THE

Instructive Letter-Writer,

AND

Entertaining Companion:

CONTAINING

LETTERS on the most Interesting SUBJECTS In an *elegant* and *easy* STYLE;

Wherein a peculiar Regard has been had to select those, ONLY, which are best adapted to inspire NOBLE and MANLY SENTIMENTS, and promote a RATIONAL and VIRTUOUS CONDUCT;

Many of them being wrote by the following *Royal* and *eminent* PERSONAGES, and the rest by the *best Authors*, Antient and Modern, *viz.*

CICERO, BRUTUS, TRAJAN, PLINY, PLUTARCH, Q. ANN BOLEYN, K. EDWARD VI. K. CHARLES I. and His QUEEN, Queen ANN, Prince GEORGE of DENMARK, Empress of RUSSIA, Sir W. RALEIGH, Duke & Dutchess of MARLBRO', Mar. of GRANBY, Abp. TILLOTSON, LOCKE, MOLYNEUX, ADDISON, STEELE, POPE, GAY, Bishop ATTERBURY, Mr. & Mrs. ROWE, Dr. BLACKWELL, RICHARDSON, COLEMAN, MURPHY, &c.

With FORMS of MESSAGES for CARDS

To which are prefix'd INSTRUCTIONS for writing LETTERS with Elegance and Propriety: DIRECTIONS how to address Persons of all Ranks; a plain and concise GRAMMAR of the *ENGLISH* TONGUE; and some necessary Orthographical Directions.

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INSTRUCTIONS for *writing Letters* in the most elegant and agreeable Manner, and also for *subscribing* and *directing* them properly.

"THE Art of Epistolary Writing was esteemed by the Romans in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments; and we find Cicero mentioning, with great pleasure, in some of his letters to Atticus, the elegant specimen he had received from his son of his genius in this way *. It seems, indeed, to have formed part of their education; as in the opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deserves to have a share in ours. "The writing of Letters (as that judicious author observes) enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid shewing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense and abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse †." Pliny was of the same opinion; for in a subsequent letter ‖, wherein he lays down a method of study to one who desired his sentiments upon that head, he particularly recommends to him performances of this kind. A fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but expressing ordinary ones in an uncommon manner. It is the *proprie communia dicere*, the art of giving grace and elegance to familiar occurrences that constitutes the merit of this kind of writing. Mr. Gay's letter concerning the two lovers, who were struck dead with the same flash of lightening, is a master-piece of the sort."

It is a general observation, that we should write as we would talk upon any subject, with the ease and politeness of conversation, and the exactness of study and reflec-

* *Ad Att. l. xv.* 16, 17. † *Treat. on Educat.* 86.
‖ *Book vii. let.* 9.

reflection; always remembering, that when we write, we are more tied down as to the quantity of matter, than when we converse; that we should therefore write only what is most necessary; and that a slip of the tongue often passes unobserved, when what is written is liable to be examined and censured. The way to attain this natural easiness of expression, is to converse with, and endeavour to imitate the manner of the polite in conversation and writing. The Guardian and Spectators should be read often; especially the letters that are interspersed in those valuable volumes.

The papers with the letters C, L, I, O, at the bottom, have for their author the celebrated Mr. Addison, and are remarkable for being wrote in a clear, correct, elegant and easy manner. Cicero, but especially Pliny, are perfect models in this way. The elegant translation of Pliny's letters, by the ingenious Mr. Melmoth, is a copious fund both for entertainment and improvement. Every thing Pliny says, is so just and yet so natural, so exact and still so easy, that he cannot be too much read nor too well digested.

There are many Letters written by Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Melmoth, and other eminent persons of our own country, that are remarkable for their elegance and fine taste; and they deserve to be much read and regarded.

To be a little more particular as to the practical improvement in this pleasing and useful art. When you have considered the subject in your mind you are to write upon, put down your thoughts immediately, in the words that most naturally arise, without seeking for elegant phrases or studied expressions. After you have finished your letter, but not before, lest you break the thread of your thoughts or vary your stile, revise and alter the language, and then copy it in a fair manner. If you write your first thoughts in a book, kept for that purpose only, leaving a blank page opposite that you write upon, it will be of use not only to know what you have written, in case a letter should be lost, or to enable you to judge of the answers you receive. You will hereby

also

alſo diſcern what degree of improvement you make in this agreeable employment; and the only way to do this in any conſiderable degree is by frequent practice. This ſhould be an inducement not to be backward in writing, which many are, becauſe they think themſelves incapable of doing it in a proper manner, and has been often the cauſe why perſons are not ſo well qualified in the Epiſtolary Art, as otherwiſe they might be.

As to Letters relative to trade and buſineſs of any kind, they ſhould be plain and conciſe, but full and intelligible. Abbreviations, and eſpecially omiſſions of any word neceſſary to make the language grammatically clear, in letters about buſineſs, are certainly improper, though too frequent; for even in the beginning of a letter many write, *Have ſent*, &c. inſtead of, *I have ſent*, &c.

In anſwering letters, no particular, eſpecially in letlets of buſineſs, ſhould be diſregarded. Begin with the firſt, and proceed regularly till you have gone thro' the whole. If you would ſhew reſpect be expeditious in your anſwers. The want of being ſo about buſineſs is often of bad conſequence.

Orders for goods ſhould be clear and particular, eſpecially if to a manufacturer, to make or buy goods of ſuch a quantity or pattern; for if ſuch are not made agreeable to orders, nor ſent in the time limited, the perſon who ordered them may legally refuſe to receive them: But if he ſhould like ſome of them, it is to be obſerved, that by taking any part of them he is obliged to take the whole parcel.

As to the Form and Superſcription of Letters, eſpecially to thoſe in genteel life, the following rules may be of uſe.

When you write to a perſon of rank, or a gentleman, it ſhould be on gilt paper, and without ſealing it incloſe it in a cover upon which you are to write the Superſcription or Direction, which has of late been frequently termed the Addreſs.

Begin your Letter about two inches from the top of your paper, making the firſt line about an inch ſhorter than the following ones. When you begin a freſh ſub-

ject

ject always do the ſame; which is making, what is called, *a freſh paragraph.* If you ſend compliments or ſervices to friends, it is thought by many diſreſpectful if you do not inſert them in the body of your letter; but this depends on the freedom you are intitled to with your correſpondent, and the manner perſons are accuſtomed to.

It is cuſtomary with polite perſons to ſign their names at a conſiderable diſtance from the concluſion of their letters, and thereby leave a vacant ſpace over their names. The doing this has led ſome bad perſons to take off that part of the letter and write a promiſſory note over it, which may be of bad conſequence.

In *directing* Letters to perſons who are well known, it is proper not to be too particular, as it is ſuppoſing them to be obſcure and not eaſily found.

When you write to ſuperiors your letters ſhould be as ſhort as the ſubject will permit, eſpecially when you requeſt favours; and to ſuch it is looked upon as diſreſpectful to make a poſtſcript; to ſuch alſo it is very cuſtomary to conclude with, *Sir, Madam, or may it pleaſe your Lordſhip,* &c. &c.

The underwritten is the cuſtomary Form of a *Superſcription* or *Direction*: The word *To* is to be wrote by itſelf nigh the left or the right-hand angle of your letter. Begin the Title or Name of the Perſon a little lower, and in a line by itſelf, and the particular Place of Abode in another line, and at the bottom of all the City or Town near or where he lives.

To

The Right Hon.

William Pitt, Eſq;

In St. James's Street,

Weſtminſter.

How to address Persons of Distinction, either in Writing or Discourse.

TO the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sir*, or *May it please your Majesty.*

To his Royal Highness GEORGE, 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 rank and degrees of dignity.

To the Nobility.

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

To the most Honourable E. Lord Marquis of A. *My Lord Marquis, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable D. Earl of L. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable E. Lord Viscount G. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable N. Lord D. *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*, and *Right Honourable* is given to all their Daughters.

But the youngest Sons of Earls, are only *Honourable* and *Esquires.*

The Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Esquires* and *Honourable*; and their Daughters are directed to *The Honourable Mrs. E. C.* but without any other stile; and they have rank amongst the first gentry, without title.

The title of *Honourable* is likewise conferred on certain persons who have the King's commission, and upon those gentlemen who enjoy places of trust and honour; and every considerable servant to the King, upon the civil or military list, or to any of the Royal Family, is stiled *Esquire, pro tempore.*

The title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoners,

ers, 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 of Great-Britain assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships.*

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

To the Right Honourable A. O. Speaker of the Honourable 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, THOMAS, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or, *Your Grace.*

To the Right Reverend Father in God, T. Lord Bishop of E. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of D. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Reverend Mr. (or Doctor, if the degree of doctor has been taken) B. C. Dean of D. or Archdeacon, or Chancellor of G. or Prebendary, *&c. Mr. Dean, Mr. Archdeacon, Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of all denominations, are stiled *Reverend.*

To the Officers of his Majesty's Houshold.

They are for the most part addressed according to their rank and quality, though sometimes agreeably to the nature of their office, as, *My Lord Steward, My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain*, &c. and in all Superscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's employments, their stile of office should never be omitted.

To the Commissioners and Officers on the Civil Lists.

To the Right Honourable T. Earl of W. Lord Privy Seal——Lord President of the Council——Lord Great Chamberlain——Earl Marshal of England——His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, *&c. My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To

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

N. B. If there is a Nobleman, or even a Commoner, who is a Privy Councellor, among any set of Commissioners, it will be proper to stile them collectively *Right Honourable*; the usual address then, is *Your Lordships.*

To the Right Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs—Ditto of the Revenue of Excise—Ditto for the Duty on Salt—Ditto for his Majesty's Stamp Duties—Ditto for victualling his Majesty's Navy, &c. &c.

To the Officers of the Army and Navy.

In the Army, all Noblemen are stiled according to rank, to which is added their employ.

To the Honourable B. D. Lieutenant general——Major-general ——Brigadier general of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable T. Earl of D. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-guards——Band of Gentlemen Pensioners—Band of Yeomen of the Guards, *&c. My Lord, Your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; and all inferior Officers should have the names of their employments set first; as for example, *To Major J. E. To Captain R. A.* &c. *Sir.*

In the Navy, all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to quality and office. The other Officers as in the Army.

To the Ambassadors, Secretaries and Consuls.

To his Excellency Sir W. J. Bart. his Britannic Majesty's Envoy extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Port, *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To Signiour G. K Secretary from the Republic of Venice, at London, *Sir.*

To D. T. Esq; his Britannic Majesty's Consul, at Smyrna, *Sir.*

To the Judges and Lawyers.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*; as for instance: To the Right Honourable

P.

P. B. Lord High-chancellor of Great-Britain, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable E. G. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable Sir C. N. Bart. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—Ditto of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

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

To the Honourable C. L. one of the Justices of the Court of —— or, To Judge F. *Sir*, or, *may it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. D. his Majesty's attorney—sollicitor—or advocate general, *Sir.*

All others in the Law according to the offices and rank they bear, every Barrister having the title of *Esquire* given him.

N. B. *Upon the circuits, and when they sit singly, every one of the Judges is addressed and treated with the same respect and ceremony as the Chief Justices.*

Of the Lieutenancy and Magistracy.

To the Right Honourable B. Earl of S. Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of H. *My Lord, Your Lordship*

To E. P. Esq; High Sheriff for the County of C, *Your Worship, Mr. High Sheriff; Sir.*

To the Right Honourable B. A. Lord Mayor of the City of London; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Worshipful D. C. Esq; Alderman of Tower-Ward, London: *Your Worship, Sir.*

To the Right Worshipful Sir, F. E. Recorder of the City of London: *Your Worship, Sir, Mr. Recorder.*

To the Right Worshipful H. G. Esq; Mayor of L. *Mr. Mayor, Sir, Your Worship.*

To the Worshipful G. J. Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of S. *Sir, Your Worship.*

To M. L. Esq: Deputy-Steward of the City and Liberty of W. *Mr. Deputy, Sir.*

To the Governors under the Crown.

To his Excellency J. Lord C. Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland: *My Lord Lieutenant, Your Excellency.*

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of the Kingdom of Ireland: *Your Excellencies.*

To the Right Honourable L. Earl of J. Governor of Dover-Castle, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. Constable of the Tower: *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To his Excellency H. J. Esq; Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the Leeward Caribbee Islands in America: *Sir, Governor, Your Excellency.*

To the Honourable N. F. Esq; Lieutenant Governor of South-Carolina: *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Honourable Sir G. J. Deputy Governor of Portsmouth: *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Honourable P. G. Esq; Governor of Fort St. George, Madrass, in East-India.

To the Worshipful the President, and Governors of Christ's Hospital, London.

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are styled Lieutenant Governors: Those appointed by the Proprietors, as the East-India *Company,* &c. *are called Deputy-Governors.*

To Incorporate Bodies.

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

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

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 Drapers.

To a Baronet: To Sir D. C. Bart. at Binfield: *Sir.*

To a Knight: To Sir H. W. at Richmond: *Sir.*

To G. T. Esq; at Wickham: *Sir.*

To Dr. W. Jones, at Reading, Berks: *Sir*, or *Doctor.*

To

To Mr. John Long, Merchant in London, or Briſtol, &c.
To Mr. Swan, Surgeon at Bath: *Sir.*

N. B. The Wives of Baronets and Knights, are ſtyled Ladies.

A PLAIN AND CONCISE

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR is the Art of *ſpeaking* and *writing* properly. It is divided into four parts: 1 ORTHOGRAPHY, which teaches how to write and ſpell truly; as *talk*, not *tawk*; *condition*, not *condiſhon*, &c. 2. ETYMOLOGY, which treats of the ſeveral kinds of words, or parts of ſpeech, their derivations, endings, and change, whereby the meaning of the ſame word is diverſified; as *man*, *men*; *we are*, not *we is*. 3. SYNTAX, which teaches the due diſpoſition of words in ſentences. 4. PROSODY, which teaches to pronounce properly; and the laws of verſification.

Without going into remarks on the letters of the alphabet, and the manner of dividing ſyllables, which are taught at ſchools, tho' the other parts of Grammar, in general, are not; we ſhall begin with the parts of ſpeech, which, according to the idiom of the Engliſh Language, are moſt properly divided into four; viz. *Nouns Subſtantives*, *Nouns Adjectives*, *Verbs*, and *Particles*. *Nouns Subſtantives*, or *Names*, are words whereby things, either ſenſible or intelligible, are expreſſed, and cannot have the word *thing* immediately added to them; for we cannot properly ſay a *Hard Thing*, a *Book Thing*, &c. and as they require no other word except *a*, *an*, or *the*, to be joined to them, they are called *Subſtantives*. They are divided into common, proper, and perſonal. The common comprehends a whole kind or ſpecies; as *Man* is the name that belongs to all men, *City* to every city, and *River* to every river. The proper ſerves to diſtinguiſh particular things; as *John* is the

name of a particular man, *London* of a certain city, and the *Thames* of a particular river. The perſonal, or pronoun, is uſed to avoid the repetition of other names; as *I*, inſtead of my name; *thou* or *you* inſtead of your name; *he* or *ſhe*, inſtead of the name of the perſon of whom we are ſpeaking; and *it*, when we mention a thing that has no diſtinction of ſex. Thus in ſpeaking of my ſelf, I uſe the word *I*; if more than one ſpeak of themſelves, they uſe the word *we*; in ſpeaking to another, we uſe *thou* or *you*; in ſpeaking to more than one, we ſay *ye* or *you*; if we ſpeak of a perſon to whom we do not addreſs our diſcourſe, we ſay *he* or *ſhe*; of a thing without ſex, *it*; and if of more perſons or things than one, we ſay *they*.

Here it is worthy of remark, that *who*, *which* and *what*, are ſometimes perſonal interrogatives, as being frequently uſed in aſking queſtions; in which caſe, *who* is only uſed in ſpeaking of perſons, and *which* or *what* of either perſons or things; as *Who is that lady? What man came in? What place do you chuſe?* It muſt alſo be obſerved, that *who*, *which* and *what*, are frequently called relatives, from their having a relation to ſome foregoing word; as *the man who wrote this book*; where *who* refers to man; in this caſe, *who* is only applied to perſons, *which* to things, and *what* or *that* to either perſons or things.

In the Engliſh language, perſonals are the only nouns that are expreſſed differently, when placed before and after the verb; as *I*, *thou*, *he* or *ſhe*, which are called the three perſons ſingular, are placed before the verb, and *me*, *thee*, *him* and *her*, are placed after it; as alſo *we*, *ye*, *they*, called the three perſons plural, precede the verb, and *us*, *you*, *him*, *her* and *them*, follow after it.

Subſtantives have two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural; the Singular, which expreſſes only one Perſon or Thing, is frequently diſtinguiſhed by *a*, *an*, *one*, or *the* going before it; as *a Table*, *a King*, *an Arm*, or *the Arm*: The Plural is formed by adding *s*, as *Tables*, *Kings*, *Arms*; or *es*, where *s* could not otherwiſe be ſounded; as after *ch*, *s*, *ſh*, *x*, *z*; after *c* ſounded like *s*,

like *s*, and *g*, like *j*; the mute *e* is vocal before *s*, as *Lance, Lances*; *Outrage, Outrages.* To this general Rule there are, however, a few Exceptions, as those Singulars which end in *f* commonly form their Plural by *ves*, as Loaf, *Loaves*; Calf, *Calves:* Though *Dwarf, Hoof, Handkerchief, Mischief, Proof, Relief, Puff, Roof, Scarf, Grief,* are made plural by adding only *s*; as are Words ending in *ff*, except *Staves.*

Irregular Plurals are, *Teeth* from *Tooth, Lice* from *Louse, Mice* from *Mouse, Geese* from *Goose, Feet* from *Foot, Dice* from *Die, Pence* from *Penny, Brethren* from *Brother, Children* from *Child.* Some Words have no Plural; as *Corn, Wheat, Rye, Barley, Chaff, Bran, Meal, Beer, Vinegar, Honey, Butter, Tar, Pitch, Wool, Dust, Hunger, Thirst, People, Offspring,* &c. Of this Class are also the Virtues and Vices; as *Justice, Temperance, Hatred, Envy,* &c. and abstract Qualities; as *Happiness, Misery, Wisdom, Paleness, Contempt, Grief,* &c. Others have the same Ending in both Numbers; as *Deer, Sheep,* &c. and others have no Singular; as *Bellows, Bowels, Breeches, Tongs, Scissars, Snuffers, Folks, Wages, Thanks,* &c.

In most other Languages the masculine and feminine Genders being applied to inanimate Things, give no small Trouble to the Learner; but in the English Language they are only applied to their proper and necessary Use, that is, to distinguish the Sexes, in which we either use two Words; as in *Man, Woman*; *Boy, Girl*; *Brother, Sister*; *Duck, Drake*; *Goose, Gander:* Or by putting another Word expressive of the Sex before the Name; as *Man Servant, Maid Servant*; *Male Child, Female Child*; *Cock Sparrow, Hen Sparrow*; *He Goat, She Goat* In some few Words, the Female is distinguished from the Male, by changing their Termination into *ess*; as *Count, Countess*; *Heir, Heiress*; *Prince, Princess:* Or into *x*, as *Administratrix, Executrix, Testatrix.* They are also known by the personal Names, *He, Him,* used in speaking of Males; *She, Her,* used in referring to Females; and *It,* when we refer to inanimate Things. But there are four or five Words n

the Language, which may be considered as Exceptions to this Rule; for we sometimes use the Word *Sun* in the Masculine Gender, and the *Moon*, the *Church*, and a *Ship*, are of the Feminine.

Instead of Cases, and the various Terminations and Declensions used in *Latin*, we have only the Articles, *a*, *an*, *the*, *of*, *to*, *by*, *from*, *with*, &c. to distinguish the several Circumstances of the Substantive, either when alone, or when joined to an Adjective; except in the Genitive Case, which we sometimes form by adding *'s* to the Noun; as, for *the Son of the Prince*, we write the *Prince's Son*, we also say, *George's Watch*, *John's Book*, &c.

ADJECTIVES in the *English* Language are wholly indeclinable; having neither Case, Gender, nor Number, and are added to Substantives in all Relations without any Change; as *a fine Horse*, *a good Woman*, *good Women*, *of a good Woman*, *good Men*, *of good Men*, &c. And though in most other Languages they are placed before the Substantive, in *English* they are placed after it, as in the above Examples; in Poetry, however, this Order is sometimes changed; as, *O Bard divine!* The principal Peculiarity of this Part of Speech, is, that Qualities admit of Degrees of Comparison, which Things do not: And of these there are properly but two, called the *Comparative* and *Superlative*, both formed from the Quality in its positive State, which expresses simply the State of the Name, without Relation to the like Quality in any other; as *wise*, *bright*, *fair*, *vile*. The *Comparative* Degree, by comparing one Thing with another, expresses the Quality somewhat increased or diminished, and is formed by adding *er* to the Positive; as *wiser*, *brighter*, *fairer*, *viler*: And the *Superlative* Degree expresses absolutely the Superiority of one above or beyond the other; as *wisest*, *brightest*, *fairest*, *vilest*.

The Degrees of Comparison are also frequently formed by adding *more* or *most*, without altering the Termination of the Adjective; as *more wise*, *most wise*: Which serves to vary the Turn of Expression, and is often esteemed more elegant than barely altering the Termina-

Termination: This is particularly the Case in Words of two, three, or more Syllables; thus *more beautiful*, *most beautiful*, are more elegant than *beautifuller*, *beautifullest*. Thus *extraordinary*, *remarkable*, and most other long Words, have their Degrees of Comparison always expressed by *more* or *most*; for we never say *extraordinarier*, *extraordinariest*.

The Comparison of Adjectives is very uncertain; and being much regulated by Commodiousness of Utterance, or Agreeableness of Sound, is not easily reduced to Rules.

It is necessary to observe, that Nouns or Names are sometimes used as Adjectives or Qualities; as a *Gold Watch*, a *Diamond Ring*, a *Silver Tankard*: And that a Quality is used as a Name, and is to be considered as a Substantive, whenever it is taken in an abstracted or universal Sense, which Substantives are generally formed by adding *ness* to the Adjective, *Goodness*, *Whiteness*, &c.

Some Grammarians have ranked the Words, *my*, *mine*; *thy*, *thine*; *his*, *hers*; *our*, *ours*; *your*, *yours*; *their*, *theirs*; under the Class of Qualities derived from personal Names, and called them personal Possessives; and also, *this*, *that*, *the same*, which are called Demonstratives, because they shew what particular Person or Thing we mean; as *this House*, *that Horse*. *This* and *that*, in the Plural Number, make *these* and *those*.

A Verb, or Affirmation, is a Word which expresses what is affirmed or said of Things; and is usually reckoned of two Kinds, the auxiliary Verb, and the Verb itself, both of which have Persons, Numbers, and Tenses or Times. The Persons, which are distinguished by a personal Name going before them, vary their Terminations only in the singular Number; as in, *I live*, *thou livest*, *he lives* or *liveth*, *we live*, *ye live*, *they live*.

The Affirmations in the *English* Language have but three Tenses or Times, the Present, the Past, and the Future; or, in other Words, the Thing doing, done, or to be done; for all other Tenses are formed by adding the auxiliary Verb, and without any Variation in the

the Termination. The Present Tense is expressed by the Affirmation itself; as *I love*; the Past Tense general ends with *ed*; as *I loved*; and the Future is formed by adding the auxiliary Verb *shall* or *will*; as *I shall love*; and as there are but two Tenses or Times expressed by the Affirmation, its various Changes are signified by the Nine following auxiliary Affirmations, *viz. do, will, shall, may, can, must, ought, have, am* or *be*, which being placed before other Affirmations, signify Time, Resolution, Power, Liberty, Necessity, Duty, *&c.*

It must be observed, that when one of these Auxiliaries is put before another Affirmation, the Auxiliary only alters its Termination in expressing the Persons, as I *am* living, thou *art* living, he *is* living, we *are* living, *&c.* I *do* live, thou *dost* live, he *doth* or *does* live, *&c.*

As some are apt to mistake the Use of *shall* and *will*, the Signs of the Future Tense, it must be observed, that when we only simply foretell, we use *shall* in the first Person, and *will* in the rest; but when we promise, threaten or engage, we use *will* in the first Person, and *shall* in the others.

It has been observed, that the Affirmation generally expresses the past Time by adding *ed* to the present; but there are a great many Words which cannot be reduced to this Rule; the most common Irregularity is the changing *d* into *t*, and omitting the Vowel; as in *mixt* for *mixed*; the others are too many to be all here enumerated; such as, *I am awake, I awoke; I bear, I bore, I have borne; I see, I saw; I swim, I swam; I spin, I spun; I teach, I taught; I tread, I trod, I have trodden; I weep, I wept; I write, I wrote, I have written.*

Sometimes the Particle *to* is placed before the Affirmation; and when it is thus used, it is always joined with another Affirmation; and has then the Power of a Name or Substantive.

PARTICLES are such Words as denote some Circumstance or Quality of an Action, joins Words or Sentences together,

together, or expreſs ſome ſudden Emotions of the Soul; and theſe comprehend all that are commonly known by the Names of *Adverbs*, *Conjunctions*, *Prepoſitions*, and *Interjections*: Words which, though of different Natures, ought to be reduced to one Claſs, ſince they always retain their Form, and are ſubject to none of the Variations of the other Parts of Speech.

The Uſe of ADVERBS is to denote ſome Circumſtance or Quality of the Words to which they are joined, which is frequently to an Affirmation; as I love her *dearly*; and as many of theſe are derived from Qualities, they, like them, admit of Degrees of Compariſon; as *happily*, *more happily*, *moſt happily*; *wiſely*, *more wiſely*, *moſt wiſely*: Theſe always end in *ly*. Adverbs are alſo divided into thoſe of Time; as *now*, *already*, *yeſterday*, *often*, *always*, *ſeldom*, &c. Into thoſe of Place; as *here*, *there*, *hither*, *above*, *below*, &c. Into thoſe of Number; as *firſt*, *ſecondly*, *thirdly*; *once*, *twice*, &c. Into thoſe of Quantity; as *more*, *leſs*, *enough*, *too much*, &c. Into thoſe of Affirmation; as *yea*, *yes*, *truly*, &c. Into thoſe of Negation; as *no*, *not*, *nay*, &c. Into thoſe of doubting; as *perhaps*, *peradventure*, &c.

CONJUNCTIONS are Words that joins Sentences together, and ſhew the Manner of their Dependance on one another; as *and*, *alſo*, *or*, *nor*, *either*, *neither*.

PREPOSITIONS are Particles ſet before other Words to ſhew the Relations which the ſubſequent Word has to ſome other that precedes it; as *at*, *againſt*, *among*, *between*, *from*, *for*, *in*, *off*, *with*, &c.

INTERJECTIONS are imperfect Words, moſtly Monoſyllables, that denote ſome ſudden Emotion or Paſſion of the Mind, and being expreſſed by a Kind of involuntary Impulſe, have no Connection with any other Part of a Sentence; as *ah! alas! ſtrange! piſh! foh! huſh! hark!* &c.

Every Sentence is compounded of theſe four Parts of Speech, and on the proper Choice of Words, and in the Diſpoſition and Manner of placing them, all the Elegance, Harmony, and Force of Language conſiſt.

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

1. *Direction.* LET the first Word of every Book, Epistle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.

2. *Direction.* Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, *&c.* begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, *&c.*

3. *Direction.* 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous.

4. *Direction.* None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a Full Stop.

5. *Direction.* Qualities, Affirmations, or Particles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.

6. *Direction.* If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author is to be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period.

7. *Direction.* Let not a Capital be written in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.

8. *Direction.* Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in the Titles of Books for Ornament Sake.

9. *Direction.* The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with Capitals.

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

11. *Direction.* The long *ſ* must never be inserted immediately after the short *s*, nor at the End of a Word.

THE

THE INSTRUCTIVE LETTER-WRITER.

Queen ANN BOLEYN's last Letter to King HENRY VIII.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant: Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour) by such a one, whom you know to be my ancient professed enemy: I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command: But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded; and, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in ANN BOLEYN; with which name and place could I willingly have contented myself, if GOD and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased: Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You

have chosen me from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful tryal, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared: So that whatsoever God or You may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am; whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only on my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, That myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of ANN BOLEYN hath

hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the TRINITY to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

King EDWARD VI's Letter to BARNABY FITZ PATRICK his favourite, who had been bred up with him.

December 20, 1551.

WE have received your letters of the 8th of the present month, whereby we understand how well you are entertained at the French court, and also how you have been once moved to go on pilgrimage: For which cause we have thought good to advertise you, that hereafter if any such chance happen, you shall desire leave to go to Mr. Pickering, or to Paris for your business. And if that will not serve, declare to some man of estimation, with whom you are best acquainted, that as you are loth to offend the French king, because you have been so favourably used, so with safe conscience you cannot do any such thing, being brought up with Me. Yet if you be vehemently procured, you may go as waiting on the king, not as intending to the abuse, nor willingly seeing the ceremonies, and so you look on the mass. But in the mean season regard the scripture, or some good books, and give no reverence to the mass at all. For women, as far forth as you may, avoid their company; yet if the French king command you, you may some time dance, so measure be your mean.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH to Prince HENRY, son of King JAMES I.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

THE following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment. You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father GOD's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of GOD, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall men have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince! against such sycophants, in the generous cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow creatures from slavery; from

from a condition, as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve in your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house, the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from GOD. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Chuse therefore to be the king, or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience, that is passive. I am, Sir,

Your Highness's most faithful servant,

WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH's Letter to his WIFE after his condemnation.

YOU shall receive, my dear Wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows; dear BESS, let

them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the duſt And ſeeing that it is the will of God that I ſhould not ſee you any more, bear my deſtruction patiently, and with an heart like yourſelf.

Firſt, I ſend you all the thanks which heart can conceive, or my words expreſs, for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wiſhed, yet my debt to you is not the leſs; but pay it I never ſhall in this world.

Secondly, I beſeech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourſelf many days, but by your travels ſeek to help my miſerable fortunes, and the ſight of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me that am but duſt.

Thirdly, You ſhall underſtand, that my lands were conveyed *bona fide* to my child; the writings were drawn Midſummer was twelve months, as divers can witneſs; and I truſt my blood will quench their malice who deſired my ſlaughter, that they will not ſeek alſo to kill you and your's with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you I know not; for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Moſt ſorry am I, that being thus ſurprized by death, I can leave you no better eſtate. God hath prevented all my determinations; that great God that worketh all in all: And if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the reſt is but a vanity. Love God, and begin by times; in him you ſhall find true, everlaſting, and endleſs comfort; when you have travelled and wearied yourſelf with all ſorts of worldly cogitations, you ſhall ſit down by ſorrow in the end. Teach your ſon alſo to ſerve and fear God whilſt he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be an huſband to you, and a father to him: An huſband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Paylie oweth me a thouſand pounds, and Aryan ſix hundred; in Jerſey alſo I have much owing me. Dear Wife, I beſeech you, for my ſoul's ſake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt, you ſhall be much ſought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich.

rich. Have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befal you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect to God and the world. As for me I am no more your's, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from this world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but (God knows) it was for you and your's that I desired it; for know it, my dear Wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal this time when all are asleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. Time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and your's, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear Wife, farewel. Bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Your's that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

Prince CHARLES (afterwards King CHARLES I.) *to Pope GREGORY XV. from* MADRID, *while he was making his addresses to the Infanta of* SPAIN.

[Note. *This, and the Letters from him to his Queen, and her's to him, are copied from* LUDLOW's MEMOIRS.]

MOST HOLY FATHER,

WE have received your Holiness's letter with no less gratitude and respect than is due to the singular good will and pious affection with which we know

know it was written. Nothing could be more acceptable to us, than to find the renowned examples of our ancestors proposed to us by your Holiness for our study and imitation; who though they frequently hazarded both lives and fortunes to propagate the Christian faith, yet never more chearfully carried the ensigns of the cross against the most mortal enemies of JESUS CHRIST, than we will endeavour, to the utmost of our power, to restore that peace and union which has been so long banished from the Christian commonwealth. For since the malice of the father of discord has sowed such unhappy divisions among those who profess the Christian religion, we think such endeavours to be absolutely necessary to promote the glory of GOD, and of CHRIST our Saviour. Nor shall we esteem it less honour to tread in the same path, and to be their rivals and imitators in pious and religious undertakings, than to derive our descent from them. And to this we are very much encouraged by the known inclination of the King our father, who desires nothing more ardently than to lend a helping hand to so pious a work; and feels the greatest anguish of heart, when he considers the cruel slaughters and deplorable calamities that arise from the dissensions of Christian princes. The judgment your Holiness makes of our desire to contract an alliance and marriage with a Catholic family and princess, is not only agreeable to your charity, but will also be found suitable to your great wisdom. For we would not so vehemently desire to enter into so close and undissolvable an engagement with any mortal creature, whose religion we hated. Therefore your Holiness may rest assured, that our moderation is, and ever shall be such, as will preserve us from any action that may testify the least hatred to the Roman Catholic religion; and that, by easy and gentle means, we will rather embrace all occasions of removing those invidious impressions and suspicions which are among us: That as we confess one individual TRINITY, and one CHRIST crucified, so we may unanimously reunite in one faith; for the attainment of which we shall not only employ

our

our vigilant care and utmost diligence, but most readily hazard our life and kingdoms. It remains only to give your Holiness our best thanks for your letter, which we esteem a most singular present, and to wish your Holiness all manner of prosperity and eternal happiness. At Madrid, June 20, 1623.

King CHARLES I. *to his* QUEEN.

DEAR HEART, Oxford, Feb. 25, 1644-5.

THE expectation of an express from thee (as I find by thine of the 4th Febr.) is very good news to me, as likewise that thou art now well satisfied with my diligence in writing. As for our treaty, there is every day less hopes than other, that it will produce a peace. But I will absolutely promise thee, that if we have one, it shall be such as shall invite thy return. For I avow, that without thy company I can neither have peace nor comfort within myself. The limited days for treating are now almost expired without the least agreement upon any one article. Wherefore I have sent for enlargement of days, that the whole treaty may be laid open to the world. And I assure thee, that thou *needst not doubt the issue of this treaty; for my commissioners are so well chosen (though I say it) that they will neither be threatened nor disputed from the grounds I have given them; which (upon my word) is according to the little note thou so well remembers.* And in this not only their obedience, but *their* judgments concur. I confess in some respects thou hast reason to bid me beware of going too soon to London: For indeed some amongst us had a greater mind that way than was fit; of which persuasion Percy is one of the chief, who is shortly like to see thee; of whom having said this, is enough to shew thee how he is to be trusted or believed by thee concerning our proceedings here. *In short, there is little or no appearance but that this summer will be the hottest for war of any that hath been yet; and be confident, that in making peace, I shall ever shew my constancy in adhering to Bishops, and all our friends,*

and

and not forget to put a short period to this perpetual parliament. But, as thou loves me, let none persuade thee to slacken thine assistance for him who is eternally thine.

C. R.

The QUEEN *to King* CHARLES *I. from* PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 1644 5.

I HAVE received one of your letters, dated from Marlborough, of an old date, having received many others more fresh, to which I have made answer. I will say nothing concerning this; but only concerning the affair of (Gor.) if it be not done, it is time, being very seasonable at this time, which I did not believe before. I understand that the commissioners are arrived at London: I have nothing to say, but that you have a care of your honour; and that if you have a peace, it may be such as may hold; and if it fall out otherwise, *that you do not abandon those who have served you, for fear they do forsake you in your need.* Also I do not see how you can be in safety without a regiment of guard: For myself, I think I cannot be, *seeing the malice which they have against me, and my religion; of which I hope you will have a care of both.* But, in my opinion, religion should be the last thing upon which you should treat: *For, if you do agree upon strictness against the Catholics, it would discourage them to serve you: And if afterwards there should be no peace, you could never expect succours either from Ireland, or any other Catholic prince; for they would believe you would abandon them after you have served yourself.* I have dispatched an express into Scotland to Montrose, to know the condition he is in, and what there is to be done. This week I send to Mr. de Lorrain, and into Holland; I lose no time. If I had more of your news, all would go better. Adieu, my dear heart.

Charles

CHARLES I. to the Earl of STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,

THE misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself, in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now, in the midst of your troubles, that, upon the word of a King, you shall not suffer in * life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shewed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, tho' none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

* *The King, notwithstanding this, gave up the Earl, who was beheaded.*

Prince GEORGE *of* DENMARK *to King* JAMES II. NOVEMBER 1688.

SIR,

WITH an heart full of grief I am forced to write, what prudence would not permit me to say to your face; and may I ever find credit with your Majesty, and protection from heaven, as what I now do is free from passion, vanity or design, with which actions of this nature are too often accompanied. I am not ignorant of the frequent mischiefs wrought in the world by factious pretences of Religion; but were not Religion the most justifiable cause, it would not be made the most superior pretence. And your Majesty has already shewed too interested a sense of Religion, to doubt the just effects of it in one, whose practices have, I hope, never given the world cause to censure his real conviction of it, or his backwardness to perform what his

honour

honour and conſcience prompt him to. How then can I longer diſguiſe my juſt concern for That Religion, in which I have been ſo happily educated, which my judgment truly convinceth me to be the beſt, and for the ſupport of which I am ſo highly intereſted in my native country? And is not England now, by the moſt endearing tie, become ſo?

Whilſt the reſtleſs ſpirits of the enemies of the reformed religion, back'd by the cruel zeal, and the prevailing power of France, juſtly alarm and unite all the Proteſtant Princes of Chriſtendom, and engage them in ſo vaſt an expence for the ſupport of it; can I act ſo ungenerous and mean a part, to deny my concurrence to ſuch worthy endeavours, for the diſabuſing your Majeſty, by the reinforcement of thoſe laws, and reeſtabliſhment of that government, on which alone depend the well-being of your Majeſty, and of the proteſtant religion in Europe? This, Sir, is that irreſiſtible and only cauſe, that could come in competition with my duty and obligation to your Majeſty, and be able to tear me from you; whilſt the ſame affectionate deſire to ſerve you continues in me. Could I ſecure your perſon by the hazard of my life, I ſhould think it could not be better employed. And would to God theſe your diſtracted kingdoms might receive that ſatiſfactory compliance from your Majeſty, in all their juſtifiable pretenſions, as might, upon the only ſure foundation, that of the love and intereſt of your ſubjects, eſtabliſh your government, and as ſtrongly unite the hearts of all your ſubjects to you, as is that of, &c.

Queen ANN's Letter to the Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH, who, as a mark of great freedom and intimacy, ſhe called FREEMAN, *and allowed the Dutcheſs to call her* MORLEY.

MY dear MRS. FREEMAN, I cannot go to bed without renewing a requeſt that I have often made, that you would baniſh all unkind and unjuſt thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful MORLEY, which

which I saw by the glimpse I had of you yesterday you were full of. Indeed I do not deserve them, and if you could see my heart, you would find it as sincere, as tender, and passionately fond of you as ever, and *as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions.* Nothing shall ever alter me Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear dear mrs. FREEMAN; who, I do assure you once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express.

Queen ANN to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH after the victory of OUDENARDE.

Windsor, July 6, 1708.

I WANT words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success; for which, next to almighty GOD, my thanks are due to you; and indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me: But be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you, nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray GOD almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again; and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

The DUKE's Answer.

MADAM, July 23, 1708.

I HAVE the honour of your Majesty's letter of the 6th, and am very thankful for all your goodness to me. And I am sure it will always be my intention,

as well as duty, to be ready to venture my life for your service.

