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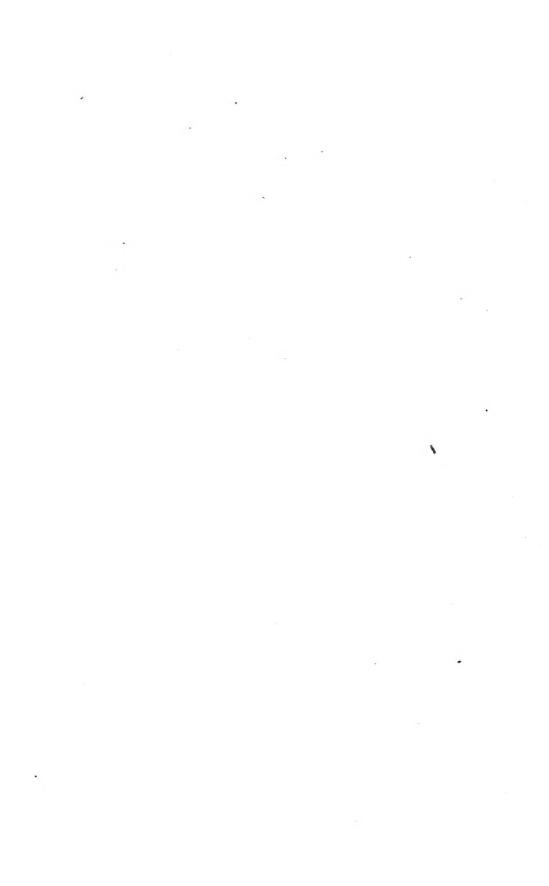
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ELEGANT EPISTLES

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
WRITERS,
BOOK THE FIFTH:
MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

PART I.



Printed by J. B. Nichols, No. 10, N. York St. N. Y.

1800

1800



ELEGANT EPISTLES:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING,

LETTERS,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

EPISTOLARY WRITERS.



VOLUME V.



BOOK IX. X.

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ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Middle of the last Century.

PART I.

LETTER I.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU* TO THE
DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

Hatch, 11, 1738.

YOUR grace's very entertaining letter was sent to me at sir Wyndham Knatchbull's, where I have been about three weeks, and propose returning to Mount Morris in a few days. I am as angry as I dare be with your grace, that you did not send any account of those charming fire-works, which I fancy were the prettiest things imaginable. I very

* Mrs. Montagu lived to see nearly the close of the century, but we have thought proper to place her letters here, as best corresponding with their date.

much approve your love of variety in trifles, and constancy in things of greater moment. I think you have great reason to call exchange robbery, though the common saying is to the contrary. For my part, who never saw one man that I loved, I scarce imagine I could be fond of a dozen, and come to that unreasonableness so ridiculously set forth in Hyppolyto in the Tempest; at present I seldom like above six or eight at a time. I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in one, in the charming vicissitudes of

“ Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling;
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.”

Then the surprising and sudden transformation of the obsequious and obedient lover, to the graceful haughtiness and imperiousness of the commanding husband, must be so agreeable a metamorphosis as is not to be equalled in all Ovid's collection, where I do not remember a lamb's being transformed into a bear. Your grace is much to be pitied, who has never known the varieties I mention, but has found all the sincerity of friendship and complacency of a lover, in the same person; and I am sure my lord duke is a most miserable man, who has found one person who has taken away that passion for change, which is the boast and happiness of so many people. Pray tell my lord Dupplin that I never heard of a viscount that was a prophet in my life. I assure you I am not going to tie the fast knot you mention: whenever I have any thoughts of it I shall acquaint your grace with it, and send you a description of the gentleman, with his good qualities and faults in full length. At

present I will tell you what sort of a man I desire, which is above ten times as good as I deserve; for gratitude is a great virtue, and I would have cause to be thankful. He should have a great deal of sense and prudence to direct and instruct me, much wit to divert me, beauty to please me, good-humour to indulge me in the right, and reprove me gently when I am in the wrong; money enough to afford me more than I can want, and as much as I can wish; and constancy to like me as long as other people do, that is, till my face is wrinkled by age, or scarred by the small-pox: and after that I shall expect only civility in the room of love, for as Mrs. Clive sings,

“ All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me whilst he can.”

When I can meet all these things in a man above the trivial consideration of money, you may expect to hear I am going to change the easy tranquillity of mind I enjoy at present, for a prospect of happiness; for I am like Pygmalion, in love with a picture of my own drawing, but I never saw an original like it in my life; I hope when I do, I shall, as some poet says, find the statue warm.

I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

ELIZ. ROBINSON.

LETTER II.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

—, 1738.

