

The
PRINCESSES ROYAL ELIZABETH & SOPHIA.



Barlow sculp.

*Do you my fair, endeavour to possess,
An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please,
By gracefull Nature's unaffected ease.*

The
ROYAL LETTER WRITER

or
EVERY LADY'S OWN SECRETARY.
Containing Letters
On every Subject that can call for Attention, as
Mothers Relations
Daughters Friends or
Wives Acquaintance.



*Not only on the more important Religious,
Moral, and Social Duties, but on Subjects of every
other Kind that usually interest the Fair Sex.*

With Various Forms of Messages by Cards.

L O N D O N



T O T H E
Q U E E N.

MADAM.

A WORK, the peculiar design of which is to instruct the ladies in the art of epistolary writing, of which you are so perfect a mistress, to add that engaging and most useful qualification to those they are naturally possessed of, can be addressed to no person with such propriety as to my sovereign ; whose pre-eminence in every female accomplishment, as well as her exalted station, justly places her at the head of the *British* fair ; whose piety, whose conjugal and maternal excellencies, will for ever render her an illustrious example to her sex in present and future times.

A

Accept

Accept then, most gracious Queen, these well-meant endeavours of one whose highest ambition it is to be of service to the rising generation.

That your Majesty may long enjoy all the blessings of this life, that your domestic happiness may be unmixed with the least disturbance or anxiety, is the sincere wish and prayer of,

ROYAL MADAM,

Your most dutiful Subject,

And most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

THE EDITOR,

PRE.

P R E F A C E.

THAT no book of this kind has ever been thought of for the use of the fair sex particularly, has often raised my wonder; letters calculated for their use and instruction, being scattered promiscuously throughout most of the publications I have seen, and many even of those selected with very little judgment. To remedy this defect, I have taken great pains to gather, from every former compilation, the very best and most approved forms of female epistolary writing, rejecting the numerous idle and improper letters to be found in them all. Most of those I have made choice of, at the same time that they render the fair reader mistress of an elegant style, are fraught with such instructions as cannot fail of having the best effect upon her mind; inculcating the practice of every moral and social duty, and tending to make her happy, by making her wise and virtuous. Others are replete with entertainment, and all of them the production of the most celebrated authors. To these I have added many original letters never before published; and as they are not the issue of my own pen, but supplied by the friendship of persons of approved sense and delicate manners, I may, with-

oet any impropriety, say that they are not inferior to those already spoken of.

Chastity and purity of sentiment has been consulted in this compilation ; nothing trifling or absurd is to be found therein.

Fashion has introduced the method of sending messages on cards ; and therefore I have inserted several forms thereof, which may be varied as circumstances require.

In a word, nothing is omitted that can render this book a polite, useful, and enterprising companion for the fair sex, of every age and station in life.



CONTENTS

C O N T E N T S.

<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	PAGE 13
<i>Directions for addressing Persons of Distinction, either in Writing or Discourse - -</i>	21
<i>Proper Directions for addressing Persons of every Rank, at the Beginning of Letters, and the Superscriptions - - - - -</i>	30
<i>Rank and Order of Precedence - - - - -</i>	34

P A R T . I.

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

Letter

- | | | |
|-----|---|---------|
| I. | <i>To a Young Gentleman to incline him to his Studies - - - - -</i> | 37 |
| II. | <i>To the Same, advising him to divide his Time betwixt Pleasure and Business</i> | 38 |
| | A 3 | III. To |

III.	<i>To the Same, against the Waste of Time</i>	39
IV.	<i>To the Same - - - - -</i>	40
V.	<i>To the Same - - - - -</i>	41
VI.	<i>On the Importance of a good Education</i>	42
VII.	<i>The Necessity of being prepared for Death</i>	44
VIII.	<i>On placing Affections on proper Objects</i>	45
IX.	<i>On the Folly of Affectation in either Man or Woman - - - - -</i>	46
X.	<i>On the Death of a Friend - - -</i>	47
XI.	<i>To a Lady on the same Subject - -</i>	48
XII.	<i>On the Same - - - - -</i>	49
XIII.	<i>From a Lady to her Daughter, who was under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country - - - - -</i>	49
XIV.	<i>From a Young Lady, in answer to her Mother's Exhortations - - -</i>	52
XV.	<i>From a Young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a Favour - - - -</i>	55
XVI.	<i>To a Young Lady, with proper Advice on her first going to London - -</i>	56
XVII.	<i>Containing Instructions to Young La- dies to judge of Proposals of Mar- riage - - - - -</i>	61

XIII. From

XVIII.	<i>From a Mother, on Modesty and the Art of Pleasing</i>	- - - - -	65
XIX.	<i>From the same, on the Regulation of Pleasure</i>	- - - - -	68
XX.	<i>With Rules for the Education of a Young Lady</i>	- - - - -	70
XXI.	<i>On the Subject of Drefs</i>	- - - - -	75
XXII.	<i>From a Mother to her Daughter, who had expressed her Wonder that any Woman should be base or wicked</i>	-	76
XXIII.	<i>To a Young Lady, cautioning her against keeping company with a Gentleman of a bad Character</i>	-	77
XXIV.	<i>From a Young Woman just gone to Service, to her Mother</i>	- - -	79
XXV.	<i>The Mother's Answer</i>	- - - -	80
XXVI.	<i>The Daughter's Reply</i>	- - - -	81
XXVII.	<i>The Mother's Rejoinder and Advice</i>		81
XXVIII.	<i>From a Young Person who had left her Relations, to her Mother</i>	-	86
XXIX.	<i>The Mother's Answer</i>	- - - -	89

PART

P A R T II.

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

XXX.	<i>To encourage a Lover to a farther Declaration - - - - -</i>	91
XXXI.	<i>Answer to a farther Declaration</i>	92
XXXII.	<i>From a Young Lady to her Mother, on her having received a Proposal of Marriage - - - - -</i>	92
XXXIII.	<i>The Answer - - - - -</i>	94
XXXIV.	<i>From a Maid Servant to her Mother, for Advice whether she should marry her Master's Apprentice - - - - -</i>	59
XXXV.	<i>The Answer - - - - -</i>	96
XXXVI.	<i>From a Mother to a Gentleman who had asked Permission to address her Daughter - - - - -</i>	98
XXXVII.	<i>From a Lady to a Gentleman who professes a Tenderness for her -</i>	99
	XXXVIII. <i>Ridi-</i>	

XXXVIII.	<i>Kidiculing a serious Lover</i>	-	100
XXXIX.	<i>The Answer</i>	- - - - -	102
XL.	<i>From a Young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her</i>	- - - - -	105
XLI.	<i>To a Mother on the same Occasion</i>		106
XLII.	<i>The Mother's Answer</i>	- - -	107
XLIII.	<i>Expostulation against a Proposal of Marriage</i>	- - - - -	108
XLIV.	<i>Another on the same Subject</i>	-	109
XLV.	<i>From a Young Lady to a Gentleman, whom she could not like, &c.</i>		111
XLVI.	<i>To a Gentleman suspected of Infidelity</i>	- - - - -	112
XLVII.	<i>Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married</i>	- - - - -	113
XLVIII.	<i>Harriot's Answer</i>	- - - - -	115
XLIX.	<i>To a Gentleman on whom the Lady had fixed her Affections, &c.</i>		117
L.	<i>To the same, on his exposing the foregoing Letter</i>	- - - - -	118

L.I.	<i>To a Young Lady, who was going to be married to a rich Old Man</i>	120
LII.	<i>From an Aunt to her Niece, who li- ved unhappily with her Husband</i>	122
LIII.	<i>From a Lady on the Point of Marriage - - - - -</i>	124
LIV.	<i>On the Pleasures of even a Win- ter's Retirement - - - -</i>	126
LV.	<i>To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox - - - -</i>	129
LVI	<i>To a Lady on her marriage -</i>	130

P A R T III.

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

LVII.	<i>From a Lady to her jealous Husband</i>	132
-------	---	-----

LVIII. T^o

LVIII.	<i>To a Husband from his dying Wife</i>	133
LIX.	<i>From one Sister to another - -</i>	135
LX.	<i>The Answer - - - - -</i>	136
LXI.	<i>Laura to Aurelia - - - -</i>	136
LXII. LXIII. LXIV.	<i>From a reduced Young Lady to a Gentleman going abroad, &c. -</i>	139 & seq.
LXV.	<i>On the Pleasures of Retirement</i>	143
LXVI.	<i>On the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments - - - - -</i>	145
LXVII.	<i>To a Friend on growing old -</i>	146
LXVIII.	<i>Melancholy Tale of two Lovers : From Mr. Gay to Mr. E.—</i>	149
LXIX	<i>On the proper Manner of conferring Favours - - - - -</i>	152
LXX.	<i>Written by a Lady the Day before her Death - - - - -</i>	155
LXXI.	<i>From Miss Middleton to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death - - - - -</i>	157
	LXXII. <i>The</i>	

-
- LXXII. *The dying Sister's Letter, written
a few Hours before she expired* 159
- LXXIII. *From a Lady in the Conutry, to
one in London - - - - -* 161
- LXXIV. *To a Lady, on the Decease of her
Husband - - - - -* 162

LXXIV.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

THE little attention paid to the instruction of the fair and most amiable sex, in the art of letter-writing, is too visible to be denied; and, though Nature has bestowed on them a delicacy and ease of expression calculated at once to delight and captivate the heart, yet when they commit their thoughts to paper (saving a very few extraordinary instances) nothing can appear, in general, more trifling and empty than their language and sentiments: whereas the epistolary stile and manner may be as easily acquired, as the knowledge of any branch of domestic employment or œconomy.

We well know, that the foster sex are blessed with such nice discernment, and the Almighty has added to their engaging forms such a quickness and readiness of apprehension, as abundantly facilitate the task of opening their minds, and the cares bestowed upon their education. So that no more seemed necessary than to lay before them examples of elegant letters on

B every

every useful as well as entertaining subject, that, by frequent perusal and imitation, they may attain that so desirable addition to their other embellishments, the art of conducting their epistolary correspondence with beauty and propriety. It is well known that the ladies abroad, particularly in *France*, value themselves and are greatly extolled for their skill in writing letters ; and surely the *British* fair are not inferior to them in understanding ; and when such a method, as the following pages exhibit, is planned out for them, we may expect they will equal, nay exceed the *Lamberts*, *Sevignes*, and the *D'Anois's* of our rival neighbours, in the graces of the pen, as they excel in the charms of their persons.

If it is too general a complaint of the fair ladies, that when their husbands or lovers are removed, by business or the duties of their stations, from the immediate influence of their attractions, they frequently grow cool, or become inconstant and false ; letters are an expedient to charm at a distance, and to secure that empire over the mind, in absence, (by the conveyance of their fond wishes, their languishments, and

and the allurements of their understanding, to the remotest climes ; by wafting their sighs from Indus to the Pole) that their personal beauties had acquired over the heart when present, and to insure the objects of their concern from levity and forgetfulness.

In the joys of friendship, but particularly in the affairs of love, how wretched must that woman be, who cannot give a becoming dress to her esteem or her fondness by letter ! How mortifying to call in the aid of a third person, to intrust, perhaps, not only a stranger, but a treacherous underminer, and supplanter, with her dearest, choicest secrets ; or, on the other hand, by her unmeaning, ill-spelt, unsentimental scrawl, to hazard the loss of that esteem or tenderness she would wish should last for ever. In short, we may place the disadvantages the want of this knowledge lays them under, and the manifest benefits arising from a skill in this matter, in as many lights as we please ; it is only employing one's self in the idle task of proving a self evident proposition, which requires it no more than to prove that two and

two make four, which no man in his senses will deny : I shall therefore, without more words, endeavour to lay down some general rules for acquiring an easy stile and elegant manner of writing letters.

The first and most evident step the young lady, or others, should take, should be to attend to the many excellent letters, on every subject, presented to them in the following pages, which are so selected as to come home to every occasion that can, almost, arise, in the course of their lives, as daughters, wives, mothers, relations, or friends. By frequently perusing, copying, and imprinting the language of them on their memories, they will soon learn to express themselves with grace and freedom upon all manner of subjects.

At the same time, conversation with the polite and intelligent part of their sex, but above all the frequent perusal of the most approved writing in their native tongue, as the lucubrations of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Connoisseur*, and *Adventurer*, (productions which will ever be the standards of fine sense and fine writings amongst us) will aid them most powerfully in their pursuits

puruits, and fashion, not only their manner of writing, but their manner of thinking also ; for, if polite company inspires an air of politeness, there can be not the least doubt that reading the purest and politest authors, will have a similar effect upon the manner of thinking and writing. Indeed, if my advice is taken, my fair readers should learn first to speak with becoming correctness and ease, and in their epistles express themselves, in the same terms, and with the same freedom and unconstrained air, that they would in their common discourse ; avoiding all affectation of hard words or sublimity, and not committing the least trespass upon nature and common sense ; at the same time using no mean, low, and common phrases, which should be left to those walks in life which we will suppose most of our readers to be situated much above.

If our fair readers would write clearly, they must endeavour first to think clearly, to revolve the matter they are about to write upon in their minds, and then to clothe their sentiments in such language as the thoughts immediately dictate, observing the quality of the person wrote to, as well as their own ; for it

would be absurd to address a lover with those expressions that should be used to a father, or to write as familiarly to a lady of quality, as to your waiting woman.

When the letter is finished, a careful revival of it will be necessary, and if it is thought expedient to erase out many expressions and substitute others, better liked, in their room, it would be better to transcribe the whole fairly over again, than to expose a number of blots and interlineations to your correspondents.

I have subjoined some directions relating to the mechanical part of letter-writing, which may not be improper for persons very ignorant in this respect: we are sensible the generality of ladies are well acquainted with such things, and multiplying rules would be impertinent and confusing; when I declare I know no other method of forming a pure stile, and writing with grace and propriety, than that before given, which, if the natural capacity is good, cannot fail of producing the desired effect; but if a deficiency of common sense is laboured under, or nature has denied that acuteness to any reader, which
 she

the generally bestows most particularly on the female sex, I fear no instructions, no plan, though ever so plain and intelligible, will suffice: however, even to such persons, this little *Secretary* may afford a very useful and rational entertainment; they may inform their minds, though they cannot acquire a facility in writing, and may be made wise, religious, and virtuous; which will stand them in more stead than all the other accomplishments of life.

