are continually beating up for volunteers, to the alarm of the whole nation. Here is no interest of sect to be managed under the cloak of gaining proselytes to the truth ; nor strengthening of parties, by pretence of reclaiming of souls ; every shepherd is content with his own flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope, and Presbyter, are all Christians in this, that they live in unity and concord.

We have a notion in England, that the Dutch are great drunkards. Whether this asperion rises from some people

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confounding the High Dutch with the Low, or that there is a softishness in their mien and complexions, I cannot determine; but this I can assure you, that the report is as false as should I aver that the people in London are the most chaste and sober gentlemen in the world. It is true, indeed, they will take off a toping glass of brandy; but that is no more than what is absolutely necessary to moderate the moisture and coldness of their constitution, and is used in such quantity, by the meaner sort only, who, lying constantly in the water, must require an allowance to fortify themselves against the chillness of their habitations; for you must know that their whole families, men, women, and children, live continually in boats, and have no more tenement upon dry land, than a Thames salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their *taking a cup of the creature**, I have not yet seen but one Dutchman drunk; and though his impertinence was no more than what is naturally incident to any person in his condition, yet the whole boat full of people, to the number of sixty persons, shewed the greatest aversion imaginable to his circumstances, except two or three jolly Englishmen, who made very good sport with his humour; and had not we, with some French gentlemen, protected his carcase, his countrymen would have souised him in the canal very heartily for his debauch.

As the laborious life of the inferior sort requires an exhilarating glass, so the same necessity, both as to time and changes, secures them from excess: and for their gentry, they are indeed sociable in their own houses; but were it not for strangers, all places of public entertainment must necessarily fall—which is the strongest argument imaginable for the sobriety and temperance of a people; whereas it is very well known, that if the very taverns of London, with seven or eight handsome churches, and one or two of our inns of court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the banks of a river, they would make a figure with some of the most remarkable cities in Europe. This indeed is a noble argument of the riches of England; but whether our luxury, which sprung from

* This is a low, familiar phrase, which was very common when Mr. Farquhar lived, but ought by no means to be adopted now, even in a familiar epistle like this.

plenty, or the temperance of Holland, which is the effect of necessity, be the happier state, is a question which at present I want leisure to determine.

Another account we have current among us, that there are no beggars in Holland; and that they are very careful in employing the poor. That their manufactures require a great many hands, is most certain, but ocular demonstration is too strong a proof against their industry. I am apt to believe that the order of the mendicant is of a very late institution, else so visible a falsity could never have put this trick upon travellers. Whether their late expensive wars have reined more people than their manufactures can employ, or the poverty of the Spaniards in the neighbouring Netherlands hath by degrees infected the meaner sort, I cannot be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well disposed christian may find as many objects of charity here, as in any part of England, if we may judge of their wants by the fervency of their cries.

I do believe that the charity of the Dutch is no great encouragement to beggars; which is the reason, I conceive, that the poor flock to all the highways and *tracks-kouts*, where the opportunity is good for application to strangers.

From these, and some other such like particulars, I found it a matter of speculation, how the generality of the English nation, being so near neighbours to this state, should be so very short in the knowledge of the manners and constitution of this people; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following accounts.

Most of our English that visit this place, are either young gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or merchants that make a short trip upon their own private concerns.

It is the usual way with the first of these to take Holland *en passant*, either going or coming; and, being youthful sparks, are so fond of the finery of Paris, and the delicacy of Rome, that they have not leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the solidity of this place. France and Italy are their provinces, and Holland is their inn upon the road; they lie for a night, and away the next morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the Dutch manner of travelling is very commodious; that the Hague is a pretty village, Amsterdam a fine city, and that the people are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable creatures; and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of Old England than

than this peremptory declaration. I would willingly understand how gentlemen can make a true estimate of the wit and ingenuity of a people, when they do not stay to make one acquaintance in the country, nor can speak one syllable of their language.

Most of our young nobility and gentry travel under the tuition of French governors, who, however honest in their intentions of serving their pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moi-même*; and from the prejudice of birth and education, like all other people, are most inclinable to the manners, language, dress, and behaviour of their own nation; and though perfectly skilled, perhaps, in the accomplishments that compose what we call a fine gentleman, yet it is probable they may fall short in those qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an Englishman, in respect to the interest of his country; and of these I take the Dutch language to be none of the most trivial.

The second sort of people that make a turn into this country, are our merchants, whose speculations are limited by a few particulars: their affairs not extending to the policies of state, nor the humours of the people, they are satisfied to mind their business only, and to understand the encouragement of trade, the prices and customs upon goods, the value of stock, and the rates of exchange. Their conversation lies chiefly between the storehouse and the Broad-side, and that in one or two cities at most, where their correspondents are resident. So that all the account we can expect from these persons must only relate to their trade in general, or to some particular branch of it, which is universally understood already, through the intercourse of our dealing, - and neither so improving to our policy, nor satisfactory to the curious.

But even among their encouragements of trade, so universally known and admired, as the advantageous situation of their country, their natural propensity to navigation, the lowness of their imposts, &c. yet, by an odd accident, I came to understand one policy in their trading constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written account whatsoever. The matter was thus in all its circumstances. One day upon the exchange at Rotterdam, I casually met a gentleman, who some time ago lived one of the most considerable merchants in Ireland; and about some four years since, by his great losses at sea, was

forced to fly his country in a very mean condition. I put him in mind of his misfortunes, by a favour he once conferred upon me of a bottle of claret, and a neat's tongue, at launching of a new ship that he had built in Dublin ; which vessel (bottom and goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first voyage. The gentleman seemed very sensible of his misfortunes, but withal told me, that he had still a glass of wine, and a tongue at my service, if I would come and see him at his house that evening. I made him a visit, and found, to my no small surprize, a handsome house neatly furnished, excellent meat, and as good burgundy as ever joyed the heart of man. I took the freedom to ask my merchant how a bankrupt should come by all this ; in answer to which, he gave me the following account of his affairs.

