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THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN's COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

CONTAINING

FAMILIAR LETTERS

ON THE MOST COMMON

OCCASIONS IN LIFE.

ALSO,

A Variety of Elegant LETTERS for the Direction and Embellishment of Style,

ON

BUSINESS, DUTY, AMUSEMENT, LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP *and* OTHER SUBJECTS.

WITH

DIRECTIONS for Writing LETTERS, And the proper FORMS of ADDRESS.

DUBLIN:

Printed by PETER HOEY, at the MERCURY, (No. 33) UPPER ORMOND-QUAY.

1797.

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THE

INTRODUCTION:

CONTAINING

Some GENERAL DIRECTIONS for Writing LETTERS, and how to addreſs Perſons of diſtinction in Writing or Diſcourſe, &c.

EPISTOLARY writing, by which a great part of the commerce of human life is carried on, was eſteemed by the Romans a liberal and polite accompliſhment; and Cicero, the Father of eloquence, and maſter of ſtyle, ſpeaks with great pleaſure in his epiſtles to Atticus, of his ſon's genius in this parparticular. Among them, it was undoubtedly a part of their education: and, in the opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deſerves a ſhare in ours. "The writing letters (ſays this great genius) enters ſo much into all the occaſions of life, that no gentleman can avoid ſhewing himſelf in compoſitions of this kind.

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Occurrences will daily force him to make this use of his pen: which lays open his breeding, his senses, and his abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse."

"It was a *quaint* difference (says Mr. Howel, in one of his epistles) that the ancients made betwixt a *letter* and an *oration*; the one should be attired like a woman, and the other like a man. The oration is allowed large side-robes, as *long periods*, *parenthesis*, *similes*, *examples*, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a *letter* should be short-coated, and closely couched. In short, we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth our meaning the same, as if we were discoursing with the party to whom we write, in succinct and easy terms. The tongue and pen are both interpreters of the mind; but the pen the most faithful of the two; and as it has all the advantage of premeditation, it is not so apt to err, and leave things behind on a more authentic as well as lasting record."

When you sit down to write a letter, remember that this sort of writing should be like conversation. Observe this, and you will be no more at a loss to write, than you will be to speak to the person

were

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were he present; and this is nature without affection, which, generally speaking always pleases. As to subjects, you are allowed in writing letters the utmost liberty; whatsoever has been done, or seen, or heard, or thought of, your own observations on what you know, your inquiries about what you do not know, the *time*, the *place*, the *weather*, every thing about you stands ready for a subject: and the more variety you intermix, if not rudely thrown together, the better. Set discourses require a dignity or formality of style suitable to the subject: whereas, letter-writing rejects all pomp of words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But, though lofty phrases are here improper, the style should not be low and mean; and, to avoid it, let an easy complaisance, an open-sincerity, and unaffected good nature, appear in all you say; for a fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but in expressing ordinary ones with elegance and propriety; so as to please while it informs, and charms even in giving advice.

It should also wear an honest, chearful countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his friend; and not like a fop, admiring his own

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dreſs, and ſeemingly pleaſed with nothing but himſelf.

Express your meaning as freely as poſſible. Long periods may pleaſe the ear, but they perplex the underſtanding; a ſhort ſtyle and plain, ſtrikes the mind and fixes an impreſſion; a tedious one is ſeldom clearly underſtood, and never long remembered. But there is ſtill ſomething requiſite beyond all this, towards the writing a polite and agreeable letter, and that is, an air of good breeding and humanity, which ought conſtantly to appear in every expreſſion, and that will give a beauty to the whole. By this I would not be ſuppoſed to mean, overſtrained or affected compliments, or any thing that way tending; but an eaſy, genteel, and obliging manner of addreſs, in a choice of words that bear the moſt civil meanings, with a thorough generous, and good natured diſpoſition.

But in familiar letters in the common concerns of life, elegance is not required, nor is it the thing we ought to aim at: for, when tempted, the labour is often ſeen, and the end perverted by the very means. Eaſe and clearneſs are the only beauties we need to ſtudy.

Never

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NEVER be in pain about familiarity in the ſtyle to thoſe with whom you are acquainted; for that very pain will make it aukward and ſtiff, in ſpite of all your endeavours to the contrary.

WRITE freely, but not haſtily; let your words drop from your pen, as they would from your tongue when ſpeaking deliberately on a ſubject of which you are maſter, and to a perſon with whom you are intimate.

ACCUSTOM yourſelf to think juſtly, and you will not be at a loſs to write clearly; for while there is confuſion at the fountain head, the brook will never be clear.

BEFORE you *begin* to write, think what you are *going* to write. However unneceſſary this caution may ſeem, I will venture to ſay that ten appear ridiculous on paper, through hurry and want of thought, for one that is ſo through want of underſtanding.

A man that begins a ſpeech before he is determined what to ſay, will undoubtedly find himſelf bewildered before he gets to the end; not in ſentiment only, but in grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a ſentence, have the whole of it in your head, and make uſe of the firſt words that offer them-

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ſelves to expreſs your meaning; for, be aſſured, they are the moſt natural, and will, generally ſpeaking, (I cannot ſay always) beſt anſwer your purpoſe; for, to ſtand ſearching after expreſſions, breaks in upon the natural diction: and, for a word, that perhaps is not a jot more expreſſive, you make the whole ſentence ſtiff and aukward. But, of all things, learn to be correct, and never omit a careful peruſal of what you have written, which, whoever neglects, muſt have many inaccuracies; and theſe are not only a reflection on the writer, but a rudeneſs to the perſon to whom they are written. Never be aſhamed of having found ſomething amiſs, which you confeſs that you did, by mending it; for in that confeſſion you cancel the fault, and if you have not time to tranſcribe it, let it paſs; for a blot is by no means ſo bad as a blunder; and, by accuſtoming yourſelf to correct what is amiſs, you will be leſs liable to future miſtakes.

So much for letters in general; as for thoſe in trade in particular, I ſhall quote a reputable author on the ſubject, who, I think, has ſaid every thing that need be ſaid upon it, and gives examples, whereby we cannot err, if we do not excel, *viz.* "As

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"As plainess, and free way of expression, is the beauty and elegance of speech, so an easy concise way of writing is the best style for tradesmen. He that affects a rumbling bombast style, and fills his letters with compliments and flourishes, makes a very ridiculous figure in trade; for instance, of the following letter, which a young tradesman in the country, writes up to a wholesale dealer in London, on his first setting up."

SIR, The destinies having so appointed it, and my dark stars concurring, I, who by nature was formed for better things, should be put out to a trade; and the time of my servitude being at length expired, I am now launched forth into the great ocean of business. I thought fit to acquaint you, that last month I received my fortune, which, by my father's will, had been due two years past, at which time arrived at man's estate, and became major; whereupon I have taken a house in one of the principal streets of this town, where I am entered upon my business, and hereby let you know that I shall have occasion for the goods hereafter mentioned, which you may send to me by the carrier.

This fine flourish, which the young shop-

ſhopkeeper dreſſed up with much application, and thought it well done, put his correſpondent in London into a fit of laughing; who, inſtead of ſending him directly the goods he wrote for, ſent down into the country to inquire his character.

The ſame tradeſman in London, by the next poſt, received the following letter from another young ſhopkeeper in the country, on his beginning buſineſs for himſelf.

SIR, Being obliged, by my late maſter's deceaſe, to enter immediately upon buſineſs, and conſequently open my ſhop without going to town to furniſh myſelf with ſuch goods as at preſent I want, I have ſent you a ſmall order, as underwritten. I hope you will uſe me well, and let the goods be good of the ſorts, though I cannot be in London to look them out myſelf. I have incloſed a bill of exchange of 75l. on Meſſ. A—and B—, and Company payable to you or to your order, at one and twenty days ſight. Be pleaſed to get it accepted; and if the goods amount to more than that ſum, I ſhall, when I have your bill of parcels, ſend you the remainder. I repeat my deſire, that you will ſend me the goods well ſorted, and well choſen, and as cheap as poſſible, that I may be encouraged to a farther

cor-

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correſpondence. I am your humble ſervant. *C. K.*

THIS was writing like a man that underſtood what he was doing, and ſuch a letter could not want its proper effect upon ſuch a correſpondent in London.

IN ſhort, a tradeſman's letter ſhould be plain and conciſe, and to the purpoſe; no quaint expreſſions, no book-phraſes, no flouriſhes; and they muſt be full and ſufficient to expreſs what he means, ſo as not to be doubtful, much leſs unintelligible. I can by no means approve of ſtudied abbreviations, and leaving out the needful copulatives of ſpeech in trading letters; they are affected to the laſt degree: For, in a word, 'tis affecting to be thought a man of more than ordinary ſenſe, by writing extraordinary nonſenſe; affecting to be a man of buſineſs, by giving orders and expreſſing your meaning in terms which a man of buſineſs may not think himſelf bound by.

WHEN a tradeſman takes an apprentice, the firſt thing he does for him, after he lets him into the counting-houſe and

and his books, and after trusting him with his more private business, is to let him write letters to his dealers and correspond with his friends; and this he does in his master's name, subscribing his letter thus:

I am,

For my master, A. B. *and Company*

Your humble servant,

C. D.

And beginning thus:

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

Or thus:

SIR, These are, my Master's orders, to give you notice——

ORDERS for goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the dealer may not mistake; especially if it be orders from a tradesman to a manufacturer, to make or buy goods, either of such a quality or pattern; in which case if the goods are made to the colours, and of a marketable goodness, and within

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in the time limited, the person ordering them cannot refuse to receive them, and to make himself debtor to the maker. On the contrary, if the goods are not of a marketable goodness, or not to the patterns, or not sent within the time, the maker, ought not to expect they should be received.

In regard to the form and superscription of letters, especially of the politer sort, it may be necessary to observe,

That when you write to a person of distinction, or gentleman, let it be on gilt paper; and without sealing the letter itself, inclose it in a cover, which you are to seal over it, and write the superscription thereon.

Begin your letter above two Inches below the top of your paper, and leave about an inch margin on the left hand; and what compliments, or services, you send in the letter, insert them rather in the body or conclusion of it than by way of postscript, as is too often done; but it is neither so affectionate or polite; for it not only favours of levity to your friends, but has the appearance of your having almost forgot them.

It is usual among the polite, to sign their names at a considerable distance below

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below the conclusion of the letter, and thereby leave a large vacant space over their names; which, though customary, I would by all means advise you to avoid; because 'tis putting it in the power of any one who has your letter, to write what he pleases over your name, and make you in all appearance to have signed a writing that you would by no means have set your hand to it.

In directing your letters to persons who are well known, 'tis best not to be too particular; because 'tis lessening the person you direct to, by supposing him to be obscure, and not easily found.

Whenever you direct to persons who are honorable, either by family or office, 'tis more proper, as well as polite to direct without the title of Esq; than with it; for instance,

To the Honorable Mr. Plunkett; not to the Honorable Peter Plunkett, Esq; which would be ridiculous.

Some

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SOME FARTHER

DIRECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS,

On EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

1. WHEN you are writing to your superior, be not prolix, but let your letter be as short as the subject, or occasion you write on, will permit; especially such wherein favours are requested: and be particularly careful in not omitting any letter belonging to the words you write, as *I've*, *can't*, *don't*, *shou'd*, *wou'd*, instead of *I have*, *cannot*, *do not*, *should*, *would*, *&c.* for such contractions not only appear disrespectful, and too familiar; but discover (those almost inseparable companions) ignorance and impudence. Never be over pompous in your style, but convey your thoughts with ease and perspicuity, that they may appear as from nature, rather

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than a vain conceit, to shew your learning; the *former* shews your *humility*, the *latter* your *pride*.

2. When you write to your superiors never make a postscript; and (if possible) avoid it in letters to your equals; especially compl mentary postscripts to any of the persons family or relations to whom you write, as it shews disrespect in your neglecting such persons in the body of your letter: wherefore it is best to keep up to form, if you write to the ancient, the grave, or the proud; such persons being most commonly jealous of disrespect, and expect to be treated with deference.

3. When you write to your inferiors, you are at liberty to act as you think proper as to the last caution; and take care that you are not too familiar, or free in your style, lest it should make you contemptible; always having the proverb in your mind, *viz. Too much familiarity breeds contempt.*

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

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began the subject of your letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper stops, otherwise no person will be able to come at the *sense* or meaning of your letter; which neglect very often causes *mistakes and misunderstandings*; and be careful to put a period or full stop at the end of every paragraph, thus .

5. When the subject of your letter is finished, conclude it with the same address as at first, as *Sir*; *Madam*; or, *May it please your Grace, Lordship*; *Ladyship*, &c. &c. and always subscribe your name in a larger hand than the body part of your letter.

6. Letters should be wrote on *Quarto*, fine gilt post paper to superiors; if to your equals or inferiors, you are at your own option to use what sort or size you please; but take care never to seal you letter with a wafer, unless to the *latter*.

7. When your letter is sealed, you must write the superscription (if it be to your superior, or equal,) in the following manner, *viz.* Write the word *To* by itself, as nigh the left hand upper

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angle, or corner of your letter, as is convenient: then begin the title, or name of the Person, about an inch lower, and almost in the middle or centre of it, according to the length of the person's name, or title; and write the place of his abode in a line by itself at the bottom thus;

To

The Right Hon. the

Earl of Charlemont,

At Charlemont-House,

Dublin.

Proper DIRECTIONS for addressing Persons of every rank or denomination, at the beginning of Letters, and the Superscriptions.

Beginning of Letters.

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

To

To the QUEEN. *Madam*; or *Most*; &c.
To the PRINCE of WALES. *Sir*; or *May it please your Royal Highness.*
To the PRINCESS of WALES. *Madam*; or *May it please your Royal Highness.*
To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. Ditto.
Note. All *Sovereign's* sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, are entitled to *Royal Highness.*
And to the rest of the Royal Family. *Highness.*
To a DUKE. *May it please your Grace.*
To a DUCHESS. Ditto.
To a MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD, } *My Lord*; or *May it please your Lordship.*
To a Marchioness; an Earl's Wife; Viscountess; or a Lord's Wife. } *May it please your Ladyship.*
To the Archbishops. *May it please your Grace*; or *My Lord.*
To the rest of the Bishops. *My Lord*; or *May it please your Lordship.*
To the rest of the Clergy. *Reverend Sir.*
Note. All younger sons of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Lord's sons, are styled *Honorable*, and are *Esquires.*
To either of these. *Sir*; *Honored Sir*; or *May it please your Honor.*
Also the title of *Lady* is given to the daughters of Dukes, Marquisses, and

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Earls; *Madam*; or *May it please your Ladyship.*

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

To the right honorable the Lord Mayor of Dublin. *My Lord*; or *May it please your Lordship.*

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

All other Officers, either in the army or navy, have only the title of the commission they bear, set first on the superscription of the letters; and at the beginning, *Sir*; or, *Honored Sir*; or, *May it please your Honor.*

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

All Privy Counsellors, and Judges that are Privy Counsellors, are *Right Honorable*; and the whole Privy Counsel taken together, are styled, *Most Honorable.*

Baronets are *Honorable.*

Justices of Peace, and Mayors, are styled, *Right Worshipful.*

Likewise Sheriffs of Counties, &c.

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

Superscriptions of Letters.

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

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KING'S *Most Excellent* MAJESTY.

To her most sacred MAJESTY; or, QUEEN'S *Most Excellent* MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess: &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns' sons; daughters; brothers and sisters, *To his*, or, *her Royal Highness.*

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

To his Grace the Duke of Leinster.

To her Grace the Duchess of Ditto.

To a Marquiss; Earl; Viscount; Lord. } *To the Right Honorable the Marqiss of—; Earl of—; Lord Viscount F—; the Lord H—w.*

To a Marchioness. *To the Right Honorable the Marchioness of—*; &c. An Earl or Viscount's wife. *To the Right Honorable the Countess of—*; *the Viscountess of—*; &c. To a Lord's wife. *To the Right Honorable the Lady—*; &c.

To the daughter of a Duke; Marquiss; and Earl. *To the Right Honorable the Lady Ann Fitzgerald.*

Note. The wives of Lieutenant-generals; Major-generals; and Brigadier-generals; are *Honorable.*

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Alſo the wives of Vice and Rear Admirals; Ambaſſadors; *&c.* *To the Right Honorable Mrs* ——.

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

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

Some neceſſary Orthographical Directions *for writing correctly, and when to uſe* Capital Letters, *and when not.*

1. LET the firſt word of every book, epiſtle, note, bill, verſe, (whether it be in proſe, rhyme, or blank verſe,) begin with a capital.

2. Let proper names of perſons, places, ſhips, rivers, mountains, things perſonified; &c. begin with a capital; alſo all appellative names of profeſſions, *&c.*

3. It was formerly underſtood ornamental to begin every ſubſtantive in a ſentence with a capital, if it bore ſome conſiderable ſtreſs of the author's ſenſe upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conſpicuous; but now the common practice is, to begin all common ſubſtantives with a little letter, which adds to the beauty of writing and printing.

4. None

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4. None but ſubſtantives, whether common, proper, or perſonal, may begin with a capital, except in the beginning or immediately after a full ſtop.

5. Qualities, affirmation or participles, muſt not begin with a capital, unleſs ſuch words begin, or come immediately after a period; then they never fail to begin with a capital.

6. If any notable ſaying; or paſſage of an author, be quoted in his own words, it begins with a capital, though not immediately after a period.

7. Let not a capital be written in the middle of a word among ſmall letters.

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

9. The pronoun I, and the exclamative O, muſt be written with a capital.

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

11. The long *ſ* muſt never be inſerted immediately after the ſhort *s*, nor at the end of a word.

THE

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THE

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS on the most useful and common occasions.

LETTER I.

From a brother at home, to a sister abroad on a visit complaining of her not writing.

Dear Sister,

I Must acquaint you how unkind it is taken by every body here, that we so seldom hear from you; my mother, in particular, is not a little displeased, and says you are a very idle girl; my aunt is of the same opinion; and none but myself endeavours to excuse for you; but I beg you will give me that trouble no more, and, for the future, take care to deserve no rebuke, which

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you may easily do by writing soon and often. You are very sensible how dear you are to us all: think then with yourself, whether it be right to omit giving us the only satisfaction that absence affords to real friends, which is often to hear from one another.

Our best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and compliments to all friends.

From your very
affectionate brother.

J. C.

LETTER II.

The sister's answer.

Dear Brother.

I Will not set about finding excuses, but my own fault, and thank you for your kind reproof; and, in return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again I write this immediately on the receipt of yours, to beg my mamma's pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my aunt's, on this promise of amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little omissions, and be assured, I am never

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so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my duty designedly. I shall certainly write to mamma by next post; this is just a-going, which obliges me to conclude with my duty to my dear mamma, and sincere respects to all friends.

Your ever affectionate sister,

M. C.

LETTER. III.

A young gentleman's letter to his papa, written by a school-fellow.

Dear Pappa,

According to your commands, when you left me at school, I hereby obey them; and, not only inform you that I am well; but also that I am happy in being placed under the tuition of so good a master, who is the best natured man in the world; and I am sure, was I inclinable to be an idle boy, his goodness to me would prompt me to be diligent at my study, that I might please him; besides, I see a great difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent; idle boys being punished as they deserve, and

diligent

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diligent boys being encouraged; but you know, pappa, that I always loved my book, for you have often told me, if I intended ever to be a great man, I must learn to be a good ſcholar, leſt, when I am grown up, I ſhould be a laughing-ſtock or make-game to others, for my ignorance: but I am reſolved to be a ſcholar.

Pray give my duty to my mamma, and my love to my ſiſter.

I am, dear pappa,

Your moſt dutiful ſon.

LETTER. IV.

Another on the ſame ſubject.

Dear Pappa,

AS I know you will be glad to hear from your little boy; I ſhould be very naughty if I did not acquaint you, that I am in good health, and that I am very well pleaſed with my maſter; for he is very kind to me, and tells me, that he will always love young gentlemen that mind their learning: therefore, I am ſure he will ſtill love me, becauſe you have told me, that boys who do not

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mind their learning, will never become gentlemen, and will be laughed at for their ignorance, though they have ever so much money; and as I am sure you always speak truth, and I would willingly be a gentleman, like you, I am resolved to be a good scholar, which, I know, will be a pleasure to you and my mamma, and gain me the love of every body.

Pray give my duty to mamma, my uncle, and my aunt, and my love to my sister and cousins.

I am, dear pappa,
Your most dutiful son.

LETTER V.

To a friend, against waste of time.

Dear Sir,

CONverse often with yourself, and neither lavish your time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Many of our hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away: but of both these losses, the most shameful is that which happens through our own neglect. If we take the trouble to observe, we shall find, that one considerable part of our life

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life, is ſpent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we ſhould not do. We don't ſeem to know the value of time, nor how precious a day is; nor do we conſider, that every moment brings us nearer to our end. Reflect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a ſtrict account of time. Procraſtination is the moſt dangerous thing in life. Nothing is properly ours but the inſtant we breathe in, and all the reſt is nothing; it is the only good we poſſeſs: but then it is fleeting, and the firſt comer robs us of it. Men are ſo weak, that they think they oblige by giving of trifles, and yet reckon that time is nothing, for which the moſt grateful perſon in the world can never make amends.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER VI.

In anſwer to a friend:

SIR,

TO tell you, in anſwer to yours, what I think of proſperity, is, that

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that I take it to be more dangerous to our virtue than adversity. It is apt to make us vain and insolent, regardless of others and forgetful of God, ambitious in our pursuits, and intemperate in our enjoyments. Thus it proved to the wisest man on earth, I mean Solomon. But I much admire what you say of silence, and wish I could practice that passive virtue, which is the first step of wisdom, the nurse of peace, and the guardian of virtue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the mind, betraying the soul to a thousand vanities. I hope you will, in our next meeting, find me greatly improved in what you so much recommend to me.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

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the level of a brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than to apply yourself seriously to the cultivation of your mind; to which purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing to yourself a regular method of study. The morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other part of the day; because the mind is then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those vapours which we generally find after a full male. Nevertheless, I would not affect to read over a multitude of volumes, nor read with greediness; I would rather chuse to read a little and digest it. Neither would I regard the number, so much as the choice, of my books, *&c.*

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LETTER VIII.

From a young lady, in answer to a letter she had received from her mamma, advising her to persevere in the Christian duties she had been instructed in.

Most honored Madam,

I Am at a loss for words to express the joy I felt at the receipt of your letter;

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ter; wherein you are pleaſed to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear mamma greater pleaſure than the account I have given her of the conduct I obſerve in my ſpiritual affairs; and that I may ſtill add to that comfort (which ſhall ever be my ſtudy,) when an opportunity offers itſelf, I preſume to continue the information.

When I have properly diſcharged my duty to that Divine Being, to whom I am indebted for my exiſtence, I repair to my toilet; but not with an intent to clothe my body (which I know muſt ſooner or later fall into corruption) with vain attire, but with ſuch as are decent or innocent; regarding fine robes as the badges of pride and vanity; keeping theſe 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 duty of the ſchool; and divide the time appointed for them as equally as poſſibly I can between the ſeveral branches of education I am engaged in, both before and after dinner.

When ſchool is finiſhed for the day, I, accompanied by a young lady who is my bed-fellow, and of a-like diſpoſi-

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tion, retire to our rooms, where we improve ourſelves by reading. Books of piety are our moſt common choice. Theſe warm our will, and enlighten our underſtandings; they inſtruct us in the cauſe of our miſconduct, and preſcribe to us a remedy: they neither flatter a digniſied title, nor inſult the peaſant who tills the ground; but like painted buſtos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refreſh the memory, enlarge the underſtanding, and enflame the will; and, in a delightful manner, cultivate both virtue and wiſdom,

Having finiſhed our reading, either of piety, or hiſtory, which we prefer next, (eſpecially ſuch as relates to our own country,) and ſupper and prayers are over, I retire alone to my room, to take an impartial view of the actions of the day. If my conſcience does not accuſe me of having committed any thing criminal, I give glory to God; and with bended knees, and an humble heart, return him unfeigned thanks for protecting me againſt thoſe temptations which the enemy of mankind is ready to allure us with: for I am perſuaded, it was not my ſtrength of virtue that withſtood the temptations, but his affiſt-

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ing grace that enabled me to overcome them; and if I am conſcious of having done amiſs, I ſue for pardon; and lay not my body to reſt, till I have procured peace to my ſoul.

If at any time I am permitted to pay a viſit, (which liberty your indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly; for there are certain times when viſits become rather troubleſome than friendly: wherefore I avoid it when much company is expected, or when I am certain that family affairs will not admit of ſufficient leiſure to receive them; the former on my own account, the latter on my friends: that is, much company aſſembled together ſerves rather to confuſe our ideas, than enliven them. Wherefore when I am ſo unfortunate to ill-time a viſit, I withdraw as ſoon as civility and ceremony will permit me; for in my weak opinion, Madam long converſations grow dull, as few of our ſex are furniſhed with a ſufficient fund of materials for long diſcourſes, unleſs it be to comment upon the fralities of the abſent, and turn their misfortunes into a ſubject for our moſt cruel diverſion.

This,

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

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

Most honored Madam,

Your most dutiful daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young lady to her mamma, requesting a favour.

Dear Mamma,

THE many instances you have given me of your affection leave me no room to believe that the favour I presume to ask will be displeasing. Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear mamma has too good an opinion of my conduct, to imagine I would ever advance any thing that might give her the least dissatisfaction.

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The holidays are now at hand, when all of us young ladies are to pay our ſeveral perſonal reſpects and duties to our parents, except one; whoſe friends (her parents being dead), reſide at too great a diſtance for her to expect their indulgence in ſending for her: beſides, were they to do ſo, the expence attending her journey would be placed to her account, and deducted out of the ſmall fortune left her by her parents.

This young lady's affability, ſenſe, and good nature, having gained her the friendſhip and eſteem of the whole ſchool; each of us contending to render her retirement (as I may juſtly call it) from her native home and friends, as comfortable and agreeable as we poſſibly can.

How happy ſhould I think myſelf above the reſt of the young ladies, if you will give me leave to engage her to ſpend the holidays with me at home! And I doubt not but her addreſs and behaviour will attract your eſteem, among the reſt of thoſe ſhe has already acquired.