As your grace tenders my peace of mind, you will be glad to hear I am not so angry as I was. I own I was much moved in spirit at hearing you neglected your health; but since you have had advice, there is one safe step taken. As for me, I have swallowed the weight of an apothecary in medicine; and what I am the better, except more patient and less credulous, I know not. I have learnt to bear my infirmities, and not to trust to the skill of physicians for curing them. I endeavour to drink deep of philosophy, and to be wise when I cannot be merry, easy when I cannot be glad, content with what cannot be mended, and patient where there is no redress. The mighty can do no more, and the wise seldom do as much. You see I am in the main content with myself, though many would quarrel with such an insignificant, idle, inconsistent person; but I am resolved to make the best of all circumstances around me, that this short life may not be half lost in pains, “well remembering and applying, the necessity of dying.” Between the periods of birth and burial, I would fain insert a little happiness, a little pleasure, a little peace: to-day is ours, yesterday is past, and to-morrow may never come. I wonder people can so much forget death, when all we see before us is but succession;

minute succeeds to minute, season to season, summer dies as winter comes. The dial marks the change of hour, every night brings death-like sleep, and morning seems a resurrection; yet, while all changes and decays, we expect no alteration, unapt to live, unready to die, we lose the present and seek the future, ask much for what we have not, thank Providence but little for what we have; our youth has no joy, our middle age no quiet, our old age no ease, no indulgence; ceremony is the tyrant of this day, fashion of the other, business of the next. Little is allowed to freedom, happiness, and contemplation, the adoration of our Creator, the admiration of his works, and the inspection of ourselves. But why should I trouble your grace with these reflections? What my little knowledge can suggest, you must know better: what my short experience has shown, you must have better observed. I am sure any thing is more acceptable to you than news and compliments, so I always give your grace the present thoughts of my heart. I beg my compliments to lady Oxford, who I hope is better.

I am, madam, your grace's most obedient servant,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MADAM, *Mount Morris, Oct. 10, 1739.*

It is extremely good of your grace to continue to make me happy at a time when I can neither see

you nor hear from you. I should have written upon my leaving lady Knatchbull's, but the country and the head-ach are certainly the worst correspondents, as well as the dullest companions, in the world. I have promised continually to trouble you no more, having exhausted all my epistolary matter ; but I cannot help expressing my gratitude to my lord duke, who is certainly a person of indefatigable good-nature. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you in my way to Bath, and beg you will give orders to your porter to admit me : for if not, as I am grown thin since my indisposition, he will think it is my ghost and shut the door ; and if you should afterwards read in your visiting book, Miss Robinson from the shades below, you will guess the meaning of it ; but remember I am not going to be dipped in Lethe but the Bath water. I shall stay but a few days in town, and then shall proceed with my father and mother to the waters of life and recovery. My papa's chimney-corner hyp will never venture to attack him in a public place ; it is the sweet companion of solitude, and the offspring of meditation ; the disease of an idle imagination, not the child of hurry and diversion. I am afraid that with the gaieties of the place, and the spirits the waters give, I shall be perfect *sal volatile*, and open my mouth and evaporate. I wish you and his grace much comfort, and lady Bell much joy upon the occasion of her marriage. I imagine she only waits for the writings. Lawyers who live by delay, do not consider it is often the death of love. They would rather break an impatient lover's heart, than make a flaw in the

writings. Then they think of the jointure, and separation of the turtles, who think they can never part from, or survive, each other; at last they are convinced they loved, but that the lawyer reasoned. Your grace, by experience, knows what makes matrimony happy; from observation I can tell what makes it miserable. But I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit, by negatives; 'tis not kissing, that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding, that's too sour; 'tis not raillery, that's too bitter; nor the continual shuttlecock of reply, for that's too tart. In short. I hardly know how to season it to my taste; but I would neither have it tart, nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live upon metheglin or verjuice; and then, for that agreeable variety of "sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling," it would be worse than any thing; for recollection would never suffer one either entirely to love them when good, or hate them when bad. I believe your grace will easily suppose I am not a little pleased at escaping the stupidity of a winter in the country. I have heard people speak with comfort of being as merry as a cricket, but for my part I do not find the joy of being cohabitant of the fire-side with them. I am in very good spirits here, and should be so were I in a desert; I borrow from the future the happiness I expect; and from the past, by recollection, bring it back to the present. I can sit and live over those hours I passed so pleasantly with you when I was in town, and in hope enjoy those I may have the pleasure of passing with you again. I was a month at Hatch, where the good-humour of the family

makes every thing agreeable ; we had great variety in the house : children in cradles, and old women in elbow chairs. I think the family may be looked upon like the three tenses, the present, past, and future. I am very glad to hear the marquis and the little ladies are well ; I beg my compliments to his grace. The hour for ghosts to rest is come, so I must vanish ; I shall appear again in a white sheet of paper ere long ; but what can I write from a place where I know nothing but that I am, your grace's humble servant,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER IV.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

—, 1739.

As I always acquaint your grace with my motions from place to place, I think it incumbent upon me to let you know I died last Thursday ; having that day expected to hear of a certain duchess, and being disappointed, I fell into a vexation, and from thence into a chagrin, and from that into a melancholy, with a complicated *et cetera*, and so expired, and have since crossed the Styx, though Charon was loth to receive me into the boat. Pluto inquired into the cause of my arrival ; and upon telling him it, he said, *that* lady had sent many lovers there by her cruelty, but I was the first friend who was dispatched by her neglect. I thought it proper to acquaint you with my mis-

fortune, and therefore called for the pen and ink Mrs. Rowe had used to write her Letters from the Dead to the Living, and consulted with the melancholy lovers you had sent there before me, what I should say to you.—One was for beginning, Obdurate fair ; one for addressing you in metre ; another in metaphor ; but I found these lovers so sublime a set of ghosts, that their advice was of no service to me, so I applied to the other inhabitants of Erebus. I went to Ixion for counsel ; but his head was so giddy with turning, he could not give me a steady opinion. Sisyphus was so much out of breath with walking up hill he could not make me an answer. Tantalus was so dry he could not speak to be understood ; and Prometheus had such a gnawing at his stomach he could not attend to what I said. Presently after, I met Eurydice, who asked me if I could sing a tune, for Pluto had a very good ear, and I might release her for ever, for though

“ Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet singing a tune was victorious.”

