Mary Elizabeth Ellis
to present from her
Brother 1826

012987 aa. 69
311

THE COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER;

Or, Polite English Secretary.

CONTAINING

FAMILIAR LETTERS

ON THE MOST COMMON OCCASIONS IN LIFE.

ALSO

A Variety of more elegant Letters,

For Examples and Improvement of Style, from the best modern Authors; together with

MANY ORIGINALS,

ON

BUSINESS,	AFFECTION,	FRIENDSHIP,
DUTY,	COURTSHIP,	AND
AMUSEMENT,	MARRIAGE,	OTHER SUBJECTS.

To which is prefixed,

A PLAIN AND COMPENDIOUS

Grammar of the English Tongue:

ALSO

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING LETTERS;

And how to address Persons of all Ranks, either in Writing or Discourse;

And some necessary Orthographical Directions.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A FEW SELECT LETTERS,

By the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne, and others.

WITH SOME

OBSERVATIONS ON LETTER WRITING,

And of the Knowledge of the World,

BY THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE NINETEENTH EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH A VERY CAPITAL FAC SIMILE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. Ashley,

Of a very curious Letter from the celebrated Mrs. Rowe to Lady ——.

The great Credit and Sale of this Book having given Rise to many mutilated Piracies thereof, the Public are desired to note, that none is genuine unless

PRINTED FOR JAMES SCATCHERD, No. 12, AVE-MARIA-LANE, LONDON; AND B. C. COLLINS, SALISBURY.

PREFACE.

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

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

In the firſt place, the perſons for whoſe uſe this Collection is intended, are preſented with *A very plain and compendious Grammar of the Engliſh Tongue:* to which are added, Directions how to addreſs Perſons of all Ranks either in Writing or Diſcourſe. This, we preſume, is laying the foundation of our deſign well, and

as it ought to be. The rudiments of a tongue once obtained, we proceed easily to raise our superstructure; without this we do nothing.

Next is an Introduction, containing Directions for inditing proper Letters on most occasions, and the Sentiments of several eminent Authors on Epistolary Writing.

But the chief branch of this design, and which indeed composes the main body of the Work, is a proper Collection of Letters, (with some Originals) by eminent Authors, upon subjects very various in their nature, and therefore not easily thrown under regular classes. *Business*, *Duty*, *Amusement*, *Affection*, *Courtship*, *Friendship*, and a multiplicity of other affairs that may require a *Letter*, are here made the subject of ours; so that on most occasions no person can be at a loss for a pattern to direct him. And it is from this great variety of examples for *Style* and *Manner*, a *Grammar* for writing true *English*, and other necessary Directions, that we presume to call this performance by the name of *The Complete Letter-Writer*; such a number of letters being inserted as to answer the purpose of almost every individual, from the Boy at School to the Secretary of State. Nor let it offend the delicacy of any reader, that he will here meet with many Epistles of the lower class: these could not be omitted without deviating from the grand point in view, namely, *General Utility*.

CON-

CONTENTS.

A *Plain and compendious Grammar of the English Tongue* - - - - Page 1
The Introduction, containing some general Directions for writing Letters, and how to address Persons of Distinction, in Writing or Discourse, &c. - - 31
Some farther Directions and Observations on Epistolary Correspondence, and subscribing and directing Letters 37
Some necessary Orthographical Directions for writing correctly, and when to use Capital Letters and when not 49

PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS on the most useful and common Occasions.

Letter
I. *From a Brother at home, to his Sister abroad on a visit complaining of her not writing* - - 50
II. *His Sister's Answer* - - -51
III. *A young Gentleman's Letter to his Papa, written from School* - - - - - *ib.*
IV. *Another on the same subject* - - 52
V. *To a Friend against Waste of Time* - *ib.*
VI. *In Answer to a Friend* - - - 53
VII. *To a young Gentleman* - - - *ib.*
VIII. *From a young Lady, in Answer to a Letter she had received from her Mamma, advising her to persevere in the Christian Duties she had been instructed in* 54
IX. *From a young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a favour* - - - - - 56
X. *From a young Gentleman to his Papa, desiring that he may learn to dance* - - - - 57
XI. *From a young Lady to her Papa, who lately embarked for the East Indies, in the Company's Service, but detained at Portsmouth by contrary winds* - 58
XII. *From a young Woman just gone to service, to her Mother at home* - - - - 59
XIII. *Her Mother's Answer* - - - *ib.*
XIV. *The Daughter to her Mother* - - 61
XV. *The Mother's Answer and Advice* - 62

XVI. *A Son's Letter at School to his Father* - 65
XVII. *A Letter of Excuse to a Father or Mother* *ib.*
XVIII. *To Mr.* —— - - - *ib.*
XIX. *From a young Apprentice to his Father, to let him know how he likes his place and goes on* - 67
XX. *From a Daughter to her Mother, by way of excuse for having neglected to write to her* - - 68
XXI. *From Robin Redbreast in the garden, to Master Billy Careless abroad at School* - - *ib.*
XXII. *From one Sister to another* - - 70
XXIII. *In Answer to the foregoing* - - 71
XXIV. *From Lady Goodford to her Daughter, a girl of fourteen years old.* - - - - 72
XXV. *To a young Lady cautioning her against keeping Company with a Gentleman of bad character* - 74
XXVI. *A Letter of Thanks, &c.* - - 75
XXVII. *From an Apprentice to his Friends* - 76
XXVIII. *From an elder Brother to a younger* - *ib.*
XXIX. *A Letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a Letter of Rebuke* - - - 77
XXX. *A Letter from a Niece to her Aunt* - *ib.*
XXXI. *Letter from a Youth at School to his Parents* 78
XXXII. *Letter from an Apprentice in Town, to his Friends in the Country* - - - *ib.*
XXXIII. *From an elder Brother in the Country, to his younger Brother, put an Apprentice in London* 79
XXXIV. *A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Assurance that it was not out of Disrespect* - - 80
XXXV. *A Letter from a Servant in London, to his Master in the Country* - - - *ib.*
XXXVI. *From a Father to his Son just beginning the World* - - - - - 81
XXXVII. *To an intimate Acquaintance to borrow Money* - - - - - 83
XXXVIII. *To an Acquaintance, to borrow a Sum of Money for a little time* - - - *ib.*
XXXIX. *An Answer to the foregoing* - - *ib.*
XL. *Miss J——, in Answer to Mrs.* ——, *making an Apology for not answering a Letter sooner* - 84
XLI. *Miss J—— to Miss Lovelace, on the present Letter Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter* *ib.*

XLII. *To*

XLII. *To Miss L. in Answer to her Description of Windsor* - - - - - 86
XLIII. *Miss J. to Miss L. from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey* - - 87
XLIV. *To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made use of in Letters* - - 88
XLV. *From Miss Jones to Lady* —— - 89
XLVI. *From a Tradesman to his Correspondent, requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money* - - 90
XLVII. *The Answer* - - -. - 91
XLVIII. *To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer* - - - - *ib.*
XLIX. *From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him* 92
L. *The Wholesale Dealer's Answer* - - 93
LI. *From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship to a Relation, requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money* - - - - - *ib.*

PART II.

LETTERS of COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

I. *From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman, desiring leave to wait on his Daughter* - - 95
II. *From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her* - 96
III. *From a Daughter to her Mother, upon the same Occasion* - - - - - *ib.*
IV. *The Mother's Answer to the foregoing* - 97
V. *A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship* 98
VI. *The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion* - - - - - - 99
VII. *From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of ill Success in his Addresses* - - - *ib.*
VIII. *From a Daughter to her Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had proposed to her, with a Gentleman much older than herself* - 100
IX. *From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband* 102

X. *From*

X. *From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity* - - 103
XI. *From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another, in Answer to the foregoing* *ib.*
XII *From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy* - - - - - 104
XIII. *From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her of receiving the Addresses of another. In Answer to the above* - - - - - 105
XIV. *From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen in public* - - - - - 106
XV. *From a Relation of a Lady, in Answer to the above* - - - - - 107
XVI. *From a Lover who had Cause of Displeasure, and determines never to see the Lady again* - *ib.*
XVII. *From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the Addresses of a young Tradesman* - 108
XVIII. *Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does not approve of the young Man's Addresses* 109
XIX. *The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does approve of the young Man's Addresses* - 110
XX. *A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's favour to him for her Niece* - - - - - *ib.*
XXI. *The Aunt's Answer, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement* - - - 111
XXII. *From a respectful Lover to his Mistress* - 112
XXIII. *The Answer* - - - - 113
XXIV. *A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious formality in Courtship* - - *ib.*
XXV. *The Lady's Answer, encouraging a further Declaration* - - - - - 114
XXVI. *The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his passion* - - - - - *ib.*
XXVII. *The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the matter on a sudden issue* - - - 115
XXVIII. *A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover* - - - - 116
XXIX. *Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous turn of mind* - - - - 118
XXX. *A Sailor to his Sweetheart* - - 119
XXXI. *Her Answer* - - - - 120

XXXII. *Miss*

XXXII. *Miſs Molly Smith to her Couſin, giving her an Account of a very remarkable Inſtance of Envy, in one of her Acquaintance who lived at York* - 121
XXXIII. *From an unknown Lady to a young Gentleman, on whom ſhe had unfortunately fixed her Affections* 123
XXXIV. *From the ſame Lady to the ſame Gentleman, on his expoſing and making public the foregoing* - 124
XXXV. *Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married* 125
XXXVI. *Harriot's Anſwer to the above* - 127
XXXVII. *To my Lady Lucy Sidney, upon the Marriage of my Lady Dorothy to my Lord Spencer* - 128
XXXVIII. *A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague againſt a Maxim of Monſ. Rochefaucault's "That Marriages are convenient, but never delightful."* - 129

PART III.

FAMILIAR LETTERS of ADVICE and INSTRUCTION, &c. in many Concerns in Life.

I. *A Letter from Judge Hale, Lord Chief Juſtice of England, to his Children; on the ſerious Obſervance of the Lord's Day, when he was on a Journey* - 136
II. *Earl of Stafford to his Son, juſt before his Lordſhip's Execution* - - - - - 137
III. *From a Gentleman at Liſbon, immediately after the Earthquake, to his Son in London* - - 139
IV. *To Amelia, with a Gold Thimble* - - 140
V. *On the Viciſſitudes of human Life* - - 141
VI. *From a Father to his Son, on his Admiſſion into the Univerſity* - - - - - 142
VII. *To Demetrius, with a Preſent of Fruit, on early riſing* - - - - - 144
VIII. *To Lucinda, on the Happineſs of a domeſtic Matrimonial Life* - - - - - 146
IX. *To Cleanthes, on Friendſhip, Age, and Death* 148
X. *A Letter from Biſhop Atterbury to his Son Obadiah, at Chriſtchurch College in Oxford* - - 151
XI. *From a young Lady in one of the Canary Iſlands, to her Siſter in England, whom ſhe had never ſeen; containing a preſſing Invitation to her to come over, and deſcribing the Beauties of the Place in order to prevail on her* - - - - - 152

XII. *From*

XII. *From Miſs Middleton to Miſs Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Siſter's Death* - 154
XIII. *Miſs Middleton's Letter to her Siſter, wrote a few Hours before her Death, adviſing her not to defer making the neceſſary preparations for Futurity* - 156
XIV. *A Letter to Miſs W——, adviſing her to take Care of her Houſe, &c.* - - - - 157
XV. *From a ſenſible Lady, with a never-failing Receipt for a Beauty Waſh* - - - - 159
XVI. *Domeſtic Rule, the Province of the Wife* - 161
XVII. *From a Lady to her Acquaintance, on growing old* - - - - - - 163
XVIII. *To a Lady who had loſt her Beauty by the Small Pox* - - - - - 165

PART IV.

ELEGANT LETTERS on various Subjects, to improve the STYLE and entertain the MIND, from eminent Authors.

I. *From Mr. Gay, giving an account of two Lovers who who were ſtruck dead by the ſame flaſh of lightning* 167
II. *A moſt charming and affectionate Letter, univerſally admired, written by Mr. Pope to the Biſhop of Rocheſter, about a Month before his Baniſhment* - - 169
III. *To Lady ———, from Mr. Pope, on witty and ſerious Letters* - - - - 171
IV. *From Mr. Pope to the Hon. Mrs. H———* 172
V. *From Mr. Pope to Mr. Steel, on ſickneſs and dying young* - - - - - 173
VI. *The Parlour Looking-Glaſs to the beautiful Angelica* - - - - - 175
VII. *From Hortenſius to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happineſs in Retirement* - 178
VIII. *Letter of Conſolation on the Death of a Friend* 179
IX. *From a Gentleman to his Son, juſt arrived from Paris, againſt ſervile Complaiſance and Talkativeneſs; with ſome Directions for behaving politely in Company* - - - - - 180
X. *A Letter written to the Dean of Waterford by a Widower, the Father of ſix Children, under the fictitious Name of Elzevir* - - - - 183

XI. *From*

XI. *From —— to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retirement* - - - - - 184
XII. *By Mr. Pope, in the Style of a Lady* - 186
XIII. *To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all Sublunary Enjoyments* - - - - - *ib.*
XIV. *Mr. Locke, to Anthony Collins, Esq.* - 187
XV. *Earl of Rochester to the Hon. Henry Saville* 188
XVI. *Earl of Rochester to the same* - - 189
XVII. *To Cleora* - - - - 190
XVIII. *To Colonel R——, in Spain, from his Lady in England* - - - - - 191
XIX. *Laura to Aurelia* - - - 192
XX. *From Polydore to Alonzo; giving an Account of his accidentally meeting Aurelia. and of her falsehood to him, &c.* - - - - - 194
XXI. *From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England; giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death* - - - 198
XXII. *From —— to his Sister; demonstrating the unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his sudden Death, since 'twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Bliss* - - - 200
XXIII. *A Letter from Aristus, giving his Friends a Relation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing* - - - - - 201
XXIV. *From Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison* - 203
XXV. *Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband* 205
XXVI. *Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady* 207
XXVII. *From a Person in Town to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution at Tyburn* *ib.*
XXVIII. *Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes* - 210
XXIX. *Miss Vokes to Miss Paget* - - 212
XXX. *Miss Paget to Miss Vokes, with a Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage and Execution, Life, Character and Behaviour of the Dancers* - - - 213
XXXI. *From Miss Vokes, to Miss Paget, not quite in the usual Strain* - - - - 220
XXXII. *Miss Evelyn to Lady Evelyn, giving her an Account of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur* - 221

XXXIII. *The*

XXXIII. *The celebrated Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford* - - - - - 223
XXXIV. *To Clitander, a melancholy Valetudinarian* 224
XXXV. *To Aristodemus* - - - 226
To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer - 227
XXXVI. *Mr. Pope to Dean Swift* - - 229
XXXVII. *To Lord Treasurer Oxford, on the Death of his Daughter the Marchioness of Carmarthen, by Dean Swift* - - - - - 232
XXXVIII. *From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, on the Death of his Father, to his Friend Euphronius* - 234
XXXIX. *From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to Philotes, on the Loss of a Friend* - - - 236
XL. *From the same to Palamedes, against Visitors by Profession* - - - - - 237
XLI. *Lady Jane Douglas to Lady Mary Menzies* 238
XLII. *Miss Paget to Miss Vokes, her Counsel to her Friend, upon the Subject of unequal Matrimony* 241
XLIII. *Miss Vokes to Miss Paget* - - 242
XLIV. *From the Earl of Orrery to his Curate, Mr. Coker* - - - - - 244
XLV. *From Mr. Sterne to Miss L——, afterwards Mrs. Sterne* - - - - - 246
XLVI. *From Mr. Sterne to Miss S———* - 248
XLVII. *From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne* - 249
XLVIII. *From Mr. Sterne to Ignatius Sancho* - 251
XLIX. *Another to the same* - - - 252
L. *Another to the same* - - - *ib.*
LI. *From Lord Bathurst to Dr. Swift* - - 253
LII. *From a Lady at Boston, to her Brother at Fort Washington* - - - - - 255
Of Letter-Writing, by the Earl of Chesterfield - 256
Of the Knowledge of the World - - 257
Poetical Epistles - - - - 268
Forms of Messages for Cards, Billets, &c. - 273

A PLAIN

Copy of an Original

LETTER

of the Celebrated

Mrs. ROWE,

addressed to Lady ——

Engraved from the Letter

being an exact Specimen

of her Hand Writing.

Published as the Act directs March 9th 1789 and Printed for
STANLEY CROWDER & BENJ^N CHARLES COLLINS

Madam

when I begin a Freindship
its for immortality this confession
I own is enough to put you
in some terror that you are
never like to drop my conversation
in this world nor the next
but I hope I shall improve in
in the realms of Light to Get
a new sett of Thoughts to
entertain you with at your

rrival there which for the
ublik Interest I wish may
e long after I am sleeping
n the Dust but perhaps mine
ill be the first Joyfull Spirit
hat will wellcome you to the
mmaterial coasts & entertain
ou with one of the softest
ongs of Paradice at your
rrival — mr Rollie would
hink this all gay chimeras
& fairy visions but how much
ore so are all the charming
cenes on Earth

as the fantastick Images of night
Before the opening morning take their flight
so vanish all the Hopes of men, their Pride
and vain Designs the laughing skies deride

you'll think Madam I am re
you shall remember your la
End whoever forgets it I hop
you'll expect the next pie
I send you will be Time
a Scyth & an Hour Glass
really these mementos of mort
are necessary to people like y
in the height of greatness &
full Bloom of youth & Beau

If I go on you'll think me in
Height of the vapors & the pe
of the Spleen but in all the va
of my Temper I am your Ladys

Most obedient

I admire the verses you inclosed & am surprized at the Author

Humble Servant

Eliz. Ro

A

PLAIN AND COMPENDIOUS

GRAMMAR

OF THE

ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR is the art of ſpeaking and writing any language rightly and properly, and it has four parts, and theſe are called *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax*, and *Proſody*.

Orthography teaches how to ſpell and write every word with proper letters; as *nation*, not *naſhun*; *oration*, not *oraſhun*; *did*, not *dud*; *foot*, not *fut*; *tomb*, not *toom*, &c.

Etymology teaches the explanation or kinds of words, their derivation, change, analogy, or likeneſs to one another in any language.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of words together in ſentences.

Proſody teaches the accent and quantity of ſyllables, pronunciation, and art of making verſes.

Of Orthography and the Power of Letters.

A Letter is a mark or character of a ſingle ſound in ſpeech. There are twenty-ſix letters in the *Engliſh* language, viz. *a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r ſ t u v w x y z*, called vowels and conſonants.

A vowel is a letter which makes a full and perfect ſound of itſelf, without adjoining any other letter to it. There are five marks for vowels in the *Engliſh* tongue; they are, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and (*y*) at the end of words for *i*. *Y* is alſo a vowel in the middle of words, but all ſuch words as have (*y*) in the middle are of *Greek* origin; and each of theſe vowels has two general ſounds, that is, a long and a ſhort ſound. The ſhort ſound is made long, by adding a final or ſilent (*e*) at the end; as *bab*, *babe*; *her*, *here*; *fir*, *fire*; *rob*, *robe*; *tun*, *tune*. So when theſe vowels end a ſyllable, they are uſually long; but generally ſhort in all other poſitions.

Of the ſingle Conſonants.

A Conſonant is a letter which cannot make a perfect ſound without adding ſome ſingle or double vowel either before or after it; as *ib*, or *be*; *eat*, or *tea*; and therefore derives its name from conſounding or ſounding together with the vowels. Nevertheleſs it may be defined, a letter ſhewing the ſeveral motions and configurations of the parts of the mouth, by which the ſounds of the vowels are variouſly determined.

The ſingle conſonants are twenty-one in number, *b c d f g h j k l m n p q r ſ t v w x y z*; and are divided into mutes, (by which is meant letters that are not pronounced, though wrote) and half vowels; four of the half vowels are called liquids. A mute is a letter which cannot make a ſound without a vowel; as *b c d f g k p q t*. A half vowel is a letter which makes an imperfect ſound without any letter added; as (*s*) is expreſſed by hiſſing, (*r*) by a quivering of the tongue; theſe are *l m n r ſ v x z*. *H* is an aſpiration or breathing; and (*j*) and (*w*) are neutrals, having both articulate ſounds, eſpecially (*w*), which ſounds every where (*oo*), and ſhould be ſo pronounced.

Of the double Conſonants.

WHEN two or three conſonants meet together, we call them double conſonants; and of theſe ſome are fit to begin words or ſyllables, others to end only; the

the first are called initial or beginning, the second final or ending double consonants.

There are forty-one in number, and are necessary to be understood for the better knowledge of the division of syllables; these are, *bl*, *br*, *ch*, *cl*, *cr*, *dr*, *dw*, *fl*, *fr*, *gl*, *gn*, *gr*, *kn*, *ph*, *pl*, *pr*, *rh*, *sc*, *sh*, *sk*, *sl*, *sm*, *sn*, *sp*, *sq*, *st*, *sw*, *th*, *tr*, *tw*, *wh*, *wr*, *phr*, *sch*, *scr*, *shr*, *spl*, *spr*, *str*, *thr*, *thw*.

Rules for true Spelling and right Division of the Syllables of long Words.

A Syllable is a compleat sound, uttered in one distinct breath; as *so*, *of*, *in*, *which*, *good*, *earth*, &c. Letters serve to make syllables, and syllables words, &c. One single or one double vowel only, or any one of the single or double vowels joined to any one of the single or double consonants, will make a syllable. No number of consonants can make a syllable without a vowel; as *s t r n g t h* can make no syllable of themselves, but if I put in *(e)* betwixt *(r)* and *(n)* thus, *strength*, it makes a syllable and a proper word; and therefore as many vowels, single or double, as are found in a word, of so many syllables does that word consist, which are never above seven or eight, and few words have so many; as *good*, one; *seem-ly*, two; *in-form-er*, three; *per-pe-tu-ate*, four; *de-po-pu-lat-ed*, five; *so-lem-ni-za-ti-on*, six; *tran-sub-stan-ti-a-ti-on*, seven; *in-com-pre-hen-si-bi-li-ty*, eight.

A monosyllable, is a word of *one* syllable.
A dissyllable, is a word of *two* syllables.
A trisyllable, is a word of *three* syllables.
A Polysyllable, is a word of *many* syllables.

There are five general Rules for the true division of syllables.

Rule 1. When a single consonant comes between two vowels, it goes with the last vowel in dividing the syllables; as *a-bate*, *ca-bal*, *de-cay*, *glo ry*, *e-vent*, *wo-man*, *a-bove*, *a-mong*, *di-vide*, &c.

Rule 2. When two conſonants meet in the middle of a word between two vowels, which are not proper to begin a word, they are parted in dividing the ſyllables; as *wed-ding*, *ac-cent*, *vir-gin*, *mut-ton*, *but-ter*, *trum-pet*, *bar-gain*, &c.

Rule 3. When two or three conſonants meet between two vowels that are proper to begin a word, then they go with the laſt ſyllable in the diviſion; as *de-priv*, *re-ſplen-dent*, *bro-ther*, *re-prieve*, *a-bridge*, *ta-bret*, *re-ſtrict*, &c.

Rule 4. When three or four conſonants meet between two vowels which are not proper to begin a word, the firſt conſonant is always kept with the firſt ſyllable in the diviſion; as *ſub-tract*, *ag-gra-vate*, *af-flict*, *con-gru-i-ty*, *con-ſtruct*, *in-ſcribe*, &c.

Rule 5. When two vowels of different ſounds meet in the middle of words, they are parted in the dividing ſyllables; as *li-ar*, *re-al*, *ri-ot*, *tri-al*, *li-on*, *be-ing*, *vow-el*, &c.

Compound words are always ſpelt as their ſimples, thus, *craftſ-men*, *gold-ſmith*, *gazing-ſtock*, *ſhip-wreck*, *tranſ-act*, *diſ-unite*, *un-equal*, &c.

Derivative words are always ſpelt as their primitives, thus, *tempt*, *tempt-ed*; *ſecond*, *ſecond-ary*; *covet*, *covet-ous*, *form*, *form-ed*, &c.

But when the primitive ends with a vowel, and the ſyllable which is added begins alſo with a vowel, then the firſt vowel is always dropt, and the ſound of the preceding conſonant is ſoftened by the ſubſequent vowel, as *ape*, *ap-iſh*, *fame*, *fam-ous*, ; *love*, *lov-ed*; *give*, *giv-er*, *move*, *mov-ing*; *hate*, *hat-ing*; *dance*, *danc-ing*; *trifle*, *tri-fling*; *bubble*, *bub-bling*, &c.

Obſerve that all derivative words ending in *(ing)* are active participles, formed of verbs which are their primitives; and where the leaving out *(e)* in this participle would cauſe any confuſion in the ſenſe, it is better to retain it; as from the verb *ſinge*, write *ſinge-ing*, and *ſinge-d*

ſinge-eth, to diſtinguiſh it from *ſinging* and *ſingeth*.— But it is to be obſerved that this *(e)* is not dropt before *(able)*; as *adviſe*, *adviſe-able*; *deſire*, *deſire-able*; *agree*, *agree-able*; *change*, *change-able*, &c.

If the additional ſyllable, which makes it a derivative, begins with a conſonant, then the vowel in the primitive is always retained, according to the rule of derivative words; as *love*, *love-ly*; *like*, *like-neſs*; *fine*, *fine-ly*; *time*, *time-ly*, &c.

And when the primitive word ends with *(y)*, it is changed into *(i)* in the derivation; as *duty*, *duti-ful*; *crafty*, *crafti-neſs*; *angry*, *angri-neſs*; *envy*, *envi-ous*, &c. But *(y)* is retained before the vowel *(i)*; as *teſtify*, *teſtify-ing*; *multiply*, *multiply-ing*; *envy*, *envy-ing*; *deny*, *deny-ing*; *apply*, *apply-ing*, &c.

And when a word of one or more ſyllables ends with a ſingle conſonant, and no diphthong goes before it, and the accent lies on the laſt ſyllable, then that conſonant is always double in the derivative; as *man*, *man-ned*; *pen*, *pen-ned*; *fan*, *fan-ned*; *ſtir*, *ſtir-red*; *tin*, *tin-ned*; *ſin*, *ſin-ned*; *ſtop*, *ſtop-ping*; *drop*, *drop-ping*; *tun*, *tun-ned*, &c.

Of primitive and derivative Words.

ALL Words are either primitive or derivative, ſimple or compound. A primitive or ſimple word is not formed of any other; as *man*, *good*, *hope*, *kind*, &c. A derivative word is a primitive or ſimple word, with the addition of a ſyllable or ſyllables to the ſame; ſuch as *able*, *al*, *ance*, *ary*, *ate*, *ed*, *en*, *er*, *eſt*, *eth*, *ing*, *iſh*, *iſm*, *iſt*, *ize*, *leſs*, *ly*, *neſs*, *ous*, *y*.

A compound word is formed of two or more ſimple words; as *wheel-wright*, *ſhip-wright*, *ſchool-maſter*: or of a ſimple word and ſyllable, called a prepoſition, ſet before it; as *diſ-pleaſe*, *un-fit*, *con-found*, &c.

Of the Prepoſitions that are uſed in the compoſition of Engliſh *Words, their Signification and Uſe.*

THE *Engliſh* prepoſitions uſed in the compoſition of *Engliſh* Words are, *a*, *be*, *for*, *fore*, *mis*, *over*, *out*, *run*, *up*, *with*.

A. Signifies as much as *on*, or *in*; as *a-foot*, *a-ſhore*, for *on foot*, *on ſhore*.

Be. Signifies *about*; as *be-ſprinkle*, that is, *to ſprinkle about*; *to be-ſtir*, i. e. *to ſtir about*.

For. Denies or deprives; as *for-bid*, i. e. *bid it not to be done*; *for-ſake*, i. e. *not to ſeek it any more*.

Fore. Signifies as much as *before*; as *to fore-ſee*, i. e. *to ſee before it comes to paſs*; *to fore-bode*, i. e. *to tell before it happens*.

Mis. Is always uſed in a bad ſenſe, and denotes defect or error; as *miſ-deed*, i. e. *an ill deed*; *to miſ-take*, that is, *to take it wrong*; *to miſ-uſe*, that is, *to uſe ill*.

Over. Signifies ſuperiority; as to *over-come*, *to over-rule*, &c.

Out. Signifies alſo ſuperiority or excellency in any thing; as *to out-do*, *to out-run*, *to out-go*, &c.

Un. Denotes negation, and ſignifies *not*; as *un-pleaſant*, that is, *not pleaſant*; *un-worthy*, that is, *not worthy*, &c.

Up. Always denotes motion upwards; as *up-land*, that is, *the land that is high in reſpect of ſome other land*; *up-ſide*, that is, *the ſide that is higheſt*.

With. Signifies *againſt*; as *with-ſtand*, that is, *to ſtand againſt*: It ſometimes ſignifies as much as *from* or *back*; as *to with-hold*, that is, *to hold from one*; *to with-draw*, that is, *to draw from or back*, &c.

The following are *Latin* prepoſitions uſed in the compoſition of Engliſh words, viz. *ab* or *abs*, *ad*, *ante*, *circum*, *con* from *cum*, *contra*, *de*, *dis*, *di*, *e* or *ex*, *enter*, *extra*, *in*, *inter*, *intro*, *ob*, *per*, *poſt*, *pre*, *pro*, *præter*, *re*, *retro*, *ſe*, *ſub*, *ſubter*, *ſuper*, *trans*.

Ab, or *abs*. Signifies *from*, and denotes ſeparation or parting; as *to ab-ſtain*, *to ab-oliſh*, *to ab-dicate*, &c.

Ad. Signifies *to* or *at*; as *ad-vocate*, *ad-verb*, *ad-vent*, *ad-jacent*, &c.

Ante. Signifies *before*; as *ante-cedent*, that is, *the foregoing word*; *to ante-date*, that is, *to date before*, &c.

Circum. Signifies *about*; as *circum-locution*, that is, *a round about way of ſpeaking*; *circumvallation*, that is, *a ditching about*, &c.

Con, from *cum*. Signifies *with* or *together*; as *con-vocation*, i. e. *a calling or meeting together*; *colloquy*, i. e. *a talking with* or *together*.

Contra,

Contra. Denotes opposition and contrariety, and signifies *against*; as *to contra-dict*, i. e. *to gainsay* or *speak against*, or *contrary to a person*, &c.

De. Signifies a kind of motion from; as *de-file*, that is, a *filing off* or *from*; *to de-camp*, that is, *to move the camp off* or *from*, &c.

Dis. Signifies difference, separation, or diversity, and every where gives a signification contrary to the word it is compounded with; as *dis-agree*, that is, *not to agree*; *dis-believe*, that is, *not to believe*; *dis-advantage*, that is, *no advantage*, &c.

Di. Has hardly any other use than the extending or stretching out the sense of the word it is compounded with; as *to di-rect*, *to di-minish*, &c.

E, or *ex.* Signifies *out*; as *e-vent*, that is, *the falling out*; *to e-ject*, that is, *to cast out*; *to ex-clude*, that is, *to shut out*; *to ex-tinguish*, that is, *to put out*, &c.

Enter. Comes from the French *entre*, and that from the Latin *inter*, this is, *between*.

Extra. Signifies *beyond*; *over and above*; as *extra-vagant*, that is, *beyond bounds*; *extra-ordinary*, that is, *beyond what is ordinary*, &c.

Inter. Signifies *between*; as *to inter-vene*, that is, *to come between*; *inter-val*, that is, *the space between*.

Intro. Signifies *within*; as *to intro-duce*, that is, *to lead* or *bring into*, &c.

Ob. Signifies *against*; as *ob-stacle*, that is, *what stands in the way*, or *against*, &c.

Per. Signifies *through*, and denotes excellency or excess; as *per-fect*, that is, *thoroughly done*; *per-forate*, that is, *to pierce through*, &c.

Post. Signifies *after*; as *post-script*, that is, *written after*; *a post-humous work*, that is, *a work published after the author's death*.

Pre. Signifies *before*; as *to pre meditate*, that is, *to think of* or *meditate before*, &c.

Pro. Signifies *for* or *forth*; but it has also a great many other senses; as *to pro-fess*, *pro-tect*, *pro-nounce*, &c.

Preter. Signifies *against*; as *preter-natural*, that is, *against nature*, &c.

Re. Signifies *again*, and generally implies a repeated action; as *to re-peat*, that is, *to say over again*; *to re-*

lapse, that is, *to fall ill again*; *to re-turn*, that is, *to come again*, &c.

Retro. Backwards; as *retro-grade motion*, that is, *a going backward.*

Se. Signifies *without*; as *se-cure*, that is, *without care*, &c.

Sub. Signifies *under*; as *to sub-scribe*, that is, *to write under*; *to sub-tract*, that is, *to draw under*, &c.

Subter. Signifies *under*; as *subter-fluous*, that is, *flowing under*, &c.

Super. Signifies *upon*, *over*, or *above*; as *super-scription*, that is, *the writing upon a letter*; *super-fluous*, that is, *over and above what it might be.*

Trans. Signifies *over* or *beyond*; as *to trans-port*, that is, *to carry over*; *to trans-gress*, that is, *to go beyond*: And it signifies, in a great many words, *the moving from one place to another*; as *to trans-plant*, *to trans-pose*, *trans-migration*, &c. In other words it denotes *the changing of one thing into another*; as *to trans-form*, *to trans-figure*, *trans-ubstantiation*, &c.

There are several Greek prepositions used in the composition of English words as *a*, *amphi*, *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *meta*, *peri*, *syn.*

A. Signifies *not*; as *a-nonymous*, that is, *without* or *not having a name*; *a-narchy*, that is, *without government.*

Amphi. Signifies *on every side.*

Anti. Signifies *against*; as *Anti-Christ*, that is, *one who is in opposition to* or *against Christ*; *anta-gonist*, that is, *one who is against you.*

Hyper. Signifies *over and above.*

Hypo. Signifies *under.*

Meta. Signifies the same as *trans*, that is, *beyond*; or else denotes *the changing of one thing into another*; as *meta-phor*, *meta-morphosis*, that is, *transformation.*

Peri. Signifies *about.*

Syn. Signifies *with* or *together*; as *syn-od*, that is, *a convocation* or *meeting together*; *syn-tax*, that is, *construction*, or *the right placing of words together in sentences.*

N. B. The preposition *con* has often *(n) left out*; as *co-eternal*, for *con-eternal*; and sometimes the *(n)* is changed into *(l)*, as *col-loquy*, for *con-loquy.*

Further

Further Rules for true Spelling, in which obſerve there are ſome letters that muſt be wrote in words, according to the right ſpelling, and yet are not pronounced in ſpeaking.

RULE I.

THERE are ſeveral letters in words which are not pronounced, and yet muſt be wrote, becauſe moſt of theſe words are of foreign derivation: As 1. *a* is written, but not pronounced, in *Pharaoh*, *marriage*, *parliament*. 2. *i* is written, but not pronounced, in *evil*, *devil*, *veniſon*, *Saliſbury*. 3. *o* is written, but not pronounced, in *Nicholas*, *carrion*, *chariot*. 4. *u* is written, but not pronounced, in *intituled*, *guild*, *guile*, *guide*, *gueſt*, *diſguiſe*, *guard*, *guardian*, *plague*, *league*, *catalogue*, *decalogue*, *ſynagogue*, *epilogue*, &c. 5. *b* is written, but not pronounced, in *debtor*, *doubt*, *dumb*, *plumb*, *lamb*, *thumb*, *comb*, *womb*, *tomb*, *bomb*. 6. *c* is written, but not pronounced, in *victuals*, *indictment*, *perfect*, *ſchiſm*. 7. *d* is written, but not pronounced, in *Wedneſday*. 8. *g* is written, but not pronounced, in *deign*, *reign*, *feign*, *foreign*, *ſign*, *ſovereign*, *aſſign*, *deſign*, *reſign*, *conſign*, *aſſign*, *campaign*, &c. 9. *h* is written, but not pronounced, in *honour*, *hour*, *herb*, *heir*, *honeſt*, *humour*, *hoſt*, *aſthma*, *John*, *Thomas*, *ſcholar*, *ſchool*, *ſcholaſtic*, *ſcheme*, *gherkins*, *ghoſt*, *Rhodes*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *rhapſody*, *rheum*, *rheumatic*, *rheumatiſm*, *exhauſt*, *exhort*, *Rhadamanthus*, *rhetoric*, *rhetorician*, *rhetorical*, *rhetoricate*, *rhetorians*, *rhetorications*, *rhinoceros*, *rhubarb*, *phyptics*, *rhyparographer*, *ſepulchre*, *character*, *chemiſtry*, *chemiſt*, *chemical*, *chryſoſtom*, *chryſom*, *chronology*, *chronologies*, *chronological*, *chronologiſt*, *chronologer*, *chronogram*, *chronicles*, *chronical*, *chromatics*, *chromatiſm*, *chream*, *Chriſtopher*, *Chriſt*, *Chriſtian*, *Chriſtmas*, *Chriſtianity*, *Chriſtianiſm*, *Chriſtendom*, *chimera*, *chimerical*, *chirurgeon*, *chirurgery*, *chaos*, *catarrh*, *catechiſm*, *catechiſe*, *catechiſt*, and others of Greek origin; as alſo at the end of all Hebrew words, as *Jeremiah*, *Hezekiah*, *Nehemiah*, &c.