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

2. When you write to your inferiors, you are at liberty to act as you think proper as to the last caution; and take care, that you are not too familiar,
or

or free in your stile, lest it should make you contemptible.

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

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

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

RULES

RULES FOR ADDRESSING

PERSONS of DISTINCTION,

Either in Writing or Discourse.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

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

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

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

To the NOBILITY.

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

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

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

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

To

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

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

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

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

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

To the PARLIAMENT.

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

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

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

To the CLERGY.

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

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

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

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

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

To the OFFICERS of his MAJESTY's Household.

They are for most part addressed according to their
Rank or Quality, though sometimes agreeably to the
Nature of their Office; as, My Lord Steward, my
Lord

Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, &c. and in all Supercriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Stile of Office should never be omitted ; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

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

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain ; Earl Marshal of *England*, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. My Lord, your Lordship.

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

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

To the ARMY and NAVY.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according

to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

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

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

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

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

To the AMBASSADORS, SECRETARIES, *and*
CONSULS.

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

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his *Britannic*

tannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Porte*, Sir, your Excellency.

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

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

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

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

To the JUDGES and LAWYERS.

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

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

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

To the Right Honourable T. N. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common-Pleas, My Lord, your Lordship.

To

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

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

To Sir U. R. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor,
or Advocate General, Sir.

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

To the LIEUTENANCY *and* MAGISTRACY.

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

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

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

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

To Q. L. Esq. High Sheriff of the County of Y, Sir, your Worship.

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

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

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

To the GOVERNORS *under the* CROWN.

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

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

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

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

To INCORPORATE BODIES.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable ; as,

To the Honourable Court of Directors of the
united

United Company of Merchants trading to the *East-Indies*, Your Honours.

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

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

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

It is usual to call a Baronet and a Knight Honourable, and their Wives Ladies.

To the Honourable K. N. Baronet, at E. near F. Sir, your Honour.

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

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

To MEN of TRADE and PROFESSIONS.

To Doctor T. K. in *Bloomsbury-Square*, London, Sir, or Doctor.

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

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

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

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 Family. Highness,

To

To a DUKE. May it please your Grace.

To a DUCHESS. Ditto.

To a MARQUIS, } My Lord ; or, May it
Earl, Viscount, Lord. } please your Lordship.

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

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

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

To the rest of the Clergy. Reverend Sir.

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

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

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

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

Note.

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

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

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

Baronets are Honourable.

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

Likewise Sheriffs of Counties, &c.

All Governors under his Majesty are stiled Excellency.

Supercriptions of Letters.

To his Most Sacred Majesty ; or, To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

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

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess, &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters.

To his, or, her Royal Highness.

To the rest of the Royal Family. Highness.

To his Grace the Duke of N———d.

To her Grace the Dutches of G ——n.

To a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Lord.	}	To the Right Honourable the Marquis of; Earl of; Ld. Viscount G. the Ld. H.
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To a Marchioness. To the Right Honourable the
Marchioness of, &c. An Earl or Viscount's Wife.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess
of, &c. To a Lord's Wife. To the Right Ho-
nourable the Lady, &c.

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, of
Lord. To the Right Honourable the Lady A. F.

Note, The Wives of Lieutenant Generals, Major
Generals, and Brigadier Generals, are Honourable.

Also.

Alto, The Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Ambassadors, &c. To the Honourable Mrs. T.

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.

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

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

Dukes

Viscounts

Marquisses

Bishops, and

Earls

Barons

The second Order consists of that of the Garter, (if not also otherwise Dignified) viz.

Knights Bannerets

Knights Batchelors

Baronets

Esquires

Knights of the Bath

Gentlemen.

As to the Rank or Precedency of the first Order of Men amongst us, viz. Peers, they take Place according

according to their Creation or Date of their Patents, unless of the Blood-Royal; then they precede all others of the same Degree, viz. the Sons, Grandsons, and Brothers of King or Queen.

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

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

Ld. Chamberlain of <i>England</i>	Lord High Admiral
Ld. High Const. of <i>England</i>	Lord Steward
Earl Marshal	Lord Chamberlain of the Household.

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

Dukes	Justices and Barons of the said Courts
Marquisses	Masters in Chancery
Dukes eldest Sons	Viscounts younger Sons
Earls	Marquise

Marquisses eldest Sons	Barons younger Sons
Dukes youngest Sons	Knights of the Garter, if not otherwise Dignified
Viscounts	Baronets
Earls eldest Sons	Knights of the Bath
Marquisses younger Sons	Field and Flag Officers
Bishops	Knights Batchelors
Barons	Colonels
Viscounts eldest Sons	Serjeants at Law
Earls younger Sons	Doctors
Barons eldest Sons	Esquires
Privy Counsellors	Justices of the Peace
Chancellor of the Ex- chequer	Barristers at Law
Chief Justice of the K. Bench	Lieutenant Colonels
Master of the Rolls	Majors
Chief Justice of the Com- mon Pleas	Captains
Chief Baron of the Ex- chequer	Gentlemen
	Citizens
	Yeomen
	Burgesses

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

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

THE
ROYAL LETTER WRITER.

PART I.

LETTERS of ADVICE to Young Ladies and Gentlemen, from Parents, Relations, and Guardians, on the most important Subjects ; with Answers to many of them,

LETTER I.

To a young Gentleman, to incline him to his Studies.

S I R,

I AM well persuaded, 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 apply yourself seriously to the cultivation of your mind ; to which purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing to yourself a regular method of study. The morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other part of the day ; because the mind is then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those vapours which we generally find after a full meal. Nevertheless, I would not expect to read over a multitude of volumes, nor to

D

read,

read with greediness ; I would rather chuse to read a little, and digest it well. Neither would I regard the number, so much as the choice of my books.

I remain Sir, your's, G. W.

LETTER II.

To the Same, advising him to divide his Time betwixt Pleasure and Business.

YOUTH, Sir, may pursue both pleasure and business ; but old age is neither capable of the one nor the other ; and the bloom of life is as remarkable for the shortness of its duration, as it is for the charms which attend it. Wherefore our pleasures ought not to hinder us a moment in the pursuit of our fortunes, neither should the care of our fortunes interfere with our pleasures. The greatest part of mankind lose the enjoyment of the blessings they possess, for uncertain expectations ; and deprive themselves of the most solid comforts of life, for opinion and vain glory.

The voluptuous commonly act a contrary part, and are too fond of the present, to have any regard to the future ; though they never think of death, yet they live to-day as if they were to die to-morrow ; nor once consider this necessary maxim, that we ought to fly those short enjoyments which are attended with a length of pain ; and chuse those little inconveniences which are recompensed with a length of pleasure. The greatest part of true wisdom is contained

tained in these words ; and I congratulate the progress you have made in this science, since I had the happiness of seeing you last.

I am Sir,

Your most humble Servant, J. R.

L E T T E R I I I .

To the Same, against the 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 do not 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. What deceives us, is our looking upon death to be always at a distance, even when he is at the door. Reflect upon this I entreat you, and keep a strict account of your time. Procrastination is the most dangerous thing in life. Nothing is properly ours but the time present, 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 gi-

ving.

ving of trifles, and yet reckon that time as nothing, for which the most grateful person in the world can never make amends. *I am,*

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant, W. P.

LETTER IV.

To the Same.

Not merely to live, but to live well is the Advantage.

Dear Sir,

OUR days and hours are always on the wing: infancy and youth pass away like a dream; and when we come to old age we see before us the goal to which all men are hastening. The generality of mankind look upon it as a rock, upon which they are to suffer shipwreck: but this is a mistake; it is rather a port which we should by no means desire to avoid; and those who arrive there loaded with years, have no more reason to complain than a mariner, who, after a long voyage, is just entering the harbour. There are calms at sea, which weary while they detain us, and there are violent winds which drive us with rapidity on the coast to which we are bound.

It is exact the same with respect to life: some finish their course with surprising swiftness, while others delay until old age overtakes them, which is not always to be wished; for it is not merely to live, but to live *well*, that is the advantage. A wise man would chuse to live as long as he ought, rather than

as long as he can ; and would consider the goodness more than the length of his life. I am,

Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher, G. W.

LETTER V.

To the Same.

Examples of Ingratitude ought not to hinder us from doing of Good.

Dear Sir,

YOU complain to me that you have met with an ungrateful person ; and if this is the first time, I think you are extremely obliged to your prudence or good fortune. But if you resolve to do no favours for the future, for fear of making more monsters of the same kind, I must tell you, that your caution is a vice ; and that you ought not to neglect doing good, out of any apprehension that it will not be acknowledged.

Believe me, Sir, it is better to meet with ingratitude than to encourage ill-nature. Though we see a bad crop, yet we sow the ground in its proper season ; and the barrenness of one year is abundantly recompensed by the fruitfulness of another. Besides, there is so much satisfaction in meeting with a truly grateful person, that it is richly worth the hazard. I remain,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R VI.

TO MR. R——

On the Importance of a good Education.

S I R,

AS I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers, beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or modern culture; how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing and skilfully managing them; how many virtues are choaked, by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how many excellent parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations, and first spring of life: those obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world.

In infants, the seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational *leaves*, which are *words*; and in due season the *flowers* begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green, perhaps, first, and sour, unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered, until ripened by due

care and application, it discovers itself in all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning, and convincing argument; and these fruits, when they arrive at maturity, and are of a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment to the minds of men.

I reflected farther on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth shining *Italian* leaves; the nimble *French* Aspen always in motion; the *Greek* and *Latin* Ever-greens; the *Spanish* Myrtle; the *English* Oak; the *Scotch* Thistle; the *Irish* Shambroque; the prickly *German* and *Dutch* Holly; the *Polish* and *Russian* Nettle; besides a vast number of exotics, imported from *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*. I saw several barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit; the leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, and others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered *Egyptian*, *Coptic*, *Armenian*, or *Chinese* leaves, while others make it their business to collect in voluminous herbals, all the several leaves of some one tree.

The flowers afforded a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours, and scents; however most of them withered soon, or at best are but annuals. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip or a carnation; but the most agreeable amusement

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ment seems to be the well choosing, mixing, and binding together these flowers, in pleasing nosegays, to present to ladies.

The scent of *Italian* flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the *French* with glaring, gaudy colours, yet faint and languid; *German* and *Northern* flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming enough, and agreeable in their season, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment; but an overfondness of them seems to be a disease.

It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough, to have (like an Orange tree) at once beautiful shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nourishing fruit. I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. W——.

The Necessity of being prepared for Death.

Dear Sir,

I Entirely agree with you, that we ought no longer to desire those things we have been fond of; and all my care at present is to wean myself from my passions. To me all my days are comprised in the present; for though I do not look upon it as my last, yet

yet I consider it as capable of being so ; and therefore endeavour to be ready if death should call. I enjoy life, because I am not anxious to leave it, and am only solicitous to die well ; and to die well, is to die without regret. That you and I may so finish life, is the earnest desire of,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant, W. P.

LETTER VIII.

To MR. D——.

On placing Affections on proper Objects.

TAKE my advice, my dear friend, and let me hear no more encomiums on Mrs. F——; I grant you that she is handsome, and of a good family and fortune ; but then I have observed that she has not the least inclination in the world to love you, and that defect alone, ought, in your mind, to fully all her other perfections ; for why should you set a value on wealth and beauty, which must never be yours. I am very sensible, my dear friend, that the truths which I tell you are by no means agreeable, but the friendship I have for you obliges me to speak thus freely for your service.

You know very well that I am of a sociable temper, that I love the world, and that I always thought the ladies the most agreeable part of it. Yet I never pay my court where my conversation is displeasing, and should be very sorry to find myself with a woman, who being prepossessed in favour of another, could endure no visits, but such as had relation to her
passion

passion. In my opinion, your charmer is engaged, and therefore you cannot do better than to leave her to herself.

In short, my dear friend, it is acting a very disagreeable part, to sigh for a person, who thinks herself persecuted by your sighs, and who will not so much as vouchsafe a look to the complaisance we shew for every thing that concerns her. I wish, with all my heart, you would think of employing your time better, and that you would not make me lose mine in advising you. It is true indeed, that a wit of my acquaintance, gave this answer to a lady, who consulted him :

*Why superfluous advice
Should I urge in vain to you ?
If your own reason won't suffice,
Neither will another's do.*

But do you make use of which you please ; it will be sufficient if you make use of either. The effect will be the same, whether your resolution proceeds from me or yourself. Let me entreat you not to deceive my expectations, and believe me to be,

Sir,

Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER IX.

To MR. N——.

On the Folly of Affectation in either Man or Woman.

Dear Sir,

I Spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend, to tell you of the

the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me, whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No, but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment; he that hopes for it, must be able to suspend the possession of it, till proper periods of life, or death itself.

If you would rather be commended than be praiseworthy, contemn little merits, and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions, and be assured where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. I remain,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R X.—

To MR T——.

On the Death of a Friend.

S I R,

THE worthy person for whom you grieve, could never be enough esteemed, and is truly deserving of your tears. But the greatest and the best of men have died; and we ought to look upon all mankind either as gone or going. Let us consider the present hour as our last, and take this for granted, that life is inseparable from sorrow; we must either leave the world ourselves, or submit to see others do so.

fo. Wherefore it is certainly, both folly and weakness to be fond of life, and at the same time unable to bear the inconveniences which attend it. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady on the same Subject.

Madam,

THOUGH I had armed myself against most of the accidents of life, yet I find myself so little proof against those which befall you, that I think it impossible you should feel them in a more sensible manner. I look upon it as the greatest of misfortunes to give you a testimony of my respect on this melancholy occasion; and could almost resolve to suffer you to call it in question. But occasions are not of our choosing; and all we can do, is, to let none pass, whether good or bad, without shewing those we love, the part we take in all that concerns them. Do me the honour to believe me sincere, and do not look upon it as a bare compliment, when I profess myself forever,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant, E. G.