Your compliance with this requeſt will greatly add to the happineſs I already enjoy from the repeated indulgencies and favours conferred on her, who

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will always perſevere to merit the continuance of them. I am, with my duty to pappa,

Dear Mamma,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

From a young gentleman to his pappa, deſiring that he may learn to dance.

Dear Pappa,

YOUR affectionate and paternal behaviour convinces me, that you are abſolutely reſolved to ſpare no coſt in any branch of education that is eſſentially neceſſary in the employment you propoſe I ſhall hereafter follow: And though I am certain you intend that dancing ſhall have its ſhare in my ſtudies; nevertheleſs, permit me to put you in mind of it, and alſo to deſire you will no longer on account of the ſtrength of my limbs, (which I am ſenſible is the motive that retards me from beginning,) delay your orders to my maſter; for I am perſuaded, from an inſtance I am witneſs of in our ſchool, of a young maſter, who is much weak-

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er in his limbs than ever I was, that dancing will rather strengthen than weaken my joints.

It is not my emulation for dancing a minuet, that is the motive that induces me to be thus pressing; for, I presume, there are other things more necessary belonging to this qualification than that such as to walk well, to make a bow, how to come properly into a room, and to go out of it; bow or salute a friend or acquaintance in the street, whether a superior, equal, or inferior; and several other points of behaviour, which are more essential than dancing a minuet.

These points of behaviour I often blush to be ignorant of; and have several times being the ridicule of those young chaps who are advanced in the knowledge of this accomplishment: and as I am persuaded you would not chuse I should be a make-game to any of my school-fellows, I doubt not but you will send your immediate orders for my beginning; which favour, added to the many others you have already conferred, will greatly oblige

Dear Pappa,
Your most dutiful son,

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LETTER XI.

From a young lady to her pappa, who lately embarked for the East-Indies, in the Company's service, but was detained at Portsmouth by contrary winds.

Dear Pappa,

I Flatter myself you are too well convinced of my steady adherence to my duty and affection, ever to imagine I will omit the least opportunity that offers to pay you my most humble duty.

I beg my dear pappa may not be offended if I say, that it gives me a secret satisfaction to hear you are still within the reach of a post-letter; and though I cannot have the pleasure of a paternal embrace, yet I rejoice in the expectation of receiving the wished-for account of your health's continuance, which to me, my dear mamma, and brother, is the greatest blessing that Providence can possibly bestow upon us.

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Oh! Sir, tho' ſhort to ſome, the interval of time ſince I received your bleſſing, ere your departure from us, to me it ſeems an age! And when I reflect how many ſuch I am doomed to bear in the abſence of the beſt of parents, I am inconſolable! And if it were poſſible that nature could ſubſiſt on ſleep alone, I could with pleaſure renounce every amuſement whatever, and make the ſilent pillow my retreat.

Oh! may the Divine Being be your protector, againſt the many dangers of that boiſterous element you are obliged to traverſe! May he direct ſuch gentle breezes that may conduct you to your deſtined port! May he add to this a happy and ſucceſsful voyage! and, to crown all my wiſhes, grant you a ſpeedy and ſafe return.

I have nothing worthy notice to adviſe you of, but that we are all well (God be praiſed) in the ſame good health you left us, and are in great expectation of the ſame comfortable account in your anſwer to this, from,

Dear Pappa,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

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LETTER XII.

From a young woman just gone to service, to her mother at home.

Dear Mother,

'TIS a fortnight this very day, that I have been at Mr. Johnson's; and I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of my friends. At our first coming hither I thought every thing looked so strange about me: and when John got upon his horse, and rode out of the yard, methought every thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the window and looked after him, till he turned into the Dublin road, (for you know we live a quarter of a mile on the farther side of it,) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some relief. Many a time have I cried since, but I do my best to dry up my tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest mother, I return you a thousand thanks for all the kind advices you

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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 much trouble. So, with my duty to you and my father, and kind love to all friends. I remain ever

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

LETTER XIII.

Her mother's anſwer.

My dear Child,

I AM very ſorry that you have ſuffered ſo much ſince we parted, but it is 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

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You will get new friends there; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no love here, for we all talk of you every evening; and every body speaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean time keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best way of wearing off any concern. Do all the business of your place, and be always ready to assist your fellow-servants where you can, in their business. This will both fill up your time, and help to endear you to them; and then you will soon have as many friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any body living, for I know you never used to do it; but if you hear a bad story of any body, try to soften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your mind as soon as possible. I am in great hopes that all the family are kind to you already, from the good character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it, the better. If you have any time to spare from your business, I hope you will give a good share of it to your devotions; that is an exercise which

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gives comfort and ſpirits without tiring one. My prayers you have daily, I might have ſaid hourly; and there is nothing 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 Mr. Cooper's young man, who ſaid he called upon you in his way from Dublin, and that you looked as freſh as a roſe, and as bonny as a blackbird. You know James' way of talking. However, I was glad to hear you was well, and deſire you would not forget to mention your health yourſelf in your next letter. Your father deſires his bleſſing, and your brothers their kind love to you. Heaven bleſs you, my dear child! and continue you to be a comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate mother.

LETTER XIV.

The daughter to the mother.

Dear Mother,

THO' we begin to have ſuch cold weather, I am got up into my chamber

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chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almost quite easy; which is owing to my following your good advice, and the kindness that is already shewn me in the family. Betty and I are bed-fellows; and she, and Robin, and Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarcely say which is the kindest. My master is sixty-five years of age next April; but by his looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy smiling countenance and he is very good to all his servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the chambers, or in the passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's work go on more pleasantly. My mistress is as thin as my master is plump: not much short of him in age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be borne; for I have never heard my master say a single word of any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent man and laid up a great deal of money when he was in business, with which he purchased this estate here, and another in Carlow, some time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good house in

in Dublin, as well as this here; but my master and mistress both love the country best, and so they sometimes stay here for a whole winter, and all the summer constantly; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you; and I have heard so much of the wickedness of Dublin, that I don't at all desire to go there. As to my fellow-servants, it is thought that Betty, (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the day is long) is to be married to the jovial landlord over the way; and, to say the truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promised to one another. Our coachman, Thomas, seems to be a very good worthy man; you may see by his eyes that it does his heart good whenever he can do a kind thing for any of the neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his father has a good farm of his own in it, and rents another. Robin, the footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I'm sure he has a good stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such fellow-servants, and such a master, I think it would be my own fault if I am not happy. Well in

in health, I assure you, I am, and begin to be pretty well in spirits; only my heart will heave a little still every time I look towards the road that goes to your house, Heaven bless you all there! and make me a deserving daughter of so good a mother!

LETTER XV.

The mother's answer and advice.

Dear Child,

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

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

Now, our gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with difficulties in the procuring them, and fatigue in th

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very enjoyment, and too often followed by regret and self-condemnation. What they call a life of pleasure among the great, must be a very laborious life; they spend the greatest part of the night in balls and assemblies, and fling away the greatest part of their days in sleep; their lives is too much opposed by nature, to be capable of happiness: 'tis all hurry of visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a day, to persons to whom there are not above two or three that they have any real friendship or esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either;) a perpetual seeking after what they call diversions; and insipidity, and want of taste when they are engaged in them, and a certain languishing and restlessness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad constitution, make it worse by their absurd way of life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker thread down to their children. I don't know any 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

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ſible, and not to attract them; for they are really a quite deplorable ſight, and their very faces are a ſtanding leſſon againſt the ſtrange lives they lead.

People in a lower life, it is true, do not act ſo ridiculouſly as thoſe in a higher; but even among them too 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 right road to miſery; and this to me appears juſt as true and evident, as that moderation is always good for us, and exceſs always hurtful.

But it is a charming thing to have youth and beauty, to be followed and admired,—to have preſents offered from all ſides to one,—to be invited to all diverſions, and to be diſtinguiſhed by the men from all the reſt of the company? Yes, my dear child; all this would be charming, if we had nothing to do, but to dance, and receive preſents and if this diſtinction of you was to laſt always

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always. But the mischief of it is, that these things cannt 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. It is 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 beauty what a day was to that flower; and who would value themselves

much

much on the possession of a thing, which they are so sure to lose in so short a time.

Nine or ten years are what one may call the natural term of life for beauty in a young woman; but by accidents of misbehaviour, it may die long before its time. The greatest part of what people call beauty in your face, for instance is owing to that air of innocence and modesty than is in it: if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base man, all that will soon vanish, and assurance and uglines will come in the room of it.

And if other bad consequences should follow, (for other bad ones there are, 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'll take as a blessing,

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and remember they come from the heart of a tender and affectionate mother.

E. C.

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LETTER XVI.

A son's letter at school to his father.

Honored Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for all your favours; all that I have to hope is, that the progress I make in my learning will be no disagreeable return for the same. Gratitude, duty, and a view of future advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour for my own improvement and your satisfaction and to shew myself, upon all occasions,

Your most obedient,

and ever dutiful son.

R——M——.

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LETTER XVII.

A letter of excuſe to a father or mother.

Honored Sir, or Madam,

I AM informed, and it gives me great concern, that you have heard an ill report of me, which, I ſuppoſe, was raiſed by ſome of my ſchool-fellows, who either envy my eſteem, or by aggravating my faults, would endeavour to leſſen their own, though, I muſt own, I have been a little too remiſs in my ſchool buſineſs, and am now ſenſible I have loſt in ſome meaſure my time and credit thereby; but, by my future diligence, I hope to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a ſtrict regard to all your commands, which I am bound to, as in gratitude as duty; and hope I ſhall ever have leave, and with great truth, to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt dutiful ſon.

P. C.

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LETTER XVIII.

To Mr.——

Lucan,——

I THINK I promised you a letter from this place, yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got safe thither. To any other man I should make an apology for troubling you with an information so trivial; but among true friends there is nothing indifferent; and what would seem of no consequence to others, has, in intercourses of this nature, it weight and value. A bystander unacquainted with play, may fancy perhaps that the counters are of no more worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the game, know they are to be considered at a higher rate. You see I draw my allusion from the scene before me. A propriety which the critics, I think, upon some occasions, recommend. I have often wondered what odd whim could first induce the healthy to follow the sick into places of this sort, and lay the scene of their diversions

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ons amidſt the moſt wretched part of our ſpecies. One ſhould imagine an hoſpital the laſt ſpot in the world to which thoſe in purſuit of pleaſure would think of reſorting. However, ſo it is; and by this means the company here furniſh out a tragic-comedy of the moſt ſingular kind. While ſome are literally dying, others are expiring in a metaphor; and in one ſcene you are preſented with the real, and in another with the fantaſtical pains of mankind. An ignorant ſpectator might be apt to ſuſpect that each part was endeavouring to qualify itſelf for acting in the oppoſite character; for the infirm cannot labour more earneſtly to recover the ſtrength they have loſt than the robuſt to deſtroy that which they poſſeſs. Thus the diſeaſed paſs not more anxious in their beds, than the healthy at the hazard-tables; and I frequently ſee a game at quadrille occaſion as ſevere diſquietudes as a fit of the gout. As for myſelf, I perform a ſort of middle part in the motley drama, and am ſometimes diſpoſed to join with the invalids in envying the healthy, and ſometimes have ſpirits enough to mix with the gay in pitying the ſplenetic.

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The truth is, I have found ſome benefit by the waters; but I ſhall not be ſo ſanguine as to pronounce with certainty of their effects, till I ſee how they enable me to paſs through the approaching winter. That ſeaſon, you know, is the time of trial with me; and if I get over the next with more eaſe than the laſt, I ſhall think myſelf obliged to celebrate the nymph of theſe ſprings in grateful ſonnets.

But let time and ſeaſons operate as they may, there is one part of me, over which they will have no power; and in all the changes of this uncertain conſtitution, my heart will continue fixed and firmly yours.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER XIX.

From a young apprentice to his father, to let him know how he likes his place, and goes on.

Honored Sir,

I Know it will be a great ſatisfaction to you and my dear mother, to hear that I go on very happily in my buſineſs and

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and my maſter, ſeeing my diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in ſuch a manner, that I have great delight in it; and hope I ſhall anſwer in time your good wiſhes and expectations, and the indulgence you have always ſhewn me. There is ſuch good order in the family, as well on my miſtreſs's part as my maſter's, that every ſervant, as well as I, knows his duty, and does it with pleaſure. So much evenneſs, ſedateneſs, and regularity, is obſerved in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impoſſible but it ſhould be ſo. My maſter is an honeſt, worthy man; every body ſpeaks well of him. My miſtreſs is a chearful ſweet-tempered woman, and rather heals breaches than widens them. And the children after ſuch examples behave to us all like one's own brothers and ſiſters. Who can but love ſuch a family? I wiſh, when it ſhall pleaſe God to put me in ſuch a ſtation, that I may carry myſelf as my maſter does; and if I ſhould ever marry, have juſt ſuch a wife as my miſtreſs; and then, by God's bleſſing, I ſhall be as happy as they are; and as you, Sir, and my dear mother, have always been. If any thing can make me happier than I am, or continue to me my preſent felicity,

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city, it will be the continuance of yours, and my good mother's prayer's for,

Honored Sir,

Your ever dutiful son.

LETTER XX.

From a daughter to her mother, by way of excuse for having neglected to write to her.

Honored Madam,

THO' the agreeable news of your health and welfare, which was brought me last night by the hands of my uncle's man, Robin, gives me an inexpressible pleasure; yet I am very much concerned that my too long silence should have given you so much uneasiness as I understand it has. I can assure you, Madam, that my neglect in that particular was nowise owing to any want of filial duty or respect, but of hurry of business, (if I may be allowed to call it so,) occasioned by the honor of a visit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty neice Miss Charlotte, who are exceeding

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ceeding good company, and whom our family are proud of entertaining in the most elegant manner. I am not insensible, however, that neither this plea, nor any real business, of whatsoever importance, can justly acquit me for not writing oftener, to a parent so tender and indulging as yourself; but, as the case now stops, 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, you may depend on my word, it shall never more be repeated by, Honorable Madam,

Your most dutiful daughter.

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Careless, which led my curiosity to read it; but was sorry to find there was not that duty and respect in it which every good boy should shew to his pappa; and this I was the more surprized at, when I found it was to ask a favour of him. Give me leave, therefore, dear Billy, to acquaint you, that no one should ever write to his pappa, or mamma, without beginning his letter with *Honored Sir*, or *Honored Madam*; and at the same time, not forget to observe, through his whole epistle, the most perfect obedience, in a very obliging respectful manner. By these means, you may not only increase your pappa's affection, but obtain almost any thing from him that you can reasonably ask, provided it be proper, and in his power to grant. What can any good boy desire more? But here you must permit me, dear Billy, to whistle an unpleasing but very useful song in your ear; which is, "That you will "never get so much as an answer to "any letter that is not also wrote "*handsome*, *fair*, and *large*, which, as I "know you are very capable of, and "am surprized you will ever neglect "it." And this you may depend on, for I know your pappa extremely well, having frequently sat for hours at his study-

ſtudy-window, hearing him deliver his ſentiments to your ſiſters, and adviſing them, in the moſt good natured affectionate manner, always to behave obedient to their parents, and pretty and agreeable to every body elſe, as well abroad as at home,; and I muſt ſay it, his advice and commands, together with your mamma's care and inſtruction, have had ſo charming an effect, that they are beloved and admired wherever they go; and at home every ſervant is extremely fond of them, and always ready to oblige and pleaſe them in every thing, which I ſee daily, when I hop down into the court, to breakfaſt on the crumbs from the kitchen. How eaſy then is it for you, my dear Billy, who are ſo much older and wiſer than your ſiſters, to behave and write in the moſt dutiful and engaging manner. And further let me adviſe you, never to loſe ſight of the love and eſteem of your mamma, to whom you are all particularly obliged, for her conſtant care to ſupply your continual wants, which your pappa, you are ſenſible, has not leiſure even to think of; beſides, her good ſenſe and amiable conduct have ſo gained the aſcendant of your pappa. that he does nothing relating to any of you

you without her consent and approbation, so that in gaining her esteem, you are almost certain of his: but this you are very sensible of already, and I only just chirp it into your ear, to remind you of good conduct, as well as filial duty. But the morning draws on, and my fellow-songesters are abroad to whistle in the day; so I must take my leave on the wing, and for the present bid you farewell; but beg I may never have occasion again to write to you an unpleasing letter of rebuke; and that you will always remember, however distant you are, or however secret you may think yourself from your friends and relations, you will never be able to conceal your faults; for some of our prying tattling tribe will be continually carrying them home, to be whistled in a melancholy strain, in the ears of your pappa, much to your shame and discredit, as well as his dislike, and my great concern, who am dearest Billy, your ever watchful and most affectionate friend

Robin Red-breast.

From my hole in the wall, at sun-rising, the 1st of JUNE 1796.

P. S. However

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P. S. However neglectful you may be of your duty, I know you have too much good ſenſe, as well as good nature, to take any thing amiſs I have ſaid in this letter, which is wrote with the freedom and concern of a friend, and to which I was prompted, both by love and gratitude, in return for the plenty of crumbs I have received at your hands and the kind protection you have always ſhewn me, both in the court and in the garden, from ſome of your idle companions, who, with ſticks and ſtones, have often in your abſence aimed at my life.

Robin Red-breaſt.

LETTER XXII.

From one ſiſter to another.

Dear Siſter,

EVER ſince you went to London, your favourite Mrs. Friendly, and myſelf, have thought our rural amuſements dull and inſipid, notwithſtanding we have the players in town, and an aſſembly once a week. At your departure

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ture, if you remember, you paſſed your word to return in a month's time; but, inſtead of that, it is now almoſt a quarter of a year. How can you ſerve us ſo? In ſhort, if you keep us in ſuſpence much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the expence and length of the journey be what it will. We live in hopes, however, that, upon the receipt of this notice, you'll return without any farther delay and prevent our taking ſuch an unmerciful jaunt. Your compliance with this our joint requeſt, will highly oblige, not only your moſt ſincere and affectionate friends, but

Your ever loving ſiſter.

LETTER. XXIII.

In anſwer to the foregoing

Dear Siſter,

I RECEIVED your ſummons, and can aſſure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourſelf, that my long ſtay in town, notwithſtanding all the good company I have met with, and all the diverſions with

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with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my inclinations; and nothing but my lady Townly's absolute commands not to leave her, ſhould have prevented my return to you within the time propoſed. You are ſenſible I have infinite obligations to her, and it would be ingratitude to the laſt degree not to comply with her injunctions. In order, however, to make you both amends for that uneaſineſs which my long abſence has given you, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to prevail with her ladyſhip to join with me in a viſit to you both in the ſpring, and to ſtay with you a month at leaſt, if not longer. I would adviſe you therefore to ſave an unneceſſary expence, as well as fatigue, and reſt cotennted where you are till you ſee

Your ever loving

and affectionate ſiſter.

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LETTER XXIV.

From Lady Goodford *to her daughter, a girl of fourteen years old, then under the care of her grandmother in the country.*

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no precepts under my mother's care to instruct you in all moral and religious duties, yet there are some things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming of your mind, so as to make that figure in the world I could wish you to do. I am certain you will be kept up in your music, singing and dancing, by the best masters the country affords: and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good housewifery is a most commendable quality,—I would have you, indeed, neglect none of these branches of education; but my dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two hours, at least, every day to reading.—My father left a collection

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lection of very excellent books in all languages behind him, which are yet in being; and as you are tolerable acquainted with the French and Italian, would have you not to be altogether a ſtranger to their authors Poetry, if it be good (as in that library you will find none that is not ſo,) very much elevates the ideas, and harmonizes the ſoul; and well wrote novels are an amuſement, in which ſometimes you may indulge yourſelf. But hiſtory is what I would chiefly recommend; and I would particularly recommend to your peruſal "Holberg's Univerſal Hiſtory," publiſhed by PETER HORY, (No. 33) Upper Ormond Quay;—without ſome knowledge of this, you will be accounted the beſt, but an agreeable trifler.—I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the company you may have fallen into.

But, my dear child, I muſt warn you to beware with what diſpoſition you ſit down to read books of this nature; for if you ſlightly ſkip them over, and merely to gratify your own curioſity with the amazing events delivered in them. the reſearch will afford you little advantage.——You muſt, therefore, conſider

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what you read;—mark well the chain of accidents which bring on any great catastrophe; and this will shew you that nothing happens by chance, but all is entirely governed by the directions of an over ruling power.——In distinguishing the true causes of the rise and fall of empires, and those strange revolutions that have happened in most kingdoms of the world, you will admire divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of partiality, when you find as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all rights both human and divine sacrilegiously trampled upon; a mock authority established in the place of a real one, and lawless usurpation prosper; because, at the same time, you will see that this does not happen, till a people grown bold in iniquity, and ripe for destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest vengeance of offended Heaven, which is tyranny and oppression; and though innocent individuals may suffer in the general calamity, yet it is for the good of the whole in order to bring them to a just sense of their transgressions, and turn them from their evil ways.——This the historical part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless instances; and this the

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the calamities which at different times have befallen every kingdom and commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe prejudices which will pervert your judgment, and render you guilty of injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my commands, which will always be for your improvement and emolument, never be remiss in this point.

Next to history, I should be glad to see you have smattering in natural history: for which purpose, let me recommend to your perusal a work intitled, *Newtonian System of Philosophy*, published by PETER HOEY (No. 33) *Ormond-Quay*; being very entertaining philosophical conversation, wherein the wonderful works of Providence, in the animal, vegetable and mineral creation are laid open, in four pocket volumes; in which are interspersed a great variety of useful and explanatory cuts.—Believe me, child, the wide creation presents nothing that affords not infinite matter for a delightful speculation; and the more you examine the works of nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the

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the great God of nature, the fountain of all pleasure.

I expect your next will be filled with no inquiries on new fashions, nor any directions to your milliner; nor shall I be better satisfied with an account of your having begun or finished such or such a peice of fine work:—This may inform you that it is other kinds of learning I would have you versed in.—I flatter myself with seeing my commands obeyed, and that no part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more time and knowledge of the world will shew you the value of, and prove to you more than any indulgence I could treat you with, how very much

I am,

Your affectionate mother.

LETTER XXV.

To a young lady, cautioning her against keeping company with a gentleman of a bad character.

Dear Niece,

THE sincere love and affection which I now have for your indulgent

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dulgent father, and ever had for your virtuous mother, not long since deceased, together with the tender regard I have for your future happiness and welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by letter than by word of mouth, that the town rings of your unguarded conduct, and the too great freedoms that you take of Mr. Freelove. You have been seen with him, (if fame lies not) in the side boxes of the theatre; in the Phœnix-Park on Sunday night, and afterwards at a certain tavern, not a mile from thence, which is a house (as I have been credibly informed) of no good repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at the Rotunda, Vauxhall gardens; and, what is still more flagrant, at the private Theatre. Don't imagine, neice, that I am in the least prejudiced, or speak out of any private pique; but let me tell you, your familiarity with him gives me no small concern, as his character is none of the best: and as he acted in the most ungenerous manner by two or three very virtuous young ladies of my acquaintance, who entertained too favourable an opinion of his honor. 'Tis possible, as you have no great expectancies from your relations, and as he has an

an income, as 'tis reported, of 200*l.* a year, left him by his uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his addreſs an offer to your advantage. 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 doating lady not far from Dublin. Beſides, admitting it to be true, that he is really intitled to the annuity above mentioned; yet it is too well known, that he is deep in debt; that he lives beyond his income, and has very little, if any regard for his reputation. In ſhort, not to mince the matter, he is a perfect libertine, and is ever boaſting of favours from our weak ſex, whoſe fondneſs and frailty are the conſtant topics of his raillery and ridicule.

All things therefore duly conſidered, let me prevail on you, dear neice, to avoid his company as you would a mad man: for notwithſtanding I ſtill think you ſtrictly virtuous, yet your good name irreparably loſt by ſuch open acts of imprudence. As I have no other motive but an unaffected zeal for your intereſt

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interest and welfare, I flatter myself you'll put a favourable construction on the liberty here taken by,

Your sincere friend,

and affectionate aunt,

J —— N ——

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LETTER XXVII.

From an apprentice to his friends.

Honored Father and Mother,

BY these I let you know, that by your good care and conduct I am well settled, and pleased with my station, and think it my duty to return you my hearty thanks, and grateful acknowledgment of your love and tender care of me; I will endeavour to go through my business chearfully. And having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the end, that I may be a comfort to you hereafter, and in some measure make a return for your love and kindness to me, who am,

Your most dutiful and

obedient son and servant.

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LETTER XXVIII.

From an elder brother to a younger.

Dear Brother,

AS you are now gone from home, and are arrived at years of some discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in mind, that your childish affairs ought now to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them, more serious thoughts, and things of more consequence should take place; whereby we may add to the reputation of our family, and gain to ourselves the good esteem of being virtuous and diligent in life, which is of great value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling amusements whatsoever: for it will be an ornament in youth and a comfort in old age.

You have too much good nature to be offended at my advice, especially when I assure you, that I as sincerely wish your happiness and advancement in life, as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remembered to you. Pray write as often as opportunity and leisure will permit; and be

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assured a letter from you will always give great pleasure to all your friends here, but to none more than,

Your most affectionate brother,

And sincere humble servant.

LETTER XXIX.

A letter from a nephew to an uncle, who wrote to him a letter of rebuke.

Honored Sir,

I Received your kind advice, and by the contents of your letter perceive I have been represented to you as one of immoral principles. I dare not write you any excuse for the follies and frailties of youth, because, in some measure, I own I have been guilty of them, but not to that degree which you have had them represented; however, your rebuke is not unseasonable, and it shall have the desired effect, as well to frustrate the designs of my enemies (who aim to prejudice you against them,) as to please you, and obey all your commands and advice; which I now sincere-

ly

ly thank you for giving me; and promise for the future, I will make it my study to reform, and regain, by adhering strictly to your instructions, the good opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me. I beg my duty to my aunt, and am,

Your most obliged,

and ever dutiful nephew.

H—— M——

LETTER XXX.

Letter from a neice to her aunt.

Madam,

THE trouble I have already given you, really concerns me when I think of it, and yet I can't help intruding again upon your goodness; for necessity, that mother of invention, forces us to act contrary to our inclinations; therefore, pray, dear Madam, excuse me, if I once more intreat your assistance in this affair, in any manner that you shall think proper; and I hope at least one time in my life, to be able

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to convince you that I have a thorough sense of the many obligations your goodness has conferred upon,

Your most dutiful and

truly obliged niece, and

very humble servant,

J—— P——

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LETTER XXXI.