10. *l* is written, but not pronounced, in *Briſtol*, *Lincoln*, *Holborn*. 11. *n* is written, but not pronounced, in the words *autumn*, *column*, *condemn*, *hymn*, *damn*, *contemn*, *ſolemn*, *miln*, *kiln*. 12. *p* is written, but not pronounced, in *pſalm*, *receipt*, *ſymptom*, *ſumptuous*. 13. *p* ſhould not be written in theſe words, *redemption*, *aſſumption*, *preſumption*, there being no ſuch letter in the original, and therefore it is to be wondered how it came to be firſt put in. The word *accompt* is read *account*. 14. *ſ* is written, but not pronounced, in *iſle*, *iſland*, *Liſle*, *Carliſle*, *Viſcount*.

Rule 2. All words ſhould be ſpelt according to their original; as *complete*, *replete*, *extreme*, not *compleat*, &c. *reflexion*, *connexion*, *defluxion*, *complexion*, *inflexion*, not *reflection*, &c.

Rule 3. All words that end with the ſound of the half vowel *(l)* though they might ſeem to be expreſſed by *(l)*, yet they are always to be marked with *(le)*, as *damnable*, *ſtumble*, *humble*, *acceptable*, *pickle*, *fickle*, *idle*, *bridle*, *ſcuffle*, *truffle*, *bogle*, *ogle*, *inveigle*, *ample*, *trample*, *little*, *bottle*, &c. Not *damnabil*, *ſtumbil*, &c. Except from this rule, *evil*, *devil*, *until*, *inſtil*, *council*, *anvil*, *peril*, *fulfil*.

Rule 4. All words which end with the hard ſound of *(g)* have always *(ue)* placed after it; as *Hague*, *plague*, *rogue*, *league*, *vogue*, *Prague*, *colleague*, *catalogue*, *decalogue*, *prologue*, *fatigue*, *ſynagogue*, &c. Except a few monoſyllables, as *dig*, *dog*, *dug*, *bag*, *beg*, *big*, *bog*, *bug*, *wig*, *pig*, *twig*, *plug*, *hag*, *hog*, *hug*, *drug*, *ſtag*, *wag*, *frog*, *tug*, *mug*; all which words are eaſily diſtinguiſhed; as are alſo theſe words which end with the ringing ſound of *ang*, *ing*, *ong*, *ung*; though *(g)* at the end of ſuch words is not hard, for we pronounce *accordin*, *affirmin*, for *according*, *affirming*; ſo *dancin*, *playin*, *ſingin*, *fightin*, for *dancing*, &c. But although *tongue* and *harangue* end with a ringing ſound, they have *(ue)* after *(g.)*

Rule 5.

Rule 5. When the ſound of *(j)* or ſoft *(g)* comes at the end of a word, it is always expreſſed by *(ge)* or *(dge)*; as *page*, *rage*, *baggage*, *knowledge*, *pledge*, *wedge*, *hedge*, &c. though the *(d)* in *pledge*, &c. is ſuperfluous, and ſeems to have been put in to ſhorten the ſound.

Rule 6. Theſe words marked with *(que)* at the end, as *barque*, *pique*, *antique*, *publique*, *oblique*, *relique*, ſhew the *French* way of writing, who uſe *(que)* becauſe they have not *(k)*; but the genius of our language requires them to be marked with *(k* or *ck)* if monoſyllables, as *bark*, *pick*, and with *(c)* only, if more than one ſyllable, as *antic*, *republic*, *public*, &c. *K* is a very uſeleſs and ſuperfluous letter after *(c)*, and ſhould not be wrote at the end of words exceeding one ſyllable, *(c)* being always hard when it ends either a ſyllable or word; as *arithmetic*, *logic*, *mathematics*, *Frederic*, *phyſic*, *ſcholaſtic*, *prophetic*, *ruſtic*, *muſic*, &c.

Rule 7. The letter *(l)* is always doubled at the end of monoſyllables; as *ball*, *bell*, *bill*, *boll*, *bull*, *ſell*, *tell*, *well*, &c. But if a diphthong goes before it, it is not doubled; as *ſoul*, *feel*, *ſool*, &c. Nor is it ever doubled in words of more than one ſyllable; as *faithful*, *fulfil*, *plentiful*, *excel*, &c.

Rule 8. When a word of the ſingular number ends with *(y)*, it is changed into *(ies)* in the plural; as *ſky*, *ſkies*; *cry*, *cries*; *ly*, *lies*; *py*, *pies*; *hereſy*, *hereſies*; *cherry*, *cherries*; *entry*, *entries*; *city*, *cities*, &c. and not *ſkys*, *crys*, *citys*.

Rule 9. When words of the ſingular number end in *(f)* or *(fe)*, the *(f)* or *(fe)* is changed into *(ves)* in the plural number; as *calf*, *calves*; *half*, *halves*; *knife*, *knives*; *leaf*, *leaves*; *ſhelf*, *ſhelves*; *ſelf*, *ſelves*; *thief*, *thieves*; *wife*, *wives*; *wolf*, *wolves*. Except *hoof*, *roof*, *grief*, *dwarf*, *miſchief*, *handkerchief*, *relief*. Words which end with *(f)*, whoſe plurals are made by adding only *(s)* to the ſingular; as *hoof*, *hoofs*; *roof*, *roofs*; *grief*, *griefs*; *muff*, *muffs*; *ruff*, *ruffs*, &c. But *ſtaff*, although it ends with *(ff)*, makes *ſtaves* in the plural.

Rule 10. All words which end with the ſound of *ance*, *ence*, *ince*, *unce*, though they might ſeem to be wrote with *(nſe)*, yet are always to be wrote *(nce)*; as *countenance*, *abundance*, *defence*, *audience*, *Prince*, *convince*, *trounce*, *dunce*, &c. Except only *ſenſe*, *denſe*, *diſpenſe*, *immenſe*, *intenſe*, *propenſe*, *incenſe*.

Rule 11. The ſound of *(ſe)* at the end of words is always marked *(cy)*; as *advertency*, *contingency*, *democracy*, *delicacy*, *deſpondency*, *excellency*, *exigency*, *obſtinacy*, &c. Except from this rule, *controverſy*, *apoſtaſy*, *courteſy*, *theſy*, *palſy*, *gipſy*, *epilepſy*, *hereſy*, *hypocriſy*, *jealouſy*, to *prophеſy*, though the noun is written *prophecy*.

Rule 12. The ſound of *(ſhun)*, after the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and the conſonants *c*, *p*, *r*, is written *tion*; as *oration*, *petition*, *devotion*, *diſſolution*, *inſtruction*, *ſubſcription*, *extortion*, &c. But after any other conſonant it is marked *ſion*, except *contention*, *invention*, *attention*, *diſſention*, and *intention*.

But when to write *ti* and *ſi* is one of the difficulteſt taſks to lay down a rule for. Nothing but diligent obſervation of the above rule and practice can remove it: For moſt words ending in *tion* and *ſion*, are Latin verbals, and are formed of the firſt ſupine, which, if it ends in *tum*, then we write *ti*, if in *ſum*, then *ſi*.

Obſerve farther, that the long and ſhort ſounds of the vowels are marked with their ſimple characters, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, in all the additional beginnings and endings; but that theſe ſingle vowels never end words with their ſimple or naked character, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. As

1. *A* never ends an *Engliſh* word; for when a word ends with its long ſound, it is expreſſed by *ay*, as *day*, *may*, *ſay*, *delay*, &c. And if a word ends with its broad ſound, it is marked with *aw*, as *ſaw*, *law*, *draw*, &c.

2. *E* is never ſounded at the end of an *Engliſh* word, except in the article *(the)* which is written with a ſingle *(e)* to diſtinguiſh it from the pronoun *(thee)*; for when its

its ſound comes at the end of a word, it is always expreſſed by *ea*, as *ſea*, *plea*, *tea*, &c. or by *ee*, as *free*, *tree*, *agree*, &c.

3. *I* ends no *Engliſh* word without *(e)* after it; as *buſie*, *hereſie*, &c. not *buſi*, *hereſi*, &c. But all ſuch words are better ſpelt with *(y)*, thus, *buſy*, *hereſy*, &c.

4. *O* never ends an *Engliſh* word, except theſe few, *go*, *lo*, *ſo*, *to*, *no*, *two*, *who*, *wo*, *do*, *undo*, *whoſo*, *alſo*; the ſound of *(o)* at the end of words being generally expreſſed by *ow*, as *know*, *follow*, *below*, *ſnow*, &c. except in *foe*, *toe*, *doe*, *roe*, *ſloe*.

5. No *Engliſh* word ends with *(u)*, except *thou*, *you*, *lieu*, and *adieu*; the ſound of *(u)* being generally expreſſed by *ew* or *ue*, as *nephew*, *few*, *due*, &c. *ague*, *true*, *avenue*, &c. *Y*, as a vowel, ends words for *ie*; as for *hereſie*, *buſie*, &c. write *hereſy*, *buſy*.

No Engliſh word ends with *(a)*; for when a word ends with this long ſound, it is expreſſed by *ay*, as *may*, *ſay*, *delay*, &c. But if a word ends with the broad ſound of *(a)*, it is always expreſſed by *aw*, as *ſaw*, *law*, *draw*, &c. And ſo the queſtion may be repeated after the ſame manner with reſpect to the reſt of the vowels.

Of Diphthongs.

THE Diphthongs *ai*, *ei*, *oi*, *ui*, *au*, *eu*, *ou*, obſerve, are never wrote at the end of words. As

1. *Ay* is always wrote at the end of words for *ai*; as *day*, *pay*, *delay*, &c.

2. *Ey* is always wrote at the end of words for *ei*; as *whey*, *grey*, *they*, &c.

3. *Oy* is always wrote for *oi*; as *boy*, *toy*, *Troy*, *joy*, &c.

4. *Uy* is always wrote for *ui*; as *buy*, *guy*, &c.

5. *Aw*

5. *Aw* is always wrote for *au*; as *ſaw*, *gnaw*, *withdraw*, &c.

6. *Ew* for *eu*; as *Dew*, *few*, *knew*, &c.

7. *Ow* for *ou*; as *know*, *bow*, *ſlow*, *blow*, &c.

Now as for the conſonants, their ſounds may be ſaid to be invariable in all words, except *(c)* and *(g)*, which are treated of already. All to be obſerved is, that when the ſtreſs of the pronunciation lies on the conſonants *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *ſ*, *t*, *z*, they are always to be doubled; as *ſcabbard*, where the ſtreſs lies upon the *(b)*: So likewiſe *commit*, where the ſtreſs of the voice lies upon *(m)*. But another way to know when theſe conſonants ſhould be doubled is to obſerve if the vowel be ſhort before them, and if ſo, then they muſt be doubled; as in *ſcabbard*, where the *(a)* before *(b)* is ſhort; and in *commit*, where *(o)* is ſhort before *(m)*: For if I hear the ſound of the vowel be too long, then I put in but one conſonant. And this is a general rule, that a vowel before two conſonants is ſhort.

And now I think, by the above rules, any difficulty in ſpelling the generality of words that has occurred to me, is removed; for the ſcholar being truly taught the various ſounds of vowels and conſonants, both ſingle and double, nothing being a greater help to true ſpelling, will not fail, by pronunciation of any number of letters to the ear, to give their proper characters in writing.

Of Stops or Points, and Marks or Notes.

AS in ſpeech or diſcourſe there are often ſeveral motions made by different parts of the body, in order to excite attention, and tranſmit a more clear and perfect idea to the hearer of the meaning and intention of the ſpeaker: So writing being the very image of ſpeech, there are ſeveral points or marks made uſe of in it, not only to mark the diſtance of time in pronouncing, but alſo to prevent any confuſion or obſcurity in the ſenſe of the writer, whereby it may the more readily be diſtinguiſhed and comprehended by the reader.

There

There are four points or ſtops conſidered as intervals in reading, viz. *Comma*, *Semicolon*, *Colon*, *Period*, or *Full Point*.

The *Comma*, marked thus (,) is the ſhorteſt pauſe, and diſtinguiſhes the conjunct members of ſentences; as, *O ſing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long-ſuffering, ſlow to wrath, abounding in goodneſs and truth.* It alſo diſtinguiſhes nouns, verbs, and adverbs; as, *The enemy fought with guns, ſwords, ſpears*, &c. *That rogue ſwears, lies, ſteals*, &c. *ſooner or later he muſt be hanged.*

A *Semicolon*, marked thus (;) is a pauſe ſomewhat longer than a Comma. This point ought to be made in the ſubdiviſion of the members of a ſentence; as *The ſhadow moves, and we do not perceive it*; *or, as the tree grows, and we do not apprehend it*; *ſo Man*, &c. It is alſo uſed in diſtinguiſhing nouns of a contrary ſignification; as *things public*; *things private*; *things ſacred and prophane.*

A *Colon*, marked thus (:) is uſed when the ſenſe is perfect, but the ſentence not ended; as, *If the enemy advances, I command you to give battle: If not, march ſtrait to the city.* It is generally uſed before a comparative conjunction in a ſimilitude; and alſo if the period runs out pretty long.

A *Period*, marked thus (.) is the greateſt pauſe, and is made when the ſentence is completely ended; as *Learning makes life ſweet, and produces pleaſure, tranquillity, glory, and praiſe.*

An *Eroteſis*, or point of *interrogation*, marked thus (?) is made when a queſtion is aſked; as, *Does he ſtill continue obſtinate? Will he never repent?*

Ecphoneſis, or point of *exclamation*, *admiration*, or *wonder*, marked thus (!) is a direction for raiſing the tone or voice upon ſome vehement paſſion being expreſſed; as, *O that villain! O wretched man!*

The

The Marks and Notes to be met with in reading are,

1. An *Apoſtrophe*, marked thus (') uſed to abbreviate or ſhorten a word.

2. A *Caret*, thus (ʌ) placed where ſome word is left out in writing and put over it. This is alſo called a circumflex, when placed over ſome vowel of a word to denote a long ſyllable; as *Euphrâtes*.

3. An *Hyphen*, thus (-) uſed in joining the ſyllables of words and compound words together.

4. An *Accent*, thus (*á*) being placed over a vowel, denotes that the tone or ſtreſs of the voice in pronouncing is upon that ſyllable.

5. *Breve*, (˘) is a crooked mark over a vowel, and denotes that it is ſounded quick.

6. *Diæreſis*, thus (¨) is two points placed over two vowels that would otherwiſe make a diphthong, and parts them into two ſyllables.

7. *Parentheſis*, thus ( ) ſerves to illuſtrate a ſentence, and may be left out, and yet the ſenſe remain perfect.

8. A *Paragraph*, thus (¶) placed at the beginning of a new diſcourſe, denotes what is contained in a ſentence or period.

9. A *Quotation*, thus (") to ſignify the words ſo marked are tranſcribed from the writings of another in his own words.

10. An *Index*, thus (☞) ſerves to point out ſomething remarkable.

11. A *Section*, thus (§) is the diviſion of a diſcourſe, or chapter, into leſſer parts or portions.

12. An *Aſteriſm*, thus (*), an *Obeliſk* (†), and *Parallels* (‖), with letters of the alphabet, figures, &c. refer to the margin or bottom of the page.

Of

Of Capitals, or great Letters.

1. LET proper names of perſons, places, ſeas, rivers, ſhips, winds, months, &c. be diſtinguiſhed by beginning with capital letters.

2. It is become cuſtomary to begin any 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.

3. Let the firſt word of every epiſtle, book, note, verſe, bill, &c. begin with a capital.

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

5. Write not a capital in the middle of a word among ſmall letters, except in anagrams.

6. Sometimes capitals are uſed in whole words and ſentences, when ſomething extraordinary great is expreſſed; as, *THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. BABYLON IS FALLEN.*

Of Etymology.

ETYMOLOGY, as before obſerved, treats of the kinds of words, alſo their derivation, change, analogy, or likeneſs to one another.

Of the Eight Parts of Speech.

EVERY word being conſidered as a part of our ſpeech or diſcourſe, we reckon up eight ſorts of words of a different nature, which we call eight parts of ſpeech. Their names are *Noun*, *Pronoun*, *Verb*, *Participle*, *Adverb*, *Conjunction*, *Prepoſition*, *Interjection*.

Speech is ſpeaking or diſcourſe. By eight parts of ſpeech are meant eight ſorts of words which are uſed in diſcourſe And though there are thouſands of words in the Engliſh language, yet there are but eight ſorts; for every

every word we uſe in ſpeaking is either a noun or an adjective, which is a word that ſignifies the quality or manner of a noun, or a pronoun, or a verb, or a participle, or an adverb, or a conjunction, or a prepoſition, or an interjection.

The parts of ſpeech are the ſame in Engliſh as in Latin; and in all other languages as well as Latin: For that which is a noun in Engliſh, is a noun in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, &c. languages.

Of a Noun.

A Noun is the name of a thing that may be perceived either by the ſenſe or underſtanding, which conveying ſome certain idea or image to the mind, wants not the help of any other word to make us underſtand it; and it is either ſubſtantive or adjective. So that whatever can be heard, ſeen, ſmelt, taſted, felt, or underſtood, is a noun. And a noun ſubſtantive is the thing itſelf; as *a man*, *a boy*, *a dog*. And the adjective is a word that expreſſes the qualities or properties of a thing; as *rich*, *poor*, *wiſe*, *fooliſh*, *great*, *ſmall*, &c. For if any one ſays, *I ſee a rich*, *I ſee a poor*, *I ſee a wiſe*, *I ſee a fooliſh*, in theſe ſayings there is no ſenſe, nor do I underſtand the meaning of them; but it requires that a ſubſtantive be added to each adjective to make ſenſe; as, *I ſee a rich man*, *I ſee a poor boy*, *I ſee a wiſe dog*, *I ſee a fooliſh woman*.

Of Numbers.

NUMBER is the diſtinction of one for many. There are two numbers, the ſingular and the plural: The ſingular number is uſed when we ſpeak of one ſingle thing; as *a boy*, *a dog*, *a tree*. The plural number is uſed when we ſpeak of more things than one; as *boys*, *dogs*, *trees*. The plural number is commonly made by adding *(s)* to the ſingular; as *boy*, *boys*; *dog*, *dogs*; *tree*, *trees*. But when the ſingular number ends in *ch*, *ſh*, *ſs*, or *x*, then the pronunciation requires that *(es)* be added to the ſingular; as *church*, *churches*; *briſh*, *briſhes*; *witneſs*, *witneſſes*; *box*, *boxes*. But if the ſingular number

ber ends in *ſe*, *ze*, *ce*, or in *ge*, pronounced ſoft, then the *(s)* that is added cannot be heard in the ſound, except it makes another entire ſyllable; as *horſe* in the ſingular has but one ſyllable, *horſ-es* in the plural two; *breeze* one, *breez-es* two; *face* one, *fac-es* two; *age* one, *ag-es* two. Words that end in *(f)* or *(fe)* do, for their better ſounding, make their plural by changing *(f)* and *(fe)* into *ves*; as

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
Calf	makes	*Calves*	*Self*	makes	*Selves*
Half		*Halves*	*Thief*		*Thieves*
Knife		*Knives*	*Wife*		*Wives*
Leaf		*Leaves*	*Shelf*		*Shelves*
Loaf		*Loaves*	*Wolf*		*Wolves*
Sheaf		*Sheaves*			

Though not always; for theſe words following, with ſeveral others, follow the general rule of *(s)*; as *hoof*, *hoofs*; *roof*, *roofs*; *grief*, *griefs*; *dwarf*, *dwarfs*. So likewiſe *miſchief*, *handkerchief*, *relief*, make their plural by adding *(s)*; and alſo words ending in *(ff)*, as *muff*, *ruff*, *cuff*, *ſnuff*, *ſtuff*, *puff*; but *ſtaff*, although it ends in *(ff)*, makes *ſtaves* in the plural. Some words make their plural by ending with *en*; as *child*, *children*; *brother*, *brethren*, or *brothers*; *man*, *men*; *woman*, *women*; *ox*, *oxen*. *Chicken* is not plural, for we ſay *chickens*, not *chicks*; ſingular *chicken*. Some words form their plural no otherwiſe than by adding *s*, *es*, or *en* to the ſingular; theſe following are irregular,

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
Die	makes	*Dice*	*Penny*	makes	*Pence*
Mouſe		*Mice*	*Tooth*		*Teeth*
Louſe		*Lice*	*Foot*		*Feet*
Gooſe		*Geeſe*	*Sow*		*Swine*

And ſome words are uſed alike in both numbers; as *deer*, *horſe*, *ſheep*, *fern*, &c. And ſome words have no ſingular number; as *aſhes*, *bowels*, *bellows*, *breeches*, *entrails*, *lungs*, *ſciſſars*, *ſnuffers*, *ſhanks*, *tongs*, *wages*. And many words have no plural number; as the names of

of men and women, cities, countries, mountains, rivers, &c. the names of virtues, vices, metals, corns; except *bean*, which makes *beans*, and *pea*, *peas*. The names of moſt herbs, and alſo the words *ale*, *beer*, *bread*, *butter*, *honey*, *milk*, with many others, want the plural number. Note, that the adjectives have no difference of numbers; for as we ſay *a good man* in the ſingular, ſo we ſay *good men* in the plural.

Of the Genitive Caſe.

THE Engliſh have but one Caſe, that is, the Genitive, which ends in the ſingular and plural in *(s)* or *(es)* if the pronunciation requires it; as *Virgil's Æneid*, or *the Æneid of Virgil*; *Milton's Poems*, or *the Poems of Milton*; *Buchanan's Pſalms*, or *the Pſalms of Buchanan*; *man's breath*, or *the breath of man*; *the church's peace*, or *the peace of the church*.

Of Gender.

THE Engliſh properly have no genders; and as we have one great advantage above all others, in being freed from the trouble of variety of caſes, by the reaſon that the nouns have no diverſity of endings; ſo likewiſe our having no difference of genders is an advantage full as great as the former: All languages, both ancient and modern, admitting of difference in gender in their nouns, except the Engliſh and Chineſe languages.

By gender is meant the diſtinction of ſex, or the difference between male and female. We have four ways of diſtinguiſhing two genders of the male and female ſex. 1. When we would expreſs the difference of ſex, we do it (after the ſame manner as we diſtinguiſh the ages and other accidents) by uſing different words.

So

So in Relation of Perſons.

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Bachelor,	Maid, Virgin.	King,	Queen.
Boar,	Sow.	Lad,	Laſs.
Boy,	Girl.	Lord,	Lady.
Bridegroom,	Bride.	Man,	Woman.
Brother,	Siſter.	Maſter,	Dame.
Buck,	Doe.	Milter,	Spawner.
Bull,	Cow.	Nephew,	Niece.
Bullock,	Heifer.	Ram,	Ewe.
Cock,	Hen.	Sloven,	Slut.
Dog,	Bitch.	Son,	Daughter.
Drake	Duck.	Stag,	Hind.
Drone	Bee.	Uncle,	Aunt.
Father,	Mother.	Widower,	Widow.
Friar,	Nun.	Wizzard,	Witch.
Gander,	Gooſe.	Whoremonger,	Whore, *or* Strumpet.
Horſe,	Mare.		
Huſband,	Wife.		

2. But when there are not two different words to expreſs both ſexes, or when both ſexes are comprehended under one word, then we add another word to it to diſtinguiſh the ſex; as *a male child*, *a female child*; *a he goat* for the male, *a ſhe goat* for the female.

3. We ſometimes add another ſubſtantive to the word to diſtinguiſh the ſex; as *a man ſervant*, *a maid ſervant*; *a cock ſparrow*, *a hen ſparrow*.

4. There are likewiſe ſeveral words which diſtinguiſh the female from the male ſex by ending in *(eſs)*; as

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Abbot,	Abbeſs.	Heir,	Heireſs.
Actor	Actreſs.	Hunter	Huntreſs.
Adulterer,	Adultreſs.	Jew,	Jeweſs.
Ambaſſador,	Ambaſſadreſs.	Lion,	Lioneſs.
Baron,	Baroneſs.	Marquis,	Marchioneſs.
Governor,	Governeſs.	Maſter,	Miſtreſs.

Patron,

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Patron,	Patroneſs.	Prior,	Prioreſs.
Count,	Counteſs.	Poet,	Poeteſs.
Deacon,	Deaconeſs.	Prophet,	Propheteſs.
Duke,	Ducheſs.	Shepherd,	Shepherdeſs.
Elector,	Electreſs.	Tutor,	Tutoreſs.
Emperor,	Empreſs.	Viſcount,	Viſcounteſs.
Prince,	Princeſs.		

There are two words in *(ix)*, *adminiſtrator*, *adminiſtratrix*; *executor*, *executrix*. Note, that the common and ordinary words we uſe to expreſs the difference of ſex by, are *he* and *ſhe*. When we ſpeak of the male ſex, we uſe the word *he*; and when we ſpeak of the female ſex, we uſe the word *ſhe*: But when we ſpeak of a thing that is neither of the male nor female ſex without life, we uſe the word *it*.

Of the Articles.

AN Article is a word or ſyllable ſet before a ſubſtantive, for the more particular expreſſing of it; as *a book*, that is, *ſome book* or *other*; *the man*, that is, *ſome certain man ſpoken of before*. There are only two articles in the Engliſh language, *(a)* and *(the)*, and theſe are really adjectives, and are uſed almoſt in the ſame manner as other adjectives. *(a)* is written before a word beginning with a conſonant; but when the ſubſtantive begins with a vowel, or *(h)*, if the *(h)* be not ſounded, then we write *(an)* inſtead of *(a)*; as *an aſs*, *an eye*, *an hour*, *an hoſt*, *an heir*; but *a hare*, *a hand*, &c. becauſe the *(h)* is ſounded. *(A)* is an article of number, and ſignifies as much as *one*, and is put for it; as *a man*, i. e. *one man*; *an hour*, i. e. *one hour*: Or *(a)* denotes or ſignifies the applying a general word to ſome one particular perſon or thing, in a large ſenſe, not telling what particular perſon or thing you mean; as *idleneſs is a ſhame*, *diligence is a praiſe*; and it is therefore ſet only before words of the ſingular number. *(The)* is a demonſtrative article; becauſe it ſhews what particular perſon or thing you mean in ſpeaking or writing. *(The)* is written before the ſingular and plural

plural number; as *the man, the men*; *the aſs, the aſſes.* Note, that the articles are not wrote before the proper names of men, women, kingdoms, cities, nor the particular names of virtues, vices, metals, coins, herbs, except for diſtinction's ſake; as *he is a Seymour*, or *he is a Sydney*; i. e. *one whoſe name is Seymour*, or *Sydney.* Proper names of ſhips, rivers, &c. have frequently the article *(the)* before them, when ſome ſubſtantive is underſtood; as *the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Terrible*; i. e. *the ſhip called Terrible. He was drowned in the Thames, in the Rhine*; i. e. *in the river Thames, in the river Rhine.*

Of the Compariſon of Adjectives.

COMPARISON is the altering the ſignification of a word into more or leſs degrees, whereby we ſee that one thing is *bright*, another *brighter*, and a third is *brighteſt.* And only adjectives are compared; they being only capable of having their ſignifications encreaſed or diminiſhed. There are three degrees of compariſon; the poſitive, the comparative, and the ſuperlative. The poſitive degree is the adjective itſelf ſimply, without any likeneſs or compariſon, as *ſoft, hard, great.* The comparative heightens or leſſens the poſitive in ſignification. The ſuperlative heightens or leſſens the quality to a very high or very low degree. Note, The poſitive, properly ſpeaking, is no degree of compariſon, for it doth not compare things together; however it is accounted one, becauſe the other two are founded upon, and formed from it. The comparative degree is formed of the poſitive, by adding the ſyllable *(er)* if it ends with a conſonant, or the letter *(r)* only, if the poſitive ends in *(e)*; as *ſoft, ſofter*; *wiſe, wiſer:* And it is likewiſe known by the ſign *(more)* before the poſitive; as *ſofter*, or *more ſoft*; *wiſer*, or *more wiſe.* —The ſuperlative degree is formed of the poſitive by adding the ſyllable *eſt*, if it ends with a conſonant, or the letters *(ſt)* if the poſitive ends with an *(e)*; as *brighteſt, wiſeſt.* It is likewiſe known by the ſigns *moſt, very*, or *exceeding.*

There

There are ſome adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing rules, and therefore are irregular; as

Poſ.	*Com.*	*Super.*	*Poſ.*	*Com.*	*Super.*
good,	better,	beſt.	little,	leſs or leſſer,	leaſt.
bad or evil,	worſe or worſer,	worſt.	much or many,	more,	moſt.
before,	former,	firſt.			

Note, That ſome adverbs are alſo compared; as *up*, *upper*, *uppermoſt*; *above*, *over*, *overmoſt*; *behind*, *hinder*, *hindermoſt*; *beneath*, *nether*, *nethermoſt*; *oft*, *oftner*, *oftneſt*, &c. All adjectives cannot be compared, becauſe their ſignification does not admit of increaſe; as *all*, *every*, *one*, *any*, *each*, *ſome*, &c. And it would not be good Engliſh to ſay, *more wiſer*, and *moſt wiſeſt*; for we ought to ſay, *wiſer*, or *more wiſe*; *wiſeſt*, or *moſt wiſe*: For *more wiſer*, would ſignify as much as *more more wiſe*; and *moſt wiſeſt*, as much as *moſt moſt wiſe*.

Fair, *fairer*, *faireſt*, are the three degrees of compariſon: *Fair* is of the poſitive degree, becauſe it ſignifies the perſon to be ſimply ſo, without comparing him to any other perſon; for if I ſay, *Ann is fair*, that does not gainſay but that Sarah may be as fair: *Fairer*, or *more fair*, are of the comparative degree; becauſe when I make a compariſon between Ann and Sarah, I find that Ann is fair, but that *Sarah is fairer*, or *more fair*, that is, *exceeding Ann in beauty*: *Faireſt*, or *moſt fair*, are of the ſuperlative; becauſe when I make a compariſon between Ann, Sarah, and Mary, I perceive that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is fairer, or more fair, and that *Mary is faireſt* or *moſt fair* of either Ann or Sarah; that is, *Mary exceeds them both in the higheſt degree of beauty*.

Of the Derivation of the Parts of Speech.

ALL words whatſoever are either primitive or derivative, ſimple or compound. A primitive or ſimple word is ſuch as is not formed of any other; as *man*, *good*, *hope*, *kind*, &c. A derivative word is a primitive or ſimple word, with the addition of a ſyllable or ſyllables to the ſame; ſuch as

alk

able;	*agree*,	*agree-able*.
al;	*herb*,	*herb-al*.
ance;	*perform*,	*perform-ance*
ary;	*tribute*,	*tribut-ary*.
ate;	*fortune*,	*fortun-ate*.
ed;	*love*,	*lov-ed*.
en;	*hard*,	*hard-en*.
er;	*give*,	*giv-er*.
ess;	*count*,	*count-ess*.
est;	*read*,	*read-est*.
eth;	*hear*,	*hear-eth*.
ing;	*spend*,	*spend-ing*.
ish;	*fool*,	*fool-ish*.
ism;	*atheist*,	*athe-ism*.
ist;	*art*,	*art-ist*.
ize;	*civil*,	*civil-ize*.
less;	*blame*,	*blame-less*.
ly;	*bold*,	*bold-ly*.
ness;	*cold*,	*cold-ness*.
ous;	*fame*,	*fam-ous*.
ty;	*craft*,	*crafty*.

A compound word is formed of two or more ſimple words; as, *ſilver-ſmith*, *wheel-wright*, &c. or of a ſimple word and a prepoſition ſet before it; as, *diſ-pleaſe*, *con-form*, *un-fit*, *adapt*, &c.

We have in the foregoing chapters treated of the kinds of words, and have diſtributed them into certain ranks and claſſes, called parts of ſpeech: Now come we to ſpeak of their *derivation*, *ending*, *change*, *analogy*, or *affinity*, or likeneſs to one another.

Note 1. From any ſubſtantive, or adjective put for a ſubſtantive (in the ſingular number) is formed the genitive caſe by adding *(s)*.

Note 2. Subſtantives, and ſometimes adjectives, and alſo the other parts of ſpeech, become verbs, the vowel being always ſounded long, and the conſonant ſoftened; as, from *houſe*, comes *to houſe*; from *graſs*, *to graze*; from *braſs*, *to braze*; from *breath*, *to breathe*, &c.—Verbs are derived from adjectives, by adding *(en)*; as, from *red*, comes *redden*; from *white*, *whiten*; from *faſt*, *faſten*; from *black*, *blacken*, &c.

Note 3. That from verbs are derived the active participle, that ends always in *ing*, and the paſſive, that ends in *ed* or *en*; as, *loving*, *loved*; *giving*, *given*; from which verbs, by adding *(er)* to the preſent tenſe, comes a ſubſtantive ſignifying the agent; as, from *love*, comes *lover*; from *hear*, comes the noun *hearer*; from *play*, comes *player*, &c. and theſe ſort of nouns are called verbal nouns.

Note 4. By adding *(y)* to ſubſtantives, are formed adjectives of plenty; as, from *wealth* comes the adjective *wealthy*; from *filth*, comes *filthy*; from *louſe*, comes *louſy*, &c. By adding the termination *ful* to ſubſtantives, are alſo formed adjectives denoting fulneſs; as, from *joy*, comes *joyful*; *fruit*, *fruitful*; *health*, *healthful*, &c. So alſo by adding *ſome* to ſubſtantives, are formed adjectives ſignifying fulneſs; as, *burthen*, *burthenſome*; *whole*, *wholeſome*, &c. So from ſubſtantives come alſo adjectives denoting likeneſs, by adding the ending *ly*; as, from *earth*, comes *earthly*; *man*, *manly*; *heaven*, *heavenly*, &c.

Note 5. By adding the termination *leſs* to ſubſtantives, are formed adjectives ſignifying want; as *care*, *careleſs*; *wit*, *witleſs*; *worth*, *worthleſs*, &c. Some adjectives, which ſignify the matter out of which any thing is made, are formed by adding *en* to the ſubſtantive; as *earth*, *earthen*; *braſs*, *brazen*; *gold*, *golden*; *aſh*, *aſhen*; *oak*, *oaken*, &c.

Of Words borrowed from the Latin and French.

WE have ſo very many words derived from the Latin and French, that almoſt all that are not words of one ſyllable, or that do not come from words of one ſyllable, are Latin. Noun ſubſtantives, as well as adjectives, do come from the Latin, by ſome ſmall mutation or change; as,

		Latin.			*Latin.*
Nature,	from	*Natura.*	*Infant*,	from	*Infans.*
Grace,		*Gratia.*	*Ornament*,		*Ornamentum.*
Honour,		*Honor.*	*Synod*,		*Synodus.*
Vice,		*Vitium.*	*ingenious*,		*ingenioſus.*
Scene,		*Scena.*	*ingenuous*,		*ingenuus*,
School,		*Schola.*	*Sceptre*,		*Sceptrum.*

Engliſh.	*Latin.*	*French.*
Charity	Charitas	Charité
Chaſtity	Chaſtitas	Chaſtité
Unity	Unitas	Unité
Sobriety	Sobrietas	Sobrieté

Security

Security	Securitas	Securité
Humility	Humilitas	Humilité
Liberality	Liberalitas	Liberalité.

Engliſh words ending in *(nce)* or *(cy)* are derived from Latin words ending in *(tia)*; as,

Eng. and Fr.	*Latin.*	*Eng. and Fr.*	*Latin.*
Patience	Patientia	Impudence	Impudentia
Diligence	Diligentia	Imprudence	Imprudentia
Abundance	Abundantia	Clemency	Clementia
Temperance	Temperantia		

Though the French have derived their language in general from the Latin, and we again from them, as is evident by the analogy in the ſpelling; yet we have brought into our tongue many nouns and verbs that are purely French, and which are not derived from the Latin; as *garden*, *garter*, *buckler*, *to advance*, *to cry*, *to plead*, &c. which come from the French *jardin*, *jartiere*, *bouclier*, *advancer*, *crier*, *pleader*, &c.

Of Engliſh Words derived from the Greek.

OBSERVE that generally all words that have *(y)* in the middle, or that have *(eu)* or *(ph)* at the beginning, middle, or end; that have *(ch)* pronounced hard at the beginning, middle, or end; that have *(th)* at the beginning, middle, or end; that end in *aſm*, *iſm*, *oſm*, *cal*, *ic*, or *ick*, *is*, *gy*, *gm*, *gue*, &c. are derived from the Greek.