As I have formerly told your Majesty that I am desirous to serve you in the army, but not as a minister, I am every day more and more confirmed in that opinion. And I think myself obliged upon all accounts, on this occasion, to speak my mind freely to you. The circumstances in this last battle, I think, shew the hand of GOD; for we were obliged not only to march five leagues that morning, but to pass a river before the enemy, and to engage them before the whole army was passed, which was a visible mark of the favour of heaven to you and your arms.

Your Majesty shall be convinced from this time, that I have no ambition, or any thing to ask for myself or family. But I will end the few years which I have to live in endeavouring to serve you, and to give GOD Almighty thanks for his infinite goodness to me. But as I have taken this resolution to myself, give me leave to say, that I think you are obliged in conscience, and as a good christian, to forgive, and to have no more resentments to any particular person or party, but to make use of such as will carry on this just war with vigour; which is the only way to preserve our religion and liberties, and the crown on your head. Which that you may long enjoy, and be a blessing to your people, shall be the constant wish and prayer of him, that is with the greatest truth and duty,

Madam, &c.

CICERO to BRUTUS.

CLODIUS, tribune of the people elect, has a very great affection, or to speak more emphatically, a very great love for me. As I am fully persuaded of this, so I doubt not, but that you, who thoroughly know me, will believe, that I have the same love also for him. For nothing in my opinion is less worthy of a man, than to be behind hand in good offices

fices with those, who invite you to their friendship. He seems to suspect, and not without great concern, that something has been written, or insinuated to you rather in person, by his enemies, which has made an impression on you to his disadvantage. It is not usual with me, my BRUTUS, as you, I imagine, well know, to affirm any thing too hastily of another. The thing itself is hazardous, on the account of the dark inclinations, and variable natures of men. But Clodius's disposition is perfectly understood, known, and tried by me. I have many proofs of it; but not necessary to be committed to writing: For I would have you look upon this, as a testimonial, rather than an epistle. He was advanced by Antony's favour; yet a great share of that very favour came originally from you. He would be glad therefore, to see him in safety; yet so, as to see us also safe at the same time: But he perceives things brought to such a pass (for he is, as you know, very far from a fool) that it is not possible for us both to be safe. He wishes therefore for us, and both talks, and thinks in the most friendly manner of you. Wherefore if any one has written, or given you any different information about him; I earnestly intreat you to give credit rather to me; who am both better able to judge of him, than any obscure informer, and have a greater affection also for you. Look upon Clodius then, as one perfectly well affected to you; and such a citizen, as one of the greatest prudence, and the easiest fortunes ought to be.

CICERO to BRUTUS.

I HAVE already recommended many, and must necessarily recommend many more to you. For every one, in proportion, as he is the honester man, and better citizen, declares himself the more freely on your side; and all men of courage are eager to exert their pains and zeal in your service: Nor is there any of them, who is not persuaded, that my interest and authority are of the

greatest weight with you. But as to C. Nasennius, of the corporation of Suessa, I recommend him to you as warmly, as ever I did any man. In the Cretan war, he commanded the eighth century of the Principes, under Metellus, the general; and has been employed ever since in the care of his private affairs. But at this time moved by the cause of the republic, and the excellence of your dignity, he would be glad to obtain some command under you. I recommend therefore to you, BRUTUS, a brave and worthy man; and if that be any thing to the purpose, a rich one also. I shall take it very kindly, if you treat him in such a manner, as to give him reason to thank me, on the account of your favours to him.

BRUTUS to CICERO.

HOW dear L. Bibulus ought to be to me, after so many struggles and anxieties, which he has sustained for the republic, no man is better able to judge, than you. Wherefore either his own virtue, or our friendship ought sufficiently to recommend him to you; so as to make it needless for me, I imagine, to employ many words. For my desire surely deserves to have weight with you, provided it be just, or excited by a necessary duty. He resolves to sue for the priesthood, in Pansa's place. We beg that nomination from you. You cannot grant this favour to one, more strictly united with you, than I am; nor name a person more worthy of it than Bibulus. What occasion have I to say any thing of Domitius and Apuleius; who, on their own account possess so great a share of your esteem? As for Apuleius, you ought to support him with your authority. But Domitius's pretensions will be set forth in his own epistle. Do not fail however to admit Bibulus into your confidence; who is already, take my word for it, so accomplished a man, that he bids fair to merit the honour of being ranked amongst the few of your class.

CICERO

CICERO to BRUTUS.

I SHOULD perform the ſame office which you performed in my loſs, of comforting you by letter, did I not know that you cannot want thoſe remedies in your grief with which you relieved mine. I wiſh only that you may cure yourſelf now more eaſily than at that time I cured myſelf: For it would be ſtrange in ſo great a man as you, not to be able to practice what he had preſcribed to another. As for me, not only the reaſons which you then collected, but your very authority deterred me from iudulging my ſorrow to exceſs. For when you imagined me to bear my affliction with more ſoftneſs than became a man; eſpecially one who uſed to comfort others, you chid me by letter in ſtronger terms than it was your cuſtom to make uſe of. Out of my great regard therefore, and reverence for your judgment, I recollected myſelf; and by the acceſſion of your authority took every thing that I had learnt, or read, or heard upon that ſubject, to have the greater weight. Yet my part, BRUTUS, at that time, was only to act agreeably to duty and to nature: But yours is to be acted, as we ſay, upon the ſtage, and before the people. For when the eyes, not only of your army, but of all the citizens, nay of all nations are upon you; it is wholly indecent for you, by whom we other mortals are made the ſtouter, to betray any dejection or want of courage. You have ſuffered indeed a great loſs (for you have loſt that which has not left it's fellow on earth) and muſt be allowed to grieve under ſo cruel a blow; leſt to want all ſenſe of grief ſhould be found more wretched than grief itſelf: But to grieve with moderation, as it is uſeful to every body, ſo it is neceſſary to you. I ſhould write more if this was not already too much to one of your character. We expect you and your army; without which, though all other things ſucceed to our wiſhes, we ſhall hardly be free. I ſhall write more largely on the whole ſtate of the re-

public; and perhaps with more certainty, in the letters which I am thinking to send by our Venus.

BRUTUS to CICERO.

OTHER people's fears oblige me to entertain some also myself, on Lepidus's account. If he should withdraw himself from us (which will prove, I hope, a rash and injurious suspicion of him) I beg and beseech you, Cicero; conjuring you by our friendship and your affection to me, to forget, that my sister's children are Lepidus's sons; and to consider me in the place of their father. If I obtain this from you, you will not scruple, I am sure, to do whatever you can for them. Other people live in a different manner with their friends: But I can never do enough for my sister's children, to satisfy either my inclination or my duty. But what is there in which honest men can oblige me (if in reality I have deserved to be obliged in any thing) or in which I can be of service to my mother, sister, and the boys; if their uncle BRUTUS has not as much weight with you and the senate, to protect, as their father Lepidus to hurt them? I feel so much uneasiness and indignation, that I neither can, nor ought to write more fully to you: For if, in a case so important and so necessary, there could be any occasion for words to excite and confirm you, there is no hope, that you will do what I wish, and what is proper. Do not expect therefore any long prayers from me. Consider who I am: One, who ought to obtain this, either from CICERO, a man the most particularly united with me; or without any regard to our private friendship, from a consular, of such eminence. Pray send me word, as soon as you can, what you resolve to do. From my camp, July the 1st.

PLINY to QUINTILIAN, with a present.

THOUGH I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary expence in cloaths and equipage, suitable to her husband's quality; by which though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre; and knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burden; and, as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards these expences; which sum had been much larger, had I not feared the smallness of it would be the greater inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.

PLUTARCH to TRAJAN.

I AM convinced that your modesty sought not the empire, though the excellency of your manners long deserved it. Your want of ambition in desiring such honours only enhances that merit which was thought worthy to receive them. I therefore congratulate your virtue and my good fortune, provided your future behaviour shall correspond with your former intentions. Should you fall off you undergo the risque of danger, and the certainty of contempt. Rome will never support an emperor unworthy of her; and the faults of the scholar will be imputed to me his instructor. Thus Seneca is reproached, and his fame still suffers for the vices of Nero. The miscarriages of Quinctilian's scholars have been thrown on their master; and even Socrates himself has been accounted remiss in the instructions

tions of his pupil Alcibiades. Do but continue to be yourself and all will go well. Begin then to govern by ruling at home. Lay then the foundation of empire on the command of your own passions. If you make virtue the scope of your actions they will all proceed in harmony and order. I have already instructed you in the laws of society, and the excellence of your predecessors; imitate and obey them: If you comply, I claim to myself some honour for influencing your conduct; if you refuse, let this letter be my testimony to posterity; that neither your faults nor errors have had the sanction or connivance of PLUTARCH.

PLINY to his friend FEROX.

YOUR last letter is a convincing argument that you study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk riddles to you; and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my meaning is. In short, the letter you sent me shows you did not study for it, so easy and negligent it appears to be; and yet, at the same time, 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossible any one should write it, who did not weigh every word; or else you are certainly the happiest man in the world, if you can write letters so just and exact, without care and premeditation.

PLINY to TITIANUS.

WHAT are you doing? And what do you propose to do? As for myself, I pass my life in the most agreeable, that is, in the most disengaged manner imaginable. I do not find myself, therefore, in the humour to write a long letter, though I am to read one. I am too much a man of pleasure for the former, and just idle enough for the latter; for none are more indolent, you know, than the voluptuous, or have more curiosity than those who have nothing to do. Farewel.

SERVIUS

SERVIUS SULPICIUS to CICERO.

I RECEIVED the news of your daughter's death with all the concern it so justly deserves: And indeed I cannot but consider it as a misfortune in which I bear an equal share with yourself. If I had been near you when this fatal accident happened, I should not only have mingled my tears with yours, but assisted you with all the consolation in my power. I am sensible at the same time, that offices of this kind afford at best but a wretched relief: For as none are qualified to perform them, but those who stand near to us by the ties either of blood or affection, such persons are generally too much afflicted themselves, to be capable of administring comfort to others. Nevertheless I thought proper to suggest a few reflections which occurred to me upon this occasion: Not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your present discomposure of mind they might possibly have escaped your attention. Tell me then, my friend, wherefore do you indulge this excess of sorrow? Reflect, I intreat you, in what manner fortune has dealt with every one of us: That she has deprived us of what ought to be no less dear than our children, and overwhelmed in one general ruin our honours, our liberties, and our country. And after these losses, is it possible that any other should increase our tears? Is it possible that a mind long exercised in calamities so truly severe, should not become totally callous, and indifferent to every event? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your grief arises not so much on your own account as on that of Tullia. Yet surely you must often, as well as myself, have had occasion in these wretched times, to reflect, that their condition by no means deserves to be regretted, whom death has gently removed from this unhappy scene. What is there, let me ask, in the present circumstances of our country, that could have rendered life greatly desirable to your daughter? What pleasing hopes, what agree-

able

able views, what rational satisfaction could she possibly have proposed to herself from a more extended period? Was it in the prospect of conjugal happiness in the society of some distinguished youth? As if, indeed, you could have found a son-in-law amongst our present set of young men, worthy of being intrusted with the care of your daughter! Or was it in the expectation of being the joyful mother of a flourishing race, who might possess their patrimony with independence, who might gradually rise through the several dignities of the state, and exert the liberty to which they were born in the service and defence of their friends and country? But is there one amongst all these desirable privileges, of which we were not deprived before she was in a capacity of transmitting them to her descendants? Yet, after all, you may still alledge, perhaps, that the loss of our children is a severe affliction; and unquestionably it would be so, if it were not a much greater to see them alive to endure those indignities which their parents suffer.

I lately fell into a reflection, which, as it afforded great relief to the disquietude of my own heart, may possibly contribute likewise to asswage the anguish of yours. In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megara; on my right I saw Piræus, and on my left Corinth. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now represented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation.

"Alas! (I said to myself) shall such a short-lived creature as man complain, when one of his species falls either by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature, whilst in this narrow compass so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, O my heart! the general lot to which man is born: And let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs." Believe me, I found my mind greatly refreshed and comforted by these reflections. Let me advise you in the

the ſame manner to repreſent to yourſelf, what numbers of our illuſtrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once, how much the ſtrength of the Roman republic is impaired, and what dreadful devaſtation has gone forth throughout all it's provinces! And can you, with the impreſſion of theſe greater calamities upon your mind, be ſo immoderately afflicted for the loſs of one ſingle individual, a poor, little, tender woman? who, if ſhe had not died at this time, muſt in a few fleeting years more have inevitably undergone that common fate to which ſhe was born. Reaſonable however as theſe reflections are, I would call you from them awhile, in order to lead your thoughts to others more peculiarly ſuitable to your circumſtances and character. Remember then, that your daughter lived as long as life was worth poſſeſſing, that is, till liberty was no more; that ſhe lived to ſee you in the illuſtrious offices of prætor, conſul, and augur; to be married to ſome of the nobleſt youths in Rome; to be bleſt with almoſt every valuable enjoyment; and at length to expire with the republic itſelf. Tell me now, what is there in this view of her fate, that could give either her or yourſelf juſt reaſon to complain? In fine, do not forget that you are CICERO; the wiſe, the philoſophical CICERO, who were wont to give advice to others: Nor reſemble thoſe unſkilful empirics, who at the ſame time that they pretend to be furniſhed with remedies for other men's diſorders, are altogether incapable of finding a cure for their own. On the contrary, apply to your private uſe thoſe judicious precepts you have adminiſtred to the public. Time neceſſarily weakens the ſtrongeſt impreſſions of ſorrow: But it would be a reproach to your character not to anticipate this it's certain effect, by the force of your own good ſenſe and judgement If the dead retain any conſciouſneſs of what is here tranſacted, your daughter's affection, I am ſure, was ſuch both to you and to all her relations, that ſhe can by no means deſire you ſhould abandon yourſelf to this exceſs of grief. Reſtrain it then, I conjure you, for her ſake, and for the ſake of the reſt of your family and friends,

who

who lament to ſee you thus afflicted. Reſtrain it too, I beſeech you, for the ſake of your country, that whenever the opportunity ſhall ſerve, it may reap the benefit of your counſels and aſſiſtance. In ſhort, ſince ſuch is our fortune that we muſt neceſſarily ſubmit to the preſent ſyſtem of public affairs, ſuffer it not to be ſuſpected, that it is not ſo much the death of your daughter, as the fate of the republic, and the ſucceſs of our victors, that you deplore. But it would be ill-manners to dwell any longer upon this ſubject, as I ſhould ſeem to queſtion the efficacy of your own good ſenſe. I will only add, therefore, that as we have often ſeen you bear proſperity in the nobleſt manner, and with the higheſt applauſe, ſhew us likewiſe that you are not too ſenſible of adverſity, but know how to ſupport it with the ſame advantage to your character. In a word, let it not be ſaid, that fortitude is the ſingle virtue to which my friend is a ſtranger. As for what concerns myſelf, I will ſend you an account of the ſtate of this province, and of what is tranſacting in this part of the world, as ſoon as I ſhall hear that you are ſufficiently compoſed to receive the information. Farewel.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH to King JAMES I. in vindication of himſelf.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

IF in my journey outward bound I had my men murdered at the iſlands, and yet ſpared to take revenge; if I did diſcharge ſome Spaniſh barks taken, without ſpoil; if I did forbear all parts of the Spaniſh Indies, wherein I might have taken twenty of their towns on the ſea coaſts, and did only follow the enterprize I undertook for Guiana, where, without any direction from me, a Spaniſh village was burnt, which was new ſet up within three miles of mine; by your Majeſty's favour, I find no reaſon why the Spaniſh Embaſſador ſhould complain of me. If it were lawful for the Spaniards to murder twenty-ſix Engliſhmen, tying them back to back,

back, and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a whole month, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword; and it may not be lawful for your Majesty's subjects, being charged first by them, to repel force by force; we may justly say, O miserable English! If Parker and Mecham took Campeachy and other places in the Honduras, seated in the heart of the Spanish Indies, burnt towns, and killed the Spaniards, and had nothing said unto them at their return; and myself, who forbore to look into the Indies, because I would not offend, must be accused; I may as justly say, O miserable RALEGH! If I have spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered by sickness, and otherwise a world of hardships; if I have resisted, with manifest hazard of my life, the robberies and spoils, with which my companions would have made me rich; if when I had got my liberty, which all men and nature itself do much prize, I voluntarily lost it; if when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, and yet brought her into England; I beseech your Majesty to believe, that all this I have done, because it should not be said, that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man, whose end was but the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Majesty's trust. My Mutineers told me, that if I returned to England, I should be undone; but I believed in your Majesty's goodness, more than in all their arguments. Sure, I am the first, that being free and able to inrich myself, yet hath embraced poverty and peril; and sure I am, that my example shall make me the last. But your Majesty's wisdom and goodness I have made my judges, who have ever been and ever shall be

Your Majesty's most humble vassal,

WALTER RALEGH.

NOTE. One historian says, "His [JAMES I.] "reign in England was a continual course of mean "practices: The first condemnation of Sir WALTER "RALEIGH was very black; but the executing him

"after

" after so many years, and after an employment that " had been given him, was counted a barbarous sacri- " ficing him to the Spaniards." Mr. Higgons says, " The action was inexcusable, being not more unjust " than mean-spirited, and one of the greatest blemishes " of his reign."

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, Oates, Sept. 3, 1694.

I HAVE so much the advantage in the bargain, if friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfaction you find in yourself on that account, you must allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendship of generous and worthy men; and therefore you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farther hopes; for it is no small reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your judgment and candor, that I think myself secure in you from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will silently pass by any thing you are not thoroughly satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the advertisements I have received from you of this kind will satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth, and that your animadversions will not be lost upon me. Any faults you shall meet with in reasoning, in perspicuity, in expression, or of the press, I desire you will take notice of, and send me word of; especially if you

have

have any where any doubt; for I am perſuaded that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men uſed to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little fooliſh vain-glory of not having made a miſtake. I ſhall not need to juſtify what I have ſaid of you in my book: The learned world will be vouchers for me; and that in an age not very free from envy and cenſure. But you are very kind to me, ſince, for my ſake, you allow yourſelf to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilſt your modeſty checks at the other part of your character. But aſſure yourſelf, I am as well perſuaded of the truth of it, as of any thing elſe in my book; it had not elſe been put down in it: It only wants a great deal more I had to ſay, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwiſe you had been diſappointed, if you had depended on *Mr.* Gibbs; as a letter I writ to you from London about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate
and moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR, London, Sept. 12, 1696.

COULD the painter have made a picture of me capable of your converſation, I ſhould have ſat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your houſe, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your eſteem and affection; and that made me

more easily submit to what me-thought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was designed to represent the Gods, or the great men that stood next to them. But friendship, I see takes no measure of any thing, but by itself; and where it is great and high, will make its object so, and raise it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put so great a compliment upon me; and I do not know what you will find to justify yourself to those who shall see it in your possession. You may indeed tell them, the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boast, when the man is not more considerable than his shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not that countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret displeasure I felt, whilst I was sitting, from the consideration that the going of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave: But this I must own, that it was not without regret, that I remembred, that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myself into his hands, and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time, pray believe, that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than those thoughts which will always represent you to my mind, as the most valuable person in the world, whose face I do not know, and one whose company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little service I am able to do, yet my conscience will never reproach me for not wishing well to my country; by which I mean Englishmen, and their interest every where. There has been, of late years, a manufacture of linen carried on in Ireland, if I mistake not: I would be glad to learn from you the condition it is in; and, if it thrives not, what are the rubs and hindrances that stop it. I suppose you have land very proper to produce flax and hemp; why could not there be enough, especially of the latter, produced there to supply his majesty's navy? I should be obliged

by

by your thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a law requiring a certain quantity of hemp to be sown every year: If it be so, how comes it to be neglected? I know you have the same public aims for the good of your country that I have, and therefore, without any apology, I take this liberty with you. I received an account of your health, and your remembrance of me, not long since, by mr. Howard, for which I return you my thanks. I troubled you with a long letter about the beginning of the last month, and am, Sir,

Your most affectionate
and most humble servant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr. MOLYNEUX to Mr. LOCKE.

HONOURED DEAR SIR, Dublin, Sept. 20, 1698.

I Arrived here safely the 15th instant: And now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever under in my life; I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. 'Tis with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially, which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you, give my most humble respects. 'Tis

my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little press'd by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival: To which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, Sir,

Your most obliged,
and entirely affectionate friend and servans,
WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 29, 1698.

YOURS of the 20th has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weather-cock, and harkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on t'other side the water. But I pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you, and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read. I find you were beset with business when you writ your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and mr. Burridge: And do me the justice to believe, that I am with a perfect affection, dear Sir,

Your most humble
and most faithful servant,
JOHN LOCKE.

Mr.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* BURRIDGE, *on the death of Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

SIR, Oates, Oct. 27, 1698.

YOU guessed not amiss, when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter: For I have received few letters in my life, the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me, as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time: But it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss, in an eternal farewel in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments: A fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of, the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way. I should be glad, if what I owed the father, could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake, as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing, wherein I at this distance may be any ways serviceable to young mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to shew that my friendship died not with his father. Pray give my most humble service to dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful and humble servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

Mr.

Mr. LOCKE *to the Lady* CLAVERLEY.

MADAM,

WHatever reason you have to look on me as one of the slow men of London, you have this time given me an excuse for being so; for you cannot expect a quick answer to a letter, which took me up a good deal of time to get to the beginning of it. I turned, and turned it, on every side; looked it again, and again, at the top of every page: But could not get into the sense and secret of it, till I applied myself to the middle. You, Madam, who are acquainted with all the skill and methods of the ancients, have not, I suppose, taken up this hieroglyphical way of writing, for nothing: And since you were going to put into your letter things that might be the reward of the highest merit, you would, by this mystical intimation, put me into the way of virtue, to deserve them. But whatever your Ladyship intended, this is certain, that in the best words in the world, you gave me the greatest humiliation imaginable. Had I as much vanity as a pert citizen, that sets up for a wit in his parish, you have said enough in your letter to content me: And if I could be swoln that way, you have taken a great deal of pains to blow up, and make me the finest gaudy bubble in the world, as I am painted by your colours. I know the Emperors of the East suffer not strangers to appear before them, till they are dressed up out of their own wardrobes: It is so too in the empire of wit? And must you cover me with your own embroidery, that I may be a fit object for your thoughts and conversation? This, Madam, may suit your greatness, but doth not at all satisfy my ambition. He, who has once flattered himself with the hopes of your friendship, knows not the true value of things, if he can content himself with these splendid ornaments. As soon as I had read your letter, I looked in my glass, felt my pulse, and sighed; for I found in neither of these the promises of

thirty

thirty years to come. For at the rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the diſtance I ſee by this complimental way of treatment I ſtill am, I ſhall not have enough in this world to get to you. I do not mean to the place, where you now ſee the pole elevated, as you ſay, 64 degrees. A poſt horſe, or a coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when ſhall we be acquainted at this rate? Is that happineſs reſerved to be compleated by the goſſipping bowl at your grand-daughter's lying in? If I were ſure, that when you leave this dirty place, I ſhould meet you in the ſame ſtar where you are to ſhine next, and that you would then admit me to your converſation, I might perhaps have a little more patience. But methinks, it is much better to be ſure of ſomething, than to be put off to expectations of ſo much uncertainty. If there be different elevations of the pole here, that keep you at ſo great a diſtance from thoſe who languiſh in your abſence; who knows but in the other world, there are different elevations of perſons? And you, perhaps, will be out of ſight, among the ſeraphims, while we are left behind in ſome dull planet. This, the high flights of your elevated genius give us juſt augury of, whilſt you are here. But yet, pray take not your place there before your time; nor keep us poor mortals at a greater diſtance than you need. When you have granted me all the nearneſs that acquaintance and friendſhip can give, you have other advantages enough ſtill, to make me ſee how much I am beneath you. This will be only an enlargment of your goodneſs, without leſſening the adoration due to your other excellencies. You ſeem to have ſome thoughts of the town again. If the parliament or the term, which draw ſome by the name and the appearance of buſineſs; or if company, and muſic meetings, and other ſuch entertainments, which have the attractions of pleaſure and delight, were of any conſideration with you; you would not have much to ſay for Yorkſhire, at this time of the year. But theſe are no arguments to you, who carry your own ſatisfaction, and I know not how many worlds, always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all

theſe

these up in a coach, and bringing them this way. For though you should be never the better, yet there are a great many here that would, and amongst them

The humblest of
your Ladyship's servants,
JOHN LOCKE.

A GENTLEMAN to his DAUGHTER on Marriage; from ROUSSEAU *on* Education.

YOU are now, SOPHY, grown up to woman's estate, and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on your's. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to make an honest man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you. We must think of this betimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much on it.

Nothing perhaps is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good wife. You, SOPHY, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness, in old age. But however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among this number, the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all. The most important must be made sure of preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There

There is a ſuitableneſs which may be called natural; there is alſo a ſuitableneſs ariſing from the inſtitutions of men, and a ſuitableneſs that depends wholly on opinion. Of the two laſt, parents are the proper judges: Of the firſt, the children alone can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, thoſe ſuitableneſſes that ariſe from civil inſtitutions and opinion are alone minded: The matches are not between the perſons, but their rank and fortunes: But both theſe are ſubject to change: The perſons alone remain the ſame in all places, and at all times: The happineſs or unhappineſs of the marriage ſtate depends, in ſpite of fortune, on perſonal ſuitabieneſs.

Your mother was a woman of family; I had a large fortune: Theſe were the ſole conſiderations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have loſt my fortune; ſhe hath loſt her rank: Forgot by her family, what doth it ſignify to her, that ſhe was born a lady? In the midſt of our diſtreſs, the union of our hearts made up for every thing: The conformity of our taſte made us chuſe this retirement: We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other inſtead of all. SOPHY is our common treaſure: We thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing elſe. You ſee child whither providence hath brought us. Thoſe conſiderations which occaſioned our marriage are vaniſhed, and that which was counted as nothing, makes all our happineſs.

It is for man and wife to ſuit themſelves. Mutual inclination ought to be their firſt tye; Their eyes, their hearts, ought to be their firſt guides: For as their primary duty, after they are are joined together, is to love one another; and as to love, or not to love, doth not depend on us, this duty neceſſarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage: This is a law of nature, which cannot be abrogated: Thoſe who have reſtricted it by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order, than to the happineſs or the morals of the people. You ſee, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult:

difficult: It tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. SOPHY, you have good nature and good sense; much integrity, and piety; and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable: But you have no fortune: You have the best riches indeed; but you want those which are most valued by the world. Don't aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition, not by your own judgment or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of men. If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes: But never raise them above your fortune, which you are to remember is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world: You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for taking from us: We never tasted happiness till we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, SOPHY, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them: Their outside will not impose on you long: But though you have a good judgment, and can discern men, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit, before you, the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it, and you would not see your error till it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason cannot restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry one: If ever you

have

have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimera's, your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, your mind will be corrupted, you will cherish your very error; and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to SOPHY's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her: While passion hath no ascendency over you, judge for yourself: But whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: You shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, SOPHY, freely and wisely. The husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours; but it is we must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to. Birth, fortune, rank, or opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for our son-in-law. His income will always be large enough, if he hath hands, and good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the public: Your happiness suffices to us.

Mr. LOCKE to ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq.

SIR, *Oates, Sept.* 20, 1703.

YOURS of the 7th, which I just now received, is the only letter I have a long time wished for, and the welcomest that could come; for I longed to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and that I might have the opportunity to return you my thanks

for the books you sent me, which came safe, and to acknowledge my great obligations to you, for one of the most villainous books, that I think ever was printed.* It is a present that I highly value. I had heard something of it, when a young man in the university; but possibly should never have seen this quintessence of railing, but for your kindness. It ought to be kept as the pattern and standard of that sort of writing, as the man he spends it upon ought for that of good temper, and clear and strong arguing.

I am, &c.

* *Chillingworthi novissima*; or the sickness, heresy, death, and burial of WILLIAM CHILLINGWOTH.

To the same.

SIR, Oates, Nov. 17, 1703.

THE books I received from you to-night, with the kind letter accompanying them, far more valuable than the books, give matter of enlarging myself this evening. The common offices of friendship, that I constantly receive from you in a very obliging manner, give me scope enough, and afford me large matter of acknowledgment. But when I think of you, I feel something of nearer concernment that touches me; and that noble principle of the love of truth, which possesses you, makes me almost forget those obligations which I should be very thankful for to another. In good earnest, Sir, you cannot think what a comfort it is to me, to have found out such a man: And not only so, but I have the satisfaction that he is my friend. This gives a gusto to all the good things you say to me in your letter. For though I cannot attribute them to myself (for I know my own defects too well) yet I am ready to persuade myself you mean as you say; and to confess the truth to you, I am almost loth to undeceive you, so much do I value your good opinion. But to set it upon the right ground, you must know that I am a poor ignorant man,

man, and if I have any thing to boast of, it is that I sincerely love and seek truth, with indifferency whom it pleases or displeases. I take you to be of the same school, and so embrace you. And if it please God to afford me so much life as to see you again, I shall communicate to you some of my thoughts tending that way. You need not make any apology for any book taht is not yet come. I thank you for those you have sent me: They are more, I think, than I shall use; for the indisposition of my health has beaten me almost quite out of the use of books; and the growing uneasiness of my distemper * makes me good for nothing. I am, &c.

* An Asthma.

To the same.

SIR, Oates, Jan. 24 1703 4.

TILL your confidence in my friendship, and freedom with me, can preserve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your silence, whenever you omit a post or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due; you know me not so well, as I could wish; nor am I so little burthensome to you as I desire. I could be pleased to hear from you every day; because the very thoughts of you every day afford me pleasure and satisfaction. But I beseech you to believe, that I measure not your kindness by your opportunities of writing; nor do suspect that your friendship faulters, whenever your pen lies a little still. The sincerity you profess, and I am convinced of, has charms in it, against all the little phantoms of ceremony. If it be not so, that true friendship sets one free from a scrupulous observance of all those little circumstances, I shall be able to give but a very ill account of myself to my friends; to whom when I have given possession of my heart, I am less punctual of making of legs, and kissing my hand, than to other people, to whom that outside civility is all that belongs. I received the three books you sent me.

That which the author sent me * deserves my acknowledgment more ways than one: And I must beg you to return it. His demonstrations are so plain, that if this were an age that followed reason, I should not doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is so glorious a thing, that two legged creatures generally content themselves with the title; but will not debase so excellent a faculty, about the conduct of so trivial a thing, as they make themselves. There never was a man better suited to your wishes, than I am. You take a pleasure in being troubled with my commissions; and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by such importunities. I can only say, that, were the tables changed, I should, being in your place, have the same satisfaction; and therefore confidently make use of your kind offer. I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr. *Le Clerc*'s *Harmony of the Evangelists*, in *English*, bound very finely in calf, gilt and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves; so also I would have *Moliere*'s Works (of the best edition you can get them) bound. These books are for the ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. *Moliere* of the *Paris* edition, I think is the best, if it can be got in *London* in quires. You see the liberty I take. I should be glad you could find out something for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c.

* Reasons against restraining the press, London, 1704, in Quarto.

To the same.

DEAR SIR, Oates, May 19, 1704.

NOTHING works so steadily and effectually as friendship. Had I hired a man to go to town with my business, and paid him well, my commissions would not have been so soon, nor so well dispatched, as I find by yours of the 16th, they have been by you.

You

You ſpeak of my affairs, and act in them with ſuch an air of intereſt and ſatisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no ſmall advantage to me, to have found ſuch a friend, at the laſt ſcene of my life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown ſo uſeleſs, that I cannot be ſure that in every good office you do me, you can propoſe to youſelf no other advantage, but the pleaſure of doing it. Every one here finds himſelf obliged, by your late good company. As for myſelf, if you had not convinced me by a ſenſible experiment, I could not have believed, I could have had ſo many happy days together. I ſhall always pray, that yours may be multiplied. Could I in the leaſt contribute any thing thereto, I ſhould think myſelf happy in this poor decaying ſtate of my health; which, tho' it affords little in this world to enjoy, yet I find the charms of your company make me not feel the want of ſtrength, or breath, or any thing elſe.

The biſhop of Glouceſter came hither the day you went from hence, and in no very good ſtate of health. I find two groaning people make but an uncomfortable concert. He returned yeſterday, and went away in ſomewhat a better ſtate. I hope he got well to town.

Enjoy your health and youth whilſt you have it, to all the advantages and improvement of an innocent and pleaſant life; remembring that mercileſs old age is in purſuit of you, when it overtakes you, will not fail, ſome way or other, to impair the enjoyments both of body and mind. You know how apt I am to preach; I believe it is one of the diſeaſes of old age. But my friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to perſuade them to but that they ſhould endeavour to be as happy, as it is poſſible for them to be: And to you I have no more to ſay, but that you go on in the courſe you are in. I reflect often upon it, with a ſecret joy, that you promiſed I ſhould in a ſhort time ſee you again. You are very good, and I dare not preſs you. But I cannot but remember how well I paſſed my time, when you were here. I am, &c.

To the same, directed thus:

For ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq; to be delivered to him after my decease.

DEAR SIR,

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

May you live long and happy, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all those blessings, which providence has bestowed on you, and your virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my memory, now I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say, upon experience, what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu: I leave my best wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

To

To the Earl of ——— from ANTONIO, acknowledging the rashness and folly he was guilty of in sending his friend a challenge, &c.

MY LORD,

I AM just recovered of the wound I received in the duel, which you with so much reason and humanity endeavoured to prevent. I think myself now under an obligation to own the justice and force of your Lordship's arguments, and to retract whatever I said in defence of such an inhuman practice. It was frenzy that made me reject the advice of one who had so true a notion of honour, and whose courage had been so gloriously employed in the cause of liberty, and the Protestant succession.

You told me what the event of this mad adventure would be; that instead of defending, I should expose my sister's innocence to the public censure. It is too late for me to wish I had been guided by your generous and friendly admonitions; which for the future will wear the stamp of infallibility on them. Nor can I propose to myself a nobler example than your Lordship's in every part of human life. The generous friend, the tender husband, and affectionate parent, appear in their proper lustre —— Virtue, with a superior excellence shines in your character, and inforces her precepts with resistless eloquence.

The review of your conduct is a severe reproach to my own. I shall never reflect on my late ridiculous exploit without confusion. Whatever bravery I affected, I was conscious of the most slavish fears in the midst of my insolent flights of vanity. Deliberate guilt hung heavy on my soul. I spent the night before the bloody assignation in anguish which no words can express; infernal visions haunted my imagination; the caverns of night, the joyless abodes, disclosed their terrors to my distracted fancy.

But so entirely was I governed by the maxims of the licentious

licentious part of the world, that with great gallantry I challenged my own ruin, and bid defiance to death and damnation; exposing myself to all the horrors, dreadful to reason and nature, to avoid the imputation of cowardice.

So tyrannical a thing is custom, that it is necessary to ask the world forgiveness for presuming to be reasonable creatures. People are often compelled to be mad in their own defence, and to act against their reason to avoid being singular. It is hard indeed, that the caprice of mankind should expect an apology from the few that are wiser than the rest, for being awake, and in their right senses; that they should be forced to excuse themselves, for keeping their eyes open, and having penetration enough to foresee a distant danger, and so much discretion as to avoid it.

A man resolved to leap from a precipice, might with a better assurance ridicule his companions for not promising to follow him; and more justly reproach them with cowardice, for refusing to break their necks, than these men of honour can upbraid a person for not complying with their rules of valour, at the expence of his life, and all his hopes of future happiness. If my generous adversary had not spared my life, when it lay at his mercy, (while my salvation depended upon that important moment) instead of giving you this penitent relation, I had been now cursing my own folly under the weight of eternal infamy.

Your Lordship's, &c.

ANTONIO.

To VALERIUS, from an ENGLISH *Merchant; giving an account of the adventures of his voyage.*

I AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity to give you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the Indies I had some affair with

a Spanish merchant; which while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered to sale as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind from any view of interest; but, from a motive of compassion, I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his ransom.

Among the captives newly taken, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his port. He drew all my attention; of which he appeared sensible, and still directed his looks to me: Our souls seemed to greet one another as if their intimacy had been of a long standing, and commenced in some pre-existent period. There was something in the air of this young stranger superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion soft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generosity beyond my own intention, and by an impulse of virtue on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some distant and unknown design of Providence. The heavenly instigation came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates.

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high, and such as would be a vast disadvantage to my present affairs, to part with. However I listened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was from that moment free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

" Then you have confined me (replied the gentle stranger) by the most lasting engagements. I might have broke through any other restraint; but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the only son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople; and you may demand what you will for my ransom."

" You

"You will soon be convinced (said I) there was no mercenary intention in this action. The amity I have for you is noble and disinterested: It was kindled by a celestial spark, an emanation from the divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your mortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections: But if it is your choice to return to the customs and religion of your country, you are absolutely free, without attending any terms for your release."

With a friendly, not dejected look, he told me, it was impossible for him to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father: Which he soon had, with a charte blanche to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it, with no other terms, but the liberty of all the christian slaves he had in his possession; hoping, by this disinterested conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend in favour of christianity. He could persuade me to take nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

It was some months after he was gone before I could finish my negotiations in Spain; but as soon as they were dispatched I imbarked for Holland. We had not been a week at sea before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men in it carried to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. My lot fell to a master from whom I was like to find barbarous treatment: However, I was resolved to endure my bondage till I could give intelligence to my friends in England to procure my ransom. I was fixed to this, that no hardship should reduce me to give Orramel an account of my distress, till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness, nor expect a retaliation of my own.

But heaven had kinder intentions by bringing me into this adversity, nor left me long without redress. As

I was

I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-slaves, Orramel came by. He passed beyond me; but instantly returning, looked on me with great attention till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes: When making inquiry of some that were near to whom I belonged; and being informed, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid his demand for my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection. He spoke—he paused—and was in the greatest perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul.

"My brother! (said he) my friend!—or if there are more sacred ties in nature or virtue, let me call you by some gentler appellation! We are now united by the bands of celestial amity, one in the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity rescued me from a worse than Spanish slavery from the bondage of vice and superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices to the christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths, to which I now assent. But this is a secret even to my own domestics; And whether such a caution is criminal I am not yet able to determine."

With what rapture, what attention, did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the christian faith. An angel's song would have been less melodious. I looked upward, and with a great elevation of mind, gave the glory to the Supreme Disposer of all human events. The instinct was from above that first moved me to ransom this young captive; thence was the spring of my compassion: It would be vanity, it would be the most criminal arrogance, not to ascribe this action to the assisting Deity.

The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evidence his affection. He told me his father died since we parted in Spain; and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives. He offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of marriage,

marriage, and promised a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he said, was privately bred a christian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia. I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters; who were all so handsome, that I was distressed with my own liberty, nor knew where to choose, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. She had more of the modesty and politeness of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial. My choice was fixed; and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve of it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the British envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses; and after a prosperous voyage, I am safely landed in Holland.

I have sent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven; whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality it first inspired. Adieu.

From MELINDA, giving an account of her concealment.

My dear Oriana,

I TOLD you before I left my brother's house, that you should hear from me as soon as I was settled; and that I would inform you of the reason of my flight. You have too much candour and charity to judge harshly of my proceedings; which, could you see my heart, you would rather pity than condemn me for.