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

To MR. S——.

On the Same.

S I R,

HAD I known of your loss sooner, I should not have failed testifying the part I take in every thing which concerns you. I am very sensible, how deep an impression it must make in a heart like yours. Your sorrow is truly just, and not to grieve on such an occasion would be blameworthy. But then we must set bounds to our grief; for in growing excessive, it becomes criminal. Time will be your best physician under this misfortune, and your own prudence the best remedy. Consult it, I beseech you, and believe me to be,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant, W. P.

L E T T E R XIII.

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

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no precepts, under my mother's care, to instruct you in all moral and religious duties, yet there are some things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your mind, so as to make that figure in the world, I could wish you to do. I

E

am

am certain you will be kept to your music, singing and dancing, by the best masters the country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good housewifery is a most commendable quality. I would have you indeed neglect none of these branches of education; but, my dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two hours, at least, every day, to reading. My father left a collection of very excellent books in all languages behind him, which are yet in being; and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, I would have you not be altogether a stranger to their authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the ideas, and harmonizes the soul; and well-wrote novels are an amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself; but history is what I would chiefly recommend;—without some knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable trifler.—I would have you gay, lively and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear child, I must warn you to beware with what disposition you sit down to read books of this nature; for if you lightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your curiosity with the amazing events delivered in them, the research will afford you little advantage:—you must, therefore, consider what you read; mark well the chain of accidents which bring on any great catastrophe, and this will shew you that nothing happens by chance, but all is entirely governed by the directions of an over-ruling Power;—in distinguishing the true causes of the rise
and

and fall of empires, and those strange revolutions that have happened in most kingdoms of the world, you will admire Divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all rites, both human and Divine, sacrilegiously trampled upon, a mock authority established in the place of a real one, and lawless usurpation prosper; because at the same time you will see that this does not happen till a people, grown bold in iniquity, and ripe for destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest vengeance of offended heaven, which is tyranny and oppression; and though innocent individuals may suffer in the general calamity, yet it is for the good of the whole, in order to bring them to a just sense of 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 confirms.

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

Next to history, I shall be glad to see you have some smattering in natural philosophy. You have already read several little treatises in that agreeable science, and you may be furnished with more and better where you are. The same person that brings you those necessaries you desired me to send, will also deliver to you glasses of various kinds, by the help

of which you may discover plainly the form of many insects, which to the naked eye appear but so many moving motes. Believe me, child, the wide creation presents nothing that afford not infinite matter for a delightful speculation, and the more you examine the works of nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of nature, the fountain of all pleasure. I expect your next will be filled with no enquiries on new fashions, nor any directions to your millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a piece of fine work: this may inform you that it is other kinds of learning I would have you versed in.—I flatter myself with seeing my commands obeyed, and that no part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more time and knowledge of the world will shew you the value of, and prove to you, more than any indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am,

Your affectionate Mother, S. M.

L E T T E R XIV.

From a Young Lady, in answer to a Letter she had received from her Mama, 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 ac-

count

count I have given her of the conduct I observe in my spiritual affairs; and, that I may still add to that comfort, (which shall ever be my study when an opportunity offers itself) I presume to continue the information.

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

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

When school is finished for the day, I, accompanied by a young lady who is my bedfellow, and of a like disposition retire to our room, where we improve ourselves by lecture. Books of piety are our most common choice: these warm our wills, and enlighten our understandings: they instruct us in the cause of our misconduct, and prescribe to us a remedy: they neither flatter a dignified title, nor insult the peasant that tills the ground; but, like painted bustoes, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the memory, enlarge the understanding, and inflame the will; and, in a delightful manner, cultivate both virtue and wisdom.

Having finished our reading, either of piety or history, which we prefer next, (especially such as re-

lates to our own country) and supper and prayers are over, I retire alone to my room, to take an impartial view of the actions of the day. If my conscience doth not accuse me of having committed any thing criminal, I give glory to God ; and with bended knees, and an humble heart, return him my unfeigned thanks for protecting me against those temptations which the enemy to mankind is ready to allure us with : for, I am persuaded, it was not my strength of virtue that withstood the temptations, but his assillant grace that enabled me to overcome them ; and if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sue for pardon, and lay not my body to rest till I have procured peace to my soul.

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

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

This

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

Most honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

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

Dear Mamma,

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

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

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

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young ladies, if you will give me leave to engage
her

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 a continuance of them.

I am, with my duty to Papa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R X V I.

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

My dear Sally.

AS your brother informs me you are going to *London*, a place replete with every kind of vice, you must give me leave to offer you some instructions with regard to your conduct there ; for there, my dear, you may expect many solicitations will be made, and snares artfully laid, to rob you of your innocence and your virtue.

As we have so many more male than female writers, it is no wonder that the vices and foibles of women are most maliciously satirized, and placed in an unfavourable light, while little notice is taken of the villainous behaviour of our masters the men, these lords of the creation, who trample innocence and justice under foot, and rejoice in the power that is given them.

In their transactions with each other, they are obliged to keep up an appearance of probity, while, with regard to us, every stratagem, every deceit is put in practice, to corrupt the innocent, and betray the unwary. But why should it be less a crime to deceive an innocent, unexperienced girl, whose age and situation render it impossible she should know the world, than it would be to direct a blind man to the extremity of a precipice. I am at a loss to imagine; yet custom, that tyrant custom, has taught us this and many more absurdities.

As example, however, is more prevalent than precept, I shall illustrate what I have said by the following story, which upon enquiry you will find true, and which I hope will have a proper effect on your mind, and in some measure influence your future conduct.

Mrs *Fenny* **** having lately lost her father, that she might not be a burthen to her mother, who had for her own support but a small annuity, determined to apply to a relation in *London*, for her assistance in getting her a genteel service. In order to this, she took a place in a stage-coach; the other passengers were an elderly gentlewoman and her son, a lad of about fifteen, and three gentlemen. The early hour of setting out, and their being entire strangers to each other, kept them almost silent for the first ten miles: by this time the young spark grew exceeding sick, and the indulgent mother insisted on being set down at the first town they came to, saying, her child's health was dearer to her than all the *Londons in the world*. They were now near the town where the coach usually puts up that the company might breakfast. They no sooner arrived, than the young man and his mother retired to a chamber, leaving our country-woman
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to pursue her journey without any of her own sex to accompany her. The first day was past without any more than the common civility of bearing her expences, which were equally divided between the three men ; only now and then a smile of approbation, accompanied with a sigh, seemed as it were to escape from the genteelst and best dress'd of them, whenever she by chance cast her eyes on his. At supper he shewed the utmost assiduity to please her, insisted on her being lodged in the best room in the house, and, in short, spared neither pains or expence to render himself agreeable. Thus they went on for the first three days ; but, on the fourth, which was to be the last of their being together, he appeared disconcerted and uneasy. At noon, he entreated her to permit him to walk with her in the garden of the inn where they dined, for a few minutes : there he made the warmest professions of love, mixed with the most solemn appeals to heaven, that he had no other views than those which were for her honour and interest ; he told her, he must unavoidably be unhappy if she refused to let him know where he might see her again. To all this she replied, that providence had placed her in such a situation, that it was impossible she should grant his request, since she did not know where she should be fixed, as her business in town was only to get a service. A service ! he returned with some emotion ; no, no, that must never be the case, while I have an estate to maintain, or hands to work for you. I am at present possessed of upwards of 400*l.* a year ; and expect, by the death of an uncle, more than double my fortune. If, dearest creature, I am so happy as not to be disagreeable to you, consent to share it with me. By this time the coachman called,

ed, which relieved *Jenny* from her embarrassment. At length they arrived at their journey's end. She was met at the inn by her cousin, to whose house she went for that night. As they were getting into a hackney-coach, she observed her lover speak to the coachman, and look earnestly at the coach-door, but she knew not what this meant. Next day she was surprised at hearing herself called by a voice she knew to be her fellow-traveller's. This interview was the forerunner of many more ; till at last, after a strict enquiry into his character and circumstances, she consented to be his wife ; but as their marriage was to be kept private, he proposed the *Fleet* as the most proper place for the performance of the ceremony. This, with some reluctance, she agreed to ; when, as if recollecting himself, he cried, there can be no occasion for our running the hazard of being seen, since a minister will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This also, weak and unthinking, she consented to. The next day they went to a tavern, and he ordered a drawer, whom he asked for at the bar, to go for a clergyman from the *Fleet*. This same drawer served for both for father and clerk. The solemn ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel lodgings at the court end of the town, where he behaved with the utmost tenderness for three months.—She was now with child, and he began to be less frequent in his visits ; when one day, on her desiring leave to acquaint her mother with her happiness, he told her, that happiness was hers no longer than she kept it a secret, and immediately left her. She saw him no more for several days ; and when he came home, he was in the height of ill-humour, and told her he was going out of town for a fortnight. She asked him
for

for money for her support, when flinging her a guinea, he flounced out of the room. This behaviour, so different from what she had reason to expect, filled her heart with anguish, and her eyes with tears. But who can describe the astonishment, the misery, the torture of this poor creature, when the woman of the house told her, she must provide herself with other lodgings; for the gentleman whom she called her husband, had paid her to that time, and told her, she must expect no more from him! She ran—she flew to the tavern where she was married; but, on enquiry, found the drawer had been discharged two months before: she then asked if any of the family knew the minister that was sent for by Mr. ***, but they all pretended ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every resource, to whom could she apply for justice! The wretch that betrayed her was flown; her kinswoman refused her succour, called her an infamous creature, and, to complete her misery, told her, that she had the week before received a letter, which gave an account of the death of her mother. Loaded with grief, she returned to her lodgings: the woman had compassion enough to let her remain there that night, and the next morning she was in a high fever. The expences of an apothecary and nurse soon dissipated her little store, and the pity of her landlady did not continue much longer. By this time the strength of her constitution got the better of the distemper, and she lives to feel more distress.

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

Dear Sally,

Your most affectionate humble Servant, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R X V I I .

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

Dear Polly,

THE friendship I have for your dear mother, and the entire confidence she always placed in me, will make me ever solicitous for the welfare of her family ; you will therefore pardon me, I hope, if in my letters I sometimes presume to offer you advice. I do not pretend to be wiser than you, my dear ; but yet I know some things that you have not had the opportunity of being acquainted with ; and if what I have learned with pains and with expence, can be conveyed to you gratis, and without any trouble, you are sure to be no loser by the bargain. You are now, my dear, removed to *London*, where your personal charms, and endowments of mind, will attract many admirers ; and your fortune, which is large, will probably engage many more. Your business, my dear *Polly*, is to distinguish the one from the other, and to make a due difference between him who makes love to your person, and him whose affection is centred solely in your pocket. But this will be difficult for you to do without the advice and assistance of your friends and guardians ; make them therefore your confidants in this affair ; and never lend your ear to impertinent go-betweens and infamous match-makers, who are bribed by the sharpers and coxcombs about town to betray ladies of fortune into their hands : and this, according to their general method, they will per-

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haps attempt by representing to you, ‘ That some
 ‘ fine gentleman of great merit and fortune is deeply
 ‘ in love with you.

‘ That he has seen you at some public place, and
 ‘ is impatient to make to you a declaration of his
 ‘ passion.

‘ That he would not willingly make any overtures
 ‘ to your guardian till he knows what reception he
 ‘ shall meet with from yourself.

‘ That your guardian may probably raise such ob-
 ‘ jections as may be altogether groundless.

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

‘ That your fortune being in his hands, he may
 ‘ have occasion to make use of it, and consequently
 ‘ be unwilling to part with it.

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

‘ That it would be improper, therefore, for your
 ‘ guardian to be intrusted with the secret till you have
 ‘ seen the party proposed.

‘ That, after all, it lay in your own breast, either
 ‘ to admit of, or decline his offer.

‘ That the proposer, for her part, was altogether
 ‘ disinterested in the affair, and had no other view
 ‘ than the bringing about a match that might prove
 ‘ equally happy for both parties.

‘ That, in a word, there could be no harm in ac-
 ‘ cepting of a line from the gentleman, if an inter-
 ‘ view should be thought improper.’

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

‘ That

‘ That you are determined to listen to no propositions, how seemingly advantageous soever, without the approbation and consent of your guardians, or other judicious friends.’

For they, you may be assured, are the people who study your happiness.

Such a prudent conduct as this, my dear, will make your officious confidents, or interveners, (if they have any sense of shame) desist from their designs upon you ; and hereby you will be convinced, that such persons are altogether undeserving of your good opinion or acquaintance. By such a conduct you will never lose an humble servant that is in the least worthy of your encouragement. For, if the person really loves you, and is possessed of the fortune he pretends, he will readily apply to your guardians, and entertain a very favorable opinion of your prudence and discretion : and in case he declines his suit, you may justly conclude, that his intentions were basely to betray you ; and then you will have just reason to rejoice, that you turned a deaf ear to all his artful insinuations.

But if, without the assistance of a go-between, a young fellow should presume to send you letters, without first making a regular application to your parents or guardians, you should get some friend to write to him in the following manner ; but be sure you do not write yourself.

‘ Sir,

I am to inform you, that *Miss Jones* thinks herself obliged to every one who has a good opinion of her. But she begs that you will not give yourself, or her, the trouble of any more letters : for things are so

circumstanced, that she has neither inclination nor power to encourage your addresses.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.'

But if a proposal should come in this manner, that you have reason to think is not unworthy some attention, your business, my dear *Polly*, is to rebuke the attempt of a clandestine address, which you may do by getting some friend to write in the following manner, or at least to the same purport.

' Sir,

It may not be improper to acquaint you, that *Miss Jones* is so happy as to have a friend of experience and probity, in *Mr. Williams* of *New Bond Street*, who is her guardian, and without whose advice she undertakes nothing of consequence ; you may therefore reasonably suppose that she will not care to admit of any proposals of moment to her, that have not passed his approbation. This she hopes will save her and you the trouble of any further application.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant.'