EXAMPLES.

Y, as *tyrannical*, *phyſic*, *phthiſic*, &c.
Eu, as *euchariſt*, *eunuch*, *eulogy*, *pleuriſy*, &c.
Ph, as *philoſophy*, *geography*, *phyſiognomy*, &c.
Ch, as *chronology*, *anarchy*, *characteriſtic*, &c.
Th, as *theology*, *mathematics*, *ophthalmic*, &c.
Aſm, as *phantaſm*, *cataplaſm*, &c..
Iſm, as *ſyllogiſm*, *catechiſm*, &c.
Oſm, as *microcoſm*, &c.

Cal, as *evangelical*, *ecclesiastical*, &c.
Ic, as *plastic*, &c.
Is, as *ellipsis*, &c.
Gy, as *etymology*, &c.
Gm, as *apothegm*, &c.
Gue, as *epilogue*, *synagogue*, &c.

1. English words ending in *(cal)* or *(ick)* now wrote *(ic)* are generally derived from Greek words ending in *(kos)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Practical, Practice,	praktikos.	Mathematical, Mathematic,	mathematikos.
Emetical, Emetic,	emetikos.	Epidemical, Epidemic,	epidemikos.
Emphatical, Emphatic,	emphatikos.	Enthusiastical, Enthusiastic,	enthusiastikos.
Mechanical, Mechanic,	mechanikos.	Pathetical, Pathetic,	pathetikos.

2. English words ending in *(gy)* come from the Greek words ending in *(gia)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Doxology,	Doxologia.	Apology,	Apologia.
Chronology,	Chronologia.	Etymology,	Etymologia.
Tautology,	Tautologia.	Genealogy,	Genealogia.

3. English words ending in *(my)* are derived from Greek words in *(mia)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Phlebotomy,	Phlebotomia.	Euchymy,	Euchymia.
Monogamy,	Monogamia.	Physiognomy,	Physiognomia.
Metonymy,	Metonymia.	Eunomy,	Eunomia.
Misogamy,	Misogamia.		
Eurhythmy,	Eurhythmia.		

4. English words ending in *(dy)* are derived from Greek words ending in *(dia)*; as,

Melody,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Melody,	Melodia.	Rhapſody,	Rhapſodia.
Proſody,	Proſodia.	Comedy,	Komodia.
Pſalmody,	Pſalmodia.	Tragedy,	Tragedia.

5. Engliſh words ending in *(phy)* come from the Greek words ending in *(phia)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek..*
Philoſophy,	Philoſophia.	Chirography,	Chirographia
Geography,	Geographia	Ichnography,	Ichnographia
Coſmography,	Koſmographia.	Chorography,	Chorographia.
Orthography,	Orthographia.	Atrophy,	Atrophia,&c.

6. Engliſh words ending in *(ogue*, i. e. og) come from the Greek words ending in *(ogos)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Epilogue,	Epilogos.	Demagogue,	Demagogos.
Catalogue,	Katalogos.	Pedagogue,	Paidagogos.
Prologue,	Prologos.	Apologue,	Apologos, &c.

7. Several Engliſh words ending in *(iſm)* are formed from Greek words ending in *(iſmos)*; as,

	Greek.		*Greek.*
Aphoriſm,	Aphoriſmos.	Paralogiſm,	Paralogiſmos.
Paroxiſm,	Paroxiſmos.	Syllogiſm,	Syllogiſmos.
Anatociſm,	Anatokiſmos.	Barbariſm,	Barbariſmos. &c.

8. Engliſh words ending in *(is)* are taken generally without any variation from the Greek; as,

Metamorphoſis,	Metaphraſis,	Metaſyncriſis,
Emphaſis,	Metaptoſis,	Metatheſis,
Diaphoreſis,	Diaphryxſis,	Metaſtaſis,
Metempſychoſis,	Diatypoſis,	Antanaclaſis, &c.

 Expla-

Explanation of common Abbreviations or Contractions of Words.

Note, A Point, or Full Stop, is always to be written after a word thus abbreviated.

Abp. *Archbishop*
A. D. *Anno Domini*, or *the Year of our Lord*
A. M. or M. A. *Master of Arts*
Answ. *Answer*
B. A. *Bachelor of Arts*
B. D. *Bachelor in Divinity.*
Bp. *Bishop*
Bart. *Baronet*
Chap. *Chapter*
D. D. *Doctor in Divinity*
Dr. *Doctor*
Esq. *Esquire*
e. g. *for Example*
F. R. S. *Fellow of the Royal Society*
Hon. *Honourable*
i. e. *id est, that is*
Knt. *Knight*
L. L. D. *Doctor of Laws*
Lieut. *Lieutenant.*
M. D. *Doctor of Physic*
Mr. *Master*
Mrs. *Mistress*
M. S. *Manuscript*
N. B. *Mark well*
Obj. *Objection*
Rev. *Reverend*
Rt. Hon. *Right Honourable.*
S. T. P. *Professor of*, or *Doctor in Divinity*
Sr. *Sir*
St. *Saint*
& *and*
Viz. *Videlicet, to wit*, or *that is to say*
&c. *et cætera*, and the rest (or what follows.)

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

THE

THE

INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING

Some General DIRECTIONS *for* writing LETTERS, *and how to address Persons of Distinction in Writing or Discourse*, &c.

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

"It was a *quaint* difference, "says Mr. Howel, in one of his epistles, "that the ancients made betwixt a "*letter* and an *oration*; the one should be attired like a "woman, and the other like a man: The oration is "allowed large side robes, as *long periods*, *parenthesis*, "*similies*, *examples*, and other parts of rhetorical "flourishes; but a *letter* should be short coated and "closely couched: In short, we should write as we "speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth "our meaning the same as if we were discoursing with "the party to whom we write in succinct and easy terms.

"The tongue and pen are both interpreters of the mind; "but the pen the moſt faithful of the two, and as it has "all the advantage of premeditation, is not ſo apt to "err, and leaves things behind on a more authentic as "well as laſting record."

When you ſit down to write a letter, remember that this ſort of writing ſhould be like converſation; obſerve this, and you will be no more at a loſs to write, than you will be to ſpeak to the perſon were he preſent; and this is nature without affectation, which, generally ſpeaking, always pleaſes. As to ſubjects, you are allowed in writing letters the utmoſt liberty; whatſoever has been done, or ſeen, or heard, or thought of, your own obſervations on what you know, your enquiries about what you do not know, the *time*, the *place*, the *weather*, every thing about you ſtands ready for a ſubject; and the more variety you intermix, ſo as not to be rudely thrown together, the better. Set diſcourſes require a dignity or formality of ſtile, ſuitable to the ſubject; whereas letter-writing rejects all pomp of words, and is moſt agreeable when moſt familiar. But though lofty phraſes are here improper, the ſtile ſhould not be low and mean; and to avoid it, let an eaſy complaiſance, an open ſincerity, and unaffected good-nature appear in all you ſay, for a fine letter does not conſiſt in ſaying fine things, but in expreſſing ordinary ones with elegance and propriety; ſo as to pleaſe while it informs, and charm even in giving advice.

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

Expreſs your meaning as freely as poſſible; long periods may pleaſe the ear, but they perplex the underſtanding; a ſhort ſtile and plain, ſtrikes the mind, and fixes an impreſſion; a tedious one is ſeldom clearly underſtood, and never long remembered. But there is ſtill ſomething requiſite beyond all this, towards the writing of a polite and agreeable letter, and that is, an air of good breeding and humanity, which ought conſtantly to appear in every expreſſion, and that will give a beauty to the whole. By this I would not be ſuppoſed

te

to mean, overſtrained or affected compliments, or any thing that way tending, but an eaſy, genteel, and obliging manner of addreſs, in a choice of words that bear the moſt civil meanings, with a thorough generous and good-natured diſpoſition.

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

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

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

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

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

A man that begins a ſpeech before he is determined what to ſay, will undoubtedly find himſelf bewildered before he gets to the end; not in ſentiment only, but in grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a ſentence, have the whole of it in your head, and make uſe of the firſt words that offer themſelves to expreſs your meaning; for be aſſured, they are the moſt natural, and will, generally ſpeaking, (I can't ſay always) beſt anſwer your purpoſe; for to ſtand ſearching after expreſſions, breaks in upon the natural diction; and for a word that perhaps is not a jot more expreſſive, you make the whole ſentence ſtiff and aukward. But of all things learn to be correct, and never omit a careful peruſal of what you have written, which, whoever

neglects muſt have many inaccuracies; and theſe are not only a reflection on the writer, but a rudeneſs to the perſon to whom they are written. Never be aſhamed of having found ſomething amiſs, which you confeſs that you did, by mending it; for in that confeſſion, you cancel the fault, and if you have not time to tranſcribe it, let it paſs; for a blot is by no means ſo bad as a blunder; and by accuſtoming yourſelf to correct what is amiſs, you will be leſs liable to future miſtakes.

So much for letters in general; as for thoſe in trade in particular, I ſhall quote a reputable author on the ſubject, who, I think, has ſaid every thing that need be ſaid upon it, and given examples, whereby we can't err, if we don't excel, *viz.*

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

SIR,

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

This

This fine flourish, which the young shopkeeper dreſt up with much application, and thought it well done, put his correſpondent in London into a fit of laughter; who, inſtead of ſending him directly the goods he wrote for, ſent down into the country to enquire his character.

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

SIR,

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

I am your humble ſervant,

C. K.

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

In ſhort, a tradeſman's letter ſhould be plain and conciſe, and to the purpoſe; no quaint expreſſions, no book phraſes, no flouriſhes; and yet they muſt be full and ſufficient to expreſs what he means, ſo as not to be doubtful, much leſs unintelligible. I can by no means approve of ſtudied abbreviations, and leaving out the needful copulatives of ſpeech in trading letters; they are affected to the laſt degree; for, in a word, 'tis affecting to be thought a man of more than ordinary ſenſe, by writing extraordinary nonſenſe; affecting to be a man

of buſineſs, by giving orders, and expreſſing your meaning in terms which a man of buſineſs may not think himſelf bound by.

When a tradeſman takes an apprentice, the firſt thing he does for him, after he lets him into the compting houſe and his books, and after truſting him with his more private buſineſs, is, to let him write letters to his dealers, and correſpond with his friends; and this he does in his maſter's name, ſubſcribing his letter thus:

I am,
For my maſter, A. B. *and Company,*
Your humble ſervant,
C. D.

And beginning thus:

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

Or thus:

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

Orders for goods ought to very explicit and particular, that the dealer may not miſtake; eſpecially if it be orders from a tradeſman to a manufacturer, to make or buy goods, either of ſuch a quality or pattern; in which, if the goods are made to the colours, and of a marketable goodneſs, and within the time limited, the perſon ordering them cannot refuſe to receive them, and to make himſelf debtor to the maker. On the contrary, if the goods are not of a marketable goodneſs, or not to the patterns, or not ſent within the time, the maker ought not to expect they ſhould be received.

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

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

Begin

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

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

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

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

To the Hon. Mr. Arundel, not to the Hon. Peter Arundel, Eſq. which would be ridiculous.

Some farther Directions and Obſervations on Epiſtolary Correſpondence,

AND SUBSCRIBING AND DIRECTING LETTERS.

1. WHEN you are writing to your ſuperior, be not prolix, but let your letter be as ſhort as the ſubject, or occaſion you write on, will permit; eſpecially ſuch, wherein favours are requeſted: And be particularly careful in not omitting any letter belonging to the words you write, as *I've*, *can't*, *don't*,

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

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

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

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

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

6. Letters ſhould be wrote on *quarto* fine gilt poſt paper to ſuperiors; if to your equals or inferiors, you are at your own option to uſe what ſort or ſize you pleaſe:

pleaſe: But take care never to ſeal your letter with a wafer, unleſs to the *latter*.

7. When your letter is ſealed, you muſt write the ſuperſcription (if it be to your ſuperior or equal) in the following manner, *viz.* Write the word *To* by itſelf, as nigh the left hand upper angle, or corner of your letter, as is convenient: Then begin the title, or name of the perſon, about an inch lower, and almoſt in the middle or centre of it, according to the length of the perſon's name or title; and write the place of his abode in a line by itſelf at the bottom, in a larger character than the other part, thus:

To

The Right Hon. the
Earl of Pembroke,
At Wilton-Houſe,
Wilts.

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

THE degrees of honour obſerved in this kingdom are pertinently diſtinguiſhed under two heads: Firſt, the Nobility or Peers, under the ſeveral titles of

Dukes	Viſcounts
Marquiſſes	Biſhops and
Earls	Barons

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

Knights Banners	Knights Bachelors
Baronets	Eſquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen

As to the rank or precedency of the firſt order of men among us, viz. *Peers*, they take place according to the creation or date of their Patents, unleſs of the Blood Royal, when they precede all others of the ſame degree, viz.

The

The *Sons*, *Grandſons*, and *Brothers* of King or Queen; the great Officers of State do likewiſe break through this general rule, and claim precedency of the other Nobility, viz. Archbiſhop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Archbiſhop of York, the Lord Treaſurer, the Lord Preſident, and Lord Privy-Seal.

Another degree of precedence is claimed by the Great Officers at Court, viz.

Ld. Chamberlain of *England*	Lord High Admiral
Ld. High Conſt. of *England*	Lord Steward
Earl Marſhal	Lord Chamberlain of the Houſhold.

Theſe take place of all others of the ſame degree: So a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, precedes all other Barons; and if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided thoſe Earls are not ſuperior Officers of State. After which they follow in their ſeveral orders, *viz.*

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

All

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

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

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

HAVING frequently observed that young Persons, for want of proper instructions, are liable to great mistakes in the stile and title due to their superiors, or to such as are of high rank and dignity, I shall in this place give them suitable directions of address to all persons of distinction, the chief of which being once known, the rest will soon be attained.

To the Royal Family.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sire*, 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 ranks and degrees of dignity.

To the Nobility.

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

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis, your Lordship.*

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

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

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

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the rank of their husbands.

The

The Sons of Dukes, Marquiſſes, and the eldeſt Sons of Earls, have, by courteſy of England, the title of *Lord* and *Right Honourable*; and the title of Lady is given to their daughters.

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

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

To the Parliament.

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

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

To the Right Honourable H. C. Eſq. Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, (who is generally one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council) *Sir*.

To the Clergy.

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

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

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

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

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

To the Officers of his Majesty's Houshold.

They are for the most part addressed according to their rank and quality, though sometimes agreeable 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 or office should never be omitted; and if they have more offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the Civil List.

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

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

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

To the Soldiers and Navy.

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

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

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

All

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

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

To the Ambaſſadors, Secretaries, and Conſuls.

All Ambaſſadors have the title of *Excellency* added to their qualities; as have alſo all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Juſtices of Ireland.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannic Majeſty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Port, *Sir, your Excellency.*

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

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

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

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

To the Judges and Lawyers.

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

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

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

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, your Lordſhip.*

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

To

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

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

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

To the Lieutenants and Magistracy.

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

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

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

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

To P. S. Esq. High Sheriff of the county of York, *Sir, your Worship.*

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

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

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

To the Governors under the Crown.

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

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

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

Those

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

To Incorporate Bodies.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable; as,

To the Honourable Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the Eaſt Indies, *Your Honours.*

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

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

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

Tis uſual to call a Baronet and a Knight, *Honourable*, and their Wives *Ladies.*

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet, at E. near F. *Sir, your Honour.*

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

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

To Men of Trade and Profeſſions.

To Doctor M. R. in Bloomſbury-Square, London, *Sir*, or *Doctor.*

To Mr. G. D. Merchant, in Tower-ſtreet, London, *Sir.*

But the method of addreſſing men of trade and buſineſs is ſo common, and ſo well known, that it does not require any further examples.

Proper Directions for addreſſing Perſons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginning of Letters, and the Superſcriptions.

Beginnings of Letters.

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

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

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

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

To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. Ditto.

Note. All Sovereigns Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Siſters, are entitled to *Royal Highneſs.*—And to the reſt of the Royal Family, *Highneſs.*

To a DUKE. *May it pleaſe your Grace.*

To a DUCHESS. Ditto.

To a MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD. } *My Lord*; or, *May it pleaſe your Lordſhip.*

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

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

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

To the reſt of the Clergy. *Reverend Sir.*

Note,—All younger Sons of a Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, and Lords Sons, are ſtiled *Honourable*, and are *Eſquires.*

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

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

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

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

Note,—That Generals, Admirals, and Colonels, and all Field-Officers, are *Honourable.*

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

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

All

All Privy Counſellors, and Judges that are Privy Coun-ſellors, are *Right Honourable*; and the whole Priv Council, taken together, are ſtiled *moſt Honourable.*

Baronets are *Honourable.*

Juſtices of the Peace and Mayors are ſtiled *Righ Worſhipful.*

Likewiſe Sheriffs of Counties, &c.

All Governors under his Majeſty are ſtiled *Excellency.*

Superſcriptions of Letters.

To his moſt Sacred MAJESTY; or, *to the* KING'S *mo excellent* MAJESTY.

To her moſt Sacred MAJESTY; or, *to the* QUEEN'S *mo excellent* MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs, &c.

To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Siſters *To his or her Royal Highneſs.*

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

To his Grace the Duke of K——n.

To her Grace the Ducheſs of N——k.

To a Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, Lord. } *To the Right Honourabl the Marquis of; Ear of; Lord Viſcount F-h The Lord H—w.*

To a Marchioneſs, *To the Right Honourable the Mar-chioneſs of*, &c. An Earl or Viſcount's Wife, *To th Right Honourable the Lady Viſcounteſs*, &c. To Lord's Wife, *To the Right Honourable the Lady*, &c.

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viſcounr, o Lord, *To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann F—h.*

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

Alſo the Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Ambaſ-ſadors, &c. *To the Right Honourable Mrs.*

To an Archbiſhop. *To his Grace the Archbiſhop Canterbury.*

To the Biſhops. *To the Right Reverend Father in Go John Lord Biſhop of*, &c.

Som

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, muſt begin with a capital, except in the beginning, or immediately after a full ſtop.

5. *Direction.* Qualities, affirmations, or participles, muſt not begin with a capital, unleſs ſuch word 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 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 titles of books for ornament's ſake.

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

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 COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

Miſcellaneous LETTERS on the moſt uſeful and common Occaſions.

LETTER I.

From a Brother at home, to his Siſter abroad on a viſit, complaining of her not writing.

Dear Siſter,

I Muſt acquaint you how unkind 'tis taken by every body here, that we ſo ſeldom hear from you; my mother, in particular, is not a little diſpleaſed, and ſays, you are a very idle girl; my aunt is of the ſame opinion, and none but myſelf endeavours to find excuſes for you; but I beg you will give me that trouble no more, and, for the future, take care to deſerve no rebuke, which you may eaſily do by writing ſoon and often. You are very ſenſible how dear you are to us all; think then with yourſelf, whether it be right to omit giving us the only ſatisfaction that abſence affords to real friends, which is often to hear from one another.

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

From your ever affectionate brother,

T. C.

LET-

LETTER II.

The Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

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

Your very affectionate sister, M. C.

LETTER III.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Papa, written from School.

Dear Papa,

ACCORDING to your commands, when you left me at school, I hereby obey them; and not only inform you that I am well, but also that I am happy in being placed under the tuition of so good a master, who is the best natured man in the world; and, I am sure, was I inclinable to be an idle boy, his goodness to me would prompt me to be diligent at my study, that I might please him: Besides, I see a great difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent; idle boys being punished as they deserve, and diligent boys being encouraged: But you know, papa, that I always loved my book; for you have often told me, if I intended ever to be a great man, I must learn to be a good scholar, lest when I am grown up, I should be a laughing-stock or make-game to others, for my ignorance: But I am resolved to be a scholar.

Pray give my duty to my mamma, and my love to my ſiſter. I am, dear Papa,

Your moſt dutiful ſon.

LETTER IV.

Another on the ſame ſubject.

Dear Papa,

AS I know you will be glad to hear from your little boy, I ſhould be very naughty if I did not acquaint you that I am in good health, and that I am very well pleaſed with my maſter; for he is very kind to me, and tells me, that he will always love young gentlemen that mind their learning: therefore, I am ſure, he will ſtill love me; becauſe you know, papa, I always loved my book. For you have told me, that boys who do not mind their learning, will never become gentlemen, and will be laughed at for their ignorance, though they have ever ſo much money: and as I am ſure you will always ſpeak truth, and I would willingly be a gentleman, like you, I am reſolved to be a good ſcholar, which I know will be a pleaſure to you and my mamma, and gain me the love of every body.

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

I am, dear papa,

Your moſt dutiful ſon.

LETTER V.

To a friend againſt waſte of time.

Dear Sir,

CONVERSE often with yourſelf, and neither laviſh your time, nor ſuffer others to rob you of it. Many of our hours are ſtolen from us, and others paſs inſenſibly away; but of both theſe loſſes, the moſt ſhameful is that which happens through our own neglect. If we take the trouble to obſerve, we ſhall find that one conſiderable part of our life is ſpent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we ſhould not do. We don't ſeem to know the value of time, nor how precious a day is; nor do we conſider, that every moment brings us nearer to our end. Reflect upon this, I entreat you, and

and keep a ſtrict account of time. Procraſtination is the moſt dangerous thing in life. Nothing is properly our's but the inſtant we breathe in, and all the reſt is nothing; it is the only good we poſſeſs; but then it is fleeting, and the firſt comer robs us of it. Men are ſo weak, that they think they oblige by giving of trifles, and yet reckon that time as nothing, for which the moſt grateful perſon in the world can never make amends.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

In anſwer to a friend.

Sir,

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

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

LETTER VII.

To a young gentleman.

Sir,

I Dare venture to affirm that learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the gentleman, and that a wiſe man is as much ſuperior to an ignorant perſon, as a man is above the level of a brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than apply yourſelf ſeriouſly to the cultivation of your mind; to which purpoſe nothing will contribute more, than your preſcribing to yourſelf a regular method of ſtudy. The morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other part of the day; becauſe the mind is then free and diſen-

gaged, and unclouded by thoſe vapours which we generally find after a full meal. Nevertheleſs I would not affect to read over a multitude of volumes, nor read with greedineſs; I would rather chuſe to read a little, and digeſt it. Neither would I regard the number, ſo much as the choice of my books.

LETTER VIII.

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

Moſt honoured Madam,

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

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

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

When School is finiſhed for the day, I, accompanied by a young lady, who is my bedfellow, and of a like diſpoſition, retire to our room, where we improve ourſelves by reading. Books of piety are our moſt common choice: theſe warm our wills, and enlighten our underſtandings: they inſtruct us in the cauſe of our miſconduct, and preſcribe to us a remedy: they neither flatter

a digni-

a dignified title, nor insult the peasant who tills the ground; but, like painted bustos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the memory, enlarge the understanding, and inflame the will; and, in a delightful manner, cultivate both virtue and wisdom.

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

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

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

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

Your most dutiful daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a favour.

Dear Mamma,

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

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

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

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

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

I am, with my duty to Papa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful daughter.

LET-

LETTER X.

From a young Gentleman to his Papa, desiring that he may learn to dance.

Dear Papa,

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

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

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

Dear Papa,

Your most dutiful son.

LETTER XI.

From a young Lady to her Papa, who lately embarked for the East Indies, *in the Company's Service, but was detained at* Portsmouth *by contrary winds,*

Dear Papa,

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Papa,

Your most dutiful daughter.

LET-

LETTER XII.

From a young Woman just gone to service to her Mother at home.

Dear Mother,

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

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

Your most dutiful daughter.

LETTER XIII.

Her Mother's answer.

My dear child,

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

family will love and eſteem you. You will get new friends there; and I think I can aſſure you, that you will loſe no love here; for we all talk of you every evening; and every body ſpeaks of you as fondly or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean time, keep yourſelf employed as much as you can, which is the beſt way of wearing off any concern. Do all the buſineſs of your place; and be always ready to aſſiſt your fellow-ſervants where you can in their buſineſs. This will both fill up your time, and help to endear you to them: and then you will ſoon have as many friends about you there, as you uſed to have here. I don't caution you againſt ſpeaking ill of any body living, for I know you never uſed to do it: but if you hear a bad ſtory of any body, try to ſoften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it ſlip out of your mind as ſoon as poſſible. I am in great hopes that all the family are kind to you already, from the good character I have heard of them; but I ſhould be glad to ſee it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any time to ſpare from your buſineſs, I hope you will give a good ſhare of it to your devotions: that's an exerciſe which gives comfort and ſpirits without tiring one. My prayers you have daily; I might have ſaid hourly: and there is nothing that I pray for with more earneſtneſs, than that my deareſt child may do well. You did not mention any thing of your health in your laſt; but I had the pleaſure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Cooper's young man, who ſaid he called upon you in his way from London, and that you looked as freſh as a roſe, and as bonny as a blackbird.—You know James's way of talking.——However, I was glad to hear you was well, and deſire you will not forget to mention your health yourſelf in your next letter. Your father deſires his bleſſing, and your brothers their kind love to you. Heaven bleſs you, my dear child! and continue you to be a comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate mother.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

The Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother,

THOUGH we begin to have ſuch cold weather, I am got up into my chamber to write to you. God be thanked, I am grown almoſt quite eaſy, which is owing to my following your good advice, and the kindneſs that is already ſhewn me in the family. Betty and I are bed fellows; and ſhe, and Robin, and Thomas, are all ſo kind to me, that I can ſcarcely ſay which is the kindeſt. My maſter is ſixty-five years of age next April; but by his looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an eaſy ſmiling countenance; and is very good to all his ſervants. When he has happened to paſs by me, as I have been duſting out the chambers, or in the paſſage, he generally ſays ſomething to encourage me; and that makes one's work go on more pleaſantly. My miſtreſs is as thin as my maſter is plump; not much ſhort of him in age; and more apt to be a little peeviſh. Indeed that may eaſily be borne; for I have never heard my maſter ſay a ſingle word of any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My maſter, they ſay, is vaſtly rich; for he is a prudent man, and laid up a great deal of money while he was in buſineſs, with which he purchaſed his eſtate here, and another in Suſſex, ſome time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good houſe in London as well as this here; but my maſter and miſtreſs both love the country beſt, and ſo they ſometimes ſtay here for a whole winter, and all the ſummer conſtantly; of which I am very glad, becauſe I am ſo much nearer you: and I have heard ſo much of the wickedneſs of London, that I don't at all deſire to go there. As to my fellow-ſervants, 'tis thought that Betty (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the day is long) is to be married to the jovial landlord over the way; and, to ſay the truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promiſed to one another. Our coachman, Thomas, ſeems to be a very good, worthy man: you may ſee by his eyes that it does his heart good whenever he can do a kind thing for any of the neighbours.

neighbours. He was born in the parish, and his father has a good farm of his own in it, and rents another.—Robin, the footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I am sure he has a good stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such fellow-servants, and such a master, I think it would be my own fault if I am not happy. Well in health, I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in spirits; only my heart will heave a little still every time I look towards the road that goes to your house. Heaven bless you all there! and make a deserving daughter of so good a mother.

LETTER XV.

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

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

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

Now our gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with difficulties in the procuring them, and fatigue in the very enjoyment, and too often followed by regret and self-condemnation. What they call a life of pleasure among the great, must be a very laborious life: they spend the greatest part of the night in balls and assemblies, and fling away the greatest part of their days in sleep. Their life is too much opposed to nature to be capable of happiness: 'tis all a hurry of visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a day, to persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real friendship or esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either)

either) a perpetual ſeeking after what they call diverſions; an inſipidity, and want of taſte, when they are engaged in them, and a certain languiſhing and reſtleſſneſs when they are without them. This is not living, but a conſtant endeavour to cheat themſelves out of the little time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad conſtitution, make it worſe by their abſurd way of life, and deliver a ſtill weaker and weaker thread down to their children. I don't know any one thing more ridiculous, than the ſeeing their wrinkled ſallow faces all ſet off with diamonds. Poor miſtaken gentlewomen! they ſhould endeavour to avoid people's eyes as much as poſſible, and not to attract them; for they are really quite a deplorable ſight, and their very faces are a ſtanding leſſon againſt the ſtrange lives they lead.

People in a lower life, 'tis true, do not act ſo ridiculouſly as thoſe in a higher, but even among them too there is a vaſt difference between the people that live well and the people that live ill: the former are more healthy, in better ſpirits, fitter for buſineſs, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more uneaſy, more contemptible, and more diſeaſed.

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

But is it not a charming thing to have youth and beauty,—to be followed and admired,—to have preſents offered from all ſides to one,—to be invited to all diverſions, and to be diſtinguiſhed by the men from all the reſt of the company?——Yes, my dear child. All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive preſents, and if this diſtinction of you was to laſt always: but the miſchief of it is, that theſe things cannot be enjoyed without encreaſing your vanity every time you receive them, and ſwelling up a paſſion in you that muſt ſoon be baulked and diſappointed. How long is this beauty to laſt? There are but few faces that can keep it to the other ſide of five and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been

been uſed to be thus diſtinguiſhed and admired for ſome time, to ſink out of the notice of people, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very perſons who uſed to pay the greateſt adoration to you.

Do you remember the gentleman that was with us laſt autumn, and his preſenting you with that pretty flower one day, on his coming out of the garden. I don't know whether you underſtood him or not; but I could read it in his looks, that he meant it for a leſſon to you. 'Tis true, the flower was quite a pretty one; but though you put it in water, you know it faded, and grew diſagreeable in four or five days; and had it not been cropped, but ſuffered to grow on in the garden, it would have done the ſame in nine or ten. Now a year is to beauty, what a day was to that flower; and who would value themſelves much on the poſſeſſion of a thing, which they were ſure to loſe in ſo ſhort a time?

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

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

E. C.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

A Son's letter at ſchool to his Father.

Honoured Sir,

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

Your moſt obedient and dutiful ſon,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

LETTER XVII.

A letter of Excuſe to a father or mother.

Honoured Sir, or Madam,

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

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

PHILIP COLLINS.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. ——— ———.

Tunbridge.

I Think I promiſed you a letter from this place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got ſafe hither. To any other man I ſhould make an apology for

for troubling you with any information ſo trivial; but among true friends, there is nothing indifferent, and what would ſeem of no conſequence to others, has, in intercourſes of this nature, its weight and value. A byſtander, unacquainted with play, may fancy, perhaps, that the counters are of no more worth than they appear; but thoſe who are engaged in the game, know they are to be conſidered at a higher rate. You ſee I draw my alluſions from the ſcene before me: a propriety which the critics, I think, upon ſome occaſions recommend. I have often wondered what odd whim could firſt induce the healthy to follow the ſick into places of this ſort, and lay the ſcene of their diverſions amidſt the moſt wretched part of our ſpecies: one ſhould imagine an hoſpital the laſt ſpot in the world to which thoſe in purſuit of pleaſure would think of reſorting. However, ſo it is; and by this means the company here furniſh out a tragi-comedy of the moſt ſingular kind. While ſome are literally dying, others are expiring in metaphor; and in one ſcene you are preſented with the real, and in another with the fantaſtical pains of mankind. An ignorant ſpectator might be apt to ſuſpect that each party was endeavouring to qualify itſelf for acting the oppoſite character; for the infirm cannot labour more earneſtly to recover the ſtrength they have loſt, than the robuſt to deſtroy that which they poſſeſs. Thus the diſeaſed paſs not more anxious nights in their beds, than the healthy at the hazard-tables; and I frequently ſee a game at quadrille occaſion as ſevere a diſquietude as a fit of the gout. As for myſelf, I perform a ſort of middle part in this motley drama, and am ſometimes diſpoſed to join with the invalids in envying the health, and ſometimes have ſpirits enough to mix with the gay in pitying the phrenetic.

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

But

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

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

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

Honoured Sir,

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

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful ſon.

LET-

LETTER XX.

From a Daughter to a Mother, by way of Excuſe for having neglected to write to her.

Honoured Madam,

THOUGH the agreeable news of your health and welfare, which was brought me laſt night by the hands of my uncle's man Robin, gives me an inexpreſſible pleaſure; yet I am very much concerned that my too long ſilence ſhould have given you ſo much uneaſineſs as I underſtand it has. I can aſſure you, Madam, that my neglect in that particular was no ways owing to any want of filial duty or reſpect, but to a hurry of buſineſs (if I may be allowed to call it ſo) occaſioned by the honour of a viſit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty niece Miſs Charlotte, who are exceeding good company, and whom our family are proud of entertaining in the moſt elegant manner. I am not inſenſible, however, that neither this plea, nor any real buſineſs, of what importance ſoever, can juſtly acquit me for not writing oftener to a parent ſo tender and indulgent as yourſelf: but as the caſe now ſtands, I know of no other way of making atonement, than by a ſincere promiſe of a more ſtrict obſervance of my duty for the future. If, therefore, Madam, you will favour me ſo far as to forgive this firſt tranſgreſſion of the kind, you may depend on my word, it ſhall never be repeated by,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful daughter.

LETTER XXI.

From Robin Redbreaſt *in the garden, to Maſter* Billy Careleſs *abroad at ſchool.*

Dear Maſter Billy,

AS I was looking into your Papa's library window laſt Wedneſday, I ſaw a letter lie open, ſigned William Careleſs, which led my curioſity to read it; but was ſorry to find there was not that duty and reſpect in it, which every good boy ſhould ſhew to his Papa; and this I was the more ſurprized at, when I found it was to aſk a favour of him. Give me leave, therefore, dear Billy,

Billy, to acquaint you, that no one ſhould ever write to his Papa or Mamma, without beginning his letter with Honoured Sir, or Honoured Madam, and at the ame time not forget to obſerve, through his whole piſtle, the moſt perfect obedience, in a very obliging, eſpectful manner. By theſe means, you may not only ncreaſe your Papa's affections, but obtain almoſt any hing from him, that you can reaſonably aſk, provided be proper, and in his power to grant: what can any ood boy deſire more? - But here you muſt permit me, ear Billy, to whiſtle an unpleaſing but very uſeful ſong n your ear; which is, "That you will never get ſo nuch as an anſwer to any letter that is not alſo wrote andſome, fair, and large; which, as I know you are ery capable of, am ſurpriſed you will ever neglect it." And this you may depend on, for I know your Papa xtremely well, having frequently ſat for hours at his udy window, hearing him deliver his ſentiments to our ſiſters, and adviſing them in the moſt good-natured ffectionate manner, always to behave obedient to their arents, and pretty and agreeable to every body elſe, as vell abroad as at home; and I muſt ſay it, his advice nd commands, together with your Mamma's care and nſtruction, have had ſo charming an effect, that they re beloved and admired wherever they go; and at ome every ſervant is extremely fond of them, and lways ready to oblige and pleaſe them in every hing, which I ſee daily, when I hop down into the ourt to breakfaſt on the crumbs from the kitchen. How aſy then is it for you, my dear Billy, who are ſo much lder and wiſer than your ſiſter, to behave and write in he moſt dutiful and engaging manner. And further et me adviſe you, never to loſe ſight of the love and ſteem of your Mamma, to whom you are all particularly obliged, for her conſtant care to ſupply your continual wants, which your Papa, you are ſenſible, has not iſure even to think of; beſides, her good ſenſe and miable conduct have ſo gained the aſcendant of your apa, that he does nothing relative to any of you without her conſent and approbation; ſo that in gaining her teem, you are almoſt certain of his: but this you are ery ſenſible of already, and I only juſt chirp it in your ear,

ear, to remind you of good conduct, as well as filial duty.

But the morning draws on, and my fellow songsters are abroad to whistle in the day; so I must take my leave on the wing, and for the present bid you farewell; but beg I may never have occasion again to write to you an unpleasing letter of rebuke; and that you will always remember, however distant you are, or however secret you may think yourself from your friends and relations, you never will be able to conceal your faults; for some of our prying prattling tribe will be continually carrying them home, to be whistled in a melancholy strain in the ears of your Papa, much to your shame and discredit, as well as his dislike, and my great concern, who am, dear Billy, your ever watchful and most affectionate friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

From my hole in the wall, at
sun-rising, the 1st of June, 1795.

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

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LETTER XXII.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sister,

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

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

Your ever loving ſiſter.

LETTER XXIII.

In Anſwer to the foregoing.

