THE 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,

IN

BUSINESS,
DUTY,
AMUSEMENT,
LOVE,
COURTSHIP,
MARRIAGE,
FRIENDSHIP, and
Other Subjects.

WITH

Directions for writing LETTERS, and the proper Forms of Addreſs.

To which is added,

Forms of MESSAGE CARDS.

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# PREFACE.

AS a great part of the intercourſe of mankind has ever been tranſacted by letter, it is a juſt reflection upon any man, eſpecially in this more refined age, not to be able to acquit himſelf handſomely in this reſpect. The occaſions to do this are ſo very numerous, and the ſhame of doing it ill ſo great in low as well as in high life, that every endeavour to render them more perfect in this accompliſhment, is, at leaſt, entitled to a candid reception.

There have been many attempts towards a work of this ſort; and though it were unkind to detract from the merit of ſuch labours, yet we muſt obſerve, that thoſe which have hitherto reached our notice fall very ſhort of the end propoſed. It would be a diſagreeable taſk to ſingle out the imperfections in other performances of this kind; therefore we ſhall only obſerve, that moſt of theſe are here ſupplied.

There is prefixed an Introduction, containing directions for inditing proper letters on moſt occaſions, and the ſentiments of ſeveral eminent authors on epiſtolary writing.

The chief branch of this deſign, and which indeed compoſes the main body of this Work, is a proper collection of letters, by eminent authors, upon ſubjects very various in their nature, and therefore not eaſily thrown under re-

gular claſſes. Buſineſs, duty, amuſement, affection, courtſhip, friendſhip, and a multiplicity of other affairs that may require a letter, are here made the ſubject of ours; ſo that, on moſt occaſions, no perſon can be at a loſs for a pattern to direct him. And it is from this great variety of examples for ſtyle and manner, and other neceſſary directions, that we preſume to call this performance by the name of *The Complete Letter-Writer*; ſuch a number of letters being inſerted as to anſwer the purpoſe almoſt of every individual, from the boy at ſchool to the ſecretary of ſtate. Nor let it offend the delicacy of any reader, that he will here meet with many epiſtles of the lower claſs. Theſe could not be omitted without deviating from the grand point in view, namely, General Utility.

In the end are given a variety of Meſſage Cards, deſigned for perſons of every ſtation.

## RULES for READING, and particularly of the EMPHASIS belonging to ſome ſpecial word, or words, in a ſentence.

IN order to read well, obſerve the following directions. 1. Take pains to acquire a perfect knowledge of the ſounds of the letters in general. 2. Do not gueſs at a word at firſt ſight, if you are not well acquainted with it, leſt you get a habit of reading falſely. 3. Pronounce every word clear and diſtinctly. 4. Let the tone of your voice in reading be the ſame as in ſpeaking. 5. Do not read in a hurry, for fear of learning to ſtammer. 6. Read ſo loud as to be heard by thoſe about you, but not louder. 7. Obſerve your pauſes well, and never make any where the ſenſe will admit of none. 8. Humour your voice a little according to the ſubject. 9. Attend to thoſe who read well, and endeavour to imitate their pronunciation. 10. Read often before good judges, and be thankful when they correct you. 11. Conſider well the place of the *Emphaſis* in a ſentence, and pronounce it accordingly. By *Emphaſis*, we mean the ſtreſs or force of voice that is laid on ſome particular word, or words, in a ſentence, whereby the meaning and beauty of the whole may beſt appear: this, with reſpect to ſentences, is the ſame as *Accent*, with regard to ſyllables.

The emphaſis is generally placed upon the

accented ſyllable of a word; but if there be a particular oppoſition between two words in a ſentence, whereby one differs from the other but in part, the accent is ſometimes removed from its common place, as in the following inſtance: *The ſun ſhines upon the* júſt *and upon the* únjuſt, Here the ſtreſs of the voice is laid upon the firſt ſyllable in *unjuſt*, becauſe it is oppoſed to *juſt* in the ſame ſentence; but without ſuch an oppoſition the accent would ly on its uſual place, that is, on the laſt ſyllable; as *We muſt not imitate the* unjúſt *practices of others.*

The great and general rule how to know the emphatical word in a ſentence is, *to conſider the chief deſign of the whole:* but particular directions cannot be eaſily given; except, that when words are evidently oppoſed to one another in a ſentence they are *emphatical;* and ſo is oftentimes the word which aſks, a queſtion, as *Who, What, When,* &c. but not always; for the emphaſis muſt be varied according to the principal meaning of the ſpeaker.

THE

# INTRODUCTION,

CONTAINING

## Some general DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS, and how to addreſs perſons of diſtinction in writing or diſcourſe, &c. &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 particular. Among them, it was undoubtedly a part of their education; and, in the opinion of Mr Locke, it well deſerves a ſhare in ours. 'The writing letters (ſays this great genius) enters 'ſo much into all the occaſions of life, that no 'gentleman can avoid ſhowing himſelf in compoſi-'tions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force 'him to make this uſe of his pen; which lays open 'his breeding, his ſenſe, and his abilities, to a ſe-'verer examination than any oral diſcourſe.

'It was a *quaint* difference (ſays Mr Howell, 'in one of his Epiſtles) that the Ancients made 'betwixt a *letter* and an *oration*; the one ſhould 'be attired like a woman, and the other like a 'man. The *oration* is allowed large ſide-robes, as

'*long periods, parenthesis, similies, examples*, and 'other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a *letter* 'should be short-coated, and closely couched. In 'short, we should write as we speak; and that's a 'true familiar letter which expresseth our mean-'ing 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 interpre-'ters of the mind; but the pen the most faithful of 'the two; and as it has all the advantage of pre-'meditation, it is not so apt to err, and leaves 'things behind on a more authentic as well as 'lasting record.'

When you sit down to write a letter, remember that this sort of writing should be like conversation. Observe this, and you will be no more at a loss to write than you will be to speak to the person were he present; and this is nature without affectation, which, generally speaking, always pleases. As to subjects, you are allowed in writing letters the utmost liberty; whatsoever has been done, or seen, or heard, or thought of, your own observations on what you know, your 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 charm even in giving advice.

It ſhould alſo wear an honeſt cheerful countenance, like one who truly eſteems, and is glad to ſee his friend; and not like a fop, admiring his own dreſs, and ſeemingly pleaſed with nothing but himſelf.

Expreſs your meaning as freely as poſſible. Long periods may pleaſe the ear, but they perplex the underſtanding; a ſhort 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 of the common concerns of life elegance is not required, nor is it the thing we ought to aim at; for when attempted, the labour is often ſeen, and the end perverted by the very means. Eaſe and clearneſs are the only beauties we need to ſtudy.

Never be in pain about familiarity in the ſtyle to thoſe with whom you are acquainted: for that very pain will make it awkward 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 thro' want of underſtanding.

A man that begins a ſpeech before he is determined what to ſay, will undoubtedly find himſelf bewildered before he gets to the end; not in ſentiment only, but in grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a ſentence, have the whole of it in your head, and make uſe of the firſt words that offer themſelves to expreſs your meaning; for, be aſſured, they are the moſt natural, and will, generally ſpeaking, (I can't ſay always), beſt anſwer your purpoſe; for to ſtand ſearching after expreſſions breaks in upon the natural diction, and, for a word that, perhaps, is not a jot more expreſſive, you make the whole ſentence ſtiff and awkward. 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 amending 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 to be ſaid upon it, and given examples, whereby we cannot err if we do not excel, *viz.*

'As plainneſs, and a free way of expreſſion, is 'the beauty and excellence of ſpeech, ſo an eaſy 'conciſe way of writing is the beſt ſtyle for tradeſ-'men. He that affects a rumbling bombaſt ſtyle, 'and fills his letters with compliments and flou-'riſhes, makes a very ridiculous figure in trade: 'for inſtance of the following letter, which a 'young tradeſman in the country writes up to a 'wholeſale dealer in London, on his firſt ſetting 'up.'

"SIR, The Deſtinies having ſo appointed it, "and my dark ſtars concurring, that I, who by "Nature was formed for better things, ſhould be "put out to a trade; and the time of my ſervitude "being at length expired, I am now launched "forth into the great ocean of buſineſs; I thought "fit to acquaint you, that laſt month I received "my fortune, which, by my father's will, had "been due two years paſt, at which time I arri-"ved to man's eſtate, and became major; where-"upon I have taken a houſe in one of the princi-"pal 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 men-"tioned, which you may ſend to me by the carrier."

This fine flourish, which the young 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 enquire his character.

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

"SIR, Being obliged, by my late master's de-
" cease, to enter immediately upon business, and
" consequently open my shop without going to
" town to furnish myself with such goods as at
" present I want, I have sent you a small order,
" as under-written. I hope you will use me well,
" and let the goods be good of the sorts, though
" I cannot be in London to look them out myself.
" I have inclosed a bill of exchange of 75 l. 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 encou-
" raged to a farther correspondence. I am your
" humble servant C. K."

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

In short, a tradesman's letter should be plain and concise, and to the purpose; no quaint expressions,

no book-phrases, no flourishes; and yet they must be full and sufficient to express what he means, so as not to be doubtful, much less unintelligible. I can by no means approve of studied abbreviations, and leaving out the needful copulatives of speech in trading letters; they are affected to the last degree: for, in a word, 'tis affecting to be thought a man of more than ordinary sense, by writing extraordinary nonsense, affecting 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 his books, and after trusting him with his more private business, is to let him write letters to his dealers, and correspond with his friends; and this he does in his master's name, subscribing his letter thus: "I am,

"For my master, A. B. and company,

"Your humble servant,

C. D."

And beginning thus:

"SIR, I am ordered by my master, A. B. to "advise you, that"——

Or thus:

"SIR, These are, by my master's order, to "give you notice"——

Orders for goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the dealer may not mistake; especially if it be orders from a tradesman to a manu-

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

It is uſual among the polite to ſign their names at a conſiderable diſtance below the concluſion of the letter, and thereby leave a large vacant ſpace over their names; which, though cuſtomary, I would by all means adviſe you to avoid; becauſe 'tis putting it in the power of any one who has your letter to write what he pleaſes over your

name, and to make you in all appearance have ſigned a writing that you would by no means have ſet your hand to.

In directing your letter 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 honourable, 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 Honourable Mr Arundel; not, To the Honourable Peter Arundel, Eſq. which would be ridiculous.

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*, *&c.* inſtead of *I have*, *cannot*, *do not*, *ſhould*, *would*, *&c.*; for ſuch contractions not only appear diſreſpectful, and too familiar, but diſcover (thoſe almoſt inſeparable companions) ignorance and impudence. Neither be over pompous in your ſtyle; but convey your thoughts with eaſe and perſpicuity, that they may appear as from nature, rather than a vain conceit to ſhow your learning; the former ſhows your humility, the latter your pride.

2. When you write to your ſuperiors, never make a poſtſcript, and (if poſſible) avoid it in letters to your equals; eſpecially complimentary poſtſcripts to any of the perſon's family or relations to whom you write; as it ſhows 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 per-

ſons 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 commonly breeds "contempt."

4. If your letter conſiſts of ſeveral paragraphs, begin every freſh or new one at the ſame diſtance from the left-hand margin of the paper as when you began the ſubject of your letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper ſtops, otherwiſe no perſon will be able to come at the ſenſe or meaning of your letter; which neglect very often cauſes miſtakes and miſunderſtandings: and be careful to put a period or full ſtop at the end of every paragraph, thus.

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

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

begin the title, or name, of the perſon about an inch lower, and almoſt in the middle or 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, in a larger character than the other part, thus:

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

## Proper DIRECTIONS, for addreſſing perſons of every rank or denomination, at the beginnings of letters, and the ſuperſcriptions.

### Beginnings of Letters.

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

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

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

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

To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. Ditto.

Note. All *Sovereigns'* ſons and daughters, and brothers and ſiſters, are 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 *Duke* or *Marquis* are ſtyled *My Lord;* and *Earls, Viſcounts, and Lords' ſons*, are ſtyled *Honourable*, and *Eſquires.*

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

Alſo the title of *Lady* is given to the daughters of *Dukes*, *Marquiſſes*, and *Earls*, *Madam*; or, *May it pleaſe your Ladyſhip*.

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

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

Note. That *Generals*, *Admirals*, *and Colonels*, and all *field officers*, are *Honourable*.

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

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

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

Baronets are *Honourable*.

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

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

All Governors under His Majeſty are ſtyled *Excellency*.

## Superſcriptions of Letters.

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

*To Her Moſt Sacred* MAJESTY; or, QUEEN'S *Moſt Excellent* MAJESTY.

*To His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales*.

*To Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*
*To Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.*
Sovereigns' sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters. *To His* or *Her Royal Highness.*
To the rest of the Royal family. *Highness.*
*To his Grace the Duke of K——n.*
*To her Grace the Duchess of N——k.*
To a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Lord, *To the Right Honourable the Marquis of; Earl of; Lord Viscount F——h; the Lord H——w.*
To a Marchioness. *To the Right Honourable the Marchioness of, &c.* An Earl or Viscount's wife. *To the Right Honourable the Countess of; the Viscountess of, &c.* To a Lord's wife. *To the Right Honourable the Lady, &c.*
To the *daughter* of a Duke, Marquis, and Earl, *To the Right Honourable the Lady Anne F——h.*
Note. The wives of Lieutenant-generals, Major-generals, and Brigadier-generals, are *Honourable.*
Also, the wives of *Vice* and *Rear* Admirals, Ambassadors, *&c. To the Right Honourable Mrs —.*
To an Archbishop. *To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.*
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, callings, *&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 but substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a capital, except in the beginning, or immediately after a full stop.

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

6. 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 or 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 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 find excuſes for you; but I beg you will give me that trouble no more, and, for the future, take care to deſerve no rebuke, which you may eaſily do, by writing ſoon and often. You are very ſenſible how dear you are to us all; think then with yourſelf, whether it be right to omit giving us the only ſatisfaction that abſence affords to real friends, which is often to hear from one another.

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

From your very affectionate brother, T. C.

## LETTER II.

*The ſiſter's anſwer.*

Dear Brother,

I WILL not ſet about finding excuſes, but own my fault, and thank you for your kind reproof; and, in return, I promiſe you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the receipt of your's, to beg my mamma's pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as alſo my aunt's, on this my promiſe of amendment. I hope you will continue to excuſe all my little omiſſions; and be aſſured, I am never ſo forgetful of myſelf as to neglect my duty deſignedly. I ſhall certainly write to mamma by next poſt; this is juſt going, which obliges me to conclude with my duty to dear mamma, and ſincere reſpects to all friends.

Your ever affectionate ſiſter, M. C.

## LETTER III.

*A young gentleman's letter to his papa, written by a ſchoolfellow.*

Dear Papa,

ACCORDING to your commands, when you left me at ſchool, I hereby obey them; and not only inform you that I am well, but alſo that I am happy in being placed under the tuition of ſo good a maſter, who is the beſt-natured man in the world; and, I am ſure, was I inclinable to be an idle boy, his goodneſs to me would prompt me to be diligent at my ſtudy, that I might pleaſe

him. Besides, I see a great difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent: idle boys being punished as they deserve, and diligent boys being encouraged: but you know, Papa, 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 Papa,

Your most dutiful son.

## LETTER IV.

*Another on the same subject.*

Dear Papa,

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

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

I am, dear Papa,

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 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 as nothing, for which the moſt grateful perſon in the world can never make amends. I am, &c.

## LETTER VI.

*In answer to a friend.*

SIR,

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

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

## LETTER VII.

*To a young gentleman.*

SIR,

I DARE venture to affirm, that learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the gentleman, and that a wise man is as much superior to an ignorant person as a man is above the level of a brute. Wherefore, you cannot do better than to apply yourself seriously to the cultivation of your mind; to which purpose nothing will contribute more than your prescribing yourself a regular method of study. The morning is

undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other part of the day, becauſe the mind is then free and diſengaged, and unclouded by thoſe vapours which we generally find after a full meal. Nevertheleſs, I would not affect to read over a multitude of volumes, nor read with greedineſs; I would rather chuſe to read a little, and digeſt it. Neither would I regard the number ſo much as the choice of my books, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

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

Moſt honoured Madam,

I AM at a loſs for words to expreſs the joy I felt at the receipt of your letter, wherein you are pleaſed to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear mamma greater pleaſure and ſatisfaction than the account I have given her of the conduct I obſerve in my ſpiritual affairs; and that I may ſtill add to that comfort (which ſhall ever be my ſtudy), when an opportunity offers itſelf, I preſume to continue the information.

When I have properly diſcharged my duty to that Divine Being to whom I am indebted for my exiſtence, I repair to my toilette; but not with an intent to clothe my body (which I know muſt, ſooner or later, fall into corruption) with vain attire, but with ſuch as is decent and innocent; regarding fine robes as the badge of pride and vanity; keeping thoſe enemies, to our ſex in particular, at too great a diſtance ever to dare an attempt upon my mind.

When public prayers and breakfaſt are over, I apply my thoughts to the duties of the ſchool; and divide the time appointed for them, as equally as poſſibly I can, between the ſeveral branches of education I am engaged in, both before and after dinner.

When ſchool is finiſhed for the day, I, accompanied by a young lady, who is my bedfellow, and of a like diſpoſition, retire to our room, where we improve ourſelves by reading. Books of piety are our moſt common choice. Theſe warm our wills, and enlighten our underſtandings: they inſtruct us in the cauſe of our miſconduct, and preſcribe to us a remedy; they neither flatter a dignified title, nor inſult the peaſant who tills the ground; but, like painted buſtos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refreſh the memory, enlarge the underſtanding, and 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 to mankind is ready to allure us with: for, I am perſuaded, it was not my ſtrength of virtue that withſtood the temptations, but his aſſiſting grace that enabled me to overcome them; and if I am conſcious 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 frailties of the absent, and turn their misfortunes into a subject for our most cruel diversion.

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

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

Most honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful daughter.