I told her I had no voice, but that there was one lady Wallingford in the other world, who could sing and play like her own Orpheus, but that I hoped she would not come thither a great while. The Fatal Sisters said they had much fine thread to spin for her yet, and so madam Eurydice must wait with patience. Charon says the packet-boat is ready, and ghosts will not wait, so I must take my leave of you to my great grief ; for, as Bays in the Rehearsal says, ghosts are not obliged to

speaking sense, I could have added a great deal more. Pluto gives his service, and Proserpine is your humble servant. We live here very elegantly; we dine upon essence, like the duke of Newcastle; we eat and drink the soul and spirit of every thing; we are all thin and well-shaped, but what most surprised me was to see sir Robert Austin*, who arrived here when I did, a perfect shadow; indeed I was not so much amazed that he had gone the way of all flesh, as to meet him in the state of all spirit. At first I took him for sir ———, his cousin; but upon hearing him say how many ton he was shrunk in circumference, I easily found him out. I shall wait patiently till our packet wafts me a letter from your grace: being now divested of passion, I can, as a ghost, stay a post or two under your neglect, though flesh and blood could not bear it. All that remains of me is your faithful shade,

E. ROBINSON.

P. S. Pray lay up my letter where it cannot hear the cock crow, or it will vanish, having died a maid. There are a great many apes who were beaux in your world, and I have a promise of three more who made a fine figure at the last birth-day, but cannot outlive the winter.

Written from Pluto's palace by darkness visible.

* A very fat man.

LETTER V.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

Bath, Jan. 7, 1740.

THE pleasure your grace's letter gave me, convinced me that happiness can reach one at Bath, though I think it is not an inhabitant of the place. I pity your confinement with the reverend assembly you mentioned. It is very unreasonable of people to expect one should be at home, because one is in the house. Of all privileges, that of invisibility is the most valuable. Lord —— was wheeled into the rooms on Thursday night, where he saluted me with much snuff and civility, in consequence of which I sneezed and courtesied abundantly. As a further demonstration of his loving kindness, he made me play at commerce with him. You may easily guess at the charms of a place where the height of my happiness is a pair royal at commerce, and a peer of threescore. Last night I took the more youthful diversion of dancing; our *beaux* here may make a rent in a women's fan, but they will never make a hole in her heart; for my part, lord N. Somerset has made me a convert from toupets and pumps, to tie wigs and a gouty shoe. Ever since my lord duke reprimanded me for too tender a regard for lord Craufurd's nimble legs, I have resolved to prefer the merit of the head to the agility of the heels; and I have made so great a progress in my resolution as to

like the good sense which limps, better than the lively folly which dances. But to my misfortune he likes the queen of spades so much more than me, that he never looks off his cards, though were I queen of diamonds, he would stand a fair chance for me. I hope the Bath waters are as good for the gout in the heart as the gout in the stomach, or I shall be the worse for the journey. Lord Ailseford, lady Ann Shirley, lady S. Paulet, &c. &c. are here ; miss Grenville, miss Berkeley, and lady Hereford. Mr. Mansell came last night to the ball. We have the most diverting set of dancers, especially among the men ; some hop and some halt in a very agreeable variety. The dowager duchess of Norfolk bathes ; and being very tall, had nearly drowned a few women in the Cross Bath, for she ordered it to be filled till it reached her chin, and so all those who were below her stature, as well as her rank, were forced to come out or drown ; and finding it, according to the proverb, in vain to strive against the stream, they left the bath rather than swallow so large a draught of water. I am sorry for the cruel separation of your grace and miss Dashwood ; I believe no one parts with their friends with greater reluctance than you do ; and how they part with you I have a melancholy remembrance. I am of your opinion, that one may easily guess at the depth of an understanding, whose shallows are never covered by silence. It is now pretty late, and I will end my scandalous chronicle of Bath. I beg my best compliments to my lord duke and to lady Wallingford. I am, &c.

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER VI.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

Bath, Jan. 30, 1740.

IT is said, expectation enhances the value of a pleasure. I think your letters want nothing to add to the satisfaction they give, and I would not have your grace take the method of delay to give a zest to your favours; however, your letter did give me the greatest pleasure; I must have been sunk in insensibility if it had not made me happy. I have long been convinced it was in your power to give me happiness, and I shall begin to think health too, for I have been much better ever since I received it. I hope the duke is entirely well of his new disorder; I am sure his grace will never have it much, for it is a distemper always accompanied by peevishness; and as he has not the smallest grain of that in his composition, he can never have a constitution troubled with the gout. What will this world come to now duchesses drink gin and frequent fairs! I am afraid your gentlemen did not pledge you, or they might have resisted the frost and fatigue by the strength of that comfortable liquor. I want much to know whether your grace got a ride in the flying coach, which is part of the diversion of a fair. I am much obliged to you for wishing me of the party: I should have liked it extremely. When you go