Dear Siſter,

I Received your ſummons, and can aſſure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourſelf, that my long ſtay in town, notwithſtanding all the good company I have met with, and all the diverſions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's abſolute commands not to leave her, ſhould have prevented my return to you within the time propoſed. You are ſenſible I have infinite obligations to her, and it would be ingratitude to the laſt degreee not to comply with her injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample amends for that uneaſineſs which my long abſence has given you, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavour to prevail with her ladyſhip to join with me in a viſit to you both in the ſpring, and to ſtay with you for a month at leaſt, if not longer. I would adviſe you therefore to ſave an unneceſſary expence, as well as fatigue, and reſt contented where you are, till you ſee

Your ever loving,

And affectionate ſiſter,

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

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

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no precepts under my Mother's care to inſtruct you in all moral and religious duties, yet there are ſome things ſhe may poſſibly forget to remind you of, which are highly neceſſary for the forming your mind, ſo as to make that figure in the world, I could wiſh you to do.——I am certain you will be kept up to your muſic, ſinging, and dancing, by the beſt maſters the country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good houſewifery is a moſt commendable quality.——I would have you, indeed, neglect none of theſe branches of education; but, my dear, I ſhould be grieved to hear you were ſo much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two hours, at leaſt, every day to reading.——My Father left a collection of very excellent books in all languages behind him, which are yet in being, and as you are tolerably well acquainted with the French and Italian, would have you not be altogether a ſtranger to their authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that library you will find none that is not ſo) very much elevates the ideas, and harmonizes the ſoul; and well-wrote novels are an amuſement, in which ſometimes you may indulge yourſelf: But hiſtory is what I would chiefly recommend;——without ſome knowledge of this, you will be accounted at beſt but an agreeable trifle.——I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the company you may happen to fall into.

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

great

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

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

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

nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of nature, the fountain of all pleasure.

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

Your affectionate Mother,

SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XXV.

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

Dear Niece,

THE sincere love and affection which I now have for your indulgent father, and ever had for your virtuous mother, not long since deceased, together with the tender regard I have for your future happiness and welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by letter than by word of mouth, that the town rings of your unguarded conduct, and the too great freedoms that you take with Mr. Freelove. You have been seen with him (if fame lies not) in the side boxes at both theatres; in St. James's Park on Sunday night, and afterwards at a certain tavern, not a mile from thence, which is a house (as I have been credibly informed) of no good repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at Ranelagh Assembly, Vauxhall Gardens, and what is still more flagrant, at Cuper's fireworks. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudiced, or speak out of any private pique; but let me tell you, your familiarity with him gives me no small concern, as his character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous manner by two or three very virtuous young ladies of my acquaintance, who enter-

tained too favourable an opinion of his honour. It is possible, as you have no great expectancies from your relations, and he has an income, as 'tis reported, of 200l. a year left him by his uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his address an offer to your advantage: 'Tis much to be questioned, however, whether his intentions are sincere; for notwithstanding all the fair promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered that he is privately engaged to a rich, old doating lady not far from Hackney. Besides, admitting it to be true, that he is really entitled to the annuity above-mentioned; yet 'tis too well known, that he's deep in debt; that he lives beyond his income, and has very little, if any regard for his reputation. In short, not to mince the matter, he is a perfect libertine, and is ever boasting of favours from our weak sex, whose fondness and frailty are the constant topics of his raillery and ridicule.

All things therefore duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his company as you would a mad man; for notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good name may be irreparably lost by such open acts of imprudence. As I have no other motive but unaffected zeal for your interest and welfare, I flatter myself you will put a favourable construction on the liberty here taken by

Your sincere friend and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXVI.

Letter of Thanks, &c.

Sir,

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

Your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,
JOHN WADMAN.

LETTER XXVII.

From an Apprentice to his Friends.

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

Your most dutiful and obedient son & servant,

CHARLES SEDLEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

From an elder Brother to a younger.

Dear Brother,

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

You have too much good-nature to be offended at my advice, especially when I assure you that I as sincerely wish your happiness and advancement in life as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remembered to you: pray write as often as opportunity and leisure will permit; and be assured a letter from you will always give great pleasure to all your friends here, but to none more than

Your most affectionate brother,

And sincere humble servant,

EDWARD STANLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

A letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a letter of rebuke.

Honoured Sir,

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

Your moſt obliged and ever dutiful nephew,

HENRY MONTAGUE.

LETTER XXX.

A letter from a Niece to her Aunt.

Madam,

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

Your moſt dutiful and truly obliged niece,

And very humble ſervant,

JANE PEMBERTON.

LETTER XXXI.

Letter from a Youth at ſchool to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

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

Your ever dutiful and obedient ſon,
CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

LETTER XXXII.

A letter from an Apprentice in Town to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

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

Your ever dutiful and moſt obedient ſon, T. R.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

From an elder Brother in the Country to his younger Brother put apprentice in London.

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleaſed with the new ſituation into which the care of your friends has put you; but I would have you pleaſed not with the novelty of it, but with the real advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under leſs reſtraint than you were, for a maſter neither has occaſion nor inclination to watch a youth, ſo much as his parents: but if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childiſh ſatisfaction, may, in the end, betray you into miſchief; nay, to your ruin. Though your Father is not in ſight, dear Brother, act always as if you were in his preſence; and be aſſured, that what would not offend him, will never diſpleaſe any body.

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

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

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

I am your affectionate brother.

LETTER XXXIV.

A letter of Excuse for Silence, and assurance 'twas not out of disrespect.

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

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

I. B.

LETTER XXXV.

A letter from a servant in London, to his Master in the Country.

Sir,

AS I find you are detained longer in the country than you expected, I thought it my duty to acquaint you that we are all well at home; and to assure you that your

your buſineſs will be carried on with the ſame care and fidelity as if you were perſonally preſent. We all wiſh for your return as ſoon as your affairs will permit; and it is with pleaſure that I take this opportunity of ſubſcribing myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and faithful ſervant,

SAM. TRUSTY.

LETTER XXXVI.

From a Father to his Son, juſt beginning the world.

Dear Billy,

AS you are now beginning life, as it were, and will probably have conſiderable dealings in your buſineſs, the frequent occaſions you will have for advice from others, will make you deſirous of ſingling out 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 reputation they bear in the world. For he who has by his own indiſcretions undone himſelf, is much fitter to be ſet up as a landmark for a prudent mariner to ſhun his courſes, than an example to follow.

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

Let your endeavours therefore be, at all adventures, to conſort yourſelf with men of ſobriety, good ſenſe, and virtue; for the proverb is an unerring one, that ſays, "*A man is known by the company he keeps.*" If ſuch men you can ſingle out, while you improve by their

converſation, you will benefit by their advice; and be ſure remember one thing, that though you muſt be frank and unreſerved in delivering your ſentiments, when occaſions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than ſpeak; for to this purpoſe it has been ſignificantly obſerved, that nature has given a man two ears, and but one tongue. Lay in therefore by obſervation, and a modeſt ſilence, ſuch a ſtore of ideas, that you may, at their time of life, make no worſe figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourſelf rather by other people's ills than your own. How muſt thoſe young men expoſe themſelves to the contempt and ridicule of their ſeniors, who having ſeen little or nothing of the world, are continually ſhutting out by open mouths and cloſed ears all poſſibility of inſtruction, and making vain the principal end of converſation, which is improvement! A ſilent young man makes generally a wiſe old one, and never fails of being reſpected by the beſt and moſt prudent men. When therefore you come among ſtrangers, hear every one ſpeak before you deliver your own ſentiments; by this means you will judge of the merits and capacities of your company, and avoid expoſing yourſelf, as I have known many do, by ſhooting out haſty and inconſiderate bolts, which they would have been glad to recal; when perhaps a ſilent genius in company has burſt 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 may think worthy of my notice, or in which my advice may be of uſe to you; for I have no pleaſure in this life equal to that which the happineſs of my children gives me. And of this you may be aſſured; for I am, and ever muſt be,

Your affectionate Father.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

To an intimate Acquaintance to borrow Money.

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

RICHARD ROLT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money for a little Time.

Dear Sir,

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

Your very humble servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

LETTER XXXIX.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sir,

ANY thing in my power is always very much at your service; the sum you mention I have now by me, and can very conveniently spare it for the time you fix, and you are most heartily welcome to it. Any hour that you shall appoint to-morrow I'll be ready; and am, with the greatest sincerity,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

CHARLES NUGENT.

LETTER XL.

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

Madam,

'TIS paying you but an ill compliment, to let one of the moſt entertaining letters I have met with for ſome years, remain ſo long unacknowledged. But when I inform you I have had a houſe full of ſtrangers almoſt ever ſince, who have taken up all my time, I am ſure you'll excuſe, if not pity me. "Who ſteals my purſe, "ſteals traſh; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave "to thouſands: but he who filches from me my pre-"cious moments, robs me of that which not enriches "him, but makes me poor indeed." 'Tis owing to this want, I ſhould not ſay loſs of time, (for the hours have not paſſed by unimproved or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you ſooner how much I envy that leiſure and retirement, of which you make ſuch admirable uſe. There 'tis the mind unbends and enlarges itſelf; drops off the forms and incumbrances of this world, (which, like garments trailed about for ſtate, as ſome author has it, only hinder our motion) and ſeizes and enjoys the liberty it was born to. O when ſhall I ſee my little farm!—that calm receſs, low in the vale of obſcurity, my imagination ſo often paints to me! You know I am always in raptures about the country: but your deſcription of Richmond is enough to intoxicate the ſoundeſt head.

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

Your's, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Miſs J—— *to Miſs* Lovelace, *on the preſent Letter-Writers, and her opinion of a well-wrote letter.*

WANT of time is, I think, the general complaint of all letter-writers; and your's in haſte, concludes wit, buſineſs, every thing. For my own part, my whole life is little more than a perpetual

hurry of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more buſineſs of that ſort upon my hands than now. But as I can generally find time to do any thing I have a mind to do, ſo 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'm 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, ſhould conclude this to be a maſter-piece of the kind, both in 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 out-does me in ſome few trifles of another ſort, ſuch as ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that letters, like beauties, may be over dreſt. There is a becoming negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a genius, I don't know any one ſo likely to hit off my manner as himſelf. But he inſiſts upon it, that genius is as neceſſary towards writing, as ſtraw towards making bricks; whereas 'tis notorious that the Iſraelites made bricks without that material as well as with.

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

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To Miss L—, *in Answer to her description of Windsor.*

YOUR account of the shades of Windsor, and your invitation to them, are equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in mind of the Elysian Groves, where the great souls of antiquity repose themselves on beds of flowers to the sound of immortal lyres; and there perhaps the ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft music, and gliding about their ancient mansions in fresco; and the latter, of some gentle spirit, the departed genius of some maid of honour (rather too plump for a ghost) who beckons me in to them. I'm impatient till I land in those calm retreats, that asylum from curt'sying and compliment, which I despair of arriving at in this sublunary state; where, if one can but get into the groupe, all distinction ceases; where, you say, I may do any thing I have a mind to do, without impeachment of my breeding; and where, disengaged from all the forms and incumbrances of this nether world, I am like to be in perfect good humour with myself, which, in most other places, would be reckoned excessively rude.

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

Your peaceful Servant, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs J. *to Miſs* L. *from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey.*

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

All our friends that we took up in the morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we ſet out upon the journey of life; and now I've only a young ſtudent of Oxford to finiſh the evening of my day with, and prepare for the grand events of to-morrow. I've juſt been eating a boil'd chicken with him, and talking about Homer and Madam Roland; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my bed-chamber, whom I ſhall diſmiſs with her warming-pan in a moment. If you do not permit me to pour out the preſent ſet of ideas upon all this paper, I am inconſolable; for I've no book, and was too abſent till now, to think I ſhould want one. How ſudden and how capricious are the tranſitions of this mortal ſtage! Pleaſure and pain are parted but by a ſingle moment. Windſor, Fern-Hill, Brook-ſtreet, and your grey gown, are no more; nor with Mr. Locke's Aſſociations can I aſſociate a ſingle idea of the paſt with the preſent. Even Lady —— is defunct. And yet ſhe might—but ſhe is no more: Et de mortuis nil niſi bonum.

While

While Virtue ſhines, or ſinks beneath ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——

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

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

JUVENAL.

LETTER XLIV.

To Miſs L. *on the Expreſſions and Compliments commonly made uſe of in Letters.*

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

inclination preponderates. Of consequence, when I come towards the end, or peroration of a letter, I sometimes communicate my compliments—sometimes desire they may be made known—or where there's a large family, and of consequence a number of civilities to be paid, the laconic stile of—my deferences as usual, has sometimes succeeded beyond my expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, I beg my compliments to such a one—But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular dissertation upon stile, and as I've many flowers of rhetoric yet unexhausted, I shall wind up the words above-mentioned into the form of a letter, and communicate all the things I have to say in the postscript.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss Jones *to Lady* ——.

THE first letter from an absent friend is surely the most agreeable thing to muse over in nature. Yours from Hatfield revived in me those pleasing remembrances which not only enliven but expand the heart; that very heart, which, but the moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the thoughts of your departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the pleasure: the moment she saw your hand, she cried half! —and read it most complacently over my shoulder.

'Tis to no purpose to tell you how much you are missed by every body that staid in town; how often I cast my eyes up at your dressing-room window, or how many people I've run over in contemplating your dining-room shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your health, and to order John, when I go to town again, to tie up that knocker. I could tell you many stories of the sensible things; but of all the insensible ones upon this occasion, your lamp provoked me the most. To see that creature, when I've gone by in the evening, burn so prettily, and with so much alacrity, has put me out of all patience. To what purpose should he light us into

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

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

LETTER XLVI.

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

Sir,

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

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ROBERT JONES.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

The Answer.

Sir,

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

RICHARD TOMKINS.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer.

My dear Harriot,

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

You

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

Your affectionate friend.

LETTER XLIX.

From a young Perſon in Trade to a Wholeſale Dealer, who had ſuddenly made a Demand on him.

Sir,

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

Your humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER L.

The Wholesale Dealer's Answer.

Sir,

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

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

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER LI.

From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship to a Relation, requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money.

Sir,

I Can remember nothing but kindness from you to our unhappy family ever since my infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your favour, provided you retain the same kind thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small hand in putting me out; for I think my father could not have commanded such a sum of money, without the assistance of some

ſome generous friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the caſe, Sir, I may be the more aſhamed to write to you upon the preſent occaſion, ſince it is ingratitude to make one benefit the cauſe of aſking others; but I will venture to ſay in my own favour, that I think my behaviour in the time I have been with my maſter, will not make againſt me in the application. If I aſk what to you ſhould ſeem improper, all that I farther requeſt is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at preſent before me the proſpect of being a journeyman of a ſmall ſalary, and juſt getting bread, and that of being a maſter in one of the moſt advantageous trades that can be thought of: And this is the time of fixing myſelf in one ſituation or the other.—I am ſenſible, Sir, you will ſee the deſign of this letter, becauſe the becoming a maſter cannot be done without money, and I have no where to apply for ſuch an aſſiſtance but to your favour: A moderate ſum, Sir, will anſwer the purpoſe; and I think I am ſo well acquainted with the trade, as to be able ſoon to repay it; at leaſt I am ſure I can take care that the value of it ſhall be always kept in ſtock, ſo that there can be no riſk to loſe any part of it. I have made the computation, and with 200l. carefully laid out, I can make all the ſhew that is neceſſary, and have all conveniencies about me. If you will be ſo generous, Sir, to complete the goodneſs you have already begun, by lending me this ſum, there is nothing ſhall tempt me to endanger your loſing any part of it; nor ſhall any thing ever make me forget the obligation.

I am, Sir, your moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient humble ſervant,

I. B.

THE

THE COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

LETTERS of Courtſhip and Marriage.

LETTER I.

From a young Perſon in Buſineſs to a Gentleman, deſiring leave to viſit his Daughter.

Sir,

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

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER II.

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

Honoured Sir,

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

Honoured Sir, your most dutiful daughter.

LETTER III.

From a Daughter to her Mother upon the same occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my friends in the country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Prudence, a governess of a noted young ladies boarding-school at the Court End of the town, to act as her assistant.—She has treated me, ever since I have been with her, with

with the utmoſt good-nature and condeſcenſion, and has all along endeavoured to make my ſervice more eaſy and advantageous to me than I could reaſonably expect. On the other hand, as a grateful acknowledgment of her favours, I have made her intereſt my whole ſtudy and delight. My courteous deportment towards the young ladies, and my co: ſtant care to oblige my governeſs, have not only gained me the love and eſteem of the whole houſe, but young Mr. Byron, the dancing-maſter who attends our ſchool weekly, has caſt a favourable eye upon me ſome time, and has lately made me ſuch overtures of marriage, as are, in my own opinion, worthy of my attention. However, notwithſtanding he is a great favourite of Mrs. Prudence, a man of unblemiſhed character, and very extenſive buſineſs, I thought it would be an act of the higheſt ingratitude to ſo indulgent a parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an affair whereon my future happineſs or miſery muſt ſo greatly depend.—As to his perſon, age, and temper, I muſt own, Madam, with a bluſh, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I ſhould think myſelf very happy, ſhould you countenance his addreſſes. I flatter myſelf, however, that I have ſo much command of my own paſſions, as in duty to be directed in ſo momentous an affair by your ſuperior judgment. Your ſpeedy anſwer, therefore, will be looked upon as an additional act of indulgence ſhewn to,

Your moſt dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

The Mother's Anſwer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the overtures of marriage made you by Mr. Byron, and as that is a very weighty affair, I ſhall return to London as ſoon as poſſible, in order to make all due enquiries. And in caſe I find no juſt grounds for exceptions to the man, I have none to his occupation; ſince 'tis ſuitable enough to that ſtate of life for which you ſeem to have a peculiar taſte. However, though I ſhould rejoice to ſee you ſettled to

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

Dear Daughter, Your truly affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

A young Lady's Anſwer to a Gentleman's Letter, who profeſſes an Averſion to the tedious Forms of Courtſhip.

Sir,

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

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

MIRA.

LET-

LETTER VI.

The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the ſame Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Paſſion.

Sir,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over fond of ſquandering our time away in idle, unmeaning compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct terms, that the diſpoſal of my perſon is not altogether in my own power; and that notwithſtanding my father and mother are both deceaſed, yet I tranſact no ſingle affair of any moment, without conſulting Sir Orlando Wiſeman, of Lincoln's Inn, who is my counſel upon all occaſions, and is a gentleman, as I conceive, of the ſtricteſt honour and honeſty, and one on whoſe judgment I can ſafely rely. I'll be ſo fair and juſt to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no objection to your perſon: If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your propoſals, and I find that he approves them, I ſhall act without any mental reſervation, and be very apt to encourage a paſſion that I imagine to be both honourable and ſincere. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complained of ill Succeſs in his Addreſſes.

Dear Nephew,

I Received your doleful ditty, in regard to your ill ſucceſs in your late love adventure with Miſs Snow. No marble monument was ever half ſo cold, or Veſtal Virgin half ſo coy! She turns a deaf ear, it ſeems, to your moſt ardent vows! And what of all that? By your own account, it appears, ſhe has given you no flat denial; neither has ſhe peremptorily forbid your viſits. Really, Nephew, I thought a young gentleman of your good ſenſe and penetration, ſhould be better vers'd in the arts of love, than to be caſt down all at once, and quit the field upon the firſt repulſe. You ſhould conſider, that ſhe is not only a beauty, but a very accom-

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

I am, Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER VIII.

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

Honoured Sir,

THO' your injunctions ſhould prove diametrically oppoſite to my own ſecret inclinations, yet I am not inſenſible, that the duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Beſides, I ſhould be very ungrateful ſhould I preſume, in any point whatever, conſidering your numberleſs acts of parental indulgences towards me, to conteſt your will and pleaſure. Tho' the conſequences thereof ſhould prove never ſo fatal, I am determined to be all obedience, in caſe what I have to offer in my own defence ſhould have no influence over you, or be thought an inſufficient plea for my averſion to a match, which, unhappily for me, you ſeem to approve

prove of. 'Tis very poſſible, Sir, the gentleman you recommend to my choice, may be poſſeſſed of all that ſubſtance, and all thoſe good qualities, that bias you ſo ſtrongly in his favour; but be not angry, dear ſir, when I remind you, that there is a vaſt diſproportion in our years. A lady, of more experience and of a more advanced age, would, in my humble opinion, be a much fitter help-mate for him. To be ingenuous (permit me, good ſir, to ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart without reſerve for once) a man almoſt in his grand climacteric, can never be an agreeable companion for me; nor can the natural gaiety of my temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourſelf in every innocent amuſement, be over agreeable to him. Tho' his fondneſs at firſt may connive at the little freedoms I ſhall be apt to take; yet, as ſoon as the edge of his appetite ſhall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a cauſe. I ſhall be debarred of every diverſion ſuitable to my years, tho' never ſo harmleſs and inoffenſive; permitted to ſee no company; hurried down perhaps to ſome melancholy rural receſs; and there, like my Lady Grace in the play, ſit penſive and alone, under a green tree. Your long experienced goodneſs, and that tender regard, which you have always expreſſed for my eaſe and ſatisfaction, encourages me thus freely to expoſtulate with you on an affair of ſo great importance. If, however, after all, you ſhall judge the inequality of our age an inſufficient plea in my favour, and that want of affection for a huſband is but a trifle, where there is a large fortune and a coach and ſix to throw into the ſcale; if, in ſhort, you ſhall lay your peremptory commands upon me to reſign up all my real happineſs and peace of mind for the vanity of living in pomp and grandeur, I am ready to ſubmit to your ſuperior judgment. Give me leave, however, to obſerve, that 'tis impoſſible for me ever to love the man into whoſe arms I am to be thrown, and that my compliance with ſo deteſted a propoſition, is nothing more than the reſult of the moſt inviolable duty to a father, who never made the leaſt attempt before to thwart the inclinations of,

His ever obedient Daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

Sir,

IT is a very ill return which I make to the respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that though the day of our marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long conversations we have had at those times when we were left together, that some secret hung upon my mind. I was constrained to an ambiguous behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my mother, from a closet near the place where we sat, could both hear and see our conversation. I have strict commands from both my parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, sir, the misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no prospect of happiness but from your death. This is a confession made perhaps with an offensive sincerity; but that conduct is much to be preferred to a secret dislike, which could not but pall all the sweets of life, by imposing on you a companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my passion for the gentleman, whose wife I am by promise, would lead me to any thing criminal against your honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a man of your sense to expect nothing but forced civilities in return for your tender endearments, and cold esteem for unreserved love. If you will, on this occasion, let reason take place of passion, I doubt not but fate has in store for you some worthier object of your affection, in recompence for your goodness to the only woman that could be insensible of your merit.

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,

M. H.

LET-

LETTER X.

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

Sir,

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

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

I am yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another, in answer to the foregoing.

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose heart and soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole thoughts and wishes are but on you? Sweet quarreler, you know this: What afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speaking to without distaste, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obe-

dient to your commands; for I promiſe you, you ſhall never get any other cauſe. I thought it moſt prudent to be ſeen talking with another, when it was my buſineſs not ſo much as to look at you. Miſs Peacock is a very old acquaintance; ſhe knows my perfect devotion to you, and ſhe very well knew all that civility and earneſtneſs of diſcourſe about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, becauſe you commanded me; but I will make you aſk my pardon in a few minutes for robbing me of thoſe few which might have been paſſed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My ſweeteſt quarreller, I am coming to you. After this never doubt but that I am,

Yours moſt truly.

LETTER XII.

From a Gentlemen to a Lady, whom he accuſes of Inconſtancy.

Madam,

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

You ſhould not ſuppoſe, if lovers have loſt their ſight, that their ſenſes are all baniſhed: And if I refuſe to believe my eyes, when they ſhew me your inconſtancy, you muſt not wonder that I cannot ſtop my ears againſt the accounts of it. Pray let us underſtand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourſelves all this while: Am I a perſon whom you eſteem, whoſe fortune you do not deſpiſe, and whoſe pretenſions you encourage; or am I a troubleſome coxcomb, who fancy myſelf particularly received by a woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deſerve; and I ought to join with you in ſaying that I deſerve it: But if it be otherwiſe, and you receive me as I think you do, as a perſon you intend to marry, for it is beſt to be plain on theſe occaſions, for heaven's ſake, what is the meaning of that univerſal coquetry in public, where every fool flatters you, and you are pleaſed with the meaneſt of them? And what can be the meaning that I am told, you laſt night in particular was an hour with

with Mr. Marlow, and are ſo wherever you meet him, if I am not in company? Both of us, madam, you cannot think of; and I ſhould be ſorry to imagine, that when I had given you my heart ſo entirely, I ſhared yours with any-body.

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

Your moſt unhappy.

LETTER XIII.

From a Lady to her Lover, who ſuſpected her of receiving the Addreſſes of another. In Anſwer to the above.

Sir,

IF I did not make all the allowances you deſire in the end of your letter, I ſhould not anſwer you at all. But altho' I am really unhappy to find you are ſo, and the more to find myſelf to be the occaſion, I can hardly impute the unkindneſs and incivility of your letter to the ſingle cauſe you would have me. However, as I would not be ſuſpected of any thing that ſhould juſtify ſuch treatment from you, I think it neceſſary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more foundation than what you have ſeen: However, I wonder that other eyes ſhould not be as eaſily alarmed as yours; for, inſtead of being blind, believe me, ſir, you ſee more than there is. Perhaps, however, their ſight may be as much ſharpened by unprovoked malice, as yours by undeſerved ſuſpicion.

Whatever may be the end of this diſpute, for I do not think ſo lightly of lovers quarrels as many do, I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourſelf; and I ſhall add, that if the fault of your temper, which I once little ſuſpected, ſhould make me fear you too much to marry,

you will not ſee me in that ſtate with any other; nor courted by any man in the world.

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From a young Tradeſman to a Lady he had ſeen in Public.

Madam,

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

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

to

to desire any friend to ask my character in the neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against, madam, Your most humble servant.

LETTER XV.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the above.

Sir,

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

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

Your humble servant, A. H.

LETTER XVI.

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

Madam,

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

which is, that you ſhould have given me the cauſe to have written it, and yet that has happened.

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

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

Your humble ſervant, R. S.

LETTER XVII.

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the Addreſſes of a young Tradeſman.

Honoured Sir,

I Think it my duty to acquaint you that a gentleman of this town, by name Wills, and buſineſs a linen-draper, has made overtures to my couſin Harcourt, in the way of courtſhip to me. My couſin has brought him once or twice into my company, which he could not well decline doing, becauſe he has dealings with him, and has a high opinion of him and his circumſtances. He has been ſet up three years, has very good buſineſs, and lives in credit and faſhion. He is about twenty-ſeven years old, a likely man enough, ſeems not to want ſenſe or manners, and is come of a good family. He has broke his mind to me, and boaſts how well he can maintain me: though I aſſure you, ſir, I have given him no encouragement; but told

told him that I had no thoughts of changing my condition yet awhile; and ſhould never think of it but in obedience to my parents; therefore deſired him to talk no more on that ſubject to me. Yet he reſolves to perſevere, and pretends extraordinary affection and eſteem. I would not, Sir, by any means omit to acquaint you with the beginning of an affair which it would be want of duty in me to conceal from you, and ſhew a guilt and diſobedience unworthy of the kind indulgence and affection you have always ſhewn to, Sir,

Your moſt dutiful daughter.

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

LETTER XVIII.

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

Dear Polly,

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

Your indulgent Father.

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

LETTER XIX.

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

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your's of the 4th instant relating to the addresses of Mr. Wills, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his suit; for if, on enquiry into his character and circumstances, I shall find that they are answerable to your cousin's good opinion of them, and his own assurances, I know not but his suit may be worthy of attention. But, my dear, consider that men are deceitful, and always put the best side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strict enquiry which the nature and importance of the case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you, therefore, to act in this matter with great prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your cousin will give him hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him: and in the mean time, he may be told, that you are not at your own disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my determination and direction, in an affair of this great importance; and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will, in this case, as in all others, study your good as becomes Your indulgent Father.

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

LETTER XX.

A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's favour to him for her Niece.

Good Madam,

I Have several times, when I have been happy in the company of your good Niece, thought to have spoke my mind, and to declare to her the true value and affection I have for her: but just as I have been about to

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

Your obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER XXI.

The Aunt's anſwer, ſuppoſing the gentleman deſerving encouragement.

Sir,

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

me, though a relation, to call it ſo) to meet with her favour, will find this her character; and that it is not owing to the fond partiality of, Sir,

Your friend and ſervant.

LETTER XXII.

From a reſpectful humble ſervant.

Dear Madam,

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

Your affectionate Admirer, and devoted Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

The Answer.

Sir,

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

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

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

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Formality in Courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the ancients, in describing a youth in love, says, he has neither wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his tongue. If this be a just description, the sincerity of my passion will admit of no dispute: and whenever in your company I behave like a fool, forget not that you are answerable for my folly. Having made bold to declare thus much, I must presume to say, that a favourable reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your notice; but your disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle fallacies, and airy compliments, to prevail on your judgment, is a folly for any man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good sense and endowments have raised you far above the necessity of practising the mean artifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your sex: You

You are not to be ſo lightly deceived; and if you were, give me leave to ſay, I ſhould not think you deſerving of the trouble that would attend ſuch an attempt.

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

Your moſt reſpectful Admirer,
And obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXV.

The Lady's Anſwer, encouraging a farther Declaration.

Sir,

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

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his Paſſion.

NOW I have the hope of being not more deſpiſed for my acknowledged affection, I declare to you, with all the ſincerity of a man of honour, that I have long had a moſt ſincere paſſion for you; but I have ſeen gentlemen

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

Your moſt obliged and faithful Admirer.

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

LETTER XXVII.

The Lady's Anſwer to his Reply, putting the matter on a ſudden iſſue.

Sir,

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

Andover. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

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

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

I have heard, says he, a most excellent sermon just now: Dr. Thomas is a fine man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir; I generally go to my own parish church. That's right, Madam, to be sure: what was your subject to-day? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one, truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine work upon that subject. His text to-day was, evil communications corrupt good manners. A good subject, Sir; I doubt not but the doctor made a fine discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any subject.

I rung

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

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

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

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

Your greatly obliged Kinſwoman.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous turn of mind.

Cousin Jenny,

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

He visited you just after the sermon on a Sunday; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the duty of the day had made proper impressions upon him.

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

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

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

I think, Cousin Jenny, this is not only a mighty safe way, as you call it, of travelling towards the land of matri-

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

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

Upon the whole, Couſin Jenny, I am ſorry, that a woman of virtue and morals, as you are, ſhould treat ſo ludicrouſly, a ſerious and pious frame of mind, in an age wherein good examples are ſo rare, and ſo much wanted; though, at the ſame time, I am far from offering to preſcribe to you in ſo arduous an affair as a huſband; and wiſh you and Mr. Richards too, ſince you are ſo differently diſpoſed, matched more ſuitably to each other's mind than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXX.

A Sailor to his Sweetheart.

My Dear Peggy,

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

I hope you hold in the ſame mind ſtill, my deareſt dear: for God will never bleſs you if you break the vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would ſooner have my heart torn from my breaſt than it ſhould harbour a wiſh for any other woman

beſides

beſides my Peggy. O, my deareſt love! you are the joy of my life! my thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my hopes and my wiſhes are only to be yours. God ſend it may be ſo!

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

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

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

Your faithful Lover till Death.

LETTER XXXI.

Her Anſwer.

Dear William,

FOR ſo I may call you now we are ſure; and ſo my mother ſays; this is to let you know that nothing ſhall prevail upon me to alter my promiſe made to you when

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

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

Your faithful, &c.

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

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs Molly Smith to her Couſin, giving her an account of a very remarkable inſtance of envy, in one of her acquaintance, who lived in the city of York.

Dear Couſin,

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

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

We all grieved at her fate. Her fleſh was withered away; her appetite decayed by degrees, till all food became nauſeous to her ſight: her ſtrength failed her; her feet could not ſupport her tottering body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her death. When at laſt, ſhe one day called her moſt intimate friends to her bedſide, and, as well as ſhe could, ſpoke to the following purpoſe: "I know you all pity "me: but alas! I am not ſo much the object of your "pity as your contempt; for all my miſery is of my "own ſeeking, and owing to the wickedneſs of my own "mind. I had two ſiſters, with whom I was bred up; "and I have all my life time been unhappy, for no "cauſe but for their ſucceſs in the world. When "we were young, I could neither eat or ſleep in peace, "when they had either praiſe or pleaſure. When "we grew up to be women, they were both ſoon "married much to their advantage and ſatisfaction. "This galled me to the heart, and though I had "ſeveral good offers, yet, as I did not think them, "in all reſpects, equal to my ſiſters, I would not "accept them; and yet was inwardly vexed to refuſe "them, for fear I ſhould get no better. I generally "deliberated ſo long, that I loſt my lovers, and then "pined for that loſs. I never wanted for any thing; "and was in a ſituation in which I might have been "happy, if I pleaſed. My ſiſters loved me very "well; for I concealed, as much as poſſible, from "them my odious envy; and yet never did any poor "wretch lead ſo miſerable a life as I have done; for "every bleſſing they enjoyed was a dagger to my "heart. 'Tis this envy that has cauſed all my ill "health, has preyed upon my very vitals, and will now "bring me to my grave."

In

In a few days after this confeſſion ſhe died; and her words and death made ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion on my mind, that I could not help ſending you this relation; and begging you, my dear Suky, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our minds the very firſt riſing of a paſſion ſo deteſtable, and ſo fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs. Diſon. I know I have no particular reaſon for giving you this caution; for I never ſaw any thing in you, but what deſerved the love and eſteem of

Your ever moſt affectionate Couſin,

M. SMITH.

LETTER XXXIII.

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

Sir,

I Rely on your goodneſs to redreſs and conceal the misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what words ſhall I declare a paſſion which I bluſh to own? it is now a year and a half ſince I firſt ſaw, and (muſt I ſay) loved you, and ſo long I have ſtrove to forget you; but frequent ſights of what I could not but admire, have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not ſubſcribe to this letter, leſt it ſhould fall into hands that may poſſibly expoſe it; but if you, Sir, have any curioſity or deſire to know who I am, I ſhall be in the Park to-morrow, exactly at two o'clock. I cannot but be under apprehenſions, leſt you ſhould come more out of curioſity than compaſſion; but, however, that you may have ſome notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a ſhort deſcription of my perſon, which is tall and ſlender, my eyes and hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my perſon is altogether what the flattering world calls handſome; and as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reaſon to find fault with it. I doubt you will think ſuch a declaration as this, from a woman, ridiculous; but

you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LETTER XXXIV.

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

Sir,

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

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

For your own sake, I am loth to speak it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for, but from cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding; but whatsoever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name, for you might perhaps have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest; and how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the scorn, or at least to the pity of the world, I may guess from the mortifications I now feel, from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success, and in being

being convinced, by the rash experiment I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion. How ungenerous your behaviour has been—I had rather you were told by the gentlemen, (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any thing severe; but although their kind sense of the affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh evidence of my own weakness, in lavishing my esteem upon the person that least deserved it.

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

LETTER XXXV.

Lydia *to* Harriot, *a lady newly married.*

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault, to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband, and an

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

Bleſt ſolitude! I wiſh thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which, indeed, you would perſuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here deſcribed: but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little diſordered with romances and novels. After ſix months marriage, to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country ſcenes ſo ſoftly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of the Sylvan Deities, or roved among the walks of Paradiſe, like the firſt happy pair. But, 'pr'ythee, leave theſe whimſies, and come to town, in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely intereſted in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice, at your firſt appearance under the character of a married woman: 'tis a little inſolent in me, perhaps, to adviſe a matron; but I am ſo afraid you'll make ſo ſilly a figure, as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public place with your huſband, and never to ſaunter about St. James's Park together. If you preſume to enter the ring at Hyde Park together, you are ruined for ever; nor muſt you take the leaſt notice of one another at the play houſe or opera, unleſs you would be laughed at as a very loving couple, moſt happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; ſhe is the moſt negligent and faſhionable wife in the world; ſhe is hardly ever ſeen in the ſame place with her huſband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect ſtrangers. She never was heard to name him in his abſence, and takes care he ſhall not be the ſubject of any diſcourſe that ſhe has a ſhare in. I hope you'll propoſe this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you'll be ſo ſilly to think Portia, Sabine, &c. Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wiſh it may never come into your head to imitate thoſe antiquated

creatures

creatures ſo far, as to come into public in the habit, as well as air of an old Roman matron. You make, already, the entertainment at Mrs. Modiſh's tea-table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always thought you a diſcreet perſon, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence. She dies to ſee what demure and ſerious airs wedlock has given to you; but, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhall never forgive your choice of ſo gallant a man as Bellmour; to tranſform him to a mere ſober huſband, 'twas unpardonable. You ſee, my dear, we all envy your happineſs, and no perſon more than

Your humble ſervant,

LYDIA.

LETTER XXXVI.

Harriot's *Anſwer to the above.*

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

I am married, and have no other concern but to pleaſe the man I love; he's the end of every care I have; if I dreſs, 'tis for him; if I read a poem or a play, 'tis to qualify myſelf for a converſation agreeable to his taſte: he's almoſt the end of my devotion; half my prayers are for his happineſs—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleaſure and emotion. I am your friend, and wiſh you happineſs; but am ſorry to ſee, by the air of your letter, that there are a ſet of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is ſober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the topics of people of little wit and no underſtanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: She

is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman: I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours, when even I am shut out, and my dear husband is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old age.