## LETTER IX.

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

Dear Mamma,

THE many instances you have given me of your affection leave me no room to believe that the

favour I presume to ask will be displeasing. Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear mamma has too good an opinion of my conduct to imagine I would ever advance any thing that might give her the least dissatisfaction.

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

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

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

Your compliance with this request will greatly add to the happiness I already enjoy from the repeated indulgencies and favours conferred on her, who will always persevere to merit the continuance of them. I am, with my duty to papa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful daughter.

## LETTER X.

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

Dear Papa,

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

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

These points of behaviour I often blush to be ignorant of; and have several times been the ridicule of those young chaps who are advanced in

the knowledge of this accomplishment: and as I am perſuaded you would not chuſe I ſhould be a make-game to any of my ſchoolfellows, 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 Papa, Your moſt dutiful ſon.

## LETTER XI.

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

Dear Papa,

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

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

Oh! Sir, though ſhort to ſome, the interval of time ſince I received your bleſſing, ere your departure from us, to me ſeems an age! And when I reflect how many ſuch I am doomed to bear in the abſence of the beſt of parents, I am inconſolable! And if it were poſſible that nature could ſubſiſt on

ſleep alone, I could with pleaſure renounce every amuſement whatever, and make the ſilent pillow my retreat.

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

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

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

## LETTER XII.

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

Dear Mother,

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

and then I ſat down and cried, and that always gives me ſome relief. Many a time have I cried ſince; but I do my beſt to dry up my tears, and to appear as cheerful as I can.

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

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

## 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 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 gives comfort and ſpirits without tiring one. My prayers you have daily, I might have ſaid hourly: and there is nothing that I pray for with more earneſtneſs, than that my deareſt child may do well. You did not mention any thing of your health in your laſt; but I had the pleaſure of hearing you was well, by Mr Cooper's young man, who ſaid he called upon you in his way from London, and that you looked as freſh as a roſe, and as bonny as a blackbird.—You know James's way of talking. However, I was glad to hear you was well, and deſire you 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,

THOUGH we begin to have ſuch cold weather, I am got up into my chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almoſt quite eaſy; which is owing to my following your good advice, and the kindneſs that is already ſhown me in the family. Betty and I are bedfellows; 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 while he was in buſineſs, with which he purchaſed his eſtate here, and another in Suſſex, ſometime before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good houſe in London as well as this here; but my maſter and miſtreſs both love the country beſt, and ſo they ſometimes ſtay here for a whole winter, and all

the ſummer conſtantly; of which I am very glad, becauſe I am ſo much the nearer you: and I have heard ſo much of the wickedneſs of London, that I don't at all deſire to go there. As to my fellow-ſervants, 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 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 the very enjoyment, and too often followed by regret and self-condemnation. What they call a life of pleasure among the great must be a very laborious life: they spend the greatest part of the night in balls and assemblies, and fling away the greatest part of their days in sleep: their life is too much opposed to nature to be capable of happiness: 'tis all a hurry of visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a day, to persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real friendship or esteem for, (supposing them to be capable of either:) a perpetual seeking after what they call diversions; an insipidity, and want of taste, when they are engaged in them, and a certain languishing and restlessness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad constitution, make it worse by their absurd way of life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker thread down to their children. I don't know any one thing more ridiculous than the seeing their wrinkled sallow faces all set off with diamonds. Poor mistaken gentlewomen! they should endeavour to avoid

people's eyes as much as poſſible, and not to attract them; for they are really 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 high road to miſery; and this, to me, appears juſt as true and evident as that moderation is always good for us, and exceſs always hurtful.

But is it not a charming thing to have youth and beauty,——to be followed and admired,——to have preſents offered from all ſides to one,——to be invited to all diverſions, and to be diſtinguiſhed by the men from all the reſt of the company!——Yes, my dear child. All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive preſents, and if this diſtinction of you was to laſt always. But the miſchief of it is, that theſe things cannot be enjoyed without increaſing your vanity every time you enjoy them, and ſwelling up a paſſion in you that muſt ſoon be balked 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 on 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 on the possession of a thing which they are 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, or misbehaviour, it may die long before its time. The greater part of what people call beauty in your face, for instance, is owing to that air of innocence and modesty that is in it; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base man, all that would soon vanish, and assurance and uglineſs would come in the room of it.

And if other bad consequences should follow, (for other bad ones there are, of more sorts than one), you would lose your bloom too, and then all is gone! but keep your reputation as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a beauty which will last to the end of your days; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by time; that will secure you esteem when all the present form of your face is vanished away, and will be

always mellowing into greater and greater charms. Thefe my fentiments you'll take as a bleffing, and remember, they come from the heart of a tender and affectionate mother. E. C.

## LETTER XVI.

*A fon's letter, at fchool, to his father.*

Honoured Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for all your favours; all I have to hope is, that the progrefs I make in my learning will be no difagreeable return for the fame. Gratitude, duty, and a view of future advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly fenfible how much I ought to labour for my own improvement and your fatisfaction, and to fhow myfelf upon all occafions,

Your moft obedient and ever dutiful fon,
ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

## LETTER XVII.

*A letter of excufe to a father or mother.*

Honoured Sir, or, Madam,

I AM informed, and it gives me great concern, that you have heard an ill report of me, which I fuppofe was raifed by fome of my fchoolfellows, who either envy my efteem, or, by aggravating my faults, would endeavour to leffen their own; though I muft own I have been a little too remifs in my fchool bufinefs, and am now fenfible I have loft in fome meafure my time and credit thereby; but, by my future diligence, I hope to recover

both, and to convince you that I pay a ſtrict regard to all your commands, which I am bound to, as well in gratitude as duty: and hope I ſhall ever have leave, and with great truth, to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,
PHILIP COLLINGS.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To Mr* ——

Tunbridge.

I THINK I promiſed you a letter from this place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other man I ſhould make 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, its 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 alluſions from the ſcene before me; a propriety which the critics, I think, upon ſome occaſions, recommend. I have often wondered what odd whim could firſt induce the healthy to follow the ſick into places of this ſort, and lay the ſcene of their diverſions amidſt the moſt wretched part of our ſpecies. One ſhould imagine an hoſpital the laſt ſpot in the world to which thoſe in purſuit of pleaſure would think of reſorting. However, ſo it is; and, by this means,

the company here furnish out a tragi-comedy of the most singular kind. While some are literally dying, others are expiring in metaphor; and in one scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical, pains of mankind. An ignorant spectator might be apt to suspect that each 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 nights 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 this 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.

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 ever continue fixed and firmly your's.

I am, *&c.*

## LETTER XIX.

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

Honoured Sir,

I KNOW it will be a great ſatisfaction to you, and my dear mother, to hear that I go on very happily in my buſineſs; and my maſter, ſeeing my diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in ſuch a manner, that I have great delight in it: and hope I ſhall anſwer, in time, your good wiſhes and expectations, and the indulgence you have always ſhown 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 cheerful, ſweet-tempered woman, and rather heals breeches than widens them. And the children, after ſuch examples, behave to us all like one's own brothers and ſiſters. Who can but love ſuch a family? I wiſh, when it ſhall pleaſe God to put me in ſuch a ſtation, that I may carry myſelf juſt as my maſter does; and if I ſhould ever marry, have juſt ſuch a wife as my miſtreſs: and then, by God's bleſſing, I ſhall be 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 me my preſent felicity, it will be the continuance of your's, and my good mother's prayers for, Honoured Sir,

Your ever dutiful ſon.

## LETTER XX.

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

Honoured Madam,

THOUGH 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 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 no ways owing to any want of filial duty or reſpect, but to a hurry of buſineſs, (if I may be allowed to call it ſo), occaſioned by the honour of a viſit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty niece Miſs Charlotte, who are exceeding good company, and whom our family are proud of entertaining in the moſt elegant manner. I am not inſenſible, however, that neither this plea, nor any real buſineſs, of what importance ſoever, can juſtly acquit me for not writing oftener to a parent ſo tender and indulgent as yourſelf; but, as the caſe now ſtands, I know no other way of making atonement than by a ſincere promiſe of a more ſtrict obſervance of my duty for the future. If therefore, Madam, you will favour me ſo far as to forgive this firſt tranſgreſſion, you may depend on my word it ſhall never more be repeated by,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful daughter.

## LETTER XXI.

*From* Robin Redbreaſt *in the garden to Maſter* BILLY CARELESS *abroad at ſchool.*

Dear Maſter Billy,

AS I was looking into your papa's library window, laſt Wedneſday, I ſaw a letter ly open, ſigned Billy 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 ſhow to his papa; and this I was the more ſurpriſed at, when I found it was to aſk a favour of him. Give me leave, therefore, my dear Billy, to acquaint you, that no one ſhould ever write to his papa, or mamma, without beginning his letter with *Honoured Sir*, or *Honoured 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 papa'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, am ſurpriſed you will ever 'neglect it.' And this you may depend on, for I know your papa extremely well, having frequently ſat for hours at his 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 particularly obliged for her conſtant care to ſupply your continual wants, which your papa, you are ſenſible, has not leiſure even to think of; beſides, her good ſenſe and amiable conduct have ſo gained the aſcendant of your papa, that he does nothing relating to any of you without her conſent and approbation; ſo that, in gaining her eſteem, you are almoſt certain of his: but this you are very ſenſible of already, and I only juſt chirp it in your ear, to remind you of good conduct as well as filial duty.

But the morning draws on, and my fellow-ſongſters are abroad to whiſtle in the day: ſo I muſt take my leave on the wing, and, for the preſent, bid you farewell: but beg I may never have occaſion again to write to you an unpleaſing letter of rebuke; and that you will always remember, however diſtant you are, or however ſecret you may think yourſelf from your friends and relations, you will never

be able to conceal your faults; for ſome of our prying tattling tribe will be continually carrying them home, to be whiſtled, in a melancholy ſtrain, in the ears of your papa, much to your ſhame and diſcredit, as well as his diſlike and my great concern, who am, deareſt Billy, your ever watchful and moſt affectionate friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

From my hole in the wall,
at ſun-riſing, the 1ſt of
June, 1775.

*P. S.* However neglectful you may be of your duty, I know you have too much good ſenſe, as well as good nature, to take any thing amiſs that I have ſaid in this letter, which 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 ſhown me, both in the court and in the garden, from ſome of your idle companions, who, with ſticks and ſtones, have often, in your abſence, aimed at my life.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

## LETTER XXII.

*From one ſiſter to another.*

Dear Siſter,

EVER ſince you went to London, your favourite acquaintance Mrs Friendly and myſelf have thought our rural amuſements dull and inſipid, notwithſtanding we have the players in town, and

an aſſembly once a week. At your departure, if you remember, you paſſed your word to return in a month's time; but, inſtead of that, it is now almoſt a quarter of a year. How can you ſerve us ſo? In ſhort, if you keep us in ſuſpenſe much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the expenſe 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 joint requeſt will highly oblige, not only your moſt ſincere and affectionate friends, but

Your ever loving ſiſter.

## LETTER XXIII.

*In anſwer to the foregoing.*

Dear Siſter,

I RECEIVED your ſummons, and can aſſure Mrs Friendly, as well as yourſelf, that my long ſtay in town, notwithſtanding all the good company I have met with. and all the diverſions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's abſolute commands not to leave her ſhould have prevented my return to you within the time propoſed. You are ſenſible I have infinite obligations to her, and it would be ingratitude to the laſt degree not to comply with her injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample amends for that uneaſineſs which my long abſence has given you, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to prevail with her Ladyſhip to join with

me in a visit to you both in the spring, and to stay with you for a month at least, if not longer. I would advise you, therefore, to save an unnecessary expense, as well as fatigue, and rest contented where you are, till you see

Your ever loving,
and affectionate sister.

## LETTER XXIV.

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

My dear Child,

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

authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that library you will find none that is not ſo), very much elevates the ideas, and harmonizes the ſoul; and well-wrote novels are an amuſement in which ſometimes you may indulge yourſelf. But hiſtory is what I would chiefly recommend;—without ſome knowledge of this you will be accounted at beſt but an agreeable trifler. ——I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve as well as to divert the company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear child, I muſt warn you to beware with what diſpoſition you ſit down to read books of this nature; for if you ſlightly ſkim them over, and merely to gratify your curioſity with the amazing events delivered in them, the reſearch will afford you little advantage.——You muſt, therefore, conſider what you read;—mark well the chain of accidents which bring on any great cataſtrophe; and this will ſhow you that nothing happens by Chance, but all is entirely governed by the directions of an over ruling Power.——In diſtinguiſhing the true cauſes of the riſe and fall of empires, and thoſe ſtrange revolutions that have happened in moſt kingdoms of the world, you will admire divine Juſtice, and be far from accuſing Providence of partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all rights both human and divine ſacrilegiouſly trampled upon, a mock authority eſtabliſhed in the place of a real one, and lawleſs uſurpation proſper; becauſe, at the ſame time, you will ſee that this does not happen, till a people, grown bold in iniquity, and ripe for deſtruction, have drawn down upon themſelves the ſevereſt vengeance of offended Heaven, which is

tyranny and oppreſſion; and though innocent individuals may ſuffer in the general calamity, yet it is for the good of the whole, in order to bring them to a juſt ſenſe of their tranſgreſſions, and turn them from their evil ways.—— This the hiſtorical part of the Bible makes manifeſt in numberleſs inſtances; and this the calamities which, at different times, have befallen every kingdom and commonwealth, evidently confirm.

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

Next to hiſtory, I ſhould be glad to ſee you have ſome ſmattering in natural philoſophy: for which purpoſe let me recommend to your peruſal a work, entitled, *Spectacle de la nature*; or, *Nature delineated, from the French of Abbe le Pluche*; being very entertaining philoſophical converſations, wherein the wonderful works of Providence, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral, creation are laid open, in four pocket volumes; in which are interſperſed a great variety of uſeful and explanatory cuts. —— Believe me, child, the wide creation preſents nothing that affords not infinite matter for delightful ſpeculation; and the more you examine the works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of nature, the fountain of all pleaſure.

I expect your next will be filled with no 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 piece of fine work:—this may inform you that it is other kinds of learning I would have you verſed in.——I flatter myſelf with ſeeing my commands obeyed, and that no part of what I have ſaid will be loſt upon you, which a little more time and knowledge of the world will ſhow you the value of, and prove to you, more than any indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate mother,

SOPHRONIA.

## LETTER XXV.

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

Dear Niece,

THE ſincere love and affection which I now have for your indulgent father, and ever had for your virtuous mother, not long ſince deceaſed, together with the tender regard I have for your future happineſs and welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by letter than by word of mouth, that the town rings of your unguarded conduct, and the too great freedoms you take with Mr Freelove. You have been ſeen with him (if Fame lies not) in the ſideboxes at both theatres; in St James's Park on Sunday night; and afterwards at a certain tavern not a mile from thence, which is a houſe (as I have been credibly informed) of no good repute. You have both, moreover, been ſeen at Ranelagh aſſembly, Vauxhall gardens, and what is ſtill more flagrant, at Cuper's fireworks. Don't imagine, niece, that I am in the leaſt prejudiced,

or ſpeak out of any private pique; but let me tell you, your familiarity with him gives me no ſmall concern, as his character is none of the beſt; and as he has acted in the moſt ungenerous manner by two or three very virtuous young ladies of my acquaintance, who entertained too favourable an opinion of his honour. 'Tis poſſible, as you have no great expectancies from your relations, and he has an income, as it is 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 Hackney. Beſides, admitting it to be true, that he is really entitled 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 this, therefore, duly conſidered, let me prevail on you, dear niece, to avoid his company as you would a madman; for, notwithſtanding I ſtill think you ſtrictly virtuous, yet your good name may be irreparably loſt by ſuch open acts of imprudence. As I have no other motive but an unaffected zeal for your intereſt and welfare, I flatter myſelf you will put a favourable conſtruction on the liberty here taken by

Your ſincere friend, and affectionate aunt.

## LETTER XXVI.

*A letter of thanks, &c.*

SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your's with a very kind present; and I know not, indeed, at this time, any other way to show my gratitude, than by my hearty thanks for the same. Every thing you do carries a charm with it; your manner of doing it is as agreeable as the thing done. In short, Sir, my heart is full, and would overflow with gratitude, did I not stop, and subscribe myself,

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

## LETTER XXVII.

*From an apprentice to his parents.*

Honoured Father and Mother,

BY these I let you know that, by your good care and conduct, I am well settled, and pleased with my station, and think it 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 cheerfully. And, having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the end, that I may be a comfort to you hereafter, and, in some measure, make a return for your love and kindness to me, who am, Your most dutiful, and
Obedient son and servant,
CHARLES SEDGELY.

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

Your moſt affectionate brother,
and ſincere humble ſervant,
EDWARD STANLEY.

## LETTER XXIX.

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

Honoured Sir,

I RECEIVED your kind advice, and, by the contents of your letter, perceive I have been represented to you as one of immoral principles. I dare not write you any excuse for the follies and frailties of youth, because, in some measure, I own I have been guilty of them, but not to that degree which you have had them represented: however, your rebuke is not unseasonable, and it shall have the desired effect, as well to frustrate the designs of my enemies, (who aim to prejudice you against me), as to please you, and obey all your commands and advice, which I now sincerely thank you for giving me; and promise, for the future, I will make it my study to reform and regain, by adhering strictly to your instructions, the good opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me. I beg my duty to my aunt, and am,

Your most obliged and ever dutiful nephew,

HENRY MONTAGUE.

## LETTER XXX.

*Letter from a niece to her aunt.*

Madam,

THE trouble I have already given you really concerns me when I think of it; and yet I cannot 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 entreat your aſſiſtance in this affair, in any manner that you ſhall think proper; and I hope, at leaſt one time in my life, to be able to convince you, that I have a thorough ſenſe of the many obligations your goodneſs has conferred upon

Your moſt dutiful and truly obliged niece,
And very humble ſervant,
JANE PEMBERTON.