You have often, within these two last years, observed an alteration in my temper and person. I am no more the sprightly florid creature that you used to call the

emblem

emblem of health and chearfulness. You saw the change, but did not guess the cause was a secret, hopeless passion. I was at a play: I saw there one of the most agreeable persons in the world. His dress, his behaviour, every thing was graceful and easy. The tragedy of Cato was acted. He was attentive, and seemed to enter into every noble sentiment, where either the hero or lover was described. His aspect wore the visible characters of fortitude and virtue. He stood up between the acts, and turned towards the box where I sat; and when I went out, he made way for me through the croud. But I never after saw him in any public place, nor knew who nor what he was. But the charming youth had made an impression on my thoughts, which had soon a very happy effect. I grew weary of the noisy, tumultuous way of living in my brother's house, and refused sharing in the constant round of diversions that my sister loved. Nor could there be any more dissolute and extravagant than the manners of this family; assemblies, balls, gaming,——all sorts of riots and licentiousness. I never indeed approved these entertainments; and was always uneasy, without knowing how to make myself otherwise.

The paths to happiness that religion proposed, I was as ignorant of as the savage Americans in their native groves. Dumain, who married my sister, was a professed libertine. My parents left me very young to their care, my sister being many years older than I am: And if my godfathers and godmothers, instead of renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world for me in my baptism, had solemnly vowed I should be bred in the midst of those snares and seducing temptations, they could not more effectually have discharged their trust, than by placing me in this family; whose Sundays amusements were cards; for we never went to church, unless in a frolic, to spend an idle hour, in whispering or laughing.

However, my guardian angel did not quit his charge; but, by the impression of a virtuous love, fortified my soul from every loose inclination. I fled diversions, grew fond of retirement. This soon gave me a habit of

thinking; and if I had ſchemes of happineſs, they were all in ſome future life, beyond the grave; but my notions were clouded and imperfect. Indeed, I believed there was a God, and the reproaches of my own reaſon taught me to fear him; but I had never looked into the Bible ſince I learned to read; and was as ignorant of Chriſtianity as a young Hottentot bred in a cave.

My penſive temper now deteſted vanity, in every appearance. Plays and novels no more diverted me. But wanting ſomething to read, I ſaw a Bible in the room where my ſiſter's woman lay; and opening it, my attention was immediately engaged. The hiſtory was new to me. I carried it to my chamber; but how was I ſurpriſed, to find the life and precepts of the great founder of the Chriſtian Faith, ſo different from the manners and principles of thoſe who aſſumed that ſacred profeſſion! I found myſelf in the flowery paths of ruin, nor knew how to extricate myſelf from the fatal ſnare. This was the ſecret language of my ſoul, to that inviſible power which knew its ſincerity.

Thou Ruler of the ſky, almighty Name,
Whoſe piercing eye diſcerns my riſing thoughts,
Ere they are form'd within my anxious breaſt;
Thou ſeeſt my ſoul ſtruggling to break the bands,
Which thus detain her captive to the earth:
Thou ſeeſt how vainly ſhe would ſoar on high;
Paſſion and pleaſure clog her downy wing,
Prevent her flight, and ſink her to the duſt:
There low ſhe lies, and trembling begs thy aid,
Conſcious how impotent ſhe is without thee.

My ſiſter ſoon perceived the alteration of my temper, and uſed her art to engage me in ſome criminal diverſion. But in vain; I was ſick and tired of theſe extravagancies. But what could I do? My fortune was loſt in the South-Sea; I was dependent on Dumain's and my ſiſters charity; and to heighten my diſtreſs, I was importned by my Lord ——, (who was lately married) to yield to his criminal paſſion. At this propoſal I ſtarted with horror, but could not ſhun his addreſs without quitting this diſorderly family; which I re-

ſolved

ſolved to do, and caſt myſelf on the protection of Heaven.

I left my brother's houſe juſt after dinner, and went in a hackney-coach to a woman in the city that had been my nurſe. I engaged her to ſecrecy, and got her to inquire for a place in ſome merchant's family. She ſoon ſucceeded, and introduced me to the wife of an Eaſt-India merchant, who lived in great ſplendor. My buſineſs was to wait on her in the ſtation of a chamber-maid. She was very handſome, modeſt, and unaffected. The orders of the family were ſo regular and peaceful, ſo perfectly the reverſe of my brother's, that I thought myſelf in another world, and among a new ſet of beings. Temperance and ſobriety reigned amidſt the height of plenty and liberality. The rooms were noble, and furniſhed with all the riches of the Indian world, and looked like the palace of ſome eaſtern monarch.

I found myſelf perfectly at eaſe. Dreſſing my miſtreſs was all I had to do; which was a very agreeable employment, and ſoon diſpatched. She had ſomething ſo genteel in her manner, that every thing looked graceful and becoming on her, and coſt but little trouble to make it ſit well. Her converſation was innocent and inſtructive; her hours were ſpent in reading, or ſome little amuſement with her needle, without the leaſt inclination to rambling after balls or maſquerades.

I ſpent two or three weeks in this regular manner, my miſtreſs treating me almoſt on a level. I had not yet ſeen my maſter, who now returned from his country-houſe. But, my dear ORIANA, think what was my affliction, when I diſcovered that he was the ſame lovely youth I had ſeen at the play. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he turned as red as crimſon, and I as pale as aſhes. He paſſed by me, and went immediately into my miſtreſs's room. It was almoſt two years ſince I had ſeen him, and I had ſome hopes I was forgot. However, I reſolved to quit the family if I found he knew me, or that my friendſhip for his wife did not extinguiſh my paſſion.——On my maſter's part I ſoon found reaſon to

be easy. I hardly ever saw him; he was either at the exchange, or when at home engaged in a series of business or beneficence. His wealth was immense, which he dispersed with an unequalled generosity. He assisted honest traders that had but a small stock, paid the debts of prisoners, relieved the widow, and redressed the injured and oppressed. This was every day's business; which yet never entrenched on his hours of devotion, in private or public.

I now grew easy. A man of this character was not like to indulge a guilty flame in his own breast, or to flatter it in mine; besides, his absence would soon relieve me; for he intended to go to the Indies with the fleet, which was to set sail within a month.

The time was now expired. The day before he went his voyage, after he had been an hour with my mistress, in some private conversation, he left her, and came directly into my room, with such an air of benignity in his face, as some heavenly minister would wear, who brought a message of peace.

He begun: "You will be surprised, Madam, to find I know your family, and the reason you have put yourself into the protection of mine. The first sight I had of you at the play, made an impression, which was never effaced till I gave my vows to the best of wives. It is with some confusion I own the wrong I did your virtue, when I tell you nothing should have prevented my pursuit of the passion you first raised, but the scandal of the house you was in; which was so extravagant, that it forbad me ever thinking of you. But I now do you entire justice, and admire that triumph of honour, that put you in a station so low, to secure yourself from the temptation of returning to your brother. I have left you five thousand pounds in bank bills; and have told your case (as I had it from the woman that nursed you) to my wife, who has all the virtues that ever adorned the sex. She yielded to this proposal with transport; and waits while I am gone to deliver the bills." He said this, and left me without time or language to speak my gratitude.

My

My miſtreſs immediately came into the chamber, with goodneſs ſhining in her eyes, and gave me the bank bills, with a grace, which only virtue can ſtamp on human actions. She prevented my thanks, by making an apology for her ignorance of my quality, aſſuring me, the houſe was at my command; and that the hopes of my ſtaying with her, was the greateſt ſatisfaction ſhe propoſed in dear HENRY's abſence. I could not poſſibly diſcover my ſenſe of this ſurpriſing benefit by all the force of language.——My ſilence, and the tenderneſs into which ſhe ſaw my ſoul was melted, was the only evidence of gratitude I could now give.

In the morning, when every thing was ready for the parting of the Eaſt India fleet, my generous benefactor came into his wife's chamber to take his laſt adieu. I was with her endeavouring to give that conſolation myſelf wanted. Her grief drew ſome reluctant tears from him, while he endeavoured to conceal his own inward anguiſh. The hero and the lover appeared in his behaviour. And when, to excuſe the intemperance of her ſorrow, his wife urged the dangers of the ſeas, and the rage of barbarous nations on the ſhore, I ſhall never forget with what an air of greatneſs he replied, Je crains Dieu, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte:——"I fear GOD, and I have no other to fear." Thus undaunted would the god like man have appeared had he ſeen the ſtars falling from their orbs, and heard the ſound of the laſt thunders. When he had, with an apparent grief, freed himſelf from the embraces of his wife, with a look of compaſſion, like that of ſome pitying angel, he bid me farewell. His domeſtics were loſt in grief; the paſſage from his houſe was crouded with his grateful dependents, whoſe wrongs or neceſſities had been redreſſed by him. A thouſand ardent prayers for his proſperity reached the ſkies, and gained the divine aſſent, while he haſted through the admiring throng diſtreſſed with the popular applauſe.

How poor a figure is that of a libertine in his moſt glittering heights of vanity, compared to this great man, who has ſo early begun his race of glory, and is in the

very bloom of youth and nature in every virtue! Instead of passing his hours in a train of idle amusements, the gay part of his life is devoted to heaven and the public welfare.—— You know where to find

Your humble servant,

MELINDA.

From a GENTLEMAN, who, in a small fortune, experiences the slights of his friends; but being suddenly reputed to be rich, is oppressed with the fawning caresses and adulation of those who had before neglected him.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST, for once, postpone every thing I would say to you, in order to make room for an account you little expect.

What will you say, when I tell you, that a current report of my being immensely rich is the greatest misfortune I at present labour under? Nor do I find it so supportable as you may be apt to imagine. The occasion was owing to the frequent slights I had received from the gentlewoman with whom I lodge, and from others of my friends, who, believing that I lived up to my scanty fortune, as in truth I do (though I take care to be beholden to nobody, and pay ready money for every thing) could not treat me negligently enough. I complained of this to that arch wag *Tony Richards*, who told me he would change every one's behaviour to me in a few days. And he has done it effectually; for what does he do, but, as a kind of secret, acquaints my landlady, that, beside my poor little estate, which you know to be my all, he had lately discovered, that I had twenty thousand pounds stock in one of our great companies!

Such was the force of this whimsical delusion, that, the very next morning, I had a clean towel hung over my water-bottle, tho' I never before had more than one a week during the twenty years I have lodged there.

About

About a week after this, my cousin Tom, who for the two years he has been in the Temple, has let me see him but three times, came, in a complaisant manner, plainer dressed than I had ever before seen him; and begged, if the length of the evening was in any degree burthensome, I would permit him to wait upon me with such pieces of wit, humour, or entertainment, as the town afforded; the reading of which under my ear, he was sure, would be a great advantage to him; and assured me; that, for a beginning, he had presumed to bring the last new tragedy in his pocket. I thanked my young spark. Upon which he is so much in earnest in his observances, that three nights in a week he thus entertains me; which will, at least, be of so much service, as to keep him out of more expensive company. And you cannot think what pains the rogue takes to read with the cadence he knows I admire, and sits till his teeth chatter before he offers to look towards the fire.

What you will still more wonder at, Sir John Hook-him called upon me before Christmas; and though I have not had a visit from him these five years, was so obliging, as to run away with me in his chariot into Hertfordshire, to keep the holidays in his family; where his lady treated me with the utmost respect, and her daughters paid me their morning devoirs, with the same deference as if I had been their grand-papa. No dinner was concluded upon without consulting my palate; and the young gentlemen, his sons, are as ambitious of my hearing their exercises, as if their fortunes depended upon my approbation.

Sir John acquainted me with every improvement he had made in his estate; and assured me, that his second son Will, my name-sake, had a genius singularly turned for managing country business, had he not the misfortune of having a brother born before him; and gave me several reasons to believe, that a fine estate which lay in the neighbourhood, and was then to be sold, would be a great pennyworth. I took the hint; but said, I had no inclination to purchase: He shook his head at

my

my thousands, and told me, that, in his opinion, a land estate was preferable to the best stock in the kingdom.

When I came to town the 4th of January, I was no sooner out of Sir John's chariot, but my landlady, in person, informed me, that since I had been absent, I had so many presents sent me, that she had been in a hundred fears for their spoiling: I asked her the particulars, and found five turkeys, three chines, three hampers of Madeira for the gout, two collars of brawn, geese, chickens, hares, and wild-fowl, to a large amount.

At night I was welcomed to town by all my old acquaintance, and about twenty almost new ones. I was a little tired with my journey; and had a slight cold besides, which being observed, one was running for a physician, another for a surgeon to bleed me: One thought an emetic not improper; another recommended a gentle sweat or composing draught; and, amidst the general officiousness, I could hear it whispered, that if my will was not made, delays might prove dangerous; and, in the morning, five messengers after my welfare arrived before day.

Thus, Sir, you see my peace is gone; my tongue is of no use; for no one believes me when I declare my real circumstances; and, under the happiness of a very small fortune, I suffer all the afflictions attending a man immoderately rich; and if you keep not your usual behaviour, I shall not know myself, nor any man else; since all my companions are become flatterers, and all around me are so obsequious, that it is impossible for me to know when I do right or wrong. I am, dear Sir, though whimsically situated,

Your real friend.

*To Miſs ***, adviſing her to take care of her houſe.*

AS you are tenant at will in a very handſome genteel houſe, and are now capable of furniſhing it in the politeſt manner, ruling it by the ſtricteſt maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few curſory hints in an affair of ſo much importance. Your building is compoſed of ſome of the fineſt materials I ever ſaw, and is ſo much the more liable to diſcover any flaw and ſpot that may accidentally touch it. ——'Tis erected of a proper height, a juſt ſize, reared on a regular plan, and finiſhed with the moſt accurate proportion. On the top ſtands a moſt eminent turret, furniſhed with a room of a globular form, which I obſerve has two chryſtal windows in the front. Theſe are ſo conſtructed as to be exceeding uſeful, as they command an extenſive proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the houſe. I adviſe you not to look through them at every object that paſſes by: Be ſure to ſhut them ſoon at night, and you may open them as early as you pleaſe in the morning. On each ſide I diſcover a ſmall portal to receive company; take care they do not always ſtand open, for then you will be crouded with viſitors, and perhaps with many ſuch as you will not like; let them never be ſhut againſt the inſtructive parent, the adviſing friend, or the ſupplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; let that generally be barred cloſe; be cautious what viſitors you let out publicly, leſt if any of ill character be ſeen coming from it, you draw a ſcandal upon your houſe. It will be neceſſary therefore to lay a ſtrict injunction of vigilance on your two porters, who ſtand centinels in liveries of the deepeſt ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory palliſadoes. I have ſeen ſome people paint the two pannels juſt below the windows; but I would adviſe you to the contrary, for your own natural colours far excel all the decorations of art. This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of *Corinthian* marble,

marble, whose base is ornamented with two alabaster semiglobes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needle-work. Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship; this, I suppose, is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some other intimate friend. I advise you to keep this always clean; furnish it well; make it a little library of the best practical authors; visit it frequently, especially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea-table. Let the outside of the hall appear not like the hearse hung round with escutcheons, nor like a coach of state bedaubed with gilt and colourings; but let it be plain, neat, and clean; to convince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament. You are sensible, Miss, time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little tenement subject to the same change; doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations the house will one day fall.——You may be soon turned out,——the landlord may give you warning, or may not;——this is uncertain; be always ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice. One thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but it will lie waste and in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident nor decays; and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be new reared in some other place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease will never expire. Yours, &c.

LAURA.

To

To Colonel R——s in Spain.

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

but

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 will 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. Farewell for ever.

Dissuading a Friend from going to law.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely sorry to hear, that the difference between you and Mr. *Archer* is at last likely to be brought to a law-suit. I wish you would take it into your serious consideration before you begin, because it will hardly be in your power to end it when you please. For you immediately put the matter out of your own hands, into the hands of those whose interest it is to protract the suit from term to term; and who will as absolutely prescribe to you in it, as your physicians in a dangerous illness.

The law, my good friend, I look upon, more than any one thing, as the proper punishment of an over-hasty and perverse spirit, as it is a punishment that follows an act of a man's own seeking and chusing. You will not consent perhaps now to submit the matter in dispute to reference; but let me tell you, that, after you have expended large sums of money, and squandered away a deal of time in attendance on your lawyers, and preparations for hearings, one term after another, you will probably be of another mind, and be glad seven years hence to leave it to that arbitration which now you refuse. He is happy who is wise by other men's misfortunes, says the common adage; and, when you have heard from all your acquaintance, who have tried the experiment, what a grievous thing the law is, will you notwithstanding pay for that wisdom, which you may have at the cost of others?

The

The representation that was once hung up as a sign in the Rolls Liberty, on one side, was a man all in rags wringing his hands, with a libel, importing, *That he had lost his suit*; and on the other, a man that had not a rag left, but stark naked, capering and triumphing, *That he had carried his cause* *; was a fine emblem of going to law, and the infatuating madness of a litigious spirit.

How excellent to this purpose is the advice of our blessed Saviour, rather than seek this redress against any who would even *take one's coat*, to *give him his cloak also!* For, besides the Christian doctrine inculcated by this precept, it will be found, as the law is managed, and the uncertainty that attends it, even in the best-grounded litigations, that such a pacific spirit may be deemed the only way to preserve the rest of one's garments, and to prevent being stripped to their skin.

Moreover, what wise man would rush upon a proceeding, where the principal men of the profession (though the oath they take, if serjeants, obliges them not to sign a sham plea, nor plead in a cause against their own opinion) are not ashamed, under the specious, but scandalous notion of doing the best they can for their client, to undertake, for the sake of a paltry fee, to whiten over the blackest cause, and to defeat the justest? Where your property may depend altogether upon the impudence of an eloquent pleader, asserting any thing, and a perjured evidence, swearing whatever will do for his suborner's purpose; where the tricks and mistakes of practisers, and want of trifling forms, may nonsuit you; where deaths of persons, made parties to the suit, may cause all to begin again: What wise man, I say, would subject himself to these vexations and common incidents in the law, if he could any-way avoid it; together with the intolerable expences and attendances consequent on a law-suit; besides the fears, the cares, the anxieties

* 'Tis said that Sir John Tr——, master of the Rolls, caused this sign to be taken down, on the clamour it occasioned among the lawyers.

that revolve with every term, and engrofs all a man's thoughts? Where legal proofs muft be given to the plaineft facts; that a living man is living, and identically himfelf; and that a man is dead, and buried by certificate; where evidence muft be brought, at a great expence, to hands and feals affixed to deeds and receipts, that never were before queftioned; till a caufe fhall be fplit in feveral under-ones; thefe tried term by term, and years elapfe before the main point comes to be argued, though originally there was but one fingle point, as you apprehend, in the queftion? As to the law part only, obferve the procefs: Firft comes the declaration; 2dly, a plea; 3dly, a demurrer to the plea; 4thly, a joinder in demurrer; 5thly, a rejoinder; 6thly, a fur-rejoinder; which fometimes is conclufive, fometimes to begin all over again. Then may fucceed trials upon the law part, and trials upon the equity part; oftentimes new trials, or re-hearings; and thefe followed by writs of error.

Then you may be plunged into the bottomlefs gulph of chancery, where you begin with bills and anfwers, containing hundreds of fheets at exorbitant prices, fifteen lines in a fheet, and fix words in a line, (and a ftamp to every fheet) barefacedly fo contrived to pick your pocket: Then follow all the train of examinations, interrogatories, exceptions, bills amended, references for fcandal and impertinence, new allegations, new interrogatories, new exceptions, on pretence of infufficient anfwers, replies, rejoinders, and fur-rejoinders; till at laft, when you have danced through this bleffed round of preparation, the hearing before the mafter of the Rolls comes next; appeals follow from his honour to the chancellor; then from the chancellor to the houfe of Lords; and fometimes the parties are fent down from thence for a new trial in the courts below.——— Good Heavens! What wife man, permit me to repeat, would enter himfelf into this confounding circle of the law?——

I hope, dear Sir, you will think of this matter moft deliberately, before you proceed in your prefent angry

angry purpose; and if you shall judge it proper to take my advice, and avoid a law-suit, I am sure you will have reason to thank me for it, and for the zeal wherewith I am

Your sincere friend and servant.

To Mr. ——.

Acquainting him that he thinks himself happy in the continuance of his friendship.

SIR,

IT is impossible for me to harbour any resentment against those who would have persuaded me that I had lost your favour. Notwithstanding the many uneasy hours I suffered upon that account, I can easily forgive them; since they occasioned the kind and obliging letter which you lately wrote me. You assure me that I have not forfeited your good opinion, and I return you a thousand thanks for the pleasure you give me. No one can regard you with a warmer and more sincere esteem than myself; and as I know none whose virtues merit a higher value, I should be unjust, if I did not feel the most sensible joy in this assurance, that I am still happy in the place which you have so long allowed me in your friendship. I shall preserve it with as entire a satisfaction, as if I could never lose it; and at the same time with as much circumspection as if I was every moment in danger of that misfortune: I shall have all the pleasure of those that are in possession of happiness, and all the ardor of those that are in pursuit of it. This conduct, I hope, will contribute to the increase of that affection with which you honour, SIR,

Yours, &c.

From a FATHER to a SON, on his negligence in his affairs.

DEAR JEMMY,

YOU cannot imagine what a concern your careless. nels and indifferent management of your affairs give me. Remiſneſs is inexcuſable in all men, but in none ſo much as in a man of buſineſs, the ſoul of which is induſtry, diligence, and punctuality.

Let me beg of you to ſhake off the idle habits you have contracted; quit unprofitable company, and unſeaſonable recreations, and apply to your compting-houſe with diligence. It may not yet be too late to retrieve your affairs. Inſpect therefore your gains, and caſt up what proportion they bear to your expences; and then ſee which of the latter you can, and which you cannot, contract. Conſider, that when once a man ſuffers himſelf to go backward in the world, it muſt be an uncommon ſpirit of induſtry that retrieves him, and puts him forward again.

Reflect, I beſeech you, before it be too late, upon the inconveniencies which an impoveriſhed trader is put to, for the remainder of his life, which, too, may happen to be the prime part of it; the indignities he is likely to ſuffer from thoſe whoſe money he has unthinkingly ſquandered; the contempt he will meet with from all, not excepting the idle companions of his folly; the injuſtice he does his family, in depriving his children, not only of the power of raiſing themſelves, but of living tolerably; and how, on the contrary, from being born to a creditable expectation, he ſinks them into the loweſt claſs of mankind, and expoſes them to the moſt dangerous temptations. What has not ſuch a father to anſwer for? And all this for the ſake of indulging himſelf in an idle, a careleſs, thoughtleſs habit, that cannot afford the leaſt ſatisfaction beyond the preſent hour, if in that; and which muſt be attended with deep remorſe, when he comes to reflect. Think ſeriouſly of theſe things, and in time, reſolve on ſuch a courſe as may bring credit to your-

yourſelf, juſtice to all you deal with, peace and pleaſure to your own mind, comfort to your family; and which will give, at the ſame time, the higheſt ſatisfaction to

Your careful and loving father.

The SON's grateful Anſwer.

HONOURED SIR,

I Return you my ſincere thanks for your ſeaſonable reproof and advice. I have indeed too much indulged myſelf in an idle, careleſs habit, and had already begun to feel the evil conſequences of it, when I received your letter, in the inſults of a creditor or two, from whom I expected kinder treatment. But, indeed, they wanted but their own; ſo I could only blame myſelf, who had brought their rough uſage upon me. Your letter came ſo ſeaſonably upon this, that I am now determined to apply cloſely to buſineſs, and endeavour to bring a credit to myſelf, and ſatisfaction to you.

I am, &c.

Advice from a Father to a young Beginner, what company to chuſe, and how to behave in it.

DEAR ROBIN,

AS you are now entering into the world, and will probably have conſiderable dealings in your buſineſs, the frequent occaſion you will have for advice from others, will make you deſirous of ſingling out, among your moſt intimate acquaintance, one or two, whom you would view in the light of friends.

In the choice of theſe, your utmoſt care and caution will be neceſſary; for by a miſtake here you can ſcarcely conceive the fatal effects you may hereafter experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a judgment of thoſe who are fit to be your advisers, by the conduct they have obſerved in their own affairs, and the reputa-

tion they bear in the world. For he who has by his own indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a land mark for a prudent mariner to shun his courses than an example to follow.

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

Let your endeavours therefore be, at all adventures, to consort yourself with men of sobriety, good sense, and virtue; for the proverb is an unerring one that says, *A man is known by the company he keeps.* If, such men you can single out, while you improve by their conversation, you will benefit by their advice; and be sure remember one thing, that though you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your sentiments, when occasions offer; yet that you be much readier to hear than to speak; for to this purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a man two ears, and but one tongue. Lay in therefore by observation, and modest silence, such a store of ideas, that you may, at their time of life, make no worse figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other people's ills than your own. How must those young men expose themselves to the contempt and ridicule of their seniors, who, having seen little or nothing of the world, are continually shutting out, by open mouths and closed ears, all possibility of instruction, and making useless the principal end of conversation, which is improvement? A silent young man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent men. When, therefore, you come among strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own sentiments; by this means you will judge of the merit and capacities of your company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shoot-

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ing out hasty and inconsiderate bolts, which they would have been glad to recall, when, perhaps, a silent genius in company has burst out upon them with such observations, as have struck consciousness and shame into the forward speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward reproach.

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

Your affectionate father.

A letter from a gentleman on a retired life and an active one.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising intirely either solitude or public life. In the former men generally grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those, who, like you, can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vales and forests, amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once an ornament and a service to them. But there is another sort of people who seemed designed for solitude, those I mean, who have more to hide than to shew;

ſhew; as for my own part, I am one of thoſe whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude, like waters which may be forced into fountains, and exalted to a great height, may make a much nobler figure, and a much louder noiſe, but after all run more ſmoothly, equally, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that quiet, which Cowley calls the companion of obſcurity; but whoever has the muſes too for his companion, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may wiſh he had the higheſt caſt, but if his chance be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the beſt of it. I am,

SIR, your moſt obliged
and moſt humble ſervant.

A letter to the CONNOISSEUR, *being a humorous ſatire on ſnuff-taking.*

SIR,

I Know not whether you yourſelf are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, tho' deteſtable even among the loweſt. The practice, I mean, is that of ſnuff taking, which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical diſtemper, has taken hold of our noſes. You authors may, perhaps, claim it as a privilege, ſince ſnuff is ſuppoſed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not poſſeſſed of Bays's admirable receipt, *the ſpirit of brains*; but give me leave to tell you, that ſnuff ſhould no more be adminiſtered in public, than than of Major's medicinal compoſition, at four pence a pinch, or any other doſe of phyſic. I know not why people ſhould

ſhould be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance, by ſmearing their noſes with a dirty powder, any more than in uſing an eye-water or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a ſtranger to this naſty cuſtom was to obſerve almoſt every one drawing out his pouncet-box, and ever and anon giving it to his noſe, he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his noſtrils with a quantity of ſcented dirt, to fence them from the diſagreeable effluvia of the reſt of the company. Indeed, it might not be abſurd in ſuch a ſtranger to imagine, that the perſon he converſed with took ſnuff, for the ſame reaſon that another might preſs his noſtrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill ſmell.

It is cuſtomary among thoſe polite people, the Dutch, to carry with them every where their ſhort dingy pipes, and ſmoke and ſpit about a room even in the preſence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may ſeem, is ſurely not more offenſive to good manners, than the practice of ſnuff-taking: A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people who pretend to politeneſs, ſhould be continually ſnuffing up a parcel of tobacco duſt; nor can I help laughing, when I ſee a man every minute ſtealing out a dirty muckender, then ſneaking it in again, as much aſhamed of his pocket companion, as he would be to carry a diſhclout about him.

It is, indeed, impoſſible to go into any large company without being diſturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the play-houſe continually eccho with this muſic of the noſe, and in every corner you may hear them in concert ſnuffling, ſneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The moſt pathetic ſpeech in a Tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noſes in the front and ſide boxes; and I have known a whole congregation ſuddenly raiſed from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who had been almoſt choaked by a pinch of ſnuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated ac-

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tor has ſpoiled his voice by this abſurd treatment of his noſe, which has made his articulation as dull and drowſy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parſon of our pariſh is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to ſnort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that ſnuff, which is certainly an enemy to dreſs, ſhould yet gain admittance among thoſe, who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of faſhion take ſnuff only to diſplay a white hand, perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond-ring; and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themſelves with the uſe of ſnuff, had they not been ſeduced by the charms of a faſhionable box. The man of taſte takes his *Straſburgh veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper box, and the pretty fellow uſes a box of poliſhed metal, that, by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of ſtealing a glance at his own ſweet perſon, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor ſnuff taking myſelf, and would as ſoon be ſmothered in a cloud raiſed by ſmoaking tobacco, as I would willingly ſuffer the leaſt atom of it to tickle my noſe, yet am I expoſed to many diſguſting inconveniencies from the uſe of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my breath ſome of the fineſt particles together with the air; and I am frequently ſet a ſneezing by the odorous effluvia ariſing from the boxes that ſurround me. But it is not only my ſenſe of ſmelling that is offended: You will ſtare when I tell you, that I am forced to taſte, and even to eat and drink of this abominable ſnuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what eſcapes from her fingers ſwimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulneſs of the milk, or droſs of the ſugar. I never dine at a particular friend's houſe, but I am ſure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the ſame mug with him, for fear of coughing from his ſnuff if not the liquor going the wrong way. Such eternal ſnuff-takers as my friend ſhould, I think, at meal-times, have a ſcreen flapping down over the noſe

and

and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have ſeen at the maſquerade; or, at leaſt, they ſhould be ſeparated from the reſt of the company, and placed by themſelves at the ſide table, like the children.

This practice of ſnuff-taking, however inexcuſeable in the men, is ſtill more abominable in the other ſex. Neatneſs and cleanneſs ought always to be cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who ſo induſtriouſly bedaubs herſelf with ſnuff? I have with pleaſure obſerved the ſnow-white ſurface of an handkerchief or apron ſullied with the ſcatterings from the ſnuff-box; and whenever I ſee a lady thus beſmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I conſider her as no cleanlier than the kitchen-wench ſcouring her braſſes, and begrimed with brick duſt and fuller's earth. Houſe-wifely accompliſhments are at preſent ſeldom required in a well-bred woman: Or elſe I ſhould little expect to find a wife in the leaſt notable, who keeps up ſuch a conſtant correſpondence between her fingers and noſe; nor indeed would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It ſhould be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, that ſnuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is ſure to take a tinge from it: They ſhould therefore be as cautious of acquiring a ſallow hue from this bane of a fair ſkin, as of being tanned or freckled by expoſing their delicate faces to the ſcorching rays of the Sun. Beſides, as the noſe has always been reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they ſhould be as careful to preſerve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not ſuffer it to be undermined or bloated by ſo pernicious an application as ſnuff-taking. For my own part, I ſhould as ſoon admire a celebrated toaſt with no noſe at all, as to ſee it proſtituted to ſo vile a purpoſe. They ſhould alſo conſider, that the noſe is ſituated very near the lips; and what reliſh can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the ſame time he is obliged to come into cloſe contract with the former? Rather than ſnuff-taking ſhould prevail among the ladies,

I could

I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nation: Nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no reflection for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work: But a girl now-a-days would as soon be surprized in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread-paper. The fan or the snuff-box are now the only implements they dare to use in public; yet surely, it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of snuff. I am, SIR,

Your humble servant, &c.

A letter from a lady on her husband being chosen a member of parliament.

DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

I HAVE been plagued, pestered, teized to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! *Pope* and the poets may talk what they will, of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads; but I had rather live all my days among the cheese-mongers shops in *Thames-Street*, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here; and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours; such a rout with their hissing and hollowing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces! If my Sir *John* must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he

might

might come in without all this trouble, and take his ſeat in the houſe, though he has never been within an hundred miles of the place.

Our houſe, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever ſince we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the county, that is worth forty ſhillings a year; all my beſt floors are ſpoiled by the hobnails of farmers ſlumping about them; every room is a pig-ſtye, and the *Chineſe* paper in the drawing room ſtinks ſo abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would ſtrike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have ſuffered, you would think I had the conſtitution of a waſherwoman to go through it. We never ſit down to table without a dozen or more of boiſterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worſe than all, one of the beaſts got tipſy, and nothing would ſerve him but he would kiſs me, which I was forced to ſubmit to for fear of loſing his vote and intereſt. Would you think it, dear *Charlotte?* — do not laugh at me — I ſtood godmother in perſon to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almoſt poiſoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of ſour ale and brown ſugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not ſay, my lady is proud and above them

Besides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my houſe-keeper; and yet I muſt be intimate with them all. Lady *B*** indeed is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we muſt not be ſeen to ſpeak to each other here, becauſe her lord is in the oppoſition. Poor *Thomas* got a ſad drubbing at her houſe, when I innocently ſent him at my firſt coming into the country with a how d'ye to her ladyſhip. The greateſt female acquaintance I have here, are mrs. Mayoreſs, a taylor's wife, and Mrs. alderman *Gaſcoigne*, who ſells pins and needles on one ſide of the ſhop, while

her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table: I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayoress is a very violent party woman; and she has two pug-dogs, one of which she calls Sir *John*, and the other Colonel, in compliment you must know to my husband and his brother candidate.

We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir *Humphrey Chase*, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have seen in the streets at *London*. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which I fear will lose Sir *John* a good many votes: An attorney's wife was very angry that her daughter, a little pert chit, just come from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss *Norton*, the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (she said) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wish, my dear, you were to see my dressing-room; you would think it was a ribband-shop. *Lettice* and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yesterday no milliner's 'prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on the sweaty hats of country bumpkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I must not even dress as I please; but I am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in *Mackbeth*.

But what is worse than all, Sir *John* tells me, the election expences have run so high that he must shorten my allowance of pin money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay, he has even hinted to me that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature! But if he dares to serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the country against him. I am your affectionate friend, &c.

A letter

A Letter from the Daughter of a Clergyman, a servant, describing the places she had lived in.

MADAM,

SINCE you are pleased, by the very affectionate letter I received from you, to make so particular and kind an enquiry in what manner I have lived since my father died, and you went with your spouse to Ireland, I should be guilty of unpardonable negligence, or ingratitude, not to inform you: But that my letter may give you more entertainment than any thing relating merely to myself can afford, I shall take the liberty to add a few observations on more considerable persons, whose families I have lived in.

When my father died, and it was known to the neighbourhood that we were left destitute, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who lived a few miles from us, invited me to pass some time at their house. This ancient couple lived very happily upon a small estate, but large enough for their necessities; and therefore equal to their desires: They had passed forty years together with very little variety; their pleasures were confined to a very narrow circle, but their cares and fears in a much narrower: In a word, they lived according to nature, and were therefore happy. I often wished for such an easy, contented state of mind as they were blessed with, and if I had continued longer with them, perhaps I might in part have attained it; but their deaths soon closed this quiet scene, which was succeeded by a very busy one to me; for I then went to London and sought for a service.

The first place that offered to my liking, was a merchant's in the city, where I was hired to wait on his wife: The splendor this family lived in, made me think I was well provided for, and that my master was very rich; he kept a coach and a chariot, a valet de chambre, two coachmen, three footmen, a housekeeper, cook and house-maid, a servant for every child, which

were four, and myself, who only waited on my mistress: We had also a country-house, where was constantly a gardener, and one woman servant. The furniture of both houses was showey and costly, but not neat nor elegant. We had many visitors, to whom my mistress took great pleasure to shew her fine house and rich cloaths: The latter she had indeed some cause to be vain of; for when she was dressed with all her ornaments, she could not be worth less, without valuing her person, than a thousand pounds. My master was little at home, which I imputed to a multiplicity of affairs he had abroad; many people came to inquire after him, whose business I supposed was chiefly to ask his custom, for he was a great trader; but I thought it was somewhat remarkable, that he was often denied when I knew him to be in the house; this, the other servants told me, was common among great people, and indeed, such I supposed my master and mistress to be; for they endeavoured in every thing to imitate the quality, and lived at a greater expence than any of our country gentlemen can afford, who have two thousand pounds a-year. But before I had lived six months in the family, I was undeceived in my opinion of this gentleman's circumstances; for some officers, with an Extent (I think they called it) came one day into the house, whilst my mistress had eight or ten visitors in the dining room, before whom she had displayed all her finery; this put a melancholy end to all their grandeur.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that during all the time I lived in the family, my mistress never went into the kitchen, or threaded a needle; but she now lives in one room, and sells a little tea, coffee, and such things for a subsistence; and my master is gone abroad, in a post that may bring him in fifty pounds a-year.

The next service I went to, was a baronet's, near St. James's, who lived (as I think almost every one here does) in a very expensive manner: The housekeeper, who is a talkative woman, and had been several years in the family, informed me, this gentleman had an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in

Kent,

Kent, which he lived very well upon, till about five years ſince he was drawn into play by ſharpers, who won of him large ſums of money; ever ſince he has lived in London at a great expence, expecting a place: I doubt this will make bad worſe; but as my maſter thinks he has been ſeveral times near ſucceeding, he is ſtill very ſanguine. Indeed, if faith was as effectual in removing obſtacles to the obtaining of places, as it is to ſubdue difficulties of another nature, this gentleman has enough to remove mountains. When I came firſt into this family, I thought my maſter was a very learned man, and my lady much given to reading; for he had a large, fine library, and ſhe a cloſet of choice books, curiouſly bound, gilt and lettered; but I ſoon found my maſter never went into the library but to ſhew it to company, and my lady's books were rarely taken out of the caſe but to be duſted. I could not imagine for what reaſon people who did not read, ſhould put themſelves to the expence of buying ſuch a number of books, and fitting up a library, till I was informed, that a ſtudy is as neceſſary in a nobleman's or gentleman's houſe, although he does not read, as a chapel, though he never hears prayers; and that books in a lady's cloſet are eſteemed as ornamental furniture as china upon cabinets; and, that there is no more neceſſity that the one ſhould be read, than the other uſed. My maſter and miſtreſs were not diverted from reading by the care of their family, or any other care, for all the ſervants did what was right in their own eyes: This ſignified nothing to complain of. My maſter was very jovial, and unthinking; my miſtreſs indolent, and much troubled with vapours. This gentleman married his lady for love, when they were both very young; he ſaw her at the play, was deeply ſmitten, and being much ſuperior in fortune, the match was ſoon agreed on, even before he had an opportunity of acquainting himſelf with her temper or diſpoſition. When they came together he ſoon diſliked her humours, which in a little time wore off all fondneſs for her perſon: The neglect that followed, her own indecent way of life, or both, raiſed, in apprehenſion at leaſt,

many illneſſes; but whether they were real or imaginary, they were attended with certain and ſubſtantial charges, doctors and apothecaries being in conſtant attendance. I often thought if this lady would employ ſome time in the care of her family, ſhe might ſoon receive more benefit from that and exerciſe, than by medicines; and perhaps gain a chearfulneſs of temper that would render her much more agreeable both to herſelf and huſband: But ſo far is ſhe from taking any care of the family, that ſhe takes none of her children; ſhe never ſuckled any for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, and thinks the management of them, or any part in their education, much below her quality; ſhe will, indeed, ſometimes ſend to the nurſery for one of them to play with, as ſhe does for the parrot or monkey; but all care is intirely left to ſervants; and as the children rarely converſe with any others, their behaviour, as well as the words and phraſes they uſe, are the moſt vulgar you can imagine: Of the footmen and maid-ſervants they learn to romp, and expreſs themſelves indecently; of the houſekeeper hard words, ill pronounced, and improperly uſed. I obſerved maſter Billy, who is about four years old, to be exceſſive paſſionate, which diſpoſition he could not take from his father or mother; but as the nurſe is a termagant, this temper is eaſily accounted for. You, Madam, who not only ſuckled ſo many fine children, but took ſuch care in their education, have reaſon to hope you ſhall find no ill qualities in them, or at leaſt, have none to anſwer for.