The Dutch, Sir, said he, have a law, that whatever merchant in any part of Europe, who has had any considerable traffic with this country, whose honesty is apparent by his former accounts, and can prove, by a sufficient testimony, that his losses and misfortunes are not chargeable upon his ignorance nor extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate chance, above the reach of human prevention ; that then such a merchant may repair to them, have the freedom of any sea port in the state ; have a supply of whatever money he is willing to take up out of the public revenue, upon the bare security of his industry and integrity ; and all this upon the current interest, which is seldom above four per cent.

Pursuant to this, continued the gentleman, my qualifications for this credit being sufficiently testified, I took up here two thousand pounds sterling ; and in two years have gained fifty per cent ; so that, by God's assistance, and my own diligent endeavours, I question not but, in a few years, I shall be able to shew my face to my creditors, return to my country, and there live in *statu quo*.

Here are two points remarkable enough ; a charitable action to relieve distressed strangers, and a policy of state for the interest of the republic, which you may soon discover by repeating the condition. His honesty must be manifest from his former accounts, his sufficiency in business apparent from his precedent manner of dealing, his misfortunes such as were above human prevention, as by storms, pirates, or the like ; but above all, he must have some con-

siderable traffic with this country. There is the clincher, the *utile*, the greatest encouragement imaginable for all foreigners to traffic with this nation, and, for the most ingenious traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a residence among them : and what life and vigour these two circumstances may add to the trade of a nation, the flourishing condition of this people is the most sufficient witness.

Now, Sam, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest weary with our own writings. The gravity of my style you must impute to the air of the country, and the length of my letter to a rainy day, that has kept me within ; and to excuse the matter it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a gentleman who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a truth, that I am

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

From Mr. WALLER, to Lady LUCY SIDNEY, upon the Marriage of Lady DOROTHY, her Sister, to Lord SPENCER, at Penshurst, July 11, 1639.

MADAM,

IN the common joy at Penshurst, I know no one to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship ; the loss of a bedfellow being almost equal to that of a mistress ; and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to the imprecations of the deserted, which just heaven no doubt will hear.

May my lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her ; and may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse imposed on woman-kind, the pains of becoming a mother. May her first-born be not 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 chil-

children; and hereafter of her grand-children ! and then may 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 glafs, 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, may all have an equal interest in her again ! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world’s end, and afterwards.

To you, Madam, I wish all good things ; and that this loss may, in good time, be happily supplied with a more constant 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.

L E T T E R XIII.

To a Young Lady, guarding her against the Dangers that await inexperienced innocence in London. By the Right Hon. the Lady DOROTHEA DUBOIS.

My dear Harriet,

first two hours, not a word passed. What the thoughts were of the rest of the company, is as uncertain as it is immaterial. Those of *Maria*, however, were totally engrossed by the fancied scenes of happiness she was so soon to enjoy in *London*.

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

Common civility, and the ceremony of paying her expences upon the road, were the only circumstances which appeared the first day.

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

forced to fly his country in a very mean condition. I put him in mind of his misfortunes, by a favour he once conferred upon me of a bottle of claret, and a neat's tongue, at launching of a new ship that he had built in Dublin ; which vessel (bottom and goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first voyage. The gentleman seemed very sensible of his misfortunes, but withal told me, that he had still a glass of wine, and a tongue at my service, if I would come and see him at his house that evening. I made him a visit, and found, to my no small surprize, a handsome house neatly furnished, excellent meat, and as good burgundy as ever joyed the heart of man. I took the freedom to ask my merchant how a bankrupt should come by all this ; in answer to which, he gave me the following account of his affairs.

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L E T T E R XIII.

To a Young Lady, guarding her against the Dangers that attend inexperienced innocence in London. By the Right Hon. the Lady DOROTHEA DUBOIS.

My dear Harriet,

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

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

After taking leave of all her friends, Maria at length set off in the machine. The passengers were, one elderly lady, little master, her son, and three gentlemen. For the first

first two hours, not a word passed. What the thoughts were of the rest of the company, is as uncertain as it is immaterial. Those of *Maria*, however, were totally engrossed by the fancied scenes of happiness she was so soon to enjoy in *London*.

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

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

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

"A service!" returned the youth with emotion—"no, Madam, give me leave to say it shall be your own fault if that should ever be the case, while I have an estate to maintain, or hands to work for you. I am, when of age, entitled to an estate of three hundred pounds a year, and to another of double that amount on the death of an uncle.—But the coachman calls—for heaven's sake, my dearest life, do not leave

leave me without telling me when and where we may meet again."

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. *Warboys*, though young in years, was not young in artifice. "We are now, (cried the dissembling scoundrel) we are now, my dear, in *Scotland*—No longer let us delay our happiness."

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

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

"I have a mother (said she to him one day) the only relation I have in the world beside my aunt, whom you have seen. Will my dear Mr. *Warboys* give me leave to acquaint her of my happiness? She is old, and, I dare say, distracte

trailed about my absence:—to tell her, can be attended with no bad consequence."

" You may tell her, (replied he sullenly) if you think proper; but remember, what I have already told you, the moment I hear that you have divulged our marriage to a soul on earth, that moment shall be the last of your happiness with me." And he rose and took his hat.

He came not back for a week after; and when he came told her, without sitting down, that he was going into the country, and should not return for a month, perhaps longer. " There's a ten pound bank-note (cried he) with proper management, that may supply your wants."

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

" What can this mean! (thought Maria, with streaming eyes, and a heart ready to burst)—what can this mean!—I am not surely betrayed!—betrayed—it is impossible."

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

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

She flew to the villain who had undone her, and he was already in another kingdom. She flew to her aunt, and her aunt told her, her house was no shelter for strumpets.—She flew to her aged mother—and her mother had been in her grave a week, after having exclaimed with her last breath that her daughter's apostacy had killed her.