again, pray beware of a thaw, lest you should meet with your final dissolution. Lady Berkshire, Mrs. Greville and her daughter, called upon me yesterday. Every body takes pity on me now I am confined so much. I am much obliged to your grace for forming schemes for me. If any castles come to my share, they must be airy ones, for I have no materials to build them on *terra firma*, I am not a good chimerical architect; and besides, I would rather dwell this summer in a small room in a certain noble mansion near Gerrard's Cross, than in the most spacious building I could have. I shall not be troublesome to you in town; for our stay here will be so long, that our family will hardly go down till the end of May. I have many things to say which can be conveyed to your knowledge by no way but through your ear. The time will come that we shall meet at Philippi. Time, though swift, seems slow while its progress is towards our wishes: if I was at the old gentleman's elbow I should shake his hour-glass to hasten the arrival of April. While I am impatient to see you, I cannot help wondering dean Swift should think it an unreasonable thing for lovers to desire the gods to annihilate both space and time to make two lovers happy. For my part, I have wished in the more reasonable passion of friendship the loss of three months, and at least as many counties, that we might be together. If love, like faith, could remove mountains, you would see me with you by to-morrow morning; except the humorous lieutenant, no one was ever so much in love with one of their own sex, as I am with your grace. If I should ever be half as much

enamoured of one of the other, what will become of me in this world.

“ Where sighs and tears are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told ?”

While Hymen holds by Mammon's charter, my affections would assuredly be slighted, having nothing but myself in the scale, and some few vanities that make me light. What is a woman without gold, or fee-simple ? A toy while she is young, and a trifle when she is old. Jewels of the first water are good for nothing till they are set ; but as for us, who are no brilliants, we are nobody's money till we have a foil, and are encompassed with the precious metal. As for the intrinsic value of a woman, few know it, and nobody cares. Lord Foppington appraised all the female virtues, and bought them in under a 1000l. sterling ; and the whole sex have agreed no one better understood the value of womankind. I admire the heroic exploits of the *beaux* at the playhouse ; but could these Narcissuses break the looking-glass and destroy the images of themselves ! Beating the actors off the stage exceeded the valorous enterprise of Don Quixotte when he demolished the puppets. I hear one of the gentlemen (*fortune de la guerre*) was caught in a trap, and descended ghost-like, under the stage : I fancy he called out, Fight ! fight ! with as much solemnity as Hamlet's ghost cries Swear ! I think this practical wit is a little dangerous. I hope a law will be made that no man shall be witty upon another until he fetches blood, or unfurnishes or fires a house, for the jest's sake ; for really it becomes

necessary to restrain the active genius of our youths ; and especially it shall be ordered that no person be witty if they cannot pay damages, and that unlawful jests, &c. &c. be forborne.—With compliments to my lord duke I take my leave. I am, madam, your grace's, &c. E. ROBINSON.

LETTER VII.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MISS
S. ROBINSON.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Whitehall, 1740.

I HAD your kind and affectionate letter ; and I can assure you I have had no pleasure equal to what it gave me since we parted. I believe we should be too much grieved at the swift passing of hours, if we did not look upon the near stages of time, as the road to some happiness. How should we regret every span of life that did not seem to stretch towards the attainment of some desire ; as, in a story that delights, we hasten eagerly to the circumstances without considering that the tale is the nearer told ; and very brief is that of life ; yet not to be repeated because that it is good, or that it is short, or that it is pleasant. May your little story be filled with every particular joy, every instance of happiness, every gift of good fortune ; and let it be the chief circumstance of mine that I grieved or rejoiced, and loved, and lived, and died, as you did. We had company at dinner on Monday, and in the after-

noon I went to lord Oxford's ball at Mary-le-bone. It was very agreeable ; I will give you the list of company as they danced.—The duchess and lord Foley, the duke and Mrs. Pendarvis*, lord Dupplin and Dash†, lord George and Fidget‡, lord Howard and miss Cæsar, Mr. Granville and miss Tatton, Mr. Hay and another miss Cæsar. The partners were chosen by their fans, but with a little *supercherie* in the case. I believe one of our dancers failed, so our worthy cousin, sir T—, was invited and came ; but when he had drawn miss ——'s fan, he would not dance with her ; but Mr. Hay, who, as the more canonical diversion, had chosen cards, danced with the poor forsaken lady. The knight bore the roast with great fortitude, and to make amends, promises his neglected fair a ball at his house. It did not end till two in the morning. The earl and countess behaved very graciously : my lord desired his compliments to my father. Pray give him my duty, and tell him I propose doing myself the honour of writing to him very soon. I sat for my picture this morning to Zinck ; I believe it will be like. I am in Anne Boleyn's dress. I had the pleasure of hearing to-day that our dear Robert had succeeded in obtaining a ship. I am sorry he will go out with the first fleet, for your sake and mine, two respects very dear to me. I tremble too, for fear he

* The widow of Alex. Pendarvis, esq. of Roscrow, in Cornwall, afterwards married to Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift. See her letters in Swift's Correspondence.

† Miss Catherine Dashwood, the Delia of Hammond the poet.

‡ Herself.

should have any engagement with the Spaniards. Mrs. Dewes desires to recommend herself to you, being of the party of loving sisters.

I hope the ill news of Vernon is not true. My duty to my mamma.

My dearest sister, I am yours most affectionately,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MISS S.
ROBINSON.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Whitehall, —.