Letter from a youth at school to his parents.

Honored Father and Mother,

YOUR kind letter of the 24th inst. I received in due time, and soon after the things therein mentioned, by the carrier, for which I return you my sincere thanks, They came very opportunely for my occasions. I hope soon to improve myself at school, though I own it seems a little hard and irksome to me as yet, but my master gives me great encouragement, and assures me I shall soon get the better of the little difficulties

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difficulties that almost every boy meets with at first, and then it will be a perfect pleasure instead of a task, and altogether as pleasant and easy as it is now irksome and hard.

My humble duty to yourselves, and I beg the favour of you to give my kind love to my brothers and sisters, and remember me to all friends and acquaintance, and will oblige,

Your ever dutiful

and obedient son

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(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 benefitting myself. I have but little leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but will take every opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great gratitude,

Your ever dutiful

and most obedient son.

LETTER. XXXIII.

From Miss R. at S. to her sister at Salisbury.

I Have often, I may say very often, proposed writing a long epistle to my dearest Sukey, and have as often been prevented. Miss P. was to have been the bearer of one; but, to my great surprize she left me without taking leave nay, without giving notice of her going, and I never so much as saw her since yesterday se'enight, when I very agreeably spent the day with her and Mrs. H——,

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H——, at Mr. W——'s at M——. My uncle, whom I also intended to have wrote by, went away (as you know he always does) in such a hurry, that I had no time to set about writing a long letter, and a short one I knew would by no means attone for such a long silence. You complain in your last of my writing with too much reserve; for my own part I think I write with too little, when I reflect on some particulars that my uncle rallied me upon before he went hence; which he never could have known, had he not seen my letters, or been acquainted with the contents of them. What say you to that my dear? But I forgive.——Well, but what news? say you: I'll tell you, Last Monday morning, a very agreeable party, among whom was Aunt, R——, met us at a sweet pleasant cottage on Westphalia Commons: they brought with them a little elegant repast, exactly suited to the size of the cottage, which, though but just big enough for us to sit down in, was capable of holding a world of happiness, as we proved; for the weather was extremely pleasant, the company perfect harmonious, and we were all excessively agreeable to each other; but in an instant, for such a day of plea-

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ſure ſeemed but a moment, the ſtill evening came on, and all our joys were huſhed. In ſhort, about eight o'clock we broke up from this ſweet little rural retreat, which, believe me, dear Sukey, afforded high entertainment for a day to us all. I wiſhed greatly that you could have been a partaker; but, however, at your return we will attempt the like again. By the help of your company, 'tis poſſible we may ſucceed as well a ſecond time; though that I muſt own an expectation of this ſort is ſeldom the caſe. Well, for the preſent, I will take leave of the cote; and now for the news of the town. The firſt that occurs to me is the marriage of our old miſtreſs, who thought it better late than never, and laſt Friday ſhook hands for life with Mr. S. the draper. He is a little advanced as well as ſhe, but no matter; why may there not be pleaſure at the latter time of life, as well as at the beginning? Though, for my own part, I muſt confeſs I am not for putting happineſs off till to-morrow, if it may be as well had to day.

But to be ſerious, my dear, there is no other news all over the town worth mentioning; 'tis all as inſipid as the laſt diſh of old batchelor's tea. But when

when are we to see you? You have long, very long, talked of returning home; pray talk no more of it, nay write no more, but instead of your agreeable letters, let us have your more agreeable company, and you'll most truly oblige,

Your affectionate sister.

E. C.

LETTER. XXXIV.

From an elder brother in the country, to his younger brother put apprentice in DUBLIN.

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new situation into which the care of your friends has put you; but I would have you pleased, not with the novelty of it, but with the real advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less restraint than you were; for a master has neither occasion nor inclination to watch a youth so much as his parents. But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish satisfaction, may, in the end,

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end, betray you into mischief; nay, to your ruin. Though your father is not in sight, dear brother, act always as if you were in his presence; and be assured, that what would not offend him will never displease any body.

You have more sense, I have often told you so, than most persons at your time. Now is the opportunity to make good use of it; and take this for certain, every right step you enter upon now will be a comfort for your life. I would have you reason as well as your fancy pleased with your new situation, and then you will as becomes you. Consider, brother, that the state of life that charms you so at this time, will bring you to independence and affluence; that you will, by behaving as you ought now, become master of a house and family, and have every thing about you at your own command, and have apprentices as well as servants to wait upon you. The master, with whom you are placed, was some years ago in your situation; and what should hinder you from being hereafter in his? All that is required is patience and industry; and these, brother, are very cheap articles, with which to purchase so comfortable a condition.

Your

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Your master, I am told, had nothing to begin the world withal. In that he was worse than you; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome manner. So you have sufficient inducements to be good and a reward always follows it. Brother, farewell! Obey your master, and be civil to all persons; keep out of company, for boys have no occasion for it, and most that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a fault, confess it at once; for the lie in denying it is worse than the thing itself. Go to church constantly; and write to us often. I think I need not say any thing more to so good a lad as you, to induce you to continue so.

I am,

Your affectionate brother.

J—— N——

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LETTER XXXV.

A letter of excuse for silence, and assurance it was not out of disrespect.

THERE are times, Madam, in which it is failing in care, not to write to one's friends; there are others in which it is prudence. Methinks it better becomes an unhappy man to be silent than to speak; for he tires if he speaks of his misery, or he is ridiculous if he attempts to be diverting. I have not done myself the honor 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 that 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

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assure you that no one can be with more esteem and respect than I am,

Your faithful and

affectionate servant,

T. U.

LETTER. XXXV.

A letter from a servant in DUBLIN, *to his master in the country.*

SIR,

AS I find you are detained longer in the country than you expected, I thought it my duty to acquaint you that we are all well at home; and to assure you that your business shall be carried on with the same care and fidelity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your return as soon as your affairs will permit; and it is with pleasure that I take this opportunity of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obedient,
and faithful servant.

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LETTER XXXVI.

From a father to his son, just beginning the world.

Dear Billy,

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

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

Old age is generally slow and heavy, youth

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youth head-ſtrong and precipitate; but there are old men who are full of vivacity, and young men, replete with diſcretion, which makes me rather point out the conduct than the age of the perſons with whom you ſhould chuſe to aſſociate; though, after all, it is a never failing good ſign to me of prudence and virtue in a young man, when his ſeniors chuſe his company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your endeavours therefore be, at all adventures, to conſort yourſelf with men of ſobriety, good ſenſe, and virtue; for the proverb is an unerring one that ſays, *A man is known by the company he keeps.* If ſuch men you can ſingle out, while you improve by their converſation you will benefit by their advice; and be ſure remember one thing, that though you muſt be frank and unreſerved in delivering your ſentiments, when occaſions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than ſpeak; for to this purpoſe it has been inſignificantly obſerved, that nature has given a man two ears, and but one tongue. Lay in therefore, by obſervation, and a modeſt ſilence, ſuch a ſtore of ideas, that you may, at their time of life, make no worſe figure than they do, and endea-

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

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my care and concern for your welfare. I hope you will

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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,

M—— N——

LETTER XXXVIII.

To an intimate acquaintance to borrow money.

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

W—— D——

LET-

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LETTER. XXXIX.

To an acquaintance to borrow a ſum of money for a little time.

Dear Sir,

IF it be quite convenient and agreeable to you, I'll beg the favour of you to lend me fifty pounds for the ſpace of three months preciſely; any ſecurity that you ſhall require, and I can give, you may freely aſk. A leſs time would not ſuit me, a longer, you may depend on it, I ſhall not deſire. Your anſwer will oblige, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

J—— R——

LETTER XL.

An anſwer to the foregoing

Dear Sir,

ANY thing in my power is always very much at your ſervice; the ſum

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ſum you mention I have now by me, and can very conveniently ſpare it for the time you fix, and you are moſt heartily welcome to it. Any hour that you ſhall appoint to-morrow I'll be ready: and am with the greateſt ſincerity,

Your affectionate friend.

and humble ſervant,

R—— M——

LETTER XLI.

Miſs J. in anſwer to Mrs. B. making an apology for not anſwering her letter ſooner.

Madam,

IT is paying you but an ill compliment, to let one of the moſt entertaining letters I have met with for ſome years, remain ſo long unacknowledged: But when I inform you I've had a houſe full of ſtrangers almoſt ever ſince, who have taken up all my time, I'm ſure you'll excuſe, if not pity me. "Who "ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; it was "mine it is his, and has been a ſlave

"to

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"to thousands; but he who filches "from me my precious moments, robs, "me of that which not enriches him; "but makes me poor indeed." It is owing to this want, I should not say loss of time, (for the hours have not passed by unimproved or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you sooner, how much I envy that leisure and retirement, of which you make such admirable use; there it is the mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the forms and incumbrances of this world, (which, like garments trailed about for state, as some author has it, only hinder our motion,) and seizes and enjoys the liberty it was born to. O when shall I see my little farm! that calm recess, low in the vale of obscurity, my imagination so often paints to me! You know I am always in raptures about the country; but your description of Killarney is enough to intoxicate the soundest head.

Adieu! I am interrupted, and in haste, so obliged to conclude.

Yours, &c.

LET-

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LETTER XLII.

Miss J. to Miss Lovelace, on the present letter-writers, and her opinion of a well wrote letter.

WANT of time is, I think, the general complaint of all letter-writers; and, your's in haste, includes wit, business, every thing. For my own part, my whole life is little more than a perpetual hurry of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more business of that sort upon my hands than now. But as I can generally find time to do any thing I have a mind to do, so can always contrive to be at leisure to pay my respects to Miss L.

But the most universal complaint among scribblers of my rank is want of sense. These generally begin with an apology for a long silence, and end with that moving petition, Excuse this nonsense. This is modest indeed; but, though I am excessive good natured, I am, resolved, for the future, not to pardon it entirely in any one but myself.

I have

I have often thought there never was a letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and, if I had not some private reasons for being of a contrary opinion at this time, should conclude this to be a master-piece of this kind, both in easiness, in thought, and facility of expression. And in this easiness of writing (which Mr. Wycherly says is easily wrote,) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best letters; though, it must be confessed, he outdoes me in some few trifles of another sort, such as spirit, taste, and sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that letters, like beauties, may be overdrest. There is a becoming negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off my manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that genius is as necessary without writing, as straw towards making bricks: whereas, it is notorious that the Israelites made bricks without that material as well as with it.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, this: I never had more inclination to write to you, and never fewer materials at hand to write with; therefore

have

have fled for refuge to my old companion, dulness, who is ever at hand to assist me; and have made use of all those genuine expressions of herself, which are included under the notion of want of time, want of spirit, and, in short, want of every thing, but the most unfeigned regard for that lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

To Miss L. in answer to her description of WINDSOR.

YOUR account of the shades of Windsor, and your invitation to them, are equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in mind of the Elysian groves, where the great souls of antiquity repose themselves on beds of flowers, to the sound of immortal lyres; and there perhaps the ghosts of departed kings and queens are still regaling themselves with soft music, and gliding about their ancient mansions in fresco; and the latter, of some gentle spirit, the departed genius of some maid of honor, (rather too plump for a ghost,) who beckons

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beckons me into them. I am impatient till I land in those calm retreats, that asylum from court'sying and compliment which I despaired of arriving at this sublunary state; where, if one can but get in the group, all distinctions ceases; where, you say, I may do any thing I have a mind to do without impeachment of my breeding; and here disengaged from all the forms and incumbrances of this nether world, I am like to be in perfect good humour with myself, which, in most other places, would be reckoned excessively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with you so near the seat of polite education, much less in kings palaces, and among their honorable women.——Tuesday, then I set out for the glorious land, and the genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my thanks for your offer of a servant to attend me; but as I chuse to give you as little trouble as possible, shall take an equipage along with me, to kill the dragons and monsters in Maiden-head thicket These difficulties being overcome. I shall lay my spoils at your feet, as lady of the inchanted castle, and ever after remain,

Your peaceful servant, &c.

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LETTER XLIV.

Miss J. to Miss L. from an inn on the road, giving an account of her journey.

ALAS! the transition!—from yesterday, Henrietta-street, Mrs. L, and Mrs.——, to a nasty inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp sheets, and perhaps the itch before morning. Yet say not I want resolution; never virtue had more. Sick to death from the moment you left me, head-ach beyond description, five men and two women to compliment my way through in the afternoon: yet boldly rushed through them all, and took my place in the stage coach myself. After all, lost five shillings earnest by a blunder, went in a wrong coach at last, and such a morning!—But then I had a worshipful society! all silent and sick as myself; for which I thanked my stars: for if they had spoke, I had been murdered. Mrs.——had almost talked me into non-existence yesterday morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come

in and restored me to my identity. Pray tell her this, in revenge for my headach.

All our friends that we took up in the morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we set out upon the journey of life, and now I have only a young student of Trinity to finish the evening of my day with, and prepare for the grand events of to-morrow. I have just been eating a boiled chicken with him, and talking about Homer and Madam Rolland; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my bed-chamber, whom I shall dismiss with her warming-pan in a moment. If you do not permit me to pour out the present set of ideas upon all this paper, I am inconsolable; for I have no book, and was too absent till now to think I should want one.—How sudden, and how capricious are the transitions of this mortal stage! Pleasure and pain are parted but by a single moment. Leixlip, Blackrock, Merrion-square, and your gray gown, are no more; nor with Mr. Locke's associations can I associate a single idea of the past with the present. Even Lady —— is defunct. And yet

the

she might—But she is no more? *et de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

While virtue shines or sinks beneath—

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

This effort of poetry, and that scrap of Latin, which I don't understand, has so exhausted all my forces, that I find myself gradually sinking into the arms of sleep, and must now resign to the gentle power of dreams.

Farewell—and when, like me, oppress with care,
You to your own Aquinium shall repair,
To taste a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend, and send me word
What joys your fountains and cool streams afford:
Then to assist your rhapsodies I'll come,
To add new spirit, when we speak of Rome.

JUV.

BELLY OF LIBRARY COLLEGE

LET-

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LETTER XLV.

To Miss L. on the expressions and compliments commonly made use of in letters.

THE money and books came sound as a roach. *Safe* is so common an expression, that I am tired of telling people for ever, things came safe. We geniuses are forced to vary our expressions, and invent new terms, as well to shew our surprising compass of thought, as our great command of language. This sometimes appears stiff and affected to the common class of readers, or hearers, who are apt to be out of their element upon hearing any new or unusual sounds; but our nicer ears cannot always bear the same cadences. There's something peculiar in the make and structure of the auditory nerve, that requires diversification and variety as well as some skill in the anatomy of language to make an impression on it, without wounding it. It is for this reason, when I ask a favour, (a thing I seldom chuse to do,) I always select the most delicate phrases I am mistress of; but in regard to forms, which most people are sick of, and

and yet surfeit their friends with, these I vary according as my own humour or inclination preponderates. Of consequence, when I come towards the end, or peroration of a letter, I sometimes communicate my compliments—sometimes desire they may be made known—or, where there is a large family, and of consequence a number of civilities to be paid, the laconic style of—My deferences as usual, have sometimes succeeded beyond my expectation. I am sick of saying for ever, I beg my compliments to such a one.—But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular dissertation upon style, and as I have many flowers of rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the words above mentioned into the form of a letter, and communicate all the things I have to say in the postscript.

LETTER XLVI.

From Miss Jones to Lady———

THE first letter from an absent friend is surely the most agreeable thing to muse over in nature. Your's

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from Dunleary revived in me those pleasing remembrances which not only enliven, but expand the heart; that very heart, which but the moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the thoughts of your departure. Lady H. Fitzgerald partook of the pleasure. The moment she saw your hand, she cried Half! and read it most complacently over my shoulder.

It is to no purpose to tell you how much you were missed by every body that staid in town; how often I cast my eyes up at your dressing-room windows, or how many people I have run over in contemplating your dining-room shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your health, and to order John, when I go to town again, to tie up the knocker. I could tell you many stories of the sensible things; but of all the sensible ones upon this occasion, your lamp provoked me most. To see that creature, when I have gone by in the evening, burn so prettily and with so much alacrity, has put me out of all patience. To what purpose should he light us, into your house now; or who would be obliged to him for his paultry rays;—I took a contemplative turn or two

in your dressing-room once or twice; but it was so like walking over your grave, that I could not bear to stay.—Lady H. departed two days after you; and in short I lived to see almost every body I loved go before me. So last Saturday I made my own exit with equal decency and dignity; that is with a thorough resignation of the world I left, and an earnest desire after that I am now enjoying with lady Bower and Miss Peggy Stonehouse. I shall begin verging towards my last home, after having touched upon the confines of Lady H. B's world, there to subside and be at peace, where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a letter from you.

I have implored St. SWITHEN in your behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater compliment, weeps plentifully for your absence I fear you have had a terrible journey; for scarce a day has passed that he has not shed many tears.

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LETTER XLVII.

From a tradesman to a correspondent, requesting the payment of a sum of money.

SIR,

A VERY unexpected demand that has been made on me for money, which I was in hopes of keeping longer in my trade, obliges me to apply for your assistance of the balance of the account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an opportunity to inform you of the nature of this demand, and the necessity of my discharging it, you will readily excuse the freedom I now take with you; and as it is an affair of such consequence to my family, I know the friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, servant.

TIMOTHY JONES.

LET-

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LETTER XLVIII.

The Answer

SIR,

IT gives me singular satisfaction that I have it in my power to answer your demand, and am able to serve a man I so much esteem. The balance of the account is two hundred pounds; for half of which I have procured a bank note, and for security divided it, and sent one half by the carrier, as you desired, and have here inclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other difficulty that lies in the road to happiness; and am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To a lady, inviting her into the country for the summer.

My dear Harriot,

I DO not know whether I flatter myself with an opinion of your speaking

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ing to me the other day with an uncommon air of friendſhip, or whether I am ſo happy to hold that place, of which I ſhould be ſo ambitious, in your eſteem. I thought you ſpoke with concern at our parting for the ſummer, on our family's retireing into the country. For heaven's ſake, my dear, what can you do all the dull ſeaſon in Dublin?—— the Rotunda is not for more than twice; and I think Aſtley's one would not ſee above half a dozen times in the year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty town for four or five months together? I would fain perſuade you not to be in love with ſo diſagreeable a place, and I have an intereſt in it; for I am a petitioner to you to ſtay this ſummer with us, at leaſt I beg you will try. We go, my dear, on Monday: Will you go with us? for there is a place in the coach; or will you come when we are ſettled? I am greatly of opinion that it will pleaſe you. I am ſure I need not tell you we ſhall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the invitation.

You have not ſeen our houſe; but it is a very pleaſant one. There are fine prospects

prospects in the park, and a river runs through the garden; nor are we quite out of the way of entertainment. You know there is a great deal of company about the place; and we have an assembly within a mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come? Why, I will tell you, that you will make us all the happiest people in the world; and that when you are tired, you shall not not be teazed to stay. Dear Harriot, think of it; you will confer an obligation on her, who is, with the truest respect,

Your affectionate friend.

LETTER L.

To a lady, inviting her to a party of pleasure.

Dear Madam,

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their parties, because you are sure to make them happy. This is the reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a cause of

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of your being solicited oftener than any woman in the world. After you was gone yesterday, Mr. Bohum proposed an expedition to Leixlip for to morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no title to such a liberty himself) to tell you that we understood you to be of the party, though you happened to be out of the way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the weather promises to be favourable, and your company you know how we value. I need not tell you, that we shall suppose it matter of form if you are absent: what shall we think of it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every body thinks who has the pleasure of your company. I beg you will not invent an excuse, but let us depend on you.

I am, with the greatest sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant.

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LETTER LI.

To an acquaintance to borrow a ſum of money.

Dear Sir,

IF you have fifty guineas, which you can, without any inconveniency, ſpare for about ſix months, I ſhall be greatly obliged to you to lend them to me for ſo long time.

I have been diſappointed, and preſſed for money at the ſame time. It is an unlucky, but not an uncommon circumſtance. You will believe me, that I would not aſk this of you, if I were not certain to give it to you back: but if it be the leaſt inconvenience to ſpare the money at all, or to be ſo long without it, pray refuſe me.

I am,

Dear Sir, &c.

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LETTER LII.

From a young person in trade to a wholesale-dealer, who had suddenly made a demand on him.

SIR,

YOUR demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared for it. I know the stated credit in this article used to be only four months; but as it has been a custom to allow a moderate time beyond this, and as this is only the day of the old time, I had not yet prepared myself. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the trade. If you will be pleased to let your servant call for one half of the sum this day three weeks, and the remainder a fortnight afterwards it shall be ready. However, in the mean time, I beg of you not to let any word slip of this, because a very little hurts a young beginner. Sir, you may take my word with the greatest safety, that

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that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular case for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the money; for if I want credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the world, not knowing what it is that can have given you those distrustful thoughts concerning

Your humble servant.

LETTER LIII.

The wholesale-dealer's answer.

SIR,

I AM very sorry to press you; but if I had not reason, I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any disrespect to you I have made the demand, but we have so many losses, that it is fit we should take care. However, there is so much seeming frankness and sincerity in your letter, that I shall desire leave first to ask you, whether you have any dealings with an usurer in Bread-street; and, if you please, what is his name? until you have given me

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the satisfaction on this head, I shall not any further urge the demand I have made upon you? but, as this may be done at once, I desire your answer by the bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your servant.

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

Your friend and wellwisher.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER. LIV.

From a young person just out of his apprenticeship to a relation, requesting him to lend him a sum of money.

I CAN remember nothing but kindness from you to our unhappy family

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ly ever ſince my infancy; and I flatter myſelf, that I have not been guilty of any thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your favour, provided you retain the ſame kind thoughts towards me. I may be miſtaken in what I imagine further, that 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 think of none but you. If this be the caſe, Sir, I may be the more aſhamed to write to you upon the preſent occaſion, ſince it is ingratitude to make one benefit the cauſe of aſking others. But I will venture to ſay in my own favour, that I think my behaviour in the time I have been with my maſter, will not make againſt me in the application. If I aſk what to you ſhall ſeem improper, all that I further requeſt is, to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at preſent before me the proſpect of being a journeyman for a ſmall ſalary, and juſt getting bread, and that of being a maſter in one of the moſt advantageous trades that can be thought of; and this is the time of fixing myſelf in one ſituation or the other.

I am ſenſible, Sir, you will ſee the deſign of this letter, becauſe the becoming a maſter cannot be done without money, and I have no where to apply for ſuch an aſſiſtance, but to your, favour. A moderate ſum, Sir, will anſwer the purpoſe, and I think I am ſo well acquainted with the trade, as to be able ſoon to repay it; at leaſt, I am ſure I can take care that the value of it ſhall be always kept in ſtock, ſo there can be no riſk to looſe any part of it. I have made the computation, and with 100*l.* carefully laid out, I can make all the ſhew that is neceſſary, and have all conveniencies about me. If you will be ſo generous, Sir, to complete the goodneſs you have already begun, by lending me this ſum, there is nothing ſhall tempt me to endanger your loſing any part of it; nor ſhall any thing ever make me forget the obligation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LET-

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I ſhould be unnatural and unpardonable, not to have the moſt ſincere regard for the peace of your mind, and its compoſure. God prevent that I ſhould do any thing that ſhould effect the firſt, 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; I feared that a letter from me, be the contents ever ſo indifferent, might recal my remembrance too fully before you, and that the ſame pain might attend it as it 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 an happineſs it will be to me to receive your farther 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 hitherto kept within the

houſe,

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house, where, partly from the conversation of my relations, and partly from that of other persons of their acquaintance, who visit them, and some of whom are persons of very respectable talents, I settle in myself some characters 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 you.

The greatest subjects of my considerations, Madam, are the instructions and the cautions you give me; these will never be out of my remembrance; and although 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 not yet had opportunities of making, I find them almost perfectly just; and all very 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 you more than most people, able to judge of the course of things. I think it a great happiness that

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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 articles of my conduct to you, as well as to God and my own heart; and it will scarce be a greater obligation upon me to do in every thing as I ought, that the eye of that all-seeing Judge 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 is 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

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ſhew me many more. Indeed, on the little I ſee at preſent, I cannot wonder that of the youths, who at my unthinking and raſh time of life, are let looſe into that danger, and never conſider it till they are in the midſt of it, if they conſider it at all, the greater part are ruined. I hope I ſhall profit even by their misfortunes; but whatſoever advantages I have over the reſt of 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 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, honored Madam,

With all duty and affection,

Your obedient ſon.

LET-

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LETTER LVI.

From a mother to her son, in answer to the former.

Dear Child,

I HAVE this moment read your letter, and am set down to write to you Where corresponding is a trouble, people may defer it to the latest hour but why should I deny myself a moment the pleasure of conversing with you? My dear, continue in the thoughts you have at present, and you will add all that can be thrown into the portion of my happiness. I interrupt myself, by casting my eye over and over your letter, and the fulness of my heart prevents my informing you of its sensations. If you should see more blots than this, which is just now made in my writing, do not wonder, or be uneasy. I will not dissemble to you that they are made by tears; but, dearest son, these are tears that flow from transport, which has no other expression. Sure no mother was ever happier in her children.

Your

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Your brother is esteemed, nay, he is almost adored by every body: your sister is settled to an advantage that was beyond my utmost expectations; and yet she is so good a woman, that her husband thinks himself under everlasting obligations. You, my dear Jack, were my only care; and I had more fear for you than all, as the youngest child; that as the latest remembrance of your honoured father, you had a larger share of my tenderness than either, and you was destined to a scene of the greatest danger.—Heaven alone can tell what hath been my anxieties and fears about you, and how continual my prayers for your security. They are all granted; and instead of being, as I fear you would, an occasion of continual alarms to me, you are adding more than any of them to my contentment. I know your good heart, and I can see what a joy it is to you to perceive you make me happy; in such a mind as yours, there can be wanting no other motive to be good beside the excellence of virtue; but I am sure, that if this were not sufficient, the very thought that your mother's peace depended upon your conduct, would keep you in the way of goodness.