I aſk pardon for this digreſſion, and ſhall now proceed to acquaint you, that the irregular hours we kept in this family, and the other diſorders of it, put me upon looking out for another place: One offered in the city, which I accepted, and now am in.

My maſter is a merchant, and I believe very wealthy: He has been married about twelve years, and has ſeveral children. This family is the reverſe of thoſe I have hitherto lived in: Every thing is well regulated: Here is care without affectation, frugality without niggardlineſs

gardlineſs, and plenty without profuſion. The houſe is convenient though not very large; elegantly rather than richly furniſhed. Servants are kept for uſe, not oſtentation. Thoſe who have been found diſhoneſt are immediately diſmiſſed, and ſuch a character given of them as they deſerve: In other miſdemeanors, the reproof or puniſhment is always proportioned to the fault. I have often with pleaſure obſerved, that when a ſervant is found ſtrictly juſt, or very good-natured, though they have ſome conſiderable failings, there is great mildneſs uſed towards them; the good qualities are endeavoured to be improved, and the perſon reclaimed from the bad: In a word, to be acceptable in this family, it is only neceſſary to be honeſt, and endeavour to pleaſe. The aimable example of my maſter and miſtreſs, are not leſs conducive to the good order of this family, than their care and management; they are both perſons of excellent ſenſe and agreeable tempers, which qualities not only tend to make themſelves happy, but excite a deſire of imitation in others, and diffuſe pleaſure all around them. My maſter, though conſiderably employed in buſineſs, inſtructs his children at leiſure hours in ſeveral parts of learning; he has taught both boys and girls, who are old enough, to read with a juſt and true pronunciation and accent; the children have alſo learned of their father and one another to ſpeak French. My miſtreſs teaches her daughters needlework, and ſeveral accompliſhments proper for the ſex: Theſe, and other parts of education, are made the children's diverſion, and have never coſt them a tear. I have often heard this gentleman ſay, he thinks the common methods of teaching youth very cruel, and more likely to make fools and blockheads than men of ſenſe and learning; that thoſe under his direction ſhall not have their tempers ſoured, or ſpirits broken by ſeverity. He is of opinion, that it is barbarous to deprive children of thoſe pleaſures youth affords, and which, perhaps, if not interrupted by the ſeverity of parents and tutors, are the moſt unmixed of any enjoyed in life. I pretend not to judge how practicable

ticable this mild method may be with all tempers; but in our family, the good effects of it are apparent: The children's love to their parents not only occasions an unwillingness to offend, but excites a strong inclination to imitate them. This gentleman and his wife have, undoubtedly, a sincere love for each other: He is delighted with her humour, and has a great fondness for her person; she has a high opinion of his understanding: By this means she never contests things of consequence; he never insists on trifles: She does not desire what is beyond his circumstances; he will not refuse her what is suitable to them. If my master is out late with his friends, which is not very common, he meets with no kind nor unkind expostulations when he comes home. If my mistress is gone to rest he goes to another apartment. This lodging separately is frequent on these and other occasions, and proceeds only from complaisance. When he is minded to go a journey on business or pleasure, no dislike is shewn, tho' I know his company is so agreeable to her that she wishes he would not go so often; but perhaps in this he judges best what is proper to support their love to each other; for upon his return, after a considerable absence, I have observed their affection to appear with additional ardour. When my master has visitors, who are generally men of excellent sense, my mistress receives them with great civility: By this, I observe she lays no small obligation on her husband, who for his part omits no opportunity of saying the civilest, and doing the kindest things imaginable; but this never betrays them into indecent formalities or fondnesses before company. I shall mention but one circumstance more relating to this happy couple, in which they are the reverse of all other married persons I have lived with: They re more scrupulous of being seen dirty by each other, then by strangers. I have heard the footman say my master when he comes off a journey, generally is shaved, and changes his linen before he comes home; or if my mistress knows the time of his return, she is as clean, if not as fine, as a bride.

You

You will believe, Madam, that in this family I am very easy; for as I have the happiness to give satisfaction to my master and mistress, they are very kind to

Your, &c. E. P.

Of the expedients to get rid of time.

SIR,

THE several busy actions of men, and the perpetual means they contrive to find themselves employment, are only so many arts to get rid of life without dying. We are in haste to get over the present moment and grasping at something future, which, when it comes, will also cloy us. We grow weary of an instant enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, passionately longed for it, and conceive pleasure in the prospect of one at a distance; but, when we have overtaken it, it grows tasteless; and, as contradictory as it may seem, discontent arises from gratification. Thus our life lies in hope, and is in a restless succession of satiety and desire.

But, though experience shews us the vanity and emptiness of our wishes, we are for ever starting and indulging new ones, with as little success; and our hopes and desires, though they are continually baffled, are, for all that, continually rising. The greatest prince lives as much upon expectation, as the meanest slave; and, as he has fewer things to wish for, as being already master of all things, he is the more unhappy person of the two, especially if he carries in his bosom the restless sting of ambition. Though he commands every thing in his own territory, yet he cannot enjoy it because it is his; and so, with great slaughter and violence, makes a prey of his neighbour's property, which yet does not pall his appetite for more.

The great business, therefore, and hurry of the world, is nothing else but diversion, and a way of wasting the time; and princes go to war, as they do to a hunting match to keep themselves in excercise. Great men strive for scepters and white staves, as children do for whistles and bells,

bells, only to play with them; and, when they plague and harrass mankind about these their baubles, they do it but to entertain themselves. The mischief and misery of the world is to one of these mighty infants no more than a matter of mirth and amusement. To *Alexander the Great*, *Cæsar*, *Hannibal*, and the like children of blood, fighting was like a game at tennis ball; and, when they were men, they rode upon provinces, as they did upon hobby-horses when they were boys: But, whether in infancy or age, an impatience to stand still and be quiet begot both these different exercises. Cutting of throats is as much a piece of sport to a warrior, as playing at marbles is to a child. The over-running of provinces, and the plundering of nations, are to him but taking of air; and he kills, burns, and ravages, to pass away the time.

There is nothing more ridiculous in men, or argues greater ignorance of themselves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, *We will do such a thing, or such a thing, and then have done.* Alas! there is no stopping the progress of the passions without extinguishing life. A fire will as soon burn without air. While there is life there will be desires; and these being of things to come it is impossible to confine them to the present instant, or any stated point of time: We cannot say to them, *Thus far go, and no farther*, since progression is necessary to their existence. There is no medium between death and motion; and when we cease to proceed, we cease to be.

To be doing, therefore, is a consequence of living; and idleness is but a deliberation of what is to be done next. Old men are generally blamed for laying platforms and foundations of great works and buildings, which they cannot live to see finished; but I think the censure is groundless, since, by this means, they cut out certain business and entertainment for themselves, and open a source of perpetual new action and observation, and consequently of new pleasure. Such lasting projects are therefore proper methods, to keep up and encourage expectation, which is the food and relief of life. Our whole delight is in proceeding.

Besides,

Besides, these gentlemen, who turn undertakers when it is grown late in life, do seldom or never consider that they must depart and leave their schemes unexecuted: They think they have got a knack of living; and as every man is apt to prefer himself above all the rest, he is also apt to flatter himself with the hopes of better fortune and longer life than any other enjoys.

There was a gentleman in *Devonshire*, who, after he was fourscore, planted in a field a row of walnut-trees, which it seems, do not bear fruit in many years after they are set; and, when a neighbour told him, that the boys would steal all the nuts; *Oh!* says old eighty, *let me alone to deal with the boys!* And Mr. *Hobbes*, in the ninetieth year of his age, made him a warm winter-coat, which, he said, must last him three years, and then he would have such another.

The famous dialouge between *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, and *Cineas*, his prime counsellor, is full of instruction, and excellently sets forth the restless spirit of man.

" What, Sir, do you propose in this expedition against
" the *Romans?* says *Cineas*. To conquer all *Italy*, an-
" swers *Pyrrhus*. And what next? says the counsellor.
" Then we will transport our army into *Sicily*, and make
" that kingdom our own, replied his Majesty. And
" what is to be done then? continued *Cineas*. Then,
" quoth the Hero, we will sail to *Africa*, and bring that
" country under subjection. And what remains to be
" done after that? says the statesman. Why then, says the
" Monarch, we will sit down and be merry. And
" what hinders us, I beseech you, Sir, from doing so
" now? said *Cineas*."

What answer the King gave to this last question, is either not said, or I have forgot; but it is certain he made fighting his constant diversion to the last gasp, and never came an inch nearer to that same merry hour, which he purposed as the heroic end and issue of all his bravery and battles. He was knocked on the head in an assault upon the city of *Argos*, and so died in his calling. Many are the arts and devices practised by weak mortals to dispach their time: They are equally impatient of

idleness

idleneſs and action: Every hour is a burden, and they muſt be doing ſomewhat to make them forget that they are tired; and, when the expedient itſelf grows alſo tireſome, as it ſoon does, then they try another. Thus they go on in an eternal round of curioſity and wearineſs, and ſurfeit upon looking forward.

The methods of wearing away our days are as various as the humours and capacities of mankind. Some, as has been obſerved before, lead armies; ſome diſturb the public in a civil way; ſome make ſpeeches, and ſome pick their teeth. Snuff has got great and univerſal reputation this way, and the takers of it can recreate their whole body with a little labour of the fingers and the noſe. I know an eminent ſerjeant at law, who finds curious diverſion in drawing a ſtring through his fingers, and tying knots upon it, and moſt of his learned brethren keep themſelves in practice by ſtreaking down the ſides of their perriwigs with remarkable gravity. The ladies divert themſelves with tea, and ſlander, and viſits, and their fans, and ſeveral other amuſements, about which I ſhall ſay nothing. There are ſome few of both ſexes, who find devotion as good a ſtratagem as any to ſhake off time, and ſo make piety a conſiderable diverſion. With others, gaming is in great repute, for waſting their money and their time with wonderful felicity About the *Royal Exchange*, tricking and over-reaching are notable and approved cures for lazineſs; but, at court, there are no means known or practiſed.

Since, therefore, people will be ever doing ſomething, the beſt advice I can give them is, that while they are amuſing themſelves, they do not prejudice others. It is contrary to reaſon and religion, that one man ſhould reap ſorrow from the recreation of another. Every one has a title to make himſelf happy, provided he does it at no one's expence but his own. Innocent diverſions, though ever ſo trifling, are lawful; and we have a right, upon theſe terms, to rejoice in our own folly. And whoever thinks to be ſevere upon it, will find, that thoſe animadverſions can do the world but little good, which are made upon trifles that do it no hurt.

I am, Sir, &c.

A letter

A letter describing the two principal characters among Gamesters.

SIR,

THE whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper, two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The Dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
"As asses are." SHAKESPEAR.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glass in turn, altho' he is not dry.

THERE are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been Dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

HERE we may take a survey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, SIR, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious cha-

rafter affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a Stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal, air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero; but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every Gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough Gamester renounces *Venus* and *Cupid* for *Plutus* and *Ames-ace*, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a Gamester towards the destruction of his fellow creatures. His quick and lively parts are only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands with emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness is only to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen it's vices, let us consider it's miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice,

dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaritious fears of the Gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like *Monsieur St Croix*, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*, *Madame Brinvillier*, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at *White*'s. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breath like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit;—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in an humour for play; they chuse to laugh; they chuse to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother *Thicket*'s employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain 'till the *Reading* coach passes through *Smallberry Green*, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards perpetually be placed upon the table. It is then our Game-

ſter is in the greateſt danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his ſide, he muſt ſtand the brunt, and perhaps give away his laſt guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a ſhilling.

Our hero is now going off the ſtage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own piſtol. An inqueſt is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before ſun-riſe.

These two pourtraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to ſhew different likeneſſes in the ſame man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at *Oxford*, of Count *Guiſcard*. At firſt ſight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court-dreſs of thoſe days; but by pulling a ſtring, the folds of the paper were ſhifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count *Guiſcard* appeared to be a Devil.

I am, Sir, Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. N.

A letter to the Author of the Connoiſſeur, on the Ladies painting their Faces.

Sir,

It is whimſical to obſerve the miſtakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our firſt coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are compoſed of different materials from our rural ones; ſince, though they ſleep all day and rake all night, they ſtill remain as freſh and ruddy as a parſon's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that ſuch delicate creatues as they appear, ſhould yet be ſo much proof againſt cold as to look as roſy in *January* as in *June*, and even in the ſharpeſt weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loſs to account for this unalterable

hue

hue of their complexions; but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the *rouge* of vermillion, and giving us Spanish *wool* for English beauty

THE very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they "are *obliged* to keep, render them such *perfect frights*, "that they would be as loth to appear abroad without "paint as without clothes." This, i must be acknowledged, is too true: But would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion house; they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, 'till she has grown as homely as the Queen of Spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's Cases, than that Whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features; but if the ladies would give up the routes for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their *carmine* would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A MORALIST might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it is then at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail; and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the

morning as wan and yellow as a corpse; for marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain, but without relief; for this is a custom, which once admitted so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: They trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field; but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces as well as their heads *a la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect, that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these dawbings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the course strokes of the painters brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on lady Manchester; which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,

Behold

Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there,
In native charms divnely fair,
Confuſion in their looks they ſhew'd,
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

I think, Mr. TOWN, you might eaſily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty inſtead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the *Tale of a Tub*, if left to itſelf, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you deſtroy the original ground.

AMONG other matter of wonder on my firſt coming to town, I was much ſurpriſed at the genteel appearance of youth among the ladies. At preſent there is no diſtinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the ſame time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the ſame lady. I have known an olive beauty on monday grow very ruddy and blooming on tueſday; turn pale on wedneſday; come round to the olive hue again on thurſday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfaſhionable people, whom no body knows; the reſt ſtill continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a myſtery that I could not unriddle, 'till on being introduced to ſome ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kiſſes were given, (as is obſerved in the epigram) like thoſe of *Pyramus*, through a wall. I then diſcovered, that this ſurpriſing youth and beauty was all a counterfeit; and that (as *Hamlet* ſays) "God had given them "one face, and they had made themſelves another."

I HAVE mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a ſalute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while ſuch faſhions prevail, they ſhall ſtill remain in *Yorkſhire*. There, I think, they

they are pretty ſafe; for this unnatural faſhion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not ſtand againſt the rays of the ſun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greateſt enemies to their own beauty, and ſeem to have a deſign againſt their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipſed in a black velvet maſk; at another it was blotted with patches; and at preſent it is cruſted over with plaiſter of *Paris*. In thoſe battered belles, who ſtill aim at conqueſt, this practice is in ſome ſort excuſable; but it is ſurely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good ſet of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

INDEED, ſo common is this faſhion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I conſider them as ſo many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at *Hudſon*'s: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often ſeems almoſt to vie with nature; but my attention is too frequently diverted by conſidering the texture and hue of the ſkin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engroſſed by the wood and canvaſs.

I am, SIR, your humble ſervant,

RUSTICUS.

A Letter on the Abuſe of Words.

SIR,

THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is conſtantly made by the ſenſible and judicious in every age. Though the Diction of the *Romans* is likely to endure as long as time ſhall ſubſiſt, yet we find that *Horace*, in one of his Odes, ſeems to be aware of the Decay of Words and Phraſes, which die away and are conſtantly ſucceeded by a ſudden Birth of new Terms

and

and Modes of Phraseology. In several other Passages of his Writings there are short Reflections upon this literary Phænomenon, in which he always appears to me to deliver himself with Sorrow and Regret. 'They fall, says he, like Leaves and are replaced by a new Product; like young Persons they flourish for a short Time, and then tend to Oblivion.' The Comparison is most certainly very just; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are said to be *upon Town*, it is the same with Words; they are also *upon Town* for a Time, and then totally perish. I have often thought that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters; and if there was a proper Register-Office for the Purpose, where their several Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Precision, I should imagine it would furnish no disagreeable History. A Distinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Instance, *D——n my Blood*, is of male Extraction, and *Pshaw, Fiddlestick*, I take to be Female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might stand in this Form.

Born this Week	Males	300	Buried	Males	400
	Females	900		Females	990
		1200			1390

Decreased in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

If, for the Satisfaction of the curious, a List should be furnished of the several Terms that are born, or that die away, with a short Account of the Life and Character of each Phrase, whether it be born of honest Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popish or Protestant, it would in my Opinion be an agreeable Addition to this History of the Rise and Fall of Words. There might further be added an Account of such Expressions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the Learned, who should think proper to protest against such a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail

to

to yield Satisfaction to the curious; and, though it would not prevent the Instability of our Language, it would at least display the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Destruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Consequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination; and for that Reason, I should be glad that some Means were devised to hinder the Diction of our *Shakespear* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to suspend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatened us with, when he said,

And such as Chaucer *is, shall* Dryden *be.*

The Dictionary which the learned Mr. *Johnson* has published, may in some Measure answer this End; and in Aid to that Design, I have been for some Time past planning a Dictionary of such Words as appeared to me, from a Concurrence of various Causes, to be most likely to be totally forgot. In order to forwards this Undertaking I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in such a Manner as may serve to convey to Mr. *Ranger* some Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is compleated it may serve as a proper Companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the Works of Morality, which have been published in this Country; and it may be contributing to make our Posterity have some faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the visible Tendency of our Manners, to an entire Change from antient Simplicity, has almost effaced the Ideas, which the Author intended to express.

A SPECIMEN OF AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

CREATURE, A Term to show our Contempt of any Person whom we dislike, chiefly used by the Ladies.

IMPERTINENT, A Term of Derision applied by the Ladies to every Man who speaks Sense to them.

THING, Very often used to imply our Dislike, but chiefly used to signify our highest Approbation. Thus it is said of a fine Lady, *She's the very Thing*; or of a young Fellow, O *Ma'am, he's the very Thing*; and some-

ſometimes with Limitation, as, *Yes, very well, but not the Thing.*

PATRIOT, A Man who ſpeaks againſt the Court till he gets a Place or Penſion.

HONEST, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honeſtum*, which among the *Romans* implied every Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to ſay,

An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its conſequential Senſe it is ſtrangely altered: Honeſt now ſignifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every Sort; it being common to ſay of a Man who is addicted to all theſe faſhionable Vices, that he's an *Honeſt Fellow.*

GOOD-NATURE, An old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors; it is plain that it carried with it ſome Alluſion to the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe Times, but the Uſage of the Word being now quite altered, there is no tracing it to its Source.

CHOCOLATE, The primitive Intent of this Word was, a Sort of Refreſhment which was taken by the Gentlemen and Ladies for Breakfaſt. In its metaphorical Senſe it ſignifies Wit, Humour, and Pleaſantry, and he who can entertain his Friends with all theſe brilliant Qualities, is ſaid to *give Chocolate.* The Etymology of this figurative Expreſſion is derived from Mr. *Foote*, almoſt the only Writer of his Time. This Gentleman having prepared a rich mental Repaſt, was obliged, to evade the Cenſure of Juſtices, to invite his Friends to drink Chocolate with him in the Morning at the Theatre in the *Hay market*, after which he preſented ſeveral humourous dramatic Pieces, ſince which, to *give Chocolate* is become a Metaphorical Term for every Thing that is lively and ingenious.

RELIGION, An old *Engliſh* Word for the Worſhip of a ſupreme Being, and the Practice of ſocial Duties to our Neighbour; probably a Cuſtom known to the antient Druids.

VERY, A Particle uſed by polite People for Conciſe-

neſs;

nefs; thus if you ask, Is not such a Book well written? a modern fine Gentleman answers, VERY.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, Originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind; at present solely confined to a Man's Fortune. Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thousand is a man of *Worth*, and an honest Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, Formerly signified Division in the State, at present it means a Jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diversion.

TRAGEDY, A Name by which *Shakespear*, *Otway*, and some others entitled their dramatic Writings; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally lost the original Sense of it.

COMEDY, Probably a Piece in which our rude Ancestors represented the Follies and Characters of the Age; nothing of this Sort is at present known amongst us.

DAMNED, When Priestcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightened with strange Ideas of *Hell*, or a Place of Torture where the departed Spirits of bad Men were supposed to be confined. At present it signifies the highest Praise we can confer. Thus we say, *A damned fine Woman*; *a damned charming Creature*; *a damned fine Fellow*, &c

MARRIAGE, Alludes to a Custom amongst our Ancestors of solemnly binding a Man and Woman to live together for Life: It remained among us till lately, but was entirely abolished by a Marriage-Act in the Year 1753.

DRUM, An Instrument of warlike Music used at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery: Hence stiled by *Shakespear* the *Spirit-stirring Drum*. It has not been used to any Purpose by the *English* since the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical Sense it means a Party of Cards. (*Vide Rout.*) Note. *It's ancient Use began to revive in* 1758.

FRIENDSHIP, An old *English* Word used by our Ancestors to signify the complex Idea of Affection and Esteem between two or more Persons, founded upon a virtuous

virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue *(for the Meaning of the Word* VIRTUE, *see in it's respective Place.)* This Custom was totally banished from among us in the Reign of King *Charles* II. and few or no Traces of it have been discovered ever since.

GOD, The antient Druids, it is probable from all Historians, imagined that a superior Being super intended the Direction of the Universe, and the Term God, it is not unlikely, originally signified this superior Being. But since it has been happily found out that every Thing was made by Chance, or that *Nature (Vide* Nature *in its proper Place)* produced every Thing we behold, and since the Properties of Matter have been sufficiently detected by *Lord Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally expleded, as merely expressive of some Chimæra, which has no Existence

TUCKER, A Bit of Linnen, Cambrick or Muslin, which the Ladies use to shew as much as possible of their Necks.

MODESTY, Alludes to some Custom among the antient *British* Ladies.

EARTHQUAKE, A Party at Cards. Vide *Rout, Drum, or Hurricane.*

FASHION, A polite Term of Excuse for all the Vices that can be thought of.

NATURE, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plastic Nature, universal Nature,* &c. but the Idea is always the same.

ROUT, Formerly signified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to flight or to the Sword, they were said to be routed. The Ladies in order to preserve some Idea of *Cressi, Poitiers, Blenheim,* &c. have agreed to call their Assemblies by the Name of Routs. This it is thought they do with more Propriety, as frequently at these Meetings whole Families are entirely routed out of House and Home.

SOUL, It was formerly believed that in each human Creature there existed something incorruptible, which was not to perish with the Dissolution of our Bodies,

but to be removed to ſome other Part of the Univerſe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or ſuffer condign Puniſhment for all Tranſgreſſions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Diſcovery of the Properties of Matter has alſo baniſhed this abſurd Doctrine, which ſerves now to embelliſh the Fictions of Poets.

IMMENSE, An Epithet of Praiſe, thus we ſay, *An immenſe fine woman, &c.* (vide *Damned.*)

VIRTUE, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Paſſions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Conſtitutions by Intemperance, and this Practice, it is probable, was ſignified by the Word *Virtue.* It is uſed by *Shakeſpear, Spencer, Milton, Pope,* and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (vide *Friendſhip.*)

PITY, This is alſo an old *Engliſh* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Courſe when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

Virtue Happineſs, and Vice Miſery: Pleaſure and Pain ever only ſeparable: From the Letters concerning Mythology.

I AM juſt returned from a ſhort tour I had long promiſed to make in D——, and find myſelf doubly in your debt for a couple of letters.—— The kind one by mr. R—— brought me welcome accounts of your growing health, and very certain proofs of your good-humour. It was put in my hand juſt as I was going to take horſe; and the hurry of company that flocks about one in the country left me not an hour's leiſure to anſwer it. My journey would have been every way agreeable, but for ſome remains of the ill-humour raiſed in that country by the late election: Families in oppoſite intereſts carry it ſo high, that like rival courts, or if you

pleaſe

pleaſe rival toaſts, a viſiter in one is but coldly received in another.

I will frankly confeſs to you the vanity (if it be ſo) of my wiſh, That my friends ſhould like me the better the longer they know me; and particularly, That they ſhould ever find me incapable of ſo *mean* a vice as flattery; which at once proſtitutes truth and manhood. In confidence of this indulgence, I will venture to tell you, that your laſt epiſtle gave me exquiſite pleaſure. The juſt ſentiments of men and manners, and that true taſte of life, which with high delight I perceive to be growing upon you, will be a conſtant fund of entertainment to us both. How elegant is every period of it! and how true! What an honeſt indignation it expreſſes againſt your *vulgar gentlemen* —— unfeeling ſouls! incapable of friendſhip, or of any higher taſte than * *bagatelle et brutalite!* — While at the ſame time how aimable the contraſt! The eaſy, well-bred, generous man, enjoying the true reliſh of life himſelf, and imparting like the ſun a flow of joy and contentment to all about him. Well, mr. ——, I begin to believe it becomes no-body ſo well as a real gentleman *to be wiſe*: His genteel manners and polite language give a grace to wiſdom itſelf. They ſmooth the rugged paths of philoſophy, unbend the brow of auſtere virtue, lend a new luſtre to learning, and poliſh every talent in life. Your unaffected reflections upon the moſt important ſubjects, and under very various aſpects of things, gave riſe to theſe ſentiments, and confirmed me in the opinion, That it is not in the retired hermitage or lonely cell, we are to look for the moſt exalting principles, or the nobleſt practice —— Worth, Truth, Conſtancy, Contempt of Death, Improvement of life, with all the ſhining train of genuine virtues. No—I find a gentleman who lives much in the world; who has ſeen, and, like Solomon, ſhared in it's joys, can really believe that the meaſure of a *happy lot* is not the number of days or accumulated years, but a diſcharge of the

* *Trifling and Senſuality.*

duty of our station, be it long or transient, with dignity and honour. To such a one we may say with great propriety,

* *Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,*
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

And now, my dear friend, that the worst is past, I feel a pleasing serenity succeed the gloom that for some weeks hung over my mind. I can now think of T— without a sigh; or rather perceive a silent smile steal upon me at the mention of the agreeable name; and have a strong inclination to imitate the doctor of Derry, who told his patient he must not relapse for three days until he should return to attend him. You must not have such another fit until I can persuade myself to be less anxious about you; for I would not undergo the painful apprehensions, nor live in the restless agitations that tossed and tortured me during your last sickness for any consideration. It is, I know, inseparable from a real affection: § *Quis enim securus amavit?* But then a gentleman of your thorow good-nature, will certainly out of regard to one who loves you take every precaution in your power not to give him pain. I am sure this will have weight with you: Add to it the warning you have had from your constitution not to trespass against it, nor trust it too far to it's supposed strength. Henceforth, let no persuasion, no company, no temptation, induce you to risk that without which life and all it's enjoyments are tasteless and burthensome; and in this respect—— *Fix your firm resolve, wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.*

Great reason has a noble author to say, That it is *cowardice, mere cowardice,* that deters men from virtue, and plunges them in vice, when one round, hearty resolve

* Happy the man, who vers'd in nature's laws,
Can each effect ascribe to it's own cause;
Trample on terrors and relentless fate,
And hear the din of Acheron, sedate!

§ *Who e'er unanxious lov'd?*

resolve would rid them of a train of miseries. 'Tis of a piece with an uncommon phrase employed by a just and happy writer, if there be one in antiquity, *Sapere aude*; DARE TO BE WISE. No habit or course of life, to which we have been accustomed, but requires courage to throw it off: And yet there is not a friend or companion you have, at least none worth keeping, who will like you the worse for being truly temperate. Let him even be a little loose himself, in his inmost soul he must approve of you, and esteem you the more for being unlike him; for well knows my friend, there is no necessity to lay aside pleasantry and good-humour, in order to assume temperance and integrity. We may be as serene, nay as gay as we please, and have much better reason to be so, when once we have come to contemn vice, and all the slavish crew of fears, remorses, endless pursuits, and insatiate cravings that attend her. It is true, the utterly abandon'd, the resolutely wicked, will look upon you as a man of *another* party, and turn your conduct into ridicule, if they can. But would you wish for *their* approbation? for *their* applause——whose friendships are leagues in wickedness, only cemented by similar vices? To pity the persons of the vicious, and assist them even in the ills which their follies have brought upon them, is one of the first lessons of virtue and dictates of humanity. Are we therefore to love, esteem, or keep them company? Are we to behave to them as we would to men exempt from their faults, and adorned with the opposite virtues? Such a one is a sad, worthless fellow, without morals or conduct; you can trust him with nothing.— "But," said a noble person of your acquaintance, "he "is a shrewd, witty dog, and very entertaining: I'll "send and have him here while I stay in the country. "Mr. B——, my neighbour, is a knowing, accom-"plished gentleman; but he is devilishly sober, and "looks so stay'd, and speaks so accurate, that I cannot "bear him. Here, John! take a horse, and ride quickly "over to F——m, and tell Will Waggish that I expect "him here to spend the week with me; and desire the

"servants, if Mr. B—— should call to-day, or to mor-
"row, to tell him that I a'n't at home. I'm gone a
"visiting, d'ye hear? and don't know when I re-
"turn."——

Inattentive people, especially the miscalled men of pleasure (the meerest drudges of the human race) by living some time in this way, come at last to think every thing decent and lawful that suits their inclinations: While they are in a career of diversions, they really look upon honour, integrity, and virtue, as empty, insignificant sounds.

* *Virtutem Verba putant, ut Lucum Ligna* ——

So indeed they are to those who have no *feeling* of the things; such persons receive much the same benefit from all that can be said in commendation of worth and wisdom, as the late serene Dauphin did from all the elaborate editions of the Classics published for his use. To them I would only recommend to go more *thorowly* to work, and if the joys they pursue be genuine, to devote themselves wholly to them. They are but puny, starveling rakes in comparison of some of their predecessors. I remember to have read of a celebrated debauchee among the antients, the business of whose day it was *to get drunk at night*. This wise and ingenious person (for so to be sure he thought himself) prepared for the evening campaign with great address and assiduity. He slept long, eat delicately, rubbed, bathed, tired and walked, just as much as would best fit him for the dear fatigue of *being drunk*. When that grand point was attained, like a man of spirit, who had acted his part with dignity, and fully reached the purpose of life, he ordered his servants every evening to lay him on a magnificent couch, and carry him in procession with decent funeral pomp, from his salon thro' a suite of rooms, to his bedchamber, calling out triumphantly all the way, BEBIOKE, BEBIOKE, *He hath lived, he hath lived*; the form of funeral service for the dead.

Seriously, my friend, intemperance, or vice of any species,

* *Meer words make virtue, just as trees make groves.*

ſpecies, is but a ſickly, inconſiſtent thing; and we are obliged to make great allowances to be able to bear with it. You hate the whole, and you both hate and contemn the *half-knave*; a man who falſifies his word, who eludes his promiſes, ſhuffles in his anſwers, or ſwerves in his dealings, draws your averſion, and moſt juſtly. But why hate by halves?——why cenſure one vice ſeverely, and connive at another? Be conſiſtent in your judgment and liking. Love not the private, eaſy companion in the public mercenary traitor, nor approve the pretended patriot, be he ever ſo flaming, in the private immoral profligate *. I do not ſay that what is good in a vicious character is not to be approved; nor deny but that the ſame character may in different reſpects be virtuous and vicious; much leſs do I embrace the ſtoical paradox, That all vices are equally pernicious and criminal; but I lay it down as a ſacred maxim, That every man is wretched in proportion to his vices, and affirm the nobleſt ornament of a young generous mind, and the ſureſt ſource of pleaſure, profit, and reputation in life, To be an unreſerved acceptance of virtue. Take the lovely gueſt but once into your boſom; reſolve ſtrictly and ſteadily to follow her dictates, ſhe will diffuſe a joy and ſerenity through your ſoul, a confidence and courage through your ſpeech and conduct, ſuch as no corrupt heart ever felt, or guilty hand put in execution. This reſpects the important parts of life; as to the *pleaſant* they follow their betters. The ſweeteſt ingredient in mirth is innocence; it heightens and refines the humour, and doubles the reliſh of every enjoyment. I have ſeen many bad men brutally merry, but never one of them quite open, eaſy, and uncheck'd in his mirth. That abſolute ſerenity, that ſupreme eaſe

* *It was an ordinance in the admirable conſtitution of Sparta, when any perſon notoriouſly vicious made a wholeſome propoſal to the public, that ſome man of known probity ſhould mount the roſtrum, and repeat the ſame propoſal, that it might paſs into a decree, and be enacted in his name.*

ease is the sole gift of virtue. To her chosen alone she gives to taste gayety and pleasure *unmixed*; to drink of the pure stream that flows spontaneous from conscious worth and beneficence to men: To all others it is dashed and imbittered in proportion to the crookedness of their minds, inhumanity of their tempers, and intemperance of their lives.

Shall I wrong you in supposing you apprehensive of such a strict resolution, as if it would lead you into thorny paths, or confine you to a narrow track, full of scruples and peevishness? Trust me it will not. On the contrary, *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* The peculiar felicity of such a temper of mind, owing beyond controversy to our divine original frame, is the *simplicity* of it's directory. You need no intricate systems, nor abstruse, ambiguous rules, to lead you to the road of happiness: *One* plain principle will prove an unerring guide in this flowery path, for ever strewed with fresh contentment and unrepented pleasure. Would you be exempt from uneasiness; *Do no one thing you know, or but suspect to be wrong.* Would you enjoy the purest pleasure; *Do every thing in your power you are convinced is right.* A little attention to the inward monitor, we lamely call Conscience, will discover him to be your best friend, faithful and true; fond and forward to do good, while he must be dragg'd reluctant even to doubtful evil; for to approve of it open and undisguised, neither the songs of the Syrens could ever allure, nor the tortures of tyrants ever compel him. No sooner does the species of any conduct, or idea of any one action strike upon the understanding, than it is immediately remitted to this incorrupt judge, who transmits it to the will brighten'd with his approbation, or blacken'd with his dislike; and if the inward oeconomy be sound, it is put in execution as good, or rejected as base, according to the mark of his sovereign controul. Deceived he may be in particular instances, when falsehood is presented to him in the garb of truth; but bribed or biassed he never can, from the general rectitude of his intention, singly to

promote

promote the welfare of men, by assuring them, nay, by making them *feel* that their happiness depends upon their acquitting themselves fully and fairly of the duties of humanity. How often have you heard it said of a private gentleman, *He would not do an ill thing for the world?* Glorious character! and I hope more frequent than is commonly believed—a character to be courted, or to say it better, deserved by every man who wishes to live happily, and to taste genuine pleasure.

Could my friend now take one other step with me? I know he can; and fain would I assure myself *he will.* If the happiness of our lives depends upon our obedience to this *home-censor*, lodged in every man's breast, it must needs increase in proportion to our attention to his dictates, and diminish according to our negligence. What a thought is there? What a fund of uncloying pleasure pointed out to a noble youth in the bloom of life, as yet untainted with vice and fond of real fame? To live without remorse in blissful ignorance of inward pangs, we must do no one thing we but suspect to be wrong; to be truly happy, we must do whatever we believe to be right: But would you *exalt* and *refine* this happiness, you must be *at pains* to examine what is right, and *at pains* to put it in execution. Start'e not at the word; for in exact proportion to your pains will be your pleasure. In the ordinary occurrences of life, such a conduct will procure you peace and plenty at home, and respect and confidence abroad; but in public stations, it leads to the highest pitch of human felicity, and puts the man who honestly aims at it in the direct road to heroism and immortality.

Look around you, my friend, and observe whether the happiest (I do not say the richest) be not at the same time the best and wisest of your acquaintance? while you can scarce meet a wretch who has not been made so by vice or folly; it is finely said by our old English satirist,

Much wo worth the man that misruleth his envite. *

A *misrule* that affects the offender himself in the first place,

* *Vision of Pierce Plowman.*

place, and but consequentially those who are connected with him. Such a person we say, is lost to all *sense* of honour or shame. Think a little what may be the meaning of that expression. Is it not that by a course of immorality he has vitiated his natural perceptions of right and wrong, and dulled his taste of beauty and virtue? This we commonly call, in a strong metaphor, a seared conscience, because it is callous and unfeeling; and then the inward monitor loses a great part of his power; his voice becomes faint, and his dictates feeble; though it rarely happens that he is so intirely perverted but that he rouses at intervals, and speaks in a tone that makes his tyrant tremble: But he is much oftener cheated than *born down*; as when our moral rectitude is misguided, a false species of good passed upon us instead of the true, and the deluded fancy taught to substitute some perverse, partial end in which to place it's happiness, instead of the free exercise of it's native faculties *in doing good*. This is done by the excess sometimes of one passion, and sometimes of another: Love, ambition, envy, and avarice, take their turns in the succeeding stages of life, and present us with their favourites in imposing lights; which—no sooner vanish then the objects appear in their genuine colours, and this upright censor revokes his approbation.

But the grand sorceress, *sly superstition*, approaches with an air of sanctity, and hoodwinks unhappy men, not for any one period as the other passions, but, alas! for life. *Ensnared and hampered by the soul*, as our comic poet says, they look at things only through the magic glass which the enchantress holds up to them, and start amazed when presented to them undisguised. Through it they see *nature reversed*, the world turn'd upside down, and curse the creation to oblige it's author.

You, my friend, are in little hazard of this gloomy goblin: You know that virtue when genuine and sincere, gives a dignity to human nature; and can believe the noblest genius of antiquity, when he scruples not to affirm, That the breast of a man adorned with justice,

humanity,

humanity, and regard to the laws, is the moſt auguſt temple that can be reared to God. It is from Syrens of ſofter aſpect and ſweeter voice, you have more to fear, though you have lately had a ſufficient diſcovery of their hidden deformities, and have ſeen that the fair face and alluring ſong only ſerve to conceal the devouring monſter —— Would you effectually avoid them? — Betake yourſelf to knowledge, virtue, and the duties of a man. 'For when the all-wiſe creator had formed 'the two contraries, pleaſure and pain, he found it 'impoſſible to reconcile the implacable enmity ſubſiſt-'ing betwixt their oppoſite natures: —— But as there 'was likewiſe a neceſſity that they ſhould at times 'occupy one and the ſame ſubject, he blended their ex-'tremities, and joined them ſo inſeperably that the one 'is never found in any great degree without the other. 'One ſole ſpecies of joy eſcaped the fatal tye, to-wit, '*The pleaſures of the underſtanding, or contemplative de-'light.* She alone ſtretched herſelf beyond the extre-'mity of pain, and leaving all her ſiſter pleaſures to 'wander with her grievous aſſociate on the ſides of 'mount Olympus (where the clear ſky is oft o'ercaſt) 'ſhe mounted to the top, where ſhe baſks ſerene in 'ambient light, ever-ſtreaming in perpetual day.'

From Sir Richard Steele to his Wife, prefix'd to the third volume of the Lady's Library.

MADAM,

IF great Obligations receiv'd are juſt Motives for Addreſſes of this kind, You have an unquestionable Pretenſion to my Acknowledgments, who have condeſcended to give me your very ſelf. I can make no Return for ſo ineſtimable a Favour, but in acknowledging the Generoſity of the Giver. To have either Wealth, Wit or Beauty, is generally a Temptation to a Woman to put an unreaſonable Value upon her ſelf; but with all theſe, in a Degree which drew upon you the Addreſſes of Men of the ampleſt Fortunes, you beſtowed your

Perſon

Perſon where you could have no Expectations but from the Gratitude of the Receiver, tho' you knew he could exert that Gratitude in no other Returns but Eſteem and Love. For which muſt I firſt thank you, for what you have denied your ſelf, or for what you have beſtowed on me?