YOU will think me the most idly busy of any person in the world; I have got a little interval between vanity and ceremony to write to you, but must soon leave you, to dress and visit, the grand occupations of a woman's life. I was at Mrs. —'s; we were both so courteous, complaisant, and something so like loving, it would have surprised you. What farces, what puppet-shows do we act! some little machine behind the scene moves us, and makes the same puppet act *Scrub*, or strut *Alexander the Great*. Madam, contrary to her usual manner, acted the part of the obliging; I, as much against my former sentiments, personated the obliged. Alas! I fear the first mover in the one case was not generosity, nor in the other gratitude. She went over head and ears in promises, and I went as deep in thanks. The evening was concluded, and the farce ended, with a scene more sincere and affectionate between

Morris, Robert, and myself. I have taken leave of Robert ; alas ! what a painful word is farewell ! Lord Dunsinaue came from Cambridge this morning : he says my brother Matt. is better in health than he has been a great while. I am reading doctor Swift's and Mr. Pope's letters : I like them much, and find great marks of friendship, goodness, and affection, between these people, whom the world think too wise to be honest, and too witty to be affectionate. But vice is the child of folly rather than of wisdom ; and for insensibility of heart, like that of the head, it belongeth unto fools. Lord Bolingbroke's letters shine much in the collection. We are reading Dr. Middleton's new edition of his Letter from Rome, with the additions ; but have not yet reached the postscript to Warburton. The answer to the Roman Catholic is full, and I doubt not but the Protestant Divine will be as happily silenced. Truth will maintain its ground against all opposition. The dedication to Dr. G—— is modest enough ; the doctor commends his hospitality and table, but does not tell us his friend was careful not to over-eat himself, which is an omission. I am, my dear sister, most affectionately yours,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER IX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR SISTER,

Whitehall, ---.

I PROPOSE to entertain you with some poetry, therefore you will excuse a lack of prose for this post. I am pretty well in health, but at this pre-

sent instant not in high spirits ; a key below impertinence and talkativeness. However the Muses, fair ladies, and Mr. Lyttleton, a fine gentleman, will entertain you more agreeably. The verses were written at lord Westmoreland's : I think they are pretty. Either I am very partial to the writer, or Mr. Lyttleton has something of an elegance in all his compositions, let the subject be ever so trifling. I believe what he says in praise of solitude and the country is to please Apollo, who, of all employments, preferred that of a shepherd. To Juno he puts up petitions of more pride and ambition ; and from Minerva he has not unsuccessfully asked wisdom and the arts of policy. Happy is the genius that can drink inspiration at every stream, and gather similes with every nose-gay !

Does the world want odd people, or to do we want strange cousins, that the St—nes must increase and multiply ? No folly ever becomes extinct, fools do so establish posterity. Mr. S—— has a living of 100l. a year, with a prospect of better preferment. He was a great rake, but having been japped and married, his character is new varnished. I do not comprehend what my cousin means by their little desires ; if she had said their little stomachs, it had been some help to their economy. But when people have not sufficient for the necessaries of life, what avails it that they can do without its pomps and superfluities ? Mr. B—— came up in the park to me to-day, and asked me if I would give A—— leave to beg my pardon, for that he had ordered him to do it. I desired he would tell him that he was as safe in

my contempt as he could be in my forgiveness, and that I had rather not be troubled with him. I thought the valorous captain would put him upon his penitentials; and if A——n's sword was no sharper than his satire, and his courage no greater than his wit, the challenge would not be dangerous. But he is well aware of

“ the perils that environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.”

I really think this fright will give him such a terror of steel, that he will hardly endure the blade of a knife this twelvemonth. I hope in his repentance he will not turn his hand to commendation; for though I am not vexed at the spattering of his abuse, I could never endure the daub of his panegyric.

The duchess has presented me with a very fine lace head and ruffles. My duty to papa and mamma. In great haste yours,

E. R.

LETTER X.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE REV. W.
FREIND*.

SIR,

I HAD the pleasure of your letter on Saturday, at my return from Ranelagh Gardens; I was glad to

* Afterwards dean of Canterbury, son of Dr. Robert Freind, head master of Westminster school, and nephew of Dr. John Freind, M.D. who was committed to the Tower on account of Atterbury's conspiracy. He married Miss Grace Robinson, sister of sir Thomas Robinson, and of the primate of Ireland.

see the evening of a day spent in diversion improve into friendship. The various pleasures the general world can give us, are nothing in comparison of the collected comforts of friendship. The first play round the head, but come not to the heart; the last are intensely felt; however, both these kinds of pleasures are necessary to our satisfaction. If we would be more merry than wise, we may be imprudent; but to increase the critical knowledge that increases sorrow, is not the desire or boast, but the misfortune and complaint, of the truly wise. It is really a misfortune to be above the *bagatelle*; a scorn of trifles may make us despise grey heads, mitred heads, nay, perhaps, crowned heads; it may teach us to take a little man from his great estate, a lord-mayor from his great coach, a judge out of his long wig, a chief-justice from his chair; it may even penetrate a crowd of courtiers, till we reach the very heart of the prime minister. It is best to admire and not to understand the world. Like a riddle, by its mystery, rather than by its meaning, it affords a great deal of amusement till understood, and then but a very poor and scanty satisfaction. To the farmer every ear of wheat is bread; the thrasher, by dint of labour, finds out it is half chaff; the miller, a man of still nicer inquiry, discovers that not a quarter of it will bear the sifting; the baker knows it is liable to a thousand accidents, before it can be made into bread. Thus it is in the great harvest of life; reckon that lofty stem on which greatness grows, and all that envelop it, as a part of the golden grain, and it makes a good figure; and thus sees the common eye. The nicer inquirer