My

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My dear child, regard your brother, no perſon is ſo able to adviſe you, and he loves you with more than the common affection of the relation; he admires your good ſenſe, and eſteems your principles. Dear ſon, think what an honor it is to have the eſteem of ſo excellent a man; think what a happineſs it is to have ſo fine a character at ſo tender an age as your's; and as you ſhew me how much my ſatisfaction is an object of your concern, remember what a tranſport it muſt be to me to hear of you ſo favourably.

I ſhall not repeat to you, my dear, the cautions which I gave you, for I ſee you will not need to be put again in remembrance: only reverence truth, be acquainted with no one till you know that he deſerves it, and avoid bad women.

If it can give you any ſatisfaction, and I am ſure it will do ſo, to hear that every thought of your heart has my perfect approbation, you hear it truly; but although there is not any the leaſt part of your conduct that does not give me pleaſure, there is, altho' you will be ſurpriſed to hear it, ſomething in your brother's with reſpect to you that gives me pain. He told me of your

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asking his advice upon an inconsiderable subject, and his giving it to you rather honestly than elegantly. Dear child, take care of your heart, and you may be less uneasy, about your expression; let your thoughts be good, and never be uneasy about the words you put them in. The books recommended to you may be good for nothing, but you have no occasion for any; nor is a pin-matter in the affairs of life, whether you put every one word where it should be. But this is all a trifle, nor shall I pretend to enter into the matter; of it be worth any consideration, he is the best judge, so pray mind him; but what I speak of is the manner in which he says he wrote of your cousin.

My dear, always respect your elders, and do not let any little school-boy's lesson put you above them in your own opinion, because they have forgotten it: nor because your cousin is a plain man, do you suppose he is less capable to advise you. He is a person of undoubted probity and uprightness of heart and that is worth all the Greek and Latin of Westminister and Eton: he has made his way to a plentiful fortune, and he has the respect and esteem of all that he ever was concerned with. Would

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you wish for a better character or better fortune! God send you may conduct yourself through the world just as he has done: I, that would weary heaven with prayers for you, wish you nothing better. I do not pretend to say your brother is wrong in his judgment about this matter, for I do not understand the nature of it; all that I know is, you will never write a letter that will please me more than this you have sent already; and I think, had I been in his place I would not have put any thing into your mind upon an occasion of such little consequence, that should have abated your regard for a person whose advice will be of service to you. But I know you will not do so. Preserve, I desire you, that respect for him, which his years, and his integrity, and his success in the world require: and whatsoever you may think about this trifle, do not let it lessen your esteem for one whom your mother recommends to you.

My dear, I have said the more upon this subject, because it seems the only one in which you are in danger to err; and I have thought it the more necessary to say so, because the regard I desired you to pay to your brother might have

rendered

rendered it a kind duty to go into his error. I have spoke to him about it, and he desires me to say he is perfectly of my opinion.

Farewell, my dearest boy; you have a very easy task before you, seeing you are already so good, that you need only to go in the same path, to make all that love you happy.

Your affectionate mother,

P——

THE

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THE

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

LETTERS of Courtship and Marriage.

LETTER I.

From a young person in business, to a gentleman, desiring leave to wait on his daughter.

SIR,

I HOPE the justness of my intentions will excuse the freedom of this letter, wherein I am to acquaint you of the affection and esteem I have for your daughter. I would not, Sir, offer my indirect address, that should have the least

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least appearance of inconsistency with her duty to you, and my honorable views to her; chusing, by your influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that honor, 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.

R—— M——

LET-

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LETTER II.

From a young lady to her father, acquainting him with a proposal of marriage made to her.

Honored Sir,

AS young Mr. Lovewell, whose father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate acquaintance, has, during your absence in the country, made an open declaration of his passion for me, and pressed me closely to comply with his overtures of marriage, I thought it my duty to decline all offers of that nature, however advantageous they may seem to be, till I had your thoughts on so important affair; and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his addresses, or keep him at least in suspence, till you return; as I shall be directed by your superior judgment. I beg leave however, with due submission, to acquaint you of the idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind or partial in his favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honorable in his intentions, and to be no wise inferior, to any

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any gentleman of my acquaintance hitherto, in regard to 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 filial duty, which, in gratitude to your paternal indulgence, I ſhall ever owe you. Your ſpeedy inſtruction, therefore, in ſo momentous an article, will prove the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable to,

Honored Sir,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER III.

From a daughter to her mother upon the ſame occaſion.

Honored Madam,

SOON after I left you and my friends in the country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Prudence, a governeſs of a noted young lady's boarding-ſchool at

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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 acknowledgement of her favours, I have made her interest my whole study and delight. My courteous deportment towards the young ladies, and my constant care to oblige my governess, have not only gained the love and esteem of the whole house, but young Mr. Byron, the dancing-master, who attends our school weekly, has cast a favourable eye upon me some time, and has lately made me such overtures of marriage, as are, in my own opinion, worthy of my attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great favourite of Mrs. Prudence, a man of unblemished character and very extensive in business, I thought it would be an act of the highest ingratitude, to so indulgent a parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an affair whereon my future happiness or misery must so greatly depend. As to his person, age and temper, I must own, Madam, with a blush, that they are all perfectly

perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself, very happy, should you countenance his addresses. I flatter myself, however, that I have so much command of my own passions, as in duty to be directed in so momentous an affair by your superior judgment. Your speedy answer therefore will be looked upon as an additional act of indulgence shewn to

Your most dutiful daughter.

LETTER IV.

The mother's answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I RECEIVED yours in regard to the overtures of marriage made you by Mr. Byron and as that is a very weighty affair, I shall return to Dublin as soon as possible, in order to make all due inquiries. And in case I find no just grounds for exceptions 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, tho' I should rejoice to see you settled to your satisfaction and advantage

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vantage, and though you seem to entertain a very favourable opinion of his honor, and abilities to maintain you in a very decent manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentuous matter in debate. Don't be too hasty, my dear; consider, all is not gold that glitters. Men are too often false and perfidious; promise fair, and yet, at the same time, aim at nothing more than the gratification of their unruly desires. I don't say that Mr. Byron has any such dishonorable intentions, and I hope he has not; for which reason I would only have you act with discretion and reserve give him neither too get hopes of success nor an absolute denial to put him in despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this, that you have no aversion to his person; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your mother in an affair of so serious a concern. This will naturally induce him to make his application to me on my first arrival; and you may depend upon it, no care shall be wanting on my side to promote your happiness and advantage. I am, dear daughter,

Your truly affectionate mother.

LET-

LETTER V.

A young lady's answer to a gentleman's letter, who professes an aversion to the tedious modes of courtship.

SIR,

I AM no more fond of the fashionable modes of courtship than yourself. Plain dealing, I own, is the best; but methinks common decency should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your manner of your expressions, that I am absolutely at a loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible terms, I shall be better able to form a judgment of your passion, and more capable of returning you a proper answer. What influence your future addresses may have over me, I cannot say; but to be free with you, your first attempt has made no impression on the heart of

M —— AR ——

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LETTER VI.

The lady's reply to another letter from the same gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his passion.

SIR,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of squandering our time away in idle, unmeaning compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct terms, that the disposal of my person is not altogether in my own power; and that notwithstanding my father and my mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single affair of any moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman, of Lincoln's Inn, who is my counsel upon all occasions, and is a gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest honor and honesty, and one on whose judgment I can safely rely. I will 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

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ry apt to encourage a passion that I imagine to be both honorable and sincere,

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER VII.

From an aunt to her nephew, who had complained of ill success in his addresses.

Dear Nephew,

I RECEIVED your doleful ditty, in regard to your ill success in your late love-adventure with Miss Snow. No marble monument was ever half so cold, or vestal virgin half so coy! she turns a deaf ear, it seems to your most ardent vows! and what of all that? By your own account it appears, she has given you no flat denial; neither has she peremptorily forbid your visits. Really, nephew, I thought a young gentleman of your good sense and penetration, should be better versed in the arts of love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the field upon the first repulse. You must consider, that she is

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not only a beauty, but a very accomplished lady. You must surely be very vain to imagine, that one of her education, good sense, and real merit, should fall an easy victim into your arms. Her affections must be gradually engaged; she looks upon matrimony as a very serious affair, and will never give way, I am fully persuaded, to the violence of an ill-grounded passion. For shame, nephew, shake off that unbecoming bashfulness, and shew yourself a man. Lovers, like soldiers, should endure fatigues. Be advised: Renew the attack with double vigour; for she is a lady worth your conquest. The revolution of a day (as the ingenious Mr. Rowe has it) may bring such turns as Heaven itself should scarce have promised. Cheer up, dear nephew, under that thought. When I hear from you again, a few weeks hence, I am not without hopes, if you will follow my advice, of your carrying on the siege, and making her comply with your own terms of accommodation. In the mean time, depend upon it, no stone shall be left unturned on my part, that may any wise contribute towards your good success, as I cannot, without injustice to the

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the lady, but approve your choice.

I am,

Your affectionate aunt.

LETTER VIII.

From a daughter to her father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a match he had proposed to her, with a gentleman much older than herself.

Honored Sir,

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 insufficie-

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ficient plea for my averſion to a match, which, unhappily for me, you ſeem to approve of. 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, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vaſt diſproportion in our years. A lady, of more experience, and of a more advanced age, would, in my humble opinion, be a much fitter help-mate for him. To be ingenious, (permit me, good Sir, to ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart without reſerve for once,) a man, almoſt in his grand climacteric, can never be an agreeable companion for me; nor can the natural gaiety of my temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourſelf in every innocent amuſement, be over-agreeable to him. 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'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a cauſe. I ſhall be debarred of every diverſion ſuitable to my years, though never ſo harmleſs and inoffenſive; permitted to ſee no company; hurried down perhaps to ſome melancho-

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ly rural recefs: and there, like my Lady Grace in the play, fit penfive and alone, under a green tree. Your long experienced goodnefs, and that tender regard which you have always expreffed for my eafe and fatisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expoftulate with you on an affair of fo great importance. If, however, after all, you fhall judge the inequality of our age an infufficient plea in my favour, and the want of affection for a hufband is a trifle, where there is a large fortune and a coach and fix to throw into the fcale; if, in fhort, you fhall lay your peremptory commands upon me to refign up my real happinefs and peace of mind, for the vanity of living in pomp and grandeur, I am ready to fubmit to your fuperior judgment. Give me leave, however, to obferve that it is impoffible for me ever love the man into whofe arms I am to be thrown: and that my compliance with fo detefted a propofition, is nothing more than the refult of the moft inviolable duty to a father, who never made the leaft attempt before to thwart the inclinations of

His ever obedient daughter.

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LETTER IX.

From a young lady to a gentleman that courted her, who she could not like, but was forced by her parents to receive his visits and think of none else for her husband.

SIR,

IT is a very ill return which I make to the respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the day of our marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have had at those times that we were left together, that some secret hung upon my mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my mother, from a closet near the place where we sat, could both hear and see our conversation. I have strict commands from both my parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no prospect of

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of happineſs but from your death. This is a confeſſion made perhaps with an offenſive ſincerity; but that conduct is much to be preferred to a ſecret diſlike which could not poſſ all the ſweets of life, by impoſing on you a companion that dotes and languiſhes for another. I will not go ſo far as to ſay my paſſion for the gentleman, whoſe wife I am by promiſe, would lead me to any thing criminal againſt your honor. I know it is dreadful to a man of your ſenſe 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 to take place of paſſion, I doubt not but fate has in ſtore for you ſome worthier object of your affection, in recompence of your goodneſs to the only woman that could be inſenſible of your merit.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

M. H.

LET-

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LETTER X.

From a gentleman engeged to a lady, who had been seen talking to another.

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose heart you know are truly yours, and whose whole thoughts and wishes are but on you? Sweet quarreller, you know this. What afternoon have I spent from you? Or 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 uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obedient to your commands; for, I promise you, you shall never get any other cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking with another, when it was my business not so much as to look at you. Miss Peacock is a very old acquaintance: she knows my perfect devotion to you, and she very well knew all that civility and earnestness of discourse

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course about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me; but I will make you ask my pardon in a few minutes for robbing me of those few, which might have been passed with you, and which it has taken to write this letter. My sweetest quarreller I am, coming to you. After this never doubt but that I am,

Yours most truly.

LETTER. XI.

From a gentleman to a lady, whom he accuses of inconstancy.

Madam,

YOU must not be surprised at a letter in the place of a visit, from one who cannot but have reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his company.

You should not suppose, if lovers have lost their sight, that their senses are all banished: and if I refuse to believe my eyes, when they shew me your inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my ears against the accounts

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counts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while. Am I a person whom you esteem, whose fortune you do not despise, and whose pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome coxcomb, who fancies myself particularly received by a woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it: but if it be otherwise, and you receive me as I think you do, as a person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on those occasions, for heaven's sake what is the meaning of that universal coquetry in public, where every fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them? and what can be the meaning that I am told you last night in particular was an hour with Mr. Marlow, and are so wherever you meet him, if I am not in company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you my heart so entirely, I shared yours with any body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more: but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a right to

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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 contented.

Your most unhappy.

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than what you have ſeen: However, I wonder that other eyes ſhould not be as eaſily alarmed as yours; for, inſtead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you ſee more than there is. Perhaps, however, their ſight may be as much ſharpened by unprovoked malice, as yours by undeſerved ſuſpicion.

Whatever may be the end of this diſpute, for I do not think ſo lightly of lovers quarrels as many do, I think it proper to inform you, that I never thought favourably of any one but yourſelf; and I ſhall add, that if the fault of your temper, which I once little ſuſpected, ſhould make me fear you too much to marry, you will not ſee me in that ſtate with any other, nor courted by any man in the world.

I did not know that the gaiety of my temper gave you uneaſineſs, and you ought to have told me of it with leſs ſeverity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a fault of my natural diſpoſition; but I would have taken ſome pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was diſagreeable to you. I ought to reſent this treatment more than I do, but do not inſult my weakneſs on that head; for a fault of that kind would want the excuſe this has for my pardon,

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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 yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this letter, for my whole heart is in it, and then come to me.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From a young tradesman to a lady he had seen in public.

Madam,

PERHAPS you will not be surprised to receive a letter from a person who is unknown to you, when you reflect how little so charming a face may be to create impertinence; and I persuade myself, that when you remember where you sat last night in the playhouse, you will not need to be told this comes from the person who was just before you.

In

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In the first place, Madam, I ask pardon for the liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater liberty I now take in writing to you. But, after this, I beg leave to say that my thoughts are honorable, and to inform you who I am: I shall not pretend to be any better. I keep a shop, Madam, in Henrietta-street, and, though but two years in trade, I have a tolerable custom. I do not doubt but it will increase, and I shall be able to do something for a family. If your inclinations are not engaged, I should be very proud of the honor of waiting on you; and in the mean time, if you please to desire any friend to ask my character in the neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against, Madam,

Your most humble servant.

LETTER XV.

From a relation of the lady, in answer to the above.

SIR,

THERE has come into my hands a letter which you wrote to Miss M. Steb-

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M. Stebbing. She is a relation of mine, and is a very good girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her for consulting her friends in such an affair as that you wrote about: Besides a woman could not well answer such a letter herself, unless it was with a full refusal, and that she would have been wrong to have done, until she knew something of the person that wrote it, as wrong as to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your designs, and as you gave permission to inquire about you among your neighbours, I being her nearest friend, did that for her, I have heard a good account of you; and, from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some fortune; and I shall tell you farther, that she took notice of you at the play, and does not seem perfectly averse to seeing you in the presence of

Your humble servant.

A. H.

LET-

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LETTER XVI.

From a lover who had cause of displeasure, and determines never to see the lady again.

Madam,

THERE was a time when if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a letter as I am now writing, I would as soon have believed that the earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see stars falling to the ground, or trees and mountains rising to the heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen. One thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which is, that you should have given me the cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

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

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It gives me some pleasure, that you will feel no uneasiness for this, though I should also have been very averse some time ago even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a part I shall not be contented. I was a witness, Madam, yesterday, of your behaviour to Mr. Henly. I had been often told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your heart no more capable of deceit than my own: But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such authority, when my own eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such a man as

Your humble servant.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER XVII.

From a young lady to her father, acquainting him with the addresses of a young tradesman.

Honored Sir,

I Think it my duty to acquaint you, that a gentleman of this town, by name

name Willis, and business a linen-draper has made some overtures to my cousin Hartcourt, in the way of courtship to me. My cousin has brought him once or twice into my company, which he could not well decline in doing, because he has dealings with him, and has a high opinion of him and his circumstances. He has been set up three-years, has very good business, and lives in credit and fashion. He is about twenty-seven years old; a likely man enough, seems not to want sense or manners, and is come of a good family. He has broke his mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me. Though I assure you, Sir, I have given him no encouragement; but told him that I had no thought of changing my condition yet a while, and should never think of it but in obedience to my parents, therefore desired him to talk no more on that subject to me: yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary affection and esteem. I would not, Sir, by any means omit to acquaint you with the beginning of an affair which it would be want of duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a guilt and disobedience unworthy of the kind indulgence and affection

affection you have always shewn to,

Sir,

Your most dutiful daughter.

My humble duty to my honored mother; love to my brother and sister; and respects to all friends. Cousin Hartcourt, and his wife and sister, desire their kind respects. I cannot write enough of their civility to me.

LETTER XVIII.

Her father's answer, on a supposition that he does not approve of the young man's addresses.

Dear Polly,

I Have received your letter, dated the 4th instant, wherein you acquaint me of the proposals made to you, thro' your cousin Harcourt's recommendation by one Mr. Willis. I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no encouragement to him; for I by no means approve of him for your husband. I have inquired of one of his townsmen, who knows him and his circumstances

very well, and I am neither pleased with them, nor with his character; and wonder your cousin would so inconsiderately recommend him to you. Indeed I doubt not of Mr. Harcourt's good intentions; but I insist upon it, that you think nothing of the matter, if you would oblige.

Your indulgent father,

Your mother gives her blessing to you, and joins with me in the above advice. Your brother and sister, and all friends, send their love and respects to you.

LETTER XIX.

The father's answer, on a supposition that he does approve of the young man's addresses.

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to yours of the 4th inst, relating to the addresses of Mr. Willis, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his suit; for if, on inquiry into his character and circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your cousins good opinion

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on of them, and his own assurances, I know not but his suit may be worthy of attention. But, my dear, consider that men are deceitful, and always put the best side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strictest inquiry, which the nature and importance of the case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you, therefore, to act in this matter with great prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your cousin will give him hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him; and in the mean time he may be told, that you are not at your own discretion, but entirely resolved to abide by my determination and direction, in an affair of this great importance, and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will, in this case, as in all others, study your good as becomes.

Your indulgent father.

Your mother gives her blessing to you and joins with me in the above advice. Your brother and sister, and all friends, send their love and respects to you.

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LETTER XX.

A modest lover desiring an aunt's favour to him for her neice.

Good Madam,

I Have several times, when I have been happy in the company of your good niece, thought to have spoken my mind, and to declare to her the true value and affection I have for her; but just as I have been about to speak, my fears had vanquished my hopes, and I had been obliged to suspend my design I have thrown out several hints, that I thought would have led the way to a fuller disclosing of the secret that is too big for my breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break the way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you, and prepare her dear mind for a declaration that I must make, and yet I know not how to begin.——My fortune and expectations make me hope that I may not on those accounts be deemed unworthy And could I, by half a line from your hand, hope that there is no other bar, I should

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should be enabled to build on so desirable a foundation, and to let your niece know how much my happiness depends upon her favour. Excuse good Madam, I beseech you, this trouble, and this presumptuous request, from

Your obliged humble servant.

LETTER XXI.

The aunt's answer, supposing the gentleman deserves encouragement.

SIR,

I Cannot say I have any dislike, as to my own part, to your proposal, or your manner of making it, whatever my niece may have; because diffidence is generally the companion of merit, and a token of respect. She is a person of prudence, and all her friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her choice will have the weight it deserves with us all; so I cannot say what will be the event of your declaration to her; yet so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your request, but on her return to-morrow will break the

ice, as you desire, not doubting your honor, and the sincerity of your professions. And I shall tell her, moreover, what I think of the advances you make. I believe she has the prudence to keep her heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me; and is not so mean spirited as to be able to return tyranny and insult for true value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the happiness (permit me, though her relation, to call it so) to meet with her favour, will find this her character; and is not owing to the fond partiality of, Sir,

Your friend and servant.

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doubts. I can no longer ſtruggle with a ſecret that has given me ſo much torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the hope of ſeeing you without rapture; but when I have that pleaſure, inſtead of being animated, as I ought, I am entirely confounded. What can this be owing to, but a diffidence in myſelf, and an exalted opinion of your worthineſs? and is not this a ſtrong token of ardent love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting paſſion in its operations? ſince ſome it inſpires with courage, while others it deprives of all neceſſary confidence. I can only aſſure you, Madam, that the heart of man never conceived a ſtronger or ſincerer paſſion than mine for you. If my reverence for you is my crime, I am ſure it has been my ſufficient puniſhment. I need not ſay my deſigns and motives are honorable. Who dare approach ſo much virtuous excellence, with a ſuppoſition that ſuch an aſſurance is neceſſary? What my fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to ſtand the teſt of the ſtricteſt inquiry. Condeſcend, Madam, to emholden my reſpectful paſſion by one favourable line, that is what I here

profeſs

profess, and hope further to have an opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble addresses will not quite be unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate admirer,

and devoted servant,

J——R——

LETTER. XXIII.

The Answer

SIR,

IF modesty be the greatest glory in our sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in yours. For my own part, I must think it the most amiable quality either man or woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my opinion, a true respect where there is not a diffidence of one's own merit, and an high opinion of the persons we esteem.

To say more on this occasion would little become me. To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that respect

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respect to modest merit, which modest merit only deserves.

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

Your humble servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A gentleman to a lady, professing an aversion to the tedious formality of courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the ancients in describing a youth in love, says, he has neither wisdom enough to speak nor to hold his tongue. If this be a just description, the sincerity of my passion will admit of no dispute: and whenever in your company I behave like a fool, forget not that you are answerable for my incapacity. Having made bold to declare this much, I must presume to say, that a favourable reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your notice; but your disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle

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fallacies, and airy compliments, to prevail on your judgment, is a folly for any man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good sense and endowments have raised you far above the necessity of practising the mean artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your sex: you are not to be so lightly deceived; and, if you were, give me leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the trouble that would attend such an attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable letter from one who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest hero of romance; but as I would hope, that the happiness I sue for, should be lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no step to procure it but what will bear reflection; for I should be happy to see you mine, even when we both have outlived the taste of every thing that has not virtue and reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolished address,

Your most respectable admirer,

And obedient, humble servant.

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LETTER XXV.

The lady's answer, encouraging a further declaration.

SIR,

I AM very little in love with the fashionable methods of courtship; sincerity with me is preferable to compliments; yet I see no reason why common decency should be discarded. There is something odd in your style, that when I know whether you are in jest or in earnest, I shall be less at a loss to answer you. Mean time, as there is abundant room for rising, rather than sinking, in your complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lower. If this be the case, I know not what your succeeding addresses may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your present makes no great impression, yet perhaps as much as you intend on

Your humble servant.

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LETTER. XXVI.

The gentleman's reply, more openly declaring his passion.

Dear Madam,

NOW I have the hope of being not more despised for my acknowledged affection. I declare to you, with all the sincerity of a man of honor, that I have long had a most sincere passion for you; but I have seen gentlemen lead such dances, when they have given up their affections to the lovely tyrants of their hearts, and could not help themselves, that I had no courage to begin an address in the usual forms, even to you, of whose good sense and generosity I nevertheless had a good opinion, You have favoured me with a few lines, which I most kindly thank you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be pleased to encourage my honorable suit, you shall have so just an account of my circumstances and pretensions, as I hope will entitle me to your favour in the honorable light in which I profess my-

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myself,

dear Madam,

Your most obliged,

and faithful admirer.

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

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LETTER XXVII.

The lady's answer to his reply, putting the matter to a sudden issue.

SIR,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary trouble, as well as unnecessary compliments, I think proper to acquaint you, that Mr. Dunford, of Winchester, has the management of my affairs; and is a man of such probity and honor, that I do nothing in any matters of consequence without him. I have no dislike to your person; and if you approve of what Mr. Dunford can acquaint you with in relation to me, and I approve of his report

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report in your favour, I shall be far from shewing any gentleman that I have either an insolent or a sordid spirit, especially to such as do me the honor of their good opinion.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young lady to her aunt, ridiculing her serious lover.

Dear Aunt,

I AM much obliged to you for the kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a husband. But I must be so free to tell you he is a man no wise suited to my inclination. I despise, it is true, the idle rants of romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an extreme on the other side of the question.

The first time the honest man came to see me, in the way you was pleased to put in his head, was one Sunday after Sermon-time. He began with telling me,

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me, what I found at my finger ends, that it was very cold and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his paſſion for me could not keep him warm; and in complaiſance to your recommendation, conducted him to your fire ſide. After he had pretty well rubbed heat into his hands, he ſtood up with his back to the fire, and, with his hands behind him, held up his coat, that he might be warm over; and looking about him, aſked with the tranquility of a man a twelvemonth married and juſt came off a journey, how all friends did in the country? I ſaid, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my fingers. Cry mercy, Madam! And then he ſhuffled a little from the fire; and after two or three hems, and a long pauſe———

I have heard, ſays he, a moſt excellent ſermon juſt now, Dr. Thomas is a fine man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own pariſh-church. That is right, Madam, to be ſure. What was your ſubject to-day? The Phariſee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine work upon that ſubject. His text to day was, Evil communications corrupt good manners;

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manners: A good ſubject, Sir; I doubt not but the doctor made a fine diſcourſe upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any ſubject.

I rung for the tea-kettle; for, thought I, we ſhall have all the heads of the ſermon immediately.

At tea he gave me an account of all the religious ſocieties unaſked; and how many boys they had put out 'prentices, and girls they had taught to knit, and ſing pſalms. To all which I gave a nod of approbation, and was juſt able to ſay, (for I began to be moſt horribly in the vapours,) it was a very excellent charity. O, ay, Madam, ſaid he, again, (for that is his word I find,) a very excellent one truly; it is ſnatching ſo many brands out of the fire. You are a contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be ſure; every good man would contribute to ſuch a worthy charity to be ſure. No doubt, Sir, a bleſſing attends upon all who promote ſo worthy a deſign. O, ay, Madam, no doubt as you ſay; I am ſure I found it, bleſſed be God! and then he twang'd his noſe, and lifted up his eyes, as if in ejaculation.