Imagine, oh! Harriet, the feelings, the distress of this unhappy girl since—imagine them, my dear, if you can, for my pen is unable to write them. Virtuous, as I am convinced she still is in her heart, the world will not allow her the smallest pretensions to virtue, the smallest relief from her misery. Such was the consequence of one unguarded, unadvised step. That you, my dear, will endeavour to deserve

a better fate, I do not doubt, and shall be happy to hear.—
Believe me

Your affectionate Friend.

L E T T E R XIV.

From Miss VANHOMRIGH, to Dr. SWIFT, tenderly upbraiding him for his Neglect of her.

I BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature is such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer for your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time or accident, to leisen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory; nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul: for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T.

L E T T E R XV.

From Miss VANHOMRIGH,* to Dr. SWIFT.

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

U

L E T.

* Well known throughout the Dean's works, by the name of VANESSA.

LETTER XVI.

From Dean SWIFT, to a very Young Lady, on her Marriage.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits, on account of your marriage, being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies and follies to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband hath been for some years my particular favourite.—I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped that from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed: but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which, it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and true friend, through every stage of life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must, therefore, desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual, in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold, forward look, and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently, that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a coun-

countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband, before any witness whatever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgusting to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lower person in company either at home or abroad, and every gentleman has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your love and esteem in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head, I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper, if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accident, or weather: upon which I can only say, that in my observation, I have known ladies, who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news, that their husbands had broke their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine cloaths, so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council.

I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness and sweetness of their persons; for the satirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company, which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies, who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the stile of the world, will pass for good company: whereas, I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some soppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them, is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance; in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands, their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover, and practise upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand. In these and a thousand other cases it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did, whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it.

it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford : and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you ; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and flippery of your own sex ; but, if they be men of breeding, as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome ; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman, who sits near her, about a new cargo of fans.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman : I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally detestable in both.—There is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you ; I mean that of cowardice : yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful, becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows ; to be in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring ; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance ; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty as is generally granted, I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desireable to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish

themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worst, except only that of reservedness ; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation, or hypocrisy : for as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex, who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour ; their excellency lies in rude, *chouquing* expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person ; if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women ; but to treat them like insolent rascals, disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped, and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he hath not : for although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affection or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side ; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections, to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice on the article of expence, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share ; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teized their husbands to buy them a new equi-

page, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it: And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents! I am, with great truth and affection,

M A D A M,
Your most faithful Friend,
And humble Servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R XVII.

The following truly elegant Letter, written at Avignon, has been transmitted to the Editor of this work, by a worthy Friend, on whose Veracity he can rely, with an Assurance that he copied it from the Hand-writing of

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, to a Friend.

I Received yours with great pleasure, dear Madam—but a pleasure that is embittered, as most pleasures are, with some melancholy reflections.

I cannot help thinking it a great cruelty of fortune, that different circumstances should oblige me to live at such a distance from the woman in the world (I speak it from my heart) that I most wish to pass my life with. Your temper, your character, and conversation, are so infinitely to my taste, that I can never meet with any thing to supply the loss of you. I had a letter from poor Morel two posts ago, who says he has sought you, but found you not. I agree with you, that his gentleness, and, I believe the same of all his species, approaches to insipidity; but is it not preferable to the mischievous vivacity of a great part of mankind?—I look upon the passions to be the root of all evil; and, in my opinion, one ought to search after such objects as can neither feel nor inspire them. If you were to see this town, you would think I am very happily placed on this scheme; and it is true here is nobody capable of pleasing; but on the other hand, there is a perpetual round of impertinence, and I find myself as improperly lodged as if I inhabited a voluntary

ry; the chattering of magpies, the repetitions of parrots, and the screaming of peacocks, are what I am ever entertained with; and it is as absurd to endeavour to reason with any of the people here, as with the animals I have mentioned. My library is my sole resource. I should desire no other, if I could talk with a friend like you, capable of improving my reflections by her own; but that is a blessing not to be reserved for

Your faithful humble Servant,

M. W. M.

L E T T E R XVIII.

From the Same, to the Countess of B——.

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion, than to tell my dear lady, that I have not forgot her obliging commands of sending her some account of my travels. I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurzburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandize, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people tawdeied out; narrow, nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one, under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town-lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dress with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty. They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger, than our fashions. I need not be ashamed to own, that

I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of cloaths in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions, (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer) one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends, and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly which betrays them to that want of money, which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations; that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery upon a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the multitude pays to habits was fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These letters draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics with which I have been entertained in all Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which, they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church, which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours; for, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour, over the altar, in a fair, full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller, and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart with which I assure that I am,

Dear Madam,

Your's, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XIX.

From Mr. GAY, to a Friend, on the tragical Fate of two Lovers.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 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 but 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 Hewit 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 posy on her silver ring was of his chusing. 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,

sued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder ; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field : no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay ; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, 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 lightening. 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 interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows :

*When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire :
Here pitying 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 light'ning, and the victim seiz'd.*

But my lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

Your's, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XX.

From Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, to Mr. POPE,
containing ludicrous Remarks upon the Subject of the
foregoing Letter, &c.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I Have this minute received a letter of yours sent me from
Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you
and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we
stay to regulate bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my
leisure time in answering that part of your's, which seems to
require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature, in supposing that your
pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have
lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightening had
not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason
to imagine that John Hughes* and Sarah Drew were either
more wise or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-
set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown
woman of eighteen is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help
thinking, that if they had married, their lives would have
passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners.
His endeavouring to shield her from a storm, was a natural
action, and what he would certainly have done for his horse,
if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of op-
inion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual
virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a
village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had
escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men.

Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think
the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical
as yours.

*Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew,
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple that are dead.*

On

* This is a mistake of her Ladyship — John Hewit was the name.

On Sunday next they should have married,
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd:
These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking bay,
In hopes to pass the time away.
But the bold thunder found them out,
(Commission'd for that end, no doubt)
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death!
Who knows if t' was not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife, and cuckold swain,
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain:
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as your's; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them, though I am not very impatient to have the same; and had rather continue to be your stupid, living, humble servant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C—; but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

L E T T E R XXI.