Thus, my dear *Polly*, (emboldened by your friendship and good opinion of me) I have endeavoured to offer you some instructions, which by and by you may find useful ; and I doubt not but you will pay a proper regard to what I have said, since you know it comes from the heart of one, who will be ever solicitous for your prosperity, as her happiness must in a great measure depend upon yours.

I am, my Dear,

Your ever faithful and affectionate Aunt.

LET-

L E T T E R XVIII.

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

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your welcome letter, and the enquiries and doubts it contained, let me answer, that you can never be happy but by virtue, and scarce ever unhappy but by ill-conduct. Whoever examines themselves strictly, will find that they never had any grievous affliction but they occasioned it themselves, by some fault, or by being deficient in some duty. Anxiety always succeeds the loss of innocence. but virtue is ever attended with an inward satisfaction that is a constant spring of felicity to all its votaries.

Do not, however, imagine, that your only virtue is modesty : there are abundance of women that have no notion of any other ; and fancy, that by practising it they discharge all the duties of society ; they think they have a right to neglect all the rest, and to be as proud and censorious as they please. Make nobody pay for your chastity ; think rather that it is a virtue that regards only yourself, and loses its greatest lustre, if it be not attended with the other virtues. We should be very tender in our modesty ; inward corruption passes from the heart to the mouth, and occasions loose discourse. The most violent passions have need of modesty to shew themselves in a seducing form ; it should distinguish itself in all your actions ; it should set off, and embellish your person.

Let the chief part of your finery, then, be modesty ; it has great advantages ; it sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness : modesty is the supplement of beauty. The great misfortune of ugliness is, that it

smothers and buries the merit of women. People do not go to look in a forbidding figure for the engaging qualities of the mind and heart ; it is a very difficult affair, when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

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

You are not to neglect the accomplishments and ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for women are designed to please ; but you should rather think of acquiring a solid merit, than of employing yourself in trifling things. Nothing is shorter than the reign of beauty : nothing is more melancholy than the latter part of the lives of women, who never knew any thing but that they were handsome. If any body makes their court to you for the sake of your agreeable accomplishments, make their regards center in friendship, and secure the continuance of that friendship by your merits.

It is very difficult to lay down any sure rules to please. The graces without merit, cannot please long ; and merit, without the graces, may command the esteem of men, but can never move them. Wo-

men,

men, therefore, must have an amiable merit, and join the graces to the virtues. I do not confine the merit of women merely to modesty ; I give it a much larger extent. A valuable woman exerts the manly virtues of friendship, probity, and honour, in the punctual discharge of all her obligations. An amiable woman should not only have the exterior graces, but all the graces of the heart, and fine sentiments of the mind. There is nothing so hard as to please, without being so intent upon it, that it shall look a little like coquetry. Women generally please the men of the world more by their faults than their good qualities. The men are for making their advantages of the weakneses of amiable women ; they would have nothing to do with their virtues ; they do not care to esteem them ; they had much rather be amused by persons of little or no merit, than be forced to admire such as are virtuous.

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

Women are born with a violent desire to please. As they find themselves barred from all the ways that lead to glory and authority, they take another road to arrive at them, and make themselves amends by their agreeableness ; yet remember there is but a very small number of years difference between a fine
woman

woman and one that is no longer so. Get over this excessive desire to please ; at least keep from shewing it : but, I am sensible, my dear daughter, to a young woman of your discernment, I have said enough on these heads ; and shall conclude, with subscribing myself.

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,
EUPHEMIA.

L E T T E R X I X .

From the Same, on the Regulation of Pleasure.

My dear Daughter,

I Desire you to be very cautious, now you are with your relations in *London*, on the article of plays, and the like public diversions. There is no dignity in shewing one's self continually, nor is it an easy matter to preserve a strict modesty in a constant hurry of diversions. It is mistaking one's interest to frequent them : if you have beauty you must not wear out the taste of the world, by shewing yourself continually : you must be still more reserved if you want graces to set yourself off. Besides, the constant use of diversions lessens the relish of them.

When all your life has been spent in pleasures, and they come to leave you, either because your taste for them is over, or because your reason forbids you the enjoyment of them, your mind is itself in a very uneasy situation, for want of employment. If you should therefore have your pleasures and amusements last, use them only as diversions to relieve you after more serious occupations. Entertain yourself with your own reason ; keep up that correspondence, and
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the absence of pleasures will not leave you any time upon your hands, nor any hankering after them.

It behoves us, therefore, to husband our tastes : there is no relishing life without them, but innocence can only preserve them in their integrity ; irregularity is sure to deprave them. When we have a sound heart, we make an advantage of every thing, and turn it into a source of pleasure. We come frequently to pleasures with a sick man's palate ; we fancy ourselves nice, when we are only surfeited and out of taste. When we have not spoiled our mind and heart by sentiments that seduce the fancy, or by any flaming passion, it is easy to find delight : health and innocence are the true fountains of joy. But when we have had the misfortune to habituate ourselves to vehement pleasures, we become insensible to moderate ones. We spoil our taste by diversions, and use ourselves so much to violent pleasures, that we cannot take up with those that are simple and regular.

We should always dread such great emotions of the soul, as leave us flat and out of sorts. Young persons have the greater reason to fear them, as they are less capable of resisting what flatters their senses. Be temperate : temperance makes the health both of mind and body ; with it one has always a pleasing and an equal joy ; one has no need of diversions and expence ; reading, work, and conversation, afford a purer joy than all the train of the greatest pleasures. In a word, innocent delights are of most advantage ; they are always ready at hand ; they are beneficent, and are never purchased at too dear a rate. Other pleasures flatter, but they do mischief : they alter the constitution of the mind, and spoil it like that of the body. Adieu, my *Amelia* ! be regular in all your views,

views, and in all your actions, and you will not only secure your own felicity, but greatly add to that of

Your most affectionate and tender Mother.

EUPHEMIA.

L E T T E R XX.

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

Madam,

WE cannot, methinks, have an eye too soon to the education of the little creature. Every age of life requires a particular attention ; but it is in these first years especially that the mind receives impressions which are never after effaced ; and that the ideas of good and evil take their places in the imagination. It is therefore of infinite importance not to disturb their natural order, and to take care to assign to the first thoughts the rank they are to occupy. Consequently she must be inspired betimes with an awful idea of God and Religion. These sublime topics ought to be mentioned to her in a moving and affecting manner ; for it is only by touching the heart that we can influence and work upon the mind. Too happy, if in the sequel of her life her sentiments have but the Deity for their object !

That education may have a proper effect, the person intrusted therewith must command respect, and give a great idea of herself. We ought not to be too familiar with children. It is proper to keep up a gravity, and carry something of a severe hand over them. We must likewise be upon our guard against
their

their childish endearments, which they know how to manage with great advantage to extort what they want of us. These budding charms conceal a number of defects, and we must not suffer ourselves to be seduced by them.

The greatest enemy our sex has to struggle with is, self love, or vanity. We cannot too soon labour to weaken it ; and great caution ought to be used not to confirm it by praises : for this is one of the great dangers of education. By this we swell the idea the little things have of themselves ; we arm their pride, and set them above their equals ; they grow vain, difficult to be corrected, apt to take offence : and all this forms a very unamiable character. We must also beware of letting them see how dear they are to us, and what an interest we take in them. The contrary would bring them to fancy we ought always to be doating on them, and would consequently strengthen their vanity. Do but let them alone ; whatever application you may use to destroy this principle, it will still maintain its ground against you. With modest and bashful children, indeed, praises might be used to give them courage ; but our little one is full of vivacity, and doth not want this assurance, but rather to be checked, and held back. Not, again, that I am for entirely banishing praises, they are a help to education, and virtuous dispositions ; but we must know how to place them properly, and not bestow them as seduced by our affection, or the children's charms, but with reflection. Besides, they must never be commended on account of external beauties (for they may hence deceive themselves so far, as to think that they supply the place of every thing), but for their good actions only.

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They must be inspired with a great love for truth, and taught to practise it even at their own cost. We must instil into them the opinion, that nothing is so great as to say ingenuously, *I am in the wrong*; and beware of punishing them for the faults they confess.

Again, children must be made to have a vast opinion of honour, and taught to look upon disgrace as a thing above all others to be dreaded. We often amuse them with frivolous tales, that awaken all the timorous passions: it would be more proper to keep up their apprehension for dishonour, that they might look upon esteem as the first of benefits, and contempt as the greatest of evils. When once you have worked them up to a sense of esteem, and of the shame attending faults, you have gained a great point in their education. Shame will then serve for a punishment, and esteem supply the place of rewards.

It is of infinite importance to persuade them thoroughly, that happiness is attached only to laudable actions: and we ought to grant them their requests, not as recompences, but as the necessary consequences of their good deeds. They bring themselves thereby to fancy, that what they ask is bestowed on, and belongs to worthy actions only.

If the little presents you make them consist of eatables, you increase in them the love of pleasure, which is only to be barely suffered; if they are for dress, you strengthen the notion they have of trifles, which they must be taught to despise. Children take a pride in being treated like reasonable folks. This kind of pride must be kept up, and made use of as means to lead them whither we please. Reproof must be administered with caution, and they be made

to believe, that they have rather been guilty of forgetfulness, than failing.

It is necessary to break the wilfulness of children, to render them pliant and supple, to make them bend to the authority of reason, and teach them not to give way to their desires. They have sometimes tears of obstinacy, and, not being able to compass their will, they endeavour, by their whinings, to maintain the right they fancy they have to do what they please. We must beware yielding to these fits of obstinacy. Distinguish likewise their natural wants from mere whims of fancy, and allow them to ask for nothing but real necessities. What gives strength to our desires is, the liberty we are indulged in of expressing them ; and whoever allows himself to change his wishes into requests, is not far from fancying that people are obliged to grant him every thing he desires. Besides, we can more easily bear a denial from ourselves, than from other people. The person who is with young Miss has a great deal of merit, and ought to supply the place of reason with her. When we are not accustom'd in our childhood to submit our wills to the reason of others, we shall find it very difficult to listen to, and follow the dictates of our own, in a more advanced age.

Children's minds must be armed with courage ; for a firmness, which consists in a settled insensibility of soul, is the best shield we can oppose to evils. It is the support of virtue, and a rampart against the approaches of vice. Sensibility of soul doth but lengthen out and eternize misfortunes ; and without courage it is next to impossible to remain firm in our duty. Nothing is more useful also, than to make them susceptible of friendship and gratitude. It is the heart that must be wrought upon ; we have no
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sure and lasting virtues but by its means. It is well also to accustom them to a just mind, and an upright heart. Inspire them with liberality, and a notion of dividing what they have with others. They must be persuaded that the giver is the best off, since he hath, for his share, the glory and pleasure of obliging.

Children often delight in mimicking others, and when they do it with a grace, we are apt to be diverted with them. But this is a dangerous talent. We do not seek to imitate what is good; that would not raise a laugh: it is the ludicrous we try to hit. Do not let them fancy any agreeableness in a pery. Nothing is easier than to divert, at other people's cost, whilst we are helped and encouraged by the malignity of the hearers. It ever requires much more wit to please with good-nature than with malice.

Besides these general rules for all children, there are some peculiar to each temper, which it is an easy matter to find out with the least application. Little miss, for instance, is tractable and endearing. This is a qualification useful to those that possess it, but dangerous for others. It imposes on superficial people; and who is not so? Do we take the trouble to dive into the bottom of characters? No; we yield to outward appearances, which hide many defects. Those who perceive how it serves their turn, are all talk and outside in the common course of life, and depart from the virtues of society and affection. Such only as do not deal in bare appearances, pay us with realities, and are under a necessity of being true and solid, which others wholly depart from.

I am afraid also that the little thing is inclined to vanity and giddiness. They are foes to modesty; and what can be done with a woman that wants modesty?

deftly? Timidity, or bashfulness, ought to be the characteristic of women, for it fecures their virtue; and bashfulness and modefty are twin-fifters, and are fo near alike, that they are often taken one for the other. I think it high time now to fet about correcting her. She gets forward in years, and thefe little imperfections, which may feem nothing to thofe who love her, are nevertheless the feeds of vices. You know better than me, Madam, how a philofopher, meeting with a child, reproved him for fome fault, and that, upon the lad's telling him he chid him for a meer trifle, he replied, *No habitual defect can be a trifle.*

I am fenfible, Madam, that what I here offer is very imperfect; but I was willing to leave you the pleafure of improving it with your own thoughts, and the right of correcting mine. I am, Madam,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X X I.

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

Dear Biddy,

I AM much of your opinion, that the make of a woman's mind greatly contributes to the ornament of her body. Behold *Lady Vicars*! ſhe has the largeſt ſhare of ſimplicity of manners, perhaps, in her whole ſex. This makes every thing look native about her; and her cloaths are ſo exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, part of her perſon. Every one that ſees her, knows her to be of quality; but her diſtinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurements. There is ſuch a compoſure in her

looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next day see her in another. There is no mystery in this, but that, however she is apparelled, she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well: This I have no doubt of your endeavouring to do, my dear; which will give the utmost satisfaction to

Your affectionate and tender Aunt,

LÆTITIA.

LETTER XXII.

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

Dear Hebe,

Whatever high ideas you may have entertained of the perfection of our sex, the truth is, they, like the other, vary in their characters; and your discourse last night brings to my mind a passage in one of the *Tatlers*: ‘The ordinary class of the good or the ill, have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent in any kind are those who lead the world below them. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease, like furies: the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like Angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration toward the guilty,

‘ guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There
 ‘ are those who betray the innocent of their own sex,
 ‘ and solicit the lewd of ours. There are those who
 ‘ have abandoned the very memory, not only of in-
 ‘ nocence, but shame. There are those who never
 ‘ forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There
 ‘ are also those who visit the beds of the sick, lull the
 ‘ cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the
 ‘ joyful. Such is the destroying fiend, such the
 ‘ guardian Angel, woman.’

You, child, whom it has been the study of my
 life to adorn with every valuable principle, I make
 no doubt, will be an honour to your sex, and a per-
 petual source of comfort to

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

MARY CAREFUL.

L E T T E R XXIII.