O, my

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O, my good aunt, what a man is here for a husband! At last came the happy moment of his taking leave; for I would not ask him to stay supper: and moreover, he talked of going to a lecture at St. Helen's. And then (though I had an opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the time; for he took the vapours he had put me into for devotion or gravity; (at least I believe so) he p essed my hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a mark of his favour, that if, upon further conversation, and inquiry into my character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my behaviour and person: why, truly, I need not fear in time, being blessed with him for my husband.

This, my good aunt, may be a mighty safe way of travelling to the land of matrimony, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more entertainment on our journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Richards an honest man; but am, at the same time, afraid his religious turn of temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a woman who centers all desert in a

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a ſolemn appearance, than with, dear aunt,

Your greatly obliged kinſwoman.

LETTER XXIX.

Her aunt's anſwer, rebuking her ludicrous turn of mind.

Dear Niece,

I AM ſorry you think Mr. Richards ſo unſuitable a lover. He is a ſerious, ſober, good man; and ſurely when ſeriouſneſs and ſobriety make a neceſſary part of the duty of a good huſband, a good father, and a good maſter of a family, thoſe characters ſhould not be the ſubject of ridicule, in perſons of our ſex eſpecially who would reap advantages from them. But he talks of the weather when he firſt ſees you, it ſeems; and would you have had him directly fall upon the ſubject of love the moment he beheld you?

He viſited you juſt after the ſermon on a Sunday; and was it ſo unſuitable for him to let you ſee, that the duty of that

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that day, had made proper impressions upon him?

His turn for promoting the religious societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more regard from every good person; for that same turn is a kind of security to a woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious heart, could not make a bad man, or a bad husband. To put out poor boys 'prentices, to teach girls to sing psalms, would be with very few a subject for ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the children of others, would take still greater care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your character on inquiry, as well as your person and behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his language, than what you put in his mouth; and, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger speech, had so cautious and serious a man said, without a thorough knowledge of your character, that at the first sight he was over head and ears in love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous turn your airy wit gives to this first visit, that, by your own account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy man as

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he is, and like one who thought flashy compliments beneath him in so serious an affair as this.

I think, dear niece, this is not only a mighty safe way, as you call it, of travelling towards the land of matrimony, but to the land of happiness, with respect as well to the next world as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better entertainment you so much wish for on your journey, may not lead you too much out of your way, and divert your mind from the principal view which you ought to have at your journey's end.

In short, I should rather have wished that you could bring your mind nearer to his standard, than that he should bring down his to your level. And you would have found more satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than mere appearance.

Upon the whole, dear niece, I am sorry, that a woman of virtue and morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious frame of mind, in an age wherein good examples are so rare, and so much wanted, though

though, at the same time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an affair as a husband; and wish you, and Mr. Richards too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable to each other's mind than you are likely to be together: For

I am,

Your truly affectionate aunt.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER XXX.

A sailor to his sweetheart,

My dear Peggy,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every hour; for you are never out of my thoughts; and when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear Peggy. I wear my half bit of gold always at my heart, tied to a blue ribbon round my neck; for true blue, my dearest love, is a colour of colours to me. Where, my dearest, do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it: for it would be a bad omen to lose it.

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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 ever faithful William, I would ſooner have my heart torn from my breaſt than it ſhould harbour a wiſh for any other woman beſides my Peggy. O, my deareſt love! you are the joy of my life: my thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my hopes and my wiſhes are only to be yours. God ſend it may be ſo.

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

John Arthur, in the good ſhip Elizabeth, Captain Witerton, which is returning to England, as I hope we ſhall ſoon, promiſes to deliver this into your own dear hand; and he will bring you, too, ſix bottles of citron-water, as a token of my love. It is fit for the fineſt lady's taſte, it is ſo good; and is, what they ſay, ladies drink when they can get it. John ſays he will have one

ſweet

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

Your faithful lover till death.

LETTER. XXXI.

Her Answer

Dear William,

FOR so I may call you, now we are sure; and so my mother says, thi

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 is true: And yet I had a little inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's son the carpenter, would be glad to make love to me: but do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! for I doubt not your loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be sure I will. These sailors run such sad chances, said one, that you and I both know; they may return, and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned safe to his friends, their dear Billy so many a time, and often. They will have a mistress in every land they come to, said they. All are not such naughty men, said I; and I will trust Billy Oliver all the world over. For why cannot men be as faithful as women, tro'? And for me, I am sure no love shall ever touch my heart but yours.

God send us a happy meeting; let who will speak against sailors, they are the glory and 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

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lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel foes. So sailors are and ever shall be, esteemed by me, and of all sailors, my dear Billy Oliver. Believe this truth from,

Yours faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this letter writ in readiness to send you, as I had opportunity. And the captain's lady undertakes to send it with her's. That is very kind and condescending: is it not?

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Molly Smith to her cousin, giving her an account of a very remarkable instance of envy, in one of her acquaintance, lodged in the city of Cork.

Dear Cousin,

I promised, you know, to write to you when I had any thing to tell you; and as I think the following story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my word.

Some

Some time ago, there came to settle in this city, a lady named Dison. We all visited her: but she had so deep a melancholy, arising, as it appeared, from a settled state of ill health that nothing we could do could afford her the least relief, or make her chearful. In this condition she languished amongst us five years, still continuing to grow worse and worse.

We are all grieved at her fate. Her flesh was withered away; her appetite decayed by degrees, till all food became nauseous to her sight; her strength failed her; her feet could not support her tottering body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her death. When at last, she one day called her most intimate friends to her bed side and, as well as she could, spoke to the following purpose: 'I know you all 'pity me: But alas! I am not so much 'the object of your pity, as your con-'tempt; for all my misery is my own 'seeking, and owing to the wickedness 'of my own mind. I had two sisters, 'with whom I was bred up; and I have 'all my life time been unhappy, for 'no other cause but for their success 'in the world. When we were young, 'I could neither eat nor sleep in peace, when

'when they had either praise or plea-
'sure. When we grew up to be wo-
'men, they were both soon married,
'much to their advantage and satisfac-
'tion. This galled me to the heart;
'and though I had several good offers
'yet, as I did not think them in all
'respects equal to my sisters, I would
'not accept them: and yet was inwardly
'vexed to refuse them, for fear I should
'get no better. I generally deliberated
'so long that I lost my lovers, and then
'pined for that loss. I never wanted
'any thing; and was in a situation in
'which I might have been happy if I
'pleased. My sisters loved me very
'well; for I concealed, as much as
'possible, from them my odious envy;
'and yet never did any poor wretch
'lead so miserable a life as I have done
'for every blessing they enjoyed was a
'dagger to my heart. It is this envy
'that has caused all my ill health, has
'preyed upon my very vitals, and will
'now bring me to my grave.'

In a few days after this confession she died; and her words and death made such a strong impression on my mind, that I could not help sending you this relation; and begging you, my dear Sukey, to remember how careful we ough-

ought to be to curb in our minds the very first rising of so detestable, and so fatal a vice, as this proved to poor Mrs. Dison. I know I have no particular reason for giving you this caution; for I never saw any thing in you but what deserved the love and esteem of

Your ever affectionate cousin.

M. S——H.

LETTER XXIV.

The following letter is from an unknown lady to a young gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her affections: but as she never had it in her power to make any proper impressions on him, or a better opportunity of having her inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

SIR,

I RELY on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own. It is now a year and a half since first I saw, and (must I say) loved

loved you, and so long have I strove to forget you; but frequent sighs of what I could not but admire, have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this letter, least it should fall into hands that may possible expose it; but if you, Sir, have any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be at the park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehensions, lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion: but however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person, which is tall and slender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my person altogether is, what the flattering world calls handsome; and as to my fortune I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous; but you will consider, it is custom, not nature that makes it so. My hand trembles so while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

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LETTER XXXIV.

The gentleman did not give himself the trouble to meet the lady, but took great pains to expose and ridicule her letter, though reproved for it by his acquaintance: which coming to the lady's knowledge, she sent him the following.

SIR,

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

A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer trials, or censures, than what I have done by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man that is so unworthy of a woman's love, is too inconsiderable for her resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, What could induce you to publish

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publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you knew nothing worse of than that she had entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you?

For your own sake I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding. But whatsoever be the reason amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name; for you might perhaps have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest: and how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the scorn, or, at least, to the pity of the world, I may guess from the mortifications I now feel from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success and in being convinced by the rash experience I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion. How ungenerous your behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the gentlemen, (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say any thing severe. But although their kind sense of the affair must yield me some satisfaction

under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh evidence of my own weakness in lavishing my esteem upon the person that least deserved it.

I hope the event will give me reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill usage. That pretty face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken admiration; I believe I shall be able to look on with in absolute indifference; and time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your features are all the poor amends which nature hath made you for want of understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within. To cut off all hopes of your discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter; for which I am obliged to a friend, one on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And this is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as the former. If you don't, there are other copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.

LET-

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LETTER XXXV.

Lydia to Harriot, a lady newly married.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art ſhe, but lo! how fallen, how changed, what an apoſtate! How loſt to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more diſmal to be ſhut up in a vault to converſe with the ſhades of my anceſtors, than to be carried down to an old manor houſe in the country, and confined to the converſation of a ſober huſband, and an aukward chamber-maid. For variety, I ſuppoſe you may entertain yourſelf with Madam in the grogram gown, the ſpouſe of your pariſh vicar who has, by this time, I am ſure, well furniſhed you with receipts for making ſalves and poſſets, diſtilling cordial waters, making ſyrups, and applying poultices,

Bleſſed ſolitude! I wiſh thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would perſuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here deſcribed. But, child,

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I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels. After six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of the Sylvan deities, or roved among the walls of paradise, like the first happy pair. But prithee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested, in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman. 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public place with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's park together. If you presume to enter the Ring at Hyde-Park together, you are ruined for ever: nor must you take the least notice of one another at the play-house, or opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving couple, most happily paired to the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is

the

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the moſt negligent and faſhionable wife in the world; ſhe is hardly ever ſeen in the ſame place with her huſband, and if they happen to meet, they would think them perfect ſtrangers. She never was heard to name him in his abſence, and takes care he ſhall not be the ſubject of any diſcourſe that ſhe has a ſhare in. I hope you will propoſe this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be ſo ſilly to think Portia, Sabina, &c. Roman wives much brighter examples, I wiſh it may never come into your head to imitate thoſe antiquated creatures ſo far, as to come into public in the habit, as well as the air, of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modiſh's tea-table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always thought you a diſcreet perſon, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence. She dies to ſee what demure and ſerious airs wedlock has given to you; but ſhe ſays ſhe ſhall never forgive your choice of ſo gallant a man as Bellamour, to tranſform him to a mere ſober huſband; it was unpardonable. You ſee, my dear, we all envy your happineſs, and no perſon more than

Your humble ſervant.

LYDIA.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

Harriot's, answer to the above.

BE not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits, where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy. You and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew themselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honorable, and all your affection cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love. He is the end of every care I have. If I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste. He is almost the end of my devotion; half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named

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named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish your happiness; but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony, and the clergy, are the topics of people of little wit, and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman. I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many happy hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear husband is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfaction, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are entirely ridiculous, ridiculous even in old age.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

HARRIOT.

LET-

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LETTER XXXVII.

The following pretty entertaining letter was written by our poet WALLER, to the Lady Sidney, on the marriage of her sister.

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

Madam,

IN the common joy at Penshurst*, I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress; and therefore you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to the imprecation of the deserted, which just heaven no doubt will hear!

May my lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her; and may this love, before the year goes about

* They were married, as we are informed, at Penshurst, July 11, 1739.

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about, make her taste of the first curse imposed on woman-kind, the pains of becoming a mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself!

May she that always affected silence and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter of her grand-children! and then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies,—old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal may her lord not mourn for her, but go, hand in hand, with her to that place, where, we are told, there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befal 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

Madam, I humbly kiss your hand, and beg pardon for this trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER. XXXVIII.

The wit and spirit that gave Lady Mary Wortley Montague, during her life, such rank in the polite world, was in no instance more happily displayed than in the following letter. We think the polite reader will be of opinion with us, that there is no letter in the collection lately published, and supposed to have been wrote by the same lady, where the life and spirit of the writer is to be more admired or the sentiments more approved.

A letter from Lady Wortley Montague, against a maxim of Monsr. Rochefoucault's, "That marriages are convenient, but never delightful."

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a maxim established by so celebrated a genius as Monsr. de Rochefoucault, and implicitly received by a nation which calls itself the only perfectly polite in the world, and which has, for so long a time, given laws of gallantry to all Europe.

But,

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But, full of the ardour which the truth inſpires, I dare to advance the contrary; and to aſſert, boldly, that it is, marriage-love only which can be delightful to a good mind.

We cannot taſte the ſweets of perfect love but in a well-ſuited marriage. Nothing ſo much diſtinguiſhes a little mind as to ſtop at words. What ſignifies that cuſtom (for which we ſee very good reaſons) of making the name of huſband and wife ridiculous? A huſband ſignifies, in the general interpretation, a jealous mortal, a quarelſome tyrant, or a good ſort of fool, on whom we may impoſe any thing; a wife is a domeſtic dæmon, given to this poor man to deceive and torment him. The conduct of the generality of people ſufficiently juſtifies theſe two characters. But I ſay, again, What ſignify words? A well-regulated marriage is not like thoſe of ambition and intereſt. It is two lovers who live together. Let a prieſt pronounce certain words, let an attorney ſign certain papers, I look upon theſe preparations as a lover does on a ladder of cords, that he fixes to the window of his miſtreſs.

I know there are ſome people of falſe delicacy, who maintain that the

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pleasures of love are only due to difficulties and dangers. They say, very wittily, the rose would not be the rose without thorns, and a thousand other trifles of that nature, which makes so little impression on my mind that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the fear of hunting her I loved would make me unhappy, if the possession was accompanied with dangers to her. The life of married lovers is very different; they pass it in a chain of mutual obligations and marks of benevolence, and have the pleasure of forming the entire happiness of the object beloved; in which point I place perfect enjoyment.

The most trifling cares of œconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by sentiments of tenderness. To furnish a room is no longer furnishing a room, it is ornamenting the place where I expect my lover, to order a supper is not simply giving orders to a cook, it is amusing myself in regaling him I love: These necessary occupations regarded in this light by a lover, are pleasures infinitely more sensible and lively than cards and public places, which make the happiness of the multitude incapable of true pleasure.—A passion happy and contended,

softens

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ſoftens every movement of the ſoul, and gilds each object that we look on.

To a happy lover (I mean one married to his miſtreſs) if he has any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the embarraſſments of a court, every thing becomes agreeable when he can ſay to himſelf, It is to ſerve her I love. If fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on merit) and gives ſucceſs to his undertaking, all the advantages he receives are offerings due to her charms; and he finds, in the ſucceſs of his ambition, pleaſure much more lively and worthy a noble mind, than that of raiſing his fortune, or of being applauded by the public. He enjoys his glory, his rank, his riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her lover ſhe hears praiſed when he gains the approbation of the parliament, the praiſes of the army, or the favour of his prince. In misfortune, it is his conſolation to retire to a perſon who feels his ſorrow, and to ſay to himſelf in her arms, "My happineſs does not depend on "the caprice of fortune; here is my "aſſured aſylum againſt all grief; "your eſteem makes me inſenſible to "the injuſtice of a court, or the in-"gratitude of a maſter. I feel a ſort

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"of pleasure in the loss of my estate, "as that misfortune gives me new "proofs of your virtue and tenderness. "How little desirable is grandeur to "persons already happy! We have no "need of flatterers or equipage; I "reign in your heart, and I possess in "your person all the delights of nature." In short, there is no situation of which the melancholy may not be softened by the company of the person we love. Even an illness is not without its pleasures, when we are attended by one we love: I should never have done, was I to give you a detail of all the charms of an union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the senses in the most delicate and most extended pleasure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the satisfaction of seeing each day increase the amiable pledges of our tender friendship, and the occupations of improving them according to their different sexes. We abandon ourselves to the tender instinct of nature refined by love. We admire in the daughter the beauty of the mother, and respect in the son the appearances of understanding and natural probity which we esteem in the father. It is a pleasure of which God himself (according to Moses)

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Moſes) was ſenſible, when ſeeing what he had done, he found it good.

A propos of Moſes, the firſt plan of happineſs infinitely, ſurpaſſed all others and I cannot form to myſelf an idea of paradiſe more delightful than that ſtate in which our firſt parents were placed. That did not laſt, becauſe they did not know the world; (which is the true reaſon that there are ſo few love-matches happy.) Eve may be conſidered as a foolifh child, and Adam as a man very little enlightened. When people of that ſort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at firſt, but that cannot laſt. They form to themſelves, in the violence of their paſſion, ideas above nature; a man thinks his miſtreſs an angel, becauſe ſhe is handſome; a woman is enchanted with the merit of her lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt change of her complexion takes from him his adoration, and the huſband ceaſing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love; by degrees they are diſguſted with one another, and, after the example of our firſt parents, they throw on each other, the crime of their mutual weakneſs; afterwards coldneſs and contempt follow a great

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pace, and they believe they muſt hate each other becauſe they are married; their ſmalleſt faults are magnified in each others ſight, and they are blinded to their mutual perfections. A commerce eſtabliſhed upon paſſion can have no other attendants. A man when he marries his miſtreſs, ought to forget that ſhe then appears adorable to him; to conſider that ſhe is but a ſimple mortal, ſubject to diſeaſes, caprice, and ill-humour, He muſt prepare his conſtancy to ſupport the loſs of her beauty, and collect a fund of complacency, which is neceſſary for the continual converſation of the perſon who is moſt agreeable, and the leaſt unequal. The woman, on her ſide, muſt not expect a continuance of flatteries and obedience. She muſt diſpoſe herſelf to obey agreeably; a ſcience very difficult, and of conſequence, of great merit to a man capable of feeling. She muſt ſtrive to heighten the charms of a miſtreſs by the good ſenſe and felicity of a friend. When two perſons, prepoſſeſſed with ſentiments ſo reaſonable, are united by eternal ties, all nature ſmiles upon them, and the common objects become charming.

I eſteem

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I esteem much the morals of the Turks, an ignorant people, but very polite, in my opinion. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is looked upon by them with the same horror, as an abandoned woman by us; he is sure never to make his fortune, and every one would be ashamed to give a considerable employment to a man suspected of being guilty of so enormous a crime.—What would they say in that moral nation, were they to see one of our anti-knights-errants, who are always in pursuit of adventures, to put innocent young women in distress, and to ruin the honor of women of fashion; who regard beauty, youth, rank, and virtue, but as so many spurs to incite their desire to ruin, and who place all their glory in appearing artful seducers; forgetting, that with all their care, they can never attain but to the second rank, the devils having been long since in possession of the first.

I own, that our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and misery, (which is inseparable from it,) that they must have hearts and heads infinitely above the common, to enjoy the felicity of a marriage

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marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so given to change, that it is difficult to support the best founded constancy, amidst those many dissipations that our ridiculous customs have rendered inevitable. A husband, who loves his wife, is in pain to see her take the liberties which fashion allows; it appears hard to refuse them to her, and he finds himself obliged to conform himself to the polite manners of Europe; to see every day, her hands a prey to every one who will take them: to her display, to the whole world, the charms of her wit; to shew her neck in full day; to dress for balls and shows, to attract admirers, and to listen to the idle flattery of a thousand fops. Can any man support his esteem for a creature so public, or, at least, does not she lose much of her merit.

To return to the oriental maxims, where the most beautiful women content themselves with limiting the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; they have too much honor to wish to make other men miserable, and are too sincere not to own they think themselves capable of exciting a passion.

I remember

I remember a conversation I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, the most aimable woman I ever knew in my life, and for whom I had afterwards the most tender friendship; she owned ingeniously to me, that she was content with her husband. What libertines you Christian people are! (she said;) it is permitted to you to receive visits from as many men as you please; and your laws permit you without limitation, the use of wine. I assured her she was very much misinformed; that it is true, we received visits, but these visits were full of form and respect; and that it was a crime to hear a man talk of love, or for us to love any other than our husbands. Your husbands are very good (said she, laughing) to content themselves with so limited a fidelity. Your eyes, your hands, your conversation, are for the public, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana, (added she, embracing me,) I have all possible inclination to believe what you say, but you would impose on my impossibilities. I know the amorous complexion of your infidels, I see you are ashamed of

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of them, and I will never mention them to you more.

I found so much good sense and truth, in all she said, that I could scarcely contradict her; and I owned, at first, that she had reasons to prefer the morals of the Mussulmen, to our ridiculous customs, which are surprisingly opposite to the severe maxims of Christianity. And notwithstanding our foolish manners, I am of opinion, that a woman, determined to find her happiness in the love of her husband, must give up the extravagant desire of being admired by the public; and that a husband who loves his wife, must deprive himself of the reputation of being a gallant at court. You see that I suppose two persons very extraordinary; it is not, then, very surprising such an union should be rare in a country where it is necessary, in order to be happy, to despise the established maxims.

I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXIX.

From a lady, to a gentleman who had obtained all her friends consent, urging him to decline his suit to her.

SIR,

YOU have often importuned me to return marks of that consideration for you which you profess for me. As my parents, to whom I owe all duty, encourage your address I wish I could. I am hardly treated by them, because I cannot. What shall I do? Let me apply to you, Sir, for my relief, who has much good sense, and I hope, generosity. Yes, Sir, let me bespeak your humanity to me, and justice to yourself, in this point; and that shall be all I will ask in my favour. I own you deserve a much better wife than I shall ever make; but yet as love is not in one's own power, if I have the misfortune to know I cannot love you, will not justice to yourself, if not pity to me, oblige you to abandon your present purpose;

But

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But as to myself, Sir, why should you make a poor creature unhappy in the displeasure of all her friends at present, and still more unhappy, if, to avoid that, she gives up her person, where she cannot bestow her heart? If you love me, as you profess, let me ask you, Sir, Is it for my sake, or is it your own?—If, for mine, how can it be, when I must be miserable, if I am forced to marry where I cannot love? If for your own, reflect, Sir, on the selfishness of your love, and judge if it deserves from me the return you wish.

How sadly does this love already operate! You love me so well, that you make me miserable in the anger of my dearest friends!—Your love has already made them think me undutiful; and instead of the fondness and endearment I used to be treated with by them, I meet with nothing but chidings, frowns, slights and displeasure.

And what is this love of yours to do for me hereafter!—Why, hereafter, Sir, it will be turned into hatred or indifference at least: for, then, though I cannot give you my heart, I shall have given you a title to it, and you will have a lawful claim to its allegiance. May it not then, nay, ought it not

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not be treated on the foot of a rebel, and expect punishment as such, instead of tenderness? Even were I to be treated with mercy, with goodness, with kindness by you, and could not deserve or return it, what a wretch would your love make me! How would it involve me in the crying sin of ingratitude! How would it destroy my reputation in the world's eye, that the best of husbands had the worst of wives!—the kindest of men, the unkindest of women?

Cease then, I beseech you, this hopeless, this cruel pursuit!—Make some worthier person happier in your addresses, that can be happy in them!—By this means you will restore me (if you decline as for your own motion) to the condition you found me in, the love of my parents, and the esteem of my friends. If you really love me, this may be a hard task, but it will be a most generous one.—And there is some reason to expect it; for who that truly loves, wishes to make the object of his love miserable? This must I be, if you persist in your addresses; and I shall know by your conduct, on occasions of this uncommon request, how to consider it, and in what light to place you either

as the moſt generous, or the moſt ungenerous of men. Mean time, I am, Sir, moſt heartily, though I cannot be what you would have me,

Your well-wiſher, and

humble ſervant.

LETTER. XL.

The Gentleman's anſwer to the Lady's uncommon requeſt.

Dear Madam,

I AM exceedingly concerned, that I cannot be as acceptable to you as I have the good fortune to find myſelf to your honored parents. If, Madam, I had reaſon to think it was owing to your prepoſſeſſion in ſome happier man's favour, I ſhould utterly deſpair of it, and ſhould really think it would be unjuſt to myſelf, and ungenerous to you, to continue my addreſs. As therefore you have, by your own appeal to me, in ſo uncommon a way, endeavoured to make me a party againſt myſelf, and I have ſhewn ſo much regard to you, as

to

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to be willing to oblige you, as far as I can, may I not hope the favour of you to declare generouſly whether I owe my happineſs to ſuch a prepoſſeſſion, and whether your heart has given to ſome other? If this be the caſe you ſhall find all you wiſh on my part; and I ſhall take a pride to plead againſt myſelf, let me ſuffer ever ſo much by it, to your father and mother; but if not, and you have taken any other diſguſt to my perſon or behaviour, there may be hope that my utmoſt affection and aſſiduity, or a contrary conduct, may in time get the better of, let me implore you to permit me ſtill to continue my zealous reſpects to you; for this I will ſay, that there is not a man in the world who can addreſs you with a ſincerer and more ardent flame, than,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate admirer,

and humble ſervant.

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LETTER. XLI.

The Lady's reply, in case of a prepossession.

SIR,

I Thank you for your kind assurance, that you will befriend me in the manner I wish; and I think I owe it to your generosity to declare, there is a person in the world, that, might I be left to my own choice, I should prefer to all other men. To this, Sir, it is owing that your address cannot meet with the return it might otherwise deserve from me. Yet are things so circumstanced, that while my friends prefer you, and know nothing of the other, I should find it very difficult to obtain their consents. But your generous discontinuance, without giving them the true reason of it, will lay an obligation, greater than I can express, on

Your humble servant.

LET-

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LETTER XLII.

The lady's reply, in case of no prepossession, or that she chuses not to avow it.

SIR,

I AM sorry to say that my disapprobation of your address is insuperable. Yet I cannot but think myself beholden to you for the generosity of your answer to my earnest request. I must beg, you, Sir, to give over your application; but how can I say, while I cannot help being of this mind, that it is, or is not owing to a prepossession, when you declare, that in the one instance, (and that is very generous too,) you will oblige; but in the other you will not? If I cannot return love for love, be the motive what it will, pray, Sir, for your own sake as well as mine, discontinue your address. In case of prepossession you say you can, and you will oblige me. Let my unworthiness, Sir, have the same effect upon you, as if that prepossession were to be avowed. This will inspire me with a gratitude that will always make me

Your obliged servant.