## LETTER XXXI.

*Letter from a youth at ſchool to his parents.*

Honoured Father and Mother,

YOUR kind letter of the 24th inſt. I received in due time, and ſoon after the things you therein mentioned, by the carrier, for which I return you my ſincere thanks. They came very opportunely for my occaſions. I hope ſoon to improve myſelf at ſchool, though, I own, it ſeems a little hard and irkſome to me as yet; but my maſter gives me great encouragement, and aſſures me I ſhall ſoon get the better of the little difficulties that almoſt every boy meets with at firſt, and then it will be a perfect pleaſure inſtead of a taſk, and altogether as pleaſant and eaſy as it is now 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 you will oblige

Your ever dutiful and obedient ſon,
CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Letter from an apprentice in town to his parents in the country.*

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

Your ever dutiful and moſt obedient ſon.

T. R.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*From Miſs R. at S. to her ſiſter in 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 ſurpriſe, ſhe left me without taking leave, nay, without giving notice of her going, and I never ſo

much as saw her since yesterday se'ennight, when I very agreeably spent the day with her and Mrs H—, at Mr W—'s, at M—. My uncle, whom I also intended to have wrote by, went away, (as you know he always does) in such a hurry, that I had no time to set about writing a long letter, and a short one I knew would by no means atone for such a long silence. You complain in my 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 of content on Westphalia Common; 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 perfectly harmonious, and we were all excessively agreeable to each other; but, in an instant, for such a day of pleasure seemed but a moment, the still evening came on, and all our joys were 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 it is 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 my leave of the cot; and now for the news of the town. The firſt that occurs to me is the marriage of our old miſtreſs, who thought it better late than never, and laſt Friday ſhook hands for life with Mr S. the draper. He is a little advanced as well as ſhe, but no matter; why may there not be 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 as well be had to-day.

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

## LETTER XXXIV.

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

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleaſed with the new ſituation into which the care of your friends has put you; but I would have you pleaſed, not with the novelty of it, but with the real advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under leſs reſtraint than you were; for a maſter

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

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

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

maſter, and be civil to all perſons; keep out of company, for boys have no occaſion for it; and moſt that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honeſt, and God will bleſs you. If ever you commit a fault, confeſs it at once; for the lie in denying it is worſe than the thing itſelf. Go to church conſtantly; and write to us often. I think I need not ſay more to ſo good a lad as you to induce you to continue ſo. I am

Your affectionate brother.

## LETTER 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 honour of writing to you ſince my departure, to avoid one or other of theſe inconveniencies. I have too much reſpect for you, Madam, to importune you with my griefs; and I am not fool enough to have a mind to laugh. I know very well that there may be a mean between theſe two extremes; but, after all, the correſpondence of the unhappy is ſeldom pleaſing to thoſe who are in proſperity: and yet, Madam, there are duties with which one ought not to diſpenſe; and it is to acquit myſelf of them that I now aſſure you, that no one can be with more eſteem and reſpect than I am,

Your faithful and affectionate ſervant, I. B.

## LETTER XXXVI.

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

SIR,

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

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and faithful ſervant,

SAM. TRUSTY.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*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 who are fit to be your adviſers, by the conduct they have obſerved in their own affairs, and the reputation they bear in the world. For he who has, by his own indiſcretions, undone himſelf, is much fitter to be ſet up as a landmark for a prudent mariner to ſhun his courſes than an example to follow.

Old age is generally ſlow and heavy, youth headſtrong and precipitate; 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 to 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 ſignificantly obſerved, that Nature has given a man two ears and but one tongue. Lay in, therefore, by obſervation, and a modeſt ſilence, ſuch a ſtore of ideas, that you may, at their time of life, make no worſe figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourſelf rather by other people's ills than

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

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

Your affectionate father.

## 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,

RICHARD ROLT.

## 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 pound for the ſpace of three months preciſely: any ſecurity that you ſhall require and I can give, you may freely aſk. A leſs time would not ſuit me; a longer, you may depend on it, I ſhall not deſire. Your anſwer will oblige, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

## LETTER XL.

*An anſwer to the foregoing.*

Dear Sir,

ANY thing in my power is always very much at your ſervice; the ſum you mention I have

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

Your affectionate friend
and humble ſervant,
CHARLES NUGENT.

## LETTER XLI.

*Miſs J———, in anſwer to Mrs———, 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 have 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, 'tis his, and has been a ſlave 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 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'm always in raptures about the country; but your deſcription of Richmond is enough to intoxicate the ſoundeſt head.

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

Your's, &c.

## 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* concludes 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 their 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 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 con-

trary opinion at this time, ſhould conclude this to be a maſterpiece of the kind, both in eaſineſs of thought and facility of expreſſion. And in this eaſineſs of writing (which Mr Wycherley ſays, is eaſily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr Pope himſelf, who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in ſome of his beſt letters; tho', 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 over-dreſt. There is a becoming negligence in both; and if Mr Pope could only contrive to write without a genius, I don't know any one ſo likely to hit off my manner as himſelf. But he inſiſts upon it, that genius is as neceſſary towards writing as ſtraw towards making bricks; whereas it is notorious, that the Iſraelites made bricks without that material as well as with.

The concluſion of the whole matter is this, I never had more inclination to write to you, and never fewer materials at hand to write with; therefore have fled for refuge to my old companion, 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.

## LETTER XLIII.

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

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

Your peaceful ſervant, &c.

## 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, headach 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 nonexiſtence 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 Oxford 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 Roland; and am now retiring with Mrs Mary to my bedchamber, whom I ſhall diſmiſs with her warming-pan in a moment. If

you do not permit me to pour out the prefent fet of ideas upon all this paper I am inconfolable; for I have no book, and was too abfent till now to think I fhould want one.——How fudden, and how capricious, are the tranfitions of this mortal ftage! Pleafure and pain are parted but by a fingle moment. Windfor, Fern-hill, Brook-ftreet, and your grey gown, are no more; nor with Mr Locke's affociations can I affociate a fingle idea of the paft with the prefent. Even Lady— is defunct. And yet fhe might.—But fhe is no more; *et de mortuis nil nifi bonum.*

While virtue fhines, or finks beneath ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——

This effort of poetry, and that fcrap of Latin which I don't underftand, has fo exhaufted all my forces, that I find myfelf gradually finking into the arms of Sleep, and muft now refign to the gentle power of dreams.

Farewell—and when like me oppref's'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum fhall repair,
To tafte a mouthful of fweet country air;
Be mindful of your friend, and fend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ftreams afford;
Then to affift your rhapfodies I'll come,
And add new fpirit when we fpeak of Rome.

JUVENAL.

## LETTER XLV.

*To Miss L. on the expreffions and compliments commonly made ufe of in letters.*

THE money and books came found as a roach. Safe is fo common an expreffion that I am

tired of telling people for ever things come ſafe. We geniuſes are forced to vary our expreſſions, and invent new terms, as well to ſhow 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 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 civilites to be paid, the laconic ſtyle of— My deferences, as uſual, has ſometimes ſucceeded beyond my expectations. 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 from Hatfield revived in me thoſe pleaſing remembrances which not only enliven but expand the heart; that very heart, which, but the moment before, felt itſelf mightily ſhrunk and contracted at the thoughts of your departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the pleaſure. The moment ſhe ſaw your hand ſhe cried Half!—and read it moſt complacently over my ſhoulder.

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 that knocker. I could tell you many ſtories of the ſenſible things; but of all the inſenſible ones upon this occaſion, your lamp provoked me the moſt. To ſee that creature, when I 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 paltry 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 Bowyer and Miſs Peggy Stonehouſe. I ſhall begin verging towards my laſt home after having juſt touched upon the confines of Lady H. B's world, there to ſubſide and be at peace, where I ſhall have nothing farther to hope for but to meet with a letter from you.

I have implored St 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.

## 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.

## 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 lyes in the road to happiness; and am,

SIR,

Your's sincerely,

RICHARD TOMPKINS.

## 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 to me the other day with an uncommon air of friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your esteem. I thought you spoke with concern at our parting for the summer, on our family's retiring into the country. For Heaven's sake, my dear, what can you do all the dull season in London?——Vauxhall is not for more than twice; and I think Ranelagh one would not see above half a dozen times in the year.

What is it, then, you find to entertain you in an empty town for four or five months together? I would fain perſuade you not to be in love with ſo diſagreeable a place, and I have an intereſt in it; for I am a petitioner to you to ſtay this ſummer with us, at leaſt I beg you will try. We go, my dear, on Monday: will you go with us? for there is a place in the coach; or will you come when you 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 from the park, and a river runs through the garden; nor are we quite out of the way of entertainment. You know there is a great deal of company about the place; and we have an aſſembly within a mile of us. What ſhall I ſay elſe to tempt you to come? Why, I will tell you, that you will make us all the happieſt people in the world; and that when you are tired you ſhall not be teazed to ſtay. Dear 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 your being ſolicited oftener than any woman in the world. After you was gone yeſterday, Mr Bohun propoſed an expedition to Richmond for to-morrow, and he requeſted me (for he thought he had no title to ſuch a liberty himſelf) to tell you, that we all underſtood you to be of the party, though you happened to be out of the way when it was propoſed.

I hope you are not engaged; the weather promiſes to be favourable, and your company you know how we value. I need not tell you, that we ſhall ſuppoſe it matter of form if you are abſent: what we ſhall 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.

## 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.

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 cer-

tain to give it 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,

Your's, with the greateſt ſincerity.

## 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 to anſwer it. I know the ſtated credit in this article uſed to be only four months; but as it has been a cuſtom to allow a moderate time beyond this, and as this is only the day of the old time, I had not yet prepared myſelf. Sir, I beg you will not ſuppoſe it is any deficiency more than for the preſent, that occaſions my deſiring a little time of you; and I ſhall not aſk any more than is uſual among the trade. If you will be pleaſed to let your ſervant call for one half of the ſum this day three weeks, and the remainder a fortnight afterwards, it ſhall be ready. However, in the mean time, I beg of you not to let any word ſlip of this, becauſe a very little hurts a young beginner. Sir, you may take my word with the greateſt ſafety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular cauſe for inſiſting upon it ſooner, be pleaſed to let me know that I muſt pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the money; for if I want credit with you, I cannot ſuppoſe that I have loſt it with all the world, not knowing what it is that can have given you theſe diſtruſtful thoughts concerning

Your humble ſervant.

## 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 that I have made the demand, but we have so many losses that it is fit we should take care. However, there is so much seeming frankness and sincerity in your letter, that I shall desire leave first to ask you, whether you have any dealings with an usurer in Bread-street, and, if you please, what is his name? Until you have given me the satisfaction on this head, I shall not any farther urge the demand I have made upon you; but, as this may be done at once, I desire your answer by the bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in consideration of the great opinion I have of your honour that I refer the demand I have made to this question; for it is not customary, and 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.

## LETTER LIV.

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

SIR,

I CAN remember nothing but kindness from you to our unhappy family ever since my infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your favour, provided you retain the same kind thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine 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 can think of none but you. If this be the case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present occasion, since it is ingratitude to make one benefit the cause of asking others. But I will venture to say in my own favour, that I think my behaviour in the time I have been with my master will not make against me in the application. If I ask what to you shall seem improper, all that I farther 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 ſoon able to repay it; at leaſt, I am ſure I can take care that the value of it ſhall be always kept in ſtock, ſo that there can be no riſk to loſe any part of it. I have made the computation, and with 100 l. carefully laid out, I can make all the ſhow 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.

## LETTER LV.

*To a mother, to thank her for her care and tenderneſs.*

Honoured Madam,

I HAVE written twice to my brother, and not doubting but that he would inform you of my being well, I have taken the liberty to omit writing to you. I beg you will be pleaſed to hear the reaſons that weighed with me againſt a very earneſt inclination, that, whether you tell I was right or not, you may acquit me of the charge of diſobedience, or want of reſpect as well as gratitude.

The pain with which I ſaw you parted from me on the road has made an impreſſion upon my heart which time will never wear out; and I hope, as it will always keep in my remembrance your

tenderneſs as well as care for me, that, beſides the natural right all your commands have to obedience from me, I ſhall, on another principle, avoid every thing that is wrong, leſt it ſhould give you diſquiet.

I ſhould be unnatural and unpardonable not to have the moſt ſincere regard for the peace of your mind, and for its compoſure. God prevent that I ſhould do any thing that ſhould affect 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 recall my remembrance too fully before you, and that the ſame pain might attend it as did your parting with me. This was the only reaſon for 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, 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 character of the ſeveral perſons I am

likely to meet with, and of the occurrences which may fall in my way; but of all this, having not yet eſtabliſhed within myſelf any firm opinion, I ſhall take the freedom to write to you.

The greateſt ſubjects of my conſideration, Madam, are the inſtructions and the cautions you gave me; theſe will never be out of my remembrance; and although, perhaps, the tenderneſs of the parent, or the fears of the mother, may have repreſented ſome of theſe in ſtronger lights than they are ordinarily ſeen, yet when I compare them with the obſervations I have 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 ſo excellent an adviſer is ſo much concerned in my welfare; and I do promiſe you, Madam, in the moſt ſincere manner, that I will always prefer, to all other conſiderations in the world, the admonitions which you ſhall be pleaſed to give me. I ſhall alſo look upon myſelf as accountable for the leaſt article of my conduct to you, as well as to God and my own heart; and it will 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 as a terrible as well as a profitable ſcene of action: I have already ſet down many things, which I ſhall avoid like death, and which I ſhould elſe, perhaps, have fallen into heedleſsly: I hope my future experience will ſhow me many more. Indeed, on the little that I ſee at preſent, I cannot wonder that of the youth, who, at my unthinking and raſh time of life are let looſe into the danger, and never conſider it till they are in the midſt of it, if they ever conſider it at all, the greater part are ruined. I hope I ſhall profit even by their miſfortunes; but 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 may continue in all reſpects happy. You will let my brother know, Madam, that I ſhall endeavour to think of all things as he would have me. He has taught me to write long letters; but if it be not tedious to you, I cannot think the time it has taken me could be more worthily employed; nor can I account that a trouble, which, beſides that it is a duty and a ſatisfaction to myſelf, will give you pleaſure. I am, Honoured Madam,

With all duty and affection,
Your obedient ſon.

## LETTER LVI.

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

Dear Child,

I HAVE this moment read your letter, and I 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 now thrown into the portion of my happineſs. I interrupt myſelf, by caſting my eye over and over upon 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 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, that is, child, 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 have 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 feared you would, an occaſion of continual alarm 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 your's 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 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 he eſteems your principles. Dear ſon, think what an honour 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 ſhow 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 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, although 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 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 expreſſions: 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 it a pin-matter in the affairs of life, whether you put every word where it ſhould be. But this is all a trifle; nor ſhall I pretend to enter into the matter; if 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 ſchoolboy'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 Weſtminſter and Eaton: 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 you wiſh for a better character or better fortune! God ſend you may conduct yourſelf thro' 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 on 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 it a kind of duty to go into his error: I have ſpoke to him about it, and he deſires me to ſay that 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 go on in the ſame path, to make all that love you happy.

Your affectionate mother.

THE COMPLETE

# LETTER-WRITER.

## PART SECOND.

# THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

## PART II.

### LETTERS of Courtſhip and Marriage.

### LETTER I.

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

SIR,

I HOPE the juſtneſs of my intentions will excuſe the freedom of this letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the affection and eſteem I have for your daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect addreſs, that ſhould have the leaſt appearance of inconſiſtency with her duty to you, and my honourable views to her; chuſing, by your influence, if I may approve myſelf to you worthy of that honour, to commend myſelf to her approbation. You are not inſenſible, Sir, by the credit I have hitherto preſerved in the world, of my ability, by God's bleſſing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to requeſt the favour of an evening's converſation with you, at your firſt convenience, when I will more fully explain myſelf, as I earneſtly hope, to your ſatisfaction, and take

my encouragement or discouragement from your own mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean time, with great respect,

Your most obedient humble servant.

## LETTER II.

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

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr Lovewell, whose father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate acquaintance, has, during your absence in the country, made an open declaration of his passion for me, and 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 might seem to be, till I had your thoughts on so important an affair, and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his addresses, or keep him at least in suspense, till your return, as I shall be directed by your superior judgment. I beg leave, however, with due submission, to acquaint you of the idea I have entertained of him, and I hope I am not too blind, or partial, in his favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his intentions, and to be no ways inferior to any gentleman of my acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good sense or good manners.—I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his addresses with pleasure, were they attended with your consent and approbation. Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged as to act with precipitation, or comply with any offers inconsistent with that filial duty which, in gratitude

to your paternal indulgence, I ſhall ever owe you. Your ſpeedy inſtruction, therefore, in ſo momentuous an article, will prove the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

## LETTER III.

*From a daughter to her mother, upon the ſame occaſion.*

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my friends in the country, I happily engaged with one Mrs Prudence, a governeſs of a noted young ladies' boarding-ſchool at the court end of the town, to act as her aſſiſtant. She has treated me, ever ſince I have been with her, with the utmoſt good-nature and condeſcenſion, and has all along endeavoured to make my ſervice more eaſy and advantageous to me than I could reaſonably expect. On the other hand, as a grateful acknowledgment of her favours, I have made her intereſt my whole ſtudy and delight. My courteous deportment towards the young ladies, and my conſtant care to oblige my governeſs, have not only gained me the love and eſteem of the whole houſe, but young Mr Byron, the daneingmaſter, who attends our ſchool weekly, has caſt a favourable eye upon me for ſome time, and has lately made me ſuch overtures of marriage, as are, in my own opinion, worthy of my attention. However, notwithſtanding he is a great favourite of Mrs Prudence, a man of unblemiſhed character, and very extenſive

buſineſs, I thought it would be an act of the high-eſt ingratitude to ſo indulgent a parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an affair whereon my future happineſs or miſery muſt ſo greatly depend. As to his perſon, age, and temper, I muſt own, Madam, with a bluſh, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I ſhould think myſelf very happy ſhould you countenance his addreſſes. I flatter myſelf, however, that I have ſo much command of my own paſſions, as in duty, to be directed, in ſo momentuous an affair, by your ſuperior judgment. Your ſpeedy anſwer, therefore, will be looked upon as an additional act of indulgence ſhown to,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

## LETTER IV.

*The mother's anſwer to the foregoing.*

Dear Daughter,

I RECEIVED your's in regard to the overtures of marriage made you by Mr Byron; and as that is a very weighty affair, I ſhall return to London as ſoon as poſſible, in order to make all due 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, though I ſhould rejoice to ſee you ſettled to your ſatisfaction and advantage, and though you ſeem to entertain a very favourable opinion of his honour, and abilities to maintain you in a very decent manner, yet I would have you weigh well the 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 dishonourable intentions, and I hope he has not; for which reason I would only have you act with discretion and reserve; give him neither too great hopes of success, nor an absolute denial to put him in despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this, that you have no aversion to his person; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your mother in an affair of so serious a concern. This will naturally induce him to make his application to me on my first arrival; and you may depend upon it, no care shall be wanting on my side to promote your future happiness and advantage. I am,

Dear daughter,

Your truly affectionate mother.