discerns how much of the fair appearance wants intrinsic value, and that when it is sifted there remains but little of real worth, and even that little is with difficulty moulded to good use. Do not let you and I encourage this sharpness of sight; let the vision come to us through the grossest medium, and every little object borrow bulk and colour: let all be magnified, multiplied, varied, and beautified by opinion, and the mistaken eye of prejudice; thus will the world appear a gay scene; as indulgent spectators we will call every trick a scheme, and every little wish ambition. I am mortified at your not coming to town; I hoped I should have seen you and Mrs. Freind this spring, but as that cannot be, let me hear often from you. I long to hear my little cousin is well. The dean of Exeter is no more, he died yesterday. Mr. Hay told me, upon hearing me say I should write to you to-day, that he would have me tell you, from him, that Mr. Hume is to be prebend of Westminster; Dr. Holmes to be dean of Exeter, in the room of Dr. Clark; the speaker's chaplain is made prebend of Windsor in the room of Dr. Lewis: it is said Dr. Hutton or Dr. Willes is to have Westminster, whoever is made bishop. Mr. Hay says, if you would know any thing more he will write to you; he seems to have a great regard for you. I hear it would be much easier for you to get something new than any thing which your father has had, as it is a precedent that may open a door to solicitations from persons who have not the reason to expect that consideration which your good, and your father's great and excellent character require: consider this and don't be

slack! I know you do not think half enough of your interest. The bell rings, else I could be so impertinent as to advise. Forgive the zeal of a sincere friend and well-wisher. E. ROBINSON.

My kindest thoughts attend on my cousin.

LETTER XI.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

Hayton, May 5, ——.

IN this wicked world your grace will see honest sincerity go generally worse dressed than flattery. In the true affection of my heart, I am going to write a long letter upon paper ungilded and unadorned; but truth, as your friend, may visit you in a *dishabille*; and by the length of my paper, and its homeliness, I compliment you with the opinion of your having two rare virtues, patience and humility, to endure and accept such an epistle. I had the pleasure of my lord duke's letter yesterday; all the contents were agreeable, and especially your commands to write, though I am not just in the situation one would wish a correspondent. I wish you could see the furniture of my desk, which is all eaten by the worms. My pen has served the good old man for his accounts these forty years; I can hardly make it write any thing but *imprimis, item, ditto*; if I would thank your grace for the many obligations I have received,

it is ready to write a receipt in full ; or would I express that you have my entire affection and esteem, it is going to write, for value received ; and when I would enumerate your favours, it is in haste to run to the sum total. I believe since the pen was dipped in ink it never made a compliment, or was employed to express one generous sentiment of friendship. It has been worn out in the service of gain ; to note pounds, shillings, and pence, with the balance on the side of profit, has been its business. I hear the burlesque of sweet Pamela and her dear master is very droll ; if it has ridiculed them as well as it has Dr. Middleton and his hero, I fancy it must be diverting ; but high things are better burlesqued than low ; the dedication was really admirable, and I fancy must mortify both the author and the patron. Indeed I believe my friend was the first man that ever complimented a gentleman upon not cramming till he was sick, and not lying in bed longer than he could sleep ; but flattery must be at the dinner and the levee of the great. I wish lord H——y may not get the cholic with his vegetable diet ; as it turns to vanity and wind, he will be too much puffed up with it. I cannot imagine, after this, how the doctor can ever dedicate a book to the duke of Newcastle, unless he says, as Pope does, that by various methods they aim at praise, and that

“ Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.”

I believe many great men have been celebrated for their banquets, but my lord H—— has the honour of being the first who ever recommended

himself to an author by his fasting. I had the pleasure yesterday of a long letter from my sister: her eyes are perfectly well, but she has not made any use of them but in writing to me; and, I must tell you, her care made her steep her letter in vinegar, for fear it should prove as fatal as Pandora's present. The caution diverted me extremely, for I thought the letter seemed as if it had been sent for a broken forehead. My mamma made me the first visit last Wednesday. If the weather was more mild I might soon hope to meet my sister, but it confines her at home. I had the satisfaction of hearing from my brother Robinson, last post, that he finds great benefit by the Bath waters; but while I was rejoicing at this good news, he informed me Mrs. Freind had just lost her little daughter by an unhappy accident. I know her's and Mr. Freind's tenderness to be such, that they will be extremely grieved at it, and the aggravation of its not being in the common order of nature will add much to the affliction. If your grace continues to exhort me to write, you must not be surprised if I entertain you with the conversation of the place I am in; you may expect a very good receipt to make cheese and syllabub, or, for your more elegant entertainment, a treatise upon the education of turkeys. I would catch you some butterflies, but I have not seen any pretty ones. I have ordered people upon all our coasts to seek for shells, but have not yet got any pretty ones; if Neptune knew your grace wanted some, he would send his maids of honour, the Nereides, to look for them, and Proteus would take the shape of a shell in hopes of having a place in your

grotto; I intend to tell the inhabitants of the deep whom they are for, and they will all assist me; even the Leviathan will not be worse than the judge; if he eats the fish, he will give us the shell. I am sorry Mrs. Pendarvis has left you for the summer; Dash too talks of departing; when they are gone London will lose much of its charms for you, and the country is not yet delightful; even this sweet month, the fairest of the year, does not disclose its beauties. Pray make my compliments to my lord duke, and give a thousand kisses to the dear little ones, and assure them I should be glad to deliver them myself. I hope Mrs. Pendarvis had a long letter from me the beginning of this week. Farewell, my dear lady duchess; farewell is the hardest word in our language, and to you I generally speak it the last of a thousand. I am, dear madam, your most obliged servant,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER XII.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

May 7.