I am, Madam.
Your most humble servant,
HARRIOT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The following pretty entertaining letter was written by our Poet Waller, *to the lady* Sidney, *on the marriage of her sister:*

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

Madam,

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

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

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

mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

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

To you, Madam, I wish all good things; and that this loss may, in good time, be happily supplied with a more constant bedfellow of the other sex.

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

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XXXVIII.

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

A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague, against a Maxim of M. Rochefaucault's, "that Marriages are convenient, "but never delightful."

IT appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a maxim established by so celebrated a genius as Monf. de Rochefaucault, and implicitly received by a nation

which calls itſelf the only perfectly polite in the world, and which has, for ſo long a time, given laws of gallantry to all Europe.

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

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

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

The moſt trifling cares of œconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by the ſentiments of tenderneſs. To furniſh a room, is no longer furniſhing a room, it is ornamenting the place where I expect my lover; to order a ſupper is not ſimply giving

ing orders to a cook, it is amusing myself in regaling him I love. These necessary occupations, regarded in this light by a lover, are pleasures infinitely more sensible and lively than cards and public places, which make the happiness of the multitude incapable of true pleasure.——A passion, happy and contented, softens every movement of the soul, and gilds each object that we look on.

To a happy lover (I mean one married to his mistress) if he has any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the embarrassments of a court, every thing becomes agreeable when he can say to himself, It is to serve her I love. If fortune is favourable, (for that does not depend on merit) and gives success to his undertakings, all the advantages he receives are offerings due to her charms, and he finds, in the success of his ambition, pleasure much more lively and worthy a noble mind, than that of raising his fortune, or of being applauded by the public. He enjoys his glory, his rank, his riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her lover she hears praised when he gains the approbation of the Parliament, the praises of the army, or the favour of his Prince. In misfortune it is his consolation to retire to a person who feels his sorrow, and to say to himself in her arms, "My happiness "does not depend on the caprice of fortune: here is "my assured asylum against all grief; your esteem "makes me insensible to the injustice of a court, or "the ingratitude of a master. I feel a sort of pleasure "in the loss of my estate, as that misfortune gives me "new proofs of your virtue and tenderness. How "little desirable is grandeur to persons already happy! "We have no need of flatterers or equipage: I reign in "your heart, and I possess in your person all the delights "of nature." In short, there is no situation of which the melancholy may not be softened by the company of the person we love. Even an illness is not without its pleasures, when we are attended by one we love. I should never have done, was I to give you a detail of all the charms of an union in wich we find, at once, all that flatters the senses in the most delicate and most extended pleasure; but I cannot conclude

without mentioning the ſatisfaction of ſeeing each day increaſe the amiable pledges of our tender friendſhip, and the occupations of improving them according to their different ſexes. We abandon ourſelves to the tender inſtinct of nature, refined by love. We admire in the daughter the beauty of the mother, and reſpect in the ſon the appearances of underſtanding and natural probity which we eſteem in the father. It is a pleaſure of which God himſelf (according to Moſes) was ſenſible, when ſeeing what he had done, he found it good.

A-propos of Moſes, the firſt plan of happineſs infinitely ſurpaſſed all others, and I cannot form to myſelf an idea of paradiſe more delightful than that ſtate in which our firſt parents were placed: That did not laſt, becauſe they did not know the world; (which is the true reaſon that there are ſo few love-matches happy). Eve may be conſidered as a fooliſh child, and Adam a man very little enlightened. When people of that ſort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at firſt, but that cannot laſt. They form to themſelves, in the violence of their paſſions, ideas above nature; a man thinks his miſtreſs an angel, becauſe ſhe is handſome; a woman is enchanted with the merit of her lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt change of her complexion takes from him his adoration, and the huſband ceaſing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love; by degrees they are diſguſted with one another, and, after the example of our firſt parents, they throw on each other the crime of their mutual weakneſs; afterwards coldneſs and contempt follow a great pace, and they believe they muſt hate each other becauſe they are married; their ſmalleſt faults are magnified in each other's ſight, and they are blinded to their mutual perfections. A commerce eſtabliſhed upon paſſion can have no other attendants. A man, when he marries his miſtreſs, ought to forget that ſhe then appears adorable to him; to conſider that ſhe is but a ſimple mortal, ſubject to diſeaſes, caprice, and ill humour. He muſt prepare his conſtancy to ſupport the loſs of her beauty, and collect a fund of complacency, which is neceſſary for the continual

continual converſation of the perſon who is moſt agreeable, and the leaſt unequal. The woman, on her ſide, muſt not expect a continuance of flatteries and obedience. She muſt diſpoſe herſelf to obey agreeably, a ſcience very difficult, and, conſequently, of great merit to a man capable of feeling. She muſt ſtrive to heighten the charms of a miſtreſs by the good ſenſe and ſolidity of a friend. When two perſons, prepoſſeſſed with ſentiments ſo reaſonable, are united by eternal ties, all Nature ſmiles upon them, and the moſt common objects become charming.

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

I own that our barbarous manners are ſo well calculated for the eſtabliſhment of vice and miſery (which are inſeparable from them) that they muſt have hearts and heads infinitely above the common, to enjoy the felicity of a marriage ſuch as I have deſcribed. Nature is ſo weak, and ſo given to change, that it is difficult to ſupport the beſt founded conſtancy, amidſt thoſe many diſſipations that our ridiculous cuſtoms have rendered inevitable. A huſband, who loves his wife, is in pain to ſee her take the liberties which faſhion allows; it appears hard to refuſe them to her, and he finds himſelf obliged to conform himſelf to the polite manners of Europe; to ſee, every day, her hands a prey

prey to every one who will take them; to hear her dis-play to the whole world the charms of her wit; to ſhew her neck in full day; to dreſs for balls and ſhews, to attract admirers, and to liſten to the idle flattery of a thouſand fops. Can any man ſupport his eſteem for a creature ſo public, or, at leaſt, does ſhe not loſe much of her merit?

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

I remember a converſation I had with a lady of great quality at Conſtantinople, the moſt amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and for whom I had afterwards the moſt tender friendſhip: She owned ingenuouſly to me, that ſhe was content with her huſband. What libertines you Chriſtian women are! (ſhe ſaid) it is permitted for you to receive viſits from as many men as you pleaſe; and your laws permit you, without limitation, the uſe of wine. I aſſured her ſhe was very much miſinformed; that it was true we received viſits, but thoſe viſits were full of form and reſpect; and, that it was a crime to hear a man talk of love, or for us to love any other than our huſbands. Your huſbands are very good (ſaid ſhe, laughing) to content themſelves with ſo limited a fidelity. Your eyes, your hands, your converſation, are for the public, and what do you pretend to reſerve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana, (added ſhe, embracing me) I have all poſſible inclination to believe what you ſay, but you would impoſe upon me impoſſibilities. I know the amorous complexion of you infidels, I ſee you are aſhamed of them, and I will never mention them to you more.

I found ſo much good ſenſe and truth in all ſhe ſaid, that I could ſcarcely contradict her; and I owned at firſt, that ſhe had reaſon to prefer the morals of the muſſulmen to our ridiculous cuſtoms, which are ſurpriſingly oppoſite to the ſeverer maxims of Chriſtianity. —And, notwithſtanding our fooliſh manners, I am of opinion, that a woman, determined to find her happineſs in

in the love of her husband, must give up the extravagant desire of being admired by the public; and that a husband who loves his wife, must deprive himself of the reputation of being a gallant at Court. You see that I suppose two persons very extraordinary; it is not then very surprising such a union should be rare in a country, where it is necessary, in order to be happy, to despise the established maxims.

I am, &c.

THE

THE COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.

Familiar Letters of Advice and Instruction, &c. in many Concerns of Life.

LETTER I.

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

I AM now come well to ——, from whence I intend to write something to you on the observance of the Lord's Day; and this I do for these reasons; 1st, Because it has pleased God to cast my lot so, that I am to rest at this place on that day, and the consideration therefore of that duty is proper for me and you, viz.—the work fit for that day. 2dly, Because I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of that day, and the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends it us; and it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him; for I have found

found by a ſtrict and diligent obſervation, that a due obſervance of the duty of this day, has ever had joined to it a bleſſing on the reſt of my time; and the week that hath been ſo begun, hath been bleſſed and proſperous to me. On the other ſide, when I have been negligent of the duty of this day, the reſt of the week has been unſucceſsful and unhappy to my own ſecular employment; ſo that I could eaſily make an eſtimate of my ſucceſſes the week following, by the manner of my paſſing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconſiderately; but upon a long and ſound obſervation and experience.

LETTER II.

The Earl of Strafford to his Son, juſt before his Lordſhip's Execution.

My deareſt Will,

THESE are the laſt lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wiſh there was a greater leiſure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will ſupply all things by his grace, and will guide and protect you in all your ways; to whoſe infinite goodneſs I bequeath you; and therefore be not diſcouraged, but ſerve him, and truſt in him, and he will preſerve and proſper you in all things. Be ſure you give all reſpects to my wife, who hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will it be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your ſiſters, but let them ever be moſt dear to you: for this will give others cauſe to eſteem and reſpect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myſelf: therefore your care and affection to them muſt be the very ſame that you are to have of yourſelf; and the like regard muſt you have to your youngeſt ſiſter; for indeed you owe it her alſo, both for her father's and mother's ſake. Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of thoſe friends, who are, by me, deſired to adviſe you for your education. Serve God diligently, morning and evening, and recommend

commend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel. For, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgment than your own.—Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with patience, and be sure to correct and restrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with chearfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the Commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least thing, left, by degrees, you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than penitively; for God loves a chearful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those who are in God's Church, the proper teachers thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinion, and delight to go in ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other. The King, I trust, will deal graciously with you; restore you those honours, and that fortune, which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him, without having obligations to any other. Be sure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter into your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

them. And God Almighty, of his infinite goodness, bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner: perfect you in every good work, and give you right understanding in all things. *Amen.*

Your most loving Father,
T. WENTWORTH.

LETTER III.

From a Gentleman at Lisbon, immediately after the Earthquake, to his Son in London.

My dear Son,

ERE you receive this from your unhappy father, you will have heard of the destruction of this place, and of the calamitous situation of its few remaining miserable inhabitants. God, in his infinite mercy, protect us! All that you have heard, will fall short of what I have seen; for no words have energy sufficient to convey an idea of a scene so amazingly dreadful. Your poor mother is no more! ask me not for your sisters! and as for myself, I am a vagabond, and condemned to seek my bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*—I am satisfied.—All may be for the best, and our friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent city, whose foundations are not to be shaken, and where sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear child, prepare to follow them; and that we may do so, let us live here, that we may fear no dissolution, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us always be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a death-bed repentance; for you see we have not a moment that we can call our own. St. Austin says, *We read of one Man who was saved at the last Hour, that none may despair, and of but one, that none may presume.* How unsafe, how foolish, therefore, it is, to put off that until to-morrow, which is so essentially necessary to be done to-day! To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that! you may be snatched away in an instant, as thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the arm of the Almighty: No! the attempt would be vain, would be presumptuous, would

would be impious! and you will find, my dear Son, (I hope not too late) that the only ſecurity againſt accidents of this ſort, is the leading a religious and good life.

I am, Your truly affectionate Father.

LETTER IV.

To Amelia, with a Gold Thimble.

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

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

When you have lived to that age in which your reaſon ſhall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that thoſe little follies which your ſex are guilty of proceed

proceed from a fault in your education, and that idleness is the parent of vice. Thus then, in the early years of life, whilst you place the thimble on your finger, you are guarding your bosom against the approach of foibles which might banish those from your society, who were attracted by the charms of your person.

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

A few years hence, when the youth, whom your eyes have wounded, shall beg your acceptance of some trifle, in the warmest terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preserve it; but I, on the contrary, shall desire you to be frequent in the use of this, and to wear it out for my sake. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

On the vicissitudes of human life.

REMEMBER, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while, in the strait road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter

enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who learn not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains an effort to be made, that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him.

LETTER VI.

From a Father to his Son, on his admission into the University.

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide world. Every step you take is attended with danger, and requires caution. My eye is upon you no longer, and the vigilance of governors, and the care of tutors, cannot follow you every where. Few will have concern or affection enough to advise you faithfully.—Your conduct must be a good deal regulated by your own reflections. The only secure paths are those of religion and virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeable to that simplicity of life, which the rules of academical societies prescribe. Mix not intemperance with your growing years, nor treasure up infirmities

infirmities against an age the fittest for employment. You have received health from your parents, and you owe it to your children. Be careful in the choice of your company; pay civility to all, have friendship with few; not too quickly with any: an idle companion will corrupt and disgrace you while you associate with him, and aspersse and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I trust to, to do all good offices for you. Whenever you find yourself with persons of superior age, or quality, or station, or endowments, pay a deference to them; so much is due to their experience and character. Modesty is a most amiable virtue, especially in a young man who professes himself a learner. Possibly, in a large society, you may meet with some bold young men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a value amongst their ill-bred companions, by daring to say and do abusive things to their governors; but do not you imitate such examples; for prudence is not magnanimity. A brave mind is seen in persevering through the difficulties of a virtuous course; in the conquest of irregular appetites and passions, and in scorning to do any thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with politics, which, when you shall have studied all your life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the humours or resentments, or private interests or public views of men in power: a study, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from virtue, is so foreign to your present purpose, and in which, if you could really have any skill, at your age it would seem to be affected. Take the proper advantages of living in a society. Observe the different tempers and dispositions of men; shun their vices, imitate their virtues, make use of their learning, and let the many eyes that are upon you, the consciousness of your duty, and the indignation to be insignificant, raise an emulation in you to excel in some kind of art or knowledge that may hereafter be useful to the public. From the moment of your entrance take care of your reputation. Let not one exercise go out of your hands that hath not employed your utmost diligence. Notwithstanding the affection I have for you, I shall not be able

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

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

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

June 28.

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

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of birds, and ſhe ſays, it would be cruel to deprive them of their liberty, when we can be entertained with their ſongs without it; to encourage then their reſidence amongſt us, they are not denied a great ſhare of the productions of my garden.

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

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

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

There

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

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought and pow'r divine.

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

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

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

'Is it not extremely abſurd,' ſaid Lucinda, 'as we 'returned, for mankind to complain of the ſhort dura-'tion of their lives, when they even refuſe to live 'a number of hours which Providence has beſtowed 'on them? How many can we recollect amongſt our 'acquaintance, who have been loſt to every joy this 'morning has afforded us, and who may, notwith-'ſtanding, before night, aſſert, that the age which 'men in general attain to, ſerves only to conduct them 'to a ſuperficial knowledge of the ſciences, or that

'old age approaches almoſt as ſoon as we begin to 'live.'

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

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

LETTER VIII.

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

July 5, 1784.

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

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

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

I

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

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

With thee converſing, I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,

With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtarlight, without thee is ſweet.

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

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

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

LETTER IX.

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

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

and moſt melancholy office which friendſhip can perform.

At length, my Cleanthes, that friendſhip which we once divided, is now confined to ourſelves. We have ſeen thoſe who advanced with us along the vale of life, ſink into the grave, and have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendſhip which we helped to conſtitute at our entrance on the world. We have together, in the hours of youth, looked back and deſpiſed the toys of infancy, in our manhood we have ſmiled at the pleaſures of our youth, and are now come to that age in which we look back on all alike, and conſider every proſpect that terminates on this ſide the grave as beneath our notice or regard.

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

We have lent the tear of pity to diſtreſs, and alleviated the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures; we have neither indulged our paſſions, nor neglected the praiſe we owe the author of our mercies. Why, therefore, ſhould we tremble? We leave a world, whoſe pleaſures we are no longer capable of poſſeſſing; we have paſſed through its enjoyments, and have found them vain; we leave it for the happieſt of ſtates: and yet the tender tie of parents holds us; we muſt leave thoſe whom nature obliges us to love: yet let us re-

member that we leave them to the care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilst their minds were yet uninformed, or we had conducted them from the budding to the bloom of reason.

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

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

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

Whenever

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

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

A letter from Biſhop Atterbury *to his Son* Obadiah, *at* Chriſtchurch *College, in* Oxford.

(*Containing ſome uſeful Hints in regard to writing letters.*)

Dear Obby,

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

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

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

Your loving Father, &c.

LETTER XI.

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

MUST we for ever, my dear sister, converse only at this unhappy distance?——Are we born of the same parents, to be eternal aliens to each other? ——I have been told wonders of your wit, ingenuity, and good nature.——Must strangers, or at least very distant kindred, reap all the benefit of these amiable qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the want of it?——They say there is a secret sympathy between persons of the same blood, and I am sure I feel it; how is it then with you?——Have you never any of those yearnings, those longings, to see the daughter of your father and your mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily musings and my nightly dreams! —If not affection, pity should make you wish to be with a sister, who stands so much in need of your assistance. You know, my father's great affairs suffer him seldom to be with his family;——Death has deprived me of my mother, and devotion of her sister; but she forsakes me only to join herself to her creator;

you

you have no ſuch plea: and as you are ſix years older than myſelf, and of a much ſuperior underſtanding, it is a kind of duty in you to be with me, to correct the errors of my unexperienced youth, and form my mind by the model of your own.—Believe me, I would be moſt obedient to your inſtructions, and love the precepts for the teacher's ſake.—What can withhold you from coming to a place where your company is ſo ardently deſired?—What can you find ſo pleaſing to you in a kingdom rent with internal diviſions?——Where father againſt ſon, and brother againſt brother, maintain unnatural conteſt!——A kingdom, where pride, injuſtice, luxury, and profaneneſs are almoſt univerſal, and religion become a reproach to the profeſſion!—A kingdom, ſinking by ſwift degrees into miſery and contempt, yet infatuated ſo far as to doat on the cauſe of their undoing.————At leaſt this is the account we have of it.——Can this be agreeable to a perſon of your nice and diſtinguiſhing taſte!—Oh, my deareſt ſiſter! liſten to the dictates of reaſon, of duty, and of nature; all join to call you from that worſe than Egypt into the land of Canaan.————Here peace and innocence go hand in hand, and all the graces, all the pleaſures, wait upon their ſteps.——No foreign wars, no home-bred jars, no envy, no diſtruſt, diſturb the ſoft ſerenity of theſe bliſsful ſeats, but all is harmony and love.—Eternal zephyrs watch our morning wakings, bringing ten thouſand odours on their wings, and tempt us to the groves from whence they ſpring.—In troops we wander through the jeſſamine lanes, or ſit in orange bowers, where fruits, ripe and in bloſſom, charm our ſmell and taſte.—Sometimes on mules we take ſhort journies to Teneriffe, and on the foot of that ſtupendous mount, recline on banks of roſes umbrella'd over with ſpreading myrtles:—Then change the ſcene, and view the ſpacious vineyards, where alcoves of cluſtering grapes hang pendant over our heads.—Sometimes we roam through a long gallery of ſtately pines, whoſe loaded boughs preſent us every kind of fruit in one.————But there is no deſcribing half the various ſweets which Nature, with a laviſh hand, pours on theſe iſles, which juſtly have

the name of *fortunate!* nor (I flatter myself) will there be any need of farther argument, to bring you to us;—my father has just now informed me, that Captain —— carries his positive orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured hope of enjoying the happiness I so long, and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more—I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that, with your obedience to our father, some little share of love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more readiness, by the thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an affection for you, and thinks it the greatest blessing to subscribe herself, My dear Sister,

Your most affectionate and most obedient servant,

MARIA BOYLE.

LETTER XII.

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

Dear Miss Pemberton,

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

been a dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake: My ſiſter's fate has rouſed me from my lethargy of mind, made me to ſee the ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no time to be loſt for their accompliſhment.—Who can aſſure me, that in an hour, a moment, I may not be as ſhe is!——And if ſo, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my audit at the great tribunal!—In what a ſtrange ſtupidity have I paſſed fourteen or fifteen years; (for thoſe of my childhood are not to be reckoned.)——I always knew that death was the portion of mortality, yet never took the leaſt care to arm againſt the terrors of it.—— Whenever I went a little journey, I provided myſelf with all things neceſſary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, laſt voyage, I muſt one day take into another world.——What an infatuation to be anxious for the minuteſt requiſites for eaſe and pleaſure, in a dwelling where I propoſed to ſtay a few weeks, or months, perhaps, yet wholly regardleſs of what was wanting for making my felicity in an eternal ſituation! Reaſon, juſt kindled, ſhudders at the recollection of the endleſs train of follies I have been guilty of:——. Well might the poor Berinthia feel all their force;—— vain, gay, unthinking as myſelf, I tremble at the bare imagination of thoſe ideas, which her laſt moments muſt inſpire; for I now faithfully believe with Mr. Waller, that,

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

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

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

judge with what kind of ſentiments ſhe left this world. —Heaven has, I hope, accepted her contrition, and will enable me, as you will find ſhe deſires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miſs,
Your moſt afflicted humble ſervant,
MIDDLETON.

LETTER XIII.

Encloſed in the foregoing.

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

My dear Siſter,

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

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

Your sincere Friend,
And most affectionate and departing sister,
BERINTHIA.

LETTER XIV.

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

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

Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw or spot that may accidentally touch it.———'Tis erected of a proper height, a just size, reared

reared on a regular plan, and finiſhed with the moſt accurate proportion.———On the top ſtands an eminent turret, furniſhed with a room of a globular form, which I obſerve has two cryſtal windows in the front; theſe are ſo conſtructed as to be exceeding uſeful, as they command an extenſive proſpect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the houſe. I adviſe you not to look through them at every object that paſſes by; be ſure to ſhut them ſoon at night, and you may open them as early as you pleaſe in the morning.—On each ſide I diſcover a ſmall portal to receive company; take care they don't always ſtand open, for then you will be 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 any of ill characters be ſeen coming from it, and you draw a ſcandal upon your houſe: It will be neceſſary therefore to lay a ſtrict injunction of vigilance on your two porters, who ſtand centinels in liveries of the deepeſt ſcarlet, juſt without the ivory palliſades.——I have ſeen ſome people paint the two pannels, juſt below the windows: but I would adviſe you to the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art.—This part of the edifice is ſupported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whoſe baſe is ornamented with two alabaſter ſemi-globes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needle-work.

Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a ſmall cloſet, of exquiſite workmanſhip; this, I ſuppoſe, is the place of your ſecret retirement, open to none but yourſelf, or ſome faithful intimate friend.—I adviſe you to keep this always clean, furniſh it well, make it a little library of the beſt practical authors, and viſit it frequently, eſpecially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea table: let the outſide of the hall not appear like an hearſe hung round with eſcutcheons, nor like a coach of ſtate bedaubed with gilt and

and colouring; but let it be plain, neat, and clean, to convince the world that 'tis kept more for use than ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little tenement subject to the same change: doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations that the house will one day fall.——You may soon be turned out—the landlord may give you warning, or may not—this is all uncertain——be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice.——One thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill 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 or decay; 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 never expire.

Your's, &c.

ROBERT N.

LETTER XV.

From a sensible Lady, with a never-failing receipt for a Beauty-Wash.

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

Pray

Pray let her obſerve the following rules:

In the morning, fair water is to be uſed as a preparatory; after which ſhe muſt abſtain from all ſudden guſts of paſſion, particularly envy, as that gives the ſkin a ſallow paleneſs. It may ſeem trifling to talk of temperance; yet muſt this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if ſhe would avoid thoſe pimples, for which the advertiſed waſhes are a boaſted cure.—Inſtead of rouge, let her uſe moderate exerciſe, which will excite a natural bloom in her cheeks not to be imitated by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good-humour, will give an openneſs to her countenance that will make her univerſally agreeable. A deſire of pleaſing will add fire to her eyes, and breathing the morning air at ſun-riſe will give her lips a vermillion hue. That amiable vivacity, which ſhe now poſſeſſes, may be happily heightened and preſerved, if ſhe avoids late hours and card playing, but not otherwiſe; for the firſt gives the face a drowſy diſagreeable aſpect, and the laſt is the mother of wrinkles.——A white hand is a very deſirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unleſs it be kept clean: nor is this all; for if the young lady will excel her companions in this reſpect, ſhe muſt keep her hands in conſtant motion, which will occaſion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion I would recommend, is working at her needle, bruſhing up the houſe, or twirling the diſtaff.——It was this induſtry in our grand-mothers which gave Kneller an opportunity of gratifying poſterity with a view of ſo many fine hands and arms in his incomparable portraits.——A few words more, and I have done.——Let her preſerve an unaffected neatneſs in her apparel; her fortune will permit her to dreſs elegantly; but her good ſenſe ſhould always prevent her from deſcending to gaudineſs, which ſtrikes the eyes of the ignorant, but diſguſts thoſe of true taſte and diſcernment; beſides, Madam, your daughter has ſo many natural charms, that ſhe can have no occaſion to wear cloaths that will attract all the attention of the multitude. She poſſeſſes more beauties than ſhe is acquainted with, which is no ſmall addition to her merit; but how can it

it be otherwise, when she is your daughter, and has you for an example? I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Domestic rule the province of a wife.

Madam,

I MUST assert, that the right of directing domestic affairs is, by the law of nature, in the woman; and that we are perfectly qualified for the exercise of dominion, notwithstanding what has often been said by male cots to the contrary. Those who pretend to direct our bringing-up, seem to have destined us to that power which they would afterwards dispute. We are employed on our samplers, or diverting ourselves with our babies: we pass from our mother's nursery to our own, and from imaginary visits to real ones, without fatiguing ourselves with a variety of unnecessary acquirements, on which the men most value themselves. Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a pursuit of, we are taught singing and dancing; but what are those to the drudgery of schools and universities? The business of a family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole circle of our time, and affords no room for any thing except innocent relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to understand domestic policy than the men, who have twenty other things to mind: a mere housewife, like a mere scholar, is fit for nothing else, I admit, and will make a man a very unsociable companion. But as some men of great application to their respective professions, have, notwithstanding, a very polite behaviour, so a woman may make the government of her house the principal care, without suffering it to become the principal theme of her discourse; nor do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a character as a manager, her husband should twice or thrice a week hear her scolding her servants. This is one of the great objections to female government, and our adversaries would fain present it as a thing as necessary to us, as a standing army to admini-

adminiſtration. Both may be calumnies, and the mere effects of a deſire to get into other folks places. Experience is only on our ſide; for, wherever the maſter exceeds his proper ſphere, and pretends to give law to the cook-maid as well as the coachman, we obſerve a great deal of diſorder and confuſion. When a man, who is always a better judge when things are wrong, than of the method of ſetting them to rights, incroaches on the woman's province, it is the ready way to make the reſt of the family deſpiſe them both. But when a woman of tolerable good ſenſe is allowed to direct her houſe without controul, all things go well; ſhe prevents even her huſband's wiſhes, the ſervants know their buſineſs, and the whole family live eaſy and happy. It is with great concern that I perceive our ſex, of late, inclined to mind any thing rather than their families, which inclination muſt have fatal conſequences. Can there be any thing more honourable for a woman, than the right management of her family? And it may be obſerved to them, that they muſt take their choice either to manage their children and ſervants, or to be managed by them. If liberty is the thing they aim at, they certainly miſtake the road; a woman's freedom conſiſts in power, and not in a licence to gad about, which is ſcandalous even in a girl, and beſpeaks a giddineſs of ſoul below compaſſion. The conduct of the eſtate or buſineſs ought ſurely to be in the huſband; and if he parts with it, it is an act of weakneſs: the conduct of the houſe belongs as juſtly to the wife; and no man ought to marry a woman whom he would not truſt with the management of ſuch concerns. Adieu, dear friend! incroach not on the province of your huſband, but continue to be miſtreſs in your own.

I am, Your affectionate friend,

SYLVIA SHARP.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

From a Lady to her Acquaintance, on growing old.

My dear Lucy,

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

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

I was ſitting yeſterday in my parlour window, looking careleſsly on the people as they paſſed, when all at once a fellow abruptly preſented himſelf before me, and cried in a hoarſe voice, *ſpectacles, Madam, fine ſpectacles*, and at the ſame time thruſt a pair of thoſe noſe-ſaddles within the ſaſh: You cannot imagine, dear Lucy, how I was ſhocked; I gave the man a ſhort anſwer, and immediately drew down the window.—*Good God!* ſaid I to myſelf, *do I look old enough to be ſuppoſed to want ſpectacles?* not conſidering that it was the fellow's trade to offer them to every body, and that many people younger than myſelf were obliged to make uſe of them. I ran however to my glaſs, and fancied I perceived what they call the crow's feet appear at the corners of my eyes.—I looked and looked again, and the more I did ſo, the more I thought theſe cruel marks of time were viſible; and now recollecting that my laſt birth-day brought me into my one-and-thirtieth year, and that a very

very few more of them would rank me among the number of the aged, I fell into ſuch a fit of the vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable?—Where now was my underſtanding;—where my reaſon? The little ſhare I have is ſufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this world, muſt grow old, and few of us there are who deſire to die young: Why was not this knowledge at hand to make me eaſy under the common courſe of nature?

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

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

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

This,

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

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

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

My dear Lucy,
Your's with the moſt perfect amity,
HILLARIA.

LETTER XVIII.

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

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your recovery, to be able to condole with you on any alteration your late illneſs has made in you; and, indeed, how great ſoever it may be, am far from thinking it deſerves to be mentioned with that concern you expreſs. You have encountered death, and foiled him at one of his ſharpeſt weapons; and if you have received ſome ſcars, ought to look upon them rather as trophies of victory, than blemiſhes ——What if your complexion has loſt ſome part of its fair ſmooth, and your features are not altogether ſo delicate; the leſs charms your glaſs preſent you with, the more you will find in your cloſet; and deprived of vain pleaſures in contemplating the graces of your outward form, you will have the greater

greater leiſure to improve and embelliſh thoſe which are not ſo eaſily impaired.

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

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

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

My dear Ophelia,

Your's,

SOPHRONIA.

THE COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant Letters on various Subjects, to improve the Stile and entertain the Mind; from eminent Authors.

LETTER I.

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

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from Heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me, except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have eſcaped: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtands ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes.——Would

to

to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! But unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beach tree. John Hewit was a well-set man of about five and twenty: Sarah Dew 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, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand.—It was but last fair that he brought her a present of green silk for her straw hat; and the posey on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage.——It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley: John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as if to skreen her from the lightning. They were both struck in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow

was

was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt; her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we ſhould furniſh the Epitaph, which is as follows:

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

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

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

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

ONCE more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt; the curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night; may you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back

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

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

Believe

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

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

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

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

Madam,

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth, makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world: They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender well-meant word above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken ſo much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure, I want, at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who would, at all ſeaſons alike, be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſition than to laugh only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: For if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagined my company could

have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſhed, and turned into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of than your friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life, the other I cannot anſwer for.—What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

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

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

LETTER IV.

To the Hon. Mrs. H——, *from Mr.* Pope.

Madam,

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

You

You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible thing in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs, and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtile of wit and abomination. —To ſhew you how unſatisfactorily you wrote, in all your letters, you've never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continue to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, kindneſs, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not wit, which, if I want, I am not much concerned, becauſe judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make uſe of it, rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H——, who will ſee by it, what manner of letters he muſt expect, if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant, to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return, I ſhould have nothing, but honeſt plain how-d'ye's, and pray remember-me's; which not being fit to be ſhewn to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. Pope *to Mr.* Steel, *on Sickneſs and dying young.*

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution, is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different

views, and I hope I have received ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

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

Then ſurely ſickneſs contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines: it gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we then think of fortifying ourſelves within, where there was ſo little dependance upon our outworks.—Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time it is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſure. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe, I am only a lodger." I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the

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

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

From her LOOKING-GLASS, *To the beautiful* Angelica.

Madam,

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

be infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think ſo. Conſider, Madam, I beſeech you, that if you come to me ten thouſand times a day, I cannot make you a bit the better, or the handſomer, but ſhall certainly deſtroy one of the fineſt ornaments of beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own perfections. Whenever you ſtand before me with all your charms ſet forth to the beſt advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourſelf with too great pleaſure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty, which, in time, will make other people deſpiſe and ridicule you; and therefore I honeſtly and ingenuouſly intreat you to avoid my company; for, Madam, I muſt confeſs, that the worſt enemy the fair ones have, can't do them ſo much prejudice as I their chief favourite. It grieves me to the heart to find it ſo, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their fondneſs of me, when I ſo continually do them miſchief.——Whether it be, as a witty gentleman once ſaid of me, from my talent of caſting reflection; or whether it be from the large quantity of quickſilver which belongs to me, and without which I am uſeleſs as well as innocent; for as the learned obſerve, Madam, mercury is highly prejudicial to your ſex, either where there is too much of it in the compoſition of a fair lady, or when it is uſed externally as an help to beauty; as, in the former caſe, it is generally the cauſe of exceſſive levity, ſo, in the latter, it is always obſerved to hurt the eyes, and deface thoſe charms which it is deſigned to aſſiſt and improve: or whether my gaily gilded frame is too apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity: or laſtly, whether it be from the brittleneſs of my other materials, which, by a kind of ſympathy, affect people who are too frequently converſant with me:—From whatever cauſe it proceeds, a lady who has a fine face, might almoſt as well fall into the ſmall-pox, as to be often in my company. How many charming creatures have I ſpoiled, and made beauty the greateſt misfortune that could befal them! I can't think on't without concern:—Why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure thoſe the moſt that love me beſt? Alas! why was I made a looking-glaſs! Was it my deſire to be covered with ſilver, and incloſed in

in a frame of gold!——Did I aſpire to be fixed in this honourable place, and become a lady's favourite! Oh! that I had been ſome meaner piece of furniture, leſs reſpected, and leſs miſchievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I beſeech you, from an unhappy thing, which deſtiny makes pernicious to the loveliest creature under heaven, or I ſhall ſoon infect you with the worſt diſeaſe incident to beauty; and that is vanity. I am, 'tis true, an uſeful ſervant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is ſeldom; but if a lady grows ſo fond of me, that ſhe runs to aſk my opinion of every look; if ſhe conſults me forty times for once that ſhe goes to her prayer-book or bible, I ſhall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than age or uglineſs. I beg, Madam, that you'll interpret what your poor ſervant ſays, to proceed wholly from reſpect and love for you:—The tender regard I have for your Ladyſhip, together with ſome ſymptoms I lately have diſcovered, make me fearful for you.—I dread the apprehenſion of bringing contempt on ſo good a miſtreſs, and would not for the world be the occaſion of your loſing any one grace of a fine woman: No! rather let me be broken into a thouſand pieces! I am not without fear of giving offence by the freedom I have taken; but tho' you baniſh me your preſence, I cannot forbear ſpeaking in a caſe where your Ladyſhip's good ſeems ſo much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread ſhould come to paſs, it would be better for us to part for ever. Better for you to be without my ſervice, than to ſuffer by it; and better for me to loſe my lady, and be thrown into a corner, than to remain where I am, and be acceſſary and inſtrumental in ſpoiling as much ſweetneſs and beauty as ever looking-glaſs had the happineſs to ſhew. I am, Madam,

With the moſt dutiful reſpect,

Your moſt faithful and devoted humble ſervant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

LETTER VII.

From Hortensius, *to his Friend* Palemon, *giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.*

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

——————————*Gentle gales,*
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal delight, I look back upon those scenes of turbulence wherein I was engaged, with more than ordinary distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a thought as to be rich and great. One of our monarchs used to say, "That he looked upon those to "be the happiest men in the nation, whose fortune had "placed them in the country above a high-constable, "and below the trouble of a justice of peace." It is in a mediocrity of this happy kind that I here pass my life, with a fortune far above the necessity of engaging in the drudgery of business, and with desires much too humble to have any relish for the splendid baits of ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my passions: The sum of my philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold intruders upon my repose. I endeavour to practise the maxim of a French poet, by considering every thing that is not within my possession as not worth having. —Is it impossible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unaspiring sentiments, and to lower your flight to the humble level of genuine happiness? Let me at least prevail with you to spare a day or two from the

Certamina

Certamina Divitiarum (as Horace, I think, calls them) from those splendid contests in which you are engaged, just to take a view of the sort of life we lead in the country. If there is any thing wanted to complete the happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a witness to it. Adieu!