## LETTER. V

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

SIR,

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

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your manner of expression, that I am absolutely at a loss to determine whether you are really serious,

or only write for your own amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible terms, I shall be better able to form a judgment of your passion, and more capable of returning you a proper answer. What influence your future addresses may have over me I cannot say; but, to be free with you, your first attempt has made no impression on the heart of

MIRA.

## 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 overfond of squandering our time away in idle, unmeaning compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct terms, that the disposal of my person is not altogether in my own power: and that, notwithstanding my father and mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single affair of any moment without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman of Lincoln's Inn, who is my counsel upon all occasions, and is a gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest honour and honesty, and one on whose judgment I can safely rely. I 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 apt to encourage a passion that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am,

SIR, Your humble servant.

## LETTER VII.

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

Dear Nephew,

I RECEIVED your doleful ditty, in regard to your ill ſucceſs in your late love adventure with Miſs 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 ſhould conſider that ſhe is not only a beauty, but a very accompliſhed lady. You muſt ſurely be very vain to imagine, that one of her education, good ſenſe, and real merit, ſhould fall an eaſy victim into your arms. Her affections muſt be gradually engaged; ſhe looks upon matrimony as a very ſerious affair, and will never give way, I am fully perſuaded, to the violence of an ill-grounded paſſion. For ſhame, nephew; ſhake off that unbecoming baſhfulneſs, and ſhow 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 could 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 the ſiege, and making her comply with your own terms of accommodation. In the mean time, depend upon it, no ſtone ſhall be left unturned on my part, that may any ways contribute towards your good ſucceſs, as I cannot, without unjuſtice to 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.*

Honoured 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 inſufficient 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 ingenuous, (permit me, good Sir, to ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart without reſerve for once), a man almoſt in his grand climacteric can never be an agreeable companion for me; nor can the natural gaiety of my temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourſelf in every innocent amuſement, be over agreeable to him. 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 melancholy rural receſs; and there, like my Lady Grace in the play, ſit, penſive and alone, under a green tree. Your long experienced goodneſs, and that tender regard which you have always expreſſed for my eaſe and ſatisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expoſtulate with you on an affair of ſo great importance. If, however, after all, you ſhall judge the inequality of our age an inſufficient plea in my favour, and that want of affection for a huſband is but a trifle, where there is a large fortune, and a coach and ſix to throw into the ſcale; if, in ſhort, you ſhall lay your peremptory commands upon me to reſign up all my real happineſs and peace of mind for the vanity of living in pomp and grandeur, I am ready to ſubmit to your ſuperior judgement. Give me leave, however, to ob-

ſerve, that it is impoſſible for me ever to love the man into whoſe arms I am to be thrown: and that my compliance with ſo deteſted a propoſition is nothing more than the reſult of the moſt inviolable duty to a father, who never made the leaſt attempt before to thwart the inclinations of

His ever obedient daughter.

## LETTER IX.

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

SIR,

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

ſweets of life, by impoſing on you a companion that 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 honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your ſenſe to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for tender endearments, and cold eſteem for unreſerved love. If you will, on this occaſion, let Reaſon take place of Paſſion, I doubt not but Fate has in ſtore for you ſome worthier object of your affection, in recompenſe of your goodneſs to the only woman that could be inſenſible of your merit. I am,

SIR, Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. H.

## LETTER X.

*From a young lady to a gentleman who courts her, and whom ſhe ſuſpects of infidelity.*

SIR,

THE freedom and ſincerity with which I have at all times laid open my heart to you, ought to have ſome weight in my claim to a return of the ſame confidence: but I have reaſon to fear, that the beſt of men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impoſſible to ſpeak: but, before I ſee you, I deſire you will either explain your conduct laſt night, or confeſs that you have uſed me not as I have deſerved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took pains to recommend yourſelf to Miſs Peacock: your earneſtneſs of diſcourſe alſo ſhowed me that you were no ſtranger to her. I deſire to know, Sir, what ſort

of acquaintance you can wish to have with another person of character, after making me believe that you wished to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular; and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though, perhaps, it would be better for me if I were one or the other.

I am your's, &c.

## LETTER XI.

*From a gentleman engaged to a lady, who had been seen talking to another, in answer to the foregoing.*

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose heart and soul you know are truly your's, 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 ear-

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

Your's, moſt truly.

## LETTER XII.

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

Madam,

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

You ſhould not ſuppoſe, if lovers have loſt their ſight, that their ſenſes are all banished: and if I refuſe to believe my eyes, when they ſhow me your inconſtancy, you muſt not wonder that I cannot ſtop my ears against the accounts of it. Pray let us underſtand one another properly, for I am afraid we are deceiving ourſelves all this while. Am I a perſon whom you eſteem, whoſe fortune you do not deſpiſe, and whoſe pretenſions you encourage? or am I a troubleſome coxcomb, who fancies myſelf particularly received by a woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deſerve; and I ought to join with you in ſaying I deſerve it: but if it be otherwiſe, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a perſon

you intend to marry, (for it is beſt to be plain on theſe occaſions), for Heaven's ſake, what is the meaning of that univerſal coquetry in public, where every fool flatters you, and you are pleaſed with the meaneſt of them? And what can be the meaning that I am told you, 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 your's with any body.

I have ſaid a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to ſay more: but I ſhall be ſilent. I beg you will anſwer this, and I think I have a right to expect that you do it generouſly and fairly. Do not miſtake what is the effect of the diſtraction of my heart for want of reſpect to you. While I write this, I dote upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my happineſs is centered.

Your moſt unhappy, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

*From a lady to her lover, who ſuſpected her of receiving the addreſſes of another. In anſwer to the above.*

SIR,

IF I did not make all the allowances you deſire in the end of your letter, I ſhould not anſwer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are ſo, and the more to find myſelf to be the occaſion, I can hardly impute the unkindneſs and incivility of your letter to the ſingle cauſe you would have me. However, as I would not be ſuſpected of any thing that ſhould juſtify ſuch treat-

ment from you, I think it neceſſary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more foundation than what you have ſeen: however, I wonder that other eyes ſhould not be as eaſily alarmed as your's; for, inſtead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you ſee more than there is. Perhaps, however, their ſight may be as much ſharpened by unprovoked malice as your's by undeſerved ſuſpicion.

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

I did not know that the gaiety of my temper gave you uneaſineſs; and you ought to have told me of it with leſs ſeverity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a fault in my natural diſpoſition: but I would have taken ſome pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was diſagreeable to you. I ought to reſent this treatment more than I do, but do not inſult my weakneſs on that head; for a fault of that kind would want the excuſe this has for my pardon, and might not be ſo eaſily overlooked, though I ſhould wiſh to do it. I ſhould ſay I will not ſee you to-day, but you have an advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourſelf. I deſire you will firſt look carefully over this letter, for my whole heart is in it, and then come to me.

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XIV.

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

Madam,

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

In the first place, Madam, I ask pardon for the liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater liberty I now take in writing to you. But, after this, I beg leave to say, that my thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am; I shall not pretend to be any better: I keep a shop, Madam, in Henrietta-street; and, 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 honour 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 Maria Stebbing. She is a relation of mine, and is a very good girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her 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 very good account of you; and, from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some fortune; and I shall tell you 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.

## 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 reſolution.

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 Henley. I had often been told of this, but I have refuſed to liſten to it. I ſuppoſed your heart no more capable of deceit than my own: but I cannot diſbelieve what I have been told on ſuch authority, when my own eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was ſuch a man as

Your humble ſervant.

## LETTER XVII.

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

Honoured Sir,

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

SIR,

Your most dutiful daughter.

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

## LETTER XVIII.

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

Dear Polly,

I HAVE received your letter, dated the 4th inſt. wherein you acquaint me of the propoſals made to you, through your Couſin Harcourt's recommendation, by one Mr Wills. I hope, as you aſſure me, that you have given no encouragement to him; for I by no means approve of him for your huſband. I have enquired of one of his townſmen, who knows him and his circumſtances very well, and I am neither pleaſed with them nor with his character; and wonder my couſin would ſo inconſiderately recommend him to you. Indeed I doubt not of Mr Harcourt's good intentions; but I inſiſt upon it, that you think nothing of the matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent father.

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

## LETTER XIX.

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

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your's of the 4th instant, relating to the addresses of Mr Wills, I would have you neither wholly encourage or discourage his suit; for if, on inquiry into his character and circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your cousin's good opinion of them, and his own assurances, I know not but his suit may be worthy of attention. But, my dear, consider that men are deceitful, and always put the best side outwards; and it may possibly, on strict 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 disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my determination and direction in an affair of this great importance; and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will in this case, as in all others, study your good, as becomes

Your indulgent father.

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

## LETTER XX.

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

Good Madam,

I HAVE ſeveral times, when I have been happy in the company of your good niece, thought to have 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 have vanquiſhed my hopes, and I have been obliged to ſuſpend my deſign. I have thrown out ſeveral hints, that I thought would have led the way to a fuller diſcloſing of the ſecret that is too big for my breaſt; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for utterance. Will you be ſo good, Madam, to break the way for me, if I am not wholly diſapproved of by you, and prepare her dear mind for a declaration that I muſt make, and yet know not how to begin.——My fortune and expectations make me hope that I may not on theſe accounts be deemed unworthy. And could I, by half a line from your hand, hope that there is no other bar, I ſhould be enabled to build on ſo deſirable a foundation, and to let your niece know how much my happineſs depends upon her favour. Excuſe, good Madam, I beſeech you, this trouble, and preſumptuous requeſt, from

Your obliged humble ſervant.

## LETTER XXI.

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

SIR,

I CANNOT say I have any dislike, as to my own part, to your proposal, or your manner of making it, whatever my niece may have; because diffidence is generally the companion of merit, and a token of respect. She is a person of prudence, and all her friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her choice will have the weight it deserves with us all: so I cannot say what will be the event of your declaration to her; yet, so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your request; but, on her return to-morrow, will break the ice, as you desire, not doubting your honour, and the sincerity of your professions; and I shall tell her, moreover, what I think of the advances you make. I believe she has had the prudence to keep her heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me; and is not so meanspirited 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 that it is not owing to the fond partiality of, Sir,

Your friend and servant.

## LETTER XXII.

*From a respectful lover to his mistress.*

Dear Madam,

I HAVE long struggled with the most honourable and respectful passion that ever filled the

heart of man; I have often tried to reveal it personally, as often in this way; but never till now could prevail upon my fears and doubts. I can no longer struggle with a secret that has given me so much torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the hope of seeing you without rapture; but when I have that pleasure, instead of being animated, as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a diffidence in myself, and an exalted opinion of your worthiness? And is not this a strong token of ardent love? Yet, if it be, how various is the tormenting passion in its operations! since some it inspires with courage, while others it deprives of all necessary confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the heart of man never conceived a stronger or sincerer passion than mine for you. If my reverence for you is my crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient punishment. I need not say my designs and motives are honourable. Who dare approach so much virtuous excellence with a supposition that such an assurance is necessary? What my fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to stand the test of the strictest inquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful passion by one favourable line, that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble address will not quite be unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate admirer,
and devoted servant.

## 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 person's we esteem.

To say more on this occasion would little become me; to say less would look as if I knew not how to pay that regard to modest merit which modest merit only deserves.

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

Your humble servant.

## LETTER XXIV.

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

Dear Madam,

I REMEMBER that one of the 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 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 have both outlived the taste of every thing that has not virtue and reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolished address,

Your most respectful admirer,

And obedient humble servant.

## LETTER XXV.

*The lady's answer, encouraging a farther declaration.*

SIR,

I AM very little in love with the fashionable methods of courtship: sincerity with me is preferable to compliments; yet I see no reason why common decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your style, that when I know

whether you are in jeſt or earneſt I ſhall be leſs at a loſs to anſwer you. Mean time, as there is abundant room for riſing, rather than ſinking, in your complaiſance, you may poſſibly have choſen wiſely to begin firſt at the lower. 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.

## 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 honour, that I have long had a moſt ſincere paſſion for you; but I have ſeen gentlemen led ſuch dances, when they have given up their affections to the lovely tyrants of their hearts, and could not help themſelves, that I had no courage to begin an addreſs in the uſual forms, even to you, of whoſe good ſenſe and generoſity I, nevertheleſs, had a good opinion. You have favoured me with a few lines, which I moſt kindly thank you for. And I do aſſure you, Madam, if you will be pleaſed to encourage my honourable ſuit, you ſhall have ſo juſt an account of my circumſtances and pretentions, as, I hope, will entitle me to your favour in the honourable light in which I profeſs myſelf, dear Madam,

Your moſt obliged and faithful admirer,

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

## LETTER XXVII.

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

SIR,

AS we are both ſo well inclined to avoid unneceſſary trouble, as well as unneceſſary compliments, I think proper to acquaint you, that Mr Dunford, of Wincheſter, has the management of all my affairs; and is a man of ſuch probity and honour, that I do nothing in any matters of conſequence without him. I have no diſlike to your perſon; and if you approve of what Mr Dunford can acquaint you with in relation to me, and I approve of his report in your favour, I ſhall be far from ſhowing any gentleman that I have either an inſolent or a ſordid ſpirit, eſpecially to ſuch as do me the honour of their good opinion.

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

I have heard, ſays he, a moſt excellent ſermon juſt now. Dr Thomas is a fine man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir; I generally go to my own pariſh-church. That 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 com-" munications corrupt good manners." A good ſubject, Sir; I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine diſcourſe upon it. O ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any ſubject.

I rung 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 reli-

gious 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 have found it; bleſſed be God! and then he twang'd his noſe, and lifted up his eyes, as if in an ejaculation.

O, my good aunt, what a man is here for a huſband! At laſt came the happy moment of his taking leave; for I would not aſk him to ſtay ſupper; and, moreover, he talked of going to a lecture at St 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 preſſed 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 towards the land of matrimony, as far as I know; but I cannot help wiſhing for a

little more entertainment on our journey. I am willing to believe Mr Richards an honest man; but am, at the same time, afraid his religious turn of temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a woman who centers all desert in a solemn appearance, than with, dear aunt,

Your greatly obliged kinswoman.

## LETTER XXIX.

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

Dear Child,

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, to 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 the day had made proper impressions upon him?

His turn for promoting the religious societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more regard from every good person; for that same turn is a kind of security to a woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious heart could not make a bad man, or a bad husband. To put out poor boys

to 'prentice, to teach girls to ſing pſalms, would be with very few a ſubject for ridicule; for he that was ſo willing to provide for the children of others, would take ſtill greater care for 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 he is, and like one who thought ſlaſhy compliments beneath him in ſo ſerious an affair as this.

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

Your truly affectionate aunt.

## LETTER XXX.

*A ſailor to his ſweetheart.*

My dear Peggy,

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

I hope you hold in the ſame mind ſtill, my deareſt dear; for God will never bleſs you if you break the vows 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. Oh, 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 your's. 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 Eliſabeth, Captain Winterton, which is returning to England, as I hope we ſhall ſoon, promiſes to deliver this into your own dear hand; and he will bring you, too, ſix bottles of citron water, as a token of my love. It is fit for the fineſt lady's taſte, it is ſo good; and is, what they ſay, ladies drink when they can get it.

John ſays, he will have one ſweet kiſs of my deareſt Peggy for his care and pains. So let him, my beſt love; for I am not of a jealous temper. I have a better opinion of my deareſt than ſo.—But, oh! that I was in his place!—One kiſs ſhould not ſerve my turn, though I hope it may his.——Yet if he takes two, I 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. 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, say 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 your's.

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

*P. S.* I had this letter writ in readineſs to ſend you, as I had 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, who lived in the city of York.*

Dear Couſin,

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

Some time ago there came to ſettle in this city a lady, whoſe name is 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 cheerful. In this condition ſhe languiſhed amongſt us five years, ſtill continuing to grow worſe and worſe.

We all grieved at her fate. Her fleſh was withered away; her appetite decayed by degrees, till all food became nauſeous to her ſight; her ſtrength failed her; her feet could not ſupport her tottering body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her death. When at laſt, ſhe one day called her moſt intimate friends to her bedſide, and, as well as ſhe could, ſpoke to the following purpoſe: "I know you all pity me; "but, alas! I am not ſo much the object of your "pity as your contempt; for all my miſery is of

" my own ſeeking, and owing to the wickedneſs
" of my own mind. I had two ſiſters, with whom
" I was bred up; and I have all my lifetime been
" unhappy for no other cauſe but for their ſuc-
" ceſs in the world. When we were young, I
" could neither eat nor ſleep in peace when they
" had either praiſe or pleaſure. When we grew
" up to be women, they were both ſoon married
" much to their advantage and ſatisfaction. This
" galled me to the heart; and though I had ſe-
" veral 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 lo-
" vers, and then pined for that loſs. I never
" wanted for any thing; and was in a ſituation
" in which I might have been happy if I pleaſed.
" My ſiſters loved me very well; for I concealed,
" as much as poſſible, from them my odious envy;
" and yet, never did any poor wretch lead ſo mi-
" ſerable 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 ought to be to curb in our minds the very firſt riſing of a paſſion ſo deteſtable and ſo fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs Diſon. I know I have no particular reaſon for giving you this caution; for I never ſaw any

thing in you but what deſerved the love and eſteem of,

Your ever affectionate couſin,
M. SMITH.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*The following letter is from an unknown lady to a young gentleman, on whom ſhe had unfortunately fixed her affections: but as ſhe never had it in her power to make any proper 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 you, and ſo long have I ſtrove to forget you; but frequent ſights of what I could not but admire have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not ſubſcribe to this letter, leſt it ſhould fall into hands that may poſſibly expoſe it; but if you, Sir, have any curioſity to deſire or know who I am, I ſhall be in the park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehenſions, leſt you ſhould come more out of curioſity than compaſſion; but, however, that you may have ſome notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a ſhort deſcription of my perſon, which is tall and ſlender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain when I tell you, that my perſon altogether is what the flattering world calls handſome; and as to my

fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous; but, 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.