*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, toge-
 ther with the tender regard I have for your future
 happiness and welfare, have prevailed on me to in-
 form you, rather by letter than by word of mouth,
 that the town rings of your unguarded conduct, and
 the too great freedoms that you take with Mr. *Free-
 love*. You have been seen with him (if fame lies not)
 in the side-boxes at both *Theatres*; in *St. James's
 Park* on *Sunday* night, and afterwards at a certain
 Tavern,

Tavern, not a mile from thence, which is a house (as I have been credibly informed) of no good repute.

Do not 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. It is possible, as you have no great expectancies from your relations, and he has an annuity, 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 things 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

will put a favourable construction on the liberty here taken by,

Your sincere friend and affectionate Aunt.

L E T T E R XXIV.

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

Dear Mother,

IT is a fortnight, this very day, that I have been at Mr. 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 go 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 further side of it) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some relief. Many a time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest mother, I return you a thousand thanks for all the kind 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 value above all things: but I am afraid to ask for what will give you so much trouble. So, with my duty to you and my father, and kind love to all friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LET-

L E T T E R XXV.

The 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 do not 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 own mind as soon as possible. I am in great hopes that all the family are kind to you already, from the good character I have heard
of

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 were well, by Mr. *Yates's* young man, who said he called upon you in his way from *London*, and that you looked as fresh as a rose, and as bonny as a blackbird. — You know *James's* way of talking. — However, I was glad to hear you was well ; and desire you 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.

L E T T E R XXVI.

The Daughter to her 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 shewn me in the family. *Betty* and I are bed-fellows ; and she, and

Robin

Robin, and *Thomas*. are all so kind to me, that I can scarce say which is the kindest. My master is sixty-five years of age next *April*; but by his look; you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy, smiling look; and is very good to all his servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the chambers, or in the passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's work go on the more pleasantly. My mistress is as thin as my master is plump; not much short of him in age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be; for I have never yet heard my master say a single word to any one of us, but what was kind and encouraging.

My master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent man, and laid up a great deal of money while he was in business, with which he purchased this estate here, and another in *Sussex*, some time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good house in *London*, as well as this here; but my master and mistress both love the country best, and so they sometimes stay here for a whole winter, and all the summer always; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you: and I have heard so much of the wickedness of *London*, that I do not 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

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 am sure he has a good stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again. I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such fellow-servants, and such a master, I think it would be my own fault if I 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 toward the road that goes to your house. Heaven bless you all there! and make me a deserving daughter of so good a mother.

M. S.

L E T T E R XXVII.

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 their
very

81 LETTERS OF ADVICE.

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 : it is 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 inhabit 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 do not know any one thing more ridiculous, than the seeing their wrinkled fallow 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 people that 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

In truth, either in high or in low life, virtue is only another name for happiness, and debauchery is the high road to misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that moderation is always good for us, and excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming thing to have youth and beauty,—to be 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 mischiefs of it is, that these things cannot be enjoyed without increasing your vanity every time you enjoy them, and swelling up a passion in you, that must soon be baulked and disappointed. How long is this beauty to last? There are but few faces that can keep it to the other side of five and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some time, to sink out of the notice of people, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very persons who used to pay the greatest adoration to you?

Do you remember the gentleman that was with us last autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty flower one day, on his coming out of the garden? I do not 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

H

or

or ten. Now a year is to a beauty, what a day was to that flower ; and who would value themselves much on the possession of a thing which they are sure to lose in so short a time?

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

And if other bad consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more sorts than one) you would lose your bloom too, and then all is gone ! But keep your reputation, as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a beauty which shall last to the end of your days ; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by time : that will secure you esteem, when all the present form of your face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into greater and greater charms. These my sentiments you will take as a blessing, and remember they come from the heart of a tender and affectionate mother.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

*From a Young Woman of Family, who had left her
Relation ; to her Mother.*

Honoured Madam,

I AM sensible that it has been great uneasiness to you not to have heard of me in the time I have
been

been absent ; and indeed it has been as great a concern to me that I could not write to you, knowing what must be your fears and your grief about me. I thank Providence I can now write so as to give you comfort : and I was determined, that whatever I suffered, or whatever I even supposed you felt for me, I would not write any thing till it was in my power to do so. I have a strange story to tell you, but I shall be brief in the relating it.

You cannot have been insensible, Madam, of *Sir George's* civilities to me. Indeed I have often thought that they made you secretly uneasy, although you could not conveniently speak of it. To me they have been a continual torment ; and had there been no danger of my reputation, I would have fled to avoid the persecution. I have not, Madam, been bred under your instructions to so bad a purpose, as not to fear dishonour more than death. I therefore was not in danger with respect to virtue ; but, Madam, to one who is truly virtuous, it is a pain beyond bearing to be solicited. I knew your dependence upon this bad man, and therefore I never complained to you, since I would not give you uneasiness where you could have no remedy ; but long before I left you I had determined to escape from him.

The evening that you was with his lady, and only the maid at home with me, he made excuses to send her out of the way, and was insolent to a degree that I tremble now to think of : I pretended an apology for a minute, and I went out, determined never to return again. This, Madam, is the true story of my leaving you. Be pleased to consider that I could not run into the way of dangers so great as that I left behind. The waggon was to go out the

next morning; and I went with it for *London*. It is now eleven days that I have been here. The little money I had has more than served me for the time; and I am now—I almost dread to tell you; yet what should it signify for me to depend solely upon you, an expence and a burthen while you live, and destitute afterwards, should it please God for me to outlive you—I am, at this time, in the service of the *Lady Sherwin*, the best woman in the world; and I am as happy as if I were one of her children.

You know very well, Madam, that the ladies now keep nothing above a chambermaid: the place of companions and waiting-women is quite unknown: I do not therefore pretend to set my condition at all better than it is; but indeed, Madam, it is a very happy one. I have great content, and very little trouble. My lady is very kind, and I have the respect of other persons. There are two things disagreeable, the name of a servant, and the sitting down to eat with servants. But, for the first, it is a false pride, that teaches those who have not wherewithal to support a higher title, to blush at it; and as for the other, all the time I spend among them is just while dining, for my lady is better pleased to have me near her, than below stairs amongst the others.

I do not put on this appearance of satisfaction, Madam, to deceive you. I feel justly what I express; to be sure there is something cutting to one born your daughter, and bred to plenty, and affluence, and respect, to sink into a servant; but this is all, and the pain that it gives, so truly is my spirit humbled to my condition, is nothing to the satisfaction that attends it. The being freed from the importunities of a man whom I hated, but dared not offend; the being sensible

sible that I am no longer burthenfome to you, whose income is full little enough for yourself; and the peace of mind I enjoy, are all together a purchase very worthy this price, though it be a great one.

I shall tell you, Madam, how I met with this good fortune. Although I did not come so entire a stranger to *London*, as some unhappy persons do, yet it was the same thing to me, for I could apply to none that I knew on such an occasion. I had been told of the difficulty of getting good places; and I had been warned of the danger of falling into bad hands. I went to an office of registering, and I desired to see the master of it. I told him all that happened to me: I informed him of what family I was, and what had made me leave my relations. He spoke to me with great friendship and respect: he promised me a place fit for so virtuous and well-born a person, and he has kept his word; for it was he that recommended me to this. I have told you all, Madam; you will forgive me, and not be offended at the step I have taken, since there wants nothing but your *forgiveness* to make me *easy*, and nothing but your *approbation* to make me the *happiest person* in the world.

*I am, honoured Madam,
Your obedient Daughter.*

L E T T E R XXIX.

The Mother's Answer.

Dear Daughter,

YOUR letter has been the greatest comfort to me. I knew not what to guess was become of
H 3
you,

you, and indeed I feared the worst. I taxed Sir George with knowing of your leaving me, but I found he knew nothing of it ; and he seemed so concerned at it, that I was terrified with the thought that you had resented something from him by laying violent hands upon yourself. God be praised it is no worse than it is. I do not pretend to be quite easy under the thought of your present situation. I little believed once that any child of mine would come to wait upon another : and your father would not rest in his grave to think his own want of care had been the occasion of it. But it is in vain to talk of that. You write so reasonably, that I cannot contradict any thing you say. God, that has given you understanding to distinguish so properly, give you strength to continue to bear what may be disagreeable in your new station. I will not ask you to leave it, although it grieves me to think you should descend to it. However, my dearest child, nothing is shameful that is honest. Comfort yourself with that thought ; it shall be my greatest comfort too. I shall pray that you may not repent of what you have done ; and I desire you often to write to me. My dear, farewell ; it will ease Sir George's mind, though he scarce deserves it, to tell him that you are safe ; but he shall never know where. My dear child, farewell.

Your affectionate Mother.



PART

PART II.

LETTERS relating to LOVE, COURTSHIP,
MARRIAGE, and the Conduct of a Mar-
ried Life.

LETTER XXX.


*Letter from a Lady, encouraging her Lover to a
farther Declaration.*

SIR,

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

Your humble Servant.

LET-



L E T T E R XXXI.

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

S I R,

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

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXXII.

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

Dear and honoured Madam,

My duty and affection both oblige me to inform you, that since I have been here, I have received several visits from one *Mr. Coles*, an ironmonger of this place, who professes to have entertained a sincere affection for me. His person is not disagreeable,

able, and my aunt gives him an extraordinary character: she tells me, that he has been set up for himself these three or four years, and has a considerable trade; that he began with a capital of a thousand pounds, and bids fair for being a wealthy tradesman: she also says, that she has known him from his infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the excellence of his temper. But, notwithstanding this favourable description, I hope, you will think me sincere, when I assure you, that he has not yet made the least impression on my heart. It was contrary to my inclinations that he was ever brought into my company, or allowed to profess a passion that wanted your approbation; but as my aunt has considerable dealings with him, she was unwilling to disoblige him, by refusing to let him see and speak to me. I have, however, ventured to tell him, that as he has neglected writing to you, I have resolved to do it myself, and that I insist upon his not paying me another visit, till I have received your answer. The remembrance of your indulgence and affection would have made me reproach myself for ever, had I not now taken the first opportunity to inform you and my Papa of this affair, and to beg your advice, while I am in a condition to take it. I am, with my humble duty to you and my dear Papa, honoured Madam,

Your dutiful and obedient Daughter.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

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

Dear Lucy,

YOUR father and I are equally pleased with the instance you have given us of your duty and discretion. Our tender affection will induce us to take the first opportunity to enquire into *Mr. Coles's* character; and if it be answerable to our hopes, we shall gladly consent to an union that affords you an agreeable prospect of happiness. However, it is necessary that you should still keep yourself on your guard. His professions may be nothing more than the idle unmeaning flattery of a person who has no other view, but that of trifling away a leisure hour: his designs may be even most dishonourable; he may seek your ruin, only for the gratification of his own loose desires: and even supposing all you have heard of him be true, he may have private vices that may tarnish all his good qualities. Do not think, my dear, that these suppositions are a proof of an uncharitable spirit: his not acquainting your father or me with his intentions gives but too much ground for such injurious suspicions; and the importance of an event, on which our happiness or misery must depend, calls for the utmost caution. Keep him, therefore, at a distance. Desire your aunt to intimate to him, (if she or you have not done it already) that you are not at your own disposal. But if you find you have an aversion to his person, or if any part of his behaviour is so disagreeable, as to make it impossible for him

him to gain your affection, I would not have your aunt give him any hopes that my approbation will be of any advantage to him ; for let him be ever so worthy of your esteem, we shall never desire you to marry the man you cannot love. I shall endeavour to obtain as perfect a knowledge of him as possible ; and if your father and I have reason to think him worthy of our child, and you are disposed to favour his passion, we shall rejoice in contributing all in our power to your felicity. Your father sends you his blessing with mine. I am, my dear *Lucy*,

Your tender Mother, &c.

L E T T E R X X X I V .

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

Honoured Mother,

LONDON is certainly the best place in the world for those who are to maintain themselves by their own labour, provided they have good sense enough to withstand the temptations and snares they are daily subject to, and which they cannot be too much guarded against. I have a very good place, and am well respected by my master and mistress. I therefore return you my thanks in the most dutiful manner, for persuading me, though contrary to my inclinations, to come to town.

But the particular reason of my writing at this time is to inform you, that a young man, who is an apprentice to my master, presses me to marry him ; he has good friends, and has served five years ; but as my master or mistress might be displeased with him,

were

were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, though I thought it my duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it. I am,

Your dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXXV.

The Mother's Answer.

Dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are in a good place, and that you are so happy as to please your mistress. I am sure you have reason to believe, that I always gave you the best advice in my power, and you have in more than one instance, when it has crossed your inclinations, found it of great advantage; I therefore desire you to pay a strict regard to what I am going to say. I do not doubt but you are pleased with the thought of being mistress of a shop, and keeping servants of your own; but let me tell you, that by marrying an apprentice you would take a most unlikely method of obtaining that happiness. You tell me, the young man has served five years: he has then two to serve; but what difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would those two years be to you? I almost tremble at the very thoughts of what you would suffer. In this time, you probably would have one child, and be far gone with another; while your husband had no honest means of supporting his increasing expences. The difficulties he would labour under, and the knowledge of this imprudent step, would destroy his credit; and if his friends should at last forgive him, and furnish him with money to open a shop of his own, you would
both

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

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

Your tender, and fearful Mother.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

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

S I R,

THE letter which you have done me the honour to write to me, speaks you to be a gentleman, and a man of sense. I am sorry to acquaint you, that after such a prepossession in your favour, I am for more than one reason desirous to decline the offer you are pleased to make toward an alliance in my family. My daughter is very dear to me; and I think she has cast an eye elsewhere: I wish she may have employed her attention as worthily. The manner also of your application does not quite please me: I think there is something indelicate and improper in this wild manner of engaging in an attachment, and in pleading in favour of it. I wish you had known my daughter more before you spoke so much, and had met with me among our acquaintance to have mentioned it. I am convinced, Sir, that I do not think more of you than I may with justice, when I confess to you that I believe you would be more than an equal match for my daughter; for though she has (and suffer me, Sir, although I am her mother, to say it) great merit, her fortune, though not quite inconsiderable, is not great. You will see, Sir, that I waver in my opinion on this subject; but you must attribute it to the true cause; and believe that every thing which has, be it ever so remote, a tendency to my daughter's welfare, will make me very cautious of determining. To give you my final sense,

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(at least what is final to me at present) I have not a thought of asking who it is that has thus favoured us, nor would advise my daughter to remember it. I thank you, Sir, in her name, as well as my own, for the honour you intended us, and am,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER XXXVII.