From Mrs. CENTLIVRE, to Mr. B —, giving a humorous Account of her Journey to Exon in a Stage Coach.

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 very 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

ceive 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 file, 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, 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 teased 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 the 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 brawling; for I conceive they love nobody's noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, "Zounds! Sir, I won't sleep. I don't care a — for your anger. I am a justice of peace, and worth thirty thousand pounds, and am the head man where I live; and by —, if you come to Lancton, I'll give you a glass of the best ale 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

In his face, and his clothes bore the marks of poverty. He complained very much of trusting ; and I find it is a common calamity, and ruins more families than a *state lottery*.

The valet personated his master to a tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e're 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 cause 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, and 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 on 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 the colonel of the city train 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 inhabitants 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 triumphal chariot, erected on purpose for that occasion, with Dick and Doll crowding 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, &c.

LETTER XXII.

From PHILEMON, to TIRIUS, on Resignation.

REPINE not, Tirus, at the situation of life in which Providence has placed you; rather be ashamed of your unmanly impatience; doubly unbecoming, when it is levelled at your Creator. Every dissatisfied thought about the station allotted for you, is a most impious indignity offered to unerring wisdom; every complaint is a criminal revolt against the order of the supreme will of the Almighty. Do not you know, that God is equally benevolent in the storms of winter as in the breezes of the spring? Ought not your complaints to be against yourself, rather than against heaven? You lament that the calm of life is perpetually interrupted; that nothing is stable; and, that every day alters the precarious, the ever shifting scene. Have you never made this observation?—That our souls can find no rest here; that the blossoms of the spring pass away, and the sunshine of summer is interrupted by clouds that descend in rain, or explode in thunder? If you have not, I do not wonder that the vicissitudes of life sit so uneasy upon your thoughts.

You were brought up in the bosom of an affectionate mother, whose tender care protected you against all dangers. While you was under her tutelage, the vexations, the troubles, the cares, and even the most necessary employments of this life were utterly unknown by you. This very tenderness has spoiled you. You imagined you were to live only for yourself, and that your busness in this world was only to enjoy it: but heaven has, in pity, removed the covert that sheltered you; you now stand exposed to the inconveniences of life, and feel what it is necessary you should, that you are made for society.

Happy Tirus, how kind is heaven to deliver you from a pernicious error while you are young! If this salutary affliction had not come upon you till you had attained a riper age, the prime of your youth, which now you may improve, would have been utterly lost. Your mother left you an ample competence; yet you begin to be afraid lest you should want. Do not you know that an apprehension of want is a call to industry? Enter, therefore, upon the business

ness of life; prepare yourself to commence a member of society, in the rank which providence hath assigned to you.—The most natural weapon to repulse want, is labour: look around you through the whole creation: all is in action; there is no rest, no standing still; a constant activity preserves worms, insects, brutes, men, worlds, and spirits; every creature exists for the good of another, and all work together for the preservation of the whole. Will you alone then remain indolent and inactive? Will you alone be so shamefully careless and supine, as not to answer the end of your creation? Surely no. Excuse, Tirius, the freedom of this address, and believe me, &c.

PHILEMON.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From Bishop ATTERBURY, in the Tower, previous to his Banishment, to Mr. POPE.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April, 1723.

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me, and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be.—Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune which attends

tinence.

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 the 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 brawling; for I conceive they love nobody’s noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, “ Zounds! Sir, I won’t sleep. I don’t care a — for your anger. I am a justice of peace, and worth thirty thousand pounds, and am the head man where I live; and by —, if you come to Lancton, I’ll give you a glass of the best ale 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

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 Cesar did Rome after a victory. The high sheriff rode in as much state as the colonel of the city train 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 inhabitants 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 triumphal chariot, erected on purpose for that occasion, with Dick and Doll crowding 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, &c.

X 2

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

From PHILEMON, to TIRIUS, on Resignation.

REPINE not, Tirius, at the situation of life in which Providence has placed you; rather be ashamed of your unmanly impatience; doubly unbecoming, when it is levelled at your Creator. Every dissatisfied thought about the station allotted for you, is a most impious indignity offered to unerring wisdom; every complaint is a criminal revolt against the order of the supreme will of the Almighty. Do not you know, that God is equally benevolent in the storms of winter as in the breezes of the spring? Ought not your complaints to be against yourself, rather than against heaven? You lament that the calm of life is perpetually interrupted; that nothing is stable; and, that every day alters the precarious, the ever shifting scene. Have you never made this observation?—That our souls can find no rest here; that the blossoms of the spring pass away, and the sunshine of summer is interrupted by clouds that descend in rain, or explode in thunder? If you have not, I do not wonder that the vicissitudes of life sit so uneasy upon your thoughts.

You were brought up in the bosom of an affectionate mother, whose tender care protected you against all dangers. While you was under her tutelage, the vexations, the troubles, the cares, and even the most necessary employments of this life were utterly unknown by you. This very tenderness has spoiled you. You imagined you were to live only for yourself, and that your business in this world was only to enjoy it: but heaven has, in pity, removed the covert that sheltered you; you now stand exposed to the inconveniences of life, and feel what it is necessary you should, that you are made for society.

Happy Tirius, how kind is heaven to deliver you from a pernicious error while you are young! If this salutary affliction had not come upon you till you had attained a riper age, the prime of your youth, which now you may improve, would have been utterly lost. Your mother left you an humble competence; yet you begin to be afraid lest you should want. Do not you know that an apprehension of want is a call to industry? Enter, therefore, upon the business

ness of life; prepare yourself to commence a member of society, in the rank which providence hath assigned to you:—The most natural weapon to repulse want, is labour: look around you through the whole creation: all is in action; there is no rest, no standing still; a constant activity preserves worms, insects, brutes, men, worlds, and spirits; every creature exists for the good of another, and all work together for the preservation of the whole. Will you alone then remain indolent and inactive? Will you alone be so shamefully careless and supine, as not to answer the end of your creation? Surely no. Excuse, Tirus, the freedom of this address, and believe me, &c.