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THE

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.

Familiar LETTERS of Advice and Instructions, &c. in many Concerns of Life.

LETTER I.

A letter from Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, to his children, on the serious observance of the Lord's day, (commonly called Sunday,) when he was on a journey; which well deserves our attention.

I AM now come, well to ——, from whence I intend to write something to you on the observance of the Lord's day, and this I do for these reasons: 1st, Because

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

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LETTER II.

The Earl of Strafford to his son, just before his Lordship's execution.

My dear Will,

THESE are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there was a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and will guide and protect you in all your ways, to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things. Be sure you give all respects to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will it be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself. Therefore your care and affection to them

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them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister, for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake. Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends, who are, by me, desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel. For, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgment than your own. Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowlege which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected attend thereto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God,

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and give not yourself to neglect them in the least thing, lest, by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than penfively: for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those who are in God's church, the proper teachers thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinion, and delight to go in ways of their own finding out; for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other. The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you; restore you those honors, and that fortune, which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him, without having obligations to any other. Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge

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charge you never to ſuffer thoughts of revenge to enter into your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this poſecution, and to them apply yourſelf to make them your friends alſo; and on ſuch you may rely, and beſtow much of your converſation among them. And God Almighty, of his infinite goodneſs, bleſs you and your children's children; and his ſame goodneſs bleſs your ſiſters in like manner; perfect you in every good work, and give you right underſtanding in all things. Amen.

Your moſt loving father,

T. WENTWORTH.

LETTER III.

From a gentleman at Liſbon, immediately after the earth-quake, to his ſon in London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy father, you will have heard of the deſtruction of this place, and

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and of the calamitous ſituation of its few remaining miſerable inhabitants. God, in his infinite mercy protect us! All that you have heard will fall ſhort of what I have ſeen; for no words have energy ſufficient to convey an idea of a ſcene ſo amazingly dreadful. —Your poor mother is no more? Aſk me not for your ſiſters!—And as for myſelf, I am a vagabond, and condemned to ſeek my bread from thoſe who can ill afford to feed me. *But the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.* —I am ſatisfied—All may be for the beſt; and our friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent city, whoſe foundations are not to be ſhaken, and where ſorrow is no more. Let us, my dear child, prepare to follow them, and that we may do ſo, let us live here that we may fear no diſſolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worſt, and not depend on a death bed repentance; for you ſee we have not a moment that we can call our own. St. Auſtin ſays, *We read of one man, who was ſaved at the laſt hour, that none may deſpair, and of but one, that none may preſume.* How unſafe, how fooliſh, therefore is it to put off that until to-morrow, which is

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so essentially necessary to be done to-day? To-morrow may never come! —Oh think of that! You may be snatched away in an instant, as thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the arms of the Almighty: No! the attempt would be vain, would be presumptuous, would be impious; and you will find, my dear son, (I hope not too late) that the only security against accidents of this sort, is the leading a religious and good life

I am,

Your truly affectionate father.

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may have heard only of the latter, I will explain to you the virtues of the ring. This, my little fair, would render you invisible whenever you choose to be so; you might then range thro' the apartments of your play fellows unseen, play ten thousand little tricks which at present it is not in your power to do; but, indeed, the greatest advantages of the ring are reserved for another age, when you may be present with your lover, and discover the true sentiments of his heart, perplex your rival, hide her Brussels, and her jewels the night before a ball, and torment her with all the arts of ingenious mischief. These are advantages which at present perhaps may not tempt you; the cap as I can easily imagine, to be rather the object of your wishes. But tell me, you say, how this thimble can be of such infinite service?

At your age, my little friend, employment is of the utmost use: to be busy, if not to be learning to be virtuous, will at least protect you from the contrary impressions, whilst your imagination is employed how best to shade a rose, or your fancy determines the colours of the various parts of your work, vanity will scarce have time to whisper

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in your ear, that you have more beauty than another, or inſpire you with too early a love of gaiety and pleaſure.

When you have lived to that age in which your reaſon ſhall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that thoſe little follies which your ſex are guilty of, proceed from a fault in their education, and that idleneſs is the parent of vice. Thus then in the early years of life, whilſt you place the thimble on your finger, your are guarding your boſom againſt the approach of foibles which might baniſh thoſe from your ſociety who are attracted by the charms of your perſon.

Another of its virtues, which, in all probability you can never want to experience, is, that, if properly applied, it contains a charm againſt the calamities of poverty. I have known many a female, who, by its aſſiſtance, has ſupported herſelf by decency, and felt the pleaſure of living without depending on the beneficence of others.

A few years hence, when the youth whom your eyes have wounded, ſhall beg your acceptance of ſome trifle in the warmeſt terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preſerve it; but I, on the contrary, ſhall deſire you to be fre-

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quent in the use of this, and to wear it out for my sake.

I am, &c.

LETTER. V.

On the vicissitudes of human life.

REMEMBER, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while, in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire, whether another advance

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vance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass thro' them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove thro' the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who learn not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that

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reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer, may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER VI.

From a father to his son, on his admission to the university.

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide world. Every step you take is attended with danger, and requires caution. My eye is upon you no longer, and the vigilance of governors, and the care of tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have concern or affection enough to advise you faithfully. Your conduct must be a good deal regulated by your own reflections. The only secure paths are those of religion and virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that simplicity of life which the rules of academical societies prescribe.

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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; not too quickly with any. An idle companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you you associate with him, and asperse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I trust to do all good offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with persons of superior age, or quality, or station, or endowments, pay a deference to them; so much is due to their experience and character. Modesty is 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 prudence is true magnanimity. A brave mind is seen in persevering through the difficulties of a virtuous course;

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course; in the conquest of irregular appetites and passions, and in scorning to do any thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with politics; which, when you shall have studied all your life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the humours or resentments, or private interests, or public views of men in power: A study, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from virtue, is foreign to your present purpose, and in which, if you could really have any skill, at your age, it would seem to be affected. Take the proper advantage of living in a society. Observe the different tempers and dispositions of men: shun their vices, imitate their virtues, make use of their learning, and let the many eyes that are upon you, the consciousness of your duty, and the indignation to be insignificant, raise an emulation in you to excel in some kind of art or knowledge, that may hereafter be of use 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

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less you assist me with your character. And, in all doubtful cases, let not your father, who loves you best, and your governors, who are well able to direct you, be the only friends that you will not consult.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Demetrius, with a present of fruit on early rising.

June 28th 1796.

YOU would have received a much larger quantity of fruit, but, to say the truth, my band of musicians have made bold with more of it this summer, than usual; however, when I consider it is the only wages I pay them, I am no otherwise displeased with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my friends in town as I could wish.

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of birds, and she says it would be cruel to deprive them of their liberty; when we can be entertained with their songs without it; to encourage them their residence amongst us, they are not

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not denied a great ſhare of the productions of my garden.

We were this morning at ſix o'clock in our garden; an hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithſtanding, affords the nobleſt ſcene which a human creature can be preſent at.

The ſun, my Demetrius, was juſt above the horizon, and all the eaſtern ſky was tinged with bluſhes; the zephyrs as they paſſed were fraught with fragrance from the opening flowers, and the feathered ſongſters were waked to their reſpective parts, in their morning hymn to the Author of nature.

Whilſt my Lucinda, and I were walking, like a fond old faſhioned couple, arm in arm, I could not but recollect that part of the Paradiſe loſt, where Milton has deſcribed our firſt parents as riſing to their labours, and addreſſing their grateful oriſons to the bounteous Father of every mercy.

There is indeed ſomething which at this time inſpires us with gratitude to our Maker, and produces ſentiments in almoſt every boſom, like that which are given to Adam.

Theſe

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These are thy glorious works parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame;
Thus wonderous fair, thyself how wonderous then!
Unspeakable, who first above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

There is likewise something which must create a grateful sense of our obligation to heaven, when we wake again to life, with the blessing of health, and recollect that many have passed the night in all the anguish of pain or disease. As for myself, I should retire to sleep with no little anxiety, if I were not assured that we were protected in those hours by our Maker, when we are not conscious of our own existence. There cannot surely be a more comfortable reflection, than being convinced that a power who commands and directs all nature is our guard, without whose knowledge no action is committed, nor even the most secret thought can arise.

With

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With this confidence of ſecurity, the good man commits himſelf to the arms of ſleep, where all beſides muſt fear it; and feels ſerenity, where every other breaſt muſt be compoſed.

The uſual ſerenity of the morning, which inſpires every warbler with cheerfulneſs detain'd us in the garden till our little boy came running to inform us that the breakfaſt waited.

'Is it not extremely abſurd,' ſaid Lucinda, as we returned, 'for mankind 'to complain of the ſhort duration of 'their lives, when they even refuſe to 'live a number of hours which Provi- 'dence has beſtowed on them? How 'many can we recollect of our acquain- 'tance who have been loſt to every joy 'this morning has afforded us; and who 'may, notwithſtanding, before night, 'aſſert, that the age which men in 'general attain to, ſerves only to con- 'duct them to a ſuperficial knowledge 'of the ſciences, or that old age ap- 'proaches almoſt as ſoon as we begin 'to live.

Such indeed is frequently the language of human creatures; who loſe the moſt valuable parts of every day. Such too I have heard from your mouth but then indeed you riſe—by eleven.

Such

Lucinda and myſelf, who are great advocates for early hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes: and ſhould therefore rejoice to ſee you amongſt us, there is then ſome probability of your ſeeing the ſun riſe, which I ſincerely believe you have not done for many years, and which is one of the moſt pleaſing ſcenes upon the theatre of nature.

I am, &c.

LETTER. VIII.

To Lucinda, on the happineſs of a domeſtic matrimonial life.

July 29th 1796.

AFTER ſo many years which we have paſſed, my Lucinda, almoſt without ſeparation, one would naturally imagine, that the few days abſence I have known ſhould not be diſpleaſing; and yet, believe me, I am already tired of the town, and I am preparing to leave it with the utmoſt expedition, to return to domeſtic joys.

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When I reflect on my disposition, I am greatly thankful to Providence, that the same dislike to public pleasures has always prevailed on Lucinda as myself, and that we have been actuated by the same inclinations during the tenor of our lives.

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the town, yet I never fail of seeing objects in it which reminds me of my own felicity and increases the love I bear you. Alas! my dear, the fashionable tenor of matrimonal lives is so little suited to my turn of mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a good wife. I could by no means have endured to see the heart of the woman I love entirely devoted to pleasure, nor have ever been content to share it with the king of trumps.

It is, however, happy for mankind, that the same delicacy does not universally prevail, as there are now many couples who are thought to be happy, because the wife has never transgressed the bounds of virtue, nor the husband treated her with language, which he would be ashamed to use to a stranger. Their amusement, are distinct from each other, they know nothing of that heart-felt joy which arises from being

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with those they love, secluded from every eye, and breathing the sweets of the balmy evening. Their only care is refining those pleasures which repetition has rendered dull, which, notwithstanding their endeavours afford some hours in which that most impertinent of all companions, called *Self*, never fails of intrusion.

There are many women in the world, I believe, to whom I might have made a good husband, but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda, who could have made me a happy one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy aimable disposition and virtues, since indifference and contempt are to me in compatable in the marriage state? To heaven, likewise, my sincerest thanks are due, for preserving its best and most valuable gift to bless my life. For, as Milton elegantly expresses it,

With the conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charms of earliest birds; pleasant the sun.]

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When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herbs, trees, fruit and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower;
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by noon
Or glittering star-light; without thee is sweet.

Having

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Having once begun these beautiful lines of my Lucinda's favourite poet, I found it impossible to break off sooner; nay, I was pleased to be able to express so elegantly the language of my heart.

Aranthes, who has just come in, and has looked over my shoulder, upon seeing so much poetry, cried out, Very fine, truly, I shall take the first opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I assure you.—If you have any thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make use of me, for I am now writing to her. How is this? says Aranthes, what larding your letters with poetry after more than twenty years marriage? I concluded you were addressing some other fair one, and endeavouring to soften her inexorable heart by the Muses assistance. But come with me to Lady—'s. Not a word however of Lucinda all night; to be seen with such an old fashioned creature as you, would spoil my reputation entirely, if your character should once be known.

You know Aranthes, my Lucinda, extremely well, and will perceive by this that he is still the same man as ever. He desires me to apologize for his taking me from you, as he calls it,

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and at the ſame time to ſend you his compliments. My bleſſing to the children, whom I ſhall make happy by ſome little preſents at my return; to thee, my love, I ſhall bring a heart than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own felicity. Believe me, &c.

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have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendſhip which we helped to conſtitute at our entrance into 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 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 torments which are paſt. Now, whilſt I write to my Cleanthes, I recall with ſatisfaction the time in which we were induced by a parity of ſentiments, to form the ſocial connection, and the ſteady union in which we have paſſed from that hour to the preſent. The time approaches which muſt put a period to our friendſhip: none hope that Providence will extend their lives to an unuſual length, but thoſe who fear to die; as for ourſelves, we have reached the age which few are born to attain and which, in the language of an admired writer, requires a great deal of providence to produce. I flatter myſelf that

that our days have been so spent that we have no reason to tremble at the thought of our last, nor embitter the remaining part of our life with apprehension for the inevitable hour to come.

We have lent the tear of pity to distress, and alleviated the misfortune of our fellow-creatures; we have neither indulged our passions, nor neglected the praise we owe the Author of our mercies. Why therefore, should we tremble? We leave a world, whose pleasures 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 tender tie of parents hold us; we must leave those 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 arises which would defer the hour which Heaven has allotted my last, it is when I am surrounded by my family, and observe the looks of tenderness which they

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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 that any thing would give more conſiderable amuſement than our reviewing together our paſt lives, and recollecting the dangers we have paſſed from the ſtorms of our paſſions, when now time has lulled them to reſt. It would uot be unentertaining, I imagine to collect the various opinions and ideas we have had of the ſame object, and mark the progreſs of the human mind through the different ſtages of life. Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the bleſſing of health in a more eminent degree than his friend, will haſten to ſee and give him the greateſt ſatisfaction he can poſſibly know.

I write this from the grotto which Lucinda's fancy decorated, and where we have paſſed ſo many happy hours. Providence has taken care to wean us from the love of life by degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened age of manhood before we have more friends in the grave than ſurviving; and from that moment, which is almoſt the firſt of ſerious reflection, we begin to perceive

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the vanity of human happineſs. It was the will of Heaven that I ſhould mourn the loſs of my Lucinda, and feel the pang of ſeparation, yet not till we had grown old in love, and ſweetened the greateſt part of our lives with connubial happineſs. Since the retroſpective part of our lives preſents us with nothing which ſhould terrify our imagination, let us paſs the remaining days which Heaven ſhould 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.

LETTER X.

A letter from Biſhop Atterbury to his ſon, Obadiah, at Chriſt-Church College in Oxford.

(Containing ſome uſeful hints in regard to writing letters.)

Dear Obby,

I THANK you for your letter, becauſe there are manifeſt ſigns in it of

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of endeavouring to excel yourself, and, of consequence, to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently; get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in all letters to be avoided; the turn of them should always be natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five lines of yours which have an air of poetry, and do therefore naturally resolve themselves into blank verses. I send you your letter again, that yourself may now make the same observation. But you took the hint of that thought from a poem, and it is no wonder, therefore, that you heightened the phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be; and particularly, there is an air of duty and sincerity, which, if it comes from your heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me. With these good

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 thine heart*; implying, that without it all other gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always to let your mind and your words go together on the most trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity, under the notion of a compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away truth for breeding. I need not tell you how little 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 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.

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LETTER XI.

From a young lady in one of the Canary Islands, to her sister in England, whom she never saw, containing a pressing invitation to her to come over, and describing the beauties of the place to her.

MUST we for ever, my dear sister, converse only at this unhappy distance? Are we born of the same parents, to be eternal aliens to each other?——I have been told wonders of your wit, ingenuity, and good nature. Must strangers or at least very distant kindred, reap all the benefit of these amiable qualities, whilst those that are nearest, and ought methinks to be dearest, mourn the want of it?——They say there is a great sympathy between persons of the same blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you? —Have you never any of those yearnings, those longings, to see the daughter of your father and mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily musings, and nightly dreams? If no affection, pity should make you wish to

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be with a ſiſter who ſtands ſo much in need of your aſſiſtance. You know, my father's great affairs ſuffer him ſeldom to be with his family.——Death has deprived me of my mother, and devotion of her ſiſter; but ſhe forſakes me only to join herſelf with her Creator; you have no ſuch plea. And as you are ſix years older than myſelf, and of a ſuperior underſtanding, it is a kind of duty in you to be with me, to correct the errors of my unexperienced youth, and form my mind by the model of your own.——Believe me, I would be moſt obedient to your inſtructions, and love the precepts for the teacher's ſake. ——What can with-hold you from coming to a place where your preſence is ſo ardently deſired?——What can you find ſo pleaſing to you in a kingdom rent with internal diviſions? where father againſt ſon, and brother againſt brother, maintaining an unnatural conteſt.——A kingdom, where pride, injuſtice, luxury and profaneneſs, are almoſt univerſal, and religion become a reproach to the profeſſion!——A kingdom, ſinking by ſwift degrees into miſery and contempt, yet infatuated ſo far as to dote on the cauſe of their undoing.——At leaſt this is the account

we

we have of it.——Can this be agreeable to a perſon of your nice and diſtinguiſhed taſte!——O, my deareſt ſiſter, liſten to the dictates of reaſon, of duty, and of nature. All join to call you from that worſe than Egypt into the land of Canaan.——Here peace and innocence go hand in hand, and all the graces, all their pleaſures, wait upon their ſteps. No foreign wars, no home-bred jars, no envy, no diſtruſt, diſturb the ſweet ſerenity of theſe bliſsful ſeats, but all is harmony and love. Eternal zephyrs watch our morning walks, bringing ten thouſand odours on their wings, and tempt us to the groves from whence they ſpring.——In troops they wander through the jeſſamine lanes, or ſit in orange bowers, where fruits, ripe and in bloſſom, charm our ſmell and taſte. Sometimes on mules we take ſhort journeys to Teneriff, and on the foot of that ſtupendous mount, recline on banks of roſes umbrall'd over with ſpreading myrtle. Then change the ſcene, and view the ſpacious vineyards, where huge alcoves of cluſtring grapes hang pendant over our heads. Sometimes we roam thro' a long gallery of ſtately pines, whoſe loaded boughs preſent us every kind of fruit in one. But

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there is no describing half the various sweets which nature, with a lavish hand, pours on these isles, which justly have the name of *Fortunate!* nor (I flatter myself) will there be need of further arguments to bring you to us.——My father has just now informed me, that Captain———carries his positive orders for your coming, and I may rest in an assured hope of enjoying the happiness I so long, and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more. I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that with your obedience to your father, some little share of love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more readiness, by the thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an affection for you, and thinks it the greatest blessing to subscribe herself.

My dear sister,

Your most affectionate and

most obedient servant.

MARIA BOYLE.

LET-

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LETTER XII.

From Miſs Middleton to Miſs Pemberton, giving her the melancholy news of her ſiſter's death.

Dear Miſs Pemberton,

JUST as I was ſetting out for Worceſterſhire, in order to follow my ſiſter, who, you know, has been ſome time there, I received a letter from my aunt, acquainting me that ſhe was taken ill laſt Friday and died in two days after. ——Yes, that lately ſo much admired, that ſplendid beauty, is now reduced to a cold lump of clay,—for ever cloſed are thoſe once ſparkling eyes; huſhed is that voice that gave ſo much delight; —thoſe limbs which art had ranſacked to adorn, have now no other covering than a ſimple ſhroud, and in a few days will be confined within the narrow compaſs of a tomb.—Ah! what is life? —what all the gaudy pride of youth, of pomp, of grandeur! what the vain adoration of a flattering world!——Deluſive pleaſures,—— fleeting nothings; how

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how unworthy are you of the attention of a reasonable Being!——You know the gay manner we always lived, and will, no doubt, be surprized to find expressions of this kind fall from my pen; —but, my dear Pemberton, hitherto my life has been a dream; but I am now, thank Heaven awake.——My sister's fate has roused me from my lethargy of mind, made me see the ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no time to be lost for their accomplishment.——Who can assure me, that in an hour, a moment, I may not be as she is!——And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my audit at the great tribunal!——In what a strange stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen years; (for those of my childhood are not to be reckoned:) ——I always knew that death was the portion of mortality, yet never took the least care to aim against the terrors of it.——Whenever I went a little journey, I provided myself with all things necessary, yet I have got nothing ready for that long, last voyage, I must one day take into another world.—— What an infatuation to be anxious for the minutest requisites for ease and pleasure, and in a dwelling where I propo-
sed

sed to stay a few weeks, or months, perhaps, wholly regardless for what was wanting for making my felicity in an eternal situation? Reason, just kindled, shudders at the recollection of that endless train of follies I have been guilty of.—Well might the poor Berintha feel all their force; vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare imagination of those ideas, which her last moments must inspire; for I now faithfully believe, with, Mr. Waller, that,

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

Whether it was the suddeness of her fate, or a letter she wrote to me not two hours before her death, I know not, that has made the alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the goodness of that divine Power, without whose assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no apology for this melancholy epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever concern you may feel for my sister, it will be greatly alleviated

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alleviated by finding I am become at last a reasonable creature. I inclose you the letter she sent, to the end you may judge with what kind of sentiments she left this world. ——— Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble servant.

MIDDLETON.

LETTER XIII.

[*Inclosed in the foregoing.*]

Miss Middleton's letter to her sister, wrote a few hours before her death, advising her not to defer making the necessary preparations for futurity.

My dear sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging fit will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or

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or miſerable for ever.—None about me, pretend to flatter me with the hopes of ſeeing another morning.—Short ſpace to accompliſh the mighty work of eternal ſalvation!——Yet I cannot leave the world without admoniſhing,——without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour, you are ſure not to eſcape, and know not how ſhortly it may arrive.——We have had the ſame ſort of education.—have lived in the ſame manner, and tho' accounted very like, have reſembled each other more in our follies than our faces,——Oh! what a waſte of time have we not both been guilty of! To dreſs well has been our ſtudy.——Parade, equipage, and admiration our ambition,——pleaſure our avocation, and the mode our god.—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle chat, that ſacred name, by whoſe merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven? How often have I ſat, and heard his miracles and ſufferings ridiculed by the falſe wits of the age, without feeling the leaſt emotion at the blaſphemy!—Nay, how often have I myſelf, becauſe I heard others do ſo, called in queſtion that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One moment

methinks

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methinks, I see the blissful seats of *Paradise* unveiled;——I hear ten thousand myriads of celestial forms tuning their golden harps to songs of praise, to the unutterable name,—The next a scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks——My fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom:——On one hand beckoning angels smile upon me, while, on the other, the furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting soul.——Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Rev. Dr. G.——suffer me to despair!—he comforts me with the promises in holy writ, which, to my shame, I was acquainted with before; but now I feel them balm to my tormented conscience.——Dear, dear sister, I must bid you eternally adieu;——I have discharged my duty in giving you this warning. O! may my death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that weight I wish and pray for; you are the last object of my earthly cares;—I have done with all below.—Shall retire into myself, and devote the few moments allowed me, to the [illegible] penitence [illegible]

penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious immortality. I die,

Your sincere friend,

and most affectionate

and despairing sister,

BERINTHIA.

LETTER. XIV.

A letter to Miss W———, advising her to take care of her house, &c.

AS you are a tenant at will in a very handsome genteel house, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, ruling it by the strictest maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints in an affair of so much importance.

Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw or spot that may accidently touch it. It is erected to a proper height

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height, a just size, reared on a regular plan, and finished with the most accurate proportion.——On the top stands an eminent turret furnished with a room of a globular form, which I observe has two crystal windows in the front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at night, and you may open them as early as you please in the morning. On each side I discover a small portal to receive company; take care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with many such as you do not like; let them never be shut against an instructive parent, the advising friend, or the supplicating orphan.——I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out, let that generally be barred close; be cautious what visitors you let out publicly, lest, if any bad characters be seen coming from it, you draw a scandal upon your house; it will be necessary, therefore, to lay a strict injunction of vigilance of

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on your two porters, who ſtand centinels in liveries of the deepeſt ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory paliſadoes.——I have ſeen ſome people paint the two pannels juſt below the windows; but I would adviſe you on the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art.——This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two alabaſter ſemi-globes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needle-work.

Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a ſmall cloſet of exquiſite workmanſhip. This, I ſuppoſe, is the place of your ſecret retirement open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful intimate friend.——I adviſe you to keep this always clean, furniſh it well, make it a little library of the beſt practical authors, and viſit it frequently, eſpecially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance which you have met at the tea-table. Let the out-ſide of the hall not appear like a hearſe, hung round with eſcutcheon's, nor like a coach of ſtate, debauched with gold and colourings; but let it be plain, neat and clean, to con-

vince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little tenement subject to the same change. Doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations that the house will one day fall ——— You may soon be turned out—the landlord may give you warning, or may not—this is all uncertain—be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice.——One thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but it will lie waste and in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception, in a more durable manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified, that it be liable to no accident or decay; and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be now reared in the other place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be

happy

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happy and honorable, and your lease never expire.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT N.

LETTER XV.

From a sensible lady, with a never failing receipt for a beauty wash.

AS you seem so intent on improving the personal charms of your already-amiable daughter, I can no longer delay answering your letter.—You would be glad, you say, of a receipt to make a wash; but it must be perfectly innocent. What I recommend, Madam, is truly so, and will greatly illustrate and preserve her complexion.

Pray let her observe the following rules.