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

S I R,

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

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R X X X V I I I .

*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* fingers 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 tranquility of a man a twelve-months 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 farther from the fire; and after two or three hems, and a long pause—

I have heard, said he, a most excellent sermon just

ROW

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 communication corrupt good Manners*. A good subject, Sir ; I doubt not the Doctor made a fine discourse upon it. O ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one on any subject. I rung for the tea-kettle ; for, thought I, we shall have all the heads of the sermon immediately.

At tea he gave me an account of all the religious societies, unasked ; and how many boys they had put out apprentices, and girls they had taught to knit, and sing psalms. To all which I gave a nod of approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the vapours) it was a very excellent charity. O ay, Madam, said he again, (for that 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 twanged 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 enquiry into my character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my behaviour and person, why, truly, I need not fear, in time, being blessed with him for my husband!

This, my good aunt, may be a mighty safe way of travelling towards the *land of matrimony*, as far as I know; but I cannot help withing 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.

L E T T E R X X X I X.

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

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think *Mr. Richards* so unsuitable a lover. He is a serious, sober, good man: and surely when seriousness and sobriety make a necessary part of the duty of a *good husband*, a *good father*, and a *good master of a family*, those characters should not be the subject of ridicule, in persons of *our sex* especially, who would reap the greatest advantage

advantage from them. But he talks of the *weather* when he first sees you, it seems ; and would you have him directly fall upon the subject of *Love*, the moment he beheld you ?

He visited you just after the sermon, on a *Sunday* ; and was it so unfuitable 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 apprenticeship, to teach girls to sing *psalms*, would be with very few a subject for ridicule ; for he that was so willing to provide for the children of *others*, would take still greater care of *his own*.

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

I think, allowing for the ridiculous turn your airy wit gives to this first visit, that, by your own account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy compliments beneath him, in so serious an affair as this.

I think, *Cousin Jenny*, s not only a mighty
safe

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

In short, I could rather have wished, that you could bring your mind nearer to *his standard*, than that he should bring down his to your *level*. And you 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 *meer appearance*.

Upon the whole, *Cousin Jenny*, I am sorry, that a woman of virtue and morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious frame of mind, in an age wherein good examples are so rare, and so much wanted; 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 suitably to each other's mind than you are likely to be together: for I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

L E T T E R XL.

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

Honoured Sir,

A S 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 to keep him at least in suspense, till your return, as I shall be directed by your superior judgment. I beg leave, however, with due submission, to acquaint you of the idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his intentions, 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 filial duty, which, in gratitude to your paternal indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy instruction therefore in so momentous an article, will prove the greatest satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LET-

L E T T E R XLI.

From a Daughter to a Mother upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

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

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

Your most dutiful Daughter,

L E T T E R XLII.

The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the overtures of marriage made you by *Mr. Byron*, and as that is a very weighty affair, I shall return to *London* as soon as possible, in order to make all due enquiries. And in case I find no just grounds for exception to the man, I have none to his occupation, since it is suitable enough to that state of life for which you seem to have a peculiar taste. However, though I should rejoice to see you settled to your satisfaction and advantage, and though you seem to entertain a very favourable opinion of his honour, and abilities to maintain you in a very decent manner, yet I would have you weigh well the momentous matter in debate : do not 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 do not 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.

tion and reserve ; give him neither too great hope : of success, or 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.

L E T T E R XLIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

I Never till now thought it could be a pain to me to answer any letter that came from my dear Papa ; but this last of your's distresses me to the greatest degree, as I know not how to send an answer that is consistent with the duty I owe, and the affection I bear, to the best of parents, without at the same time offering up my sincerity ; and making a sacrifice of my peace and happiness.—Ah ! dear Sir, reflect, do reflect on the real worth and use of riches : do they purchase health ? Do they purchase peace ? Do they purchase happiness ? No,—Then why am I to barter health, and peace, and happiness ? for riches ?—The man you propose to me I know you would never have thought on but for his immense wealth, for he has nothing else to recommend him,

him. And I, who can live upon a little; I, who at present have no canker in my heart, and am happy in the company of my dear Papa and Mamma, can never think of giving up this peace and tranquillity, and of throwing myself at the mercy of a brute, that I detest, for the sake of being thought worth a large sum of money that I do not want, and can make no use of. These are truths that I am afraid will be disagreeable to you, and therefore it is with pain I write them; but, my dear Papa, what pain would it give you to see me made for ever miserable! I know, what would shorten my days, would put an end to yours, so great is your affection for me. The sense of that affection, and my own love and gratitude to you, the best of parents, will make me submit to any thing. Do by me as you please, but pray think of the consequences; and believe me to be,

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

LETTER XLIV.

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

Honoured Sir,

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,
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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 recommended to my choice, may be possessed of all that substance, and all those good qualities, that bias you so strongly in his favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast disproportion in our years. A lady of more experience, and of a more advanced age, should, 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 climacterick, can never be an agreeable companion for *me*; nor can the natural gaiety of my temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourself in every inuocent 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 will 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

and satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an affair of so great an importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the inequality of our age an insufficient plea in my favour, and that want of affection for a husband is but a 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 judgment. Give me leave, however, to observe, that it is impossible for me ever to love the man into whose arms I am to be thrown; and that my compliance with so detested a proposition, is nothing more than the result of the most inviolable duty to a father, who never made the least attempt before to thwart the inclinations of

His ever obedient Daughter.

L E T T E R XLV.

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.

S I R,

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 further, because my mother, from a closet near the place where we sat, could both hear and see our conversation. I have strict commands from both my parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no prospect of happiness but from your death. This is a confession made perhaps with an offensive sincerity ; but that conduct is much to be preferred to a secret dislike, which could not but pall all the sweets of life, by imposing on you a companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my passion for the gentleman, whose wife I am by promise, would lead me to any thing criminal against your honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for the tenderest endearments, and cold esteem for undeserved love. If you will on this occasion let reason take place of passion, I doubt not but fate has in store for you some worthier object of your affection, in recompense of your goodness to the only woman that could be insensible of your merit. I am,

Sir, your most humble Servant, E. R.

LETTER XLVI.

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

S I R,

THE freedom and sincerity with which I have at all times laid open my heart to you, ought to

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

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

yours, &c.

L E T T E R XLVII,

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 is gay and agreeable! to be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I cannot 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

tion of a sober husband and an aukward chambermaid. For variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

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 pray thee 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: It is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will 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 in *Hyac 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 for a very loving couple most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the
most

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*, *Sabine*, &c. *Roman* wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into public in the habit, as well as air, of a *Roman* matron. You make already the entertainment of *Mrs. Modish's* tea-table; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given to you; but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as *Bellamour*, to transform him to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable: you see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

Your humble Servant,

LYDIA.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

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

young women of your acquaintance, shew themselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession; the design is modest and 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 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 you happiness; but am sorry to see by the air of your letter, that there are a set of woman 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 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,

selves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old-age, *I am, Madam*

Your most humble Servant

HARRIOT.

L E T T E R XLIX.

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.

S I R,

I Rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under ; but oh ! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own ! It is now a year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have 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 or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the *Park* to-morrow exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehensions, lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion ; but, however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person, which is tall and slender, my eyes and hair dark ; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my person altogether

gether is what the flattering world calls handsome ; and as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous ; but, if you will consider, it is custom, not nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

L E T T E R L.

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

S I R,

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

A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once ; but I hope I shall undergo no severer trials, or censures, than what I have done by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man that is so unworthy of a woman's love, is too inconsiderable for her resentment ; but I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you know nothing more
worse

worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an opinion of you ?

For your own sake, I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding ; but whatsoever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name ; for you might perhaps have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest ; and how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed 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

me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within. To cut off all hopes of your discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter, for which I am obliged to a friend, on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former : if you do not, there are 'other copies ready to be dispersed ; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.

L E T T E R L I.

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

Dear Clora,

YOU tell me that you are like to be teized by your friends into a match with *Avarus*, who has been hitherto your aversion. Consider, all your happiness is at stake upon this important point. Will you then be influenced by persuasion, or the false glare of outward show, to sacrifice all the substantial enjoyments of life ? Romantic notions of love are what you and I have disclaimed : yet there should be a sufficient stock of the belle passion to balance all those little anxieties which naturally arise in that state : your good-sense will never suffer your affections to run counter to your judgment : virtue and honour, and all the manly qualifications only will attract your heart.

heart. Suppose *Avarus* divested of all his riches, would you debate a moment whether you would accept of him for a husband? It is plain then, that from his wealth you propose your happiness; but can a gay equipage, or splendid apartments compensate the want of good-sense or good-nature? O *Cleora*! you are not to be told, that inward peace of mind is the true and only source of happiness: the good things of this world may improve and extend it, but are too weak to lay the foundation of it. This is supposing *Avarus* would make you mistress of all his fortune; but a man of his turn, and in the decline of life, will be afraid of furnishing you with arms against himself.

Let us consider this affair in another light, and see whether it is not a sort of prostitution to marry the man you disapprove, for the sake of his fortune. I know you startle at the word; but how is she, who, to support herself in pressing want, gives up her person to the first that will pay for it, more criminal than she, who with an easy fortune gives herself up to the man she secretly detests, for the sake of enjoying more than she wants? You will not find it the least of your uneasiness to quit the diversions of life for the company of one so disproportionate to you in age and temper, who neither knows nor can relish half your merit. Further, *Avarus* will carry you to his house as his purchase; for he must be sensible he can have no property in you but what he has paid for.

Study well your man. Where there is love, the duties of a wife are easy; where interest is the only motive, they are little better than slavery. The infirmities of old-age increase with years: tenderness,
L
obedience,

obedience, and observancy are especially required of an old man's wife, and frequently attended with jealousy.

Arm yourself then against all persuasions to a match that has nothing to recommend it, but that in point of fortune it is more than you could expect. Never doubt but you will live to be happy in a man who shall have good-sense to know your worth, generosity to reward it, and a fortune and inclination to make you perfectly easy.

The woman who has a competency of her own, makes but an ill compliment to herself, when she changes her condition for superfluities, if she has not superior or stronger motives. It is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no love. I am

Your faithful Friend

ESTIPHANIA.

LETTER LII.

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

Dear Sally,

YOUR father called on me yesterday, and with tears gave me an account of the misunderstanding that still subsists between your husband and you; which indeed I have heard before, from several of your neighbours, who wish well to you both, and would be glad to promote your happiness. You, I find, to excuse yourself, rail against your husband, which, instead of healing the difference, only makes the breach wider, and is a sort of behaviour that I did not expect from your prudence: for prudence, I think,

think, will induce a good wife to bear a little with her husband's faults without railing, especially if she considers that both her duty and interest require it. You say he is obstinate, peevish and petulant. I am afraid he is, and your poor father tells me you are so too. If that be the case, and you are both determined in the pursuit, there is an end of all happiness, and it is to no purpose to lend you either advice or assistance. The best tempers indeed are sometimes discomposed, and the most affectionate people may have words; but how easily are those things set to rights by means of a little prudence!—I will tell you a story, my dear, and I beg you would tell it to your husband; for I think it may be of service to you both.

Archbishop Cranmer had a niece, whom he married to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family. The wedding day was solemnized with great pomp and splendor, after which, according to custom, the new married couple were left alone. Next morning the good archbishop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health, told them he had a present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same time; and having extorted from them that solemn promise, he presented them with a *fool's cap*.

Now, my dear, when you see your husband is inclined to wear the cap, I would have you be patient, meek and mild, give him only good words, and he will throw it off again presently; when, if you please, you may put it on, provided he will promise you to behave in that manner. But the less you wear it the better, and if I was you, I would not

learn a bad thing even of my husband. If you manage well, your prudence in time will get the better of his passion, and he will acknowledge your superiority of understanding, and be advised by you in every thing. I wish you happy, my dear, and am,
Most affectionately your's, J. B.

L E T T E R LIII.

From a Lady on the Point of Marriage.

Dear Madam,

TELL me (for you know) if there can be greater pleasure than that which results from the reflection of pleasing a person dearer, infinitely dearer to us, than ourselves. The grateful look, the kindling glance, the expressive glow of tender fondness, silently shot from the thankful eye—O can there be a greater reward, to soften the charming toil, if that can be called a toil, that will gladden the heart we love? For this I will read and study to enrich my mind, for this I will dress, for this I will plot new arts to please, while virtue, innocence and truth shall lead the way, and mark my path to lasting bliss. What delight the distant prospect beams upon my soul! My *Lucius*! my husband! my friend! dear epithets!—enchancing sounds!—sounds swelling with every thrilling joy!—O all gracious Being! may my abilities be equal to the ardour of my soul! may the wife be lost in the friend; the soft, the tender, the generous friend!

The pleasure I may be supposed to receive from these resolutions is extremely damped by abundance of
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intruding fears that dash my joy with a mixture of bitterness ; I tremble lest, in the unguarded moments of my life, I should drop the guard I resolve to keep over my temper ; lest I should forget to please, or lose the power of doing it. Thoughts that are always attended with pain.

You see what a fond unfashionable creature I am grown ; but as your ladyship has given me some reason to believe that you are not less weak than yourself, I boldly brave your satire ; so that if you make merry with me on this occasion, I shall freely join in the laugh.

My happiness is now so great, that there seems nothing wanting but the consideration of its being perpetual, to render it complete : nor does my sister's appear less exquisite than mine ; we are surrounded with every laughing delight, every social endearment. The congratulations of our friends, the caresses of our parents, the tenderness of our lovers, and the pleasing sympathy in each other's felicity, all contribute to heighten our joy ; while rapture itself grows more pleasing, by settling into a serene and most charming tranquility. Every thing is preparing for the ceremony that is to unite us for ever to the dearest persons on earth ; and next *Thursday* my sister and I are hailed under the title of brides, and initiated into the dignified state of venerable matrons. And between you and I, Madam, we both heartily wish these solemn doings over, for really they have something terrible in them that frights at a distance.