PHILEMON.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From Bishop ATTERBURY, in the Tower, previous to his Banishment, to Mr. POPE.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April, 1723.

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me, and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be.— Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune which attends

me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say something about my way of spending my time at the Deanry, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to

Your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some natural tears be dropp'd, but wip'd them soon :
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.*

L E T T E R XXIV.

From Mr. POPE, to Bishop ATTERBURY, in Answer.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; I only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past, and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had, was an attention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me by a tie, which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you; no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorise it, nor secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no king prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the friend I am: in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me;

and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice; the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public, even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon; is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives which you must envy, and which you would choose to have lived.

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortunes may pursue me. But God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country, (so torn as it is by party-rage) and begin to consider the friend in exile, as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where, (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that, in the mean time, there is no one living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the good effects of them, like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never hear or see them, we think are constantly serving and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you. In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XXV.

From Lord BOLINGBROKE, to Dr. SWIFT.

I Never designed to have written to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last.— To flatter a man from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentment so far, as to stand by, and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting JOHN GAY with his money ? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the two hundred pounds I had of yours ; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your Deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments ; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while ; I have thought of putting you in a method that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses. (I will find exercise for you) Your whole family must consist of only one sound, wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it ; besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other that she should have milk ; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that women's milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boute-feu* as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the Drapier been a milk-sop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervor of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself

to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delaney and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment than, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way which I propose. In short, in a few years you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of Durham. For if you keep cows instead of horses in that high-walled orchard, and cultivated by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace, than now that you are known to consume five or six hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lords-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself, and others. The disputes between Sir Arthur, and my lady, will, for the future, be confined to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.†

You ought to remember what St. Austin says, “ Poësis est vinum dæmonum.” Consider the life you now lead ; you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation ; and the rest of the world with your pen dipped deep in St. Austin’s “ vinum dæmonum.”

So far for your soul’s health. Now as to the health of the body ; I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you is the same which our great Friar Bacon prescribed to the pope who lived in his days. Read his “ Cure of Old Age, and Preservation of Youth,” chap. the 17th. You used to say that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, use the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now,

† To elucidate this passage, see a copy of verses on the subject of the Old Thorn, in Swift’s Works, Vol. VI. p. 121. 141. Edit. 1754.

Now, if you will go on after this in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, there is some reason to doubt him) I will, without fail, supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, “*Coniunctis malis & feminæ est jure naturæ.*” Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin’s Case, 1st Vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one’s thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool run out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

* Continue to be merry and wise: but never turn serious or cunning.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVI.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT, a few Months before his Death
to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear and Worthy Friend,

Hampstead, Oct. 1734.

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends, for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health ; the last I sent a great while ago by one De La Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy, and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectations, upon venturing to ride, (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again ; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life ; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea ; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world ; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man ; but the world, in the main, displeases me ; and I have too true a presentment of calamities that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual chearfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to

Eng-

England. The reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me.—I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be, with more sincerity than I am,

My dear Friend,
Your most faithful Friend,
And humble Servant.



P O E T I C A L
E P I S T L E S,

By the most celebrated WRITERS.

Epistle to a Young Lady on her Birth-day; being the
First of April.

LE^T others write for by-designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which, whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moralize your April day.

Chequer'd, your native month appears
With sunny gleams, and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
For life is but an April day.

Health will not always last in bloom,
But age or sickness surely come;
Are friends belov'd? why fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these;
Forget not earnest in your play,
For youth is but an April day.

When piety and fortune move
 Your heart to try the bands of love,
 As far as duty gives you power,
 Guiltless enjoy the present hour :
 Gather your rose-buds while you may,
 For love is but an April day.

What clouds soe'er without are seen,
 Oh, may they never reach within !
 But virtue's stronger fetters bind
 The strongest tempest of the mind :
 Calm may you shed your setting ray,
 And sunshine end your April day.

An Epistle to a Friend in Town.—By Mr. DYER.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the busy gay town,
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer ;
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire ?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Conceited ?—why, every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 'Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger ;
 Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas ! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow !
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain !
 Is not life to be over to-morrow ?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet and even ;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.

EPISTLE TO A REDBREAST.—By MR. LANGHORNE.

LITTLE bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed ;
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me.
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye ;
See thee, when thou'lt eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again !
Well thou know'st the broken pane :
Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not near Avaro's door ;
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.

Savage ! he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast,
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

AN EPISTLE, TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.—By Lord LITTELTON.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way.
Said Virtue, " Hark ye, Madam Fame,
" Your ladyship is much to blame :

“ Jove bids you always wait on me,
 “ And yet your face I seldom see.
 “ The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 “ And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;
 “ Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
 “ Ambition ties you to her car.”

Saith Fame, “ Dear madam, I protest,

“ I never think myself so blest,
 “ As when I humbly wait behind you ;
 “ But ’tis so mighty hard to find you !
 “ In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 “ To seek you, is an endless work.”

“ Well, answer’d Virtue, I allow
 “ Your plea. But hear; and mark me now :
 “ I know (without offence to others)
 “ I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 “ Who never pass’d an useless day
 “ In scandal, gossiping, or play ;
 “ Whose modest wit, chastis’d by sense,
 “ Is lively, cheerful innocence ;
 “ Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 “ Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 “ Nor rul’d by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 “ Her parent’s joy, her husband’s passion.”

Fame smil’d, and answer’d, “ On my life,
 “ This is some country parson’s wife,
 “ Who never saw the court, nor town,
 “ Whose face is homely as her gown,
 “ Who banquets upon eggs and bacon.”—
 “ No madam, no—you’re much mistaken—
 “ I beg you’ll let me set you right—
 “ ’Tis one with every beauty bright,
 “ Adorn’d with every polish’d art
 “ That rank of fortune can impart ;
 “ ’Tis the most celebrated toast
 “ That Britain’s spacious isle can boast ;
 “ ’Tis princely Petworth’s noble dame,
 “ ’Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame !”