In the morning, fair water is to be used as a preparatory; after which she must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may

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ſeem trifling to talk of temperance; yet muſt this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if ſhe would avoid thoſe pimples, for which the advertiſed waſhes are a boaſted cure. Inſtead of rouge, let her uſe moderate exerciſe, which will excite a natural bloom in her cheeks not to be imitated by arts. Ingenious candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openneſs to her countenance that will make her univerſally agreeable. A deſire of pleaſing will add fire to her eyes, and breathing the morning air at ſun-riſe will give her lips a vermillion hue. That aimable vivacity, which ſhe now poſſeſſes, may be happily heightened and preſerved, if ſhe avoids late hours and card-playing, but not otherwiſe; for the firſt gives the face a drowſy diſagreeable aſpect, and the laſt is the mother of wrinkles ——A white hand is a very deſirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unleſs it be kept clean. Nor is this all; for if the young lady will excel her companions in this reſpect, ſhe muſt keep her hands in conſtant motion, which will occaſion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion I would recommend, is working at her needle

needle, brushing up the house, or twirling the distaff. In was this industry in our grandmothers that gave Kneller an opportunity of gratifying posterity with the view of so many fine hands and arms in his incomparable portraits. ——A few words more, and I have done.——Let her preserve an unaffected neatness in her apparel: her fortune will permit her to dress elegantly; but her good sense should always prevent her from descending to gaudiness, which strike the eyes of the ignorant, but disgusts those of true taste and discernment; besides, Madam, your daughter has so many natural charms, that she can have no occasion to wear cloaths that will attract all the attention of the multitude. She possesses more beauties than she is acquainted with, which is no small addition to her merit; but how can it be otherwise, when she is your daughter, and has you for an example.

I am, &c.

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LETTER. XIV.

Domestic rule the province of the wife.

Madam,

I Must assert that the right of directing domestic affairs is, by the law of nature, in the woman: and that we are perfectly qualified for the exercise of dominion, notwithstanding what has often been said by male-coats to the contrary. Those who pretend to direct our bringing up, seem to have destined us to that power which they would afterwards dispute. We are employed in our samplers, or diverting ourselves with our babies; we pass from our mother's nursery to our own, and from imaginary visits to real one's without fatiguing ourselves with a variety of unnecessary acquirements, on which the men must value themselves. Indeed, which I would, condemn too eager a pursuit of, we are taught singing and dancing; but what are these to the drudgery of schools and universities! The business of a family when thoroughly

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ly performed, takes in the whole circle of our time, and affords no room for any thing except innocent relaxations. We are certainly then more likely to understand domestic policy than the men, who have twenty other things to mind. A mere house-wife, like a mere scholar, is fit for nothing else, I admit, and will make a man a very unsociable companion. But as some men of great application to their respective professions have, notwithstanding, a very polite behaviour; so a woman may make the government of her house the principal care, without suffering it to become the principal theme of her discourse; nor do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a character as a manager, her husband should twice or thrice a week hear her scolding the servants. This is one of the great objections to female government, and our adversaries would fain present it as a thing as necessary to us, as a standing army to the administration. But both may be calumnies, and the mere effects of a desire to get into other folks places. Experience is wholly on our side; for, wherever the master exceeds his proper sphere, and pretends to give law to the cook-maid as well as

as the coachman, we obſerve a great deal of diſcord and confuſion. When a man, who is always a better judge when things are wrong, than of the method of ſetting them to rights, entrenches on the woman's province, it is the ready way to make the reſt of the family deſpiſe them both. But a woman of tolerable good ſenſe is allowed to direct her houſe without controul, all things go well; ſhe prevents even her huſband's wiſhes, the ſervants know their buſineſs, and the whole family live eaſy and happy. It is with great concern that I perceive our ſex, of late, inclined to mind any thing rather than their families, which inclination muſt have fatal conſequences. Can there be any thing more honourable for a woman than the management of her family? And it may be obſerved to them, that they muſt take their choice either to manage their children or ſervants, or to be managed by them. If liberty is the thing they aim at, they certainly miſtake the road. A woman's freedom conſiſts in power, and not in a licence to gad about, which is ſcandalous even in a girl, and beſpeaks a giddineſs of ſoul below compariſon. The conduct of the eſtate or buſineſs ought ſurely to be

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be in the husband, and if he parts with it, it is an act of weakness. The conduct of the house belongs as justly to the wife; and no man ought to marry a woman whom he would not trust with the management of such concern. Adieu, my dear friend! incroach not on the province of your husband, but continue to be mistress in your own.

I am,

Your affectionate friend.

LETTER XVII.

From a lady to her acquaintance on growing old.

My dear Lucy,

I Have been thinking that human understanding is no less liable to be unhinged, than the mechanism of the human frame. The least jar of surprize puts it out of tune, and one cannot presently get it into order.—— We have certainly passions of the mind as well as diseases of the body, which we

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we are not aware of, till some sudden accident calls them forth; and the one are no less capable of suspending the faculties of reason for a time, than the other are of obstructing the animal fluid, to the proper circulation of which we owe our health and vigour.

I was led into this reflection by catching myself into a folly which I shall not be ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some passages my observation supplies me with, I find the foible inherent in a more or less degree in the whole species of human kind, though few are ingenious enough to acknowledge it.

I was sitting yesterday in my parlour window, looking carelessly on the people as they passed; when all at once, a fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine Spectacles*; and at the same time thrust a pair of those nose-saddles within the sash. You cannot imagine dear Lucy, how I was shocked; I gave the man a short answer and immediately drew down the window.——*Good God!* said I to myself, *do I look old enough to be supposed to want Spectacles?* not considering that it was the fellow's trade to offer them to every body,

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body, and that many people younger than myſelf were obliged to make uſe of them.——I ran however to my glaſs, and fancied I perceived what they call the crow's feet appearing at the corners of my eyes.——I looked and looked again, and the more I did ſo, the more I thought theſe cruel marks of time were viſible; and now, recollecting that my laſt birth day brought me into my one and thirtieth year, and that a very few more of them would rank me among the number of the aged, I fell into ſuch a fit of the vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable?——Where now is my underſtanding?——Where my reaſon? The little ſhare I have is ſufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this world muſt grow old, and few of us there are who deſire to die young. Why was not this knowledge at hand to make me eaſy under the common courſe of nature?

I do aſſure you, I had grown two or three hours older before I could bring myſelf to be reconciled with the apprehenſions that every moment brought me nearer to that ſo much dreaded ſtage of life; but, thank Heaven, I got the better

better of it at laſt, and laughed at the fooliſh part my imagination had been acting.

That we all, however, have a natural averſion to grey hairs, and wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to over come the uneaſineſs their approach inflicts, requires the utmoſt exertion of our reaſon: yet is not this an inconſiſtency a kind of abſurdity, in our habit of thinking?——We ridicule a thouſand leſſer follies of mankind, yet paſs over that with 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 to be content perhaps to be thought on our decline.

Were old age terrible to us merely as it is the forerunner of death, or as it is generally attended with infirmities which render life a burden, I ſhould not be ſo much ſurprized; but, alas! we ſee death and diſeaſes ſeize on youth and ſtrength; no time of life is a ſecurity againſt either. Nor is it altogether the apprehenſion of being deprived of

what

what ſhare of beauty nature may have beſtowed upon us, that renders it ſo alarming, ſince that alſo may be loſt by the ſmall pox, and a thouſand other accidents.—No, it is only the name, not the effects, we ſo much dread; and I believe moſt people would rather chuſe deformity with youth, than comelineſs with old age.

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

Reaſon in man is but a twinkling lamp
Of wana'ring' life, that wakes and winks by turns,
Fooling the follower betwixt ſhade and ſhining.

You will imagine, by my being ſo ſerious, that I have not yet got over the fright the man put me into, and indeed, I am not ſure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will; I have reſolution enough to wiſh, from the very bottom of my heart, and that you and

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and I may grow old in friendſhip, and that, whatever effect time may have upon our perſons, our minds may remain as now united; which will be a balance againſt the mortifications in the power of the old gentleman with the hour glaſs, to

My dear Lucy,

Your's with the moſt perfect amity.

LETTER XVIII.

To a lady who had loſt her beauty with the ſmall pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much on your recovery, to be able to condole with you on any alteration your late illneſs has made on you; and indeed, how great ſoever it may be, am far from thinking it deſerves to be mentioned with that concern you expreſs. ——You have encountered death, and foiled him at one of his ſharpeſt weapons; and if you have received ſome

ſears,

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ſcars, ought to look upon them as trophies of victory, than blemiſhes.——What if your complexion has loſt ſome part of its fair enamel, and your features are not altogether ſo delicate; the leſs charms your glaſs preſents you with, the more you will find in your cloſet; and deprived of vain pleaſure in contemplating the graces of your outward form, you will have the greater leiſure to improve and embelliſh thoſe which are not ſo eaſily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the ambition of attracting admirers, that renders beauty of ſo much value to all the young and gay; but if we conſider ſeriouſly, we ſhall find that it is virute, good ſenſe, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and complaiſance, of which the girdle of Cytherea ſhould be compoſed.——The fineſt face in the world without them, will not long maintain its empire over the heart of a man of underſtanding, as the poet truly ſays,

Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the eye:
Virtue alone has charms that never die.

Do

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Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a level, than before this accident, with the greateſt part of our ſex. I confeſs, the beauties of the *perſon*, greatly contribute to ſet off and render thoſe of the *mind* conſpicuous, and for that reaſon ſhould lament extremely any defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engroſs the whole attention of as many as know you; and that they may every day increaſe in the luſtre of true dignity, is the wiſh of, my dear Ophelia,

Yours, &c.

SOPHRONIA.

THE

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THE

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant LETTERS on various Subjects, to improve the ſtyle and entertain the mind, from eminent authors.

LETTER I.

The following letter, written by Mr. Gay. giving an account of two lovers who were ſtruck dead by the ſame flaſh of lightening is reckoned a maſter-piece in epiſtolarly deſcriptive writing.

Stanton-Harcourt, July 29th 1796.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from

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Heaven: for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me, except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys 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 all that had periſhed! But unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant lovers than ever were found in romance, under the ſhade of a breech-tree. John Hewit was a well ſet man, of about five and twenty. Sarah Drew might rather be called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſſed thro' the various labours of the year. It was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her hat, and the poſey on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the

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the whole neighbourhood: for ſcanda never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the interval of their work, they were now talking of their wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was about two or three in the afternoon,) the clouds grew black; and ſuch a ſtorm of lightening and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to the beſt ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder. Every one was ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called

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called to our lovers, they ſtepped to the place where they lay. They perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then eſpied this faithful pair. John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as if to ſcreen her from the lightening. They were both ſtruck 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 interred at Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we ſhould furniſh the epitaph, which is as follows:

When eaſtern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven, that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,

Sent

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Sent his own lightening, and the
victim seized.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

LETTER. II.

The three following letters were wrote by a young lady of a good family, and very genteelly bred (but afterwards reduced.) to a gentleman going abroad, under whose care and protection she was desirous of retiring in the capacity of a house-keeper, from the frowns of the world.

SIR,

NO circumstance is more shocking than that of being obliged to strangers for relief; and however conscious I may be of my own innocence and well-meaning, the presumption of addressing this gentleman in this manner,

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ner, may be a sufficient reason to prevent my receiving such a share of credit, as were I known to you, I might with justice pretend to. I have had the misfortune to receive an education greatly above the rank that Heaven has allotted me, and I now, too soon, at the age of eighteen, have struggled through more difficulties than you would choose to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me to shock the man to whom I wish to be obliged. It is now some time since I formed the design to leave England, and withdraw myself from the acquaintance of those that have known me in a higher state. I can be content in a decent retirement, and shall endeavour to do my duty in the station I pretend to. Chance has directed me to you, and it is without a blush (and surely no one should be ashamed of so innocent a boldness) that I offer myself to attend you abroad in the quality of a house keeper. My character and story you shall be acquainted with; the first will be no discredit to me, and the latter perhaps may raise a compassion in you, that may be serviceable to me. If you approve my design or have any curiosity to hear more, I would beg the favour of you to advertise

advertise that the letter directed to Tom's was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

I am,

LETTER III.

SIR,

I Have so few obligations to the world, that I am at times surprised at myself, to find that the idea of gratitude shall be known to me, and yet I feel a thankfulness in me, for the notice you have taken of my (perhaps indiscreet) application. A thousand distracting thoughts have got the better of my judgment; and though I know where you live, and am fully convinced that you would scorn to mean me an injury, yet a certain prejudice of education forbids me to pursue what I designed, and I shall now solicit nothing more than a pardon for having raised your expectation, and engaged your curiosity to be acquainted with a story that a womanish pride will perhaps for ever prevent be ng known. I flattered myself

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ſelf when I wrote before, that I had been miſtreſs of more reſolution; but my fears ſtartle me, and I am ſo convinced of the ill method I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your knowledge of the world muſt neceſſarily encourage ſuch ſuſpicions of me,) that no temptation can now be ſufficient to make me diſcover myſelf. I am aſhamed of what has happened, and I feel a reſentment to myſelf, for having dared to alarm your good nature, with fears, for an unfortunate young woman. I will flatter myſelf you feel for me; and the tenderneſs and humanity that you maſter are of, ſhall at leaſt be this far ſatisfied, that I will hereafter, if fortune has any favours to beſtow on me, give you the ſatisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu!

Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura pitie de mon innocence car je n'ais beaucoup fait de mal.

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LETTER IV.

SIR,

WERE I in the least inclined to discover myself, so immediate an answer to your advertisement might in justice be esteemed a forwardness; but as my resolution is fixed, it will bear a better interpretation, and ought to be looked on as a decent regard for the person that seems to bear a share in my misfortunes. You may with great reason reproach me for having drawn you into so idle a correspondence; and the persuasion I have of your goodness and humanity, are to me strong testimonials that your inquiry is not the effect of a giddy or ill meaning curiosity, but proceeds from the true principles of virtue and from a design of giving me all the assistance I can with. I must own that necessity first tempted me to apply; and though I am determined to stop short, and give a check to my ill-judged scheme, yet I will ever encourage myself in a thankfulness to you, and compliment my own judgment for ha-

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ving so easily discovered the perfections of so amiable a character. My pen seems pleased with the office of writing to you, and I am now prepared to run greater lengths than patience might excuse. We are all fond of doing what is most pleasing to us, and it is a flattering of my vanity, in the supposition of my having engaged your good wishes. My story, which is full of a variety of shocking circumstances and distresses, added to a too sensible feeling, has so furnished me with expressions, that I should conceive a hatred to myself, were I capable of a further attempt to make an impression on you. Adieu! I shall for ever love and honor your generous design, and will always have this share of merit with you; and no necessity, nor other unfortunate circumstance, shall again force me to give an alarm to your humanity, or expose me to myself for having dared to raise your curiosity to the knowledge of that, which charity for every well-meaning person commands me to conceal.

Vous allez vers la reputation vers le credit, et moi j'en reviens.

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LETTER V.

The following most affectionate letter, universally admired, was written by Mr. Pope, to the bishop of Rochester, about a month before his banishment.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last; the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and repining for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only imagine to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your

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ſtudies; they will tend to the benefit of man, againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity: And perhaps at your time of life nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt: Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it. The boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of our ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt, in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth hath long involved it. To ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember

member it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt; in their exile, in their retreat, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt mind; but revenge will never harbour there. Higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the la ter, will infallibly influence men whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality, where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as

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you can,) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness.

Yours, &c.

LETTER. VI.

To Lady——— from Mr. Pope, on witty and serious letters.

Madam,

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth, makes a much less present than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather see such thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to the world. They who can set a right value on any thing, will prize

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prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing or anything else. Wit, I am sure, I want, at least in the degree that I see others have it, who would at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more service to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better disposition than to laugh only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it; for if I could have seen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasing? Whatsoever some may think, fame is a thing I am much

lef-

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less covetous of than your friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my life; the other I cannot answer for. What if they would both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram,

What's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation;
About them both why make you such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

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LETTER VII.

To the Hon. Mrs. H——, from Mr. Pope.

Madam,

ALL the pleasure or use of familiar letters, is, to give us the assurance of a friends welfare; at least it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and despiser of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promise you, it will always be a satisfaction to me to write letters and receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing which many people make only a subject to display their fine sentiments upon, a friend; which is a character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I do not like your style: it is very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you wrote as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for such letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs. L******, I formerly knew, who writ and talked like

like other people, (and sometimes better.) You must allow me to say, you have not said a sensible thing in all your letter, except where you speak of shewing kindness, and expecting it in return; but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the style of wit and abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you wrote, in all your letters you never told me how you do. Indeed I see it was absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continue to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to say, kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not wit, which, if I want, I am not much concerned, because judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make use of it, rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see in short, after what manner you may most agreeably write to me. Tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H———, who will see by it what manner of letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously

ſeriouſly your's and his ſervant, to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain How-do-ye's, and Pray-remember-me's; which not being fit to be ſhewn to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, &c.

***

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

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

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common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with the full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasure. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago and was told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the the house? I am only a lodger."—I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am. I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I had never any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plant spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course,

 peop-

people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. *For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul, &c.*

I am, yours, &c.

* * * \

your esteem, and a familiarity that none of your other utensils can boast of, tho' many of them my betters by far; as therefore I have shewn you to yourself, so often, and been so happy always to have my fidelity approved of by your Ladyship, I hope you will pardon my boldness, in taking this method to discover to you some failings in yourself, which my surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you consult me much too often; and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater stranger to me. How many thousand times must you be told that you are handsome?—I assure your of it every day, but you will not be satisfied unless I tell you so every hour, nay, almost every moment.—I cannot lie; your person is exceeding amiable; but I must at the same time, inform your Ladyship with my usual sincerity, that you would look infinitely more agreeable if you did not think so. Consider, Madam, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand times a day, I cannot make you a bit the better, or the handsomer; but shall certainly destroy one of the finest ornaments of beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own

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perfections. Whenever you ſtand before me, with all your charms ſet forth to the beſt advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourſelf with too great pleaſure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty; which, in time, will make other people deſpiſe and ridicule you; and therefore I honeſtly and ingeniouſly entreat you, to avoid my company; for, Madam, I muſt confeſs, that the worſt enemy the fair ones have, cannot do them ſo much prejudice as I their chief favourite. It grieves me to the heart to find it ſo, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their fondneſs of me, when I ſo continually do them miſchief.—Whether it be, as a witty gentleman once ſaid of me, from my talent of caſting reflections;—or whether it be from the large quantity of quickſilver which belongs to me, and without which I am uſeleſs as well as innocent; for, as the learned obſerve, Madam, Mercury is highly prejudicial to your ſex, either where there is too much of it in the compoſition of a fair lady, or when it is uſed externally as an help to beauty: As, in the former caſe, it is generally the cauſe of exceſſive levity, ſo in the latter it is always obſerved to hurt the eyes,

eyes, and deface those charms which is designed to assist and improve:——Or whether my gaily gilded frame is too apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity:—Or, lastly, whether it be from the brittleness of my other materials, which by a kind of sympathy, affect people who are too frequently conversant with me.—From whatever cause it proceeds; a lady who has a fine face, might almost as well fall into the small pox, as to be often in my company. How many charming creatures have I spoiled, and made beauty the greatest misfortune that could befal them!—I cannot think on it without concern;—why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure those the most that love me best?—Alas! why was I made a looking-glass? Was it my desire to be covered with silver, and inclosed in a frame of gold?——Did I aspire to be fixed in this honorable place and become a lady's favourite; Oh! that I had been some meaner piece of furniture, less respected, and less mischievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I beseech you, from an unhappy thing, which destiny makes pernicious to the loviest creature under heaven, or I shall soon infect you with the worst disease incident to beauty,

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and that is vanity.—I am, it is true, an useful servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is seldom; but if a lady grows so fond of me, that she runs to ask my opinion of every look, if she consults me forty times for once that she goes to her Prayer-book or Bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than age or uglineſs. I beg, Madam, that you will interpret what your poor servant says, to proceed wholly from respect and love for you. —The tender regard I have for your Ladyship, together with some symptoms I lately have discovered, make me fearful for you.—I dread the apprehensions of bringing contempt on so good a mistress, and would not for the world be the occasion of your losing any one grace of so fine a woman:—No! rather let me be broken into a thousand pieces I am not without fear of giving offence by the freedom I have taken; but though you banish me, your presence I cannot forbear speaking in a case where your Ladyship's good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us to part for ever.—Better for you to be without my service, than suffer by it; and better for me to lose my lady, and be

be thrown into a corner, than remain where I am, and be accessary and instrumental in spoiling as much sweetness and beauty as ever looking glass had the happiness to shew.

I am, Madam,

with the most dutiful respect,

Your most faithful and

devoted humble servant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

LETTER X.

From Hortensius to his friend Palemon, giving him an account of his happiness in retirement.

I WRITE this while Cleora is angling by my side, under the shade of a spreading elm that hangs over the banks of the river A Nightingale, more harmonious even than Strada's, is serenading us from a hawthorn bush, which smiles with all the gaiety of youth and beauty; while

——Gen-

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——————Gentle gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, disperse
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils.

MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal delight, I look back upon these scenes of turbulence wherein I was engaged, with more than ordinary distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a thought as to be rich and great. One of our monarchs used to say, "That he "looked upon those to be the happiest "men in the nation, whose fortune had "placed them in the country above a "high constable, and below the trouble "of a Justice of Peace." It is in a mediocrity of this happy kind that I here pass my life, with a fortune far above the necessity of engaging in the drudgery of business, and with desires much too humble to have any relish for the splendid habits of ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my passions. The Sum of my philosophy amounts

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amounts to no more than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold intruders upon my repose. I endeavour to practise the maxim of a French poet, by considering every thing that is not within my possession as not worth having. It is impossible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unaspiring sentiments, and to lower your flight to the humble level of genuine happiness? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a day or two from the *certamina divitiarum*, (as Horace, I think, calls them,) from those splendid contests in which you are engaged, just to take a view of the sort of life we lead in the country. If there is any thing wanted to complete the happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a witness to it. Adieu!

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LETTER XI.

From a gentleman to his son just arrived from Paris, against servile complaisance and talkativeness; with some directions how to behave politely in company.

Dear Tom,

THERE is something in your behaviour since your return from Paris that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefitted by travelling. You have, by keeping company with coxcombs, or by mistaking ceremony for politeness contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling manner, but of sacrificing every thing to compliment. Even your sincerity is offered up to ceremony; and you think yourself obliged, in point of good manners, to agree, like Polonius in the play with every thing that is said, whether right or wrong. You don't want understanding, Tom; nor are you without a good share of learning: and yet that eternal simper, that cringe and obsequiousness render both suspected and besides

besides tire all your acquaintance, (who I am told) laugh at your behaviour and speak of this 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 that father must have a very bad heart, or a very bad head indeed, who does not inform his son of his faults. Your's is not an error of disposition, but of judgment, and therefore it may be easily rectified. You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for civility and politeness, but you are mistaken. Forced and affected compliments are the reverse. Politeness is ever attended with ease and freedom, and despises every thing that is unnataral. Besides, this cringing and fawning render your sincerity suspected. Those who make large professions to every body are esteemed by no body. It is all considered as frothe, and their friendship is supposed to be as troublesome as their conversation. Cast off, therefore, my dear Tom, this sort of behaviour, and put on one that is more manly and consistent

consistent with the character of your family, who were always esteemed for their openess, freedom and sincerity, which intitles a man to more respect than all the fine speeches and low bows in the world. Not that I would have you entirely disregard what you brought from the dancing-school. A proper deportment is necessary, and even a little ceremony may be consistent with politeness and good manners; it is the excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. Montague, for in his case one example is better than ten precepts; he is esteemed an accomplished gentleman, every one is pleased with his behaviour, all are charmed with his conversation; and the means he pursued to attain this art of pleasing universally are these:

He takes care to keep none but good company, (for by his company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished;) among such his ears are ever open to receive instruction, for he considers, that a silent young man, generally makes a wise old one. He attends to every body, and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the opinions of the whole company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each person, by giving him an

an opportunity to talk; and especially when with proper questions he introduces such subjects as each man can speak to with propriety and judgment. This he does with wonderful dexterity, and offers every one an occasion of displaying his talents, for he knows, that, in order to keep up an universal good humour, every man should be pleased with himself as well as with his company. And pray, what pleases a man more than to have an opportunity of letting the circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who, having seen nothing of the world, expose themselves to contempt and ridicule, by impertinently giving their opinion of things they do not understand? What Mr. Montague says, is always to the purpose is properly addressed, and every body hears him with satisfaction; for, though he is young in years, he is old in experience and understanding. When he speaks, it is always with a becoming ease and freedom. He has resolution enough to defend and support the truth; but always delivers his sentiments in such a manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the company; and when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with pa-

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tience, complacency and temper. In ſhort, Tom, excuſes of ceremony will never gain a man friends, but impertinent babbling will undoubtedly create him enemies: for converſation is a banquet, which every man is entitled to a ſhare of, who is preſent; and why ſhould any one expect to have the whole feaſt to himſelf? Beſides, the very end of converſation, which is improvement, is thereby deſtroyed; for he who always talks has no time to hear, and conſequently, can reap no benefit from what is ſaid in company. Another vice in converſation (if I may be allowed that expreſſion) I would caution you againſt, and that is talking obſcenely; which is not only a mark of a depraved mind, but of low breeding and is never encouraged but in the company of fools; ſince, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves,

Immodeſt words admit of no defence
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.

I am, dear ſon,

Your truly affectionate father.

LET-

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LETTER XII.

The following letter was written to the Dean of WATERFORD, *by a widower, the father of six children, under the fictitious name of* ELZEVIR.——*The design of it was to invite the Dean and his company to supper, particularly Miss* ELIZABETH MARSHAL, *a young lady of about* 18,—*and whose fortune was* 30,000*l. who was lodged in the Dean's study, he having much company at that time.*

REV. SIR,

I AM told there is a book which lies in your study, in sheets, and all who have seen it admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called *Marshal's Epithalamium*, or some such name; but lest I should be mistaken in the title, I will describe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful manuscript, the ink very black, and shining on the whitest virgin vellum that can be imagined;

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gined; the characters are so nice and delicate, as to discover it to be the work of some masterly hand; and there is such a symmetry and exact proportion in all its parts, and the features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the reader often to a stand in admiring the beauties of them.

The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, all the margin being flourished with gold; but that which commends it more is, that tho' it has been written full eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied nor stained; insomuch that one would think it was never once turned over by any man.