## 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 inconsiderate for her resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, What could induce you to publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you knew nothing worse of, than that she entertained too good, too fond, an opinion of you?

For your own ſake I am loath to ſpeak it, but ſuch conduct cannot be accounted for but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of underſtanding. But whatſoever be the reaſon, amidſt all my diſappointments, I cannot but think myſelf happy in not ſubſcribing my name; for you might, perhaps, have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conqueſt; and how great my confuſion muſt have been, to be expoſed to the ſcorn, or at leaſt to the pity, of the world, I may gueſs from the mortifications I now feel from ſeeing my declarations and profeſſions returned without ſucceſs, and in being convinced, by the raſh experiment 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 an abſolute indifference; and time, I am ſenſible, will abundantly convince me, that your features are all the poor amends which Nature hath made you for your want of underſtanding, and teach me to conſider them only as a decent cover for the emptineſs and deformity within. To cut off all hopes of your diſcovering

who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter; for which I am obliged to a friend, on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former. If you do not, there are other copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever showing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Lydia to Harriot, a lady newly married.*

My dear Harriot,

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

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, 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 walks 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 playhouse or opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation: she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband; and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers. She never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall not be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Porcia, Sabina, &c. Roman wives, much brighter ex-

amples. 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 Bellmour, 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.

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

Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

HARRIOT.

## LETTER XXXVII.

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

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

Madam,

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

May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her ſo) ſuffer as much, and have the like paſſion for this young Lord, whom ſhe has preferred to the reſt of mankind, as others have had for her; and may this love, before the year goes about, make her taſte of the firſt curſe impoſed on womankind, the pains of becoming a mother! 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 grandchildren! 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 achs to in-

* They were married, as we are informed, at Penſhurſt, July 11, 1639.

form 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 bedfellow of the other sex.

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

EDMUND WALLER.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

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

*A letter from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, against a maxim of Mons. Rochefoucault's, "That mar-" "riages are convenient, but never delightful."*

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a maxim established by so celebrated a genius

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

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

I know there are ſome people of falſe delicacy, who maintain that the pleaſures of love are only due to difficulties and dangers. They ſay very wittily the roſe would not be the roſe without thorns, and a thouſand other trifles of that nature, which make ſo little impreſſion on my mind, that I am perſuaded, was I a lover, the fear of hurting her I loved would make me unhappy, if the poſſeſ-

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

To a happy lover, (I mean one married to his miſtreſs), if he has any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the embarraſſments of a court, every thing becomes agreeable, when he can ſay to himſelf, it is to ſerve her I love. If Fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on merit), and gives ſucceſs to his 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 the prince. In misfortune, it is his consolation to retire to a person who feels his sorrow, and to say to himself in her arms, "My happiness "does not depend on the caprice of Fortune; here "is my assured asylum against all grief; your "esteem makes me insensible to the injustice of a "court, or the ingratitude of a master. I feel a "sort of pleasure in the loss of my estate, as that "misfortune gives me new proofs of your virtue "and tenderness. How little desirable is grandeur "to persons already happy? We have no need of "flatterers or equipage; I reign in your heart, "and I possess in your person all the delights of "Nature." In short, there is no situation of which the melancholy may not be softened by the company of the person we love. Even an illness is not without its pleasures, when we are attended by one we love. I should never have done, was I to give you a detail of all the charms of an union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the senses in the most delicate and most extended pleasure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the satisfaction of seeing each day increase the amiable pledges of our tender friendship, and the occupations of improving them according to their different sexes. We abandon ourselves to the tender instinct of Nature refined by love. We admire in the daughter the beauty of the mother, and respect in the son the appearances of understanding and natural probity which we esteem in the father. It is a pleasure, of which God himself (according to Moses) was sensible, when seeing what he had done, he found it good.

*A propos* of Moses, the first plan of happiness infinitely surpassed all others; and I cannot form

to myſelf an idea of Paradiſe more delightful than that ſtate in which our firſt parents were placed. That did not laſt, becauſe they did not know the world; (which is the true reaſon that there are ſo few love-matches happy.) Eve may be conſidered as a fooliſh child, and Adam 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 paſſions, ideas above nature; a man thinks his miſtreſs an angel, becauſe ſhe is handſome; a woman is inchanted with the merit of her lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt change of her complexion takes from him his adoration, and the huſband ceaſing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love; by degrees they are diſguſted with one another, and, after the example of our firſt parents, they throw on each other the crime of their mutual weakneſs; afterwards coldneſs and contempt follow a great pace, and they believe they muſt hate each other becauſe they are married; their ſmalleſt faults are magnified in each other's ſight, and they are blinded to their mutual perfections. A commerce eſtabliſhed upon paſſion can have no other attendants. A man when he marries his miſtreſs ought to forget that ſhe then appears adorable to him; to conſider that ſhe is but a ſimple mortal, ſubject to diſeaſes, caprice, and ill humour. He muſt prepare his conſtancy to 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 her-

ſelf 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 ſolidity of a friend. When two perſons, prepoſſeſſed with ſentiments ſo reaſonable, are united by eternal ties, all nature ſmiles upon them, and the common objects become charming.

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

I own, that our barbarous manners are ſo well calculated for the eſtabliſhment of vice and miſery, (which is inſeparable from it), that they muſt have hearts and heads infinitely above the common to enjoy the felicity of a marriage ſuch as I have deſcribed. Nature is ſo weak, and ſo given to change, that it is difficult to ſupport the beſt-founded conſtancy amidſt thoſe many diſſipations that our ri-

diculous 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 hear her diſplay to the whole world the charms of her wit; to ſhow her neck in full day; to dreſs for balls and ſhows to attract admirers, and to liſten to the idle flattery of a thouſand fops. Can any man ſupport his eſteem for a creature ſo public? or, at leaſt, does ſhe not loſe much of her merit?

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

I remember a converſation I had with a lady of great quality at Conſtantinople, the moſt amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and for whom I had afterwards the moſt tender friendſhip; ſhe owned ingeniouſly to me, that ſhe was content with her huſband. What libertines you Chriſtian women 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 was true we received viſits, but thoſe viſits were full of form and reſpect, and that it was a crime to hear a man talk of love, or for us to love any other than our huſbands. "Your "huſbands are very good (ſaid ſhe, laughing) to

" content themſelves with ſo limited a fidelity. " Your eyes, your hands, your converſation, are " for the public, and what do you pretend to re- " ſerve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful ſult- " ana," ſhe added, embracing me, " I have all " poſſible inclination to believe what you ſay, but " you would impoſe upon me impoſſibilities. I " know the amorous complexion of you infidels, I " ſee you are aſhamed of them, and I will never " mention them to you more."

I found ſo much good ſenſe and truth in all ſhe ſaid, that I could ſcarcely contradict her; and I owned at firſt, that ſhe had reaſons to prefer the morals of the Muſſulmen to our ridiculous coſtoms, 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.

## 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 pro-

fefs for me. As my parents, to whom I owe all duty, encourage your addrefs, I with I could. I am hardly treated by them becaufe I cannot. What fhall I do? Let me apply to you, Sir, for my relief, who have much good fenfe, and, I hope, generofity. Yes, Sir, let me befpeak your humanity to me, and juftice to yourfelf, in this point; and that fhall be all I will afk in my favour. I own you deferve a much better wife than ever I fhall 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 juftice to yourfelf, if not pity to me, oblige you to abandon your prefent purpofe?

But as to myfelf, Sir, why fhould you make a poor creature unhappy in the difpleafure of all her friends at prefent, and ftill more unhappy, if, to avoid that, fhe gives up her perfon, where fhe cannot beftow her heart? If you love me, as you profefs, let me afk you, Sir, is it for my fake, or is it your own?——If for mine, how can it be, when I muft be miferable, if I am forced to marry where I cannot love? If for your own, reflect, Sir, on the felfifhnefs of your love, and judge if it deferves from me the return you wifh.

How fadly does this love already operate! You love me fo well that you make me miferable in the anger of my deareft friends!—Your love has already made them think me undutiful; and, inftead of the fondnefs and endearment I ufed to be treated with by them, I meet with nothing but chidings, frowns, flights, and difpleafure.

And what is this love of your's to do for me hereafter?——Why, hereafter, Sir, it will be turned into hatred, or indifference at leaft: for then, though I cannot give you my heart, I fhall 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 to 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 you! 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 of 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 occasion 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 wellwisher, 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 honoured 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 appeal to me, in so uncommon a way, endeavoured to make me a party against myself, and I have shown so much regard to you as 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 unhappiness to such a prepossession, and whether your heart is 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 disgusts to my person or behaviour, that there may be hope 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.

## 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 for it, will lay an obligation, greater than I can express, on

Your most humble servant.

## 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 me, 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 moſt obliged ſervant.

THE COMPLETE

# LETTER-WRITER.

## PART THIRD.

# THE COMPLETE
# LETTER-WRITER.

## PART III.

Familiar LETTERS of Advice and Instruction, *&c.* in many concerns of life.

### LETTER I.

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

I AM now come well to ——, from whence I intend to write something to you on the observance of the Lord's day; and this I do for these reasons; *1st*, Because it has pleased God to cast my lot so, that I am to rest at this place on this 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 found 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 prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it us; and it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him; for I have

found, by a ſtrict and diligent obſervation, that a due obſervance of the duty of this day has ever had joined to it a bleſſing on the reſt of my time; and the week that hath been ſo begun 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 employments; ſo that I could eaſily make an eſtimate of my ſucceſſes the week following by the manner of my paſſing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconſiderately, but upon a long and ſound obſervation and experience.

## LETTER II.

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

My deareſt Will,

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

you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myſelf. Therefore your care and affection to them muſt be the very ſame that you are to have of yourſelf; and the like regard muſt you have to your youngeſt ſiſter; for indeed you owe it her alſo, both for her father 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 knowledge which may be of uſe to yourſelf, and comfort to your friends, for the reſt of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with patience, and be ſure to correct and 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, and give not yourſelf to neglect them in the leaſt thing, leſt, by degrees, you come to forget them in the greateſt; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than penſively; for God loves a 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 pro-

per 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 ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find ſoberneſs and truth in the one, and much unſteadineſs and vanity in the other. The King, i truſt, will deal graciouſly with you: reſtore you thoſe honours, and that fortune, which a diſtempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather adviſe might be by a new gift and creation from himſelf than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him, without having obligations to any other. Be ſure to avoid, as much as you can, to inquire after thoſe that have been ſharp in their judgments toward me, and I 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 proſecution, 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 a right underſtanding in all things. Amen.

Your moſt loving father,

T. WENTWORTH.

## LETTER III.

*From a gentleman at Lisbon, immediately after the earthquake, to his son in London.*

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy father, you will have heard of the destruction of this place, and of the calamitous situation of its few remaining miserable inhabitants. God, in his infinite mercy, protect us! All that you have heard will fall short of what I have seen; for no words have energy sufficient to convey an idea of a scene so amazingly dreadful.—Your poor mother is no more!——ask me not for your sisters!——and, as for myself, I am a vagabond, and condemned to seek my bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."——I am satisfied.——All may be for the best, and our friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent city, whose foundations are not to be shaken, and where sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do so, let us live here that we may fear no dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a deathbed 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 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 arm 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.

## LETTER IV.

*To Amelia, with a gold thimble.*

Sept. 28, 1764.

CAN you believe me, my little friend, when I ſay that the preſent I now make you may be of more ſervice to you in the courſe of your life than the ring of Gyges, and that I deſerve your thanks as much as if I had given you the cap of Fortunatus. Perhaps you may have heard only of the latter, I will explain to you the virtues of the ring. This, my little fair, would render you inviſible whenever you choſe to be ſo; you might then range through the apartments of your playfellows unſeen, play ten thouſand little tricks, which at preſent is not in your power to do; but, indeed, the greateſt advantages of the ring are reſerved for another age, when you may be preſent with your lover, and diſcover the true ſentiments of his heart, perplex your rival, hide her Bruſſels and her jewels the night before a ball, and torment her with all the arts of ingenious miſchief. Theſe are advantages which at perſent, 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 ſo infinite ſervice?

At your age, my little friend, employment is of the utmoſt uſe: to be buſy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at leaſt protect you from the contrary impreſſions. Whilſt your imagination is employed how beſt to ſhade a roſe, or your fancy determines the colours of the various parts of your work, vanity will ſcarce have time to whiſper in your ear, that you have more beauty than another, or inſpire you with too early a love of gaiety and pleaſure.

When you have lived to that age in which your reaſon ſhall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive, that thoſe little follies which your ſex are guilty of proceed 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, you are guarding your boſom againſt the approach of foibles which might baniſh thoſe from your ſociety, who were attracted by the charms of your perſon.

Another of its virtues, which, in all probability, you can never want to experience, is, that, if properly applied, it contains a charm againſt the calamities of poverty. I have known many a female, who, by its aſſiſtance, has ſupported herſelf with decency, and felt the pleaſures 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 con-

trary, ſhall deſire you to be frequent in the uſe of this, and to wear it out for my ſake. I am, &c.

## LETTER V.

*On the viciſſitudes of human life.*

REMEMBER, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while, in the 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 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 through 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 through 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 reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above shall find danger and difficulty give way before him.

## LETTER VI.

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

My dear Son,

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

agreeably to that ſimplicity of life, which the rules of academical ſocieties preſcribe Mix not intemperance with your growing years, nor treaſure up infirmities againſt an age the fitteſt for employment. You have received health from your parents, and you owe it to your children. Be careful in the choice of your company; pay civility to all; have friendſhip with few; not too quickly with any. An idle companion will corrupt and diſgrace you while you aſſociate with him, and 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; in the conqueſt of irregular appetites and paſſions, and in ſcorning to do any thing that is mean or baſe. Have nothing to do with politics, which when you ſhall have ſtudied all your life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the humours, or reſentments, or private intereſts, or public views, of men in power: A ſtudy, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from virtue, is foreign to your preſent purpoſe, and in

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

I am, *&c.*

## LETTER VII.

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

July 28 1766.

YOU would have received a much larger quantity of fruit, but, to ſay the truth, my band of muſicians have made bold with more of it this ſummer than uſual; however, when I conſider that 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 then their reſidence among us, they are not denied a great ſhare of the productions of my garden.

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

The ſun, my Demetrius, was juſt riſen above the horizon, and all the eaſtern ſky was tinged with bluſhes; the zephyrs, as they paſſed, were fraught with fragrance from the morning 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 thoſe which are given to Adam:

> Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
> Thus wond'rous fair: thyſelf how wond'rous then!
> Unſpeakable, who firſt above theſe heavens
> To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
> In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
> Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and 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 and diſeaſe. As for myſelf, I ſhould retire to ſleep with no little anxiety, if I were not aſſured that we are protected in thoſe hours by our Maker, when we are not conſcious of our own exiſtence. There cannot ſurely be a more comfortable reflection than being convinced that a Power who commands and directs all nature is our guard, without whoſe knowledge no action is committed, nor even the moſt ſecret thought can ariſe.

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

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

"Is it not extremely abſurd," ſaid Lucinda, as we returned, "for mankind to complain of the "ſhort duration of their lives, when they even re-"fuſe to live a number of hours which Provi-"dence has beſtowed upon them? How many can "we recollect amongſt our acquaintance 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 conduct 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.

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

I am, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

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

July 5, 1764.

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

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

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the town, yet I never fail of seeing objects in it which remind me of my own felicity, and increase

the love I bear to you. Alas! my dear, the fashionable tenour of matrimonial lives is so little suited to my turn of mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a very good wife. I could by no means have endured to see the heart of the woman I loved entirely devoted to pleasure, nor have ever been content to share it with the king of trumps.

It is, however, happy for mankind that the same delicacy does not universally prevail, as there are now many couple who are thought to be happy, because the wife has never transgressed the bounds of virtue, nor the husband treated her with language which he would be ashamed to use to a stranger. Their amusements are distinct from each other; they know nothing of that heart-felt joy which arises from being with those they love, secluded from every eye, and breathing the sweets of the balmy evening. Their only care is refining those pleasures which repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new arts to pass the tedious day, which, notwithstanding their endeavours, affords some hours in which that most impertinent of all companions, called *self*, never fails of intrusion.

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

With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpread's
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn bird; and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.

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

Aranthes, who is juſt come in, and has looked over my ſhoulder, upon ſeeing ſo much poetry, cried out, "Very fine, truly, I ſhall take the firſt opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I aſſure you." "If you have any thing," I replied, "to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make uſe of me, for I am now writing to her." "How 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 Muſe's aſſiſtance. But come with me to Lady ——'s. Not a word, however, of Lucinda all night; to be ſeen with ſuch an old faſhioned creature as you would ſpoil my reputa-

tion entirely, if your character ſhould once be known."

You know Aranthes, my Lucinda, extremely well, and will perceive by this that he is ſtill the ſame man as ever. He deſires me to apologize for his taking me from you, as he calls it, and at the ſame time to ſend you his compliments. My bleſſing to the children, whom I ſhall make happy by ſome little preſents at my return; to thee, my love, I ſhall bring a heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own felicity. Believe me, &c.