I owe to you, that for my ſake you have overlooked the Proſpect of living in Pomp and Plenty; and I have not been circumſpect enough to preſerve you from Care and Sorrow. I will not dwell upon this Particular; You are ſo good a Wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I give, when I ſay any thing in your Favour to my own Diſadvantage.

Whoever ſhould ſee or hear you would think it were worth leaving all the world for you, while I habitually poſſeſſed of that Happineſs have been throwing away impotent Endeavours for the reſt of Mankind, to the Neglect of Her for whom any other Man, in his ſenſes, would be apt to ſacrifice every thing elſe.

I know not by what unreaſonable Prepoſſeſſion it is, but, methinks, there muſt be ſomething auſtere to give Authority to Wiſdom, and I cannot account for having only rallied many ſeaſonable Sentiments of yours, but that you are too Beautiful to appear Judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wiſe, from what is ſaid by ſo lovely a Counſellor: Hard Fate, that you have been leſſened by your Perfections, and loſt Power by your Charms!

That ingenuous Spirit in all your Behaviour, that familiar Grace in your Words and Actions, have for this ſeven Years not only inſpired Admiration and Love, but Experience has taught me, the beſt Counſel I ever have received, has been pronounced by the faireſt and ſoftest Lips, and convinced me that I am in you bleſt with a wiſe friend, as well as a charming Miſtreſs.

Your Mind ſhall no longer ſuffer by your Perſon, nor ſhall your Eyes for the future dazzle me into a Blindneſs towards your Underſtanding. I rejoyce in this publick Occaſion to ſhew my Eſteem for you; and muſt do you the Juſtice to ſay, that there can be no Vir-

tue

tue represented in all this Collection for the Female World, which I have not known you exert, as far as the Opportunities of your Fortune have given you leave. Forgive me, that my Heart overflows with Love and Gratitude for daily Instances of your prudent Oeconomy, the just Disposition you make of your little Affairs, your Chearfulness in Dispatch of them, your prudent Forbearance of any Reflections that they might have needed less Vigilance had you disposed of your Fortune suitably; in short, for all the Arguments you every Day give me, of a Generous and Sincere Affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many Evils and Pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a Pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the Proofs I have had in those Circumstances of your unwearied Goodness. How often has your Tenderness removed Pain from my sick Head? How often Anguish from my afflicted Heart? With how skilful Patience have I known you comply with the vain Projects which Pain has suggested, to have an aking Limb removed by journeying from one side of a Room to another; how often the next Instant travelled the same Ground again, without telling your Patient it was to no Purpose to change his Situation? If there are such Beings as Guardian Angels, thus are they employed; I will no more believe one of them more Good, in its Inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its Form than my wife.

But I offend, and forget that what I say to you is to appear in Publick: You are so great a Lover of Home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the World even in an Applause. I will end this, without so much as mentioning your Little Flock, or your own amiable Figure at the Head of it: That I think them preferable to all other Children, I know is the Effect of Passion and Instinct; that I believe You the best of Wives, I know proceeds from Experience and Reason.

I am, MADAM, your most obliged husband,
and most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

From Anastasia to the Lord ———, informing him of her retreat to a convent, to avoid his importunities.

MY LORD,

I Have at last taken the only means left me, to free myself from your importunities, and the weakness of my own heart, which argued but too much on your side. I found my fame, and every other consideration too light when weighed in the balance against your love: But the force of religion has turned the scale, and made me resolve to spend the remainder of my weeping days in a convent. It is in that holy retreat that I hope to find the peace which I lost in the world. You cannot be sorry for this resolution, when you consider of it. For not all the polite maxims of the present age are sufficient to discountenance virtue, or bring vice into reputation; or could they prevail in this world, would they be admitted at God's tribunal. Your Lordship may call this bigotry, or any other name, which the levity of your fancy, or modish principles, can inspire you with, but a day will come, in which you will find it sacred truth; and you will be glad, that, by shutting myself for ever from your sight I hindered you from the guilt you have pursued, and put it out of your power to ruin me. It would be no very pleasing reflection on your death-bed that you had seduced a soul from the paths of peace and virtue; and, to give yourself a fashionable liberty, had entailed misery and infamy on a family who have served you with zeal and affection. What has my aged father left undone to support your interest in the country? With what tenderness did my mother educate your two young sisters, who were committed to her care? And in return, you would bring their only daughter to the last degree of sin and shame. This may be genteel, but surely it is not noble. How false are your sentiments of honour and justice! You thought it would be a reflection on your character, to marry into a family so much below you in birth and fortune; but are not ashamed to re-

turn

turn a thousand obligations (pardon me, my Lord; for, great as you are, I must call them such) with the highest injury. And though you have not succeeded in your guilt as to that, you robbed two antient servants, nay, friends of your's, of the joy of their eyes, and delight of their age, their only child; who, by your licentious love, is forced to seclude herself from them, and the whole world, for ever. I dread to think how they will support this affliction. I left a letter on the table to acquaint my mother with my retreat, but concealed the cause, for your sister's sake; since she might perhaps resolve to discharge herself from an office, which she has executed with so much care, and has produced her so cruel a requital. Let the sorrow ye brought upon my parents content you, and do not carry ruin into another family. Why should you employ the finest understanding, and the most graceful person, to promote the cause of hell? And why must the rank, power, and wealth, which were given you to diffuse happiness all round you, only serve to make you capable of splendid mischief?

I am now in a sanctuary, where I cannot be the entertainment of your idle hours; and where the time I spent in listening to you, shall now be employed in praying for your reformation. The tears which I have often poured out in vain, to dissuade you from your guilty enterprise, shall be shed before God for your sins. For though you have used me with the utmost cruelty, your eternal welfare will always be the tendereſt concern of

The unhappy ANASTASIA.

To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal, on Pride.

SIR,

A WITTY Satyrist has called Pride the universal Passion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is so manifest, that there is too much Reason to believe the Maxim well-founded. The general Prevalence of Politeness suppresses in some Measure the Appearance of it among the *French*; but any one, who has been at

Versailles, may remember, that after all the Attention, Difference, and Complaisance of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of shewing the Curiosities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Consciousness of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a brisk Question with a Shrug of the Shoulder. "*Eh! bien Monsieur; avez vous de pareille Magnificence a* Londres?" "Well Sir, have you any Thing equal to this in *London?*" In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, their Haughtiness is manifested by the frequent Use of Stilleto upon every trivial Occasion; Pride is there display'd by killing others, and the People of *England* discover it by murdering themselves. The Notion of Independence with which a free-born *Britain* is inflamed, render him untractable and refractory, to all Laws human and divine; *Religion* he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to restrain his unquestionable Right to dispose of his Person as he pleases.

The famous *Montesquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this Country, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Arrogance, I am inclinable to think, he would have assigned a truer Cause; though, perhaps, at the same Time, black and fizy Blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Distemper. To speak with Precision, Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their separate Districts, the Source of Ill humours, Maladies and Disorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indisposition just mention'd, have been so severely felt for a long Time past, that our common News-papers are filled with Advertisements of Chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society; but, I apprehend, he would deserve still more who should devise a Cure for the Disease of the Mind. On this Account I should be glad to see a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.

To

To Persons of either Sex afflicted with any Species of PRIDE.

" Never were *Pride, Arrogance* and *Haughtiness* so fre-
" quent as of late Years; nor has any Remedy been found
" adequate to this pernicious Habit; which occasioned
" a Physician of the Soul, who employed his Thoughts
" much concerning them, to adapt a Medicine, or *Me-*
" *ral Elixir*; which is a sovereign Remedy against
" *Pride*, and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it
" mimics by Turns almost all the Vices poor Mortals
" are afflicted with, and have their Rise from a depra-
" ved Selfishness of thinking, vicious Ferments of Hu-
" nature, and the Want of Self-knowledge; whence
" proceed the supercilious Brow, and surly Morose-
" ness in the Men; and Coquetry, Airs, Fidgets, Te-
" hees and Titters in the Women, which totally destroy
" the Beauty and their Features, and by a Consent of
" Parts affects their Heads, and produce direful Views
" and terrible Apprehensions; and at other Times,
" Fits, flushing Heats, Lowness and Sinking of the
" Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twitchings of the
" Limbs, with many convulsive Disorders, which af-
" fect Numbers of both Sexes.

" The above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occa-
" sions laudable Humility, and, as soon as taken,
" makes the Patient good humoured, chearful and af-
" fable to Admiration; and is good for all Sorts of
" People to preserve as well as procure an even Tem-
" per of Mind."

Whenever I meet with a proud Man, I should be glad to know what he takes himself for; and I have often imagined to myself, that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contrast between his several Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the rest of his Species. The many secret, uneasy Sensations which proceed from his imaginary Dignity would not be unpleasant to observe; and to perceive a Man rendered compleatly miserable by the very Turn of Thought, from whence he would

deduce his ſupreme Pleaſure, would, in my Opinion, ſet People on their Guard againſt ſo great an Enemy to their Peace and Quiet. The Perſon who endeavours to indulge this groſs Appetite, abſtracts himſelf from Society, detaches himſelf from all Connections, and excludes himſelf from all the ſociable Enjoyments of Life. Wherever this Paſſion is diſcovered, it is common to ſee the whole Company with-holding their Complaiſance from Perſons who ſeem to think it a Tribute due to them. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a very exquiſite Manner, when I obſerve a Man ſit like his Grand-ſire cut in Alabaſter, as *Shakeſpear* has it, in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deſerve them, and without that reciprocal Complaiſance, which is always ſure to procure Eſteem. I would have ſuch a one made Emperor of the Moon, or removed to ſome other Sphere fitted for his Reception, where Cruelty may paſs for Courage, Oſtentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

Nothing can ſo ſurely demonſtrate a narrow Mind, as an Attempt to degrade our Fellow-creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Inſolence of Office*, and the *proud Man's Contumely* among thoſe Inſtigations, which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Deſpair; and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to ſubmit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute, who can think of putting it in Practice.

Notwithſtanding all that I have urged againſt this rankling Infection, there is a Degree of Pride, to which every Man is entitled, and that is, a Spirit above Dependance, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, ſordid and little. There is a Pride, which may ſerve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher Pitch of Improvement, than it might attain aſſiſted by this ſecondary Motive. The Pleaſures reſulting from this Principle are manly and noble; to enjoy the inward Conſciouſneſs of Honour and Honeſty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Perſon's own Integrity,

Probity

Probity and upright Intentions, is just and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumstance that can reasonably entitle any Man alive to more. Yours, &c.

To the same, on rising in the world.

SIR,

IT was the Answer of a certain eminent *Jew*, when I asked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is supposed to be possessed of, That he had more Difficulty in acquiring the first three Thousand Pounds, than all the Rest of his immoderate Wealth. This Apophthegm may be said to comprize the whole Arcanum of rising in the world, but not as one of the Adepts in the Science has thought proper to discover the secret Art of putting this Rule in Practice; it is to be apprehended, the Indigent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progress, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarrassments. *Juvenal* has observed many Ages since, that the most exalted Virtues and the rarest Accomplishments do not find it easy to extricate themselves out of Difficulties; and the Course of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

There is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point out in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Personages of very extensive Capacities, strong and quick Parts, and a delicate Sense of Honour, who are not however able to raise themselves to any conspicuous Point of Eminence, merely because their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Success. Genius wherever it subsists, must be warmed and cherished, otherwise it is apt to languish and decay; the fine Sensations, which are attendant on an enlightened Understanding, occasion a certain Delicacy in the Possessor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occasions in Life. Refined Parts should be tenderly preserved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blasts of Adversity; like those Fruits, which would wi-

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ther unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully assisted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Use of hot Beds. The Stage is perhaps the only Source of real Encouragement to a Man of Genius; and indeed it may be truly said that the Players contribute more to the Promotion of Letters than all our Nobility put together. *Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrio*, says *Juvenal*, with his usual Acrimony; and if the excellent Imitator of his second Satyr should think proper to favour the Publick with any more Performances of the same Nature, he will not have Reason from the Generosity of the present Age to abate any Thing from the Severity of the Remark; on the contrary he may point it with all the witty Malice of a Friend to the Cause of Letters. The Circumstance, which in my Opinion reflects the greatest Lustre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to such a Genius as Mr. *Addison*, who might have remained in a less conspicuous Point of View without the Assistance of such a Patron. His Vein of Humour, which is now the genteelest in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have subsided into coarse and vulgar Railing; his Taste, which was finished by Travel, and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: For his Sentiments of Morality might have been substituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Blush of Confusion in that female Face, which as Matters happened, he took so much Pains to set off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town in the most elegant Productions of human Wit, might have subsided into Politics, personal Invective, and Party-rage. He would perhaps, like his Friend *Steel*, have composed a *Crisis*, and fallen a Sacrifice to the irresistible Genius of *Swift*; or, as we do not perceive that his Friendship to *Pope* was extremely sincere, he might have merited a Place in the *Dunciad*, among the many Scribblers, who are likely to figure in that Poem to all Posterity. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from sinking into Obscurity,

and

and from being compelled by Necessity to sully that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The Assistance of so eminent a Person was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborte Elegance, which now distinguishes itself in his Writings.

He from the Taste obscene refines our Youth,
And sets the Passions on the Side of Truth. POPE.

It has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addison*, to droop in Indigence, their Poetic Fires totally extinguished, and I make no Manner of doubt, but in the present Age, there are those who might become shining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to spur the Muses Steed. But a Treatise on *Cribidge*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whist, is sure of being better received at present, than such a Performance as the *Analysis of Beauty*, or any other Work of distinguished Genius. While a *Smart* subsists among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*, and that he is suffered to draw his Pen in the Praises of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a small Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame, which, in Spite of Malice and Envy, he will be always sure to enjoy.

Wit, according to the present Fashion among the opulent, is rather an Object of Ridicule than an Accomplishment deserving Encouragement and Esteem. I have some where seen it remarked, that every rich Man has a peculiar Manner of Joking; perhaps their Affluence throws an imaginary Glare of Light around every Thing they say or do. With these pecuniary Men of Humour, it is observable that the Narrowness of Fortune, in which most of the literary Tribe are situated, is a standing Topic of Pleasantry, and the severest and most diverting Thing they can say of a Man is, that "he is a Poet." The witty Dr. *Young* has ridiculed this Custom with his usual Delicacy.

These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you——"he's a Wit."

Poor

Poor Negroes thus to shew their burning Spite,
To Cacodæmon's say, they're Dev'lish White.

There is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himself scorn'd by the Insolence of Purse-pride. But People of Affluence should consider when they attempt to depreciate Men of superior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over those who have still their Fortune to make. The World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is least able to make a proper Judgement for himself; and from thence it results that we find some utterly ruined by slight Errors, trivial Indiscretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headstrong Passions, and a Series of selfish Views, which are, for the greater Part, more successful, than Modesty, a sober Understanding, and a Spirit above abject Flattery and mean Submission.

They, who sit smiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Course, should reflect, that it is possible for a young Man by Perseverance and unremitted Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take so much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, must certainly receive additional Lustre from an Accession of Wealth, and the Accomplishments of such a one will in their Turn adorn and embellish Affluence. On this Account *Juvenal*'s Maxim is without Dispute highly just; a great Respect, says he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Observation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the rising Generation; as it is to be apprehended, that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

Yours, &c.

The

The history of miss Sylvia S——, a most instructive passage in the life of Mr. Nash.

MISS Sylvia S—— was descended from one of the best families in the kingdom, and was left a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expence. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful, and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority in both was allowed by all, who had either seen, or heard her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation, and some of her letters, and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this, or any other age, had they been publish'd.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all. She was imprudent! But let it not be imagined, that her reputation or honour suffered by this ally: I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use and value of money; she relieved distress, by putting herself in the place of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the croud of her lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and consequently never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success, from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by a hundred lovers, that found an husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation, or her good sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her over to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers was the celebrated

celebrated S——, who, at that time, went by the name of *the good-natured man.* This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every newest passion, his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendship, were all in excess; he was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires; for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a goal, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour, but that of passing the present moments agreeably. He only courted dissipation, but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. Nash was at that time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S——, would in the first place quite impair her fortune, in the eyes of our sex; and, what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S—— from prison, would be only a temporary relief: That a mind so generous as his, would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would only study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that tho' small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she too late found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to disesteem her, in proportion as she became impoverished by her imprudence.

In

In this ſituation ſhe accepted of Mr. Naſh's invitation of returning to Bath; he promiſed to introduce her to the beſt company there, and he was aſſured that her merit would do the reſt; upon her very firſt appearance, ladies of the higheſt diſtinction courted her friendſhip and eſteem; but a ſettled melancholy had taken poſſeſſion of her mind, and no amuſements that they could propoſe were ſufficient to divert it. Yet ſtill, as if from habit, ſhe followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented thoſe places, where all perſons endeavour to forget themſelves in the buſtle of ceremony and ſhew.

Her beauty, her ſimplicity, and her unguarded ſituation, ſoon drew the attention of a deſigning wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought, that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was Dame Lindſey, a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance ſanctified; and tho' deſigning, had ſome wit and humour. She began, by the humbleſt aſſiduity to ingratiate herſelf with Miſs S——; ſhewed, that ſhe could be amuſing as a companion, and by frequent, though diſtant offers of money, that ſhe could be uſeful as a friend. Thus, by degrees, ſhe gained an entire aſcendant over this poor, thoughtleſs, deſerted girl; and in leſs than one year, about 1727, Miſs S——, without ever tranſgreſſing the laws of virtue, broke thoſe of decorum, and had loſt her reputation. Whenever a perſon was wanting to make up a party at Dame Lindſey's, Sylvia as ſhe was then familiarly called, was ſent for, and was obliged to ſuffer all thoſe ſlights, which the rich too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune. In moſt, even the greateſt minds, the heart at laſt becomes level with the meaneſt condition; but in this charming girl, it ſtruggled hard with adverſity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt, with ſullen reluctance.

But though, in the courſe of three years, ſhe was in the very eye of public inſpection; yet Mr. Wood, the architect, avers, that he could never, by the ſtricteſt obſervation, perceive her to be tainted with any other

 vice,

vice, than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement or advantage of others. Her friend Mr. Nash, therefore, thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with Dame Lindsey, and to rent part of Mr. Wood's house, in Queen-square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, virtue, and regularity. In this situation of life, her de estation of life continued; she found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continual solicitude would impair the rest; with these dismal reflections she would frequently entertain herself and an old faithful maid, in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out. She would even sometimes start questions, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the least pain. When tired with exercise, she usually retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest. But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she found an inclination for repose: This custom made it necessary for her to order a lighted candle to be kept all night in the room; and the maid, commonly, when she withdrew, locked the chamber-door, and pushing the key under it, beyond her reach, left her mistress, by that constant method, undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning, when she arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell, as a signal for the maid to attend her.

This state of seeming regularity and prudence continued for some time, till the gay, celebrated, toasted Miss S—— was sunk into an housekeeper to the gentleman at whose house she lived: She was unable to keep company, for want of the elegancies of dress, and she was too haughty to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and the polite, now seldom visited her, and, from once being the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections of her own imprudence.

Mr.

Mr. Wood, and part of his family were gone to London. Miſs Sylvia was leſt with the reſt as governeſs at Bath. She ſometimes ſaw Mr. Naſh, and acknowledged the friendſhip of his admonitions, though ſhe refoſed to accept of any other marks of his generoſity than his advice. Upon the cloſe of the day, in which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, ſhe expreſſed ſome uneaſineſs at the diſappointment of her not ſeeing him; took particular care to ſettle his affairs in the family, and then, as uſual, ſat down to meditation. She now caſt a retroſpect over her paſt miſconduct, and her approaching miſery; ſhe ſaw that even affluence gave her no real happineſs, and from indigence ſhe knew that nothing could be hoped, but lingering calamity; ſhe at length conceived the fatal reſolution of leaving a life, in which ſhe could ſee no corner for comfort, and of ending a ſcene of imprudence by the ſullen exit of ſuicide.

Thus reſolved, ſhe ſat down at her dining-room window, and, with cool intrepidity, wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window:

Oh! death, thou pleaſing end of human woe!
Thou balm of life! thou greateſt good below!
Still may'ſt thou fly the coward and the ſlave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the brave.

She then went into company with the moſt chearful ſerenity; talked of indifferent ſubjects, till ſupper, which ſhe ordered to be got ready in a little library in the family; there ſhe ſpent the remaining hours before bed time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, ſhe went into the nurſery, to take her leave of another child, as it lay aſleep in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the conſciouſneſs of her meditated guilt, ſhe could not avoid burſting into tears, and hugging it in her arms; ſhe then bid her old ſervant a good night, for the firſt time ſhe had ever done ſo, and went to-bed as uſual. It is probable ſhe ſoon quitted her bed, and was ſeized with alternate paſſions, ſuſpended between the natural fondneſs for life, and fear of death, together with the gloomy proſpect of

present or future misery, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, as a nurse pins the swadding cloaths of an infant; a pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread; the end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots at a small distance from one another: Thus prepared, she sat down again, and read the story of Olympia, in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This tragical event gave her fresh spirits to go thro' with her fatal design; and standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet-door, which opened into her chamber, she remained suspended; her weight, however, broke the girdle, and she, poor despairer, fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house. About half an hour after two o' clock, recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was, when she wanted sleep; and the workman, supposing the noise to be some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She then once more had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died.

Her old maid continued in the morning to wait, as usual, for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience hour after hour, till two o' clock in the afternoon; when the workman, at length, entering the room thro' the window, found the unfortunate lady still hanging, and quite cold. The Coroner's jury being impannelled, brought in their verdict, as usual, Lunacy; and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave, at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseperable intimacy.

Thus died a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken; formed for the delight of society; fallen by imprudence into an object of pity.

Several

Several in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects she left behind were bought up with the greatest eagerness, by such as desired to preserve some token of a companion once so dear to them. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of, was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few; but the last swelled them to a large account, and she remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone nearly cancels every virtue.

To Carlos from Alcander, relating his criminal engagement with the beautiful Aspasia, and the happy stop put to the execution of it by the receipt of a letter from Philander her husband, his intimate friend, and generous benefactor.

AS you was the confident of my unjust design, in visiting Philander at his country-seat, you have reason to expect I should inform you of the success of that adventure.

I had a secret passion for Aspasia before her marriage with this noble youth, and flattered myself with some hopes of finding her prepossessed in my favour.

You know how exceeding cautious and discreet I have been in my pleasures, and with what dissimulation I have secured to myself the character of a man of honour and sobriety. By this advantage I found it easy to impose on my friend; whose goodness was real and unaffected, while his unblemished integrity left him unguarded to all my artifice.

But I found it impossible to delude my father by my specious virtues. His penetration saw through that disguise by which I had escaped the public censure. Nor could any thing have been more detestable to his open temper than the affectation and hypocrisy of mine. After he had traced one of my most criminal intrigues, and

found me unreclaimed by his tendereſt admonitions, he reſolved to diſinherit me, and ſettle his eſtate on my younger brother, who is really poſſeſſed of all thoſe good qualities, to which, with a vain oſtentation, I have only pretended.

My brother, perceiving my father's diſguſt, and the intention he had to make him his heir, with an unequalled generoſity gave me intelligence of the threatened misfortune, deſiring me to employ ſome friend to perſuade my father from his ſevere proceeding.

This news came to me while I was detained a willing guest by Philander at his country-ſeat. I diſcovered the affair to him, who immediately offered to attempt a reconciliation. I gladly accepted the kind intention, nor knew any perſon ſo likely to ſucceed.

Philander propoſed ſtaying two or three days with my father, in order to inſinuate himſelf the more ſucceſſfully. In the mean time, I found but too eaſy access to the fair Aſpaſia; and, by an artifice that deſerves the blackeſt infamy, prevailed with her to make a criminal appointment in a private garden belonging to the houſe.

This was the ſecond day of her huſband's abſence. The happy hour (as I then thought it) arrived, when I was to attend my miſtreſs in a ſequeſtered arbour. But juſt as I was entering the walk that led to it, a footman came haſtily after me with a letter from Philander, which brought me the welcome news of his ſucceſs with my father. The vaſt ſatisfaction he expreſſed for having procured this reconciliation, with the real concern for my welfare, which appeared in every line, raiſed a ſenſe of honour in my ſoul. I read the letter again, and found my guilt aggravated by its bright reverſe. My falſehood was heightened by the warmth and fidelity with which the generous man had purſued my intereſt. My crime ſtood before me in its moſt infamous view. But how to extricate myſelf from this perplexity, I was entirely at a loſs.

To neglect an opportunity I had with ſuch ſolicitude obtained, to diſappoint a yielding beauty, to dare the

effects

effects of her contempt or resentment, by acting contrary to all the gallant maxims of the world, was doing the utmost violence to a disposition like mine. But then, to wrong my friend with an evidence of his fidelity in my hand, where every tender line would reproach such villany, Alexander and Scipio, I told myself, would condemn me; with many an heroic Pagan, who, in the height of youthful desires, had conquered the allurements of a guilty passion.

It was happy for me, that some accident prevented Aspasia from following me so soon as she designed. I was so far from being impatient at her absence, that I blessed every moment's delay, and was contriving to avoid the interview just as I saw her entering the garden.

I had been unused to mental devotion; and yet, in this dangerous moment, on which my perdition seemed to hang, I sent a secret prayer to heaven for assistance.

Instead of flying to the charmer's embraces with the gaiety of a lover, I went forward with a slow, reluctant pace, till we met, and then gave her my friend's letter. As soon as she had read it, she told me, "I might be assured it spoke the language of his soul: And it is, added she, to the advantageous light in which he has set your character; it is entirely to that, you are obliged for the favourable opinion I have of you."

"Is it, indeed, to this generous man, I replied, that I am indebted for the share I have in your esteem? And can I return such goodness with the vilest ingratitude!" ——Here I paused, still keeping a respectful distance.

Aspasia, with her eyes fixed on the ground, stood in a silent confusion. But in this mute interval, imagine, if you can, what must be the conflict of my soul! I had spoke my last, an eternal silence must certainly have ensued, if the gentle Aspasia, perceiving my distress, had not put me out of pain for an apology.

"I see, said she, the disorder you are in. This retreat of honour ought to have been mine I sincerely wish it had been so. However, you have led me the way, and I owe my recovery to your prudence."

"It

"It was my importunity, Madam, replied I, that drew you into this criminal engagement; for which I am going to inflict on myself the severe penalty of seeing you no more."

"This was what I was just resolving, answered the fair penitent; but you have gone before me in every step of virtue. We must indeed meet no more. Some disorder I feel gives me a pretence to retire immediately to my chamber; and you may leave this place early in the morning, with a proper excuse for not seeing me."

She was seated under a shade of jessamine, and appeared charming as the Queen of Love. My philosophy began to stagger, when she hastily rose, and left me in an agony of mind which no words can express.

However, I had so much command of myself as not to follow her. My reason exerted all its powers. The Divinity within spoke with a commanding force, and bid the wild tempestuous passions be still. My soul obeyed the sacred dictates, while truth and friendship took full possession of my breast.

I hasted early the next morning from this dangerous place; and must own to you, this action has given me a pleasure in reflection superior to all the gratifications of sense. Your's, &c.

ALCANDER.

To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal, on Raillery.

SIR,

THERE is hardly any Talent that requires so fine an Understanding, together with so much Delicacy in the Exertion of it, as that of Raillery. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing so coarse as the Attempts of those, who are ambitious of shining in Conversation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accomplishments. But the utmost that can be allowed to these Gentlemen, is, to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth and Jollity are going forward, they may very properly

properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Festivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engrois the Conversation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country Squire should not be suffered by the Master of the Ceremonies in a polite Assembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country Dance, and display all the Gambols of his unfashioned Agility.

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate Exertion of Pleasantry upon the Foibles or the slight Inadvertencies, which disclose themselves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear that no Tincture of Ill-nature must be suffered to disfigure the Surface; that only slight Errors must be the Ground on which the colouring is laid, and that good Manners must give a Polish to the whole. No Man has any Degree of Right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well turn'd Mind will always decline any Thing that comes near to the Bosom of any Person, with whom he his willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Dis-esteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may discover an intellectual Imbecillity or excite uneasy Sensations by touching upon Circumstances, about which it is possible a Person may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance: In short, all Topics, but such, as we are convinced the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and even in Matters, from which Decency does not command us to abstain, it will be highly necessary to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a skillful Hand. I have somewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch*'s Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, says that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and stop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the Culprit die an easy pleasant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Husband. Thus it requires no very shining

Abilities

Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his slight Indiscretions; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him; to give a Sense of the Error, without disturbing the natural Complaisance, with which every one is willing to behold himself, is a Task which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Raillery, and to all these it is necessary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not? But if People would consider their own Insufficience, they would not obtrude their Dullness upon Society, nor expose the Awkwardness of their own Understandings. The late Doctor *Swift* has a Passage to the present Purpose, which I have always greatly admired for a Turn of Sense, and Expression, peculiar to himself. "There is a Brain, (says he) that will endure but one *Scumming*; let the Owner gather it with Discretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry; but of all Things let him beware of bringing it under the *Lash* of his *Betters*; because that will make it bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply; Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of *Cream*, which gathers in a Night to the Top, and, by a skilful Hand may be soon *whipped* into *Froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for Nothing but to be thrown to Hogs."

I shall fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may serve to lay before the Reader its several efficient Qualities, and thereby deter him from the Ambition of putting it in Practice, or remind him of the Requisites, that must accompany it, whenever it offers to appear in Company.

Good Sense and *Ridicule* were joined in Wedlock; the Offspring of their Marriage was *Humour*, who for a long Time roved about *Parnassus*, placing the Follies

and

and Whims of Mankind in ſuch a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the Muſes. At length happening to wander out of Bounds, *Humour* met, upon the Borders of *Parnaſſus*, juſt upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a certain Lady known by the Name of *Ill-nature*. Drawn in by falſe Allurements and a Glavering Smile, which *Ill-nature* always wore upon her Countenance, *Humour* offered Propoſals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time *Satire* was uſhered into the World. Having a Mixture in his Compoſition of his Father's Qualities blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, *Satire* grew up in the Practice of expoſing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Reſtraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, ſowed the Seeds of Diſcontent in every Breaſt, and in Time began to diſturb the Harmony of the ſacred Nine. Whereupon *Thalia* who had been before extreamly attached to *Satire*, conceived a ſecret Diſlike to him, and in order to mend the Breed preferred a Petition to *Apollo* to divorce *Humour* from his Wife *Ill-nature*.

After a full hearing of the Cauſe, *Apollo* iſſued out his Edict of Separation. *Humour* could not live ſingle, and in a ſhort Time made another Match, which as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His ſecond Wife's Name was *Wit*, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in ſurpriſing Turns in all her Converſation. She hardly could ſee any Thing, but her Way was inſtantly to compare it to ſome other Object in Nature; and ſhe frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Reſemblance in Things, which ſeemed in their own Natures abſolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to ſet off her Huſband, and though ſhe was fond of great Variety in her Dreſs, ſhe would upon many Occaſions lend her beſt Apparel to *Humour*, who never fail'd to look moſt engaging, when *Wit* contributed her Ornaments. *Humour* in his Turn gave ſupernumerary Embelliſhments to his Wife, and they both reflected a

reciprocal

reciprocal Luſtre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondneſs, and their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called with the general Conſent, by the Name of *Raillery*. The *Muſes* cheriſhed her in their Boſoms, and as ſhe grew up ſhe diſcovered a Propenſity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a conſiderable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy ſhe poſſeſſed entire, and whenever ſhe touched upon any Thing, like her, ſhe endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit ſhe was further confirmed by *Politeneſs*, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and inſtructed her perfectly in all the ſecondary Qualities or leſſer Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in theſe Principles, *Raillery* was, at a mature Age, thruſted abroad into the World, where ſhe had not been long before ſhe was careſſed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own Houſe, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of ſingular Service in all his Writings. At the Demiſe of that Bard, *Raillery* wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length ſhe took it into her Head to viſit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence ſhe came over to *England*, and reſided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whoſe Retreat ſhe wou'd now and then make an Excurſion to paſs ſome Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addiſon*. At preſent it is ſaid that ſhe is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom ſhe is ſo enamoured, that it is confidently reported, ſhe will not quit his Company, though he is now inclined to be deaf; and it is further ſaid, that ſhe will ſtick by him to his laſt Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine.

Your's, &c.

Copy

Copy of a genuine Letter from Mr. Addison to a Lady.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice.—This expression, Madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope it is no disgrace to the behaviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, Delicacy must give way to Truth, and Ceremony be sacrificed to Candour: An honest Freedom is the privilege of Ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of Deceit, can never stoop to a willingness to flatter —Give me leave, Madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, Madam, that were I capable of such an action, at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, Madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost.—You have passions you say, Madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding too: You have a heart susceptible of the tendereſt impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me entreat you for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour, and repugnant to your virtue —I, Madam, am far from being insensible; I too have passions; and

could my ſituation a few years ago have allowed me a poſſibility of ſucceeding, I ſhould have legally ſollicited that happineſs you are now ready to beſtow. I had the honour, Madam, of ſupping at Mr. D—s, where I firſt ſaw you, and ſhall make no ſcruple in declaring, that I never ſaw a perſon ſo irreſiſtibly beautiful, or a manner ſo exceſſively engaging, but the ſuperiority of your circumſtances prevented any declaration on my ſide; and though I burned with a flame as ſtrong as ever filled human breaſt, I laboured to ſuppreſs, or at leaſt ſtudied to conceal it.

Time and abſence at length abated an unhoping paſſion, and your marriage with my patron and my friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beſeech you, Madam, rekindle that fire which I muſt never think to fan; do not now, I beſeech you, deſtroy a tranquillity I have juſt begun to taſte; or blaſt your own honour, which has been hitherto ſpotleſs and unſullied.—My beſt eſteem is ever your's; but ſhould I promiſe more? Conſider, I conjure you, the fatal neceſſity I am under of removing myſelf from an intercourſe ſo dangerous, and in any other command diſpoſe of your moſt humble and devoted,

J. A.

To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal. Thoughts on Various Subjects.

SIR,

THE ſevereſt Critics upon Writing are thoſe, who know the leaſt of it, which is ſome Comfort to an Author, who lives in an Age of Envy, Malice, Ill Nature and Detraction.

You may know what a Gentleman thinks of you, by the Behaviour of his Servants, while they wait at Table. Theſe People are always ſuch ſincere Friends to their Maſter, and have his Honour and Glory ſo much at Heart, that they generally place their Affections and Reſentments upon the ſame Object.

On the contrary, you may know what the Waiting-

Maid

Maid thinks of you, by the Reception you meet with from her Miſtreſs; for at preſent all young Ladies are directed in their Opinions concerning the Men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleaſed to ſay at the Toilet, and if ſhe declares, " O Ma'am, he's a fine Man —— I loves to " ſee him like any Thing" —— or, " Oh! the Fright " —— I hate the Sight of him." You are ſure to find the Conſequences of it, at the firſt Meeting.

As the World goes, there is generally more *Art* to obtain Succeſs, than *Merit* to deſerve it.

Sounding Periods and pompous Expreſſions no more conſtitute a beautiful Stile, than ſtrutting in *Red Heel* Shoes, and *Gold Clock* Stockings can make a graceful Walk; both may ſerve to impoſe upon the injudicious, but thoſe, who are acquainted with Men and Books, will always think Eaſe a very requiſite Quality.

Diſcretion has its Bounds as well as all other Virtues; and it degenerates into a Vice, if like *Aaron*'s Serpent, it ſwallows up the reſt.

It is much more difficult to *Hear* in Company, than to *Speak*; every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeneſs enough to do the former, though it ſerves a double Purpoſe; it ſhews our Manners at the ſame Time that it improves the Underſtanding.

A Woman-Hater is the moſt monſtrous Character in the World; it is to be void of the natural Affections, and averſe from the moſt pleaſing Society our Nature is capable of.

People of the ſame Profeſſion frequently ſpend their Time in envying each other; whereas, if they were actuated by *Emulation* and each would mind his own Buſineſs, every Man would find his Account in it; as at Play, the Way is not to be fretting at the Cards you ſuppoſe your Adverſary may have, but to make the beſt of your own Hand.

Some Peoples Diſcretion is the Reverſe of Charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

Religion, which ſhould make us live in Peace and Charity, is the Source of our moſt violent Animoſities,

no one being willing to let his Neighbour worſhip the ſupreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though each Perſon is reſolved to uſurp that Liberty himſelf.

The beſt Comment on the Writings of Lord *Bolingbroke* would be a Review of his Life. Yours, &c.

From the ſame, on the great Utility and Pleaſure of improving our intellectual Faculties by reading.

SIR,

MR. *Addiſon* wonders how People can ſpend ſo many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas, than what are ſuggeſted, by an Arrangement of black and red Spots. But ſuch is the prevailing Faſhion of the Times, that the *Book of four Kings* (to uſe the Gameſter's Phraſe) is the only *Volume*, that is peruſed at preſent with the leaſt Share of Attention. It is, in my Mind, a remarkable Circumſtance, that one ſeldom ſees a Meſſage-Card meerly to invite a Perſon to a Rout, that is ſpelt as if the Writer had fifteen Shillings Worth of Education. Beſides, there are frequent Complaints in the Winter-Seaſon, that "*Every Body's engaged* theſe two *Months*. That it's impoſſible to make a Party for Love or Money; that in a full Town, one is very often totally at a Loſs for Company:" In theſe Caſes, the only Reſource to which the Ladies betake themſelves is fretting, ſcolding the Maids, quarrelling with their Huſbands, ſacrificing Reputation at the painted Altars of the Tea-Table, combing Lap Dogs, with ſeveral other elegant Accompliſhments for which the inventive Faculties of the Fair are never at a Loſs. I am ſenſible, that a Diſſuaſive from Purſuits of this Nature may appear extreamly unfaſhionable; eſpecially, when 'tis found, that I would ſubſtitute a few valuable Books in their Room.

In my Apprehenſion, my pretty Readers, are highly miſtaken, if they imagine, that by dedicating a few Hours to the Peruſal of the Productions of good Authors,

thors, they endanger their lovely Features, and run the Risque of dimming the sparkling Lustre of the Eye. On the contrary, to me it appears, that a Page or two in the Morning may serve to adjust the Countenance; that the Acquisition of a new Idea may give an higher Ornament to the Head, than a new Head Dress, and that every Face looks in higher Bloom, with a more attractive Emanation of Charms, in Proportion as we can read an Appearance of an Understanding in the Direction of the Eyes. For my Part, I should, at any Auction, set an higher Value upon a fine Picture than a fine Woman, unless she revealed some Traces of an intelligent Mind, because the former may be said to possess every requisite Quality to constitute it a Work of Value; whereas the latter wants the vivifying Soul to animate the Features, give Spirit to the Face, and demonstrates a Capacity of compounding, comparing, and forming various Combinations of Ideas. Unless we are habituated to a constant Practice of performing something in this Way, our Faculties will become totally relaxed and enervated, and the least Tendency towards thinking will become an intolerable Fatigue.