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

I SHOULD never have believed, Madam, that one of your letters could have afflicted me, how bad news soever it had brought me. The bare sight of your writing seemed to me a remedy against every evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you it is an extreme grief to me that I have been informed of the loss we have had. Our friend was valuable in every respect, she was beautiful, tender, and generous, witty, and of so just a judgment, that she valued you above every thing in the world. She had over and above in dying the only good quality which she wanted during her life, that is, she bore with resolution a thing, the bare name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this greatness of soul with so truly a Christian piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. —It is loving her with too selfish an affection to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other world a repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make advantage of the exhortation you gave me to follow so good an example, and it will not be the first time that you have made me a better man. The troubles I have hitherto had will assist your admonitions; for, I think, few things contribute more to make us die without reluctancy, than to have no pleasure in life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the advan-

tage of ſeeing you again, and of proteſting to you to what a degree I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

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

Dear Tom,

THERE is ſomething in your behaviour ſince your return from Paris, that diſpleaſes me, and I muſt frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping company with coxcombs, or by miſtaking ceremony for politeneſs, contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling manner, but of ſacrificing every thing to compliment. Even your ſincerity is offered up to ceremony; and you think yourſelf obliged, in point of good manners, to agree, like Polonius in the play, with every thing that is ſaid, whether right or wrong. You don't want underſtanding, Tom; nor are you without a good ſhare of learning; and yet that eternal ſimper, that cringe and obſequiouſneſs, render both ſuſpected, and tire all your acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your behaviour, and ſpeak of this behind your back, tho' they have not friendſhip enough to confeſs it to your face. But your father, who loves you ſincerely, and who conſiders you as a part of himſelf, can never ſee you do any thing that may tend to your diſadvantage, without warning you of the conſequence; for that father muſt have a very bad heart, or a very bad head, indeed, who does not inform his ſon of his faults. Yours is not an error of diſpoſition, but of judgment, and therefore it may be eaſily rectified. —You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for civility and politeneſs; but you are miſtaken. Forced and affected compliments are the reverſe. Politeneſs is ever attained with eaſe and freedom, and deſpiſes every thing that is unnatural. Beſides this, cringing and fawning render your ſincerity ſuſpected. Thoſe who make large profeſſions to every body, are eſteemed by no-body.

It

It is all conſidered as froth, and their friendſhip is ſuppoſed to be as trifling, inſipid, and troubleſome, as their converſation. Caſt off therefore, my dear Tom, this ſort of behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and conſiſtent with the character of your family, who were always eſteemed for their openneſs, freedom, and ſincerity, which entitle a man to more reſpect than all the fine ſpeeches and low bows in the world. Not that I would have you entirely diſregard what you brought from the dancing ſchool: a proper deportment is neceſſary, and even a little ceremony may be conſiſtent with politeneſs and good manners; 'tis the exceſs that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. Montagu, for in his caſe one example is better than ten precepts; he is eſteemed an accompliſhed gentleman, every one is pleaſed with his behaviour, all are charmed with his converſation; and the means he purſued to attain this art of pleaſing univerſally, are theſe:

He takes care to keep none but good company, for by his company he is ſenſible that he ſhall be known and diſtinguiſhed; among ſuch his ears are ever open to receive inſtruction, for he conſiders, that a ſilent young man generally makes a wiſe old one. He attends to every body, and ſpeaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the opinions of the whole company, well knowing that he ſhall profit more by hearing, than ſpeaking on any ſubject; and that by this means, he not only fathoms the capacities of the company, but alſo gratifies, as it were, and obliges each perſon, by giving him an opportunity to talk; and eſpecially when with proper queſtions he introduces ſuch ſubjects as each man can ſpeak to with propriety and judgment. This he does with wonderful dexterity, and offers every one an opportunity of diſplaying his talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an univerſal good humour, every man ſhould be pleaſed with himſelf as well as with his company. And pray what pleaſes a man more, than to have an opportunity of letting the circle know that he is ſomebody? How unlike him are thoſe, who having ſeen nothing of the world, expoſe themſelves to contempt and ridicule, by impertinently giving their opinion of things they

do

do not underſtand? What Mr. Montagu ſays is always to the purpoſe, is properly addreſſed, and every body hears him ſpeak with ſatisfaction; for though he is young in years, he is old in experience and underſtanding. When he ſpeaks, it is always with a becoming eaſe and freedom. He has reſolution enough to defend and ſupport the truth; but always delivers his ſentiments in ſuch a manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the company; and when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever ſo much) with patience, complacency, and temper. In ſhort, Tom, exceſs of ceremony will never gain a man friends, but impertinent babbling will undoubtedly create him enemies; for converſation is a banquet, which every man is entitled to a ſhare of, who is preſent; and why ſhould any one expect to have the whole feaſt to himſelf? Beſides, the very end of converſation, which is improvement, is thereby deſtroyed; for he who always talks, has no time to hear, and conſequently can reap no benefit from what is ſaid in company. Another vice in converſation (if I may be allowed that expreſſion) I would caution you againſt, and that is talking obſcenely, which is not only a mark of a depraved mind, but of low breeding, and is never encouraged but in the company of fools; ſince, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves,

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

I am, dear ſon,

Your truly affectionate Father.

LET-

LETTER X.

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

Rev. Sir,

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

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

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

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

'Tis pity so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the way to prevent this, is by increasing the copies of it. If the Author will consent, and you will license it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all the necessary apparatus for the purpose, and a curious set of letters, that were never used but in the impression of one book, and of this too, no more than half a dozen

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

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

Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient servant and faithful friend,

ELZEVIR.

LETTER XI.

From —— *to* Cleora, *on the Pleasures of Retirement.*

Madam,

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

Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;

Toss'd

Toſs'd thro' tempeſtuous ſeas, (the voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs the friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges, our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if virtue has enlarg'd the ſpan:
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die. TICKEL.

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

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

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

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

In the height of this romantic inſult, I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER XII.

In the ſtile of a lady, by Mr. Pope.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all; you know I abominate reſerve.

LETTER XIII.

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

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

I was

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

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

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

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

CLEORA.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. Locke, *directed thus:*

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

Dear Sir,

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

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

JOHN LOCKE.

LETTER XV.

Earl of Rocheſter *to the Honourable* Henry Saville.

Harry,

YOU cannot ſhake off the ſtateſman entirely; for, I perceive you have no opinion of a letter, that is not almoſt a gazette: now to me, who think the world as giddy as myſelf, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no news, but the proſperity of my friends, and the continuation of their kindneſs to me, which is the only error I wiſh to continue in them: for my own part, I am not at all ſtung with my Lord M———'s mean ambition, but I aſpire to my Lord L———'s generous philoſophy: They who would be great in our little government, ſeem as ridiculous to me as ſchool-boys, who with much endeavour, and ſome danger, climb a crab-tree, and venture their necks for fruit, which ſolid pigs would diſdain, if they were not ſtarving. Theſe reflections, how idle ſoever they ſeem to

to the busy, if taken into consideration, would save you many a weary step in the day, and help G——y to many an hour's sleep, which he wants in the night; but G——y would be rich; and by my truth, there is some sense in that: pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many millions, that his soul may find rest.—You write me word, that I'm out of favor with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls upon me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will, with a cudgel And now my dear Harry, if it may agree with your affairs to shew yourself in the country this summer, contrive such a crew together as may not be ashamed of passing by Woodstock, and if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a shift to delight his gravity. I am sorry for the declining D——s, and would have you be generous to her at this time: for that is true pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVI.

Earl of Rochester *to the Honourable* Henry Saville.

Dear Saville,

THIS day I received the unhappy news of my own death and burial. But hearing what heirs and successors were decreed in my place, and chiefly in my lodgings, it was no small joy to me that these tidings proved untrue. My passion for living is so increased that I omit no care of myself, which before I never thought life worth the trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be an ill-natured man, will not think it an easy matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some news from your land of the living. And though I have little curiosity to hear who is well, yet I would be glad my few

few friends were ſo, of whom you are no more the leaſt than the leaneſt. I have better compliments for you, but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs myſelf,

Your faithful, affectionate humble ſervant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVII.

To Cleora.

THOUGH it is but a few hours ſince I parted from my Cleora, yet I have already, you ſee, taken up my pen to write to you: you muſt not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I ſay fine things to you, ſince I only intend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too ſincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the ſtile of my former converſation: and I write to you, as I uſed to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the ſame undiſſembled ſincerity, what effect this abſence has upon your uſual chearfulneſs? As I will honeſtly confeſs on my own part, that I am too intereſted to wiſh a circumſtance, ſo little conſiſtent with my repoſe, ſhould be altogether reconcileable to your's. I have attempted, however, to purſue your advice, and divert myſelf by the ſubject you recommend to my thoughts: but it is impoſſible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object which it has long dwelt upon with pleaſure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her neſt, is ſtill returning to the place of its affection, and after ſome vain efforts to fly, ſettles again where all its cares and all its tenderneſs are centered.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Colonel R———s, *in* Spain.

From his Lady in England.

BEFORE this can reach the beſt of huſbands, and the fondeſt lover, thoſe tender names will be of no more concern to me; the indiſpoſition in which you (to obey the dictates of 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 I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I paſs over 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 the eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. Theſe, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but

but indeed I am not capable under my prefent weaknefs, of bearing the ftrong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myfelf the grief you muft be in, upon your firft hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, becaufe your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the perfon for whom you lament offers you confolation. My laft breath will, if I am myfelf, expire in a prayer for you. I fhall never fee your face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XIX.

LAURA *to* AURELIA.

COULD your importunity have prevailed with my brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the vexation that I fhall certainly give you, by making you the confidant of all my country adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching bufy world is doing, while I am idly fauntering away my time in rural fhades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the enjoyment of duft, of crowds and noife, with all the polite hurry of the beau monde.

My brother brought me hither to fee a country feat he has lately purchafed; he would fain perfuade me it is finely fituated, but I fhould think it more finely fituated in the Mall, or even in Cheapfide, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful diftance from the Theatre Royal, from the Opera, from the Mafquerade, and every thing in this world that is worth living for. I can fcarce tell you whither to direct your letters; we are certainly at the end of the earth, on the borders of the Continent, the limits of the habitable globe, under the polar ftar, among wild people and favages. I thought we fhould never have come to the end of our pilgrimage; nor could I forbear afking my brother, if we were to travel by dry land to the Antipodes; not a mile but feemed ten, that carried

carried me from London, the centre of all my joys. The country is my averſion; I hate trees and hedges, ſteep hills and ſilent vallies: the Satiriſts may laugh, but to me

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

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

The ſober twilight, which has employed ſo many ſoft deſcriptions, is with me a very dull period; nor does the moon, (on which the Poets doat) with all her ſtarry train, delight me half ſo much as an aſſembly-room illuminated with wax candles; This is what I ſhould prefer to the glaring ſun in his meridian ſplendor: Day-light makes me ſick; it has ſomething in it ſo common and vulgar, that it ſeems fitter for peaſants to make hay in, or country laſſes to ſpin by, than for the uſe of people of diſtinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable ſtate; the whole creation is a blank to me, 'tis all joyleſs and deſolate. In whatever gay images the Muſes have dreſſed theſe ruſtic abodes, I have not penetration enough to diſcover them. Not the flowery field, nor ſpangled ſky, the roſy morn, or balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical enthuſiaſt, and without either of theſe qualifications, what ſhould I do in ſilent retreats and penſive ſhades? I find myſelf but little at eaſe in this abſence from the noiſy diverſions of the town; and 'tis hard

for me to keep up my ſpirits, in leiſure and retirement; it makes me anxiouſly inquiſitive what will become of me when my breath flies away: Death, that ghaſtly phantom, perpetually intrudes on my ſolitude, and ſome doleful knell from a neighbouring ſteeple, often calls me to ruminate on coffins and funerals, graves, and gloomy ſepulchres. As theſe diſmal ſubjects put me in the vapours, and make me ſtart at my own ſhadow, the ſooner I come to town the better; and I wiſh, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me ſo far as to lay a ſcheme for my eſcape. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

From Polydore *to* Alonzo, *giving an Account of his accidentally meeting* Aurelia, *and of her falſhood to him, &c.*

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

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

If I begin with the roſy dawn, you will pardon my romantic ſtyle, relating to the ſurpriſing adventure: But without telling a lie, the morning was yet duſky; the balmy dew, and 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, through flowery lawns to leafy woods, till I found myſelf under the ſhades of a venerable row of elms, which put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverley's rookery; the aged trees ſhot

ſhot their heads ſo high, that, to one who paſſed under them, the crows and rooks, which reſted on their tops, ſeemed to be cawing in another region. I was delighted with the noiſe, while, with the Spectator, I conſidered it as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of his whole creation; my thoughts were inſpired with a pleaſing gratitude to the beneficent Father of the Univerſe, till the ſequel of my devotion was interrupted by the ſight of a beautiful girl, about four or five years old, ſitting on the graſs, with a baſket of flowers in her lap, which ſhe was ſticking in the ſnowy fleece of a little lamb, that ſtood by her.

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

I made my approaches very reſpectfully: But what was my 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 enchanting innocence. Whilſt I ſtood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herſelf entered the walk, and confirmed the ſuſpicion that this child was a living proof of her infamy.

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

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

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

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

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

It was now about ten o'clock; Aurelia ordered tea and chocolate to be brought: Her only attendant was a freſh-coloured country laſs, who withdrew as ſoon as we had breakfaſted.

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

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

"It was my criminal inclination (continued ſhe) for Caſſander, that made me inflexible to your entreaties, and my father's commands to marry you. But whatever

ever 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 broken 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, 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. 'Tis now six years since I breathed and slept (for I cannot call it living) in this melancholy confinement, without hopes of a release, being entirely dependant on Cassander's allowance and caprice, who but too well knows his own power and my folly; which makes him, instead of the humble lover, act the imperious tyrant: His visits are seldom, his stay short, and I am left whole months to languish alone in a detested solitude.

"This child (continued she weeping, and taking the lovely creature in her arms) this child, which might have been my joy, proves my greatest affliction: Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to hardship and necessity; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous example. How can I give her instructions to avoid those vices, which my practice approves? or recommend that virtue, whose sacred rules I have so openly violated? And still I love this worthless man; were I penitent, or could I resolve on a reformation, this leisure and retirement would be a blessing and advantage to me; but I am obstinate in guilt, while I despair of happiness in this world or the next: '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 reflection gives me joy; whether I look backward or forward, all is darkness and confusion: I am no way qualified for retirement; books are my aversion; thinking is my horror; I am weary of living, and afraid to die."

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

Your moſt humble ſervant,

POLYDORE.

LETTER XXI.

From a Gentleman who died at Conſtantinople, *to his Friend in* England; *giving him an Account of the manner of his Death.*

YOUR not hearing from me, my dear Beville, has given you too many diſmal apprehenſions about the manner of my death; and the engagements of a generous friendſhip, which are not extinguiſhed with the breath of life, oblige me to give this ſatisfaction.

I made a longer ſtay at Conſtantinople than I intended, and there it pleaſed Heaven that I ſhould reſign my life, which for ſome months gradually declined, but without any violent or painful diſorder, or indeed the leaſt apprehenſion that my diſtemper was fatal. But my days were numbered, and when the deſtined hour drew near, after a ſleepleſs night, I roſe with the ſun; and as I had never been ſo ill as to confine myſelf, I ſought ſome refreſhment in one of thoſe delicious gardens that adorn the ſhore of the Boſphorus.

After a ſhort walk, I found my ſpirits ſinking, and retiring to a cypreſs ſhade, I threw myſelf on a flowery bank for ſome refreſhment: A gentle ſlumber ſoon cloſed my eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary call; the voice perfectly reſembled

resembled the charming Almeria's, whose death, you know, was the occasion of my travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listened to hear the gentle summons again; but found I had neither strength to rise, nor power to call assistance: An icy coldness stopped the springs of life, and, after a little struggle, my spirit got unburthened of its clay; the curtain fell, and the invisible world appeared. The first gentle spirit that welcomed me to these new regions was the lovely Almeria; but how dazzling! how divinely fair! Extasy was in her eyes, and inexpressible pleasure in every smile! Her mien and aspect more soft and propitious than ever was feigned by the Poets of their Goddess of beauty and love. What was airy fiction there, was here all transporting reality. With an inimitable grace she received me into her ætherial chariot, which was sparkling sapphire studded with gold: It rolled with a spontaneous motion along the heavenly plains, and stopped at the morning star, our destined habitation. But how shall I describe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting land of love! the delectable vales and flowery lawns, the myrtle shades and rosy bowers; the bright cascades and crystal rivulets rolling over orient pearls and sands of gold, which here spread their silent waves into broad transparent lakes, smooth as the face of Heaven, and there break with rapid force through arching rocks of diamond and purple amethyst: Plants of immortal verdure creep up the sparkling cliffs, and adorn the prospect with unspeakable variety.

Oh, my Beville! could I lead you through the luxurious bowers and soft recesses where pleasure keeps its eternal festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested freedom! Whatever can raise desire, whatever can give delight, whatever can satisfy the soul in all the boundless capacities of joy, is found here! Every wish is replenished with full draughts of vital pleasure, such as elevate angelic minds, and gratify the noblest faculties of immortal spirits; Oh, Beville! my Almeria is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her sex upon earth.

ALTAMONT.

LETTER XXII.

From —— to his Sister, demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her grief, on account of his sudden death, since 'twas an immediate transition to a state of immortality and endless bliss.

My dear Sister,

I Have often, since I left the world, had the privilege to supply the place of your guardian angel: I have been an invisible witness of your tears for my death, and to allay the excess of your grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I can give you no account how my soul was released. I fell asleep in perfect health, with an unusual serenity of mind, and from the gentle slumbers of innocence and peace awaked in immortal bliss. (How sudden is death!) I found myself in a moment got above the stars, and outshining the sun in its meridian splendor; corruption had put on incorruption, and mortality was swallowed up in life and immortality; O Death! I cried in the exultation of my thoughts, O Death! where is thy conquest? O King of Terrors! where is thy boasted victory? Where are thy sceptre and im erial horrors, thy gloomy state and dreadful attendants?—Where are thy vast dominions, the chearless and formless darkness, the shade and the emptiness, the seats of corruption and decay? The spell is broken! the enchantment is dissolved! the shadows, the phantoms, the visionary terrors fly! the celestial morning dawns, and the charming scenes arise; but, oh! how endless, how various, how transporting the prospect.

Still lost in joy and wonder, tell me, I said, ye angels, ye smiling forms that surround me, what easy passage has my spirit found from its mortal prison! What gentle hand has unlocked my earthly fetters, and brought me out of darkness and confinement into immense light and liberty? Who was the kind messenger that conveyed the welcome invitation to my ear? What melodious voice called me from yonder cold tempestuous regions,

to

to these soft and peaceful habitations? How have I found my passage through the trackless æther, and gained the summit of the everlasting hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, flattering vision? Oh, no! 'tis all blissful and transporting. Certainly! I see, I hear things unutterable, such as never entered into the heart of mortal man to conceive.——Read and believe; believe and be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the decrees of heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely fate.—Could I be happy too soon? I left the world, indeed, in the full pride of my youthful years, in the height of greatness and reputation, surrounded with the blandishments and flatteries of pleasure: But these advantages might have been fatal snares to my virtue in a longer trial; it was indulgent in Heaven, after a short probation, to crown me with the reward of victory: 'tis past; the toil, the danger is over; and all to come is endless peace and triumph.

If you could see as far into futurity now, and think as justly of it as you will certainly do on your death-bed, this letter from me had been superfluous: I only can design it beneficial; you may make it so.

LETTER XXIII.

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

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

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my wishes, the very morning she gave me her hand, before the sacred ceremony was finished, was surprised with the fatal message of death,

and carried in a ſwoon from the chapel to her chamber, where ſhe ſoon expired in her mother's arms. This hour ſhe appeared with all the coſt and ſplendor of a youthful bride; the next ſhe is pale and ſenſeleſs, muffled in a ghoſtly ſhroud: Thoſe charms, that in the morning promiſed an eternal bloom, before the evening have dropped their ſmiling pride; the ſparkling eyes are ſunk in darkneſs; the ſoft, the tuneful voice, is for ever ſilent; while a livid hue ſits on the late roſy lips.

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

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

You will now expect I ſhould practiſe the principles I have ſo often aſſerted, in exerciſing my boaſted reaſon and moderation; or leave you to inſult me with the arguments I lately produced, to allay your grief, under the preſſure of an uncommon misfortune: This reproach would be but juſt, at a period when Heaven has given me a full evidence of the truths I confeſſed; and ſet the vanity of human hopes in the cleareſt demonſtration before me. One would think I ſhould now, if ever, find it eaſy to moralize on theſe ſubjects, and act the philoſopher from mere neceſſity, if not from virtue.

Were the caſe yours, or any body's but my own, how many wiſe things ſhould I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more eaſy is it to dictate than to practiſe: And yet I am reaſonable by intervals; I am in more than name a chriſtian; in ſome bright periods, I feel the force of that profeſſion, and pay homage

to

to its ſacred rules: A heavenly ray ſcatters my grief, and cheers my ſoul with divine conſolations: The gay and the gloomy appearances of mortal things vaniſh before the gleams of celeſtial light: Immortal pleaſures, with gentle invitations, call me to the ſkies, and all my thoughts aſcend.

But how ſhort my triumph! how eaſy the tranſition from reaſon to madneſs! Of what ſurpriſing variety is a human mind capable! Light and Darkneſs, Heaven and Hell, ſeem blended within; 'tis all chaos, and wild diſorder: That reaſon which one moment relieves me, the next ſeems with a juſt train of ideas to torment me.

See, there, all pale and dead ſhe lies;
For ever flow my ſtreaming eyes:
Fly Hymen, *with extinguiſh'd fires;*
Fly nuptial bliſs, and chaſte deſires:
Ermina's *fled, the loveli'ſt mind,*
Faith, ſweetneſs, wit together join'd.
Dwelt faith, and wit, and ſweetneſs there?
Oh! view the change, and drop a tear.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. Pope, *to Mr.* Addiſon.

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

unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence; the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

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

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

of

of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of a man in the ſight of God, who is for ever, and for ever.

Who that thinks in this ſtrain but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs leſſen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupified in a poiſe of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

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

I am your's, &c.

LETTER XXV.

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

Mrs. Penruddock's *laſt letter to her Huſband.*

My dear Heart,

MY ſad parting was ſo far from making me forget you, that I ſcarce thought upon myſelf ſince, but wholly upon you. Thoſe dear embraces which I yet feel, and ſhall never loſe, being the faithful teſtimonies of an indulgent huſband, have charmed my ſoul to ſuch a reverence of your remembrance, that were it poſſible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dear limbs to life again; and (with reverence) think it no ſin to rob

rob Heaven a little while longer of a martyr. Oh, my dear, you muſt now pardon my paſſion, this being my laſt (O fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me, and know, that until the laſt minute that I can imagine you alive, I will ſacrifice the prayers of a chriſtian, and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which ſure by ſympathy I ſhall know) I ſhall wiſh my own diſſolution with you, that ſo we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turned out of doors becauſe I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain diſcourſe longer with you, but dare not; paſſion begins to drown my reaſon, and will rob me of my devoir, which is all I have left to ſerve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thouſand times, my deareſt dear; and ſince I muſt never ſee you more, take this prayer:—May your faith be ſo ſtrengthened, that your conſtancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a ſhort time (I hope) tranſlate,

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

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

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

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

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

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

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

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

Dereſt, beſt of Creatures,

I Had taken leave of the world when I received yours: It did at once recall my fondneſs for life, and enable me to reſign it. As I am ſure I ſhall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my reſolution to part from you; ſo when I reflect I am going to a place where there is none but ſuch as you, I recover my courage.—But fondneſs breaks in upon me; and I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your huſband and the father of our dear babes, is a public ſpectacle: Do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I ſee my ſand run ſo faſt. I within a few hours am to leave you helpleſs, and expoſed to the mercileſs and inſolent, that have wrongfully put me to a ſhameful death, and will object that ſhame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodneſs to me, and will endeavour ſo to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually ſupported each other, and for which I deſire you not to repine that I am firſt to be rewarded; ſince you ever preferred me to yourſelf in all other things, afford me, with chearfulneſs, the precedence in this.

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

J. PENRUDDOCK.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Perſon in Town, to his Brother in the country, deſcribing a public execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I Have this day been ſatisfying a curioſity, I believe natural to moſt people, by ſeeing an execution at Tyburn: This ſight has had an extraordinary effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected oddneſs

oddneſs of the ſcene, than the affecting concern which is unavoidable in a thinking perſon at a ſpectacle ſo awful and ſo intereſting to all who conſider themſelves of the ſame ſpecies with the unhappy ſufferers.

That I might the better view the priſoners, and eſcape the preſſure of the mob, which is prodigious, nay almoſt incredible, if we conſider the frequency of theſe executions in London, which is once a month, I mounted my horſe, and accompanied the melancholy cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal tree. The criminals were five in number. I was much diſappointed at the unconcern and careleſſneſs that appeared in the faces of three of the unhappy wretches: The countenances of the other two were ſpread with that horror and deſpair, which is not to be wondered at in men whoſe period is ſo near, with the terrible aggravation of its being haſtened by their own voluntary indiſcretion and miſdeeds. The exhortation ſpoken by the Bell-Man, from the wall of St. Sepulchre's Church-yard, is well intended; but the noiſe of the officers and the mob was ſo great, and the ſilly curioſity of people climbing into the cart to take leave of the criminals, made ſuch a confuſed noiſe, that I could not hear the words of the exhortation when ſpoken, though they are as follow:

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

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

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

Which laſt words the Bell-Man repeats three times.

All the way up Holborn the crowd was ſo great, as at every twenty or thirty yards to obſtruct the paſſage; and wine, notwithſtanding a late good order againſt that practice, was brought the malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not ſuit well with their deplorable circumſtances: After this the three thought-

leſs

less young men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew more shamefully daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a manner that would have been ridiculous in men in any circumstances whatever: They swore, laughed, and talked obscenely; and wished their wicked companions good luck, with as much assurance as if their employment had been the most lawful.

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

In other nations, common criminal executions are said to be little attended by any besides the necessary officers and the mournful friends; but here all was hurry and confusion, racket and noise, praying and oaths, swearing, and singing of psalms. I am unwilling to impute this difference in our own from the practice of other nations, to the cruelty of our natures; to which foreigners, however, to our dishonour, ascribe it. In most instances, let them say what they will, we are humane

humane beyond what other nations can boaſt; but in this, the behaviour of my countrymen is paſt my accounting for; every ſtreet and lane I paſſed through bearing rather the face of a holiday, than of that ſorrow which I expected to ſee, for the untimely deaths of five members of the community.

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

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

I am, dear Brother,
Your's affectionately.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs Paget *to Miſs* Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I AM a thouſand years in writing to my dear Miſs Vokes, but my extreme inconſequence, and the little I can ſay worthy her peruſal, is an unanſwerable apology. News, the life of correſpondence, has no exiſtence here. We have not even the common paltry ſcandal of a market-town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable ſamenefs takes place of dear variety.—Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my dear, think it variety to ſee half a dozen cows loitering about a green field; and if, by chance, a few ſheep, or an equal number of grunting pigs embelliſh the proſpect, it is charming! Variety, Charlotte, is another word for happineſs, even in ſuch a low ſpecies of it as this. I had not been here two days before theſe miſtaken good people talked of the infinite variety of the place with rapture. And how, my dear, do you think we came at the ſight of it? Why, up Mr. Bartlett drove us five pair of ſtairs breathleſs, and out upon a ſcorching balcony; and there we were to

ſtrain

ſtrain our eyes till they were ready to come out of our heads to ſee a few ſpires of old churches, and now and then the glimpſe of an undiſtinguiſhable Gentleman's houſe or two; Mr. Bartlett for ever hauling up one's hand to be looked through for the advantage of the perſpective, (he ſays.)

So down we came again, wiſer undoubtedly than we went up, like a world of people that never think they have ſeen London fine town, till their dizzy wiſe heads have turned round upon the tip-top of the monument—If you'll believe me, my dear Charlotte, I am fatigued to death, and worried to diſtraction, with ſeeing nobody, and having nothing to do. Exiſtence (you know) is inſurmountable in ſuch a total obſcurity. There is not a human creature to be ſeen, male or female, but the ſervants of the family, (except the letter-woman with the no-news and the no-letters, I may ſay, from dear Vokes) and now and then a man with a keg of Newcaſtle ſalmon, and a baſket of lemons; and yet Mrs. Bartlett, poor dear, (moping as this is) will ſit and ſmile, and read you ſuch a lecture (like the Curate of the pariſh, by the hour) about the country air, and the country health and exerciſe, and the country amuſements; and ſays, how rational a thing a country life is, and what an enlargement it gives to the faculties of the mind; and, in ſhort, ſuch a Canterbury tale of its advantages, as if ſhe really believed that towns and cities, and all populous aſſemblies, were a ſort of diſgrace to the creation. Dear, ſays I, Mrs. Bartlett, amuſe yourſelf and welcome with the pleaſing melancholy of the ſhady grove and the verdure of the lawn, and the murmurs of the cryſtal rill, and the varieties of the wilderneſs and the garden ſcene, from the riſing of the ſun to the moon-light, but give me the dear reliſh of ſociety for the object of my taſteleſs intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myſelf penetration enough to diſcover, why good ſenſe and parts, and genius, and all human accompliſhments, are not quite as improveable at places of public reſort, as in a field, an orchard, a park, a wilderneſs, or a warren.

Dear Charlotte, if you pity my confinement, and my ſolitude, reſtore to me the ſight of what is dearer than conver-

converſation and liberty, the favour of your agreeable correſpondence with

Your affectionate,

SUKEY PAGET.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget.

London, Tueſday Night.

IT gives me pain to inform my dear Miſs Paget that I have no comfort for her diſtreſſes. Yeſterday, Ma'am, Miſs Moxon and I, and Lady Suſan Lawſon, and Mr. Hartly, and Mr. Dymer, and Miſs Popple, and Mrs. Beddingfield, made a party to Ranelagh.—The weather was immenſely hot and tireſome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roaſted cheſnut. Mrs. Limſdal and Mrs. Bradbury were under the ſame operation of the dog-ſtar, with a little difference only to their complexions; one of them looking like a roſe, and the other the expreſs image of a raſher of bacon. Miſs Bennet had apparelled her nob in a frightful Fanny Murray Cap, and looked five and forty; the girl is miſtaken if ſhe thinks ſhe may take the ſame liberty with her tapeſtry ſet of features, which the beautiful Dutcheſs of ——— may venture to imagine ornamental.——Mrs. Adcock was in a pale blue and ſilver night gown: She was expected in bombazeen—and it would have become her.——The dear Colonel Lovelace departed this tranſitory life no longer ago than Saturday. There is no ſuch thing as grief, if Mrs. Adcock has a ſmile at heart.——But I would not improve the horrors of your ſolitude with ſuch a doleful ditty of reflections as crowd themſelves this moment into my imagination. After we had ſailed about five hundred times round and round that dear round of muſic, love, and pleaſure—away we tranſmographied ourſelves to Vauxhall; and there, my dear, you may tell Mrs. Bartlett, we had the felicity to ſee the ſun riſe, red as ſcarlet, and round as the figure of a wheel; but, I proteſt to you, and Mrs. Bartlett, that the paler blaze of moon-light is to me the more

more agreeable object, which people that go to sleep, Sukey, by sunshine, are altogether strangers to. About two o'clock, Ma'am, the crowd of go-to-beds had taken themselves away. Lady V. Consonant was in the next box to us, and sung like a nightingale; and Mr. Beverley played upon the German flute to that vocal angel. Every creature said he played delightfully; but he is my aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden fool of a flute could have given a tune of its own accord, I might, no doubt, have been in raptures.——But the atom is so satisfied with his own applause, that he desires no body's else.——So, my dear, I think he is even with me for my contempt.——There was nothing else worth recommending to your notice, nor any thing, I believe, of the wonderful and uncommon, except that shrimp, Beau Randal, with two of his aukward sisters, and Mrs. Partingdon with her husband.——Do, dear creature, continue to me the agreeable history of your present life and adventures; for I read it with such a sort of delight and admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss Paget, and remember

Your sincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXX.

Miss Paget *to Miss* Vokes.

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole day do I dedicate (for my eyes are scarcely quite open) to the pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear Charlotte. Your two kind letters deserve all acknowledgment.—'Tis all over now! and I think a ball, when 'tis over, only serves to torment one——and yet, whip it, there is a satisfaction in reflecting on past happiness—for what has been, you know, Charlotte, may be again.—So, Vokes, you must know that Mrs. Islip's coach (but no Miss Rumzey, thank

thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. Bartlett, in order to go in company to Edgerton-Green. Mrs. Bartlett was dreſſed in a white luteſtring gown and petticoat, and looked charmingly—and Sukey Paget had on her yellow and ſilver, (never was but once at Leiceſter-Houſe) and my ſilver tiſſue ſhoes, and diamond buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her jewels the birth-night, and has never ſince offered to take them again: A dear creature! But ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, I would not be diſobliged if ſhe borrowed them of me one day or other for herſelf. So, I ſuppoſe, ſhe has not altogether reduced Mr. Aſhburnham to deſpair, though ſhe tells me again and again, and time after time, that ſhe'll never part with her liberty any more.——Liberty! my dear Vokes, only think of that; for what is liberty, you know, but the indulgence of one's choice. My good mother, I believe, is more afraid of my liberty than her own. But that you and I will take an opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the crowd of coaches at Edgerton; it was all another Ranelagh. The bride was in a white luteſtring ſack, pinked and full trimmed, and had four very neat diamond buckles to her jumps, white ſilk mittens, and ſatin ſhoes, braided with ſilver cord; but ſhe neither became the dreſs, nor the dreſs her: She was the image of a genteel doll, and had about the ſame degree of motion; ſeeming, to uſe Mamma's expreſſion, to have loſt her liberty. The bridegroom had on a frightful purple, laced with gold, the expreſs figure of the pulpit-cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. Bargrove, and opened the ball with Lady Suſan Lawſon, who is actually a fine woman, and if ſhe had leſs affectation, would be admired for her beauty. Her Ladyſhip declining a ſecond dance, Mr. Lawſon twirled the bride into a minuet, who moved as if abſolutely ſhe had no joints, and, in imitation of Lady Suſan, calling no other partner, Mr. Lawſon ſingled out red Lucy Benſon, with a dark pair of new eyebrows, but nothing elſe remarkable. Her ſecond aukward partner was a foreigner, and was as foreign from the dance as to the nation, hopping about like a water-wag-tail; I forgot his name, but it is ſomething like the Sieur Hugglebatch, or Gabblebatch, and of an uncouth harſh viſage, as rough

as

as a nutmeg-grater. Mr. Gubblebatch ſhewed he had ſome taſte by taking out Mrs. Bartlett. The dear creature began once more to look like herſelf, danced ſo eaſy, ſo true to the muſic, ſo politely graceful and ſerene, whilſt two parts in three of the company were ready to burſt with laughing at her inimitable contraſt, the gentleman with the hard name. Sweet Nancy Bartlett (reſolving not to make her huſband jealous of her choice) picked out a frightful figure, Mr. Selkirk, in Saxon blue: The man, Charlotte, was really tipſey, though indeed every body ſaid, he was never otherwiſe, and that was his excuſe. Out the inſenſible creature ſingled, who but Jenny Rowland's nipped ſhort waiſt like a honey-pot, or half-penny milk-maid. If the gentleman had been really ſober, he might have ſeen other objects without ſpectacles, a little her ſuperiors. I can't but ſay, I could have told him a little tale of pedigree, that might have contributed to his diſcernment of who and what. Who do you think the object choſe next to give her lily hand to?—Mr. Appleby of all people upon earth. Hoop owl, hoop, hoop to thy brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched ſince dancing was created: but Hob fitted me for my contempt, by ſeizing upon me of all the birds in the air, and all the fiſhes in the ſea, to be his lawful prey.—But I was ſecretly not diſpleaſed at it.——For I was ſenſible that I ſhould appear to no diſadvantage after his former maux, and was under ſome very diſagreeable apprehenſions, that Miſs Edly's tapeſtry garment would have ſwept the ground before me.———Indeed, Charlotte, I entirely forgive him his choice, for I had now an opportunity of commanding the hand of the invincible proud Ardelio Mr. Bartlett had determined not to dance a minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I ſhall, ſays I, Mr. Bartlett——but faith I never intended it; for I hate of all things, Charlotte, to dance with a married man: Go with them to a play, or an opera, or let them wait on one to Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, or ſo, but never chuſe them for a partner. One has no hopes of a married man, my dear, unleſs 'tis of getting rid of him.——Sally Leeſon

and

and Miſs Finch eyed me moſt deliciouſly; for I love dearly to ſee folks burſting into envy.—They were in hopes of ſharing the handſome fop.——But he is the moſt incomparable dancer, and yet, Charlotte, he knows it ſo perfectly well,—but how can any body be ſo accompliſhed without perceiving it themſelves!—— and yet I hate him ſo irreconcileably, becauſe he danced country dances with Sally Leeſon. Her charms though, Charlotte, what mortal could reſiſt, elegantly attired as ſhe was in a large pattern embroidered gown and petticoat, the emblem of a worked bed, and a frightful pair of ſhoes of the ſame, which, without prejudice or partiality, was unfaſhionable and bunting.