A familiar Epistle from York, to a Friend in Kent.

WITH wonted candor once again peruse
The hasty fallies of a distant muse,
Who thus from York in artless metre sends
Health and good wishes to her absent friends.
Tho' spacious moors diversify the scene,
And mountains rise, and rivers roll between,
Tho' here far off in northern climes remov'd
From those she valu'd, and from those she lov'd,
Yet still the same affection she retains
In distant regions, and on northern plains :
Hearts that are once in friendship's union tied,
The fates may part, but never can divide ;
For fancy, uncontrol'd by distance, leads
Th' enraptur'd mind to long-forgotten meads,
(Which in her lively colours, pleas'd we view,
And almost think th' ideal landscape true)
O'er hills and streams extends her boundless pow'r,
And joins the Trent and Humber to the Stour.

But now, my friend, to fair Augusta's walls.
Lo ! Pleasure points the way, and Garrick calls ;
To crown her favour'd son, the tragic queen.
In solemn silence hovers o'er the scene,
And owns that none deserves the laurel more;
Tho' Booth obtain'd it, and tho' Roscius wore.
Here let us oft with fix'd attention wait,
And weep at Lear's distress, or Hamlet's fate ;
And oft my various travels shall beguile
The winter ev'ning, and extort a smile
From my enquiring friend, who pleas'd shall hear
What various beauties in the North appear,
What grandeur reigns in Castle-Howard's dome,
The taite of Athens, and the pride of Rome,
(Where Lely's melting colours claim our praise,
And Cromwell's frown thy touch, Vandyke, displays).
In Studley's groves, how art with nature joins,
And that improves the plan which this designs ;
How buildings, grottos, and cascades surprize,
And 'midst embow'ring trees rude Gothic temples rise.

Fain would my muse, tho' in unequal verse,
The rugged charms of Scarborough rehearse,

246 *The COURT LETTER WRITER;*

Fain would she those romantic scenes impart,
 Where nature triumphs, undisguis'd by art ;
 She tries with trembling wing, but tries in vain,
 Such arduous heights of fancy to attain,
 And, tir'd, desists from subjects that require
 A Lambert's pencil, or a Dryden's lyre.

Answered from Canterbury.—By a Friend.

A Song, O Philo, from the rural shade,
 Due to thy friendship, and so long unpaid,
 O would the muse in lays like thine inspire,
 And in my bosom wake the ling'ring fire,
 I pray, but pray in vain, with scornful eyes
 She still the tributary song denies.
 O how shall I invoke a wanton maid,
 Who loves to wander thro' the rural shade,
 But scorns the senseless jargon of the schools,
 Foe to proud science, and her frigid rules !
 I whom that goddess in her chain has bound
 To tread her tedious and unvaried round :
 I whose dull genius is untaught to roam
 Beyond the narrow limits of her home.
 Thee, thee, my friend, whom happier fate conveys
 To regions worthy of immortal lays,
 Thee every muse with rapture shall inspire,
 And kindle in thy breast the latent fire.
 Where thousand venerable domes arise,
 Where Verrio's breathing canvas meets thine eyes,
 Where pleas'd thou view'st how Scarborough's rugged brow
 Frowns horrid o'er the darken'd floods below ;
 So sings the lark high-tow'ring to the skies,
 And views hill, dale, and forest as she flies,
 While the poor linnet, by some tyrant hind
 To the close prison of the cage confin'd,
 Forgets the sprightly wildness of her song,
 The grove, the valley, and th' aerial throng.

The time shall come when to the shades retir'd,
 With nature charm'd, and by the muse inspir'd,
 Happy some little rural flock to tend,
 Happy to boast that Philo is my friend,
 I'll try once more my long forgotten strain,
 And in retirement court the tuneful train ;

There o'er each labour shall the muses smile,
And bless my ev'ning walk and morning toil ;
Each season to my friend the song I'll give,
And he well-pleas'd each off'ring shall receive ;
And while with smiles he reads the artless line,
His judgment shall correct, his taste refine.

Come then, my friend, together let us tread
Once more where science lifts th' aspiring head ;
Dull goddess, from whose seat and barren plain
Fly all the nymphs, and all the sylvan train :
Yet, pleas'd e'en here, we'll own sweet friendship's pow'r,
Smiling in converse o'er the social hour ;
Here patient o'er the dreary desart toil,
Cheer'd with the prospect of a happier soil !

Epistle from ZARA, at the Court of Anamaboe, to the African Prince lately in England.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel,
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line,
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign ?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
I give my bosom naked to thy view,
For what has shame with innocence to do ?
In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye ;—
But whence this sad involuntary sigh ?
Why pants my bosom with intruding fears ?
Why from my eyes distil unbidden tears ?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write ?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight ?
O ! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar ?
And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain !)
Betray'd by russians, felt the captive's chain ?
Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the sweets of love ?
Hold, hold ! Barbarians of the fiercest kind !
Fear heav'n's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind ;

A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, presumptuous ! and the gods defied.
Where'er he moves, let love-join'd rev'rence rise;
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes !

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves ;
Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came :
A thousand times I held them to my breast,
A thousand times my lips the paper prest :
My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
And “ Oh my prince !” died faltering on my tongue ;
Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,
And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

“ Come, come, my prince ! my charmer, haste away ;
“ Come, come, I cried, thy Zara blames thy stay.
“ For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain ;
“ For thee new colours wait to paint the plain ;
“ For thee cool breezes linger in the grove,
“ The birds expect thee in the green alcove ;
“ Till thy return the rills forget to fall,
“ Till thy return, the sun, the foul of all !—
“ He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
“ He comes resplendent to his Zara's arms :
“ With jocund songs proclaim my love's return ;
“ With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
“ Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
“ He comes, uniting majesty and love.”