How much more eligible, therefore, is it to portion some Detachments of our Time from other Avocations, in order to spend a little Thought, in a Way that will enrich us, in our greener Years, with some Topics of Conversation fit to be made use of among Persons of common Intelligence! It is likewise laying up a Stock for old Age, or purchasing a Field of Reflection, which in the advanced Period of Life we may consider as the Estate of the Mind, where it may expatiate at Ease, and recreate itself with Speculations of Delight in its Decline.

There is nothing perhaps more justly to be accounted elegant than learned Affluence, or a Mind seduced by the Temptations of an ample Power of Expence, and judiciously employing itself in polite Improvements, which heighten the Lustre of a prosperous Situation, and give an Embellishment to the most exalted Sphere in Life. Even Blockheads are frequently sensible of

the Honour derived to them from a Reputation of this Kind, by their ridiculous Affectation of buying together an handsome Library, and making *Vailliant*, *Tonson*, or *Dodsley* take more Pains to furnish out an Apartment for them, than their Cabinet-maker to adorn their Drawing-Room.

But the greatest Advantage in Reading, is, that softening Quality which it has in all Cases of Adversity. By Cases of Adversity, I would not be understood to mean, Disappointments in our domestic Affairs, or pecuniary Losses only, but all Situations in Life, where the Mind is liable to any Manner of Uneasiness or Distress. The surest and most certain Relief in those Contingencies is derived from an Habit of conversing with the learned Writers in all Ages. By these Means, the Mind contracts a Custom of not dwelling too long upon its own Idea, but readily it affords its Attention to the Investigations of Truth, which speculative Men have thought proper to send into the World. If I remember right, Mr. *Locke* mentions a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, as a very essential Faculty of a well-formed Understanding. When once this is attain'd, there is no Danger of our falling a Prey to Melancholy, to Grief, or any other Incumbrance which might restrain the Liberty of the Soul. From hence results that pleasing Serenity of Temper, which we observe to be peculiar to some People more than others; that Readiness to acquit itself in all the little Attentions due to those with whom we have a social Intercourse; and when under the Frowns of Fortune. A well-turned Spirit will at all Times have Recourse to Occupations of this Nature, to avert the Shaft, or soften its Smart, if its unerring Fate should make it reach us.

Yours, &c.

From

From Polydore to Alonzo, giving him an account of his accidental meeting with his old mistress Aurelia; of her falshood to him and her criminal conversation with Cassander; of his tyrannical treatment of her, and her sincere repentance of her ill conduct.

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

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

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

in

in her lap; which ſhe was ſticking in the ſnowy fleece of a little lamb that ſtood tamely by her.

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

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

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

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

She was in the utmoſt confuſion at this interview; till, excuſing myſelf, I told her this intruſion was undeſigned, and purely the effect of chance, as I was taking a morning's ramble from the Earl of ——'s, where I had

ſpent

ſpent ſome time; and that ſhe might depend on my word, not to diſcover her abode to any one in that family.

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

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

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

To which ſhe replied, "That though I was the laſt perſon in the world ſhe ſhould have choſe to be a witneſs of her infamy, yet ſhe thought herſelf happy, in having an opportunity to make ſome apology for her injuſtice to me, in refuſing thoſe terms of honour I once offered, and complying with ſuch reproachful conditions as had made her the moſt miſerable creature on earth.

"It was my criminal inclination (continued ſhe) for Caſſander, that made me inflexible to your intreaties, and my father's commands to marry you. But whatever wrong this was to your merit, my guilt with regard to the generous Cleone is of a higher nature. The intrigue I had with her huſband, was attended with circumſtances of the blackeſt treachery. I had broke through the tendereſt engagements of friendſhip, and granted all that my diſſolute lover could aſk; when, finding myſelf with child, to hide my infamy, he brought me to this diſmal place, an old-manſion houſe belonging to his family;

family; where I am cut off from human ſociety, except two or three ſtupid peaſants, his tenants, who reſide in ſome part of this Gothic ſtructure. It is now ſix years ſince I have breathed and ſlept (for I cannot call it living) in this melancholy confinement, without hopes of a releaſe, being entirely dependent on Caſſander's allowance and caprice, who but too well knows his own power and my folly; which makes him, inſtead of the humble lover, act the imperious tyrant His viſits are ſeldom, his ſtay ſhort, and I am left whole months to languiſh alone in a deſerted ſolitude.

"This child, (continued ſhe, weeping, and taking the lovely creature in her arms) this child, which might have been my joy, proves my greateſt affliction. Should I die, ſhe is immediately abandoned to hardſhip and neceſſity; ſhould I live, it diſtracts me to think ſhe may follow my ſcandalous example. How can I give her inſtructions to avoid thoſe vices which my practice approves? or recommend that virtue whoſe ſacred rules I have openly violated? And ſtill I love this worthleſs man. Were I penitent, could I reſolve on a reformation, this leiſure and retirement would be a bleſſing, an advantage to me; but I am obſtinate in guilt, while I deſpair of happineſs in this world or the next. Till I came hither, my hours were ſpent in frolic and gaiety! A conſtant ſeries of diverſions ſhortened the days and gave wings to the jovial hours, which now have leaden feet, and burdened with grief, lag heavily along. No ſort of reflexion gives me joy. Whether I look backward or forward, all is darkneſs and confuſion. I am no way qualified for retirement. Books are my averſion, thinking is my horror: I am weary of living, and afraid to die!"

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

out saying one word of my adventure; which I commit to your secrecy, and subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,

POLYDORE.

Letter to dissuade a Friend from living in Celibacy.

SIR,

YOU have declared against Matrimony, and for no other Reason, as I can learn, than that you are unacquainted with its Sweets. If you considered that there is no other licit Means for peopling the World, and establishing a Kind of Immortality by the Production of a successive Race of Men, you would, perhaps change your Opinion; but without confining ourselves to general Reflexions, which affect less than those of a more immediate Concern, let us see if you could not live more agreeably with a Woman, than in the single State you are resolved to make Choice of. For my part, I should think that, if you find yourself capable of regulating a Family, of living upon good Terms with an honest Person, and of giving good Education to Children, you would find that there is nothing more comfortable than to live with a Woman, who has made a Tender of herself to you, and who is willing to discharge all the Duties incumbent on that Union. And indeed, if you examine every Thing that passes in a Family under proper Regulation, you will see that a good Woman shares with her Husband whatever may happen; endeavouring to increase his Joy by her Satisfaction, and to alleviate his Pains and Sorrows by the Part she bears in them. Though the first Transports of Love should suffer some Abatement, yet the virtuous Woman will still be her Husband's best Friend. They concert together the Measures they judge conformable to what they design to undertake and put in Execution. They never act but by Agreement; their Thoughts and Sentiments rest on the Foundation of mutual Confidence; and the good Understanding that subsists between them, adds

unspeakable

unspeakable Charms to their Union. A Husband may possess himself in perfect Ease, by leaving the Care of his Family-Concerns to a frugal and good Housewife. How sweet must it be for him to have Children, who are the Effects of his Love, and who will be hereafter the Support of his Old-age? But it is a much more sensible Joy, to see that these Children grow up in Goodness by the Education given them Single Life, in Man, can no where find the real Consolation and Assistance that are met with in the Society of a Woman: You know that it is in Quality of Help mate that God has given so amiable a Half to Man; and that, therefore, the Scripture says, 'It is not good for a Man to be alone.' You might even have seen in History, that the Romans expelled their City those that persisted to live in the State of Celibacy, as being useless to the Republic; and, for aught I know, it may be of Service to our Government to lay a Tax upon all Batchelors. But it would be better to lay upon yourself the Injunction of engaging in Matrimony, which, no doubt, will be more agreeable than you have hitherto thought of. You will take, I hope, in good Part, the Advice I here presume to give you, and believe that I am, with all Sincerity, &c.

Letter from an Uncle, shewing his solicitude for his young Niece.

SIR

YOU know what various Scenes of Life I passed through some Years ago, when you and I were intimate Friends, and lived in the same Neighbourhood. I am now arrived to an happy Old-age; you may be assured I mean an healthy one. I have been near three Years past a single Man; have, alas! experienced the most hear-felt Griefs; but Time has softened their Severity, and the tender Remembrance is become rather pleasing, than painful to me: I enjoy the Thought, that each Day brings me still nearer to a Meeting with those I have loved and lost. One tender Object engrosses all my

my Attention, an Orphan Niece, recommended by a dying Sister to my Care. For her I feel all the Anxiety of a Father, and, for her Sake, wish to live till I can secure to her the Protection of some worthy Man, who may deserve to call so bright a Jewel his. I give you Leave to make Allowances for an old Man's Fondness, but I think her "the fairest Pattern of excelling Nature." Her Age is just Sixteen; her Birth and Fortune intitle her to make some Figure in what is called the Polite World, and I would by no Means exclude her from it; but how shall I guard her young Heart from being infected by the Follies she must meet with there? Have not I Reason to apprehend the Lessons such Numbers will be endeavouring to teach her, in this School of Vanity, will make deeper Impressions than any Thing I can say? To attempt defending her against them is all I can do. For this Purpose, I endeavour to raise her in her own Opinion, to convince her of the Dignity of her Nature, and that she was born for noble Purposes, than like the gay Insect of a Day, to flutter for a while and die. I tell her, Admiration cannot long be her's; a few Years must put an End to it, should no mercileſs Distemper, by removing the Cause, deprive her of it sooner. But Esteem, far preferable to Admiration, she may, if she pleases, secure to herself, even to her latest Moments. I do not attempt to depreciate the Charms of her Person; I acknowledge them to be superior to those of the Generality of Women; but I recommend it to her to consider this Advantage as a further Call upon her Gratitude to Providence, from whom she has received it. When her Glass presents to her the faithful Representation of her Obligations to Nature, I advise her to be careful, that the Jewel within may be worthy of so rich a Casket; and intreat her to be watchful, that no internal Deformity may disgrace the Elegance and Beauty of her outward Appearance. That the Regularity of her Words and Actions may correspond with that of her Features, I beg her to be persuaded that no Paint can be purchased to animate her Face equal to the Glow of Innocence and conscious Virtue.

I am very ſenſible all the Inſtructions I can give her, fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe ſhe would have received from her Parents, had they been longer lent her. Her Mother would have held forth her indulgent Hand to guide her through thoſe Paths herſelf had trod with ſo much Honour. She would have prevented her miſtaking Thorns for Flowers, like too many of her unthinking Sex, who have gathered them as ſuch, and placed them in their Boſoms, without diſcovering the fatal Error, 'till wounded by them.

My principal Aim, in her Education, is to make her a converſeable Companion to a Man of Senſe, and an uſeful Mother to her Children. I ſhall take Care to admoniſh her, that, when married, ſhe gives not into the faſhionable Folly, I had almoſt called it Vice, of completing her own Education, when ſhe ſhould attend to that of her young Family. She, who has the Honour of becoming a Wife and Mother, deſcends much too low, when ſhe ſuffers a Train of Maſters to attend her, and idly waſtes, with fiddling Men and ſinging Women, that Time ſhe ſhould devote to the Care of her Children; a Care from which no Rank excludes the Mother, and for which ſhe is ſure of being moſt eminently rewarded by the exquiſite Pleaſure ariſing from it; a Pleaſure the gay, the faſhionable World, can never know. The indifferent Huſband and the giddy Wife ſeek to attain by ſeparate Paths, to what they miſcall Pleaſure, and, whilſt they are waſting Youth and Health in the vain Purſuit, their helpleſs Innocents are abandoned to the Care, or, more properly ſpeaking, to the Negligence of Servants. Thus do they rob themſelves of their beſt, their ſweeteſt Enjoyments, and, with a Parent's tender Name, are Strangers to the pleaſing Senſations, the delicate Emotions, that fill a Parent's Breaſt. Aſk a Huſband and Wife, affectionately fond of each other, if the moſt melodicus Notes ever gave them a Pleaſure, equal to that which thrills through their Veins, when their little Prattlers, with infant Voice, attempt to liſp their Names? Behold ſuch an happy Pair, ſurrounded by their blooming Offspring, with Eyes ſwimming

with

with Delight, gazing on them, and on each other; filled with Gratitude to Providence for the Treasure intrusted to their Care, and resolved, with the Divine Assistance, not to let it perish in their Hand.

This is domestic Happiness; a Happiness most pure, most perfect, because most virtuous. It is a Foretaste of what we hope to enjoy hereafter, where all is Harmony and Love; it is ——to be felt alone ——Language is too weak to express it.

If you imagine, Sir, that what I have intimated to you of my Care of bringing up my Niece, can convey any useful Hint to you for the Instruction of your numerous Offspring, it would give me an infinite Pleasure to hear it. No one can have more ardent Desires for their Welfare. This I owe to my perfect Esteem of you, which Length of Time has never lessened; and believe, that I shall always be your, &c.

From a Young Gentleman, reflecting on the absurd and unmanly Education given him by his Mother.

SIR,

I WAS condemned by some disastrous Influence to be an only Son, born to the apparent Prospect of a large Fortune, and allotted to my Parents at that Time of Life when Satiety of common Diversions allows the Mind to indulge parental Affection with greater Intensenes. My Birth was celebrated by the Tenants with Feasts and Dances, and Bag-pipes; Congratulations were sent from every Family within ten Miles round; and my Parents discovered in my first Cries such Tokens of future Virtue and Understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining Part of Life to my Happiness, and the Increase of their Estate.

The Abilities of my Father and Mother were not perceptibly unequal, and Education had given neither much Advantage over the other. They had both kept good Company, rattled in Chariots, glittered in Play-houses, and danced at Court, and were both expert in

the Games that were in their Time called in as Auxiliaries against the Intrusion of Thought.

When there is such a Parity between two Persons affected for Life, the Husband, if he be not completely stupid must always suffer for Want of Superiority, and sink in Submissiveness. My Mamma, therefore, governed the Family without Controul; and, except that my Father still retained some Authority in the Stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary Bottle, broke a Looking Glass, or *China* Dish, to prove his Sovereignty, the whole Course of the Year was regulated by her Direction, the Servants received from her all their Orders, and the Tenants were continued or dismissed at her Discretion.

She therefore thought herself intitled to the Superintendency of her Son's Education; and when my Father, at the Instigation of the Parson, fairly proposed that I should be sent to School, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a Child to be ruined; that she never knew any Boys at a Grammar School that could come into a Room without blushing, or sit at the Table without some aukward Uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into Danger by some boisterous Plays, or vitiating their Behaviour with mean Company; and that, for her Part, she would rather follow me to the Grave, than see me tear my Cloaths, and hang down my Head, and sneak about with dirty Shoes and blotted Fingers, my Hair unpowdered, and my Hat uncocked.

My Father, who had no other End in his Proposal, than to be wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my Learning; for indeed he had known very few Students that had not some Stiffness in their Manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic Tutor should be procured, and hired an honest Gentleman of mean Conversation, and narrow Sentiments, but who, having passed the common Forms of literary Education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a Scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same Table

ble with his Pupil, and had no other View, than to perpetuate his Felicity by the utmoſt Flexibility of Submiſſion to all my Mother's Opinions and Caprices. He frequently took away my Book, leſt I ſhould mope with too much Application; charged me never to write without turning up my Ruffles, and generally bruſhed my Coat, before he diſmiſſed me into the Parlour.

He had no Occaſion to complain of too burdenſome an Employment; for my Mother very judiciouſly conſidered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his Company, and ſuffered me not to paſs any more Time in his Apartment, than my Leſſon required. When I was ſummoned to my Taſk, ſhe enjoined me not to get any of my Tutor's Ways, who was ſeldom mentioned before me but for Practices to be avoided. I was every Moment admoniſhed not to lean on my Chair, croſs my Legs, or ſwing my Hands, like my Tutor; and once my Mother very ſeriouſly deliberated upon his total Diſmiſſion, becauſe I began, as ſhe ſaid, to learn his Manner of ſticking on my Hat, and had his Bend in my Shoulders, and his Totter in my Gait.

Such, however, was her Care, that I eſcaped all theſe Depravities; and, when I was only twelve Years old, had rid myſelf of every Appearance of childiſh Diffidence. I was celebrated round the Country for the Petulance of my Remarks, and the Quickneſs of my Replies; and many a Scholar, five Years older than myſelf, have I daſhed into Confuſion by the Stendineſs of my Countenance, ſilenced by the Readineſs of my Repartees, and tortured with Envy by the Addreſs with which I picked up a Fan, preſented a Snuff-box, or received an empty Tea-cup.

At Fourteen I was completely ſkilled in all the Niceties of Dreſs, and I could not only enumerate all the Variety of Silks, and diſtinguiſh the Product of a *French* Loom; but dart my Eye through a numerous Company, and obſerve every Deviation from the reigning Mode. I was univerſally ſkilful in all the Changes of expenſive Finery; but, as every one, they ſay, has ſomething to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in *Bruſſels* Lace.

The next Year saw me advance to the Trust and Power of adjusting the Ceremonial of an Assembly. All received their Partners from my Hand, and to me every Stranger applied for Introduction. My Heart now disdained the Instructions of a Tutor, who was rewarded with a small Annuity for Life, and left me qualified, in my own Opinion, to govern myself.

In a short Time I came to *London*, and, as my Father was well known among the higher Classes of Life, soon obtained Admission to the most splendid Assemblies, and most crouded Card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the Ladies praised the Fancy of my Cloaths, the Beauty of my Form, and the Softness of my Voice; endeavoured in every Place to force themselves upon my Notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique Sollicitations, my Attendance to the Play-house, and my Salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost Extent of my Conception; I passed every Morning in Dress, every Afternoon in Visits, and every Night in some select Assemblies, where neither Care nor Knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few Years, however, these Delights became familiar, and I had Leisure to look round me with more Attention. I then found that my Flatterers had very little Power to relieve the Languor of Satiety, or recreate Weariness, by varied Amusements; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the Sphere of my Pleasures, and to try what Satisfaction might be found in the Society of Men. I will not deny the Mortification with which I perceived, that every Man, whose Name I had heard mentioned with Respect, received me with a Kind of Tenderness, nearly bordering on Compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their Understandings by treating me with Contempt. One of these Witlings elevated his Crest, by asking me, in a full Coffee-house, the Price of Patches; and another whispered, that he wondered why Miss *Frisk* did not keep me that Afternoon to watch her Squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine

Conversation

Converſation by thoſe who were themſelves baſely admitted, I returned to the Ladies, and reſolved to dedicate my Life to their Service, and their Pleaſure. But I find that I have now loſt my Charms. Of thoſe with whom I entered the gay World, ſome are married, ſome are retired, and ſome have ſo much changed their Opinion, that they ſcarcely pay any Regard to my Civilities, if there is any other Man in the Place. The new Flight of Beauties to whom I have made my Addreſſes, ſuffer me to pay the Treat, and then titter with Boys. So that I now find myſelf welcome only to a few grave Ladies, who, unacquainted with all that either gives Uſe or Dignity to Life, are content to paſs their Hours between their Bed and their Cards, without Eſteem from the Old, or Reverence from the Young.

To the Counteſs of ——— on the Death of her Siſter, by Mrs. Rowe.

MADAM,

I Should have wrote to your Ladyſhip before now, but I thought your concern too juſt and ſincere, to be treated with ceremony. Indeed I am ill qualified to write epiſtles of conſolation. The wiſe, doleful things, that people vex their friends with on thoſe occaſions, appear to me more like a farce than a juſt ſenſe of their grief. People may talk like good Chriſtians at their eaſe, but pretty ſentences and formal ſpeeches are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected ſorrow.

You ſee, Madam, I am ready to juſtify all your concern for Lady ——— ———. Not that I think there is any thing melancholy in her early death, after a life ſo virtuous. Your charming ſiſter has, in my opinion, quitted the ſtage very gracefully, and in all the decorum of youthful charms and piety. Mr. *Collier* tells us in his *Eſſays*, that if the ſun was never to riſe again, it would be much more glorious for him to fall from the ſkies with all his light and heat, than to gain a few hours only to languiſh and decline.

My

My thoughts are not at present intirely consistent.—I have been reading my Lord *Shaftesbury's Moralist*, which has fill'd my head with beauty, and love, and harmony, but all of a divine and mysterious nature. However superior his notions may be to my capacity, I have been agreeably led on thro' I know not what inchanting scenes of happiness. I wish you would read it, for it would make you the most charming and agreeable enthusiast in the world. Whether I am in my right senses at present, I cannot tell, but you may be assur'd

I am, &c

To the same, by Mrs. Rowe.

MADAM,

I Have waited for the letter you promis'd me with great impatience; but whether you write or not, you find I am resolv'd to molest your — repose, I was going to say, but I believe I may recall that soft word for one of a more vexatious meaning, and flatter myself, that I only interrupt a sort of magnificent hurry, in which your Ladyship is engag'd.

I can't persuade myself to impute your long silence to inclination; but have invented a hundred other accidents that have depriv'd me of the pleasure of your Ladyship's letters. So rooted a thing is vanity in human nature! and indeed it is one great privilege of our being, and makes us as well satisfy'd with some pleasing fiction, as the most real happiness. For my part, I am always easy, as long as I can persuade myself not to call in question my own merit; which, however imaginary, leaves me in perfect tranquillity, 'till a fit of modesty raises some doubts and scruples to interrupt my felicity.

My brother begs you to accept a volume of lives compos'd by Mr. *Rowe*. I believe I am not partial in saying, there never was a better judge of the beauties of the *English* language, and of the graces of human life, than Mr. *Rowe*; and as they were publish'd at the importunity of two or three of the author's friends, who

are

are perſons of great wit and learning, I don't queſtion they will paſs for finiſh'd eſſays.

I am, &c.

From Mrs. Rowe to Mr. Thomas Rowe, her Huſband.

I Should be too vain, if I believ'd any thing I can write could give you half the ſatisfaction your letter gave me. Tho' you have ſo often aſſured me of the conſtancy of your affection, I always hear the tender proteſtation with new pleaſure. I read your letter over and over, and grow proud to find I have ſecured the heart of a man of your ſenſe and merit. I ſhall make it the buſineſs of my life to fix your eſteem, and think that reward worth all my care.

'Tis with great reaſon I am more impatient of your abſence than you can be of mine. I hope not to be diſappointed of hearing from you the next poſt; nothing but that can give me any pleaſure at this diſtance from you. Pray be here as ſoon as you can; 'till then adieu. May every watchful angel guard you.

To the ſame.

I Could not content myſelf with ſending my ſervice to you by Mr. ——— ; there was ſomething in that ſo cold and formal, and ſo unequal to the tenderneſs I would expreſs, that I reſolv'd to write to you, and ſend you all my ſoul; but words cannot paint that ſincere affection, that amity and juſt eſteem, that ſuch merit as yours has inſpir'd. However, I would flatter myſelf that your own heart will dictate ſomething of what I would ſpeak, and inform you with what impatience you are expected by

Your PHILOMELA.

To

To the same.

I Find by your letter, that you are got well to the end of your journey; in this my prayers were answer'd, and may the heavenly guardians still protect, and return you again to my wishes.

In the mean time, I shall give no body occasion to make panegyrics on my wit or good humour; the little share I have of either, is owing to the ambition I have to please you. This gives a serenity to my thoughts and a vivacity to my conversation. If I endeavour to say a fine thing, 'tis only to gain your applause; and when you are absent, 'tis indifferent to me whether I speak common sense or not; all society grows insipid, and I hear nothing that deserves the least attention; even the rural scenes fail to please me; the verdant shades and flowery fields, since you are gone, have lost their charms.

You flatter my vanity, in writing with so much galantry and politeness; and if making it the business of my life to be agreeable to the man I love, can engage your heart, my happiness is secure. Nor is it possible such merit as yours should ever suffer me to grow indifferent.

While life and breath remain; and when at last
I feel the icy hand of death prevail,
My heart-strings crack, and all my senses fail,
I'll fix thy image in my closing eye,
Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die.

To Miss Sarah Rowe.

YOUR brother is very devoutly reading *Quarles* to me, and by that, gives me a good excuse to write nonsense. We are reduc'd to the last necessity, by the want of our things, and Mr. *Rowe* is forc'd to read the pamphlets of the last age for his entertainment. He continues

tinues very well, and does not complain of the leaſt diſorder in his health. We are ſtill at *Agford*, and ſhould taſte all delights the country ſcenes afford, if we could meet ſuch nymphs as you in every verdant ſhade to converſe with; your company would complete the enjoyment, and give the groves and ſtreams new charms. You know, my dear ſiſter, that I am always unaffected and ſincere in theſe kind of profeſſions.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecret of my heart:
And in familiar ſpeech to let you know,
How much I love you, and how much I owe.
Knock at my heart, for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And thro' the veil of words thou view'ſt the naked mind.

After all this verſe and proſe, I hope you'll grant I have wrote a long letter; but have a little patience, and I'll releaſe you, with my moſt grateful thanks and ſincere duty to my mother, to whom I have too great obligations to be expreſs'd; but all that obedience and gratitude can return, ſhe may ſtill command from me.

I am, my dear Siſter,

Your, &c.

From Mrs. Rowe to her Brother-in-Law.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YOU are not more charm'd with your hero, than I am to find you pleas'd with the moſt noble and ſublime part of the new tragedy. 'Tis true, according to the weakneſs of my ſex, I might have been touch'd with beauties of a more ſoft and effeminate nature; but it ſhews a ſuperior turn of mind, to enter into public and generous ſentiments, of which you expreſs ſo juſt an admiration.

You have too modeſt an opinion of yourſelf, in ſuſpecting my friendſhip; tho' the tender relation I had to your

your brother is diſſolv'd, a thouſand other obligations bind me to the intereſt of your family, which no time, nor accident, will have power to blot from my ſoul. While virtue and gratitude are words of ſacred importance, I ſhall never loſe the remembrance of the ſeries of favours I receiv'd from you in my late happy relation. Your whole family ſeem'd in a gentle confederacy, how to crown my hours with tranquillity and joy —May that kind and generous treatment I had among you, find a full retribution; whatever bleſſings Heaven has in ſtore for mortals, may they be all yours.

For myſelf, I aſk nothing, but to conclude my part as ſoon as poſſible, and to finiſh the great action of life with the applauſe of that impartial Judge, who knows the moſt ſecret intentions of my ſoul.

But whatever variety of happineſs, whatever duration of being I ſhall paſs, my eſteem for you will be unalterable: Thoſe ſparks of amity and beneficence which Heaven has kindled in my breaſt can never be extinguiſh'd; this ſacred principle of Love ſhall be perpetually improving in the peaceful realms of light.

When conſtant faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy;
Then thou, more happy pow'r fair charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive ——
Shalt ſtand before the throne of Heav'n confeſt,
Forever bleſſing, and forever bleſt.

PRIOR.

Adieu.

From the ſame to Mrs. Arabella Marrow.

MADAM,

I AM extremely oblig'd to you, for the account of your travels. A view of thoſe fine proſpects in your deſcription, is much more agreeable to my temper, than being

being at the pains of feeing them any other way; while I am perfuaded your images of them are more beautiful and entertaining than the things you defcribe.

My Lady ——— has given me an account of Mr. ———'s death. She fpeaks of it in a manner that gives me the higheft efteem for her virtue, and the humanity of her temper: To make fuch juft reflections on life and its vanities, in the pride of youth, and gayeft circumftance of fortune, is very uncommon. But nothing gives me a greater opinion of her wit, and the elegance of her tafte, than the value fhe has for your converfation. You know I am very fincere; as I have no dependence, I am paft all ceremony with the world. Since Mr. *Rowe*'s death, I have had neither hopes nor fears; but am in a ftate of abfolute indifference with regard to the events of this world. I have eafe and plenty to the extent of my wifhes, and can form no defires but what my father's indulgence would procure; and I have nothing to afk of Heaven beyond the good old man's life. The perfect fanctity of his character, with the benevolence of his temper, makes him a refuge to the widow and fatherlefs. The people follow him with their bleffings and prayers, when he goes abroad; which he feldom does, but with a defign to reconcile fome difference, or to right the injured and oppref's'd. The reft of his hours are entirely fpent in his private devotion, or books, which are his only diverfions. But I forget myfelf, and acknowledge, it would be more a-propos to entertain you with the charms of fome handfome young fellow, or the drefs and equipage of a beau, than with the moral virtues and temperance of hermits and philofophers.

Lady ——— tells me you are in a conftant hurry of company in *Warwickfhire*. I fuppofe you do not know that you deferve my compaffion; but I can't help beftowing it upon you. With all the graces of your perfon, the charms of your wit and addref, or all befides that mortality can boaft, I would not be in your circumftances. O rather

Bear me, fome god, to Hæmus' *dewy top,*

or to mount *Atlas*, or to the wilds of *Africa*, or any other savage wilderness on earth! O bear me

Far from the noisy follies of the great,
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state,
Far from the thoughtless crowd, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,
Their short, inestimable hours away!

In the humour I am now indulging, you will certainly think a desart the most proper place for

Your, &c.

To the Author of the Connoisseur, on the modern Method of Education among People of Fashion.

SIR,

I Remember, in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt; and in the end it produced a separation. The sons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition and bigotry, turned out **Freethinkers*: The lady of the house retired with her daughters to France, and to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method seems to be observed in the general education of children; who, as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents according to their sex; whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by

* *The word* Freethinker, *which in it's* proper *sense, means one who* examines freely, *and thinks for himself, is now generally applied to those who do not think at all; or under a pretence of thinking freely in religious matters, take a liberty of living a vicious and immoral life, and thereby throw an odium on the most glorious character that a reasonable being can be possess'd of.*

by their peculiar manners, as by a certain caſt of features or complexion. My young ſquire is put upon a little horſe before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and companion of the groom and the game-keeper: And if miſs's mamma ſhould chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, and the wife of a ſubſtantial tradeſman, the little lady is early inſtructed to value herſelf on her blood, and to deſpiſe her father's dirty connection with buſineſs.

To this method of education it is owing, that the ſame vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modiſh exceſſes of theſe times are in their nature the ſame with thoſe which were formerly in vogue, though they differ ſomewhat in their ſhape and appearance. The preſent race of bucks, bloods, and freethinkers, are but the ſpawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire-Club: And if our modern fine ladies have had their Maſquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday Tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their Morning Chocolate in the Hay-Market, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring-Gardens, the New-Exchange Aſſignations, and the Morning Puppet-ſhew, which employed the attention of their grandmothers: And as it is not apparent, that our people of faſhion are more wicked, ſo neither are they wiſer than their predeceſſors.

When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections farther than what merely concerns their own perſons. Let our young men of faſhion expoſe their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our Univerſities at home;——let them trifle away their time in inſipid amuſements, and run looſe about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery;——let our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whiſt, and be ſeen only at routs and aſſemblies;——if the conſequence extend not beyond themſelves. But as theſe are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals

of our next race muſt depend; it becomes a public concern, leſt the reign of vice and ignorance ſhould be ſupported, as it were, by hereditary ſucceſſion, and propagated to diſtant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, ſo little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almoſt impoſſible the children ſhould be wiſer or better than their parents. The country 'ſquire ſeldom fails of ſeeing his ſon as dull and aukward a looby as himſelf; while the debauched or ſoppiſh man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diſeaſes into the family, and freſh mortgages on the eſtate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. TOWN, with a few remarks on this ſubject, you would do ſervice to poſterity; for the preſent give me leave to illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the example of a very faſhionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the fineſt women in the laſt reign, as the Colonel her huſband was one of the ſmarteſt fellows. After they had aſtoniſhed the world ſingly with the *eclat* of their actions, they came together: Her ladyſhip was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of faſhion; while the Colonel fell a ſacrifice to her beauty, only becauſe ſhe was admired by every body elſe. They lived together for ſome time in great ſplendor; but as matrimony was a conſtraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the beſt company, is at the head of every party of pleaſure, never miſſes a maſquerade, and has card-tables conſtantly at her own houſe on ſundays. The Colonel is one of the oldeſt members of the club at *White*'s, runs horſes at Newmarket, has an actreſs in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchaſed a ſeat in parliament at almoſt as great an expence, as would have ſatisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children: The one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-ſchool for a while; but *La*

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tin and *Greek*, or indeed any language except *French*, are of no ſervice to a gentleman: And as the lad had diſcovered early marks of ſpirit, (ſuch as kicking down wheelbarrows, and ſetting old women on their heads) the Colonel ſwore *Jack* ſhould be a ſoldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him, before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had ſerved only in the peaceful campaigns of *Covent-Garden*, took great pains to inſtil into *Jack* all that prowes ſo remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with ſharpers, his midnight ſkirmiſhes with conſtables, his ſtorming of bagnios, his impriſonment in round-houſes, and his honourable wounds in the ſervice of proſtitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under ſo excellent a tutor, and ſoon became as eminent as his father. He is a Blood of the firſt rate; *Sherlock* has inſtructed him in the uſe of the broad ſword, and *Broughton* has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at aſſemblies, a ſharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way; but he has gallantly crippled ſeveral watchmen, and moſt courageouſly run a drawer through the body. His ſcanty pay will not allow him to keep a miſtreſs; but it is ſaid, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the conſequence of the ſon's education; and by this our people of diſtinction may learn, how much better it is to let a lad ſee the world, as the phraſe is, than to laſh him through a grammar-ſchool like a pariſh boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college cloiſter. Lady BELLE has not been leſs careful of her daughter Miſs HARRIOT. Thoſe who undertake the buſineſs of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to conſider women merely as Dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their perſons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor aukward creatures, who are to marry a ſhopkeeper or a parſon; but they can be of no uſe to a fine girl, who is deſigned to make a figure. Accordingly

ingly Miſs HARRIOT was committed to the care of *Madame Governante*, who never ſuffered her to ſpeak a word of *Engliſh*, and a *French* dancing-maſter, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As ſhe grew up, her mamma inſtructed her in the niceſt points of ceremony and good breeding: She explained to her the laws and regulations of dreſs, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what faſhions beſt became her, and what colours beſt ſuited her complexion. Theſe excellent rules were conſtantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyſhip's own practice: Above all, ſhe unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the ſtratagems ſhe had herſelf employed in gaining new conqueſts, taught her when to advance and when to retreat, and how far ſhe might venture to indulge herſelf in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miſs HARRIOT ſoon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the moſt elegant accompliſhments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whiſt than Mrs. *Sharply*, and to bet with more ſpirit at brag than the bold lady *Atall*. She was carried about to *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, and every other place of diverſion by the mother; where ſhe was expoſed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the beſt bidder. But as Miſs had ſome fortune in her own diſpoſal, ſhe had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, ſettlements, and pin-money; and (juſt before the late act took place) eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himſelf to Miſs HARRIOT, by a ſtature of ſix feet and a ſhoulder knot.

I am, SIR, your humble ſervant, &c.

On Modeſty and Aſſurance.

SIR,

I Have here ſent you a Fable, with which, perhaps, you will not be diſpleaſed.

Modeſty, the Daughter of Knowledge; and Aſſurance, the

the Offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the Road; and, as both had a long Way to go, and had experienced, from former Hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their Journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the Opposition in their Natures, to lay aside all Animosities, and, for their mutual Advantage, to travel together. It was in a Country where there were no Inns for Entertainment; so that, to their own Address, and to the Hospitality of the Inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for Provisions and Lodging.

Assurance had never failed of getting Admittance to the Houses of the Great; but it had frequently been her Misfortune to be turned out of Doors, at a Time when she was promising herself an elegant Entertainment, or a Bed of Down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such Houses, and compelled to take Shelter in the Cottages of the Poor; where, tho' she had Leave to continue as long as she pleased, a Truss of Straw had been her usual Bed, and Roots, or the coarsest Provisions, her constant Repast. But, as both, by this accidental Meeting, were become Friends and Fellow-travellers, they entertained Hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the Way by dividing the Cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a Summer Silk and short Petticoats, and who had something commanding in her Voice and Presence, found the same easy Access as before, to the Castles and Palaces upon the Way; while Modesty, who followed her in a Russet Gown, speaking low, and casting her Eyes upon the Ground, was, as usual, pushed back by the Porter at the Gate, till introduced by her Companion, whose fashionable Appearance and familiar Address got Admission for both.

And, now, by the Endeavours of each to support the other, their Difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the Favourites of all Companies, and the Parties of their Pleasures, Festivals, and Amusements. The Sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the Delicacy of Modesty; and the Blushes of Modesty were

frequently

frequently relieved by the Vivacity of Assurance; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old Pranks, which always put her Companion out of Countenance, was yet so awed by her Presence, as to stop short of Offence.

Thus, in the Company of Modesty, Assurance gained that Reception and Esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her Absence; while Modesty, by Means of her new Acquaintance, kept the best Company, feasted upon Delicacies, and slept in the Chambers of State. Assurance indeed had, in one Particular, the Ascendancy over her Companion: For, if any one asked Modesty whose Daughter she was, she blushed, and made no Answer; while Assurance took the Advantage of her Silence, and imposed herself upon the World as the Offspring of Knowledge.

In this Manner did the Travellers pursue their Journey; Assurance taking the Lead through the great Towns and Cities, and apologising for the Rusticity of her Companion; while Modesty went foremost through the Villages and Hamlets, and excused the odd Behaviour of Assurance, by representing her as a Courtier.

It happened one Day, after having measured a tedious Length of Road, that they came to a narrow River, which, by a hasty Swell, had washed away the Bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the Bank, casting their Eyes on the opposite Shore, they saw, at a little Distance, a magnificent Castle, and a Crowd of People inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the Covering from her Limbs, plunged, almost naked, into the Stream, and swam safely to the other Side. Modesty, offended at the Indecency of her Companion, and diffident of her own Strength, would have declined the Danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her Cowardice by the People on the other Side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her Depth, and, oppressed by her Fears, as well as entangled by her Cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the Current none know whither. It is said, indeed, that she

was afterwards taken up alive by a Fisherman upon the *English* Coast, and that shortly she will be brought to this Metropolis, and shewn to the Curious of both Sexes.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her Journey alone; and, though not altogether as successful as with her Companion, yet, having learnt in particular Companies, and upon particular Occasions, to assume the Air and Manner of Modesty, she was received kindly in every House; and, at last arriving at the End of her Travels, she became a very great Lady, and rose to be the first Maid of Honour to the Queen of the Country.

From a young Lady in Town to her Aunt in the Country, describing Greenwich Park, and the Passage to it by Water.

HONOURED MADAM,

LAST Tuesday, being Easter Tuesday, I went with my Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins, down the River, on what they call a Party of Pleasure; but with Design principally to see Greenwich Park and Hospital.

We took Water at the Tower, which I shall describe in a future Letter: I was pretty much afraid of Danger from Anchors, Cables, and such like, as we passed by the great Numbers of Ships, that lay in our Way at first setting out. But afterwards the River looked very pleasant, and the Number of Boats all rowing with the Tide, made the River look very agreeably.

After sailing a few Miles, we came within Sight of the Dock-yard at Deptford, where several large Ships upon the Stocks afforded a fine Prospect; as the naval Strength of England is both its Glory, and its Defence.

Next to Deptford, I was greatly pleased with the Prospect of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, for Seamen grown old in the Service of their Country. When we landed, we went into this fine Building; and in the Inside, every thing, in my Judgment, was perfectly agreeable to the Magnificence of the Outside; allowing the

the one to be designed to do Honour to the Nation, the other to support a Number of necessitous People, who ought to be the public Care. The great Hall, and the Paintings in it, are admirable; but I know not whether they would not better suit a Palace, than an Hospital: And, indeed, this may be said of the whole Building.