I HAD begun a letter to your grace last post, but was interrupted by company; then did I regret having left the humble and quiet habitation to which the idle and the noisy did not resort; and where I had leisure to permit me to do what I did like, and no ceremonious duty to oblige me to do that I did not; for what a mortification to leave

writing to you to entertain—whom? why, an honest boisterous sea captain, his formal wife, most wondrous civil daughter, and a very coxcombical son; the good captain is so honest and so fierce, a bad conscience and a cool courage cannot abide him; he thinks he has a good title to reprove any man that is not as honest, and to beat any man that is not as valiant as himself; he hates every vice of nature but wrath, and every corruption of the times but tyranny; a patriot in his public character, but an absolute and angry monarch in his family; he thinks every man a fool in politics who is not angry, and a knave if he is not perverse: indeed, the captain is well in his element, and may appear gentle compared to the waves and wind, but on the happy quiet shore he seems a perfect whirlwind: he is much fitter to hold converse with the hoarse Boreas in his wintry cavern, than to join in the whispers of Zephyrus in Flora's honeymoon of May. I was afraid, as he walked in the garden, that he would fright away the larks and nightingales; and expected to see a flight of sea-gulls hovering about him: the amphibious pewet found him too much a water animal for his acquaintance, and fled with terror. I was angry to find he was envious of admiral Vernon; but considering his appetite to danger and thirst of glory, I endeavoured to excuse something of the fault: it is fine when danger becomes sport, and hardships voluptuousness. All this is brought about by the magic sound of fame. Dr. Young will tell us, the same principle puts the feather in the hat of the bean, which erects the high plume in the helmet of the hero; but if so, how gentle is

the enchantment of the pretty man of praise, compared to the high madness of the bold hero of renown! Very safely trips the red-heeled shoe, but most perilous is the tread of honour's boot! But *a-propôs*, how do our scarlet *beaux* like this scheme of going abroad? Do the pretty creatures, who mind no other thing but the ladies and the king, like to leave the drawing-room and ridotto for camps and trenches? Should the chance of war bring a slovenly corpse betwixt the wind and their nobility, can they abide it?—Dare they behold friends dead, and enemies living? I think they will die of a panic, and save their enemies' powder. Well, they are proper gentlemen, heaven defend the nunneries! as for the garrisons, they will be safe enough. The father-confessors will have more consciences to quiet, than the surgeons will have wounds to dress; I would venture a wager Flanders increases in the christenings more than in the burials of the week. I am your grace's faithful and very affectionate,

E. ROBINSON.

LETTER XIII.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE
DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

MADAM,

May 13,——.

I CANNOT express the pleasure your grace's letter gave me, after not having heard from you for five weeks, nor indeed of you for the last fortnight. How can you say it is not in your power to make

a return for my letters? mine can only afford you a little amusement, yours, my dear lady duchess, give me real happiness. I hope you did not receive any harm from writing; if your constitution is as naturally disposed as your mind to make a friend happy, I am sure you did not. My sister is just gone from me; our first meeting under the same roof was this morning; you will imagine we lengthened our happiness as long as the day; this evening she retired a little the sooner, to give me time to write to your grace. I have not yet been at Mount Morris; though I believe the infection may be over, I am not willing to venture myself for the sake of the house, while the inhabitants of it can come to me here with much more ease to themselves, and better security to me. My habitation indeed is humble, but it has the best blessings of humility, peace and content. I think I never spent a happier day than this, though fortune gave no pageantry to the joy. Indeed we wanted none of that pomp that people make use of to signify happiness, but were glad to enjoy it free and alone. We talked of your grace; I won't tell you what we said, for then you would say I was partial, and my friend complaisant; however, my happiest hours are rendered more joyful by the remembrance of you, and my most melancholy less dismal. I can never want inclination to write to you, but that I may not want materials I cannot answer: first, you must know those who are impertinent in London are downright dull in the country; here is neither vice nor novelty; and consider, if news and scandal are out of the question, what a drawback it is upon conversation.

If I could sit, and rightly spell, of every herb that sips the dew, &c. I might indeed be a very good correspondent: but being neither merry nor wise, what can you make of me? Should I tell you of an intrigue between the Moon and Endymion, Aurora and Cephalus, or the people of our sky, you would not thank me for my news; but except the plants of the earth, and the stars of heaven, what do I see here? My eyes, you know, are not fit for either minute speculations or distant prospects: however, I will own I am an admirer of a Narcissus, and now and then ogle the man in the moon through a glass. The first is as sweet as any beau, the second as changeable as any lover; but I know Pen, who despises all *beaux* and lovers, will afford a regard to these; therefore I imagine them worth my acquaintance. How impertinent is this interruption! Must I leave your grace for such a trivial consideration as my supper? They have sent me some chicken, but, alas! can one eat one's acquaintance? these inoffensive companions of my retirement, can I devour them? How often have I lately admired the provident care and the maternal affection of a hen, and shall I eat her hopeful son or fair daughter! Sure I should then be an unworthy member of the chicken society. I find myself reduced to a vegetable diet, not as a Pythagorean, for fear of removing the soul of a friend, but to avoid destroying the body of an acquaintance. There is not a sheep, a calf, a lamb, a goose, a hen, or a turkey in the neighbourhood, with which I am not intimately acquainted. When I shall leave my ark I don't know; would my dove bring me an olive branch, in promise of peace, I