But the bell rings, dear Charlotte, and I muſt run down to dinner.———You and I write like Clariſſa Harlowe and Miſs Howe, only not totally in the ſame ſtrain——but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the converſation of a friend is her correſpondence.

Sunday Evening.

Though it ſhould tire my dear Miſs Vokes (as I am but too conſcious that it muſt) to read any further deſcription of the merry dancers a-la-mode de François, yet I cannot for the life of me forbear. But firſt of all, Ma'am, I muſt acquaint you, that Miſs Finch, becauſe ſhe could not have Ardelio, mortified herſelf ſo charmingly, as not to dance a minuet, (and you know her pride is a minuet) which gave me no ſmall pleaſure to be ſure. She all the while affecting not to look diſappointed, ſat ſmiling from ear to ear, with much the ſame ſenſation at the heart as children have, who are forbid to receive ſweetmeats out of good manners.—— Omit not, dear Charlotte, to be told, that Mrs. Langford, with her colt's tooth at threeſcore, puddled herſelf into a minuet, and ſquirmed round and round the room like Madam Catherina: I thought her clockwork never would have ſtood ſtill: But it would have been a cruelty not to have given the eyes of the aſſembly their full ſwing of gazing on an object ſo calculated to attract them. The next female figure was a ſtranger, who came in taſte a-la-mode, immoderately

rately ſhort and clumſy, but ſo bedizened out with ſuch a rainbow of ribband, that ſhe abſolutely looked like a map of my grandfather's eſtate, diſtinguiſhing woods, and lawns, and rivers, and parks, and gardens, with a confuſed interchange of yellows, reds, and greens, with here a patch and there a patch, by way of coat of arms and dedication. After her was handed about the room, by way of contraſt, the ſqueezy Mrs. Ellen Riſborough, contracting her minuteneſs to a ſhadow, with ſtays about big enough for Mrs. Bartlett's Nancy, a child of five years old, pinching her like a pair of nutcrackers. The Lady's well choſen ſweeting of a partner was Ned Saunderſon's Uncle, with a little tiny ſhort wig upon the confines of a violent broad-brimmed face, as round, and fat, and frowzy as a Stilton cheeſe.——Then, Ma'am, according to the laws of motion, ſtood up the incomparably erect figure of Sukey Beverley, determined to ſhew the good company, that though ſhe was not altogether as ſharp, ſhe was as ſtrait as an arrow: for which reaſon ſhe fancied herſelf under a neceſſity of looking all the while ſhe danced like a walking ſtick.——Her powdered monkey was Dick Commings, ogling and winking, and nodding his empty pate, as if he would inſinuate a belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his partner: and when he gives you his diſagreeable hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward grin, as if you was his wife. But my nameſake happening to dance with her eyes ſhut, all his odious ſmiles and glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he ſucceeded better in a ſecond, who watched him moſt deliciouſly, Mr. Patrick's humoured family-hopes, of Ilcheſter, whoſe real name is Affectation.—— I thought if her ſidling and ſwaddling, and fooliſh unalterable ſimper, did not provoke the country dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with bleſſed impatience for ſuch a turn of affairs; for you know, my dear, how tireſome minuets are when one has no farther chance for a ſhare in them.

Don't expect me to deſcribe this part of the ſcene ſo minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, Charlotte,

to paint a variety of figures in a group, and avoid confusion, though one may venture with some prospect of success now and then upon a single portrait, especially, my dear, you know, when the features are pretty coarse and indelicate, as one may say.——In short, child, you have already seen the grand figures in the show, the others are only puppets of little or no consequence farther than to make up the number, which is an essential to the considerable and the magnifique in such sorts of assemblies, I apprehend.——My punch, (to use a puppetical expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent sort of a partner, well made, and handsome enough, but with a wart upon his chin about the diameter of a pea: Lifeless, though, Charlotte, and over punctual, sprawling confusedly about at right hand and left, and so afraid he should be out at the beginning of a dance, and so exact to do the figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much comfort of him as I thought my yellow and silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him justice, he was elegantly dressed, and gentleman-like: but not the gentleman I like, my dear Charlotte.—Sally Leeson had got away my Ardenio, and when one has not the right partner, one has not the right any thing. I was out of all temper with every body, but really with no body more than Miss Finch and Miss Rowland; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their heads to give hardly any body the honour of their hand at right hand and left, for fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a hand of quality in return. I believe actually that Jenny thinks, because her sister married a Lord, that she's a woman of distinction herself, but, thank my stars, I stood two couple above her, and I am determined to take place of her wherever I meet her, unless the people we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. Hartfield, that knows no more about precedence than an Inn-keeper's wife, with her first come first serve; I detest such vulgarness. Miss Leeson too was not over and above guilty of politeness: What because she has an agreeable partner, she is to give herself an air, when she has bounced down

twenty

twenty couple, to leave the reſt of the company till another dance is called: That ſhe did, Vokes, perpetually, and her vexatious example was followed by five or ſix at once; ſhe that makes ſuch an overparading rout about behaviour! But ſuch ſort of knowing ladies are ſometimes chargeable with downright ill-manners, acting a little differently from rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, Charlotte, be ſo good as to underſtand, that Mrs. Compton danced with the Rev. Mr. Audley, in a perriwig as big as Judge Burnet's; that Lady, my dear, told us one day, at Paget Bury, that ſhe was aſhamed that perſons could think themſelves company for gentlemen; ſo 'tis to be hoped ſhe thinks them at leaſt company for the ladies. Lady Suſan Lawſon and Mrs. Bartlett were incomparably the greateſt beauties there; and Mrs. Lawſon (who did not dance, for fear, I ſuppoſe, of incommoding her finery) was the moſt brilliant in dreſs and diamonds, even to a degree of profuſion, Charlotte; but I'll tell you how ſhe had managed it, my dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady Louiſa's jewels (her ſon's late wife) which are moſt elegantly ſet, with her own old-faſhioned breaſt-plate, in the taſte of the laſt century; but they were full as diſtinguiſhable as powder from grey hairs, or Mrs. Pembroke's French plate tea-kettle and lamp from a ſilver one. Not to lead you a longer dance, Charlotte, for I think I have pretty well ſatisfied you, the ball continued its briſkneſs and vivacity tolerably well till about eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to leſs, (like Jenny Widemanſol, that every body ſays grows ſhorter and ſhorter) and departed this tranſitory life as the clock ſtruck twelve. It was ſucceeded in eſtate and honours by a prodigious cold collation, which made but a very indifferent figure, at an immoderate expence.

So, Charlotte, *have I ſeen (excuſe*
The pertneſs of a female muſe)
A birth-night ſtately dame array'd
In aukward gold, and proud brocade:
Whilſt near her plac'd an humble fair,
Of eaſier, leſs affected air,

Could with ſuperior luſtre ſhine
In ſimple luteſtring or tobine.

Which is all at preſent (according to the common phraſe of writing) from

Dear Miſs Vokes,
Your truly affectionate and ſincere
S. PAGET.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget, *not quite in the uſual ſtrain*

Hampſtead, Thurſday, ——

IT is an age ſince I heard from dear Miſs Paget, and the melancholy ſituation we are in, requires all the aſſiſtance of a preſent friend, and the correſpondence of an abſent one. My poor dear aunt Wallingford haſtens daily to her grave. The remembrance of the good life which ſhe has lived, begins now to be a comfort to her: Such extremities refuſe conſolation from any temporal advantages. The dear creature has long retired from ſcenes of vanity and pleaſure. We all read to her by turns, and ſay prayers conſtantly twice every day.——I hope, dear Sukey, that you have the continuance of your health, the greateſt of bleſſings, next to that of a contented mind. How do you like Tunbridge Wells this ſeaſon? But your party is ſo perfectly agreeable, that it is impoſſible not to like the place for the ſake of the company. I hope poor dear Mrs. Morton finds benefit from the waters. Her abſence from Evelyn-hall (Miſs Anderſon told Mrs. Coldham) is ſo much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miſs Evelyn's praiſes at the long room, where I go, and at church every Sunday. Mrs. Coldham and Miſs Peters are for ever telling me her accompliſhments, and wiſh that Tunbridge Wells may be agreeable to her, as the place, whilſt ſhe continues there, muſt be to every body elſe.

I beg,

I beg, dear Sukey, you will make my compliments acceptable to these dear ladies, and believe me, with all sincerity,

Dear Madam,
Your most affectionate humble servant,
CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Evelyn *to Lady* Evelyn.

Of Mrs. Macnamara's *Grandeur.*

Tunbridge Wells, August 8.

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper hand of censure and compassion. Mrs. Macnamara is all that heart can wish, the joy and admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the bride and bridegoom, I told you, returned to the Wells—Monday evening appeared at the rooms in splendor. Mrs. Macnamara, in all the innocence of a white and silver full trimmed French sack, her hair so dressed and powdered, with jewels to the last degree of taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark shade, which she, when Sukey Paget, took great delight to preserve the original complexion of, I verily believe her mother could not have known her.——Tuesday Mrs. Macnamera was at the concert, full of rapture (though formerly a concert was her aversion) her opinion was asked of every song and tune, till she fancied herself so professed an admirer of music, that she sat beating time with her fan, like Handel at an oratorio.——Wednesday, Mamma, breakfast was given by Mr. Macnamara, and the company treated *(O magnifique et gallant!)* with morning salvers of champaigne.—— At night a ball was opened by Mrs. Macnamara in the extremes of dress and fancy——and yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Macnamara gave an elegant entertainment at the Rocks. The report of their magnificence exceeds vulgar imagination. Accept of it in the piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like ells of muslin, for it would

require a volume to deſcribe minutely the extraordinary conſequence and figure.——The grand equipage, a beautiful and exquiſitely carved and gilded chariot of papier machè, lined with a pale blue ſattin, blue and ſilver lace. Attendants in Saxon blue cloth, trimmed and faced with white, like Sir Joſeph Wenman's, with the addition only of ſilver ſhoulder-knots, and point d'eſpagne hats. Mrs. Macnamara's perſon, entirely a la pompadour, from the crown of her head to the ſole of her foot. Her air, manners, taſte, converſation, and deportment, elaborately finiſhed after the ſame faſhionable model.——Nothing in her whole behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly Engliſh complexion, but a forgetfulneſs of her friends—and of herſelf. To me indeed ſhe does vouchſafe the compliment of general good manners, eſpecially if ſhe ſees me in company with the Ducheſs, or Lady Mary; but dear Mrs. Morton cannot obtain that honour from her upon any conſideration whatſoever. Sukey was always one of the faſhionable world, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her moſt intimate acquaintance. But a Mrs. Morton ought always to be known. One thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may poſſibly be of ſervice to you if you ſhould deſign to write to Sukey. Mrs. Finch the milliner waited on her with a fine French gauze ſuit, which ſhe had ordered her to bring. But Sukey not being at her lodgings, Mrs. Finch directed her band-box to Mrs. Macnamara. Mrs. Macnamara ordered the woman to bid the wench take her pacquet to thoſe that ſent it, for that there was ſomebody elſe of a Mrs. Macnamara at the place, and perhaps it might belong to her.—So Mamma, if you do write, pleaſe to direct to the Honourable Mrs. Macnamara.———Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of purſuing poor Sukey with ſuch unkind remarks in public ſcenes of converſation, even though I do extend reſentment ſo far as to communicate theſe intelligences to you. But Mrs. Morton tells me I need be in no pain about the matter, if all the world was to know it, for ſhe is very ſure Mrs. Macnamara will never look upon that as obloquy or reproach which may contribute to ſet forth her magnificence;

cence; and if ſhe ſhould, I may ſatisfy, ſaid ſhe, my ſcruples; the ſevereſt cenſure being much eaſier to be borne, than the ſlight and ingratitude of a friend. My couſin Morton's reaſonings have always their due weight with me, and I (like all the world) am moſt inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my vanities, and cover my imperfections. A little cenſure, *en paſſant*, is in one's own eye an eaſy pardonable fault, but elaborate detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident breach of charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no deſign (after Sukey's death) of making my letters public, I flatter myſelf that I am as candid an obſerver of her life, and a much ſincerer friend to her memory, than one * of her ſuperiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with duty and love to my honoured papa and ſiſters,

Your moſt dutiful daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Morton ſalutes you.

* Dr. Swift.

LETTER XXXIII.

The celebrated Miſs Rowe, *to the Counteſs of* Hertford.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a friendſhip, 'tis for immortality. This confeſſion, I own, is enough to put you in ſome terror that you are never like to drop my converſation in this world, nor the next; but I hope I ſhall improve in the realms of light, and get a new ſet of thoughts to entertain you with at your arrival there, which for the public intereſt I wiſh may be long after I am ſleeping in the duſt: But perhaps mine will be the firſt joyful ſpirit that will welcome you to the immortal coaſts, and entertain you with one of the ſofteſt ſongs of paradiſe at your arrival.——Mr. Rollie would think theſe all gay chimeras and gay viſions, but how much more ſo are all the charming ſcenes on earth?

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

You'll think, Madam, I am resolved you shall remember your latter end, whoever forgets it. I suppose you'll expect the next picture I send you will be Time, with a scythe and an hour-glass; but really these mementos of mortality are necessary to people like you in the height of greatness, and the full bloom of youth and beauty—If I go on, you'll think me in the height of the vapours, and the perfection of the spleen; but in all the variety of my temper,

I am your Ladyship's most humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

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

LETTER XXXIV.

To Clitander, *a melancholy* Valetudinarian.

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

"*Midnight listens to the slumb'ring earth*"

to thank you for your obliging favour. If I did not write to you whilst others slept, your kind letter must remain unanswered; for Bellario, whose sincerity and good-nature rise up in arms against me, whenever I presume to think that he whisks me about too much, has been my visitor ever since I saw you last. It was my intention, when I took up the pen, to have raised your drooping thoughts by playing the buffoon; but the melancholy parts of your epistle have made me as mournful as yourself, and if your virtues were as infectious as your low spirits are, I should be one of the two best and gloomiest men alive. I hope, and would believe, that many of your fears are but the phantoms of the imagination, not the frightful creatures of reality.

Pray

Pray throw these sad, perplexing sentiments aside. Perhaps they may be all ill grounded. Let us suppose they are. Indeed I will abuse you greatly, if you do not tell me in your next letter that you are determined to seek for entertainment from the gay, and find some pleasures more than those which must arise from the consciousness of integrity. I have been looking at a short hymn to Health, which is amongst the fragments of the Greek Poets. To borrow the sentiments of a favourite writer, who had perused this fine address to that fictitious Deity of the Heathens, I must tell you that her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known: but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning strength, addressed Health, in a manner as like the following, as one alteration, which I have taken the liberty to make in the construction of it, will permit it to be.

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

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

EUGENIO.

LETTER XXXV.

To Ariſtodemus.

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

Your dutiful and affectionate

EUBULUS.

To

To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer.

SIR,

Though matrimony is out of fashion, I cannot help sending the inclosed epistle, till wedding-rings shall come in vogue again. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WRITE then—as you will have it so, I will tell you, my dear sweet niece, what I think will be your fate with my friend Heartfree, as you are fixed upon marrying him:—You love him, and in truth he will deserve your love, and if it is not your own fault, you will be very happy with him.

As he is nearer forty than thirty, you must expect some ingredients of the old bachelor in him, but not a grain of the ill-nature; though not a rake, you know he has been no Joseph, till your sweet self made him so; now all women are indifferent to him but you; from his experience in the sex, he well knows you would not always be the angel he calls you at present, if your good heart, amiable temper, and fine sense, were not to continue you so. I am sure he is so sensible of it, that he will almost confess to any body but you, that by the end of the honey moon, you will hear no more of your rosy lips, love-darting-eyes, vermillion cheeks, lily hands, and snowy breast; and it is ten to one but you are taken down in your wedding shoes;—nay, and strange as you think it now, take my word for it, you will not be entitled to the flitch of bacon;—still you have no cause to complain; you will enjoy his constant love; you will find him ever happy in you, and ever watchful to make you so in him.—If you cease to be his angel, you will please your thoughts that you are his beloved Belinda;—and if you do not find what you young lovers expect—that

Ecstatic bliss shall every hour employ,
And every sage be lost in endless joy——

you will not, believe me, have any reason to repent your engaging with Heartfree.

How then am I to keep his love? I fear the experience of the old bachelor———Fear not, my Belinda, though time has riveted ſome peculiarities, you will take more pleaſure in conforming to them, than ſome, I hope not many, of your ſex would to oppoſe them. If you find him fond of cleanlineſs, you will not call him nice and finical. If he loves punctuality at meal times, you will not teach your ſervants to think him peeviſh and impatient;——ſhould he ſay this chicken is too much roaſted, you will not ſay it is done to a turn:——if he condemns the ſauce of that fricaſee, you will not inſiſt it is the ſame he admired a few days before;—you will not make a point to contradict him in every complaint he ſhall make at table, as if you thought his cenſuring the cook was an affront to the miſtreſs;—if you ſee he loves order and regularity among the ſervants, you will not encourage them to ſay he is ſo particular that nobody can live with him;—if you ſee him grave, upon the ſettling his annual accounts, you will not perſuade your phyſicians or your midwife to ſend you to Bath in the winter, or to Scarborough in the ſummer, by which you will run out again the next year;—when you travel with him, you will not ſtuff your carriage like the York machine;—and when you are going together on a party of pleaſure, and he aſks if you are ready, as the chariot is come, and it is time to go, you will not call him as punctual as one of the wooden figures at St. Dunſtan's; and keep him in waiting as if you was willing to try whether he is not as patient too.

You will remember the life that he has been uſed to, and will not therefore expect that when he altered his ſtate he was to change alſo his nature. You will not let him ſay, now the management of my comforts is in the hands of her whoſe happineſs it is to ſee me happy, there is more confuſion in my houſe, and diſorder among my ſervants. I uſed to eat better at a tavern than now at my own table: A party of pleaſure with her I love beſt in the world, is tireſome and diſagreeable; and, though our income is more than ſufficient, with the leaſt œconomy, for all our neceſſities, comforts, luxuries, and even pleaſures, I have leſs pocket-money than when I was a ſchool-boy.

This

This you will never give him occaſion to ſay. You will therefore hear inſtead,—No family is ſo well managed as Belinda's; nobody lives better than Heartfree; and, though he enjoys all the luxuries of life, he cannot ſpend his income. No party of pleaſure is agreeable to him of which Belinda is not one. You will find in every thing he does, thinks, or ſays, Belinda gives the reliſh. If he is pleaſed, it is chiefly that Belinda is the cauſe. You will find him induſtrious to be happy at every thing, becauſe he ſees Belinda is induſtrious to make every thing agreeable to him: And, I will add, my dear niece, you can never quarrel, though you have heard it is inſeparable from matrimony; you will be ſo conſtantly employed in contending which ſhall contribute moſt to the happineſs of the other, that you will not have one moment to ſpare for contending about any thing elſe. Thus ſays the prophetic ſoul of

BENEDICT.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Pope *to Dean* Swift.

Deareſt Sir, May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I ſee your hand, it is the greateſt ſatisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find that ſeveral of my letters to teſtify it to you, miſcarry, and you aſk me the ſame queſtions again, which I prolixly have anſwered before. Your laſt, which was delivered me by Mr. Smith, enquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who in a paragraph in my laſt, under his own hand, gave you an account of himſelf; and I employed almoſt a whole letter upon his affairs afterwards. He has ſold Dawley for twenty-ſix thouſand pounds, much to his own ſatisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the fineſt country of France, divided between ſtudy and exerciſe; for he ſtill reads or writes five or ſix hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole Foreſt of Fontainbleau at his command, with the King's ſtables and dogs, &c. his lady's ſon-in-law

law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my Lord at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in a better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I should envy no country in the world; and I think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the visiting once in my life.——The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting with one's friends.—Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others; the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest of the ladies run after music, and play at cards. I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letters from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the Prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you. You ask me how I am at Court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no Court. The Prince* shews me distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of Poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me, yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of

* The late Frederick Prince of Wales.

of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with; at leaſt they are civil to me, which is all I aſk from courtiers, and all a wiſe man will expect from them.—The Ducheſs of Marlborough makes great court to me, but I am too old for her mind and body; yet I cultivate ſome young people's friendſhip, becauſe they may be honeſt men; whereas the old ones, experience ſhews too often, not to be ſo. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cranbury, a Lord Polworth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out againſt all the corruption of the world.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amuſement. The firſt is better as to head-achs; worſe as to weakneſs and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwiſe I want not ſpirits, except when indigeſtions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but aſleep, and am ſtupid enough. I love reading ſtill better than converſation; but my eyes fail, and at the hour when moſt people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the paſt day ſufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myſelf in bed as a bird in his neſt, much about the ſame time, and riſe and chirp the earlier the next morning.—I often vary the ſcene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary;—to receive them, or be received by them. Lord Bathurſt is ſtill my conſtant friend and your's, but his country ſeat is now always in Glouceſterſhire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country ſeat, and in town I ſee him ſeldom, but he always aſks of you. In the ſummer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elſewhere. In all thoſe rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor Gay; with whom I travelled ſo delightfully two ſummers. Why cannot I croſs the ſea? The unhappieſt malady I have to complain of, the unhappieſt accident of my whole life, is that weakneſs of the breaſt, which makes the phyſicians of opinion that a ſtrong vomit would

would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went some years ago with Lord Peterborough about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died. But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well, then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever your's,

A. P.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lord Treasurer Oxford, *on the Death of his Daughter, the* Marchioness *of* Carmarthen, *by Dean* Swift.

My Lord, Nov. 21, 1713.

YOUR Lordship is the person in the world to whom every body ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this; which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolation, if we have been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your Lordship; because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My Lord, both Religion and Reason forbid me to have the least concern for that Lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your Lordship, who hath lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which hath lost such an example, have, in our

several

ſeveral degrees, greater cauſe to lament, than perhaps was ever given by any private perſon before; for, my Lord, I have ſet down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the compoſition of a Lady, and could not ſingle out one, which ſhe did not poſſeſs in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your Lordſhip's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have loſt ſuch a daughter, ſo it is a poſſeſſion which few can boaſt of to have had ſuch a daughter. I have often ſaid to your Lordſhip, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, ſo happy in their domeſtics as you; and I affirm you are ſo ſtill, though not by ſo many degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your Lordſhip ſhould reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have loſt.

To ſay the truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is uſual with the diſpenſations of Providence long to continue. You have been the great inſtrument of preſerving your country from foreign and domeſtic ruin. You have had the felicity of eſtabliſhing your family in the greateſt luſtre without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any induſtry of your own: You have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities; and by the ſteadineſs of your temper, over the inconſtancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your Lordſhip has felt too much complacency within yourſelf upon this univerſal ſucceſs; and God Almighty, who would not diſappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to puniſh you with a domeſtic loſs, where he knew your heart was moſt expoſed: and at the ſame time has fulfilled his own wiſe purpoſes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am ſure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordſhip any eaſe. I think it was an impulſe upon me that I ſhould ſay ſomething. And whether I ſhall ſend you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, *on the Death of his Father, to his Friend* Euphronius.

May 5, 1743.

IF you received the first account of my loss from other hands than mine, you must impute it to the dejection of mind into which that accident threw me. The blow, indeed, fell with too much severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater shock to a breast of any sensibility, than to see its earliest and most valuable connections irreparably broken, than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared object of its highest veneration. At least the affection and esteem I bore to that excellent parent, were founded upon so many and such uncommon motives, that his death has given me occasion to lament not only a most tender father, but a most valuable friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the benefit of his animating example, is one among the many aggravating circumstances of my affliction; and I often apply to myself what an excellent Ancient has said upon a similar occasion, *Vereor ne nunc negligentius vivam.* There is nothing, in truth, puts us so much upon our guard, as to act under the constant inspection of one whose virtues, as well as years, have rendered him venerable. Never indeed did the dignity of goodness appear more irresistible in any man: Yet there was something at the same time so gentle in his manners, such an innocency and chearfulness in his conversation, that he was as sure to gain affection as to inspire reverence.

It has been observed (and I think by Cowley) "That "a man in much business must either make himself a "knave, or the world will make him a fool." If there is any truth in this observation, it is not, however, without an exception. My father was early engaged in the great scenes of business, where he continued almost to his very last hour; yet he preserved his integrity firm and

and unbroken, through all thoſe powerful aſſaults he muſt neceſſarily have encountered in ſo long a courſe of action.

If it were juſtice, indeed, to his other virtues, to ſingle out any particular one as ſhining with ſuperior luſtre to the reſt, I ſhould point to his probity as the brighteſt part of his character. But the truth is, the whole tenor of his conduct was one uniform exerciſe of every moral quality that can adorn and exalt human nature. To defend the injured, to relieve the indigent, to protect the diſtreſſed, was the chief end and aim of all his endeavours; and his principal motive for engaging and perſevering in his profeſſion was, to enable himſelf more abundantly to gratify ſo glorious an ambition.

No Man had an higher reliſh of the pleaſures of a retired and contemplative life; as none was more qualified to enter into thoſe calm ſcenes with greater eaſe and dignity. He had nothing to make him deſirous of flying from the reflections of his own mind; nor any paſſions which his moderate patrimony would not have been more than ſufficient to have gratified. But to live for himſelf only, was not conſiſtent with his generous and enlarged ſentiments. It was a ſpirit of benevolence that led him into the active ſcenes of the world; which upon any other principle he would either never have entered, or ſoon have renounced. And it was that godlike ſpirit, which conducted and ſupported him through his uſeful progreſs, to the honour and intereſt of his family and friends, and to the benefit of every creature that could poſſibly be comprehended within the extenſive circle of his beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high regard you pay to every character of merit in general, and the eſteem in which you held this moſt valuable man in particular. I am ſure, therefore, you would not forgive me were I to make an apology for leaving with you this private monument of my veneration for a parent, whoſe leaſt and loweſt claim to my gratitude and eſteem is, that I am indebted to him for my birth.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne *to* Philotes, *on the Loss of a Friend.*

Dec. 7, 1747.

THE visits of a friend, like those of the sun at this season, are extremely enlivening. I am sure at least they would both be particularly acceptable to me at present, when my mind is as much over-cast as the heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the design your letter intimates of spending a few days with me in your way to ———. Your company will greatly contribute to disperse those clouds of melancholy which the loss of a very valuable friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first movements of separation from those, whom a daily commerce and long habitude of friendship has grafted upon the heart, that disorders our whole frame of thoughts, and discolours all one's enjoyments. Let philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted strength, the mind cannot immediately recover the firmness of its posture, when those amicable props upon which it is used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most indifferent objects with which we have long been familiar, take some kind of root in our hearts; and "I should hardly care (as a celebrated Author has, with great good nature, observed) to have an old post pulled up, which I remembered ever since I was a child."

To know how to receive the full satisfaction of a present enjoyment, with a disposition prepared at the same time to yield it up without reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to humanity: Pain in being disunited from those we love, is a tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the social affections.—One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly insensible to disquietudes of this kind: And we must renounce the most refined relish of our being, if we would upon all occasions possess our souls in a stoical tranquillity.

That ancient philosopher, whose precept it was, to converse with our friends as if they might one day prove our enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very

very ungenerous maxim. To remember, however, that we muſt one day moſt certainly be divided from them, is a reflection, methinks, that ſhould enter with us into our tender connections of every kind. From the preſent diſcompoſure, therefore, of my own breaſt, and from that ſhare which I take in whatever may affect the repoſe of yours, I cannot bid you adieu, without reminding you at the ſame time of the uſeful caution of one of your poetical acquaintance:

Quicquid amas cupias non placuiſſe nimis.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

From Sir Thomas Fitzoſborne *to* Palamedes, *againſt Viſitors by Profeſſion.*

I HAVE had occaſion a thouſand times ſince I ſaw you, to wiſh myſelf *in the land where all things are forgotten*; at leaſt, that I did not live in the memory of certain reſtleſs mortals of your acquaintance, who are viſitors by profeſſion. The misfortune is, no retirement is ſo remote, nor ſanctuary ſo ſacred, as to afford a protection from their impertinence; and though one were to fly to the deſart, and take refuge in the cells of ſaints and hermits, one ſhould be alarmed with their unmeaning *voice crying* even *in the wilderneſs*. They ſpread themſelves, in truth, over the whole face of the land, and lay waſte the faireſt hours of converſation. For my own part (to ſpeak of them in a ſtyle ſuitable to their taſte and talents) I look upon them, not as paying viſits, but *viſitations*; and am never obliged to give audience to one of this ſpecies, that I do not conſider myſelf as under a judgment for thoſe numberleſs hours which I have ſpent in vain. If theſe ſons and daughters of idleneſs and folly would be perſuaded to enter into an excluſive ſociety among themſelves, the reſt of the world might poſſeſs their moments unmoleſted: But nothing leſs will ſatisfy them than opening a general commerce, and ſailing into every port where choice or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, the years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to reſign ſome part of one's

one's own time, in charitable relief of the unsufferable weight of theirs; but since the days of men are shrunk into a few hasty revolutions of the sun, whole afternoons are much too considerable a sacrifice to be offered up to tame civility. What heightens the contempt of this character is, that they who have so much of the form, have always least of the power of friendship: and though they will *craze their chariot wheels* (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your repose, they would not drive half the length of a street to assist your distress.

It was owing to an interruption from one of these obsequious intruders, that I was prevented keeping my engagement with you yesterday; and you must indulge me in this discharge of my invective against the ridiculous occasion of so mortifying a disappointment. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Lady Jane Douglas *to Lady* Mary Menzies.*

FEW things could have been more agreeable than my dear Lady Mary's letter, which I had the honour to receive last week. It belongs to me, Madam, to make apology for the fault of not writing sooner, which you so obligingly charge yourself with: and I did indeed immediately on my arrival in Scotland, intend to have wrote to your Ladyship; but various things came in the way (not mighty delightful) which prevented my having that agreeable employment. The warm expressions you honour me with of your continued friendship, give me a satisfaction more easy to be imagined than expressed; only be assured I prize the favour much, and value myself upon it.

It gives me great pleasure to think how happy my Lady Mary has been for months past in the company of her brother, and such a brother as Mr. Mackenzie † is I loved

* Lady Mary Menzies, sister to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of Sir Robert Menzies, Baronet.

† Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal for Scotland.

I loved when a child, I admire him now, and pay him no compliment (worth can't be complimented) when I ſay he's the agreeableſt and fineſt young gentleman our country can boaſt of at preſent. Amiable Lady Betty * I likewiſe eſteem much; and to ſhew that I am not unacquainted with her merit, I think ſhe deſerves Mr. Mackenzie, which is to ſay a great deal. Your Ladyſhip has been ſo happy part of laſt, and beginning of this new-ſtyled year, in their ſociety, that I can only wiſh you many, very many ſuch years of ſatisfaction, with every other joy your heart can further deſire.

The town is mighty gay, I'm told. But I can give no account of its entertainments, going to none of them, ſave to one aſſembly ſeveral weeks ago, appointed to ſolemnize King George's birth-day; I thought it my duty to appear on that occaſion to teſtify my regard and gratitude to my royal benefactor, who is the only crowned head I ever was perſonally under any obligation to.

The account your ladyſhip gives me of my dear young Mr. Stewart †, and his family, gives me great pleaſure. I have from all hands heard the beſt character of them, and of Bellachin, his Lady, and their whole family; and your Ladyſhip's good opinion of them, convinces me that all I hear to their advantage is true. I ſaw Mr. Jackey ſeveral times ſix years ago, and I did think him a very fine and handſome youth; my little Archy is reckoned by ſeveral people to reſemble him much, which I take as a compliment to my little man. Mr. Stewart, whoſe affairs did not permit him to come to Scotland along with me, has the honour to be, I do aſſure my Lady Mary, her devoted humble ſervant, and her great admirer, as well as ſincere friend and ſervant to Sir Robert.

Lady

---

* Lady Betty Mackenzie, daughter of the illuſtrious John Duke of Argylle and Greenwich, and Lady of the Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, Eſq.

† Mr. Stewart, ſon to the late Sir John Stewart, by a former marriage, and now Sir John Stewart.

Lady Grace Campbell's * late lying-in, and my perplexed affairs, have prevented my waiting upon her Ladyſhip as yet; but I intend to do myſelf that honour ſoon.

If I could expect to ſee my dearest Lady Mary in Edinburgh while I remain here, it would give me inexpreſſible ſatisfaction; but it is a happineſs I dare not flatter myſelf with. My ſtay here is uncertain, having thoughts of going to the North of England; but before I leave theſe parts I ſhall certainly give your Ladyſhip notice. Adieu, my dear Madam. Favour me always with your friendſhip, which I deſerve for this one reaſon, that I have the honour to be, with the moſt perfect eſteem and regard, your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant, and moſt affectionate couſin,

JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.

Hope-Park, near Edinburgh,
23d Jan. 1753.

I offer my beſt compliments to Sir Robert Menzies; I beg your Ladyſhip will likewiſe make them acceptable to Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty. Your old friend Mrs. Hewit is juſt as much your Ladyſhip's devoted ſervant as ever, and begs to be moſt kindly remembered to you, Madam, and her good friend Sir Robert. Likewiſe, ſhe begs leave to offer her compliments to her charming favourite Mr. Mackenzie, whom ſhe loves moſt tenderly.

LET-

* Lady Grace Campbell, ſiſter to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of John Campbell, Eſq. Judge in the Court of Seſſion, by the title of Lord Stonefield.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs Paget *to Miſs* Vokes.

Her Counſel to her Friend upon the ſubject of unequal *Matrimony.*

Tunbridge-Wells, Monday Morning.

HAVE *Ilcheſter*, Charlotte, at all events.—I honour your good underſtanding—you are ſenſible, my dear, that one ſmall fortune is more plague to any body, than ten old huſbands.—And, beſides, my dear, if he's rich, he muſt be worth having; and if he's old, he can't live for ever.

She's an idiot, if then *ſhe ſays* no.

As to what people talk about ſtrange matches, (ſuch prate) and ladies married to their grandfathers, (ſuch nonſenſe) and I don't know what abſurdity, Charlotte, about difference of inclinations, it is the verieſt jeſt in the univerſe. For if I can agree to put up with inconveniencies for reaſons which I have of my own, the reaſons, it is to be ſuppoſed, are as good as the inconveniencies are bad, and ſo we are even. And as to what the world takes upon itſelf to conjecture, who have no ſort of buſineſs in the affair, their impertinent cenſures I have the conſequence to tread on with the heel of my ſhoe. O Vokes! conſider, and conſider, and conſider, how many beautiful ideas flow in the mind from that dear word high-life! Conſequence, Charlotte, figure, perſonal accompliſhments of every ſort, routs, drums, parties, taſte, diverſions, exquiſite and *a-la-mode*.—Precedence, my dear, above one hundred and fifty animals of faſhion whom one has the merit to deſpiſe, and the comfort to let 'em ſee that one does, without even the breach of common politeneſs: and in ſhort, my dear Charlotte, ſuch a number of advantages as nobody can reckon up but who has ſtudied arithmetic for twenty years.—No woman, my dear, can have all ſhe wiſhes, let her marry whom ſhe will. Reſolve to purſue the ſcheme againſt all human oppoſition, and determine to be Mrs. Ilcheſter.

Very few, Charlotte, have the opportunity to have fortune run bawling after them for their company, and they are very ſimple folks indeed, who can affect to be deaf at ſuch a juncture. A lover, my dear, comes to great advantage in a coach of his own.

If Cupid in ſport
Should to me make his court,
In a form, my dear Vokes, moſt obedient,
Like a ſlave at my gate
The young vagrant might wait
Till I thought the bold viſit expedient.

But when Hymen, good lack!
From out of his pack
Can rummage a jointure or ſo;
May I die but I'd take
My farewell of a rake,
And make ſhift with an old-faſhioned beau.

S. PAGET.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs Vokes *to Miſs* Paget.

"*O, that vexatious* Ilcheſter! *Off! off! off!*"——
The Lady's Prayer.

Park Place, Friday.—

OIF you have not ſeen my ſcrawl of two poſts ago, Miſs Paget, I hope you never will. My old-faſhioned beau is old-faſhioned indeed.—The man is deaf to all the dictates of mode and common ſenſe. He an humble ſervant! He a lover! ſo is my little monkey! a provoking ſly creature! Oh, my dear, I might have been decoyed into a fine trap; but I have kept my eyes open, thanks be praiſed, to ſome purpoſe. My dear, you muſt be kept in ſuſpenſe a moment or two, or elſe my ſtory will begin at the wrong end.