From thence we went into the Park; where I beheld divers odd Scenes of Holiday-folks. Here appeared a rakish young Fellow, with two or three Women who look'd like Servant-maids; the Hero delighted, the Nymphs smiling round him——There a careful looking Father with his Children on each Side; Trains of admiring Lovers, ready-pair'd, followed one another in thronging Crouds at the Gate; a Sea-Officer, with a Lady not over-burdened with Modesty in her Behaviour: A Croud of City Apprentices, some with, some without their Lasses: Half a dozen Beaux ogling all they met: And several seemingly disconsolate Virgins walking alone. The Concourse of middling Objects pressed chiefly toward a high Hill in the Middle of the Park; where, as they arriv'd, their Business was to take hold of Hands, and run down as fast as possible, amidst the Huzza's of a Multitude of People, who earnestly expected to see the Women fall, in hopes that their Cloaths would not lie so conveniently, when they were down, as might be wished.

This, Madam, is a Diversion you would not expect so near the polite City of London; but I assure you, such a Levity possessed almost every body assembled on this Occasion, as made the Park, tho' most beautiful in itself, no way entertaining to

Your most dutiful Niece.

Sir Richard Steele's Account of the famous Cieling in the great Hall at Greenwich, painted by Sir George Thornhill.

I Went the other Day down the River, and dined with some Virtuosi Friends at Greenwich. The Purpose

Purpose of the Gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a Sight of that famous Cieling in the great Hall at Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious Countryman, Mr. Thornhill, who has executed a great and noble Design with a masterly Hand, and uncommon Genius. The Regularity, Symmetry, Boldness, and Prominence of the Figures, are not to be described, nor is it in the Power of Words to raise too great an Idea of the Work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain Account of it.

In the Middle of the Cieling (which is about 106 Feet long, and 56 Feet wide, and near 50 Feet high) is a very large oval Frame, painted and carved in Imitation of Gold, with a great Thickness rising in the Inside to throw up the Figures the greater Height; the Oval is fastened to a great Suffeat adorned with Roses in Imitation of Copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantick Figures of Slaves, four on each Side, as though they were carved in Stone; between the Figures, thrown in Heaps into a Covering, are all manner of Maritime Trophies in Metzo-relievo, as Anchors, Cables, Rudders, Masts, Sails, Blocks, Capitals, Sea-guns, Sea-carriages, Boats, Pinnaces, Oars, Stretchers, Colours, Ensigns, Pennants, Drums, Trumpets, Bombs, Mortars, small Arms, Granadoes, Powder-Barrels, Fire Arrows, Grapling-Irons, Cross Staves, Quadrants, Compasses, &c. all in Stone-Colours, to give the greater Beauty to the rest of the Cieling which is more significant.

About the Oval in the Inside are placed the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack; the Six Northern Signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the North-side of the Oval; and the Six Southern Signs, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, are to the South, with three of them in a Groupe, which compose one Quarter of the Year: The Signs have their Attitudes, * and their Draperies are varied and

* *Aries is of a turbulent Aspect, with little Winds and Rains hovering about him, his Drapery of a blueish Green, shadowed*

and adapted to the Seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue, and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-Colour to the Dog-Days and Autumnal Season, the white and cold to the Winter; likewise the Fruits and the Flowers of every Season as they succeed each other.

In the Middle of the Oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a Throne under a great Pavilion or purple Canopy, attended by the four Cardinal Virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice.

Over the Queen's Head is Concord, with the Fasces, at her Feet two Doves, denoting mutual Concord and innocent Agreement, with Cupid holding the King's Scepter, while he is presenting Peace with the Lamb and Olive Branch, and Liberty expressed by the Athenian Cap, to Europe; who laying her Crowns at his Feet receives them with an Air of Respect and Gratitude. The King trampling Tyranny under his Feet, which is exprest by a French Personage, with his leaden Crown falling off, his Chains, Yoke and Iron Sword broken to pieces, a Cardinal's Cap, triple crown'd Mitre, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath is Time bringing Truth to Light, near which is a Figure of Architecture, holding a large Drawing of Part of the Hospital, with the Cupola, and pointing up to the Royal Founders, attended by the little Genii of her Art. Beneath her is Wisdom

shadowed with dark Russet, to denote the Changeableness of the Weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June, a calm red; July, more red dish, and as he leans upon his Lyon veils a little from the Sun. Virgo, almost naked and flying from the Heat of the Sun; Libra, in deep red; Scorpio veils himself from the scorching Sun in a flame-colour Mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot; December, or Capricorn, blueish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, presides Flora; over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, presides Ceres; over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus; and over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a brazen Pot of Fire.

Wisdom and Heroick Virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules, destroying Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other Vices, which seem to fall to the Earth, the Place of their more natural Abode.

Over the Royal Pavillion is shewn at a great Height Apollo in his Golden Chariot, drawn by four white Horses, attended by the Horæ, and Morning Dews falling before him, going his Course through the twelve Signs of the Zodiack; and from him the whole Plafond or Cieling is enlightened.

Each End of the Cieling is raised in Perspective, with a Ballustrade and Eliptick Arches, supported by Groupes of Stone Figures, which form a Gallery of the whole Breadth of the Hall; in the Middle of which Gallery, (as tho' on the Stocks) going into the upper Hall, is seen in Perspective the Tafferil of the Blenheim Man of War, with all her Galleries, Port-holes open, &c. to one Side of which is a Figure of Victory flying, with Spoils taken from the Enemy, and putting them aboard the English Man of War. Before the Ship is a Figure representing the City of London, with the Arms, Sword and Cap of Maintainance, supported by Thame and Isis, with other small Rivers offering up their Treasures to her; the River Tine pouring forth Sacks of Coals. In the Gallery on each Side the Ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great Archimedes, many old Philosophers consulting the Compass, &c.

At the other End, as you return out of the Hall, is a Gallery in the same Manner, in the Middle of which is the Stern of a beautiful Galley filled with Spanish Trophies. Under which is the Humber with his Pigs of Lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her, with other lesser Rivers. In the North-end of the Gallery is the famous Ticho Brahe, that noble Danish Knight, and great Ornament of his Profession and Human Nature; near him is Copernicus with his Pithagorean System in his Hand; next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large Table, and on it are described two principal Figures, of the incomparable Sir Isaac

Newton, on which many extraordinary Things in that Art are built. On the other End of the Gallery, to the South, is our learned Mr. Flamstead, Reg. Astron. Professf. with his ingenious Disciple, Mr. Tho. Weston. In Mr. Flamstead's Hand is a large Scrole of Paper, on which is drawn the great Eclipse of the Sun that did happen on April 1715; near him is an old Man with a Pendulum counting the Seconds of Time, as Mr. Flamstead makes his Observations with his great Mural Arch and Tube on the Descent of the Moon on the Severn, which at certain Times form such a Roll of the Tides as the Sailors corruptly call the Higre, instead of the Eager, and is very dangerous to all Ships in its Way. This is also exprest by Rivers tumbling down by the Moon's Influence into the Severn. In this Gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to Navigation.

All the great Rivers, at each End of the Hall, have their proper Product of Fish issuing out of their Vases.

In the four great Angles of the Cieling, which are over the Arches of the Galleries, are the four Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele and Neptune, with their lesser Deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper Attitudes, &c.

At one End of the great Oval is a large Figure of Fame descending, riding on the Winds, and sending forth the Praises of the Royal Pair.

All the Sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted Pilasters, Trophies of Shells, Corals, Pearls; the Jambs of the Windows ornamented with Roses empannell'd, or the Opus reticulamium heightened with green Gold.

The Whole raises in the Spectator the most lively Images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much Passion and Emotion.

N B. Sir James Bateman was the first Proposer and the first Benefactor to the Cieling.

Fren

From the Connoisseur, on an affected use of hard Words.

IT is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very chearfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistress's name, and called it an acrostic: Not to mention the curious inventions of rebusses and anagrams. For the same reasons, the modern song-writers of our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets, and madrigals in Crambo. Authors, who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long swords, short jerkins, and tables with carpets over them pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to elevate and surprise; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws float on the surface, candidly supposes that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors by availing themselves of this secret have passed for very deep writers; and arrant nonsense has as often laid snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full-bottomed periwig.

Those, who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain, but this is sometimes a task above their abilities; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very

wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of cuppeity, tableity, tallow candleity, and twenty other things with as much sound and as little signification. Of these we may very well say with the poet,

Such labour'd nothings in so strange a stile,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work as an unnecessary profusion of Technical Terms. This will appear very plainly to those, who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets, and it is for these in particular, that Longinus admires the Odyssey. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with Starboard and Larboard, the Main-mast and Mizen-mast, and a multitude of Sea-terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his Gulliver. Those, who treat military subjects, are equally ridiculous: They overwhelm you with Counterscarps, Palisades, Bastions, &c. and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in Technical Terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouses, &c. of which he will put her in possession, if she will join issue with him, and manifests his passion, in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience, that sits under our preachers, are ignorant and

and illiterate, and ſhould therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, ſimple, and intelligible a manner as poſſible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only ſerve to make them ſtare, and they can never be edified by what they do not underſtand. Young clergymen juſt come from the Univerſity, are proud of ſhewing the world that they have been reading the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the moſt abſtruſe points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and inforce the precepts of the Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, than retail the confuſed hypotheſes of crabbed metaphyſicians.

As to eſſays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine, that they muſt neceſſarily be written in the eaſy language of nature and common ſenſe. No writer can flatter himſelf, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almoſt too abſtruſely for the ſtudy, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latiniſms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the ſtandard-ſtile for theſe looſe detached pieces. Addiſon was proud that he could boaſt, of having drawn learning out of ſchools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houſes, as Socrates was ſaid to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men: But theſe people (as Lord Bolinbroke pretends to ſay of the ſame Socrates) mount the clouds themſelves. This new-fangled manner of delivering our ſentiments is called writing ſound ſenſe: If I find this mode ſeems likely to prevail, I ſhall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very ſuddenly oblige the world with a COGNISSEUR ſo ſenſible, that it will be impoſſible to underſtand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expreſſing ourſelves never appear with ſo ill a grace as in our common converſation —In writings we expect ſome degree of exactneſs and preciſion; but if even there they ſeem harſh and diſagreeable, when they obſtruct the freedom of our

familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the antients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the Gods: In like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine-spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world; and scarce enquire how you do, or bid you good-morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice: If she makes no blunder, it sits very ungracefully upon her; but it is ten to one, that the rough uncouth syllables, that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth, and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder, that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little; and after turning over his dictionary desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary.—This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into Lexicons, to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

The

The Study of the English Language recommended.

A Friend of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of The ENGLISH CLUB. The title, with which they dignify their Society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best Classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them; whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by the TOWN for the service of the current year.

The whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: And I never remember any society that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English Tongue is become as little the general care as English Beef, or English Honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais;

lais. This is to be ſure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet ſome people are perverſe enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the ſame time grounding them in their Mother Tongue, is a very prepoſterous plan of education. The Romans, though they ſtudied at Athens, directed their ſtudies to the benefit of their own country, and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France Academies eſtabliſhed for the ſupport and preſervation of the French language: And perhaps, if to the preſent Profeſſorſhips of Hebrew and Greek, there ſhould be added a Profeſſorſhip of the Engliſh language, it would be no diſgrace to our learned Univerſities.

When we conſider, that our language is preferable to moſt, if not all others now in being, it ſeems ſomething extraordinary, that any attention ſhould be paid to a foreign tongue that is refuſed to our own, when we are likely to get ſo little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which ſome late authors have brought it, we are ſtill more concerned at the preſent neglect of it. This ſhameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to theſe two reaſons; the falſe pride of thoſe who are eſteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaiſance to our fine gentlemen, who are themſelves the allowed ſtandards of politeneſs, I ſhall begin with them firſt. Their converſation exactly anſwers the deſcription, which Benedick gives of Claudio's: "Their words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes." Theſe diſhes too are all French; and I do not know, whether their converſation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen ſubſiſt, does not in ſome meaſure take away the power of that bold articulation, neceſſary to give utterance to manly Britiſh accents: Hence their converſation becomes ſo "fantaſtical a banquet," and every ſentence they deliver is almoſt as heterogeneous a mixture as a ſalmagundy.

ſalmagundy. A faſhionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much ennuyee:—he does not affect to be genteel, but degagee:—nor is he taken with an elegant ſimplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a je ne ſcay quoi, and a certain naivate. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough petit maitre in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithſtanding all this, I do not know, whether the converſation of our pretenders to wit is not ſtill more barbarous. When they talk of Humbug, &c. they ſeem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: Or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes neareſt to the ſtrange cant ſaid to be in uſe among houſebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are moſt likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately publiſhed under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

Many, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at leaſt do very little to promote it, and are ſometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many perſons of both our Univerſities, who can decypher an old Greek manuſcript, and conſtrue Lycophron extempore, who ſcarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loſs how to diſpatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. Theſe gentlemen ſeem to think, that learning conſiſts merely in being verſed in languages not generally underſtood. But it ſhould be conſidered, that the ſame genius, which animated the ancients, has diſpenſed at leaſt ſome portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the Engliſh. Thoſe, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakeſpear and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parrallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loſs of their Mother Tongue: For theſe reverend

rend gentlemen ſhould know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reaſons, that we are ſo ſeldom favoured with any publications from either of our Univerſities, which we might expect very often, conſidering the great number of learned men who reſide there. The preſs being thus deſerted by thoſe, who might naturally be expected to ſupport it, falls to the care of a ſet of illiterate hirelings, in whoſe hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and ſhould at laſt be utterly deſtroyed. Writing is well known to be at preſent as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for preſent ſale, though void of ſenſe or ſyntax, is liſted by the bookſellers as an author. But allowing all our preſent writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtleſs ſome who may be reckoned ſo) is it probable that they ſhould exert their abilities to the utmoſt, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of ſubſiſtance? If Herodotus and Livy had ſo'd their hiſtories at ſo much a ſheet, and all the other Greek and Latin Claſſics had written in the ſame circumſtances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applauſe they ſo juſtly receive at preſent. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen Town Eclogues; and Horace have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the Baiæ.

A falſe modeſty is another great cauſe of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the taſk, they have not ſufficient confidence to venture to the preſs, but are rather guilty of willful injuſtice to themſelves and to the public. To reſcue our Native Language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a taſk worthy thoſe, who are accounted ornaments of our Seats of Learning; and it is ſurely more

than

than common ingratitude in thoſe, who eat the bread of literature, to refuſe their utmoſt endeavours to ſupport it.

To the Connoiſſeur, on Dram-drinking.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor ſickly creature, who labours under a complication of diſorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued courſe of Strong Liquors; though, poor woman! ſhe would not elſe touch a Dram for the world. Sometimes ſhe is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then ſhe is obliged to hold a glaſs of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: At other times ſhe is ſeized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will ſo ſoon give her eaſe as ſome right Holland's Gin. She has the gout in her conſtitution; and whenever ſhe feels a twitch of it, the only thing is ſheer Brandy to keep it from her head: But this is ſometimes too *cold* for her, and ſhe is forced to drive it out of her ſtomach with true Iriſh Uſquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithſtanding ſhe is continually drinking Hartſhorn and Water; and ever ſince ſhe miſcarried, ſhe is ſo hyſterical in the night-time, that ſhe never lives without a Cordial-water bottle by her bed-ſide. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Peppermint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

Her very diet muſt always be made *heartening*, otherwiſe it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-ſpirited, except ſhe was to qualify every diſh with a large ſpoonful of Rum. She has a glaſs of Mountain with Bitters an hour before dinner to create an appetite; and her ſtomach is ſo poor, that when ſhe is at table, ſhe muſt force every bit down with a glaſs of Madeira. We uſually have a tiff of Punch together in the evening; but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

But

But notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milk-maid's; except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings-out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a *phlogistic* humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt-brandy at Snap-dragon.

I am, SIR, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

Pliny to Septitius

THERE are, it seems, who have condemned me to you, as being upon all occasions too lavish in commendation of my friends. I acknowledge the charge, and glory in it too; for can there be a nobler error than an excess of benevolence? But still, who are these, let me ask, that are better acquainted with my friends than I am myself? Yet grant there are any such, why will they deny me so pleasing a mistake? For supposing my friends deserve not the high encomiums I give them, certainly I am happy in believing they do. Let them recommend then this ungenerous strictness to those (and their number is not inconsiderable) who imagine they shew their judgment, when they indulge their censure. As for myself, they will never be able to persuade me I can be guilty of an excess in friendship. Farewell.

Pliny's Letter to Atrius Clemens.

IF ever polite Literature flourished at Rome it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances: I will content myself however with naming

naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth. When I served in the army in Syria, I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection; tho' that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceeding open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy, if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more now than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth, say I understand them yet: For as none but those who are skilled in Painting, Statuary, and the plastic Art, can form a right judgment of any performances in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest. He has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard, circumstances, which, tho' they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect without creating awe: Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced the ear still wishes to listen to the harmo-

nious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons) whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that tho' he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates at first in merit tho' not in dignity. But to dwell no longer on the virtues of a man whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail, but to encrease my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing causes, answering petitions, passing accounts and writing of letters; but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of Philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so; but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation, —— even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come I dare say so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: On the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friend's in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell.

Pliny to Hispulla.

IT is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father;

ther; but this is moſt certain, that in reſpect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tendereſt value for you. Can I fail then to wiſh (as I ſhall by every means in my power endeavour) that your ſon may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? As indeed his father and his uncle will furniſh him alſo with very illuſtrious examples. The ſureſt method to train him up in the ſteps of theſe valuable men, is early to ſeaſon his mind with polite learning and uſeful knowledge; and it is of the laſt conſequence from whom he receives theſe inſtructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your houſe; where he is expoſed to few, I ſhould rather ſay no, wrong impreſſions. But he is now of an age to be ſent from home, and it is time to place him with ſome profeſſor of Rhetoric, of whoſe diſcipline and method, but above all, of whoſe morals, you may be well ſatisfied. Among the many advantages for which this youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a moſt beautiful perſon. It is neceſſary therefore, in this looſe and ſlippery age to find out one, who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confeſs, extremely; but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary, it is, in truth, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps ſomething too ſevere and rigid for the manners of theſe times. His qualifications in his profeſſion you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is ſoon diſcovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common obſervation; and it is on that ſide I undertake to be anſwerable for my friend. Your ſon will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he ſhould be ignorant. He will repreſent to him as often, and with as much zeal, as you or I ſhould, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to ſupport. You will not heſitate then

to place him with a tutor, whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill-acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewell.

Pliny to Sossius.

I Have a very singular value for Calvisius Nepos; as indeed he is a man of indefatigable industry, great eloquence, and (what I prefer to all the rest) of consummate integrity: He is nephew to your friend and my guest Calvisius; I beg therefore you would do him and his uncle the honour of making him one of the tribunes * of the soldiers. It will be an obligation to us at the same time, as well as to Nepos, whom I am persuaded you will think equally deserving your favour. You have bestowed numberless good offices upon many; but I will venture to say, you never conferred one that was better placed than here, and few, perhaps so well. Farewell.

* *Their business was to decide controversies in the army, and to take care of the works and camp.*

Pliny to his Wife Calpurnia.

NEVER was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending but following you into * Campania; as at all times so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you make in your strength and recovery, and how the tranquility, the amusements and plenty of that charming country agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind, infinitely

* *Where Fabatus Calpurnia's grandfather had a delightful villa, much celebrated.*

infinitely painful; but now your ſickneſs conſpires with your abſence to perplex me with a thouſand diſquietudes. I fear every thing that can befall you, and, as is uſual with all, under the ſame terrifying apprehenſions, ſuſpect moſt, what I moſt dread. Let me conjure you to prevent my ſolicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day: I ſhall be more eaſy, at leaſt while I am reading your letters; though all my apprehenſions will again return upon me the moment I have peruſed them. Farewell.

Pliny to Geminius.

OUR friend Macrinus is pierced with the ſevereſt affliction. He has loſt his wife! a lady, whoſe uncommon virtues would have rendered her an ornament even to antient times. He lived with her thirty-nine years in the moſt uninterrupted harmony. How reſpectful was her behaviour to him; and how did ſhe herſelf deſerve the higheſt veneration, as ſhe blended and united in her character all thoſe amiable virtues that adorn and diſtinguiſh the different periods of female life. It ſhould, methinks, afford great conſolation to Macrinus, that he has thus long enjoyed ſo exquiſite a bleſſing. But that reflection ſeems only ſo much the more to imbitter his loſs; as indeed the pain of parting with our happineſs ſtill riſes in proportion to the length of it's continuance. I cannot therefore but be greatly anxious for ſo valuable a friend, till this wound to his peace ſhall be in a condition to admit of proper applications. Time however, together with the neceſſity of the thing, and even a ſatiety of grief itſelf, will beſt effect it's cure. Farewell.

Pliny to Calviſius.

OTHER people viſit their eſtates in order to recruit their purſes; whilſt I go to mine only to return

so much the poorer. I had sold my vintage to the merchants, who were extremely eager to purchase it, encouraged by the price it then bore, and what it was probable it would rise to: However they were disappointed in their expectations. Upon this occasion to have made the same general abatement to all would have been much the easiest, tho' not so equitable a method. But justice, according to my estimate, is the noblest of all virtues, and to be pursued in one's domestic as well as public conduct; in minute, as in great affairs; and in our own as well as in the concerns of others. And if every deviation from rectitude is equally * criminal, every approach to it must be equally laudable. In the first place then, I remitted to all in general, one eighth part of the price they had agreed to give me, that none might go away without a mark of my liberality: In the next, I particularly considered those who having advanced large sums towards their purchase, and done me so much the more service, and has been greater sufferers themselves. To those therefore who bought of me to the value of ‡ ten thousand sesterces, I gave back over and above that, which I may call the general and common eighth, a tenth part of what they had paid above that sum. I don't know whether I express myself clearly enough; I will endeavour to explain my meaning more fully: For instance; suppose a man had purchased of me to the value of fifteen thousand § sesterces, I remitted to him one eighth part of that whole sum, and likewise one tenth of † five thousand. Besides this, as several had deposited in different proportions the part of the price they had agreed to pay, while others had advanced nothing; I thought it would not be agreeable to equity, that all these should be favoured with the same undistinguished remission. To those, therefore, who had made any payments, I returned a tenth part upon each of the sums so paid. By this means,

* *The sects maintained that all crimes are equal.*

‡ *About* 80l. *of our money.*

§ *About* 120l. *of our money.*

† *About* 40l *sterling.*

means, I made a proper acknowledgement to each of them according to their respective deserts; and likewise encouraged them, not only to deal with me for the future, but to be forward in their payments. This instance of my good-nature, or my judgment (call it which you please) was a very considerable expence to me. However I found my account in it; for all the country greatly approved both of this uncommon piece of generosity, and the method in which I conducted it. Even those whom I did not *measure* (as they say) *by the same all*, but distinguished according to their several degrees, thought themselves obliged to me in proportion to the integrity of their dispositions, and went away pleased with having experienced, that not with me,

The brave and mean an equal honour find. HOMER.

Farewell.

Pliny to Paternus.

THE sickness which has run thro' my family, and carried off several of my domestics, some of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply afflicted me. I have two consolations, however, which tho' they are not equal to so considerable a grief, still they are consolations. One is, that as I have always very readily manumized my slaves, their death does not altogether seem immature, if they lived long enough to receive their freedoms; the other, that I have allowed them to make a kind of a will ‡, which I observe as religiously as if they were legally intitled to that privilege. I receive and obey their last requests as so many authoritative commands, suffering them to dispose of their effects to whom they please; with this single restriction, that they leave them to some in my family, which to persons in their stations, is to be esteemed as a sort of commonwealth. But tho' I endeavour to acquiesce under these reflections, yet the same tenderness which led me to shew

‡ *A slave could acquire no property, and consequently was incapable by law of making a will.*

ſhew them theſe indulgences, ſtill breaks out and overpowers my ſtrongeſt reſolutions. However, I would not wiſh to be inſenſible to theſe ſoft impreſſions of humanity; tho' the generality of the world, I know look upon loſſes of this kind in no other View, than as a diminution of their property, and fancy by cheriſhing ſuch an unfeeling temper they diſcover a ſuperior fortitude and good ſenſe. Their wiſdom and magnanimity I ſhall not diſpute. But manly I am ſure they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood to feel thoſe impreſſions of ſorrow which it endeavours to reſiſt, and to admit not to be above the want of conſolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this ſubject, ——tho' not ſo long as I would. There is a certain pleaſure in giving vent to ones grief; eſpecially when we pour out our ſorrows in the boſom of a friend, who will approve, at leaſt pardon, our tears. Farewell.

There is ſome thing ſo uncommonly amiable in this Family Piece, *that the reader cannot be diſpleaſed with being ſtopped a moment to take a ſecond view of it. If nothing remained of* Pliny *but this ſingular* Trait *of his character, we might nevertheleſs aſſuredly pronounce of him, that he was ennobled by every ſocial virtue. For as it is certain the greateſt minds have ever been moſt open to impreſſions of the humane kind, ſo every moral virtue neceſſarily flows from benevolence as from it's true and genuine ſource It is impoſſible a man, who has a juſt feeling of the calamities of others, can deliberately break thro' the moral ties of any kind; becauſe it is certain he cannot do ſo without being the occaſion of ſuffering to thoſe who ſtand within the influence of the particular action. This principle alſo will ever afford the moſt unerring teſt of patriotiſm, or the public affections; for the cruel and unrelenting in private and domeſtic life, can never act upon the true notion of liberty, in the more enlarged relations of public concerns. With great juſtice therefore our author makes this generous principle the evidence of manhood; as* Juvenal *deſcribes a tenderneſs of diſpoſition to be a principal note of diſtinction which nature has marked out between the rational and brute creation.*

Heaven

Heaven gave the tear humane, a ſign confeſt,
Soft pity dwells within the mortal breaſt;
That nobleſt paſſion nobleſt boſoms know!—
Turn'd every virtue from another's woe!
'Tis man's great privilege, the glorious line
That marks from brute, the human ſoul divine!

JUV. SATYR. 15. 181.

Pliny to his Wife Calpburnia.

YOU kindly tell me my abſence is greatly uneaſy to you, and that your only conſolation is in converſing with my works, inſtead of their author, which you frequently place by your ſide. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wiſh for my company, and ſupport yourſelf under the want of it by theſe tender amuſements. In return, I read over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had juſt received them; but, alaſs! they only ſerve to make me more ſtrongly regret your abſence; for how aimable muſt her converſation be, whoſe letters have ſo many charms. Let me receive them however, as often as poſſible, notwithſtanding there is ſtill a mixture of pain in the pleaſure they afford me. Farewell.

Pliny to Mauricus.

IN compliance with your ſolicitation, I conſent to make you a viſit at your Formian villa; but it is upon condition that you put yourſelf to no inconvenience on my account; a condition which I ſhall alſo ſtrictly obſerve on my part. It is not the pleaſures of your ſea and your coaſt, that I purſue; it is your company, together with eaſe and freedom from buſineſs, that I deſire you to enjoy; otherwiſe I might as well remain at Rome; for there is no medium worth accepting between giving up your time wholly to the diſpoſal of others, or reſerving it intirely in your own; at leaſt for myſelf, I declare, I can not reliſh mixtures of any kind. Farewell.

Pliny

Pliny to Servianus.

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear, that you design your daughter for Fuscus Salinator, and congratulate you upon it. His Family is * Patrician, and both his father and mother are persons of the most exalted merits. As for himself, he is studious, learned and eloquent, and with all the innocence of a child unites the sprightliness of youth to the wisdom of age. I am not, believe me, deceived by my affection when I give him this character; for tho' I love him, I confess, beyond measure, (as his friendship and esteem for me well deserve) yet partiality has no share in my judgment; on the contrary, the stronger my fondness of him is, the more rigorously I weigh his merit. I will venture then to assure you (and I speak it upon my own experience) you could not have formed to your wish a more accomplished son-in-law. May he soon present you with a grand-son, who shall be the exact copy of his father; and with what pleasure shall I receive from the arms of two such friends, their children, or grand-children, whom I shall claim a sort of right to embrace as my own! Farewell.

* *Those families were esteem'd patrician, whose ancestors had been members of the senate in the earliest times of the regal or consular government.*

Pliny to Maximus.

MY studies prove both an entertainment and consolation to me; and as there is no pleasure I prefer to them, so there is no uneasiness they do not alleviate. In this season therefore of dejection, occasioned by the indisposition of my wife, the dangerous sickness of some of my servants, and the death of others, I fly to my books; those sovereign composers of my grief. It is true, indeed, they teach me a greater sensibility to misfortunes, but they teach me too how to bear them with

with more patience. It is an eſtabliſh'd rule with me, before I publiſh any of my productions, to take the judgment of my friends upon them, eſpecially yours. I beg therefore you would examine the performance I here ſend you, with particular care, as I am afraid the diſquietude of my mind may have prevented me from giving it the attention I ought. For tho' I could command myſelf ſo far as to ſit down to write, I was not maſter enough of my heart, to do ſo with eaſe and chearfulneſs; but if ſtudy throws the mind into a pleaſing ſtate of ſerenity, a ſtate of ſerenity is neceſſary to throw a grace upon our ſtudies. Farewell.

Pliny to Paulinus.

MANKIND differ in their notions of happineſs; but in my opinion it conſiſts in the anticipation of an honeſt fame, and the conſcious ſecurity of making a glorious figure in the eyes of poſterity. I confeſs, if I had not the reward of an immortal reputation in view, I ſhould prefer a life of uninterrupted eaſe and retirement to any other. There ſeems to be but two points worthy our attention; either the endleſs duration of fame, or the ſhort extent of life. Thoſe who are governed by the former conſideration muſt purſue it with the full exertion of the moſt laborious efforts; while ſuch as are influenced by the latter ſhould quietly reſign themſelves to repoſe, nor wear out a ſhort life in ſo periſhable purſuits; as ſome, we may obſerve, do, and then ſink at laſt into contempt, in the midſt of a wretched and fruitleſs courſe of falſe induſtry.

Theſe are my daily reflections, which I communicate to you, in order to renounce them if you do not join with me in the ſame ſentiments; as undoubtedly you will, who are for ever meditating ſome glorious and immortal enterprize. Farewell.

Pliny

Pliny to Junior.

A CERTAIN friend of mine lately corrected his son with great severity before me, for being something too profuse in the article of dogs and horses. "And pray, said I to him, (when the youth was withdrawn) did you never commit a fault yourself which "deserved your father's correction? Nay, are you not "sometimes even now guilty of errors, which your son, "were he in your place, might, with equal gravity re-"prove? Are not all mankind subject to follies? And "have we not each of us our particular foibles, in "which we fondly indulge ourselves?"

The great affection I have for you, induced me to set this instance of unreasonable severity before you, as a caution not to treat your son with too much rigor and austerity. Consider he is but a boy, and that there was a time when you were so too. In exerting therefore, the authority of a father, remember always that you are a man, and the parent of a man. Farewell.

Pliny to Sabinianus.

YOUR freedman, whom you lately mention'd to me with displeasure, has been with me, and threw himself at my feet with as much submission as he could have done at yours. He earnestly requested me with many tears, and even with all the eloquence of silent sorrow, to intercede for him; in short he convinced me by his whole behaviour, that he sincerely repents of his fault. And I am persuaded he is thoroughly reformed, because he seems entirely sensible of his guilt. I know you are angry with him, and I know too it is not without reason; but clemency can never exert itself with more applause, than when there is the justest cause for resentment. You once had an affection for this man, and, I hope will have again: In the mean while, let me

me only prevail with you to pardon him. If he ſhould incur your diſpleaſure, hereafter you will have ſo much the ſtranger plea in excuſe for your anger, as you ſhew yourſelf more exorable to him now. Allow ſomething to his youth, to his tears, and to your own natural mildneſs of temper? Do not make him uneaſy any longer, and I will add too, do not make yourſelf ſo; for a man of your benevolence of heart, cannot be angry without feeling great regret. I am afraid, were I to join my intreaties with his, I ſhould ſeem rather to compel, than requeſt you to forgive him, yet I will not ſcruple to do it; and in ſo much the ſtronger terms, as I have very ſharply and ſeverely reproved him, poſitively threatening never to interpoſe again in his behalf. But tho' it was proper to ſay this to him, in order to make him more afraid of offending, I do not ſay ſo to you. I may, perhaps, again have occaſion to intreat you upon his account, and again obtain your forgiveneſs, ſuppoſing I mean, his error ſhould be ſuch as may become me to intercede for, and you to pardon. Farewell.

Pliny to the ſame.

I GREATLY approve of your having, in compliance with my letter, received again into your family and favour, a freedman, whom you once admitted into a ſhare of your affection. It will afford you, I doubt not, great ſatisfaction. It certainly at leaſt has me, both as it is a proof that you are capable of being governed in your paſſion, and as it is an inſtance of your paying ſo much regard to me, as either to yield to my authority, or to comply with my requeſt; you will accept therefore, at once, both of my applauſe and my thanks. At the ſame time I muſt adviſe you, to be diſpoſed for the future to pardon the errors of your people, tho' there ſhould be none to interpoſe in their behalf. Farewell.

Pliny to Geminius.

YOU have frequently in converſation, and lately in a letter, commended your friend Nonius to me for his great liberality to ſome particular perſons: I ſhall join with you in his applauſe, if his bounty is not confined to thoſe only. I would have him, who deſires to ſhew himſelf influenced by a ſpirit of true generoſity, be liberal to his country, his relations and his friends; his friends, I mean in diſtreſs; not like thoſe who chiefly beſtow their preſents, where there is the greateſt ability to make returns I do not look upon ſuch, as parting with any thing of their own; on the contrary, I conſider their bounties as only ſo many diſguiſed baits, thrown out with a deſign of catching the property of others. Much of the ſame character are thoſe, who defraud one man in order to be generous to another, and purſue munificence thro' the paths of avarice. The firſt and fundamental principle of genuine liberality, is to be contented with one's own; and after that to cheriſh and embrace all the moſt indigent of every kind, in one comprehenſive circle of benevolence. If your friend obſerves this rule in its full extent, he is entirely to be commended; if he only partially purſues it, ſtill he deſerves (in a leſs degree indeed, however, he deſerves) applauſe; ſo uncommon is it to meet with an inſtance of generoſity even of the moſt imperfect kind! The luſt of avarice has ſo totally ſeized upon mankind, that their wealth ſeems rather to poſſeſs them, than they to poſſeſs their wealth. Farewell.

Pliny to the emperor Trajan.

WE have celebrated, ſir, (with thoſe ſentiments of joy your virtues juſtly merit) the day of your acceſſion, when, at the ſame time that you are accepted you ſaved the empire. And we ſincerely implored the

gods

gods to preſerve you in health and proſperity, as it is upon your welfare that the ſecurity and repoſe of mankind depends. I renewed at the ſame time the oath of allegiance at the head of the army, which repeated it after me in the uſual form, the people of the province zealouſly expreſſing their affection to you by taking the ſame oath. Farewell.

Trajan to Pliny.

YOUR letter, my dear Pliny, was extremely acceptable, as it gave me an account with what zeal and affection you, together with the army and the provinciale, ſolemnized the day of my acceſſion to the empire.

Pliny to the emperor Trajan.*

IT is a rule, ſir, which I inviolably obſerve, to refer myſelf to you in all my doubts: For who is more capable of removing my ſcruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been preſent at any trials concerning thoſe who profeſs Chriſtianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the meaſures of their puniſhment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them; whether, therefore, any difference is uſually made with reſpect to the ages of the guilty, or no diſtinction is to be obſerved between the young and the adult; whether repentance intitles them to a pardon; or if a man has been once a chriſtian, it avails nothing to deſiſt from his error; whether the very profeſſion of Chriſtianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themſelves inherent in the profeſſion are puniſhable; in

 all

* *This letter is eſteemed as almoſt the only genuine monument of eccleſiaſtical antiquity, relating to the times immediately ſucceeding the Apoſtles, it being wrote at moſt not above forty years after the death of St. Paul. It was preſerved by the Chriſtians themſelves as a clear and unſuſpicious evidence of the purity of their doctrines; and is frequently appealed to by the early writers of the church againſt the calumnies of their adverſaries.*

all these points I am greatly doubtful. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians, is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confess'd, I repeated the question twice again, adding threats at the same time; when, if they still persevered, I ordered them immediately to be punished: For I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserv'd correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation, but being * citizens of Rome I directed them to be carried thither.

But this crime spreading (as is usually the case) while it was actually under persecution, several instances of the same nature occurred. An information was presented to me without any name subscribed, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and frankincense before your statue; (which for this purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods) and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians, into a compliance with any of these articles; I thought proper therefore to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person, at first confess'd themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; while the rest own'd, indeed, that they had been of the number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) forsaken that error. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the gods, throwing out imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed the whole

* *It was one of the privileges of a Roman citizen, secured by the Semprenian law, that he could not be capitally convicted but by the suffrage of the people, which seems to have been still so far in force, as to make it necessary to send the persons here mentioned to Rome.*

whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a certain ſtated day before it was light, and addreſſed themſelves in a form of prayer to Chriſt, as to ſome God, binding themſelves by a ſolemn oath, not for the purpoſes of any wicked deſign, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falſify their word, nor deny a truſt when they ſhould be called upon to deliver it up; after which, it was their cuſtom to ſeparate, and then reaſſemble to eat in common a harmleſs meal. From this cuſtom, however, they deſiſted after the publication of my edict, by which according to your orders, I forbade the meeting of any aſſemblies. After receiving this account, I judged it ſo much the more neceſſary to endeavour to extort the real truth, by putting two female ſlaves to the torture, who were ſaid to adminiſter * in the religious functions: But I could diſcern nothing more than an abſurd and exceſſive ſuperſtition. I thought proper therefore to adjourn all further proceedings in this affair in order to conſult with you. For it appears to be a matter highly deſerving your conſideration; more eſpecially, as great numbers muſt be involved in the danger of theſe proſecutions; this enquiry having already extended, and being ſtill likely to extend to perſons of all ranks and ages, and even of both ſexes. For this contagious ſuperſtition is not confined to the cities only, but has ſpread it's infection among the country villages. Nevertheleſs, it ſtill ſeems poſſible to remedy this evil, and reſtrain it's progreſs. The temples, at leaſt, which were once almoſt deſerted, begin now to be frequented, and the ſacred ſolemnities, after a long intermiſſion, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which

* *Theſe women, it is ſuppoſed, exerciſed the ſame office as Phœbe mentioned by St. Paul, whom he ſtiles Deaconeſs of the church of Cenchrea. Their buſineſs was to tend the poor and ſick, and other charitable offices; as alſo to aſſiſt at the ceremony of female baptiſm, for the more decent performance of that rite; as Voſſius obſerves upon this paſſage.*

for some time past have met with but few purchasers. From hence it is easy to imagine, what members might be reclaimed, from this error, if a pardon were granted to those who shall repent.

Trajan to Pliny.