Too soon, alas ! the blest delusion flies ;
Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
Ah ! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
Of seas that storms controul, and foes infest ?
My heart, in all this tedious absence knows
No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes :

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run :
Ah ! why do thy fond words suggest a fear ?—
Too vast, too numerous, these already here !
“ Where, where's my prince ! what tidings have ye
“ brought ?”
Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.

In vain I sought—some, conscious of my pain,
 With horrid silence pointed to the main ;
 Some with a sneer the brutal doubts exprest,
 And plung'd the dagger of a barbarous jest ;
 Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd :
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came ;
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At length—“ O Pow'r Supreme ! whoe'er thou art ;
 “ Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart ;
 “ Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
 “ And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,
 “ If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
 “ And goodness sure must be the friend of love,
 “ Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
 “ Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
 “ O ! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
 “ And grant thy love to love's availing prayer,
 “ Together then, and emulous to praise,
 “ A flow'ry altar to thy name we'll raise ;
 “ There, first and last, on each returning day,
 “ To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay.”

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
 Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind ?
 How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
 'Midst all the wild anxieties of love ?

Had fate, in other mold, thy Zara form'd,
 And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,
 How had I glow'd exulting at thy side !
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defied ;
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
 Oh ! that with thee I'd turn'd a burning foil !
 In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
 In love still happy, we had still been free ;
 Then fortune, brav'd, had own'd superior might,
 And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee ?
 Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be,
 Each night the cool Savannahs have I sought,
 And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought ;
 The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
 And hoarse, at distance; roar'd my foe, the tide :

My

My breast still haunted by a motley train,
 Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
 Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
 Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline ;
 Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
 In vain, alas ! for 'tis myself I shun.
 When kindly sleep its lenient balm supplied,
 And gave that comfort waking thought denied ;
 Last night—but why, ah Zara ! why impart
 The fond, fond fancies of a lovesick heart ?
 Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
 And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
 Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
 Heav'n's awful concave round thy Zara bow ;
 When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
 Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursers drew ;
 Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,
 borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side :
 All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
 Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
 A thousand voices sung—"All bliss betide
 "The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."
 " 'Tis done, 'tis done"—resounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise ;
 Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light,
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul,
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas ! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast ;
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 "Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free ;"
 Oh then prevent those hopes, and hasten to me.
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.
 But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart ;
 'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
 But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong ;

No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd ;
'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize ?
Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds,
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once more, O come ! and snatch me to thy arms !
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms !
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distract !
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail !
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire ;
My pen denies my last farewell to write,
Still, still, "return," my wishful thoughts indite :
Oh hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
Oh pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp the whole ;
And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line shall bring her to thy view.
Return, return, in love and truth excell ;
Return, I write ; I cannot add Farewell.

Epistle from Dr. WYNTER to Dr. CHEYNE.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn ;
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass ;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
A friend's advice forgive ;
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

Epistle from Dr. CHEYNE to Dr. WYNTER.

MY system, doctor, is my own ;
 No tutor I pretend ;
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be ;
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
 But heartily forgive ;
 'Tis natural you should bid me die,
 That you yourself may live.

An Epistle from Lord MELCOMBE to Dr. YOUNG, not long
before his Lordship's Death.

KIND companion of my youth,
 Lov'd for genius, worth and truth !
 Take what friendship can impart,
 Tribute of a feeling heart ;
 Take the muse's latest spark,
 Ere we drop into the dark.
 He, who parts and virtue gave,
 Bade thee look beyond the grave ;
 Genius soars, and virtue guides,
 Where the love of God presides.
 There's a gulph 'twixt us and God ;
 Let the gloomy path be trod :
 Why stand shivering on the shore ?
 Why not boldly venture o'er ?
 Where unerring Virtue guides,
 Let us brave the winds and tides :
 Safe, thro' seas of doubts and fears,
 Rides the bark which virtue steers.

Epistle to Miss A. G. on the Death of her Bull-Finch. By
Dr. MORELL.

As Lesbia mourn'd her sparrow dear,
Her lover stood fast by ;
He saw the pity-pleading tear,
And heard the plaintive cry.

Her tears he saw, her cries he heard,
And, with obsequious care,
In verse immortaliz'd the bird,
And sooth'd the weeping Fair.

But ah ! what verse, what poet's lays,
Tho' all the Nine inspire,
Can speak thy little songster's praise,
Or paint his gay attire.

In various dies by Nature dress'd,
His back an azure down ;
With bright vermillion shone his breast,
With jetty black his crown.

But when he twirl'd his warbling throat,
Or twitter'd artless song,
No bird was found of sweeter note
In all the feather'd throng.

Cease, cease, ye winged choristers,
Your carols now give o'er ;
Your music grates on tasteless ears,
Now Bully is no more.

No more in Athalinda's bow'r,
The beauty of the sky
Shall, peeping, watch her waking hour,
And to salute her fly.

No more upon her lilly hand
Shall perch with flutt'ring joy,
And, proudly courting her command,
His ev'ry art employ :

When, listening to the call around,

"Come, talk; my pretty fool,"

He, parrot-like, in mimic sound,

Would prattle, "pretty Bull."

Ah! pretty Bull! how short thy date!

Well may thy mistress grieve;

And well complain of partial fate,

When daws and magpies live.

Epistle from J. BRAMSTON, to Capt. HINTON.

HINTON, old friend, accept from me

The following rules without a fee:

An asthma is your case I think,

So you must neither eat nor drink:

I mean, of meats preserv'd in salt,

Nor any liquor made of malt;

From season'd sauce avert your eyes,

From hams, and tongues, and pigeon-pies;

If venison-pasty's set before you,

Each bit you eat—memento mori.

Your suppers nothing, if you please;

But, above all, no toasted cheese.

And now, perhaps, you may observe,

What I prescribe will make you starve:

No—I allow you at a meal

A leg, a loin, a neck of veal;

Young turkies—I allow you four,

Partridge and pallets half a score;

Of house-lamb boil'd eat quarters two;

The devil's in't if this won't do.—

Now, as to liquor—why indeed,

What I prescribe, I send you—Mead;

Glasses of wine (t' extinguish drought)

Take three with water, three without.