Come read on now, Sukey, and don't turn over the new leaf before you get to the bottom of the old, like Nancy Bennington, who never looks upon any thing but

but indexes, and pretends ſhe reads all the new books that come out. But I cannot bear to tell you the progreſs of the hiſtory; ſo, in ſhort, my dear, take the concluſion of it—Ilcheſter has pack'd up his alls, and is gone to the world's end, for ought I care about the journey. No affront—no coldneſs upon earth drove him away from the charmer of his heart; but it was all his own act and deed, Sukey, I declare to you. His modeſty, my dear, is ſo very great, that I am afraid it will reduce him to deſpair. What do you think, Sukey? When all comes to all, ſo ſmoothly as every thing ſeemed to go on, this ſmitten admirer of mine refuſed to make me any ſettlement. A ſmall fortune, he ſaid, would content him, but a jointure was his averſion. It was the ſureſt receipt, he ſaid, to make good wives bad,—and ſuch a meſs of reaſons he gave beſides, in ſupport of ſuch an infamous doctrine, that I am ſick of him, as if I had eaten an ounce of Straſburgh or Havannah. This noble diſcovery was made to Papa—not to me, thank my marriage ſtars. But all our leaves are taken—and there's an end of my Smithfield bargain. A naſty, unreaſonable, cunning, ill-conditioned, arbitrary old miſer. He's likelier by half to make tinder than matches. No woman upon earth will ever have him but a gipſey.—Now, if you'll believe me, my dear, I am as merry as a grig; it ſo diverts me to think, the hog, or the dog, has made its appearance ſo ſoon; for you know one might have been dangled after for a twelvemonth, and no ſuch diſcovery made as this; and then when matters have been carried to ſo great a length, and the affair goes off, it immediately becomes the talk of all the market-towns and villages in the kingdom.—Mr. Hubſon, papa's attorney, found out this charm of a ſecret firſt, and Ilcheſter, my dear, had the face to juſtify his wicked deſign. No jointure! dear Miſs Paget, only ſay the words ſoftly over to yourſelf; there is ſuch horror in the ſound, that it ſtops the very circulation of the blood! One would think it impoſſible, that a human creature ſhould utter ſuch a quantity of agreeable nonſenſe as the men do; and have tyrannical ſchemes in their heads at the very ſame moment, prejudicial to our liberties, and all the comfort of our lives. But Nature has

has ordered it ſometimes, that we ſhall have as much artifice as they. The plague's face gave me a diamond ring, though, Sukey, (in order, I ſuppoſe, to fun me out of common ſenſe:) Mamma inſiſts upon my returning it; but hang me if I do, ſo long, at leaſt, as my name happens to conſiſt of its own five letters. One advantage, my dear, I muſt acknowledge there is, when an humble ſervant is pretty far advanced: If the match happens to go off, one loſes, you know, but a very little of one's heart.

Succeſs attend my dear Miſs Paget in all her undertakings, but eſpecially that which I will leave her to gueſs at from the four lines which Dr. Maſſey wrote upon Miſs Egerton's fan.

Oft on my knees at church I've been,
One prayer my firſt and laſt:
A huſband is the thing I mean,
Good Lord! I am in haſte.

C. V.

LETTER XLIV.

The following eight entertaining Letters of the Earl of Orrery, *the Rev. Mr.* Sterne, Ignatius Sancho *(the Black) and Lord* Bathurſt, *are now added to this collection, and not to be found in any other.*

From Lord Orrery *to his Curate Mr.* Coker.

Downing-Street, Weſtminſter, Feb. 22.

SIR,

I AM afraid you don't receive the newſpapers in a regular manner, occaſioned by the bad hours that we Londoners keep: I generally come home too late for the evening papers to go, till the poſt following, and then if you have not 'em, it is my porter's fault, who, as he is a diligent fellow in other things, I hope is more eſpecially ſo in this. Indeed the curate of Hornſey tore one Evening Poſt before I myſelf had read it, and inſtead of applying it to the proper place and uſe, very ſeriouſly eat

eat the greateſt part of it, as he ſat over the fire ruminating on his ſermon, or more likely thinking of the quondam happineſs he had enjoyed in the pariſh. This reverend brother curate of yours has found out an excellent method to indulge his paſſions, and yet keep up to the decency that is neceſſary to be obſerved by ſo great a divine: He has invented a parcel of half words, that ſupply the place of oaths: When a layman would be thundering out eternal curſes on the man that provokes him, the more gentle curate expreſſes his anger by Au, Au, Au, or elſe Dud, Dud, Dud, which his malicious enemies ſay, ſounds like God, as ſome wicked wretches likewiſe affirm, that Muns, (a word he often uſes) is Z——ns: and ſo of a great many others. He is a moſt incomparable man; it is impoſſible to tell you half the adventures he has met with lately; but one day or other, I hope, you'll have them all from his own mouth.

Nobby's picture is drawn; with him, in the ſame piece, is my favourite dog Hector, and my groom, one Thomas Francis, of Marſton Pariſh, ſon to Goody Francis, of Rodcraft. The picture is a very fine one, and indeed coſt a great deal of money; all the figures are very like. It is deſigned for Marſton Hall, over the marble table.

When I go to Brittwell, to ſtay for a fortnight, which I purpoſe doing juſt before I go into Somerſetſhire, I muſt remind you of the promiſe you made to come and ſee me there. It will be the more convenient, as I ſhall go with you back again home: Perhaps I may prevail on the curate of Hornſey to meet you there, tho' I muſt tell you he is a little jealous of you. He has heard me ſpeak ſome things to your advantage, and ſuſpects you have taken a little too deep root in my heart; and the curate, like the Turk, can bear no equal in his throne.

We hope this will find Mrs. Coker in good health. My little family have been much out of order, but are now quite recovered. I am going to fix them at Brittwell, till I return from my voyage to Ireland; where, by great faith, I hope to remove the *mountainous* curate into the *See* of Dublin.

News here is as ſeldom to be heard, as fine muſic is with you. The whole world is in a ſtate of peace, except Fig, the prize-fighter, and Dr. Bentley, the critic. But to ſhew you what a dull fellow I am, I was one of five and twenty fools, who would not be convinced by ſeventy-four wiſe men, that patriotiſm, and the good of one's country, like virtue, is an error that nobody ought to perſiſt in after they are at years of diſcretion. But I am likely to ſuffer for my folly, for the next red ribbon that falls is to be given to Lord Willoughby of Brooke, for having told the whole Houſe of Lords, that he would be glad of a penſion, or whatever the Court would give him, when, and how they pleaſed.

I think the time long till I come to my beloved home, which is made more agreeable to me by your being there. But Fate, that never gives but by halves, hurries me away almoſt as ſoon as I get there; yet I hope 'tis in order to make my living there hereafter more durable and fixed.

I am, Sir,
Very truly your humble ſervant,
ORRERY.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. Sterne *to Miſs* L——, *afterwards Mrs.* Sterne.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment againſt me in the high court of friendſhip—I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely ſubmit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal. Let this mitigate my puniſhment, if it will not expiate my tranſgreſſion—do not ſay that I ſhall offend again in the ſame manner, though a too eaſy pardon ſometimes occaſions a repetition of the ſame fault. A miſer ſays, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome deed of beneficence.—The libertine ſays, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious thought and reflection.—The gameſter ſays, let me have one more chance

chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more.——The knave of every profeſſion wiſhes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honeſt man. The female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorata, for fear, after marriage, he ſhould not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth inſtant (for letters may alſo be called ſo) proved more welcome, as I did not expect it. Oh! my L. thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt aſſuredly repent of one act of kindneſs—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with intereſt. Why does my L. complain of the deſertion of friends?—Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint? It is a common obſervation, and perhaps too true, that married people ſeldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-ſide. There is ſuch a thing as parſimony in eſteem, as well as money——yet as the one coſts nothing, it might be beſtowed with more liberality. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, ſo we muſt not expect kind attachments from perſons who are wholly folded up in ſelfiſh ſchemes.—I do not know whether I moſt deſpiſe or pity ſuch characters—Nature never made an unkind creature—ill uſage and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L! thou art ſurrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable.—Diſappointed ambition might envy ſuch a retreat, and diſappointed love would ſeek it out.—Crouded towns and buſy ſocieties may delight the unthinking and the gay—but ſolitude is the beſt nurſe of wiſdom.—Methinks I ſee my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of ſpring. Doſt not thou mark with delight the firſt vernal buds? The ſnow-drop, and primroſe, thoſe early and welcome viſitors, ſpring beneath thy feet. Flora and Pomona already conſider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their ſweeteſt bleſſing. The feathered race are all thy own, and with them, untaught harmony will ſoon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. Sweet as this may be, return—return—the birds of Yorkſhire will

tune their pipes, and ſing as melodiouſly as thoſe of Staffordſhire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *peace*.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

From Mr. Sterne *to Miſs* S.

Bond-Street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it——I cannot be chearful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me. I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—— but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience?—— Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution?——For God's ſake perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation—and while ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice—beſides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me.—I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline——I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo alter'd—ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks. I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears——I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together. She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs——our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world

world with more composure than others think of living in it. I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy—'Tis expressive of her modest worth——but may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly.—So adieu! I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be, thy

Affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. ——, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being. Send me some *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER XLVII.

From Ignatius Sancho *(a Black) to Mr.* Sterne.

Reverend Sir,

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call Negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the

ſervice of one of the beſt and greateſt families in the kingdom. My chief pleaſure has been books; philanthropy I adore. How very much, good Sir, am I (amongſt millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby? I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days, to ſhake hands with the honeſt Corporal. Your ſermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth diſcourſe, page ſeventy-eight, in the ſecond volume, is this very affecting paſſage: "Conſider how great a part of our ſpecies in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their diſtreſſes——Conſider ſlavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it." Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miſerable black brethren, excepting yourſelf, and the humane author of Sir George Elliſon. I think you will forgive me; I am ſure you will applaud me for beſeeching you to give one half hour's attention to ſlavery, as it is at this day practiſed in our Weſt-Indies. That ſubject handled in your ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke (perhaps of many)---but if only of one---gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, you are an Epicurean in acts of charity. You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired—you could not fail. Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically obſerve) is eloquent: figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes! alas! you cannot refuſe. Humanity muſt comply—in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Mr. Sterne *to* Ignatius Sancho.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: For I had been writing a tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro-girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that Nature deſcends from the faireſt face about St. James's, to the ſootieſt complexion in Africa:——At which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? And how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale, ere mercy is to vaniſh with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them ſo. For my own part, I never look *weſtward*, (when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying, and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles about in the ſame proportion, that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have written into the work I am about—'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs, and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

To the ſame.

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.——But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will alſo on this account, and that is to ſend me the ſubſcription-money, which I find a neceſſity of dunning my beſt friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very ſlender talents) and collecting them (for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind)—and ſo, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M. the Ducheſs of M. and Lord M. for their ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin and money with it too, at my door.——I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt compliments.—You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

LETTER L.

To the ſame.

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good-will

good-will and good opinion. 'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed——we only want it to be ſincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly, and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride out upon (if I chuſe it) all together do wonders. I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impreſſions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much health and ſpirits, as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer. But I am a reſigned being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons—that is, juſt as it pleaſes God to ſend them—and accommodate myſelf to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befals me in this ſilly world—not to loſe my temper at it. This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the trueſt philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our fortunes. Farewell--I hope you will not forget your cuſtom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter. In the mean time I am very cordially,

My honeſt friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

Lord Bathurſt *to Dr.* Swift.

Dear Sir,

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reaſonable man could poſſibly take, to break off an impertinent correſpondence, and yet it will not do. One muſt be more ſtupid than a Dutch burgomaſter, not to ſee through the deſign of the laſt letter. "I ſhew all your letters to our Iriſh wits. One of them is going to write a Treatiſe of Engliſh Bulls and Blunders."

ders." And for further ſecurity, you add at laſt, I am going to take a progreſs, God knows where, and ſhan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reaſonable breathing time; and now, I muſt at you again. I receive ſo much pleaſure in reading your letters, that according to the uſual good-nature and juſtice of mankind, I can diſpenſe with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obſtinate, and won't anſwer, I'll plague and peſter you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and ſhew you that it is all borrowed or ſtolen. Have not you ſtolen the ſweeteſt of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At leaſt, I am ſure I have ſeen ſomething like them in thoſe books. As to your proſe writings, which they make ſuch a noiſe about, they are only ſome little improvements upon the humour you have ſtolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the ſtile,——a great matter indeed, for an Engliſhman to value himſelf upon, that he can write Engliſh: Why, I write Engliſh too, but it is in another ſtile.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may ſay, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon leſs occaſion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and ſupported Miniſters; you have ſet kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the paſſions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern hiſtory, and ſeeing a little farther into the inſide of things than the generality of men, you have made this buſtle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of thoſe pretty flowers, thoſe juſt antitheſes, which one meets with ſo frequently in the French writers. None of thoſe clever turns upon words, nor thoſe apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the laſt age amongſt us abounded in. None of thoſe pretty ſimiles, which ſome of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like

the

the thing they would illuſtrate, but are alſo like twenty other things. In ſhort, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been ſo tired with them, that I have never been eaſy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, juſt as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed, for one of your gown to value himſelf upon, that with ſitting ſtill an hour in his ſtudy, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil and good-natured, and will ſend me a long, a very long letter, in anſwer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I ſhould not have concluded ſo ſoon.

LETTER LII.

From a young Lady at Boſton, *of ſixteen years of age, to her brother at Fort* Waſhington, *in the ſervice of the Congreſs.*

[This letter afterwards fell into the hands of an Officer of the King's troops, who was ſo pleaſed with its heroic ſpirit and ſentiment, that he gave out divers copies thereof.]

Boſton, Sept. 2, 1776.

Dear Billy,

WHAT News? would be the firſt queſtion you'd aſk, could I ſee you. I anſwer, by way of letter, none at all. The next is, how do you do? I anſwer, very well; how do you do? Methinks I hear your comparatively feeble voice, famed for the noiſe of battle; Betſy, I am well; happy accents they are.— I fancy I indulge a pleaſing reverie that you are now ſtaking the foe; how happy ſhould I be, to hear that my brother was the firſt who ruſhed on to deſperate battle. Never let the name of —— raiſe a bluſh on his ſiſter's cheek; remember from me that I am your ſiſter, that my happineſs depends on your good behaviour.

haviour. Return victorious, or return no more.—Rather than hear that you was a coward, or a timid aſſertor of the rights of your country; I had rather hear that a leaden death had diſmantled your ſpirited ſoul, and ſent it murmuring to the ſkies. I had rather be obliged to ſtalk the mangled heaps with the firmneſs of a grieved daughter of liberty, in ſearch of the crimſoned corpſe of my brother, to waſh his wounds with my tears, conſcious that he was fighting for me, for himſelf, for his country.—I'd call the wondering ſpectators, and ſhew your corpſe, and tell them with a boaſting ſmile, this was my brother. But ſtop, I'll go no further—I hope you will fight, and have an opportunity of ſeeing the ruin of your foes; your hands ſtained with their blood ſhall procure you a laureat that time ſhall never bruſh from your temples.

I am, &c.

OF

LETTER-WRITING, &c.

BY THE LATE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

[IN HIS ADVICE TO HIS SON.]

IT is of the utmoſt importance to write letters well; as this is a talent which daily occurs, as well in buſineſs as in pleaſure; and inaccuracies in orthography or in ſtyle, are never pardoned but in ladies; nor is it hardly pardonable in them.

Letters ſhould be eaſy and natural, and convey to the perſons to whom we ſend them, juſt what we would ſay to thoſe perſons if we were preſent with them.

Neatneſs in folding up, ſealing, and directing letters, is by no means to be neglected. There is ſomething in the exterior, even of a letter, that may pleaſe or diſpleaſe, and conſequently deſerves ſome attention.

Every

Every man who has the uſe of his eyes and his right hand, can write whatever hand he pleaſes. Nothing is ſo ungentleman-like as a ſchool-boy's ſcrawl. I do not deſire you to write a ſtiff formal hand, like that of a ſchool-maſter, but a genteel, legible and liberal character, and to be able to write quick. As to the correctneſs and elegancy of your writing, attention to grammar does the one, and to the beſt authors the other.

OF THE
KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

BY THE SAME.

WE ſhould endeavour to hoard up, while we are young, a great ſtock of knowledge; for, though during that time of diſſipation, we may not have occaſion to ſpend much of it, yet a time will come when we ſhall want it to maintain us.

The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a cloſet. Books alone will never teach it you; but they will ſuggeſt many things to your obſervation, which might otherwiſe eſcape you; and your own obſervations upon mankind, when compared with thoſe which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

To know mankind well, requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and it may be, more ſagacity and diſcernment. There are, at this time, many elderly people, who have all paſſed their whole lives in the great world, but with ſuch levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourſelf, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies:—No, you muſt go much deeper than that. You muſt look into people, as well as at them. Search therefore with the greateſt care, into the characters of all thoſe whom you converſe with; endeavour to diſcover their predominant paſſions, their prevailing weakneſſes, their vanities,

vanities, their follies, and their humours: with all the right and wrong, wise and silly springs of human actions, which make such inconsistent and whimsical beings of us rational creatures.

There are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some time or other, and in some thing or other, have it in their power to be of use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shewn them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it for ever. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known, than their crimes; and if you hint to a man, that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or aukward, he will hate you more, and longer, than if you tell him plainly, that you think him a rogue.

Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, &c. In the first, it is both ill-bred and ill-natured, and in the two latter articles, it is unjust, they not being in his power. Good-breeding and good-nature incline us rather to raise people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies. A constant attention to please, is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing: It flatters the self-love of those to whom it is shewn; it engages and captivates, more than things of much greater importance. Every man is, in some measure, obliged to discharge the social duties of life; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good-breeding and good-nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, in particular, have a right to them; and any omission in that respect, is downright ill-breeding.

We should never yield to that temptation, which to most young men is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or of shewing our own superiority. We may, by that means, get the laugh on our side

ſide for the preſent; but we ſhall make enemies by it for ever; and even thoſe who laugh with us, will, upon reflection, fear and deſpiſe us: It is ill-natured, and a good heart deſires rather to conceal than expoſe other people's weakneſſes or misfortunes. If we have wit, we ſhould uſe it to pleaſe, and not to hurt: We may ſhine, like the ſun in the temperate zones, without ſcorching.

There are many inoffenſive arts which are neceſſary in the courſe of the world, and which he who practiſes the earlieſt, will pleaſe the moſt, and riſe the ſooneſt. The ſpirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as uſeleſs, or reject them as troubleſome; but ſubſequent knowledge and experience of the world remind us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principal of theſe things, is the maſtery of one's temper, and that coolneſs of mind, and ſerenity of countenance, which hinders us from diſcovering, by words, actions, or even looks, thoſe paſſions or ſentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the diſcovery of which gives cooler and abler people ſuch infinite advantages over us, not only in great buſineſs, but in all the moſt common occurrences of life. A man who does not poſſeſs himſelf enough to hear diſagreeable things, without viſible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without ſudden burſts of joy, and expanſion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave, or pert coxcomb. The former will provoke or pleaſe you by deſign, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will eaſily decypher the ſecrets of your heart, of which you ſhould keep the key yourſelf, and truſt it with no man living. The latter will, by his abſurdity, and without intending it, produce the ſame diſcoveries, of which other people will avail themſelves.

If you find yourſelf ſubject to ſudden ſtarts of paſſion or madneſs (for I ſee no difference between them, except in their duration) reſolve within yourſelf at leaſt, never to ſpeak one word while you feel that emotion within you.

In ſhort, make yourſelf abſolute maſter of your temper and your countenance, ſo far, at leaſt, as that no viſible

visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible; and, as a man of sense never attempts impossibilities on one hand, on the other he is never discouraged by difficulties; on the contrary, he redoubles his industry and his diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any point which prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest utility attends, let difficulties only animate your industry, not deter you from the pursuit. If one way has failed, try another; be active, persevere, and you will conquer. Some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teazed into a thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skilfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several weak places. The time should likewise be judiciously chosen: Every man has his *mollia tempora*, but that is far from being all day long; and you would chuse your time very ill, if you applied to a man about one business, when his head was full of another, or when his heart was full of grief, anger, or any other disagreeable sentiment.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you, in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance: do you find yourself hurt and mortified, when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority, in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune? You will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, teaze and irritate you, would you use them where you wished to engage and please? Surely not; and I hope you wish

to

to engage and pleaſe almoſt univerſally. The temptation of ſaying a ſmart or witty thing, or *bon mot*, and the malicious applauſe with which it is commonly received, have made people who can ſay them, and ſtill oftener people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any other thing that I know of.

When ſuch things, then, ſhall happen to be ſaid at your expence, (as ſometimes they certainly will) reflect ſeriouſly upon the ſentiments of uneaſineſs, anger, and reſentment, which they excite in you; and conſider whether it can be prudent, by the ſame means, to excite the ſame ſentiments in others againſt you.—It is a decided folly to loſe a friend for a jeſt; but, in my mind, it is not a much leſs degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral perſon, for the ſake of a *bon mot*. When things of this kind happen to be ſaid of you, the moſt prudent way is to ſeem not to ſuppoſe that they are meant at you, but to diſſemble and conceal whatever degree of anger you may feel inwardly; and, ſhould they be ſo plain that you cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of their meaning, to join in the laugh of the company againſt yourſelf; acknowledge the hit to be a fair one, and the jeſt a good one, and play off the whole thing in ſeeming good humour; but by no means reply in the ſame way, which only ſhews that you are hurt, and publiſhes the victory which you might have concealed.—Should the thing ſaid, indeed, injure your honour, or moral character, remember there are but two alternatives for a gentleman and a man of parts——extreme politeneſs, or a duel.

If a man notoriouſly and deſignedly inſults and affronts you, knock him down; but if he only injures you, your beſt revenge is to be extremely civil to him, in your outward behaviour, though at the ſame time you counterwork him, and return him the compliment, perhaps with intereſt. This is not perfidy nor diſſimulation; it would be ſo, if you were, at the ſame time, to make profeſſions of eſteem and friendſhip to this man; which I by no means recommend, but, on the contrary, abhor. All acts of civility are, by common

consent, understood to be no more than a conformity to custom, for the quiet and conveniency of society, the *agrémens* of which are not to be disturbed by private dislikes and jealousies. Only women and little minds pout and spar for the entertainment of the company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own part, though I would by no means give up any point to a competitor, yet I would pique myself upon shewing him rather more civility than to another man. In the first place, this behaviour infallibly makes all the laughers of your side, which is a considerable party; and in the next place, it certainly pleases the object of the competition, be it either man or woman; who never fail to say, upon such an occasion, that "they must own you have behaved yourself very handsomely in the whole affair."

In short, let this be one invariable rule of your conduct: Never to shew the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to smile where you cannot strike. There would be no living in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble the just causes of resentment, which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour, should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desart.—By shewing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorise the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency, at least; and either shackle or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar.

Though men are all of one composition, the several ingredients are so differently proportioned in each individual, that no two are exactly alike; and no one, at all times, like himself. The ablest man will sometimes do weak things; the proudest man, mean things; the honestest man, ill things; and the wickedest man, good ones. Study individuals then, and if you take (as you ought to do) their outlines from their prevailing passion, suspend

ſuſpend your laſt finiſhing ſtrokes till you have attended to and diſcovered the operations of their inferior paſſions, appetites, and humours. A man's general character may be that of the honeſteſt man in the world: do not diſpute it; you may be thought envious or ill-natured; but, at the ſame time, do not take this probity upon truſt, to ſuch a degree, as to put your life, fortune, or reputation in his power. This honeſt man may happen to be your rival in power, in intereſt, or in love; three paſſions that often put honeſty to moſt ſevere trials, in which it is too often caſt: But firſt analyſe this honeſt man yourſelf; and then, only, you will be able to judge how far you may, or may not, with ſafety, truſt him.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendſhip of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakneſs, which every body has; and do juſtice to the one, and ſomething more than juſtice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at leaſt would be thought to excel; and though they love to hear juſtice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are moſt and beſt flattered upon thoſe points where they wiſh to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for example: Cardinal Richlieu, who was undoubtedly the ableſt ſtateſman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the beſt poet too: He envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticiſm to be written upon the *Cid*. Thoſe, therefore, who flattered ſkilfully, ſaid little to him of his abilities in ſtate affairs, or at leaſt but *en paſſant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incenſe which they gave him, the ſmoke of which, they knew, would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel eſprit* and a poet.——Why? becauſe he was ſure of one excellency, and diſtruſtful as to the other.

You will eaſily diſcover every man's prevailing vanity, by obſerving his favourite topic of converſation; for every man talks moſt of what he has moſt a mind to be

be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which ſcarce any flattery is too groſs for them to ſwallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be inſenſible to flattery upon her perſon; if her face is ſo ſhocking, that ſhe muſt, in ſome degree, be conſcious of it, her figure and her air, ſhe truſts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, ſhe thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, ſhe comforts herſelf, that ſhe has graces,—a certain manner,—a *je ne ſcais quoi*, ſtill more engaging than beauty.—This truth is evident, from the ſtudied and elaborate dreſs of the uglieſt women in the world. An undoubted, unconteſted, conſcious beauty, is, of all women, the leaſt ſenſible of flattery upon that head; ſhe knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She muſt be flattered upon her underſtanding, which, though ſhe may poſſibly not doubt of herſelf, yet ſhe ſuſpects that men may diſtruſt.

Do not miſtake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: No, flatter nobody's vices or crimes; on the contrary, abhor and diſcourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaiſant indulgence for people's weakneſſes, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiſer, and a woman handſomer, than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themſelves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends, by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavouring (and that to no purpoſe) to undeceive them.

Suſpect, in general, thoſe who remarkably affect any one virtue, who raiſe it above all others, and who, in a manner, intimate that they poſſeſs it excluſively. I ſay, ſuſpect them, for they are common impoſtors:—but do not be ſure that they are always ſo; for I have known *ſaints* really religious, bluſterers really brave, reformers of manners really honeſt, and prudes really chaſte,

chaſte. Pry into the receſſes of their hearts yourſelf, as far as you are able, and never implicitly adopt a character upon common fame; which, though generally right as to the great outlines of characters, is always wrong in ſome particulars.

Be upon your guard againſt thoſe who, upon very ſlight acquaintance, obtrude their unaſked and unmerited friendſhip and confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them only for their own eating; but, at the ſame time, do not roughly reject them upon that general ſuppoſition. Examine further, and ſee whether thoſe unexpected offers flow from a warm heart and a ſilly head, or from a deſigning head and a cold heart; for knavery and folly have often the ſame ſymptoms. In the firſt caſe, there is no danger in accepting them,—*valeant quantum valere poſſunt.* In the latter caſe, it may be uſeful to ſeem to accept them, and artfully to turn the battery upon him who raiſed it.

If a man uſes ſtrong oaths or proteſtations, to make you believe a thing, which is of itſelf ſo likely and probable, that the bare ſaying of it would be ſufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly intereſted in making you believe it, or elſe he would not take ſo much pains.

There is an incontinency of friendſhip among young fellows, who are aſſociated by their mutual pleaſures only, which has very frequently bad conſequences. A parcel of warm hearts, and unexperienced heads, heated by convivial mirth, and poſſibly a little too much wine, vow, and really mean at the time eternal friendſhips to each other, and indiſcreetly pour out their whole ſouls in common and without the leaſt reſerve. Theſe confidences are as indiſcreetly repealed as they were made; for new pleaſures and new places ſoon diſſolve this ill-cemented connection, and then very ill uſes are made of theſe raſh confidences. Bear your part, however, in young companies; nay, excel, if you can, in all the ſocial joy and feſtivity that become youth. Truſt them with your love-tales, if you pleaſe; but keep your ſerious views ſecret. Truſt thoſe only to ſome tried friend, more experienced than yourſelf, and who being in a different walk of life from you, is not likely to

 become

become your rival; for I would not advise you to depend so much upon the heroic virtue of mankind, as to hope or believe that your competitor will ever be your friend, as to the object of that competition.

A seeming ignorance is very often a most necessary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for instance, commonly adviseable to seem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and when they say, *Have not you heard of such a thing?* to answer No, and to let them go on, though you know it already. Some have a pleasure in telling it, because they think they tell it well; others have a pride in it, as being the sagacious discoverers; and many have a vanity in shewing that they have been, though very undeservedly, trusted: all these would be disappointed, and consequently displeased, if you said Yes. Seem always ignorant (unless to one most intimate friend) of all matters of private scandal and defamation, though you should hear them a thousand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almost as bad as the thief; and whenever they become the topic of conversation, seem to be a sceptic, though you are really a serious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this seeming ignorance should be joined to thorough and extensive private informations; and, indeed, it is the best method of procuring them; for most people have such a vanity in shewing a superiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the merest trifles, that they will tell you what they should not, rather than not shew that they can tell what you did not know; besides that, such seeming ignorance will make you pass for incurious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that passes; but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the shape of direct questions; which always put people upon their guard, and often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take the things that you would know, for granted; upon which somebody will, kindly and officiously, set you right: sometimes say, that you have heard so and so; and at other times seem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want; but avoid direct questioning as much as you can.

Human

Human Nature is the ſame all over the world; but its operations are ſo varied by education and habit, that one muſt ſee it in all its dreſſes, in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The paſſion of ambition, for inſtance, is the ſame in a courtier, a ſoldier, or an eccleſiaſtic; but from their different educations and habits, they will take very different methods to gratify it.—Civility, which is a diſpoſition to accommodate and oblige others, is eſſentially the ſame in every country; but good-breeding, as it is called, which is the manner of exerting that diſpoſition, is different in almoſt every country, and merely local; and every man of ſenſe imitates and conforms to that local good breeding of the place which he is at. A conformity and flexibility of manners is neceſſary in the courſe of the world; that is, with regard to all things which are not wrong in themſelves. The *verſatile ingenium* is the moſt uſeful of all. It can turn itſelf inſtantly from one object to another, aſſuming the proper manner of each. It can be ſerious with the grave, chearful with the gay, and trifling with the frivolous.

Indeed nothing is more engaging than a chearful and eaſy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weakneſſes; nothing (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) ſhould come amiſs to a young fellow. He ſhould be, for good purpoſes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones—a Proteus, aſſuming with eaſe, and wearing with chearfulneſs, any ſhape. Heat, cold, luxury, abſtinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, eaſineſs, learning, trifling, buſineſs, and pleaſure, are modes which he ſhould be able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much eaſe as he would take or lay aſide his hat.

Young men are apt to think that every thing is to be carried by ſpirit and vigour; that art is meanneſs, and that verſatility and complaiſance are the refuge of puſillanimity and weakneſs. This moſt miſtaken opinion gives an indelicacy, an abruptneſs, and a roughneſs to the manners. Fools, who can never be undeceived, retain them as long as they live: Reflection, with a little experience, makes men of ſenſe ſhake them off ſoon. When they come to be a little better acquainted with themſelves, and with their own ſpecies,

they discover that plain right reason is, nine times in ten, the fettered and shackled attendant of the triumph of the heart and the passions; consequently they address themselves nine times in ten to the conqueror, not to the conquered; and conquerors, you know, must be applied to in the gentlest, the most engaging, and the most insinuating manner.

To conclude: Never neglect or despise old, for the sake of new, or more shining acquaintance; which would be ungrateful on your part, and never forgiven on theirs. Take care to make as many personal friends, and as few personal enemies, as possible.

POETICAL EPISTLES.

Epistle to Philander, *an eminent Tutor in the Capital.*

FRIEND of my bosom! dear acquaintance! say,
Can'st thou forgive an humble poet's lay?
Tho' rough the line, tho' dull the strain appear,
More honest notes did never greet the ear.
Pure from their parent's heart to thine they flow,
Nor fear to find Philander is their foe.

From flow'ry meads, from daisy-coated plains,
In thrones of violet where Nature reigns,
To steams of smoke, to pestilence of air,
This rustic letter must at morn repair.
For thee she quits the cowslip-scented vale,
The smiling field, and sweetly breathing dale.

As, here, she wander'd on the mossy beds,
Where conscious roses drop'd their blushing heads,
By guilty me the virgin was beguil'd,
And all her snowy form with ink defil'd.

How

How varying from this calm, this lov'd retreat,
Is thine, and Learning's hard laborious ſeat!
Herculean taſk! to form the blockhead's mind,
And make the brute grow poliſh'd and refin'd:
Bright Wiſdom's lamp its glorious light denies,
To the dull idiot's dark, benighted eyes.
Some few there are (and ſuch ſhalt thou prepare!)
Whom Knowledge makes her own peculiar care:
By thee deſign'd to grace a future age,
They now dive deep into the claſſic page,
Th' enlighten'd heights of Science they explore,
Find out her hoards, and rifle all her ſtore;
Philoſophy's luxuriant mount aſcend,
Her beauties ſearch, her myſteries attend;
Till bleſt with talents, and with arts to ſhine,
Like precious gems, they glitter at her ſhrine.

Such are thy toils! Hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
The ſons of learning rais'd to fame by thee.

Then be thy fortunes, like thy genius, bleſt!
Thy pains forgotten, and thine heart at reſt!
Thy little bark ſhall land on comfort's ſhore,
And the keen adverſe ſtorm ſhall rage no more.
From ſchools expell'd, it ſhall be thine to roam,
Contented exile! to thy rural home.
There larks ſweet-warbling o'er thy humble ſhed,
Shall charm thee to forſake thy peaceful bed;
Whilſt fragrant Morn ſhall breathe her incenſe round,
And pearly colour'd dews bedeck the ground.
For thee the grove ſhall ſpread her cool retreat,
And yield thee ſhelter from the noon-tide heat,
Then when mild Eve draws out her duſky veil,
And Philomela chaunts her plaintive tale,
To jeſs'min cover'd cot muſt thou repair,
Tend the ſweet babes, and guard th' expecting fair.

O joys of innocence! nor theſe alone,
Whilſt names there are which Merit calls her own;
They in the twining honeyſuckle's bow'r,
Shall in ſoft converſe ſpend the ſocial hour:

Whilſt honeſt Damon, and his mate exiſt,
Pure friendſhip's footſteps never ſhall be miſt,
And tho' ſmall excellence to me belong,
I ſure may form the meaneſt of the throng.
I ſure may bring my dear Maria there,
My balm of life! my antidote to care.
A heart like her's, ſuſceptible of love,
Will bleſs this union, and this band approve.

Ere the ſoul ſickens, ere the parting breath,
Shall feebly ſtruggle with the pains of death,
Ere the cold ſod ſhall raiſe its humble heap,
From my laſt bed, and guard my peaceful ſleep,
Thou! Pow'r benevolent, O! deign to ſend,
Whate'er the poet fancied for his friend.

Regard, not pride, ſpreads out her welcome fare,
And hoſpitable hands the feaſt prepare.
Let every nymph, and every ſhepherd meet,
In ruſtic ſcenes, gay Nature's green retreat.

When the firſt bird ſhall warble in the air,
To my poor cot, lov'd intimates! repair!
And when the laſt ſhall tune his mellow throat,
Perhaps—I'll mind the warning of his note.
Perhaps—I'll hide the feelings of my heart,
And ſay, not think, 'tis time for us to part.

Epiſtle from Arthur Grey, *the footman, to the object of his deſires, after his condemnation for attempting a rape.*

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread;
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.
My only hope, in theſe laſt lines, I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave; content with homely food,
The groſs inſtinct of appetite purſu'd;
Youth gave me ſleep at night, and warmth of blood.

Ambition

Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no ſounder reſt;
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw———O! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!
The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair, and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.
But yet that love purſu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How, when you ſung, my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
—You knew not that ſtupidity was love!
But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,
When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your ſide, or led you from the play.
I ſtill contriv'd near as I could to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembling in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, thoſe fingers preſs'd;
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd,
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
And madneſs would have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph, (for ſo I would have ſaid)
Turn from theſe triflers, who make love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their ſickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champaign.
Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;

There

There pleas'd with fancied quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.
Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they purſue;
—And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each Opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh—but all my ſighs are vain—
Die, wretched Arthur, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.
Fix'd on this view, my only hope and eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtrument of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
Thus all the night, when I remember well
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd with the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way.
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt:
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe—
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;
I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed,
Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs round your face;
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
—Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfied with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the dear delight,
—Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come;
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious love.

Think

Think the bold wretch, that could ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and ſincere;
Think, when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſs'd,
The world had then been yours, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair.

If theſe reflections, tho' they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your Arthur's fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I died in vain.

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

MESSAGE I.

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

Monday Morn.

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

Monday Noon.

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

Monday Noon.

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

Tueſday Morn.

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

Tueſday Noon.

VI. Mr.

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

Tueſday Noon.

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

Wedneſday Morn.

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

Wedneſday Morn.

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

Wedneſday Noon, and not up.

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

Thurſday afternoon.

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

Thurſday Even.

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

Friday Morning.

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

Friday.

XIV.

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

Friday Morn.

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

Sunday Evening.

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

Monday Morn.

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

Monday Morn.

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

Wedneſday, eleven o'clock.

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

Wedneſday.

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

Thurſday, Dec. 5.

XXI.

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

Thurſday, Dec. 5.

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

Friday Morn, eight o'clock.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.