THE method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in the proceedings against those Christians which were brought before you, is extremely proper; as it is not possible to lay down any fixed plan by which to act in all cases of this nature. But I would not have you officiously enter into any enquiries concerning them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; * with this restriction however, that were the party denies himself to

* *If we impartially examine this prosecution of the Christians, we shall find it to have been grounded on the antient constitution of the state, and not to have proceeded from a cruel or arbitrary temper in Trajan. The Roman legislature appears to have been early jealous of any innovation in point of public worship; and we find the magistrates, during the old republic, frequently interposing in cases of that nature. Valerius Maximus has collected some instances to that purpose,* [L. 1. c. 3] *and Livy mentions it as an established principle of the earlier ages of the commonwealth, to guard against the introduction of foreign ceremonies of religion.* Quoties *(says that excellent historian, speaking in the person of one of the consuls, who is addressing himself to the people)* quoties hoc patrum avorumque ætate negotium est magistratibus datum, ut sacra externa fieri vetarent? Judicabant enim prudentissimi viri—nihil æque dissolvendæ religionis esse quam ubi non patrio sed externo ritu sacrificaretur. [L. 39. c. 16.] *It was an old and fix'd maxim likewise of the Roman government, not to suffer any unlicensed assemblies of the people: And of this Livy also is a voucher:* Majores vestri *(says he)* ne vos quidem nisi quum, &c. forte temere coire nolarunt; & ubicunque multitudo esset, ibi

to be a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Informations without the accuser's name subscribed, ought ibi & legitimum rectorem multitudinis censebant debere esse. [L. 39. c 25] *From hence then it seems evident that the Christians had rendered themselves obnoxious (not so much to Trajan as) to the* antient *and* settled *laws of the state, by introducing a foreign worship, and assembling themselves without authority.*

We are not therefore to judge of the proceedings in question, by the rules we should apply to cases of the same nature in our own times. The established religion of the Romans was no other, in the judgment and confession of their best writers, than an engine of state, which could not be shaken without the utmost danger, or rather perhaps, without the total subversion of their civil government. Accordingly we find them strongly inculcating a tenacious observance of all it's rites: Majorum instituta tueri *(says Cicero)* sacris cæremoniisque retinendi, sapientis est. [De leg.] *Nor is this principle, if the observation of the celebrated Machiavel is just, peculiar to the Roman state, but of universal truth in politics; for he lays it down as a general maxim, that "wherever the religion of any "state falls into disregard and contempt, it is impossible "for that state to subsist long." [Mach discorsi sopra tit liv.] This case therefore is to be considered in a civil, not a religious view; as a matter of state, not of speculation; wherein the lenity and moderation both of the emperor and his minister deserve to be applauded, as they are neither of them for pushing the matter as far as they most certainly might, had they acted strictly up to the* antient *and* fundamental *laws of their country.*

The circumstance that attended the Christian assemblies being held at an unusual hour (ante lucem, *as Pliny tells us) seems to have raised a surmise that they were of the Bacchanalian kind. For it is extremely observable, that in the account which the Christians here give of the true design of their meeting, they justify themselves from the*

very

ought not to be received in profecutions of any fort, as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the equity of my government.

very crimes with which the Bacchanalians had been charged; intimating it fhould feem, that they themfelves had been taxed with the fame: Se Sacramento non ad Scelus aliquod abftringere; fed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, *&c. which runs parallel with the accufation againft the Bacchanalians, as it ftands in Livy:* Nec unum genus noxæ, ftupra promifcua, &c. fed falfi teftes, falfa figna teftimoniique & indicia eadem ex officina exibant. [Liv. 1. 39 c]

Pliny to the emperor Trajan.

MAY this and many fucceeding birth-days be attended, Sir, with the higheft felicity to you; and may you in the midft of an uninterrupted courfe of health and profperity, be ftill adding to the encreafe of that immortal glory, which your virtues juftly merit!

Trajan to Pliny.

YOUR wifhes, my dear Pliny, for my enjoyment of many happy birth-days, amidft the glory and profperity of the republic, were extremely agreeable to me.

From Mr. Gay to Mr. F.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9. 1718.

THE only News that you can expect from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is fcarce any thing that can reach me except the Noife of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old Authors, of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have efcaped: The only thing that is Proof againft it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you fee that the contrary

to

to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant Heap of Towers, which is in this Neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been conſumed to Aſhes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had periſhed! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter ſat two, much more conſtant, Lovers than ever were found in Romance, under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewit* was a well-ſet Man, of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame Age. They had paſſed through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greateſt Satisfaction. If ſhe milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but laſt Fair that he bought her a Preſent of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Poſy on her Silver Ring was of his chuſing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any other Views than the lawful Poſſeſſion of her in Marriage It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Conſent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy: Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-cloaths, and *John* was ſuiting ſeveral Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuſe her a Knot for her Wedding day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and ſuch a Storm of Lightning and Thunder enſued, that all the Labourers made the beſt of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to ſecure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a Crack, as if Heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called for one another

another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they slept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and spied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah*'s Neck, and the other held over as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender Posture. *Sarah*'s left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Sign of Life was 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 furnish the Epitaph; which is as follows:

When Eastern Lovers feed the fun'ral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well plea'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victim's 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*.

Your's, &c.

The Epitaph was this:

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
JOHN HEWIT *and* MARY DREW,
an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish;
who being at harvest work,
(with several others)
were, in one instant, killed by Lightning,
the last Day of July, 1718.

Think

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,
A Pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.
Live well and fear no sudden Fate;
When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
Alike 'tis Justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue, unmov'd, can bear the Call,
And face the Flash that melts the Ball.

A translation of a letter from the Empress of Russia to M. d'Alembert, at Paris, whom she had invited to Russia to educate her son.

Mons. d'Alembert,

I HAVE just received the answer you wrote to Mr. Odar, in which you refuse to transplant yourself to assist in the education of my son. I easily conceive that it costs a philosopher, like you, nothing to despise what the world calls grandeur and honour: These, in your eyes, are very little, and I can readily agree with you that they are so. Considering things in this light, there would be nothing great in the behaviour of Queen Christina [of Sweden] which hath been so highly extolled; and often censured with more justice. But to be born, and called to contribute to the happiness, and even the instruction of a whole nation, and yet decline it, is, in my opinion, refusing to do that good, which you wish to do. Your philosophy is founded in a love to mankind: Permit me then to tell you that to refuse to serve mankind, whilst it is in your power, is to miss your aim. I know you too well, to be a good man, to ascribe your refusal to vanity. I know that the sole motive of it is the love of ease, and leisure to cultivate letters and the friendship of those you esteem. But what is there in this objection? Come, with all your friends: I promise both them and you, every conveniency and advantage that depends upon me; and perhaps you will

will find more liberty and eaſe here, than in your native country. You refuſed the invitation of the King of Proſſia, notwithſtanding your obligations to him: But that Prince has no ſon. I own to you, I have the education of my ſon ſo much at heart, and I think you ſo neceſſary to it, that perhaps I preſs you with too much earneſtneſs. Excuſe my indiſcretion for the ſake of the occaſion of it; and be aſſured that it is my eſteem for you that makes me ſo urgent.

Moſcow, Nov. 13, 1762. CATHERINE.

In this whole letter I have argued only from what I have found in your writings: You would not contradict yourſelf.

Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this Time ſatisfied how much the Tenderneſs of one Man of Merit is to be preferred to the Addreſſes of a Thouſand. And by this Time the Gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the Joy of having all thoſe Charms and good Qualities, which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virtues which gave you Reputation, ſhould give you Happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater than that you may receive it in as high a Degree yourſelf, as ſo much good Humour muſt infallibly give it to your Huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the Title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this Occaſion: But I am really more a Well-wiſher to your Felicity, than a Celebrater of your Beauty. Beſides, you are now a married Woman, and in a Way to be a great many better Things than a fine Lady; ſuch as, an excellent Wife, a faithful Friend, a tender Parent, and at laſt, as the Conſequence of them all, a Saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may

may have ſpoken to you) I mean Truth: And it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you, no Friend you have can more rejoice in any Good that befalls you, is more ſincerely delighted with the Proſpect of your future Happineſs, or more unfeignedly Deſires of a long Continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but juſt, that a Man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your Admirer, after he is dead, may have the Happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living, Yours, &c.

Miſs J—— to Miſs LOVELACE, *on Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.*

WANT of Time is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and Your's in Haſte, concludes Wit, Buſineſs, every Thing. For my own Part, my whole Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing nothing: And, I think, I never had more Buſineſs of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I have a Mind to do, ſo I can always contrive to be at Leiſure to pay my Reſpects to Miſs *L.*

But the moſt univerſal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank is, Want of Senſe. Theſe generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, Excuſe this Nonſenſe. This is modeſt, indeed; but though I am exceſſive good-natured, I am reſolved, for the future, not to pardon it entirely, in any one but myſelf.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote eaſily; and, if I had not ſome private Reaſons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, I ſhould conclude this to be a Maſter-piece of the Kind, both as to Eaſineſs of Thought and Facility of Expreſſion. And in this Eaſineſs of Writing (which, Mr. *Wycherly* ſays, is eaſily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. *Pope* himſelf; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in ſome of his beſt Letters; though,

it must be confessed, he outdoes me in a few Trifles of another Sort: such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over dress'd. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to write without a Genius, I do not know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, it is notorious, that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material, as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this; I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with: Therefore I have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dulness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

To Mrs. ——, a Love Letter, full of Truth.

MADAM,

I MUST acquaint you, in short, that you must either pull out your Eyes, or I must pull out mine; either you must not be so handsome, or I must be blind. Yet, though my Passion is as violent perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either hang or drown. I should betray great Want of Sense, and little Knowledge of your Merit, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely the Happiness of living with you, before the Glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your Sense, to believe you prefer the living Lover to the dead; the Lips that are warm, to those that are cold; the Limbs which have Motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill

me

me with your Kindness, but not with your Cruelty: Let me expire rather upon your Bosom than at your Feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a Death of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms: Appoint but your Place and I shall not fail to meet my fair Murderer.

On Matrimony, from Mr. H—— to Mrs.——

MADAM,

FEW Subjects enter more into Conversation among young People than Matrimony; nor is any spoke of in more opposite Lights: It is often represented as a Heaven or Hell upon Earth; but does Experience warrant a Belief, that there is no intermediate Condition between the Bliss of the Good and the Torments of the Bad, in this State? It is the inconsiderate Part of Mankind who think Matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married Persons happy or miserable; but a very little Reflection would convince them of their Mistake: It is Men or Women who are heavenly-minded, or diabolical. The Institution in itself is of vast Importance: Christianity cannot stand without it; nor can the common Liberty and Rights of Mankind subsist without some Contract, which shall be equally binding to both Sexes; yet, if Avarice or Ambition, even Love unguided by Prudence, or any other Passion, is the Cause of Engagements, which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the Charge of the Institution. But here also the Laws of God, and of the Land, have provided for our Security: No more is required than in all other Cases, a pious Resignation to our Condition, whilst we make up for the Deficiency of our Pleasure, by another; I mean so to cultivate Reason, as to raise our Sense of Duty, in Proportion as our Affections flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious Man by a virtuous Woman, or the contrary? By Vice, I mean every moral Defect of Mind, or Corruption

of Heart. Women are generally moſt diſpoſed to Religion; and, when kindly treated, give the ſtrongeſt Proofs of native Ingenuouſneſs; whence I conclude, that notwithſtanding Man's boaſted Pre-eminence, your Defects are moſt eaſily corrected: The very Superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of Controul.

Hence you may diſcover the indulgent Care of Providence; for even the Subjection, of which Women inconſiderately complain, is generally conducive to their Happineſs. Your Felicity ariſes chiefly from your Subjection; and it is no Paradox to ſay the ſame of your Power. "As climbing of a ſandy Way to the Feet "of the Aged, ſo is a Wife full of Words to a quiet "Man.—But if there be Kindneſs, Meekneſs, and "Comfort in her Tongue, then is not her Huſband like "other Men!" This conveys the ſtrongeſt Senſe of a Man's Happineſs, whoſe Wife has tender Affections, good Senſe, and a virtuous Mind. She who makes Trial with Sincerity, may eaſily find the Meaning of the Words, and the weighty Inſtruction contained in them. But in our Days, Men ſet out upon Principles which will by no Means bear an Examination. It is preſumed that very little or no Virtue is to be found, therefore Proviſion for thoſe Pleaſures which Money can purchaſe, is the firſt Object. Either we are not taught what we owe to God and our Neighbour; religious and domeſtic Duties are neglected; or our Parents, miſtaking external Parade for Happineſs, ſeek after the greateſt Fortunes, be the Advanteges of them what they may; they teach us the very Leſſon which the greateſt Part of Mankind learn, in ſpite of all the Care which the wiſe and virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while the Laws of God and Nature are invariable, and we can never beat out an artificial Happineſs whoſe Pleaſures compenſate for the Neglect of Nature, though the Taſte may become ſo depraved as hardly to leave any Veſtiges in the Mind of the Leſſon which Nature teaches. I have read many beautiful Paſſages on this Subject; in every Writer of Eminence one finds ſome, with regard to Men as well as Women.

I recollect one more, which seems to be of great Force, because it is very natural: "Where no Hedge is, there "the Possession is spoiled; and he that hath no Wife, "will wander up and down mourning." It often happens that the Unmarried are unhappy, they know not why; whilst the Capricious in Taste, inconstant in Temper, or vicious by Inclination, are reformed by Wedlock. And as we may with great Propriety say, Blessed is she who converteth a Sinner to Repentance, I think we may add, Cursed is he whose Carelessness or Folly induces his Wife to go astray.

Whatever our State or Condition may be; how keen soever our Pursuit of Happiness; how infinitely diversified our Opinions on which our Felicity so much depends; and how contradictory soever our Practice may be to such Opinions; so long as we have Senses to distinguish Light from Darkness or Bitter from Sweet; so long as we have a Ray of Reason to distinguish Truth from Falshood, or Joy from Anguish and Perturbation, we must come back to our Text,

"*That to be good, is to be happy;*
"*Angels are happier than Men, because*
"*They are better; Guilt is the Source of Sorrow,*
"*'Tis the Fiend, th' avenging Fiend,*
"*That follows us behind with Whips and Scourges:*
"*The Blest know none of this, but rest*
"*In everlasting Peace of Mind, and find*
"*The Height of all their Heav'n is Goodness.*"

You see, Madam, I learn my Morality from Poets as well as Divines, and have my Ears open to Instruction in a Play-house as well as in a Church. But as we cannot be quite so good, we must be contented if we are not quite so happy as Angels. Let us keep in View the glorious Rewards of Virtue, nor suffer our Enjoyment of a small Portion of Felicity, if a large one is not our Lot, to dishearten us in the Pursuit. The Time will very shortly come, when the seeming Inequality amongst Mankind will be settled. Farewell.

I am your's, &c.

Mr. LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

SIR, *Oates, April* 26, 1695.

YOU look with the Eyes, and ſpeak the Language of Friendſhip, when you make my Life of much more Concern to the World than your own. I take it, as it is, for an Effect of your Kindneſs, and ſo ſhall not accuſe you of Compliment; the Miſtakes and Over-valuings of Good-will being always ſincere, even when they exceed what common Truth allows. This on my Side I muſt beg you to believe, that my Life would be much more pleaſant and uſeful to me if you were within my Reach, that I might ſometimes enjoy your Converſation, and, upon twenty Occaſions, lay my Thoughts before you, and have the Advantage of your Judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my Share of Friends of all Ranks, and ſuch, whoſe Intereſt, Aſſiſtance, Affection, and Opinions too, in fit Caſes, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one Place vacant, that I know no body that would ſo well fill as yourſelf: I want one near me to talk freely with, *De quolibet Ente*; to propoſe to the Extravagancies that riſe in my Mind; one with whom I would debate ſeveral Doubts and Queſtions, to ſee what was in them. Meditating by one's ſelf is like digging in the Mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden Earth, which never came near the Light before; but whether it contain any Metal in it, is never ſo well tried as in Converſation with a knowing, judicious Friend, who carries about him the true Touch-ſtone, which is Love of Truth in a clear-thinking Head. Men of Parts and Judgment the World uſually gets hold of, and by a great Miſtake (that their Abilities of Mind are loſt, if not employ'd in the Purſuit of Wealth or Power) engages them in the Ways of Fortune and Intereſt, which uſually leave but little Freedom or Leiſure of Thought for pure diſintereſted Truth. And ſuch who give themſelves up frankly, and in Earneſt, to the full Latitude of real Knowledge, are not every where to be met with.

Wonder

Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my Neighbourhood: I should be too happy in a Friend of your Make, where you within my Reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some Business would once bring you within Distance; and 'tis a Pain to me to think of leaving the World, without the Happiness of seeing you. I am, &c.

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

DEAR SIR, *Oates, 2 July,* 1695.

DID I not assure myself that our Friendship were grown beyond Suspicion of Compliment, I should think I should have need to make Excuses to you for my long Silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither Forgetfulness nor Negligence.

The Abridgment of my *Essay* is quite finish'd. It is done by a very ingenious Man of *Oxford*, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his Learning and Virtue, who has a great many Pupils. It is done with the same Design you had in View when you mention'd it. He has generally (as far as I could remember) made Use of my Words; he very civilly sent it me when it was done; upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. *Churchill*'s Hands, and will be printed as soon as the third Edition of my *Essay*, which is now in the Press, is printed off

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good Effects of my Method on your Son. I should be glad to know the Particulars; for though I have seen the Success of it in a Child of the Lady, in whose House I am (whose Mother has taught him *Latin* without knowing it herself when she began) yet I would be glad to have other Instances; because some Men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the World by a new Method, object, I hear, that my Way of Education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the Child above-mention'd, but nine Years old in

June

June last, has learn'd to read and write very well; is now reading *Quintus Curtius* with his Mother; understands Geography and Chronology very well, and the *Copernican* System of our Vortex; is able to multiply well, and divide a little; and all this without ever having one Blow for his Book. The third Edition is now out; I have order'd Mr. *Churchill* to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your Opinion of the Additions, which have much encreased the Bulk of the Book. And though I think all that I have said right; yet you are the Man I depend on for a fair and free Censure, not inclined either to flatter, or quarrel. You know not of what Value a knowing Man, that is a sincere Lover of Truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not therefore, if I place a great Part of my Happiness in your Friendship, and wish every Day you were my Neighbour; you would then find what Use I should make of it. But, not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the Advantage I can at this Distance. Read the Additions, and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the World. Pray let me know whether the Doctor, your Brother, has any Children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my Books of *Education*.

Mr. MOLYNEUX to Mr. LOCKE.

SIR, *Dublin, August* 24, 1695.

I AM mightily pleased that your *Essay* is abridg'd, though for my own reading, I would not part with a Syllable of it. However, others may not have so much Leisure as to set on a large Book, and for such the Abridgment may be useful. 'Tis to me no small Argument of the curious Genius of the *English* Nation, that a Work so abstract as yours, should now suffer three Impressions in so short a Time.

I have already so much Experience of your Method of *Education*, that I long to see your third Edition.

And

And ſince you put me upon it (to whom I can refuſe nothing in my Power) I will give you a ſhort Account of my little Boy's Progreſs under it.

He was ſix Years old about the Middle of laſt *July*. When he was but juſt turn'd five, he could read perfectly well; and on the Globes could have traced out, and pointed at all the noted Parts, Countries, and Cities of the World, both Land and Sea: And by five and an half, could perform many of the plaineſt Problems on the Globe; as the Longitude and Latitude, the Antipodes, the Time with them and other Countries, *&c.* And this by Way of Play and Diverſion, ſeldom call'd to it, never chid or beaten for it. About the ſame Age he could read any Number of Figures, not exceeding ſix Places, break it as you pleaſe by Cyphers or Zero's. By the Time he was ſix, he could manage a Compaſs, Ruler and Pencil, very prettily, and perform many little Geometrical Tricks, and advanced to Writing and Arithmetick; and has been about three Months at *Latin*, wherein his Tutor obſerves as nigh as he can, the Method preſcrib'd by you. He can read a *Gazette*; and, in the large Maps of *Sanſon*, ſhews moſt of the remarkable Places as he goes along, and turns to the proper Maps. He has been ſhewn ſome Dogs diſſected, and can give ſome little Account of the grand Traces of Anatomy. And as to the Formation of his Mind, which you rightly obſerve to be the moſt valuable Part of Education, I do not believe that any Child had ever his Paſſions more perfectly at Command. He is obedient and obſervant to the nieeſt Particular, and at the ſame Time ſprightly, playful, and active.

The Marquis of GRANBY's *Letter of Thanks to the* Britiſh *Forces in* Germany.

Munſter, Jan. 1, 1763.

LORD *Granby* hoped to have had it in his Power to have ſeen and taken his Leave of the Troops, before

before their Embarkation for *England*; but a severe Illness having detained him at *Warburg*, and his present State of Health obliging him to take another Route, he could not leave this Country without this public Testimony of his entire Approbation of their Conduct since he has had the Honour of commanding them.

These Sentiments naturally call for his utmost Acknowledgments; he therefore returns his warmest Thanks to the Generals, Officers, and private Men, composing the whole *British* Corps, for the Bravery, Zeal, Discipline and good Conduct he has constantly experienced from every Individual; and his most particular and personal Thanks are due to them for their ready Obedience, upon all Occasions, to such Orders as his Station obliged him to give.

His best Endeavours have always been directed to their Good, by every Means in his Power; and he has the Satisfaction to think he has some Reason to flatter himself of their being convinced, if not of the Efficacy at least of the Sincerity, of his Intentions, if he may judge by the noble Return their Behaviour has made him; a Behaviour that, while it fills him with Gratitude, has endeared them to their King and Country, and has covered them with Glory and Honour.

Highly sensible of their Merit, he shall continue, while he lives, to look upon it as much his Duty, as it will for ever be his Inclinations, to give them every possible Proof of his Affection and Esteem; which he should be happy to make as apparent as their Valour has been, and will be conspicuous and exemplary to after Ages. I am, &c.

An Uncle to a Youth, on his complaining of Hardships in his Apprenticeship.

COUSIN WILLIAM,

I AM sorry you should have any Misunderstanding with your Master: I have a good Opinion of him, and I am unwilling to entertain a bad one of you. It is

is so much the Master's Interest to use his Apprentices well, that I am inclinable to think, that when they are badly treated, it is oftener the Effect of Provocation than Choice. Wherefore, before I give myself the Trouble of interposing in your Behalf, I desire you will strictly inquire of yourself, whether you have not, by some Misconduct or other, provoked that Alteration in your Master's Behaviour, of which you so much complain. If, after having diligently complied with this Request, you assure me, that you are not sensible of having given Cause of Disgust on your Side, I will readily use my best Endeavours to reconcile you to your Master, or procure you another. But, if you find yourself blameable, it will be better for you to remove, by your own Amendment, the Occasion of your Master's Displeasure, than to have me, or any other Friend offer to plead your Excuse where you know it would be unjust to defend you. If this should be your Case, all your Friends together could promise for your better Behaviour, indeed; but as the Performance must even be your own, it will be much more to your Character to pass through your whole Term without any Interposition between you. Weigh well what I have here said, and remember that your future Welfare depends greatly on your present Behaviour. I am

Your loving Uncle.

To Mr. LUSTLOVE.

From a Lady of inferior Fortune, whom he courted for a Mistress.

SIR,

AFTER very much Perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this Way. If I do not within a few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But, alas! what am

I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you: But, after I have done so, I am to assure you, that, with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no Inclinations towards me, but to my Dishonour. But alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but professed Error and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy; and yet you give up every Thing else, when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World; and I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife; and hope to convince you, that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one, who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence; you would soon grow tired of me, though I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it made itself false, where is now the Innocence which charm'd you? The first Hour you are alone, you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a Destroyer; he blasts all the Fruits he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her place, after Imagination is cloy'd; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold myself the Cause of uneasy Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the two

Companions

Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air, and free Commerce, which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life, of which I have but a mere Idea.

On the other Hand, if you can be so good and so generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise yourself all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easy Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise yourself from me, will be followed by Distaste and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of Sense are but the lower Part of its Felicity.

Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness, the haughty Daughter of a Man, who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her, who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honoured and obliged by that Permission, whom of the two will you chuse? You perhaps will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all Things to have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought you; I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce

between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain; between us of a Friendſhip. Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wiſhes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Aſk yourſelf, how would you be pleaſed to enjoy for ever the Pleaſure of having laid an Immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? Such will be your Caſe with me. In the other Marriage you will live in a conſtant Compariſon of Benefits, and never know the Happineſs of conferring or receiving any.

It may be you will after all act rather in the prudential Way, according to the Senſe of the ordinary World. I know not what to think or ſay, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me; but ſhall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your grateful Wife, but never your abandon'd Miſtreſs.

From a Country Chapman beginning Trade, to a City Dealer, offering his Correſpondence.

SIR, *Lancaſter, Oct.* 20, 1763.

THE Time of my Apprenticeſhip with Mr. *Walker* of this Town being expired, I am juſt going to begin for myſelf in *Preſton*, having taken a Shop there for that Purpoſe. And as I know the Satisfaction you always gave to my Maſter in your Dealings, I make an Offer to you of my Correſpondence, in Expectation that you will uſe me as well as you have done him, in whatever I may write to you for. And this I the rather expect, as you cannot diſoblige Mr. *Walker* by it, becauſe of the Diſtance I ſhall be from him; and I ſhall endeavour to give you equal Content with regard to my Payments, *&c.* Your ſpeedy Anſwer, whether or no you are diſpoſed to accept of my Offer, will oblige

Your humble Servant.

In

In Answer to the foregoing.

SIR, *London*, 23 *October*, 1763.

I HAVE received yours of the 20th, and very chearfully accept the Favour you offer me. I will take care to serve you in the best Manner I am able, and on the same Foot with Mr. *Walker*; not doubting you will make as punctual Returns as he does; which intitles him to a more favourable Usage than could otherwise be afforded. I wish you Success with all my Heart, and am

Your obliged Servant.

From a Maid-Servant in Town, acquainting her Father and Mother in the Country with a Proposal of Marriage, and asking their Consents.

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,

I THINK it my Duty to acquaint you, that I am addressed to for Change of Condition, by one Mr. *John Brittle*, who is a Glasier, and lives in the Neighbourhood by us. He is a young Man of a sober Character, and has been set up about two Years, has good Business for his Time, and is well beloved, and spoken well of by every one. My Friends here think well of it, particularly my Master and Mistress: And he says, he doubts not, by God's Blessing on his Industry, to maintain a Family very prettily: And I have fairly told him, how little he has to expect with me. But I would not conclude on any Thing, however, till I had acquainted you with his Proposals, and asked your Blessings and Consents; for I am and ever will be

Your dutiful Daughter

ANN LOVEGLASS.

From the Parents, in Answer to the preceding.

DEAR NANNY,

WE have received your dutiful Letter. We can only pray to God to bless and direct you in all your Engagements. Our Distance from you must make us leave every Thing to your own Discretion; and, as you are so well satisfied in Mr. *Brittle*'s Character, as well as all Friends, and your Master and Mistress, we give our Blessings and Consents with all our Hearts: We are only sorry we can do no more for you. But let us know when it is done, and we will do some little Matter, as far as we are able, towards House-keeping. Our Respects to Mr. *Brittle*. Every Body joins with us in Wishes for your Happiness; and may God bless you, is all that can be said by

Your truly loving Father and Mother.

The Daughter's Answer, acquainting her Parents with her Marriage.

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,

I Write to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I was married to Mr. *Brittle*, and am to go home to him in a Fortnight. My Master and Mistress have been very kind, and have made me a Present, towards House-keeping, of three Guineas. I had saved twenty Pounds in Service, and that is all. I told him the naked Truth of every Thing, and, indeed, did not intend to marry so soon; but, when I had your Letter, and shewed it him, he would not let me rest till it was done. Pray do not streighten yourselves out of Love to me. He joins with me in saying so, and bids me present his Duty to you, and tell you, that he fears not to maintain me very well. I have no Reason to doubt of being very happy. And your Prayers for a Blessing on both our Industry, will, I hope, be a Means to make us more so. We are, and ever shall be, with Respects to all Friends,

Your most dutiful Son and Daughter.

Recom-

Recommending a superior Man-Servant.

SIR,

THE Bearer of this is Mr. *John Thrifty*, whom I mentioned to you the last Time I saw you; and for whose Integrity and Ability to serve you in the Way you talked of, I dare be answerable. I take the greater Pleasure in this Recommendation, as I doubt not it will be of Service to you both; and am,

Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Recommending a Wet Nurse.

MADAM,

THE Bearer is Mrs. *Fruitful*, whom I recommend to you as a Nurse for Master. You will be pleased with her neat Appearance, and wholesome Countenance. She lives just above Want, in a pleasant airy Place; and has a very honest diligent Husband, with whom she lives very happily; and the Man is exceedingly fond of Children, very sober and good-humoured; and they have every Thing very pretty about them. You will find such Answers to the Questions that shall be put to her, as will please you in every Respect that you mentioned to me; and the Woman will not tell an Untruth, or impose upon you. In a Word, I know not a more proper Person, and I am glad I have this Opportunity to oblige you in so deserved a Recommendation; for I am,

Dear Madam, your most faithful Servant.

To a Friend, in Compliance with his Request to borrow a Sum of Money, the Repayment being limited to a certain Time.

SIR,

THE Intimation you give me, that the Sum of fifty Pounds will be of great Use to you, and that you shall be able to repay it in four Months, makes

me resolve to put myself to some Difficulty to oblige you. Accordingly, I inclose a Bank-note to that Amount. But I must, in the Name of Friendship, beg of you to return it to me unused, if you cannot keep your Word in the Repayment; for my accommodating you with this Sum is rather, at present, a Testimony of my Inclination, than Ability, to serve you: For I am Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

A Letter from Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, *Linen-draper, in* London, *formerly of* Manchester, *to the Author of a Paper, called the* FREE THINKER.

SIR,

I AM a Linen-Draper, and am proud that it is in my Province to serve many of the Fair Sex with Holland, Muslins, *&c.* but notwithstanding I make it my Study to please all my Customers, I had this Day the Misfortune to disoblige a Lady, by adhering too scrupulously to a favourite Maxim of yours, *That Honesty is the best Policy.*

This Lady wanted some extraordinary good Holland, and pretended to have a great deal of Skill, and the nicest Discernment in Linen, which I could wish all the Persons had who come to my Shop. I very officiously strew'd my Compters over with various Sorts, and told her the Prices of them; but none plea's'd her. I continu'd to shew finer, till I had quite drain'd my Compters; but still she did not approve of any: Being very studious to please her, I pick'd out a choice Piece of Holland, and justly recommended it for its Fineness, told her I would engage for its Goodness, that it was even, thick, and white, that it was a Holland of an excellent Fabrick; with all the Eloquence of such like Drapery Terms: The very lowest Price I told her was 10*s.* *per* Ell; after all I could say, she found fault with it, said she lik'd it not, that it would not do, though she did not assign any one proper Reason for her Dislike of it.

Being conscious that this Holland very well deserv'd the Character I had given it, I was resolv'd to make Use

Use (in an honest Way) of an Expedient which is sometimes practis'd in all Trades: Whereupon, unknown to the Lady, I shew'd her the very same Holland again, telling her, that it was an extraordinary Piece, and the very best I could pretend to put into her Hands: She ask'd the Price; I told her 13 *s.* an Ell; she immediately blam'd me for not shewing her that Piece before, saying, I like this very well; she order'd me to cut off 12 Ells, for which she paid me. I thereupon return'd her 36 *s.* assuring her it was the very same Holland I had offer'd her before at 10 *s.* an Ell. I desired her not to have a worse Opinion of it, because I thought myself oblig'd to make a Return of that Money; and said, she should always find sincere Dealing from me: Upon which she told me she would never come within my Shop. I answer'd, that I was very sorry her Ladyship should misconstrue a well-intended Action; that I was not willing to gain her Custom by defrauding her; and advis'd her rather to repose a Confidence in an honest Tradesman, than to rely too much upon her own Judgment.

I humbly appeal to you Mr. *Free Thinker*, desiring your Sentiments of my Conduct in this Affair, and am, &c. J. H.

From an Apprentice to his Master, begging Forgiveness for a great Misdemeanour.

GOOD SIR,

I AM so ashamed of myself for the last Occasion I have given you to be angry with me, after my repeated Promises of Amendment, that I have not the Courage to speak to you. I therefore take this Method of begging you to forgive what is past; and let this Letter testify against me if ever I wilfully or knowingly offend again for the future. You have Children of your own. They may possibly offend, though I hope they never will, as I have done. Yet, Sir, would you not wish they might meet with Pardon, if they should, rather

rather than Reprobation? — My Making or my Ruin, I am ſenſible, lies in your Breaſt. If you will not forgive me, ſad will be the Conſequence to me, I doubt. If you do, you may ſave a Soul, as well as a Body, from Miſery: and, I hope, Sir, you will weigh this with your uſual Goodneſs and Conſideration. What is paſt, I cannot help; but for what is to come, I do promiſe, if God gives me Health and Power, that my Actions ſhall teſtify for me how much I am,

Good Sir, &c.

The Maſter's Anſwer.

JOHN,

YOUR Letter has affected me ſo much, that I am willing once more to paſs over all you have done. Surely I may at laſt depend on theſe your ſolemn Aſſurances, and, I hope, deep Contrition! If not, be it as you ſay, and let your Letter teſtify againſt you for your ungrateful Baſeneſs; and for me, in my Readineſs (which however ſhall be the laſt Time) to forgive one that has been ſo much given to promiſe, and ſo little to perform. But I hope for better, becauſe I yet wiſh you well; being, as you uſe me,

Yours, or otherwiſe.

Dr. TILLOTSON to Lord SHREWSBURY.

MY LORD,

IT was a great Satisfaction to me, to be any Ways inſtrumental in gaining your Lordſhip to our Religion, which I am really perſuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordſhip ſhould continue a virtuous and good Man, than become a Proteſtant; being aſſured that the Ignorance and Errors of Men's Underſtanding, will find a much eaſier Forgiveneſs with God, than the Faults of the Will. I remember your Lordſhip once told me, that

you

you would endeavour to justify the Sincerity of your Change, by a conscientious Regard to all other Parts and Actions of your Life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own Act, than by being a worse Man after your Profession to have embraced a better Religion; I will certainly be one of the last to believe any Thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. The Time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth to trouble your Lordship about it; but having heard the same from those who, I believe, bear no Ill-will to your Lordship, I now think it my Duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a Conversation, dangerous both to your Reputation and Virtue; two of the tenderest and dearest Things in the World. I believe your Lordship to have a great Command and Conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human Frailty, and of the dangerous Temptations to which Youth is exposed in this dissolute Age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high Provocation of almighty God, and the Hazard of your Soul, whenever you engage in a bad Course, what a Blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted Reputation; what Uneasiness and Trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe Reflections of a guilty Conscience; and how great a Violence you will offer to your good Principles, your Nature, and your Education. Do not imagine you can stop when you please: Experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for Men to think they can set Bounds to themselves in any Thing that is bad. I hope in God no Temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose Act; if it has, as you love your Soul, let it not proceed to an Habit; the Retreat is yet easy and open, but will every Day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that, upon your Repentance and Resolution of Amend-

ment,

ment, he is not only ready to forgive what is paſt, but to aſſiſt us, by his Grace, to be better for the future. But I need not enforce theſe Conſiderations upon a Mind ſo capable of, and eaſy to receive good Counſel: I ſhall only deſire your Lordſhip to think again and again, how great a Point of Wiſdom it is, in all our Actions, to conſult the Peace of our Minds, and to have no Quarrel with the conſtant and inſeparable Companion of our Lives. If others diſpleaſe us, we may quit their Company; but he that is diſpleaſed with himſelf, is unavoidably unhappy, becauſe he has no Way to get rid of himſelf.

My Lord, for God's Sake and your own, think of being happy, and reſolve by all Means to ſave yourſelf from this untoward Generation. Determine rather upon a ſpeedy Change of your Condition, than to gratify the Inclinations of your Youth, in any Thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the Satisfaction to be aſſured from your Lordſhip, either that there has been no Ground for this Report, or that there ſhall be none for the future, which will be the welcomeſt News to me in the World. I have only to beg of your Lordſhip to believe, that I have not done this to ſatisfy the Formality of my Profeſſion; but that it proceeds from the trueſt Affection and good Will, that one Man can poſſibly bear to another. I pray to God every Day for your Lordſhip, with the ſame Conſtancy and Fervor as for myſelf, and do now earneſtly beg that this Counſel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

FORMS *of* MESSAGES *and* COMPLIMENTS *for* CARDS, *or* BILLETS, *which may be altered ſo as to ſerve on moſt Occaſions.*

CARD I.

MR. and Mrs. *Gay*'s Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Chearful*, and if they are not engaged will do themſelves the Pleaſure to wait on them, in the Afternoon, to drink Tea.

Monday, 10 o'Clock.

CARD

CARD II.

The Answer.

Mr. and Mrs. *Chearful* return their Compliments, and will be very glad of Mr. and Mrs. *Gay*'s good Company.

Monday, 11 o'Clock.

CARD III.

Mr. and Mrs. *Young*'s Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Ward*, and shall be glad of their Company this Evening to play a serious Game at Whist.

Tuesday Morn.

CARD IV.

The Answer.

Mr. *Young*, Mrs. *Ward*'s Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. are sorry they cannot have the Pleasure of waiting upon them, being pre-engaged.

Tuesday Morn.

CARD V.

Miss *Brown* hearing that Miss *Williams* is indisposed, desires, with her Compliments to her, to know how she does, and, as soon as it is agreeable, will do herself the Pleasure to pay her Respects to her personally.

Wednesday Morn.

CARD VI.

The Answer.

Miss *Williams*'s Compliments to Miss *Brown*, with Thanks for her kind Enquiry of her Health. She has got a severe Cold, which will prevent her going abroad a few Days, Miss *Brown*'s Company, will, on that Account, be a greater Favour than usual, as often as convenient.

Wednesday Morn.

CARD VII.

Miss *Carter*'s and others of Miss *Bell*'s Acquaintance, send Compliments, and intending to see the new Tragedy to-night, will in their Way call upon Miss *Bell*, whose agreeable Company will conduce greatly to heighten the Pleasure proposed.

Thursday Morn.

CARD

CARD VIII.

The Answer.

Miss *Bell*'s Compliments to Miss *Carter* and her Acquaintance, to all whom she is highly obliged for their intended Favour, and will be ready to wait upon them; and doubts not of being agreeably entertain'd in the Company of Persons of such good Sense and true Taste.

Thursday Morn.

CARD IX.

Mr. *Mason*'s Compliments to Miss *Fanny Birch*, who he understands is to be of the Party invited to dance Country Dances at Mr. *Smart*'s this Evening. Being engag'd in some particular Business, which will prevent his personally waiting on her, begs the Favour of having her for a Partner.

Friday, 10 o'Clock.

CARD X.

The Answer.

Miss *Fanny Birch* has no Objection against dancing with Mr. *Mason*, and thinks necessary Business a very sufficient Reason for his not waiting on her personally.

Friday Noon.

CARD XI.

Mr. *Freeman* sends his best Respects to Coz. *Jones* and Family, and begs the Favour of their Company to dine with uncle *Freeman*, who says it is a bold Freedom for a Batchelor to pretend to entertain those who are so good Judges of genteel and elegant Life; but candid and good-natur'd Visitants make all wish'd for Allowances.

Saturday Morn.

CARD XII.

The Answer.

Mr. and Mrs. *Jones* and Family's proper Respects to Uncle *Freeman*, and as many of them as can conveniently, will do themselves the Pleasure to wait on him to Dinner; where there is no Doubt of meeting with every Thing from Coz. *Freeman*, that is agreeable, tho' a Batchelor.

Saturday Morn.

F I N I S.