I am your Ladyship's most sincere Friend,

FELICIA.

L E T T E R L I V.

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

Madam,

IT is now, indeed, the time when the town diversions summon the gay part of the world to quit their rural seats, and shine in the circle of the *Beau Monde*. Plays, balls, masquerades, and operas, are already begun. The country is almost as desolate of inhabitants, as the trees in my forest are of leaves. All my acquaintance, in these parts, have left me for what they call delights more agreeable to the season ; yet I am still here, — and what seems most strange to you, am here by my own choice ; and think it not the least of those many obligations I owe to the love and complaisance of my dear lord, that he consents to be a little longer than is usual, absent from the grand council of the nation, rather than remove me from the felicities this recess affords. But you wonder I am not eaten up with spleen, or dying with vapours, and cannot conceive how I am able to support so long a deprivation of those pleasures, which, though far from being an enemy to, I cannot help thinking you greatly over-rate ; and charming as you paint them, and really agreeable as I confess some of them are, you must pardon me, when I say, they cannot, in my opinion, come in any competition with those of retirement. Here I am free from, and disincumbered with, the insincere civilities,—the vain ceremony,—the fantastic pomp, which the troublesome rank I hold in life obliges me

to partake of. What company,—what amusements can I want, when the wide creation is spread out before me ; when the court of heaven, with all its glories, opens to my view, and an uninterrupted tranquility assists contemplation to lift me above this dull earth, to travel in idea through the ætherial regions, and anticipate the privilege of immortality ! Whether the sun appears in all his radiance, or the pale moon shines in her borrowed light ;—whether I hail the dawn, or pay my compliments to the evening *Hesperus* ;—whether my impatient eye wanders among the unnumbered stars, or loses itself amidst that galaxy of splendor which forms the milky way, my soul seems all dissolved and loosened from its clay ;—I feel myself, methinks, already a guest in the celestial abodes, and joining chorus, with the blest inhabitants, in praise and adoration of the eternal source of love, of light, and joy.

But these are raptures which I cannot at all times indulge, nor indeed ought I to be so entirely absorbed in them, as to forget, that during the time appointed for my stay on earth, I have duties to discharge which cannot be dispensed with.—As I am a *wife*, I am bound to make it my study to please him to whom by love, law, and the most tender obligations, I am united ; and as I am a *mother*, to omit nothing in my power to form the minds of those to whom I have given birth, in such a manner as to render them incapable of doing any thing hereafter unworthy the dignity of a reasonable being.—Above all things, I take care to inculcate into their most early years, the knowledge that they are born for eternity ; and while I amuse them with the study of natural philosophy, I turn their reflections on the supreme author of all
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the various and amazing productions they behold with so much pleasure.—I endeavour, as much as possible, to make them less in love with *Art* than *Nature*, and to contemn all the handy-works of *man*, in comparison with those of *Him who made man*,—to look on the glare of finery and equipage as the meanest of all trifles, and to consider even beauty (though the gift of heaven) as a good, which can no way counterbalance for any defect in the *mind*.—As the precepts I lay down are delivered with a familiarity which has nothing of the air of lesson, I have the satisfaction to perceive they listen to them with more delight than to any thing they can hear in the nursery. This gives me cause to hope, that the impressions thus early made on their hearts will not be easily erased.

Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful account of the duties I am employed in, during my retirement from the great world, which, I believe, you will allow are such as leave no time heavy on my hands; and when I assure you, as I can do, with the greatest sincerity, that these studies make the supreme pleasure of my life, you will also cease to wonder, that I am in no haste to visit a city, where it is utterly impossible for me to pursue them with the same freedom I do here.—I must, notwithstanding, submit to my husband's will, which, I am just now informed, has fixed *Tuesday* next for my departure from this scene of true content.—I bear it, however, with the less regret, as I shall have the honour of congratulating *Sir Thomas* on the reward of his long faithful passion for the virtuous and beautiful *Clarinda*: I beg, in the mean time, you will make

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my compliments acceptable to both, and assure them, that they share, with their sister, in the sincere friendship and esteem of, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

MIRA.

L E T T E R LV.

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

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your recovery, to be able to condole with you on any alteration your late illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that concern you express.—You have encountered death, and foiled him at one of his sharpest weapons; and if you 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 *Cytheria* should be composed. — The
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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 ingross the whole attention of as many as know you ; and that they may every day increase in the lustre of true dignity, is the sincere wish of, my dear *Ophelia*,
 Yours, &c.

L E T T E R LVI.

To a Lady on her Marriage.

Dear Madam,

NOthing could give me such a sincere delight as your last letter, wherein you acquaint me you are joined, by the most sacred bands, to the accomplished, the tender *Philario*. May all your days be propitious ! May blooming joys, ever opening with new delight, perpetuate your felicity ! May your spouse's affection, instead of decreasing with time, ripen into that soft esteem, that tender complacency, which are the natural attendants of love and merit, and the highest summit of all sublimary happiness ! In short, may you be bound to him with all that digni-

of passion which is necessary to render him ever as dear to you as now ; while love shall have the energy of religion, and inclination the force of every sacred dictate !

Do not be shocked at being counted a *fond* wife ; you have, I am sure, too much good-sense to be ashamed of what must now not only be the essence of your happiness, but your highest glory. It is your duty to love your husband with unalterable affection ; and what is your duty, the many fine accomplishments and the worth of *Philario* will render always pleasing to you. Your increasing felicity will ever sensibly promote that of, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate and sincere Friend, A. G.



P A R T III.

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

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

L E T T E R LVII.

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

My dear Husband,

MRS. W——, who kindly wrote to you by my desire, has done me the friendship and justice to send me your letter, and directed me to make an apology to you in her behalf for the step she has taken; but I am so terrified, so amazed at the contents, that I know not what I do.—Speak to you, I cannot, but I can tell the truth in writing: and the truth, my dear, is this; I never swerved from my duty to you, in any respect; I never had a thought to your disadvantage, nor ever did any thing with design

design to make you uneasy. If my gay deportment displeased you, or any part of my conduct gave you pain, you should have told me so—indeed you should—and have prevented me from going on in a daily course of disobliging you. Had you given me the least hint of your uneasiness (and sure it would have come better from you, and with less pain to me, than from any other) I should have immediately changed my conduct; for a more restrained behaviour will be as easy to me as this. I can judge what you feel, from the pain any apprehension of the kind would have given me; and I am truly unhappy in having been the cause of making you so. I do not blame you, my dear, for this groundless suspicion, (though it reflects on my character) because I believe, it proceeds from the affection you bear me; but lest any mutual friends, who are often mutual enemies, should have done me this kindness, I beg for your sake, as well as my own, that my conduct may be brought to strict and severe scrutiny; and that you will do me the justice and kindness, to write down every thing that you have heard or seen amiss in me, that I may have an opportunity of clearing up every doubt that may be fixed in your mind; for till that is done, it will be impossible for us to be perfectly happy. I am, and ever shall be,

Your faithful and truly affectionate Wife.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To a Husband from his dying Wife.

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be
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of no more concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians 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 tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a comfort to you, I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflections upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty, which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the infliction of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked; why may we not please ourselves at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable

of wound or pain. where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewel for ever.

L E T T E R L I X.

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 expence and length of the journey be what it will. We live in hopes, however, that upon the receipt of this notice, you will return without any farther delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful jaunt. Your compliance with this our joint request will high-

236 LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

ly oblige, not only your most sincere and affectionate friends, but

Your ever-loving Sister.

L E T T E R LX.

In answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sister,

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

Your most affectionate Sister.

L E T T E R LXI.

Laura to Aurelia.

COULD your importunity have prevailed with my brother to have left me in *London*, you had

had been free from the vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the confident of all my country adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy world is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my time in rural shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia*! How I envy you the enjoyment of dust, of crowds, and noise, with all the polite hurry of the *Beau Monde*!

My brother brought me hither to see a country seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful distance from the theatre-royal, from the opera, from the masquerade, and every thing in this world that is worth living for, I can scarce tell you whither to direct your letters; we are certainly at the end of the earth, on the borders of the continent, the limits of the habitable globe, under the polar star, among wild people and savages. I thought we should never have come to the end of our pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my brother, if we were to travel by dry land to the *Antipodes*; not a mile but seemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the center of all my joys. The country is my aversion; I hate trees and hedges, steep hills, and silent vallies: the fairills 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 mur-

238 LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

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

The sober twilight, which has employed so many soft descriptions, is with me a very dull period ; nor does the moon, (on which the poets doat) with all her starry train, delight me half so much as an assembly-room illuminated with wax-candles : this is what I should prefer to the glaring sun in his meridian splendor : day-light makes me sick ; it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for peasants to make hay in, or country lasses to spin by, than for the use of people of distinction. You pity me, I know, dear *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 little at ease in this absence of the noisy diversions of the town ; it is hard for me to keep up my spirits in leisure and retirement

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.*

The three following Letters were wrote by a young Lady of a good family, and vry 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 House-keeper, from the Frowns of the World.

L E T T E R LXII.

S I R,

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

150 LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me, to shew 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 may perhaps raise a compassion in you, that may be serviceable to me. If you approve my design, or have any curiosity to hear more, I would beg the favour of you to advertise, that the letter directed to *Tom's* was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

L E T T E R LXIII.

SIR,

I Have so few obligations to the world, that I am at times surpris'd at myself to find that the idea of gratitude should be known to me; and yet I feel a thankfulness in me, for the notice you have taken of my (perhaps indiscreet) application. A thousand distracting thoughts have got the better of my judgment; and 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 solici-

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cit nothing more from you than a pardon for having raised your expectation, and engaged your curiosity to be acquainted with a story, that a womanish pride will perhaps for ever prevent being known. I flattered myself, when I wrote before, that I had been mistress of more resolution; but my fears startle me, and I am so convinced of the ill method I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your knowledge of the world must necessarily encourage such suspicions of me) that no temptation can now be sufficient to make me discover myself. I am ashamed of what has happened, and feel a resentment to myself, for having dared to alarm your good-nature with fears for an unfortunate young woman. I will flatter myself you feel for me; and the tenderness and humanity that I believe you master of, shall at least be thus far satisfied, that I will hereafter, if fortune has any favours to bestow on me, give you the satisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu! *Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura pitié de mon innocence; car je n'ai jamais beaucoup fait de mal.*

L E T T E R LXIV.

S I R,

WERE I in the least inclined to discover myself, so immediate an answer to your advertisement might with justice be esteemed a forwardness; but as my resolution is fixed, it will bear a better interpretation, and ought to be looked on as a decent regard for the person that seems to bear a share in my misfortunes. You may with great reason reproach me for having drawn you into so idle a correspondence;

respondence: and the persuasion I have of your goodness and humanity, are to me strong testimonials that your enquiry is not the effect of a giddy or ill-meaning curiosity, but proceeds from true principles of virtue, and from a design of giving me all the assistance I can wish. I must own that necessity first tempted me to apply, and though I am determined to stop short; and give a check to my ill-judged scheme, yet I will for ever encourage myself in a thankfulness to you, and compliment my own judgment for having so easily discovered the perfections of so amiable a character. My pen seems pleased with the office of writing to you, and I am now prepared to run greater lengths than patience might excuse. We are all fond of doing what is most pleasing to us, and it is a flattering of my vanity in the supposition of my having engaged your good wishes. My story, which is full of a variety of shocking circumstances and distress, added to a too sensible feeling, has so furnished me with expressions, that I should conceive a hatred to myself, were I capable of a farther attempt to make any impressions on you. Adieu! I shall for ever love and honour your generous design, and will always have this share of merit with you, that no necessity nor other unfortunate circumstance shall again force me to give an alarm to your humanity, or expose me to myself for having dared to raise your curiosity to the knowledge of that, which charity for every well-meaning person commands me to conceal.

Vous allez vers la réputation, vers le crédit ; et moi, j'en reviens.

L E T T E R LXV.

To Cleora, on the Pleasure of Retirement.

Madam,

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

*' Sweet solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,
' Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last ;
' Toss'd thro' tempestuous seas (the voyage 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.'*

TICKELL.

Nothing

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 of happiness : quietly to withdraw from the croud, 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,

LET.

L E T T E R LXVI.

To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all sublunary enjoyments.

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

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

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

I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being, endued with reason and a capacity of judging, (an inhabitant of another planet, and and an utter stranger to our nature) could take a view of our actions, he would be at a loss what to imagine we

N

were ;

were ; and had he no informer, but to judge by our conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a species who were insured always to live in the world we now inhabit ; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least expectation of a future judgment, punishment, or reward.

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

Yours unalterably.

E. N.

L E T T E R L X V I I .

From a Lady to her Friend, on growing old.

My dear Clio,

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

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

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

I was sitting yesterday in my parlour window, looking carelessly on the people as they passed ; when all at once a fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse voice, “ spectacles, Madam, fine spectacles,” and at the same time thrust a pair of these nose saddles within the sash : you cannot imagine, dear *Clio*, how I was shocked ; I gave the man a short answer, and immediately drew down the window.—Good God ! said I to myself, do I look old enough to be supposed to want spectacles ? not considering that it was the fellow’s trade to offer them to every body, and that many people younger than myself were obliged to make use of them.—I ran however to my glass, and fancied I perceived what they call the crow’s feet appearing at the corner 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 ?

148 LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

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

Were old age terrible to us merely as it is the forerunner of death, or as it is generally attended with infirmities which render life a burden, I should not be so much surprized; but, alas! we see death and diseases seize on youth and strength; no time of life is a security against either.—Nor is it altogether the apprehensions of being deprived of what share of beauty Nature may have bestowed upon us, that renders it so alarming, since that also may be lost by the small-pox, and a thousand other accidents. No, it is only the name, not the effects, we so much dread;

dread ; and I believe most people would rather chuse deformity with youth, than comeliness with old age.