## LETTER IX.

*To Cleanthes, on friendſhip, age, and death.*

Nov. 15, 1765.

IT is no ſmall alleviation to that anxiety which the loſs of a friend produces, to reflect that the ſame virtues which procured him our eſteem will likewiſe intitle him to eternal happineſs. This conſolation I received upon cloſing the eyes of Ariſtus, the laſt and moſt melancholy office which Friendſhip can perform.

At length, my Cleanthes, that friendſhip, which we once divided, is now confined to ourſelves. We have ſeen thoſe who advanced with us along the vale of life ſink into the grave, and have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendſhip which we helped to conſtitute at our entrance 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 moments 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 that age which few are born to attain, and which, in the language of an admired writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter myself that our days have been so spent that we have no reason to tremble at the thought of our last, nor 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 misfortunes of our fellow-creatures; we have neither indulged our passions, nor neglected the praise we owe to the Author of our mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble? We leave a world whose pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing; we have passed through its enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happiest of states: and yet the tender tie of parents holds us; we must leave those whom Nature obliges us to love: yet let us 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 that Heaven has allotted for my last, it is when I am surrounded by my family, and observe the looks of tenderness which they gratefully bestow on me; yet sometimes their being present has the opposite effect, and I am apprehensive lest the moment should not arrive till I mourn the loss of a child.

I know not 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 not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various opinions and ideas we have had of the same object, and mark the progress of the human mind thro' the different stages of life. Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the blessing of health in a more eminent degree than his friend, will hasten to see and give him the greatest satisfaction he can possibly know.

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

cinda, and feel the pang of ſeparation, yet not till we had grown old in love, and ſweetened the greateſt part of our lives with connubial happineſs. Since the retroſpect part of our lives preſents us with nothing which ſhould terrify our imagination, let us paſs the remaining days which Heaven ſhall allot us in calm ſerenity, and in reſignation to the Divine will.

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

I am, &c.

## 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 your endeavouring to excel yourſelf, and, of conſequence, to pleaſe me. You have ſucceeded in both reſpects, and will always ſucceed, if you think it worth your while to conſider what you write, and to whom; and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, paſs through your pen negligently; get but the way of writing correctly and juſtly; time and uſe will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a ſtiffneſs to your ſtyle, which ought in all letters, by all means, to be avoided; the turn of them ſhould be always natural and eaſy, for they are an image of private

and familiar converſation. I mention this with reſpect to the four or five lines of your's, which have an air of poetry, and do, therefore, naturally reſolve themſelves into blank verſes. I ſend you your letter again, that yourſelf may now make the ſame obſervation. But you took the hint of that thought from a poem; and it is no wonder, therefore, that you heightened the phraſe a little when you were expreſſing it. The reſt is as it ſhould be; and, particularly, there is an air of duty and ſincerity, which, if it comes from your heart, is the moſt acceptable preſent you can make me. With theſe good qualities an incorrect letter would pleaſe me, and without them the fineſt thoughts and language will make no laſting impreſſion on me. The great Being ſays, you know, —"My ſon, give me thy heart;" implying, that without it all other gifts ſignify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, never to ſay any thing, either in a letter, or common converſation, that you do not think; but always to let your mind and your words go together on the moſt trivial occaſions. Shelter not the leaſt degree of inſincerity under the notion of a compliment, which, as far as it deſerves to be practiſed by a man of probity, is only the moſt civil and obliging way of ſaying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwiſe throws away truth for breeding: I need not tell you how little this character gets by ſuch an exchange.

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

the beginning to the end of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am

Your loving father, &c.

## LETTER XI.

*From a young lady in one of the Canary Islands to her sister in England, whom she had never seen; containing a pressing invitation to her to come over, and describing the beauties of the place, in order to prevail on her.*

MUST we for ever, my dear sister, converse only at this unhappy distance?——Are we born of the same parents, to be eternal aliens to each other?——I have been told wonders of your wit, ingenuity, and good nature.—Must strangers, or at least very distant kindred, reap all the benefits of these amiable qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the want of it?—They say there is a secret sympathy between persons of the same blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you?—Have you never any of those yearnings, those longings, to see the daughter of your father and your mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily musings and my nightly dreams?—If not affection, pity should make you wish to be with a sister, who stands so much in need of your assistance. You know my father's great affairs suffer him seldom to be with his family. —— Death has deprived me of my mother, and Devotion of her sister; but she forsakes me only to join herself to her Creator: you have no such plea. And as you are six years older than myself, and of a much superior under-

ſtanding, 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 withhold 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, maintain unnatural conteſt!—— a kingdom, where pride, injuſtice, luxury, and profaneneſs, are almoſt univerſal, and religion become a reproach to the profeſſion!——a kingdom, ſinking by ſwift degrees into miſery and contempt, yet infatuated ſo far as to dote on the cauſe of their undoing!—At leaſt this is the account we have of it.—Can this be agreeable to a perſon of your nice and diſtinguiſhing taſte!—O my deareſt ſiſter! liſten to the dictates of reaſon, of duty, and of nature; all join to call you from that worſe than Egypt into the land of Canaan.—Here Peace and Innocence go hand in hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleaſures, wait upon their ſteps.——No foreign wars, no homebred jars, no envy, no diſtruſt, diſturb the ſoft ſerenity of theſe bliſsful ſeats, but all is harmony and love.—Eternal zephyrs watch our morning-walkings, bringing ten thouſand odours on their wings, and tempt us to the groves from whence they ſpring.—In troops we wander thro' 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 Teneriffe, and on the foot of that ſtupenduous mount recline on banks of roſes um-

brella'd over with ſpreading myrtles:—— then change the ſcene, and view the ſpacious vineyards, where huge alcoves of cluſtering grapes hang pendent 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 there is no deſcribing half the various ſweets which Nature, with a laviſh hand, pours on theſe iſles, which juſtly have the name of *Fortunate!* nor (I flatter myſelf) will there be any need of farther 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 now reſt in an aſſured hope of enjoying the happineſs I ſo long and ſo earneſtly have wiſhed; yet I am craving ſtill more.—I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that with your obedience to our father, ſome little ſhare of love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more readineſs, by the thoughts that you will embrace one who has ſo tender an affection for you, and thinks it the greateſt bleſſing to ſubſcribe herſelf,

My dear ſiſter,

Your moſt affectionate and

Moſt obedient ſervant,

MARIA BOYLE.

## LETTER XII.

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

Dear Miſs Pemberton,

JUST as I was ſetting out for Worceſterſhire, in order to follow my ſiſter, who, you know,

has been ſome time there, I received a letter from my aunt, acquainting me that ſhe was taken ill laſt Friday, and died in two days after.—Yes, that lately ſo much admired, that ſplendid beauty, is now reduced to a cold lump of clay:—for ever cloſed are thoſe once ſparkling eyes;—huſhed is that voice which 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 unworthy are you of the attention of a reaſonable being!—You know the gay manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be ſurpriſed to find expreſſions of this kind fall from my pen;—but, my dear Pemberton, hitherto my life has been a dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake.—My ſiſter's fate has 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 arm againſt the terrors of it.—Whenever I went a little journey, I provided myſelf with all things neceſſary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, laſt voyage, I muſt one day take into

another world.——What an infatuation, to be anxious for the minuteſt requiſites for eaſe and pleaſure, in a dwelling where I propoſed to ſtay a few weeks, or months, perhaps, yet wholly regardleſs of what was wanting for making my felicity in an eternal ſituation! Reaſon, juſt kindled, ſhudders at the recollection of that endleſs train of follies I have been guilty of.——Well might the poor Berinthia feel all their force;—vain, gay, unthinking, as myſelf, I tremble at the bare imagination of thoſe ideas which her laſt moments muſt inſpire; for I now faithfully believe with Mr Waller, that,

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

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

I ſhall make no apology for this melancholy epiſtle, becauſe I am very ſenſible that whatever concern you may feel for my ſiſter, it will be greatly alleviated by finding I am become, at laſt, a reaſonable creature. I 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.

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

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.——None about me pretend to flatter me with the hopes of seeing another morning.—Short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal salvation!——Yet I cannot leave the world without admonishing,—without conjuring, you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive.—We have had the same sort of education,—have lived in the same manner; and 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 profan'd, in idle chat, that sacred name, by whose merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven? How often have I sat and heard his miracles and sufferings ridiculed by the false wits of the age, without feeling the least emotion at the blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One

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

Your ſincere friend,
and moſt affectionate and departing ſiſter,
BERINTHIA.

## LETTER XIV.

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

AS you are a tenant at will in a very handſome genteel houſe, and are now capable of furniſh-

ing it in the politeſt manner, ruling it by the ſtricteſt maxims of economy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few curſory hints in an affair of ſo much importance.

Your building is compoſed of ſome of the fineſt materials I ever ſaw, and is ſo much the more liable to diſcover any flaw or ſpot that may accidentally touch it.——It is erected to a proper 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 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 will not like; let them never be ſhut againſt the 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 of ill 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 on your two porters, who ſtand centinels in liveries of the deepeſt ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory palliſades. —I have ſeen ſome people paint the two pannels

juſt below the windows; but I would adviſe you to the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art.—This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two alabaſter ſemi-globes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needlework.

Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a ſmall cloſet of exquiſite workmanſhip; this, I ſuppoſe, is the place of your ſecret retirement, open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful intimate friend.——I adviſe you to keep this always clean, furniſh it well, make it a little library of the beſt practical authors, and viſit it frequently, eſpecially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance which you have met at the tea-table. Let the outſide of the hall not appear like a hearſe hung round with eſcutcheons, nor like a coach of ſtate bedawbed with gilt and colourings; but let it be plain, neat, and clean, to convince 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 ſurpriſed 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 ly waste and in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified that it will be liable to no accident or decay; and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be new reared in some other place, I heartily with it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease never expire.

Your's, &c.

ROBERT N.

## LETTER XV.

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

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

Pray let her observe the following rules:

In the morning fair water is to be used as a preparatory; after which she must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance; yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if she would avoid those pimples, for which the advertised washes are a boasted cure. Instead of rouge,

let her use moderate exercise, which will excite a natural bloom in her cheeks not to be imitated by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to her countenance that will make her universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to her eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give her lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity, which she now possesses, may be happily heightened and preserved, if she avoids late hours and card-playing, but not otherwise: for the first gives the face a drowsy disagreeable aspect, and the last is the mother of wrinkles.——A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean. Nor is this all; for if the young lady will excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion I would recommend is working at her needle, brushing up the house, or twirling the distaff. It was this industry in our grandmothers which gave Kneller an opportunity of gratifying posterity with the view of so many fine hands and arms in his incomparable portraits.—A few words more, and I have done.—Let her preserve an unaffected neatness in her apparel: her fortune will permit her to dress elegantly; but her good sense should always prevent her from descending to gaudiness, which strikes the eyes of the ignorant, but disgusts those of true taste and discernment; besides, Madam, your daughter has so many natural charms, that she can have no occasion to wear clothes 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.

## LETTER XVI.

*Domeſtic rule the province of the wife.*

Madam,

I MUST aſſert, that the right of directing domeſtic affairs is, by the law of Nature, in the woman; and that we are perfectly qualified for the exerciſe of dominion, notwithſtanding what has often been ſaid by male-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 ones, without fatiguing ourſelves with a variety of unneceſſary acquirements, on which the men moſt value themſelves. Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a purſuit of, we are taught ſinging and dancing; but what are theſe to the drudgery of ſchools and univerſities? The buſineſs of a family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole circle of our time, and affords no room for any thing except innocent relaxations. We are certainly then more likely to underſtand domeſtic policy than the men, who have twenty other things to mind. A mere houſewife, like a mere ſcholar, is fit for nothing elſe, I admit, and will make a man a very unſociable companion. But as ſome men of great

application to their respective professions have, notwithstanding, a very polite behaviour, so a woman may make the government of her house the principal care, without suffering it to become the principal theme of her discourse; nor do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a character as a manager, her husband should twice or thrice a week hear her scolding the servants. This is one of the great objections to female government, and our adversaries would fain present it as a thing as necessary to us as a standing army to the administration. But both may be 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 cookmaid as well as the coachman, we observe a great deal of discord and confusion. When a man, who is always a better judge when things are wrong than of the method of setting them to rights, entrenches on the woman's province, it is the ready way to make the rest of the family despise them both. But when a woman of tolerable good sense is allowed to direct her house without controul, all things go well; she prevents even her husband's wishes, the servants know their business, and the whole family live easy and happy. It is with great concern that I perceive our sex of late inclined to mind any thing rather than their families, which inclination must have fatal consequences. Can there be any thing more honourable for a woman than the right management of her family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their choice, either to manage their children and servants, or to be managed by them. If liberty is the thing they aim

at, they certainly mistake the road. A woman's freedom consists in power, and not in a license to gad about, which is scandalous even in a girl, and bespeaks a giddiness of soul below compassion. The conduct of the estate or business ought surely to be in the husband; and if he parts with it, it is an act of weakness. The conduct of the house belongs as justly to the wife; and no man ought to marry a woman whom he would not trust with the management of such concerns. Adieu, dear friend! incroach not on the province of your husband, but continue to be mistress in your own. I am,

Your affectionate friend,

SYLVIA SHARP.

## LETTER XVII.

*From a lady to her acquaintance, on growing old.*

My dear Lucy,

I HAVE been thinking that *human understanding* is no less liable to be unhinged than the mechanism of the *human frame*. The least jar of a surprise puts it out of tune, and one cannot presently get into order again.—We have certainly *passions* of the *mind*, as well as *diseases* of the *body*, which we are not aware of till some sudden accident calls them forth; and the one are no less capable of suspending the *faculties* of *reason* for a time than the *other* are of obstructing that *animal fluid*, to the proper circulation of which we owe our health and vigour.

I was led into this reflection by catching myself in a folly which I shall not be much ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some passages

my obſervation ſupplies me with, I find the foible inherent, in a more or leſs degree, in the whole ſpecies of human kind, though few are ingenuous enough to acknowledge it.

I was ſitting yeſterday in my parlour window, looking careleſsly on the people as they paſſed, when, all at once, a fellow abruptly preſented himſelf before me, and cried, in a hoarſe voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine ſpectacles;* and, at the ſame time, thruſt a pair of thoſe noſe-ſaddles within the ſaſh. You cannot imagine, dear Lucy, how I was ſhocked: I gave the man a ſhort anſwer, and immediately drew down the window.— "Good God!" ſaid I to myſelf, "do I look old "enough to be ſuppoſed to want ſpectacles?" not conſidering that it was the fellow's trade to offer them to every body, and that many people, younger than myſelf, were obliged to make uſe of them.—I ran, however, to my glaſs, and fancied I perceived what they call the crow's feet appearing at the corners of my eyes.—I looked, and looked again, and the more I did ſo the more I thought theſe cruel marks of Time were viſible; and now recollecting that my laſt birth-day brought me into my one-and-thirtieth year, and that a very few more of them would rank me among the number of the aged, I fell into ſuch a fit of the vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable? — Where now was my underſtanding?—where my reaſon? The little ſhare I have is ſufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this world muſt grow old, and few of us there are who deſire to die young. Why was not this knowledge at hand to make me eaſy under the common courſe of Nature?

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

That we all, however, have a natural averſion to gray hairs and wrinkles cannot be denied; and that to overcome the uneaſineſs their approach inflicts requires the utmoſt exertion of our reaſon; yet is not this an inconſiſtency, a kind of abſurdity in our habit of thinking?—We ridicule a thouſand leſſer follies of mankind, yet paſs over that which more than all deſerves cenſure, the being aſhamed or afraid of attaining what all the world, as well as ourſelves, would wiſh to arrive at.——But we would live for ever if we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the depredations of Time from fifteen to ſixty: and even then not be content, perhaps, to be thought in our decline.

Were old age terrible to us merely as it is the forerunner of death, or as it is generally attended with infirmities which render life a burden, I ſhould not be ſo much ſurpriſed; but, alas! we ſee death and diſeaſes ſeize on youth and ſtrength; no time of life is a ſecurity againſt either.—Nor is it altogether the apprehenſion of being deprived of what ſhare of beauty Nature may have beſtowed upon us that renders it ſo alarming, ſince that alſo may be loſt by the ſmallpox, 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 wand'ring life, that wakes and winks by turns;
> Fooling the follower betwixt ſhade and ſhining.

You will imagine, by my being ſo ſerious, that I have not yet got over the fright the man put me into, and, indeed, I am not ſure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have reſolution enough to wiſh, from the very bottom of my heart, that you and I may grow old in friendſhip, and that, whatever effect time may have upon our perſons, our minds may remain as now united; which will be a balance againſt the mortifications in the power of the old gentleman with the hour-glaſs, to,

My dear Lucy,

Your's, with the moſt perfect amity,

HILARIA.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To a lady who had loſt her beauty by the ſmallpox.*

My dear Ophelia,

I RECEIVED your's, and rejoice too much on your recovery to be able to condole with you

on any alteration your late illneſs has made in you; and, indeed, how great ſoever it may be, am far from thinking it deſerves to be mentioned with that concern you expreſs.——You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one of his ſharpeſt weapons; and, if you have received ſome ſcars, ought to look upon them rather as trophies of victory than blemiſhes.——What if your complexion has loſt ſome part of its fair enamel, and your features are not altogether ſo delicate? the leſs charms your glaſs preſents you with, the more you will find in your cloſet; and, deprived of vain pleaſure in contemplating the graces of your outward form, you will have the greater leiſure to improve and embelliſh thoſe which are not ſo eaſily impaired.

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

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

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a level, than before this accident, with the greateſt part of our ſex. I confeſs, the beauties of the perſon greatly contribute to ſet off and render thoſe of the mind conſpicuous, and, for

that reaſon, ſhould lament extremely any defect in the one, if I were not certain you had enough of the other to engroſs the whole attention of as many as know you; and that they may every day increaſe in the luſtre of true dignity is the ſincere wiſh of,

My dear Ophelia,

Your's,

SOPHRONIA.