The volume of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, and yet I understand it has been valued at 30,000*l.*

It is a pity so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the way to prevent this, is by increasing the copies of it. If the author will give consent, and you will license it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all the necessary apparatus for the purpose, and a curious set of letters, that were never used but in

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in the impreſſion of one book, and of this too, no more than half a dozen of copies: ſo that you muſt imagine they are never the worſe for wearing. For my part I will ſpare no pains to embelliſh and adorn the whole with the moſt natural and lively figures; and I ſhall not deſpair of producing an edition as beautiful in the eyes of men as the dear original is at preſent in mine.—Methinks I could read it with pleaſure night and day.

If therefore you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add to the entertainment of every one, but particularly of him who is always with great reſpect,

REVEREND SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

and faithful friend.

ELZEVIR.

LET-

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LETTER. XIII.

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, generous, witty, and of so good 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 made her tremble. She accompanied this greatness of soul with so truly a Christian piety, that I think we

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we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too selfish an affection to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other world a repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make advantage of the exhortation you gave me to follow so good an example, and it will not be the first time 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 reluctancy, than to have no pleasure in life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the advantage of seeing you again, and of protesting to you to what a degree,

I am, &c.

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LETTER XIV.

*From ******** to Cleora, on the pleasures of retirement.*

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the security of mankind, that you should live in some rural abode, than appear in the world; such persons as you are fatal to the public tranquility, and do mischief without ever designing it: but I must own, when belles and beaux retire to country shades for the sake of heavenly contemplation, the world will be reformed. A hermit's life might be tolerable, while the serious hours are divided between Hyde-Park and the Opera: but a more distant retreat, in the full pride of your charms and youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early experience, that mankind are only amused with dreams and fantastic appearances, must proceed from a superior degree of virtue and good sense. After a thousand convictions of the vanity of other pursuits, how few know the

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the emphasis of these few lines:

'Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
'Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last.
'Toss'd thro' tempestuous seas, (the voyage o'er,)
'Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.
'Our own strict judges our past life we scan.
'And ask if virtue has enlarged the span;
'If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
'Trust future ages, and contented die.'

TICKLE.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the imagination than an absolute solitude; yet I must own such a retreat as disengages the mind from those interests and passions which mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain way to happiness: quietly to withdraw from the crowd, and leave the gay and ambitious to divide the honors and pleasures of the world, without being a rival or competitor in any of these advanta-

ges,

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ges, muſt leave a perſon in perfect and unenvied repoſe.

Without any apology, I am going to talk to myſelf; and what follows may be properly called a digreſſion.

Let me loſe the remembrance of this buſy world, and hear no more of its diſtractidg tumults! Ye vain grandeurs of the earth! Ye periſhing riches and fantaſtic pleaſures! What are your proudeſt boaſts? Can you yield undecaying delights, joys becoming the dignity of reaſon, and the capacities of an immortal mind! Aſk the happy ſpirits above, at what price they valued their enjoyments? Aſk them, if the whole creation ſhould purchaſe one moment's interval of their bliſs? No:—one beam of celeſtial light obſcures, and caſts a reproach on all the beauty this world can boaſt.

This is talking in buſkins, you will think; and, indeed, I may reſign crowns and ſceptres, and give up the grandeurs of the world, with as much imaginary triumph, as a hero might fight battles, and conquer armies, in a dream.

In

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In the height of this romantic insult,

I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble servant.

***

It is a little cool for this time of the year, but, then, my dear, you will allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a winter ſuit of cloaths.

Well, now I will ſwear, child you have put me in mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die if I do not think a muſlin flounce made very full, would give one a very agreeable flirtation air.

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

Do you believe there is any ſuch place as the Elyſian fields! O gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: but is one to meet there with what one has loved moſt in the world?

Now, you muſt tell me this *poſitively* To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you will not tell me all? you know I abominate reſerve.

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LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. ROWE, *on the vanity of all sublunary enjoyments.*

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employed for the King's birth-day than for their own last: and prepare to be in greater anxiety for a seat in the dancing-school, 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 something beyond the grave; for on this 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

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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 contemporaries.

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.

Your's unalterably,

CLEORA.

LET-

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LETTER XVII.

From Mr. LOCKE, *directed thus:*

From Anthony Collins, Esq; to be delivered to him after my decease.

Dear Sir,

BY my will you will see that I had some kindness for *******. And I know no better way to take care of him than to put him, and what I designed for him into your hands and management. The knowledge I have of your virtue of all kinds, secures the trust which, by your permission, I have placed in you: and the peculiar love and esteem I have observed in the young man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you; so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one thing, which it is necessary for me to recommend to your special care and memory.———

May you live long and happy, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all those blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and your

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virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living, and will preserve my memory now I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu! I leave my best wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER XVIII.

To CLEORA.

April 28th. 1796.

THO' it is but a few hours since I parted with my Cleora, yet I have already, you see, taken up my pen to write to you. You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I say fine things to you, since I only intend to tell you true

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true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have charged 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? As I will honeſtly confeſs, on my own part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a circumſtance, ſo little conſiſtent with my repoſe, ſhould be altogether reconcileable to 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 perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object which it has long dwelt upon with pleaſure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her neſt, is ſtill returning to the place of her affections, and, after ſome vain efforts to fly off, ſettles again where all its cares and all its tenderneſs are centered. Adieu!

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being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself, a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever: to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor

languid

languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of hearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see your face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XX

LAURA to AURELIA.

COuld your importunity have prevailed with my brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the confident of all my country adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching busy world is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my time in the rural shades.

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ſhades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the enjoyment of duſt, of crowds and noiſe, with all the polite hurry of the beau-monde!

My brother brought me hitherto to ſee a country-ſeat he has lately purchaſed; he would vain perſuade me it is finely ſituated in the Mall, or even in Dame-ſtreet than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful diſtance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Maſquerade, and every thing in this world that is worth living for. I can ſcarce tell you whither to direct your letters; we are certainly at the end of the earth, on the continent, the limits of the habitable globe; under the polar-ſtar, among wild people and ſavages. I thought we ſhould never have come to the end of our pilgrimage; nor could I forbear aſking my brother, if we were to travel by dry land to the antipodes; not a mile but ſeemed ten, that carried me from Dublin, the centre of all my joys. The country is my averſion, I hate trees and hedges, ſteep hills and ſilent vallies. The ſatyriſts may laugh, but to me

Green

Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things.

I had rather hear Dublin 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 seat of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering whimsies, and converse with the visionary beings of their own forming. I have no fancy for dryads and fairies, nor the least prejudice to human society; a mere earthly beau, with an embroider'd 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 dote) with all her starry train, delight me half so much as an assembly-room illuminated

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illuminated with wax-candles; this is what I ſhould prefer to the glaring ſun in his meridian ſplendour. Day-light makes me ſick; it has ſomething in it ſo common and vulgar, that it is fitter for peaſants to make hay in, or country laſſes to ſpin by, than for the uſe of people of diſtinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable ſtate; the whole creation is a blank to me, it is all joyleſs and deſolate. In whatever gay images the Muſes have dreſſed their ruſtic bodies, I have not penetration enough to diſcover them. Not the flowery field, nor ſpangled ſky, the roſy moon, or balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts, I am neither a religious or 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 it is hard for me to keep up my ſpirits in leiſure and retirement; it makes me anxiouſly inquiſitive what will become of me when my breath flies away. Death, that ghaſtly phantom, perpetually intrudes on my ſolitude, and ſome doleful knell from a neighbouring ſteeple often calls upon me to ruminate on coffins

and

and funerals, graves and gloomy sepulchres. As these dismal subjects have put me in the vapours, and make me start at my own shadow, the sooner I come to town the better; and wish, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me so far as to lay a scheme for my escape. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

From Polydore to Alonzo, giving an account of his accidentally meeting Aurelia, and of her falsehood to him, &c.

YOU have spent so many hours at the Earl of ——'s fine seat in the country, that it is unnecessary to describe those beautiful scenes with which you are so well acquainted. Here have I passed a great part of the summer season, in a manner suitable to my contemplative humour. Having no taste for country diversions, or any kind of rural sports, my pleasures were confined to the charming shades in gardens with which the house is surrounded.

Here

Here I enjoyed an unmolested tranquility, till a fit of curiosity led me to make an excursion into the wide champaign that opened before me from the borders of the park.

If I begin with the rosy dawn, you will pardon my romantic style, relating to the surprising adventure: but, without telling a lie, the morning was yet dusky; the balmy dew, and fargrant gales, perfumed the air with their untainted sweets: while, with thoughts free as the airy songsters that warble on the branches, I wandered from rising hills to winding vales, through flowery lawns to lofty woods, till I found myself under the shade of a venerable row of elms, which put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverly's rookery; the aged trees shot their heads so high, that, to one who passed under them, the crows and rooks, which rested on their tops, seemed to be cawing in another region. I was delighted with the noise, while, with the Spectator, I considered it as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation; my thoughts were inspired with a pleasing gratitude to the beneficent Father of the universe, till the sequel of my devotion was interrupted

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by the ſight of a beautiful girl, about four or five years old, ſitting on the graſs, with a baſket of flowers in her lap, which ſhe was ſticking in the ſnowy fleece of a little lamb that ſtood by her.

I began to hope it was one of the fairy race, or ſome pretty phantom that haunted the grove; for the adjacent houſe belonging to this reverend avenue looked more like a dormitory for the dead, than an habitation for the living; every thing about it appeared ruinous and deſolate. I could neither hear the voice, nor trace the ſteps of mortal man in this obſelete ſolitude; nor had any hopes of knowing in what wild region I was got, unleſs the pretty figure ſitting on the graſs could give me ſome intelligence.

I made my approaches very reſpectfully; but what was my ſurprize, in drawing near, to find the air, the complexion, every feature in miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once ſo paſſionately doated! A thouſand tormenting ideas ruſhed into my mind at the ſight of this lovely creature, who ſmiled [illegible] e with the moſt enchanting in[illegible]ce. While I ſtood eagerly ga[illegible]g at her, which was not long, Aurelia

herſelf

herſelf entered the walk, and confirmed the ſuſpicion, that this child was a living proof of her infamy.

It is about ſix years ſince ſhe eloped from the public view, regardleſs of her own illuſtrious family, or the obligations ſhe was under to the generous Cleone, who treated her with the utmoſt confidence, and was the laſt that ſuſpected her huſband's criminal affair with her.—Be my own wongs forgot, and all the contempt with which ſhe treated whatever propoſals honour and diſintereſted paſſions could make.

I found her now an object of pity rather than reſentment; the dejection of her mind was viſible in her pale haggard looks, and the wretched negligence of her habit. I could hardly perſuade myſelf this was the celebrated lady that once appeared in all public places with ſuch a parade of equipage and vanity.

She was in the utmoſt confuſion at this interview, till, excuſing myſelf, I told her this intruſion was undeſigned, and purely the effect of chance, as I was taking a morning's ramble from the Earl of ——'s, where I had ſpent time; and that ſhe might depend upon my word not to diſcover her abode to any

one in that family.

By this time she was a little composed, and invited me to rest myself after my walk. I followed her into the house, which looked more like the mansions of despair, than a retreat for a lady of pleasure: an awful silence reigned in every room, through which I made a shift to find my way by a dim twilight that glimmered through some windows of as antique a figure as those of an old abbey. The furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from time immemorial; it looks more like unwieldy lumber, than any thing designed for use or ornament: there was nothing of a modern date but a tea table, and that in ruinous circumstances.

It was now about ten o'clock.——Aurelia ordered tea and cholocate to be brought.——All her attendance was a fresh coloured country lass, who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a relation of Aurelia's misfortunes, but durst not ask any question, for fear it would look like insulting her distress; so only renewed my excuses for interrupting her privacy. To which she replied, that tho'

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tho' I was the last person in the world she would choose to be a witness of her infamy, yet she thought herself happy in having an opportunity to make some apology for her injustice to me, in refusing those terms of honor I once offered, and complying with such reproachful conditions, as had made her the most miserable creature on earth.

"It was my criminal inclination, (continued she) for Cassander, that made me inflexible to your intreaties, and my father's commands to marry you. But whatever wrong this was to your merit, my guilt, with regard to the generous Cleone, is of a higher nature. The intrigue I had with her husband was attended with circumstances of the blackest treachery. I have broke through the tenderest engagements of friendship, and granted all that my dissolute lover could ask; when finding myself with child, to hide my infamy, he brought me to this desolate place, an old mansion-house belonging to his family, where I am cut off from human society; except two or three stupid peasants, his tenants, who reside in some part of this Gothic structure. It is now six years since I have breathed and slept, (for I cannot call it living

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in this melancholy confinement, without hopes of a release, being entirely dependent on Cassandar's allowance and caprice, who but too well knows his own power and my folly; which makes him, instead of the humble lover, act the imperious tyrant: his visits are seldom, his stay short, aud I am left whole months to languish alone in a detested solitude.

"This child, (continuing she, weeping, and taking the lovely creature in her arms,) this child, which might have been my joy, proves my greatest affliction. Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to hardship and necessity; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous example. How can I give her instructions to avoid those vices which my practice approves? or recommend that virtue whose sacred rules I have so openly violated? And still I love this worthless man. Were I penitent, could I resolve on a reformation, this leisure and retirement would be a blessing and advantage to me; but I am obstinate in guilt, while I despair of happiness in this world, or the next. Until I came hither, my hours were spent in frolic and gaiety; a constant series of diver-

sion

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ſions ſhortened the days, and gave wings to the jovial hours, which now have leaden feet, and burthened with grief, lag heavily along. No ſort of reflection gives me joy; whether I look backward or forward, all is darkneſs and confuſion: I am no way qualified for retirement: books are an averſion, thinking is my horror; I am weary of living and afraid to die."

I heard this account with a heart full of compaſſion, and ſaid what I could to perſuade her to break off this criminal commerce with Caſſander, and throw herſelf on the care of Providence, and the generoſity of her friends: but I had too much value for my own peace, and too great a contempt for a woman of Aurelia's character, to make any particular propoſals for her freedom: and bidding her adieu, haſted back to the Earl's without ſaying one word of my adventure, which I commit to your ſecrecy, and ſubſcribe

Your moſt humble ſervant,

POLYDORE.

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LETTER XVII.

A letter from Aristus, giving his friend a relation of the sudden death of his bride, who was seized in the chapel while the sacred rites were performing.

MY fate will furnish you with a full evidence of the vanity of human happiness. My last letter was wrote in the height of success, with the most arrogant expectations and boast of a lasting felicity; now it is all changed, and the shadows of night come over me.

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long pursued, to crown my wishes, the very morning she gave me her hand, before the sacred ceremony was finished was surprised with the fatal message of death; and carried in a swoon from the chapel to her chamber, where she soon expired in her mother's arms. This hour she appeared with all the cost and splendour of a youthful bride; the next she is pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly shroud: those charms, that in the morning promised an eternal

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nal bloom, before the evening have dropt their ſmiling pride; the ſparkling eyes are ſunk in darkneſs; the ſoft and tuneful voice is for ever ſilent; while a livid hue ſits on the late roſy lips.

Thus airy pleaſure dances in our eyes,
And ſpreads falſe images in fair diſ-
guiſe,
T'allure our ſouls; till juſt within thy
arms
The viſion dies, and all the painted
charms,
Flee quick away from the purſuing
ſight,
Till they are loſt in ſhades, and mingle
with the night.

O death! how cruel was thy triumph! Youth and beauty, joy and blooming hope, lie here a victim to thy rage: the darkſome priſon of the grave muſt now confine the gentle captive; inſtead of the pomp of a bridal-bed, the cold earth muſt be her lodging, duſt and corruption her covering.

You will now expect I ſhould practiſe the principles I have ſo often aſſerted, in exerciſing my boaſted reaſon and moderation; or leave you to inſult me, with the arguments I lately pro-
duced

duced, to allay your grief, under the preſſure of an uncommon misfortunes. This reproach would be but juſt at a period when Heaven has given me a full evidence of the truths I confeſſed; and ſet the vanity of human hopes in the cleareſt demonſtration before me. One would think I ſhould now, if ever, find it eaſy to moralize on theſe ſubjects and act the philoſopher from mere neceſſity, if not from virtue.

Were the caſe your's, or any body's but my own, how many wiſe things ſhould I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more eaſy is it to dictate than to practiſe. And yet I am reaſonable by intervals: I am in more than name, a Chriſtian: in ſome bright periods, I feel the force of that profeſſion, and pay homage to its ſacred rules a heavenly ray ſcatters my grief, and cheers my ſoul with divine conſolations, the gay and gloomy appearances of mortal things vaniſh before the gleams of celeſtial light: immortal pleaſures, with gentle invitations, call me to the ſkies, and all my thoughts aſcend.

But

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But how ſhort my triumph! how eaſy the tranſition from reaſon to madneſs! of what ſurpriſing variety is a human mind capable! Light and darkneſs, Heaven and hell, ſeemed blended within; it is all chaos, and wild diſorder: that reaſon which one moment relieves me, the next ſeems, with a juſt train of ideas, to torment me.

See there, all pale aud dead ſhe lies:
For ever flow my ſtreaming eyes:
Fly Hymen, with extinguiſh'd fires:
Fly nuptial bliſs, and chaſte deſires:
Ermina's fled, the loveli'ſt mind,
Faith, ſweetneſs, wit, together join'd.

Dwelt faith, and wit, and ſweetneſs there?
Oh! view the change and drop a a tear.

Adieu.

LET-

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LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter: But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of this sort; so I must even be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though ever so low and vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented. It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really

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really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life, my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of creation, in dialogues of Whiſton and the aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, grovelling with T. in the very center of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his livelieſt and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of grammar of C. and D.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body! The conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What

is he altogether, but one mighty inconsistency? sickness and pain is the lot of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life which (as Shakespeare finely words it) is rounded with a sleep! Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of Him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals, whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long lived, and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space, and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes? And of how much less consideration even than this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is for ever, and for ever?

Who, that thinks in this strain, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought; it is enough to make one remain stupified in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all de-

signs,

ſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts, flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals, For my part, I never return ſo much into myſelf as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf.

I am, yours, &c.

LETTER. XXIV.

From Miſs ———, 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 honored 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 bed-ſide,

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and taking me by the hand, said, "My dear child, I am just going to leave you; a few hours will bring 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 befriend 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 shall 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 Eoulus will return to you, and heaven make you happy in each other. Farewel, 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! farewel!" With these words, the dear woman resigned her soul into her Maker's hands, and smiled in the agony of death. Oh! my dear brother, grief overwhelms me; I can add no more, but that I long

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long exceedingly to see you; that will be my only cordial, to alleviate the heavy loss of your affectionate sister,

ELIZA ROWE

LETTER XXV.

From Mrs. 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, I wish may be long after I am sleeping in the dust; but perhaps I will be the first joyful spirit that will welcome you to the immaterial coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest songs of paradise at your arrival.——Mr. Rollie would think these all gay chimeras and gay visions, but how much more so are all the

charming ſcenes on earth.

As the fantaſtic images of night,
Before the op'ning 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 height of the vapours, and the perfection of the ſpleen; but, in all the variety of my temper,

I am, your Ladyſhip's

moſt humble ſervant.

ELIZ. ROWE.

I admrie the verſes you incloſed, and am ſurpriſed at the author.

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LETTER XXVI.

From Mrs. ROWE, *to the Countess of* HERTFORD.

Written the day before her death.

Madam,

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival to the happy shades. 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

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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, and waſhed us in his own blood, ſhall we aſcribe immortal glory, dominion, and praiſe for ever; this is all my ſalvation, all my hope. That name on 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 were my hopes, if I depended on thoſe works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but ſpecious ſins! The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſhed holineſs, in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merit and atonement?——how deſperate, how undone, my condition!

——With

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——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 to thee their golden harps, let the ranſomed nations for ever magnify thee. What a dream is mortal life! What ſhadows are all the objects of mortal ſenſe! all the glories of mortality (my much beloved friend) will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeperated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something perſuades me this will be the laſt farewel in this world; Heaven forbid it ſhould be an everlaſting parting: may that divine protection whoſe care I implore, keep you 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.

LET-

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LETTER XXVII.

From a person in town, to his brother in the country, describing a public execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I Have this day been satisfying a curiosity, I believe natural to most people, by seeing an execution at Tyburn. This sight has had an extraordinary effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected oddness of the scene than the affecting concern, which is unavoidable in a thinking person at a spectacle so awful and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same species with the unhappy sufferers.

That I might the better view the prisoners, and escape the pressure of the mob, which is prodigious, nay, almost incredible, if we consider the frequency of these executions in London, which is once a month, I mounted my horse, and accompanied the melancholy cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal tree. The criminals were five in number. I was much disappointed at the uncon-

cern

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cern and careleſſneſs that appeared in the faces of three of the unhappy wretches. The countenances of the other two were ſpread with that horror and deſpair, which is not to be wondered at in men whoſe period is ſo near, haſtened by their own voluntary indiſcretion and miſdeeds. The exhortation ſpoken by the bell-man, from the wall of St. Sepulchre's church-yard, is well intended; but the noiſe of the officers, and the mob, was ſo great, and the ſilly curioſity of people climbing into the cart to take leave of the criminals, made ſuch a confuſed noiſe, that I could not hear the words of the exhortation ſpoken, tho' they are as follow:

"All good people, pray heartily to "God for theſe poor ſinners, who are "now going to their deaths, for whom "this great bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, "repent with lamentable tears. Aſk "mercy of the Lord for the ſalvation of "your own ſouls, through the merit, "death, and paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, "who now ſits at the right hand of "God to make interceſſion for as many "of you as penitently return unto "him.

"*Lord*

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"*Lord have mercy upon you!*
"*Christ have mercy upon you!*

Which last words the bell-man repeats three times.

All the way up to Holburn the crowd was so great, as, at every twenty or thirty yards to obstruct the passage; and wine, notwithstanding a late good order against that practice, was brought the malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not suit well with their deplorable circumstances. After this, the three thoughtless young men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew more shamefully, daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a manner that would have been ridiculous in men in any circumstance whatever; they swore, laughed and talked obscenely; and wished their wicked companions good luck, with as much assurance as if their employment had been the most lawful.

At the place of execution, the scene grew still more shocking; and the clergyman who attended was more the subject of ridicule than their serious attention. The psalm was sung amidst the

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the curses and quarrelling of hundreds of the most abandoned and profligate of mankind; upon whom (so stupid are they to any sense of decency) all the preparations of the unhappy wretches seem to serve only for the subject of a barbarous kind of mirth, altogether inconsistent with humanity. And as soon as the poor creatures were half dead, I was much surprised before such a number of peace-officers, to see the populace fall to pulling and hauling the carcases with so much earnestness as to occasion several warm rencounters and broken heads. These, I was told, were the friends of the persons executed or such as, for the sake of tumult, choose to appear so, and some persons sent by private surgeons to obtain bodies for dissection. The contests between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at: so that I made the best of my way out of the crowd, and, with some difficulty, rode back among a large number of people, who had been upon the same errand with myself. The face of every one spoke a kind of mirth, as if the spectacle they beheld had afforded pleasure instead of pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In

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In other nations, common criminal executions are said to be little attended by any besides the necessary officers, and the mournful friends; but here, all was hurry and confusion, racket and noise, praying and oaths, swearing and singing of psalms. I am unwilling to impute this difference in our own, from the practice of other nations, to the cruelty of our natures; to which foreigners, however, to our dishonour, ascribe it. In most instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other nations can boast; but in this, the behaviour of my countrymen is past my accounting for; every street and lane I passed through bearing rather the face of a holiday, than of the sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely deaths of five members of the community.

One of their bodies was carried to the lodging of his wife; who not being in the way to receive it, they immediately hawked it to every surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubbed tar all over it, and left it in a field hardly covered with earth.

This is the best description I can give you of a scene that was no way entertaining

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entertaining for me, and which I shall not again take so much pains to behold.

I am,

dear brother,

your's affectionately.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

LETTER XXVIII.

The following letter was written by a gentlewoman to her husband who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter, in the time of Oliver's usurpation. A gentleman whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies proceeding, with a spirit worthy his innocence; and the night before his death his lady wrote to him this letter, which is so much admired, and is as follows:

Mrs. Penruddock's last letter to her husband.

My dear Heart,

MY sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I

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ſcarce thought upon myſelf ſince, but wholly upon you. Thoſe dear embraces, which I yet feel, and ſhall never loſe, being the faithful teſtimonies of an indulgent huſband, have charmed my ſoul to ſuch a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it poſſible, I would with my own blood, cement your dear limbs to life again; and (with reverence) think it no ſin to rob heaven a little while longer of a martyr. O, my dear, you muſt now pardon my paſſion, this being my laſt (O fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the laſt minute that I can imagine you alive, I will ſacrifice the prayers of a Chriſtian, and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not, (which ſure by ſympathy I ſhall know) I ſhall wiſh my own diſſolution with you, that ſo we may go hand in hand to heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you,—how turned out of doors becauſe I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain diſcourſe longer with you, but dare not, paſſion begins to drown my reaſon, and will rob me of my devoir, which is all I have left to ſerve you. Adieu, therefore

fore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer; May your faith be so strengthened, that your constancy may continue! and then I know heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will, in a short time, (I hope,) translate,

My dear, you sad,

but constant wife,

even to love your

ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

MAY the 3d, 1796,
11 o'clock at night.

P. S. Your children beg your blessing and present their duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any thing so affectionate as that line, "those dear embraces, which I yet feel."

Mr. Penruddock's

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Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness, which I shall recite also, that you may see whether the man or the woman expressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to imitate themselves in less circumstances of distress; for, from all no couple upon earth are exempt,

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Penruddock's last letter to his lady.

Dearest and best of creatures.

I Had taken leave of the world when I received yours; it did at once recal my fondness for life and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you; so when I reflect I am going to a place where there is none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and I would not have your tears flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the father of the dear babes, is a public spectacle. Do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my

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my ſand run ſo faſt. I, within a few hours, am to leave you helpleſs and expoſed to the mercileſs and inſolent, that have wrongfully put me to a ſhameful death, and will object that ſhame to my children. I thank you for all your goodneſs to me, and will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually ſupported each other, and for which I deſire you not to repine that I am firſt to be rewarded; ſince you ever preferred me to yourſelf in all other things, afford me with chearfulneſs the precedence in this.

I deſire your prayers in the article of death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

THE END.

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