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

*‘ Reason in man is but a twinkling lamp
‘ Of wand’ring life, that wakes and winks by turns ;
‘ Fooling the follower ’twixt shade and shining.’*

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

My dear Clio,

Yours, with the most perfect Amity,
LOUISA.

LETTER LXVIII.

*Melancholy Tale of two Lovers : from Mr. Gay
to Mr. E——.*

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718,

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from Heaven, for I am quite

out of the world ; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have escaped : the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished ! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set man, of about five and twenty : *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction. If she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw-hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood ; for scandal never affirmed that he had any other views than the lawful possession of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-

wedding-cloaths, and *John* was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. *John*, who never seperated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and they espied this faithful pair, *John* with one arm about *Sarah's* neck, and the other held over, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead and stiffened in this tender posture. *Sarah's* left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in *Stanton Harcourt* church-yard. My *Lord Harcourt*, at *Mr. Pope's* and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:

When

‘ *When Eastern lovers feed the fun’ral fire,*
 ‘ *On the same pile the faithful pair expire:*
 ‘ *Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,*
 ‘ *And blessed 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 of poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

Yours, &c.

The Epitaph was,

Near this place lie the bodies of
John Hewet and *Sarah Drew*,
 an industrious young man
 and virtuous maiden of this parish,
 who being at harvell-work
 (with several others)
 were in one instant killed by lightning
 the last of *July*, 1718.

L E T T E R L X I X.

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

My dear Niece,

I Was transported with joy at the account *Martilda* gave me of your generous benefaction to the worthy and unfortunate Mrs. R—; but my satisfaction had yet been more compleat, had I received it from any other mouth than that of one who had it from yourself.—The bounties we bestow do honour

to ourselves, and therefore should never be reported by ourselves.—Nay, it behoves us to silence, as much as in our power, the gratitude of the receiver; for which reason I should chuse to convey my donations by an unknown hand, especially if the object of my compassion had been born and bred in a situation superior to obligations of that nature.—It requires the utmost caution and delicacy of behaviour, when we appear in such a case, to avoid giving greater pain than pleasure to the person we should serve.—An ungracious manner of conferring a favour destroys great part of its merit, and mingles a certain gall, which poisons all the comforts it is intended to bestow. An ungracious manner in offering relief to an unhappy person of tolerable education, sinks him in his own opinion, and makes him suspect that he is contemptible in the eyes of his benefactor; though necessity tempts him to accept the gift, yet he is sensible that there is no true compassion in the giver, and is shocked at being thus obliged. Indeed, favours conferred in this manner seem to flow rather from ostentation than charity. This is, my dear, a meanness of spirit which I am so far from suspecting in you, that I know you utterly incapable of it: I am certain you endeavoured to dissipate the confusion she must necessarily be involved in, by expressions altogether obliging and polite; and that your very looks, as well as words, were so turned, as to convince her that you were doing yourself the greatest pleasure: all this I make not the least doubt of, yet am a little concerned for your sake, that you mentioned any thing of the affair to *Matilda*,—She told it me;—she may tell it to others also,—they may repeat

repeat it till it comes round to *Mrs. R*—herself; and then how greatly will the value of the obligation you have conferred, be diminished!—This, indeed, may not happen, and I hope it will not: but in things of this kind, where the peace of mind in a person whom we wish well is liable to be affected, we should leave nothing to chance: we are sure of the secret while in our own bosoms, but cannot be so when intrusted to a another; I therefore take the liberty which friendship, consanguinity, and the experience of more years, entitle me to, of reminding you, that true generosity requires we should be so far from taking any notice of the favours we confer, that we ought to lose the memory of them ourselves. There is nothing more common, than to hear people inveigh against the ingratitude of those they have some way or other obliged; but if we examine into the motives which induced them to do the good offices they so much boast of, perhaps we should not find they had so much reason to complain.—There are many instances in which the *donor* deserves little thanks from the *receiver*; but I shall take notice of only two;—the one where we expect an implicit and eternal submission in requital for the favours bestowed, and look on the persons we have obliged as slaves purchased with our money;—the other, where what is done, is done merely with the view of magnifying ourselves in the eyes of the world. I never hear of accusations of this nature, without being put in mind of that genteel, but severe reprimand, *Henry IV. of France* gave to one of his generals, who had spoke too largely of the services he had rendered him; which was this,

• *Vous*

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

I find, my dear, whoever has any other prospect in the bestowing a favour, than that of serving the person on whom it is bestowed, does no favour at all that demands much gratitude from the receiver.—The act ought to be pure and simple, unmixed with any considerations of self-gratification, farther than that of the pleasure which flows in a generous soul on having the power of being serviceable to our fellow-creatures.

That you may always be blest with that power and inclination, is the wish and hope of, my dear niece,
Your truly affectionate Aunt,
 MIRA.

L E T T E R LXX.

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 steadfast friendship; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstacy. 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

156 LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

may calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.—I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a short adieu, with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again.—But oh! in what elevation of happiness!—In what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty! —What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed! —To him that loved us in his blood shall we ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever: this is all my salvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families of the Earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. —How poor are my hopes, if I depended on those works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness, in whose sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a redeemer's merit and atonement?—How desperate, how undone my condition!—With the utmost advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty! — Oh *Jesus*! What harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound:—Let Angels set thee to their golden harps, let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee. What a dream is mortal life! What shadows are all the objects of mortal sense! All the glories of mortality (my much beloved friend) will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death,

death, when you must be separated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

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

L E T T E R LXXI.

From Miss Middleton to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for *Worcestershire*, in order to follow my sister, who, you know, has been some time there, I received a letter from my aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last *Friday*, and died in two days after.—Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid beauty is now reduced to a cold lump of clay;—for ever closed are those once sparkling eyes;—hushed is that voice that gave so much delight;—those limbs, which art has 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,—fleeing nothings, how unworthy are you of the attention of a reason-
O
able

able 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

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

I shall make no apology for this melancholy epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever concern you may feel for my sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at last a reasonable creature. I enclose you the letter she sent, to the end you may judge with what kind of sentiments she left this world.—Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble Servant,

MIDDLETON.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging *fat* will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever,—None

about me pretend to flatter me with the hopes of seeing another morning.—Short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the world, without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly may arrive:—We have had the same sort of education, have lived in the same manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our follies than our faces.—Oh! what a waste of time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our study.—Parade, equipage, and admiration our ambition—pleasure our avocation, and the mode our God.—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle chat, that sacred name, by whose merits alone I have hopes to be forgiven! How often have I sat and heard his miracles and sufferings ridiculed by the false wits of the age, without feeling the least emotion at the blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One moment, methinks, I see the blissful seats of *Paradise* unveiled;—I hear ten thousand myriads of myriads of celestial forms tuning their golden harps in songs of praise, to the unnumerable name.—The next, a scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks.—My fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom:—on one hand beckoning angels smile upon me, while on the other, the furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting soul.—Methinks I dare not hope, nor
will

will the Reverend *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 that penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious immortality. I die,

Your sincere Friend,

And most affectionate and dying Sister,

BERINTHIA.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

From a Lady in the Country, to one in London.

Dear Madam,

I AM now I do not know how many miles distant from dear *London*, the seat of your joys, and must not expect to see again those places of diversion and gaiety, to which, alas! I have been too much endeared. But I begin to fancy, that in a month or two I shall be reconciled to gloomy shades, tall trees, and murmuring brooks, and all the sylvan scenes which surround me; and even cease to regret my distance from the genteel entertainments of the gay and polite world; for if plain and simple nature can ever appear agreeable, it must be here, where

she shows herself in all her beauties. What a change have I already undergone! I arise at least three or four hours sooner than I ever did in my life before; and even go to bed long before midnight. Instead of the rattling of coaches, I now hear only the rustling of leaves, or the warbling of birds; and instead of rich perfumes, my senses are regaled with the milder fragrance of nature. You, I know, cannot perceive any charms in such a rude retreat, fit to engage the attention of a fine lady. Here are not powdered beaus, or gilt equipages, none of the splendid allurements with which ladies of your vivacity are apt to be captivated: but, for my part, a natural tincture of gravity may possibly make me more easily support the absence of what your gayer disposition may induce you to consider as the very essence of happiness.

Indeed, my dear *Celia*, one loss which I have sustained by my removal, is my distance from you, whose lively sprightly disposition so tempered the serious humour of your

Most sincere and affectionate

CLEORA. ♀

LETTER LXXIV.

To a Lady, on the Decease of her Husband.

Dear Madam,

I Sincerely sympathise in your affliction, and I do not wonder that the death of a person so dear to you, should damp all your spirits. To be forced to
take

take a final leave of that form we love ; to bid a long adieu to the spirit with whom we have daily conversed with pleasing intercourse, is very hard ; the sensible heart-strings must feel the dreadful rent, the distressful mind is torn with anguish. But oh ! Madam, why do you say *for ever* ! The separation is not surely for ever ;—soon you will see him in a more lovely form ;—soon the well-known mind, cloathed with heavenly radiance, will congratulate your arrival on the blissful shore.—Why do you complain that now he is a lifeless lump of clay ? Mistake not ; he is all bliss and active spirit. Those shining virtues, which, while you enumerate them, seem to add to your grief, and which you tell me will ever renew your sorrow, ought to be the pleasing source of joy. Though you lament his loss, lament not his exaltation, nor derive your tears from the very subject of his felicity ; he is in the land of virtue, its native clime. How often do you repeat the words *poor dear man*, and dwell on sounds expressive only of pity ! Pity, Madam, is not for angels ; it is you alone who are the sufferer. O could you but be sensible of his happiness, ecstacy and transporting rapture would dry up your tears. Would you wish him back ? Would you have him, to please you, leave the seats of bliss, and exchange the regions of unfading felicity, for a world of sin, transient happiness, intermingled with pain and trouble ? No ; this you cannot wish.

O my dear Madam ! recollect yourself, and, filled with a generous and refined devotion, repose your mind on God ; and endeavour to lose the sense of your own private apparent loss, in the delightful contemplations

contemplations of his transcendant goodness. Repose yourself on his sovereign will, whose determinations are always safest, wisest, best : let every dewy tear be wiped away, by the happiness of him you loved : love him still, but be disinterested in your affection ; imitate and rejoice in his virtues ; and while you dwell with pleasure on his felicity, anticipate your own. With the most tender sympathy and commiseration, believe me to be, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Friend,

SARAH WILLIS.

END OF THE LETTERS.



VARIOUS

VARIOUS FORMS
OF
MESSAGES by CARDS.

CARD I.

MRS. Jones's compliments to Miss Butler, hopes she shall have the pleasure to hear she is not engaged for an hour this morning. Mrs. Allen has ordered the coach at twelve for an airing through Hyde Park and the King's Road, and if Miss Butler will give her leave, will take her up at a quarter after. Nothing can add more to the enjoyment of such a morning than her company.

Monday, Ten o'clock.

CARD II.

Mrs. Shaw does herself the honor to send her compliments to Miss Burnett. Hopes she is very well; and flatters herself that she has good-nature enough to pardon this impertinence. She begs to be favored with the pattern of the Vandyke handkerchief which Miss Burnett had on the other night at Hickford's. Mrs. Shaw does not imagine this will fit upon any other neck as it does on Miss Burnett's; but she is ambitious to appear like what is agreeable, if she cannot arrive at the thing itself; to which indeed she has no pretensions.

Wednesday Morning.

CARD

C A R D III.

Miss Burnett's compliments to the obliging Mrs. Shaw. She has sent her the patterns of three Vandykes. That with the collar is what she had on at Hickford's; but she thinks the fringed one is prettier. As there is something particular in the way of cutting them out, Miss Burnett sends her servant with the patterns, whose assistance she begs Mrs. Shaw will accept; and believe that she understands this request as the greatest compliment.

Friday.

C A R D IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Singleton's compliments to Miss Williams: they hope to have the pleasure of her company to the assembly. A corner of their coach is at her service, and they beg leave to wait on her at six.

Tuesday Morning.

C A R D V.

Miss William's compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. Singleton. She is truly sensible of the honor they intend her, and will do herself the pleasure to wait on them at the time proposed.

Tuesday Noon.

CARD

C A R D VI.

Mrs. Savage is sorry there should happen any occasion of her troubling *Miss Knightly* with a card, but she has forgotten the direction of *Mrs. Ekins*, from whom she borrowed some books which she is desirous to return. She begs *Miss Knightly's* pardon for this message, and for the trouble she has given in leaving two or three cards at her door, and promises to be no farther impertinent.

C A R D VII.

Miss Knightly sends her compliments to *Mrs. Savage*, and begs she will believe that she is most extremely concerned to have received a card from her with so much resentment. *Miss Knightly* will not add to the cause of her displeasure so much as to suppose that it is without foundation; but whatever may have been her fault, she does most seriously and truly assure *Mrs. Savage* it was not intended disrespect. *Miss Knightly* will wait on *Mrs. Savage* to-morrow morning to beg pardon, and a continuation of an acquaintance which has been always very dear to her.

C A R D VIII.

Mrs. Bowden's compliments to *Mr. Price*. She has a party for cards to-morrow, about four tables; and cannot think of such an evening, without setting him down as one of the party. Hopes he is not engaged.

CARD

C A R D IX.

Mrs. Jones's compliments wait upon dear *Miss Hall*, but she has given orders that she shall not be disturbed. If *Miss Hall* is up, she would be glad to hear that she found no inconvenience from the late hour to which *Mrs. Jones's* fondness of her company kept her. If she has a head-ach from the time, or a cold from the going home, *Mrs. Jones* will not easily forgive herself; if not, she begs *Miss Hall* will pardon her for the pressing her to stay so late.

Wednesday, Two o'clock.

C A R D X.

The bride and bridegroom dine with *Mrs. Jones* to-morrow, and they join with her in soliciting the favor of *Mrs. Thompson's* good company, as the only thing that can add to their happiness. None of your second-hand apologies, pray now; for, indeed, my Dear, you must come. We are to be very merry.

Saturday Noon

T H E E N D.

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