THE COMPLETE

# LETTER-WRITER.

## PART FOURTH.

# 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 lightning, is reckoned a maſterpiece in epiſtolary deſcriptive writing.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here is news from Heaven: for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have heard 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, ſtands ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! But unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant lovers than ever were found in romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewit was a well-ſet man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſſed through the various labours of the year together with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but the laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat; and the poſey on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding clothes, 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 on the laſt of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley; John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by

her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as if to ſcreen her from the lightning. They were both ſtruck in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eyebrow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt; her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we ſhould furniſh the epitaph: which is as follows:

When eaſtern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th'Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims ſeiz'd.

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 genteely bred, (but afterwards reduced), to a gentleman going abroad, under whose care and protection she was desirous of retiring, in the capacity of a housekeeper, 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 a gentleman in this manner may be a sufficient reason to prevent my receiving such a share of credit, as, were I known to you, I might with justice pretend to. I have had the misfortune to receive an education greatly above the rank that Heaven has allotted me, and I now, too soon, at the age of eighteen, have struggled through more difficulties than you would chuse to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me to shock the man to whom I wish to be obliged. It is now some time since I formed the design to leave England, and withdraw myself from the acquaintance of those that have known me in a higher state. I can be content in a decent retirement, and shall endeavour to do my duty in the station I pretend to. Chance has directed me to you; and 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 housekeeper. 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, that the letter directed to Tom's was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

## 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 from you than a pardon for having raiſed your expectation, and engaged your curioſity to be acquainted with a ſtory that a womaniſh pride will, perhaps, for ever prevent being known. I flattered myſelf, when I wrote before, that I had been miſtreſs of more reſolution; but my fears ſtartle me, and I am ſo convinced of the ill methods I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your knowledge of the world muſt neceſſarily encourage ſuch ſuſpicions of me), that no temptation can now be ſufficient to make me diſcover myſelf. I am aſhamed of what has happened, and feel a reſentment to myſelf for having dared to alarm your good nature with fears

of an unfortunate young woman. I will flatter myſelf you feel for me; and the tenderneſs and humanity that I believe you maſter of ſhall at leaſt be thus far ſatisfied, that I will hereafter, if Fortune has any favours to beſtow on me, give you the ſatisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu! *Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura pitié de mon innocence, car je n'ai jamais beaucoup fait de mal.*

## 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 misfortune. 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 wiſh. I muſt own that neceſſity firſt tempted me to apply; and tho' 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 having ſo eaſily diſcovered the perfections of ſo amiable a character. My pen ſeems pleaſed with the office of writing to you, and I am now prepared to run greater

lengths than Patience might excuſe. We are all fond of doing what is moſt pleaſing to us, and it is a flattering of my vanity in the ſuppoſition of my having engaged your good wiſhes. My ſtory, which is full of a variety of ſhocking circumſtances and diſtreſs, added to a too ſenſible feeling, has ſo furniſhed me with expreſſions, that I ſhould conceive a hatred to myſelf were I capable of a farther attempt to make an impreſſion on you. Adieu! I ſhall for ever love and honour 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.*

## LETTER V.

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

ONCE more I write to you as I promiſed, and this once I fear will be the laſt; the curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we ly utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and

ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your ſtudies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity; and, perhaps, at your time of life nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt live long enough to laugh at one half of it. The boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you than thoſe toys of our riper and declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and baubles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth hath long involved it. To ſhine abroad, and to Heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt; in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why

do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

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

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality, where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back, and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you; but take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

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

Your's, &c.

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

I know you 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 pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of than your friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow

greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can while I live.

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

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

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

## LETTER VIII.

*From Mr Pope to Mr Steele, on ſickneſs and dying young.*

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and I hope have received ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

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

Then ſurely ſickneſs contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines; it gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we then think of fortifying ourſelves within when there is ſo little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and 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 to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſure. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great ſtorm, ſome years ago, was told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, "What care I for 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 never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks 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 will ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they are uſed to do. "The memory of man," (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the Book of Wiſdom) "paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that "tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough in the fourth chapter of the ſame book to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth

" in length of time, or is measured by number of
" years: but wisdom is the gray hair to men, and
" an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away
" speedily, lest wickedness should alter his under-
" standing, or deceit beguile his soul," &c.

I am your's, &c.

## LETTER IX.

*The* PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS *to the beautiful Angelica.*

Madam,

I HAVE enjoyed the honour of serving your Ladyship some years; during which time, as you have been pleased to favour me with evident marks of your esteem, and a familiarity that none of your other utensils can boast of, though many of them my betters by far; as therefore I have shown you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my fidelity approved of by your Ladyship, I hope you will pardon my boldness, in taking this method to discover to you some failings in yourself, which my surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you consult me much too often, and I am confident it would be better for you if you was to be a greater stranger to me. How many thousand times must you be told that you are handsome? —I assure you of it every day; but you will not be satisfied unless I tell you so every hour, nay, almost every moment. —I cannot lie; your person is exceeding amiable; but I must, at the same time, inform your Ladyship, with my usual sincerity, that you would be infinitely more agreeable if you did

not think ſo. Conſider, Madam, I beſeech you, that if you come to me ten thouſand times a-day, I cannot make you a bit the better, or the handſomer; but ſhall certainly deſtroy one of the fineſt ornaments of Beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own perfections. Whenever you ſtand before me, with all your charms ſet forth to the beſt advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourſelf with too great pleaſure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty; which, in time, will make other people deſpiſe and ridicule you; and therefore I honeſtly and ingenuouſly 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 when there is too much of it in the compoſition of a fair lady, or when it is uſed externally as an help to beauty: as, in the former caſe, it is generally the cauſe of extenſive levity, ſo, in the latter, it is always obſerved to hurt the eyes, and deface thoſe charms which it is deſigned to aſſiſt and improve: —or whether my gaily-gilded frame is too apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity:—or, laſtly, whether it be from the brittleneſs of my other materials, which, by a kind of ſympathy

affect people who are too frequently converſant with me :——From whatever cauſe it proceeds, a lady who has a fine face, might almoſt as well fall into the ſmallpox as to be often in my company. How many charming creatures have I ſpoiled, and made beauty the greateſt misfortune that could befall 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 honourable place, and become a lady's favourite ! ---Oh! that I had been ſome meaner piece of furniture, leſs reſpected, and leſs miſchievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I beſeech you, from an unhappy thing, which Deſtiny makes pernicious to the loveliest creature under heaven, or I ſhall ſoon infect you with the worſt diſeaſe incident to beauty, and that is vanity.—I am, 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 apprehenſion of bringing contempt on ſo good a miſtreſs, and would not for the world be the occaſion of your loſing any one grace of 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 to ſuffer by it; and better for me to loſe my lady, and 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 ſhow. 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

——————————— Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. *Milton.*

While I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal delight, I look back upon thoſe ſcenes of

turbulence wherein I was engaged with more than ordinary diſtaſte; and deſpiſe myſelf for ever having entertained ſo mean a thought as to be rich and great. One of our monarchs uſed to ſay, "That "he looked upon thoſe to be the happieſt men "in the nation, whoſe fortune had placed them in "the country 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 baits of ambition. You muſt not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my paſſions. The ſum of my philoſophy amounts to no more than to cheriſh none but ſuch as I may eaſily and innocently gratify, and to baniſh all the reſt as ſo many bold intruders upon my repoſe. I endeavour to practiſe the maxim of a French poet, by conſidering every thing that is not within my poſſeſſion as not worth having. 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!

## LETTER XI.

*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 just a judgment that she valued you above every thing in the world. She had over and above, in dying, the only good quality which she wanted during her life; that is, she bore with resolution a thing, the bare name of which had made her tremble. She accompanied this greatness of soul with so truly a Christian piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too selfish an affection to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other world a repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make advantage of the exhortation you gave me to follow so good an example, and it will not be the first time that you have made me a better man. The troubles I have hitherto had will not 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 whe-

ther it be easy for me to renounce the advantage of seeing you again, and of protesting to you to what degree I am, &c.

## LETTER XII.

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

Dear Tom,

THERE is something in your behaviour since your return from Paris that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping company with coxcombs, or by mistaking ceremony for politeness, contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling manner, but of sacrificing every thing to compliment. Even your sincerity is offered up to ceremony; and you think yourself obliged, in point of good manners, to agree, like Polonius in the play, with every thing that is said, whether right or wrong. You don't want understanding, Tom; nor are you without a good share of learning: and yet that eternal simper, that cringe and obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your behaviour, and speak of this behind your back, 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 attained with ease and freedom, and despises every thing that is unnatural. Besides, this cringing and fawning render your sincerity suspected. Those who make large professions to every body are esteemed by no body. It is all considered as froth, and their friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their conversation. Cast off, therefore, my dear Tom, this sort of behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and consistent with the character of your family, who were always esteemed for their openness, freedom, and sincerity, which 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 this case one example is better than ten precepts; he is esteemed an accomplished gentleman, every one is pleased with his behaviour, all are charmed with his conversation; and the means he pursued to attain this art of pleasing universally are these:

He takes care to keep none but good company, (for by his company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished); among such his ears

are ever open to receive instruction; for he considers, that a silent young man generally makes a wise old one. He attends to every body, and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the opinions of the whole company; well knowing, that he shall profit more by hearing than speaking on any subject; and that, by this means, he not only fathoms the capacities of the company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each person, by giving him an opportunity to talk; and especially when, with proper questions, he introduces such subjects as each man can speak to with propriety and judgment. This he does with wonderful dexterity, and offers every one an occasion of displaying his talents; for he knows that, in order to keep up an universal good humour, every man should be pleased with himself as well as with his company. And, pray, what pleases a man more than to have an opportunity of letting the circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those who, having seen nothing of the world, expose themselves to contempt and ridicule, 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 patience, 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,

## LETTER XIII.

*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 Eliſabeth Marſhal, a young lady about eighteen,——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 lyes in your ſtudy in ſheets: and all who have ſeen it admire

that it ſhould remain ſo long unbound. I think it is called Marſhal's Epithalamium, or ſome ſuch name; but leſt I ſhould be miſtaken in the title, I will deſcribe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful manuſcript, the ink very black and ſhining, on the whiteſt virgin vellum that can be imagined; the characters are ſo nice and delicate as to diſcover it to be the work of ſome maſterly hand; and there is ſuch a ſymmetry and exact proportion in all its parts, and the features (if I may ſo call them) are ſo juſt and true, that it puts the reader often to a ſtand in admiring the beauties of them.

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

The volume 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 the impreſſion of one book, and of this too no more than half a dozen copies: ſo that you muſt imagine they are never the worſe for wearing. For my part, I will ſpare no pains to embelliſh and adorn the whole with the moſt natural and lively figures; and I ſhall not deſpair

of producing an edition as beautiful in the eyes of men as the dear original is at present in mine. ——Methinks I could read it with pleasure night and day.

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

Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

and faithful friend,

ELZEVIR.

## LETTER 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 tranquillity, and do mischief without ever designing it: but I must own, when belles and beaux retire to country shades for the sake of heavenly contemplation, the world will be well reformed. A hermit's life might be tolerable while the serious hours are divided between Hyde-Park and the opera: but a more distant retreat, in the full pride of your charms and youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early experience, that mankind are 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 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 enlarg'd the ſpan?
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die. *Tickel.*

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

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

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

and caſts a reproach on all the beauty this world can boaſt.

This is talking in buſkins, you will think; and, indeed, I may reſign crowns and 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 the height of this romantic inſult, I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant.

## LETTER XV.

*In the ſtyle of a lady, by Mr Pope.*

PRAY what is your opinion of fate? for I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in fate and predeſtination. —— No, I cannot go ſo far as that; but I own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline though not compel one; and that is a ſort of free-will: for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, but not compulſion.

Do not you think they have got into the moſt prepoſterous faſhion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep that it looks like an entire coat of luteſtring?

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

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

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 thing as ſpirits?

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

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

## LETTER XVI.

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

PEOPLE ſeem at preſent more buſily employed in preparing for the King's birthday than for their own laſt; and appear to be in greater anxiety for a ſeat in the dancing-room than for a ſeat in Paradiſe.

I was laſt night with ——; a barge of muſic followed us; but, in the midſt of this gaiety, your letter was not the only thing that put me in mind of mortality: I had ſuch a violent pain in my head, that neither the wit of the company, the ſoftneſs of the muſic, nor the beauty of the evening, could give me any ſincere delight.—If pleaſure be the lot of man, it muſt be in ſomething beyond the grave; for, on this ſide, conſtant experience tells us all is vanity.

But this confeſſion has hardly any influence on

human conduct; for people in a high rank muſt often act againſt their reaſon to avoid being thought unfaſhionable; and, for fear of being thought mad by the modiſh world, muſt act in a manner which they are ſenſible is being truly ſo, to be in vogue with their polite 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.

## LETTER XVII.

*From Mr Locke, directed thus:*

*For Anthony Collins, Eſq. to be delivered to him after my deceaſe.*

Dear Sir,

BY my will you will ſee that I had ſome kindneſs for * * * *. And I know no better way to take care of him than to put him, and what I

designed for him, into 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 especial care and memory * * *.

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

August 11, 1756.

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

tend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the ſtyle, of my former converſation; and I write to you, as I uſed to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the ſame undiſſembled ſincerity, what effect this abſence has upon your uſual cheerfulneſs? As I will honeſtly confeſs, on my own part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a circumſtance ſo little conſiſtent with my repoſe ſhould be altogether reconcileable to your's. I have attempted, however, to purſue your advice, and divert myſelf by the ſubject you 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.

## LETTER XIX.

*To Col. R——s in Spain, from his lady in England.*

BEFORE this can reach the beſt of huſbands, and the fondeſt lover, thoſe tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indiſpoſition in which you, to obey the dictates of honour and duty, left me has increaſed upon me; and I am acquainted by my phyſicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my ſpirits fail me, and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my ſtrength, and enables me to tell you the

moſt painful thing in the proſpect of death is, that I muſt part with you: but let it be a comfort to you, I have no guilt that hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I paſs away my laſt hours in reflection upon the happineſs we have lived in together, and in ſorrow that it is ſo ſoon to have an end. This is a frailty which, I hope, is ſo far from being criminal, that, methinks, there is a kind of piety in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a ſtate which is the inſtitution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miſerable to the wicked, why may we not pleaſe ourſelves, at leaſt, to alleviate the difficulty of reſigning this being, in imagining that we ſhall have a ſenſe of what paſſes below, and may, poſſibly, be employed in guiding the ſteps of thoſe with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my uſual work, and, though unknown to you, be aſſiſtant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to ſay to you, O beſt of men! that I cannot figure to myſelf a greater happineſs than in ſuch an employment; to be preſent at all the adventures to which human life is expoſed; to adminiſter ſlumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful, woman. Theſe, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but, indeed, I am not capable, under my preſent weakneſs, of bearing the ſtrong agonies of mind I fall into, when I

form to myſelf the grief you muſt be in upon your firſt hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, becauſe your kind and generous heart will but be 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 confidante of all my country-adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching buſy world is doing, while I am idly ſauntering away my time in rural ſhades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the enjoyment of duſt, of crowds and noiſe, with all the polite hurry of the *beau monde!*

My brother brought me hither to ſee a country-ſeat he has lately purchaſed: he would fain perſuade me it is finely ſituated, but I ſhould think it more finely ſituated in the Mall, or even in Cheapſide, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful diſtance from the theatre-royal, from the opera, from the maſquerade, and every thing in this world that is worth living for. I can ſcarce tell you whither to direct your letters; we are certainly at the end of the earth, on the borders of the continent, the

limits of the habitable globe, under the polar ſtar, among wild people and ſavages. I thought we ſhould never have come to the end of our pilgrimage: nor could I forbear aſking my brother if we were to travel by dry land to the antipodes? not a mile but ſeemed ten, that carried me from London, the centre of all my joys. The country is my averſion; I hate trees and hedges, ſteep hills and ſilent vallies. The ſatiriſts may laugh, but to me,

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

I had rather hear London cries, with the rattle of coaches, than ſit liſtening to the melancholy murmur of purling brooks, or all the mild muſic of the woods; the ſmell of violets gives me the hyſterics; freſh air murders me, my conſtitution is not robuſt enough to bear it; the cooling zephyrs will fan me into a catarrh if I ſtay here much longer. If theſe are the ſeats of the Muſes, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering whimſies, and converſe with the viſionary beings of their own forming. I have no fancy for dryads and fairies, nor the leaſt prejudice to human ſociety; a mere earthly beau with an embroidered coat ſuits my taſte better than an airy lover with his ſhining treſſes and rainbow wings.

The ſober twilight, which has employed ſo many ſoft deſcriptions, is with me a very dull period: nor does the moon (on which the poets dote) with all her ſtarry train delight me half ſo much as an aſſembly-room illuminated with wax candles; this is what I ſhould prefer to the glaring ſun in his meridian ſplendour. Day-light makes me ſick; it has ſomething in it ſo common and vulgar that

it ſeems fitter for peaſants to make hay in, or country laſſes to ſpin by, than for the uſe of people of diſtinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable ſtate: the whole creation is a blank to me, it is all joyleſs and deſolate. In whatever gay images the Muſes have dreſſed theſe ruſtic abodes, I have not penetration enough to diſcover them. Not the flowery field nor ſpangled ſky, the roſy morn or balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical enthuſiaſt; and, without either of theſe qualifications, what ſhould I do in ſilent retreats and penſive ſhades? I find myſelf but little at eaſe in this abſence of the noiſy diverſions of the town; and 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 funerals, graves and gloomy ſepulchres. As theſe diſmal ſubjects put me in the vapours, and make me ſtart at my own ſhadow, the ſooner I come to town the better; and I wiſh, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me ſo far as to lay a ſcheme for my eſcape.

Adieu.

## LETTER 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 un-

neceſſary 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 and gardens with which the houſe is ſurrounded.