Let constant exercise be try'd:

And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride;

Health oftner comes from Blackdown-hill,

Than from th' apothecary's bill.

Some, if they are not cur'd at once,

Proclaim their doctor for a dunce:

Reckless from quack to quack they range;
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Rules and restraints you must endure,
What comes by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And praise Pomona in a pie;
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And Venus must go unenjoy'd:
Whate'er you take, put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.

For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat sago, gruel, barley, rice;
Take burdock roots, and, by my troth,
I'd mingle daizies in my broth.

Thus may you draw with ease your breath,
Deluding, what you dread not, death;
Thus may you laugh, look clear, and thrive,
Enrich'd by those whom you survive.
May dying friends, with one accord,
Worth and sincerity reward.

Epistle from Sir WILLIAM YOUNG, to his Lady, on having an Eye beat out.

HOW vain are all the joys of man,
By Nature born to certain sorrow,
Since none, not ev'n the wisest, can,
Insure the pleasures of to-morrow!

These eyes, so late my envied boast,
By Celia priz'd above all other,
See one, alas! for ever lost,
Its fellow weeping for its brother.

Yet still I'm blest while one remains
For viewing lovely Celia's beauty,
Her looks still ease acutest pains,
With tenderest love, and cheerful duty.

Had I for her in battle strove,
The fatal blow I'd borne with pleasure,
And still, to prove my constant love,
With joy I'd lose my single treasure.

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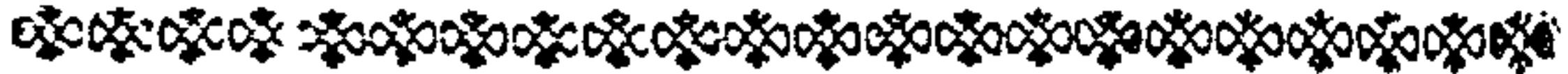
Even then the beauties of her mind,
Would amply bless her faithful lover,
He must be deaf, as well as blind,
Who can't my Celia's charms discover.

Even then I'd find one solid bliss,
Which heaves to me alone dispenses ;
Tho' deaf and blind, her balmy kiss
Would ravish the remaining senses.

Epistle to STELLA.—By a Young Lady.

MEY heart the vermeil lip, and sparkling eye,
M And all the power of Beauty can defy :
But if the vermeil lips good sense impart,
If sparkling eyes express a tender heart ;
Reazon no longer guards my heart from Love
Merit subdues where Beauty could not move.

The noble Portia's elevated mind
In thee alone a sister soul can find ;
Thy merits equal, equal honours claim,
And thou and Portia are to me the same.



C A R D S.

I.

From Mr. and Mrs. Tomkyns to Mr. Wilson, inviting him to Dinner.

MR. and Mrs. Tomkyns hope that Mr. Wilson is well this morning—Present their compliments to him, and will be happy to have his company on Friday to dinner.

II.

From Mr. Wilson in Answer, declining the Invitation.

Mr. Wilson is extremely sorry that he is engaged for the whole day on Friday—Presents his compliments, and on any other occasion that may be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Tomkyns, shall be happy to wait upon them.

III.

III.

From Mr. Wilson in Answer, accepting of the Invitation.

Mr. Wilson has the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Tomkyns's card—He thinks himself exceedingly obliged by it, and will certainly do himself the pleasure of waiting on them.

IV.

From Mrs. Davis to Miss Wilkinson, inviting her to a Party at Cards.

Mrs. Davis presents her compliments to Miss Wilkinson—She is to have a few select friends at cards to-morrow evening, and cannot think of such a party without her dear Miss Wilkinson—Hopes she is not engaged.

Tuesday morning.

V.

From the same to Mr. Sutton, inviting him to the same Party.

Mrs. Davis presents her compliments to Mr. Sutton—Has the pleasure to inform him, that she has a few friends, (among whom are Miss Wilkinson) engaged for to-morrow evening, and that his company will greatly add to their and her happiness. We shall not exceed three tables.

VI.

From Mr. Sutton in Answer, declining the Invitation.

Mr. Sutton is exceedingly sorry that he did not receive Mrs. Davis's obliging message an hour sooner, having unfortunately pre-engaged himself to pass to-morrow evening with Sir George Withy and his lady—Presents his compliments to Mrs. Evans, and will certainly do himself the pleasure to pay his respects to her before he leaves London, which he proposes within a week at farthest.

VII.

Another Invitation to Cards.

Mrs. Shirley's compliments to Mr. Digby—She has engaged a party for cards to-morrow, about four tables, and cannot think of such an evening without setting him down as one of the number. Begs that he will make no apology, as she absolutely depends upon him.

VIII.

VIII.

An Invitation to a public Place.

SIR John and lady Walford present their compliments to Miss Williams—They hope to have the pleasure of her company this evening to Ranelagh; a seat in their coach is at her service, and they beg leave to wait on her at seven.

IX.

The Answer, accepting of the Invitation.

Miss Williams presents her most respectful compliments to the obliging Sir John and Lady Walford—She is truly sensible of the honour of their company, and will not fail to be in readiness to receive them at the time proposed.

X.

An offer of a Visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas presents their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Steele, and, if they are disengaged this afternoon, will do themselves the pleasure of waiting upon them.

XI.

The Answer, accepting of the Visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele are no wise engaged—Beg compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas's agreeable company.

XII.

From Mr. Rivers to Miss Rusport, requesting her Company to a Ball.

Mr. Rivers presents his best compliments to Miss Rusport, and if not more agreeably engaged, will be happy to have her company to-morrow evening to the assembly.

XIII.

From Miss Rusport to Mr. Rivers, thanking him for his polite Attention to her, &c.

Miss Rusport presents her compliments to Mr. Rivers—Is much obliged to him for his polite attention to her last night at the assembly, and for his card this morning—She has the pleasure to inform him, that she has catched no cold.



1565 F I N I S.