Here I enjoyed unmoleſted tranquillity, 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 fragrant gales perfumed the air with their untainted ſweets; while, with thoughts as free as the airy ſongſters that warble on the branches, I wander from riſing hills to winding vales, through flowery lawns to leafy woods, till I found myſelf under the ſhades of a venerable row of elms, which put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverley'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 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 absolute solitude; nor had I any hopes of knowing in what wild region I was got, unless the pretty figure sitting on the grass could give me some intelligence.

I made my approaches very respectfully: but what was my surprise, in drawing near, to find the air, the complexion, every feature in miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once so passionately doted! A thousand tormenting ideas rushed into my mind at the sight of this lovely creature, who smiled on me with the most inchanting innocence. Whilst I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herself entered the walk, and confirmed the suspicion, that this child was a living proof of her infamy.

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 wrongs forgot, and all the contempt with which she treated whatever proposals honour and disinterested passion could make.

I found her now an object of pity rather than resentment; the dejection of her mind was visible

in her pale haggard looks, and the wretched negligence of her habit. I could hardly perſuade myſelf this was the celebrated lady that once appeared in all public places with ſuch a parade of equipage and vanity.

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

By this time ſhe was a little compoſed, and invited me to reſt myſelf after my walk. I followed her into the houſe, which looked more like the manſions of Deſpair than a retreat for a lady of pleaſure: an awful ſilence reigned in every room, thro' 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 chocolate to be brought. All her attendance was a freſh-coloured country laſs, who withdrew as ſoon as we had breakfaſted.

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

To which ſhe replied, that though I was the laſt

perſon in the world ſhe would have choſe to be a witneſs of her infamy, yet ſhe thought herſelf happy in having an opportunity to make ſome apology for her injuſtice to me in refuſing thoſe terms of honour I once offered, 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 entreaties, and my father's commands to " marry you. But whatever wrong this was " to your merit, my guilt, with regard to the ge- " nerous Cleone, is of a higher nature. The in- " trigue I had with her huſband was attended " with circumſtances of the blackeſt treachery. I " have broke through the tendereſt engagements " of friendſhip, and granted all that my diſſolute " lover could aſk; when, finding myſelf with " child, to hide my infamy, he brought me to this " diſmal place, an old manſionhouſe 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 breath- " ed and ſlept (for I cannot call it living) in this " melancholy confinement, without hopes of a re- " leaſe, being entirely dependent on Caſſander's " allowance and caprice, who but too well knows " his own power and my folly; which makes him, " inſtead of the humble lover, act the imperious " tyrant; his viſits are ſeldom, his ſtay ſhort, and " I am left whole months to languiſh alone in a " deteſted ſolitude.

" This child," continued ſhe, weeping and taking the lovely creature in her arms, " this child,

" which might have been my joy, proves my
" greateſt affliction. Should I die, ſhe is immediate-
" ly abandoned to hardſhip and neceſſity; ſhould
" I live, it diſtracts me to think ſhe may follow
" my ſcandalous example. How can I give her in-
" ſtructions 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 advan-
" tage 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 diverſions
" ſhortened the days, and gave wings to the jovial
" hours, which now have leaden feet, and, burdened
" with grief, lag heavily along. No ſort of re-
" flection gives me joy; whether I look backward
" or forward, all is darkneſs and confuſion: I am
" no way qualified for retirement: books are my
" averſion, thinking is my horror; I am weary of
" living, and afraid to die."

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

Your moſt humble ſervant,

POLYDORE.

## LETTER XXII.

*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, and at last persuaded 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 shrowd: those charms, that in the morning promised an eternal bloom, before the evening have dropt their smiling pride; the sparkling eyes are sunk in darkness; the soft, the tuneful voice, is for ever silent; while a livid hue sits on the late rosy lips.

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

O Death! how cruel was thy triumph! Youth and beauty, joy and blooming hope, ly here a vic-

tim 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 produced, to allay your grief under the preſſure of an uncommon misfortune. This reproach would be but juſt at a period when Heaven has given me a full evidence of the truths I confeſſed, and ſet the vanity of human hopes in the cleareſt demonſtration before me. One would think I ſhould now, if ever, find it eaſy to moralize upon 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 the gloomy appearances of mortal things vaniſh before the gleams of celeſtial light; immortal pleaſures, with gentle invitations, call me to the ſkies, and all my thoughts aſcend.

But how ſhort my triumph! how eaſy the tranſition from reaſon to madneſs! of what ſurpriſing variety is a human mind capable! Light and darkneſs, heaven and hell, ſeem blended within; 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 and dead ſhe lyes;
For ever flow my ſtreaming eyes:
Fly, Hymen, with extinguiſh'd fires;
Fly nuptial bliſs, and chaſte deſires;
Ermina's fled, the loveliest mind,
Faith, ſweetneſs, wit, together join'd.
Dwelt faith, and wit, and ſweetneſs there?
Oh! view the change, and drop a tear.

Adieu.

## 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 never ſo low and vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented. It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies, juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or, perhaps, talked to another. I truſt your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is

an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

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

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body! the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency! sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespeare finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals, whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a scene of action, as man, if we con-

ſider 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 deſigns, 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 your's, &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 honoured mother, whoſe loſs is to me more bitter than death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepeſt ſorrow? But the other night ſhe called me to her bedſide, and, taking me by the hand, ſaid, "My dear child, I am juſt going to

" leave you; a few hours will bear me to the
" world of ſpirits. I willingly reſign you, my dear
" charge, and your brothers, if they are yet alive,
" to the care of a good God, who will always
" 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 Ebulus will return
" to you, and Heaven make you happy in each
" other. Farewell, my deareſt child! may Hea-
" ven preſerve you wiſe and good; and when you
" drop a tear to the memory of a loving mother,
" be excited thereby to imitate whatever you
" thought good in her. Oh! farewell!" With
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 exceed-
ingly 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, mine 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 thoſe 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 admire the verſes you incloſed, and am ſurpriſed at the author.

## 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 shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: thither I have sent my ardent wishes that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.——I am now taking my farewell of you here; but it is a short adieu, with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again.——But, oh! in what elevation of happiness! — in what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty! ——What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed!—"To him that loved us, and washed "us in his blood," shall we ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise, for ever: this is all my salvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families of the earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice.

How poor are my hopes, if I depended on those works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of my life would be found defective if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merit and atonement!—how desperate, how undone my condition!—With the utmost advantages I could boast I should step back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty! Oh JESUS! what harmony dwells in thy name! celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound:—let angels set 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 separated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

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

## LETTER 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 unconcern and carelessness that appeared in the faces of three of the unhappy wretches. The countenances of the other two were spread with that horror and despair which is not to be wondered at in men whose period is so near, with the terrible aggravation of its being hastened by their own voluntary indiscretion and misdeeds. The exhortation spoken by the belman 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 the people climbing into the cart to take

leave of the criminals, made ſuch a confuſed noiſe, that I could not hear the words of the exhortation when ſpoken, though 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 in-
" terceſſion for as many of you as penitently return
" unto him."

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

Which laſt words the belman repeats three times.

All the way up Holborn 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 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 haling the carcaſes with ſo much earneſtneſs as to occaſion ſeveral warm rencounters, and broken heads. Theſe, I was told, were the friends of the perſons executed, or ſuch as, for the ſake of tumult, choſe to appear ſo, and ſome perſons ſent by private ſurgeons to obtain bodies for diſſection. The conteſts between theſe were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at; ſo that I made the beſt of my way out of the crowd, and, with ſome difficulty, rode back among a large number of people, who had been upon the ſame errand with myſelf. The face of every one ſpoke a kind of mirth, as if the ſpectacle they beheld had afforded pleaſure inſtead of pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other nations, common criminal executions are ſaid to be little attended by any 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 thro' bearing rather the face of a holiday than of that ſorrow which I expected to ſee, for the untimely deaths of five members of the community.

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

This is the beſt deſcription I can give you of a ſcene that was no way entertaining to me, and which I ſhall not again take ſo much pains to behold. I am, dear brother, your's affectionately.

## LETTER XXVIII.

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

My dear, your ſad, but conſtant wife,
even to love your aſhes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3d, 1655, 11 o'clock at night.

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

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

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

## LETTER XXIX.

*Mr Penruddock's laſt letter to his Lady.*

Deareſt, beſt of creatures,

I HAD taken leave of the world when I received your's; it did at once recall my fondneſs for life, and enable me to reſign it. As I am ſure I ſhall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my reſolution to part from you; ſo when I reflect I am going to a place where there is none but ſuch as you, I recover my courage. But fondneſs breaks in upon me; and I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your huſband, and the father of your dear babes, is a public ſpectacle. Do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I ſee my ſand run ſo faſt. I within a few hours am to leave you helpleſs, and expoſed to the mercileſs and inſolent, that have wrongfully put me to a ſhameful death, and will object that ſhame to my poor children. I

thank you for all your goodneſs to me, and will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually ſupported each other, and for which I deſire you not to repine that I am firſt to be rewarded: ſince you ever preferred me to yourſelf in all other things, afford me, with cheerfulneſs, the precedence to this.

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

J. PENRUDDOCK.

A few ſhort and intelligible FORMS of MESSAGES for CARDS or BILLETS, which may be varied at pleaſure, ſo as to ſerve all occaſions.

## MESSAGE I.

MR and Mrs Cecil's compliments to Mr and Mrs Howard, and deſire the favour of their company Wedneſday next, to drink tea and ſpend the evening.

Monday morn.

II. Mr and Mrs Howard return their compliments to Mr and Mrs Cecil, and will certainly do themſelves the pleaſure to wait on them.

Monday noon.

III. Mr and Mrs Howard return their compliments. and are ſorry it happens that a pre-engagement will not permit them the pleaſure of waiting on Mr and Mrs Cecil, which they would otherwiſe readily have done.

Monday morn.

IV. Mr and Mrs Compton's compliments to Mr and Mrs Stanley; and if they are diſengaged this afternoon, will take the pleaſure of waiting on them.

Tueſday morn.

V. Mr and Mrs Stanley are perfectly diſengaged, beg their compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr and Mrs Compton's agreeable company.

Tueſday noon.

VI. Mr and Mrs Stanley are very ſorry it ſo happens that they are engaged this afternoon and evening; but beg their compliments, and any other time that ſhall be agreeable to Mr and Mrs Compton, will be proud of the pleaſure of their company.

Tueſday noon.

VII. Miſs Willis ſends her compliments to Miſs Byron, and deſires to know how ſhe does; and if well enough to ſee company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this afternoon in the coach, and give her an airing for an hour before tea.

Wedneſday morn.

VIII. Miſs Byron, without a compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miſs Willis, whom ſhe would be extremely glad to ſee, and accepts of her kind ſalutary offer, an airing in the coach at the time propoſed.

Wedneſday morn.

IX. Miſs Byron, inſtead of compliments, begs leave to return Miſs Willis her beſt thanks for her very obliging card, and is extremely ſorry ſhe is not well enough to have the pleaſure of her company; which, however, ſhe hopes very ſoon for a full enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind offer of an airing in the coach.

Wedneſday noon, and not up.

X. Mrs Windham preſents her compliments to Mrs Pemberton; hopes ſhe is well, and to have the favour of her company to-morrow evening, with a ſmall but agreeable party at friendly whiſt.

Thurſday afternoon.

XI. Mrs Pemberton is not ſo well as ſhe could wiſh, but much at Mrs Wyndham's ſervice, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thurſday even.

XII. Mr Lambert's compliments wait on Miſs Norris, to beg the very great favour of being her partner to-morrow evening at the aſſembly.

Friday morn.

XIII. Miſs Norris's compliments to Mr Lambert, and ſhe is engaged.

Friday.

XIV. Miſs Norris's compliments; ſhe is not certain of being at the aſſembly, and undetermined about dancing; ſo Mr Lambert muſt not abſolutely depend on her for a partner.

Friday morn.

XV. Miſs Wanſey is ſorry to trouble Miſs Cooper on ſo trifling an occaſion as how to direct to her aunt Waterland; begs her compliments, and a line of information by the bearer.

Sunday evening.

XVI. Mrs Chedworth's reſpects (compliments ſhe has done with) to Miſs Charlton, and, if not engaged, her company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is deſired this evening at a party of quadrille, about four tables in the whole.

Monday morn.

XVII. Miſs Charlton's beſt ſervices; ſhe has the pleaſure of Mrs Chedworth's reſpectful meſſage, and it is much againſt her inclination that ſhe is obliged to ſay ſhe cannot poſſibly wait on her, having this evening a previous engagement that cannot be diſpenſed with.

Tueſday morn.

XVIII. If Miſs Romney be well enough, Lady Bathurſt's compliments, and ſhe propoſes a viſit this afternoon to Miſs Arron, and will be very glad of her company; the coach is ordered exactly at four, and an airing will not be amiſs.

Wedneſday, eleven o'clock.

XIX. Miſs Romney has the honour of Lady Bathurſt's card; ſhe begs leave to return her compliments, and is very much at her Ladyſhip's ſervice, and will certainly wait on her.

Wedneſday.

XX. Mrs Legg has a party at cards next Wedneſday ſe'ennight of eight tables; ſhe preſents her compliments to Mr Strong, and deſires the favour of his company.

Thurſday, Dec. 5.

XXI. Mr Strong has the honour of Mrs Legg's card, thinks himſelf extremely obliged in being of the party, and will certainly do himſelf the pleaſure of waiting on her.

Thurſday, Dec. 5.

XXII. Mr Bedford, after the honour of dancing laſt night with Miſs Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this morning, by a ſudden call to town; begs his compliments may be acceptable; hopes this meſſage will find her in perfect health, and that ſhe took no cold.

Friday morn. eight o'clock.

*Explanation of common abbreviations or contracting of words.*

*Note,* A point, or full ſtop, is always to be written after a word thus abbreviated.

Anſ. *Anſwer*
A. D. *Anno Domini*, or, *the year of our Lord*
Acct. *account*
Abt. *about*
Agt. *againſt*
B. A. *Bachelor of arts*
Bp. *Biſhop*
B. D. *Bachelor in divinity*
Bart. *Baronet*
Chap. *Chapter*
D. D. *Doctor in divinity*
Dr. *Doctor*
Eſq. *Eſquire*
i. e. *id eſt, that is*
Empr. *Emperor*
Hon. *Honourable*
Kt. *Knight*
LL. D. *Doctor of laws*
M. D. *Doctor of phyſic*
Mr. *Maſter*
Mrs. *Miſtreſs*
Mty. *Majeſty*
Obj. *Objection*
Qu. *Queſtion*
Rev. *Reverend*
S. T. P. *Profeſſor of*, or, *Doctor in divinity*
Sr. *Sir*
St. *Saint*
Sol. *Solution*
wch. *which*
ye. *the*
yt. *that*
yn. *then*
yr. *your*
ym. *them*
&. *and*
viz. *videlicet, to wit*, or, *that is to ſay*
&c. *et cætera*, and the reſt (or what follows)

But one ought to avoid thoſe contractions of words as much as poſſible, unleſs it be for one's own private uſe, and where it would be ridiculous to write them in letters at length: as, *&c.* for *and ſo forth*, or *the reſt*, Mr. for *Maſter*, Mrs. for *Miſtreſs*, &c. It argues likewiſe a diſreſpect and ſlighting to uſe contractions to your betters, and is often puzzling to others, except in ſuch caſes as above mentioned.

## *A Table of* NUMBERS *and* FIGURES.

NUMBERS are usually expressed either by these seven Roman capital letters, I. V. X. L. C. D. M, which are called *numerals*, or by these ten characters, *viz.* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which are called *figures*, and 0, which is a *cipher*.

### *Their signification.*

I. One. V. Five. X. Ten. L. Fifty. C. a Hundred. D. Five Hundred. M. a Thousand.

1 One. 2 Two. 3 Three. 4 Four. 5 Five. 6 Six. 7 Seven. 8 Eight. 9 Nine. 0 Nothing.

Observe concerning the numeral letters, that if a less numeral letter be placed before a greater, it takes away from the greater so much as the lesser stands for; but, placed after a greater, it adds so much to it as the lesser stands for; as the letter V. stands for *Five*; but having I. placed before it, it takes *One* from it, and makes both stand but for *Four*; thus, IV. But I. being set after V, adds *One* to it, and makes it thus, *Six*, VI.

Take notice of these examples,

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| IV | Four | V | Five | VI | Six |
| IX | Nine | X | Ten | XI | Eleven |
| XL | Forty | L | Fifty | LX | Sixty |
| XC | Ninety | C | Hundred | CX | Hundred and Ten |

Observe, concerning the characters or figures, that ciphers at the right hand of figures increase their value ten times; as 1 One, 10 Ten, 100 Hundred, 7 Seven, 7000 Seven Thousand; but at the

left hand they signify nothing at all, as 01, 001, make *One*; 002, but *Two*.—A figure at every remove from the right hand increases its value ten times, as 9 *Nine*, 98 *Ninety-eight*, 987 *Nine hundred and eighty-seven*.

*Note*, Numbers are sometimes expressed by small Roman letters, as i. *one*, ii. *two*, xvi. *sixteen*, lx. *sixty*, &c.

*Note* also, Where books, chapters, sections, and verses, are cited, the numeral letters are generally used to signify the book or chapter; and the figures to signify the sections, verses, or smaller parts: as, *Exod.* xii. 17. Exodus, the twelfth chapter, and the seventeenth verse. So, B. IX. Sect. 24. signifies Book the ninth, and the twenty-fourth section.

Figures are also used to express the things following, *viz.*

1. The order or succession of things, as, 1*st*, 2*d*, 3*d*, 4*th*, 10*th*, 39*th*; *first*, *second*, *third*, &c.

2. The fractions or parts of a thing, as $\frac{1}{2}$ *one half*, $\frac{1}{3}$ *one third part*, $\frac{1}{4}$ *one fourth*, *or quarter*, $\frac{3}{4}$ *three quarters*, $\frac{5}{8}$ *five-eighths*.

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