would soon do it; but I am in less haste, because here I have as much of my sister's company, or more, than I can quietly enjoy there; and a certain person seems——I can never describe how, nor tell why, but they look a little awful, and pish! and phoo! with a dignity age will never give me; really it is droll, and some things I have seen lately would furnish out scenes for a play; to me indeed it would be neither comedy nor tragedy; I can neither laugh at what I don't like, nor cry for what I don't deserve. I am very cautious as to my conversation, for I never pretend to think, or to know, or to hear, or to see. I am a sceptic, and doubt of all things; and as a mediator between my opinion and all positive affirmation, make use of an—*It seems to me*, and a—*Perhaps*, and—*It may be*; and then I can tack about to the right point of the compass at a short warning. The other day, seeing Dr. Middleton's book upon the table, they discoursed the whole matter over, and set things in so new a light, that I was extremely entertained for two hours, though I had full exercise in following with my assent all that was advanced; we condemned Cicero for folly, Cato for cowardice, Brutus for subjection, Cassius for gaiety; and then we talked it all back again, and left them the very men we found them; for you must know there are persons who, if no one will contradict them, will contradict themselves rather than not debate. I am very glad to hear those I value so much as Pen, Dash, and Don, love me; but I approve their prudence in not telling me so too often, for I am by nature prone to vanity. Indeed, as to Dash, I have been the aggressor, and I

have not a good title to complain of Mrs. Pendarvis; but as to Mrs. Donellan, she has not wrote to me this age; I hope they are all well, and desire my compliments, or, in a style which better suits the simplicity and sincerity of my manners, my love. I need not say I am always glad, and I dare not say desirous, to hear from you: let me never interrupt your pleasure, nor hurt your health; but when you have a moment in which it will be agreeable to you to write, remember, my dear lady duchess, that you can bestow it on one whom it will make happy; indeed there are many who may assert that claim, but no one is with more gratitude, esteem, affection, and constancy, yours, &c. &c.

E. R.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE REV.
MR. AND MRS. FREIND.

Bullstrode, Tuesday, 24th, 1741.

Two so united in my thoughts shall not be separated in my words; so, my good cousins, accept my salutations from the country. I took leave of our smoaky metropolis on Monday morning, and changed the scene for one better suited to the season. The agreeable freedom I live in, and the rural beauties of the place, would persuade me I was in the plains of Arcadia: but the magnificence of the building, under whose gilded roofs I dwell, have a pomp far beyond pastoral. In one thing I fall short of Chloe and Phillis, I have no *Pastor fido*, no languishing Corydon to sigh with the ze-

phyr, and complain to the murmuring brooks; but those things are unnecessary to a heart taken up and sufficiently softened by friendship. Here I know Mrs. Freind and you shake your heads, and think a little *bergerie* a proper amusement for the country; but, in my opinion, friendship is preferable to love. The presence of a friend is delightful, their absence supportable; delicacy without jealousy, and tenderness without weakness, transports without madness, and pleasure without satiety. No fear that caprice should destroy what reason established; but even time, which perfects friendship, destroys love. I may now say this to you, who, from constant lovers, are become faithful friends. I congratulate your change; to have passed from hope to security, and from admiration to esteem. If you knew the charming friend I am with, you would not wonder at my encomiums upon friendship, which she makes one taste in its greatest perfection. I have greater pleasure in walking in these fine gardens because they are hers: and the place is very delightful. I am sorry to think I have lost so much sunshine in town. Society, and coal fires, are very proper for frost; but solitude and green trees for summer. Then the *care celve beate* come in season, and Philomel sings sweeter than Farinelli. The beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, are better company than the *beau monde*: and a butterfly and a magpie, in my opinion, are at all times better company than a fop or a coxcomb. It is the necessity of the one to be gaudy, and of the other to chatter; but where folly and foppery are by choice, my contempt must attend the absurdity. I like an owl,

very often, better than an alderman; a spaniel better than a courtier; and a hound is more sagacious than a fox-hunter; for a fox-hunter is only the follower of another creature's instinct, and is but a second instrument in the important affair of killing a fox. I could say a great deal more of them, if supper was not ready; so leaving you to balance their merits, and determine their sagacity, I must take my leave, only desiring my compliments to Mrs. Freind and the Doctor; if, at his years and wisdom, things so trifling as women and compliments can take any place in his remembrance. Pray let me hear from the writing half very soon; the husband is always allowed to be the head, and I think in your family he is the hand too. A letter directed to Bullstrode, by Gerrard's bag, will find and rejoice your most faithful friend and affectionate cousin,

E. ROBINSON.*

LETTER XV.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE REV.
DR. SHAW, F. R. S. &c. &c.†

REV. SIR,

You will perhaps think me rather too hasty in my congratulations if I wish you joy of being going to

* This letter probably belongs to a former year, and to some previous visit to Bullstrode; but having no other date than Tuesday, 24th, the year cannot be ascertained. The date 1741, is added to recal to the reader the progress of the series.

† This anonymous letter was written by miss Robinson, and sent to Dr. Shaw, the traveller, at the instigation, and for the amusement, of the duchess of Portland and her society.

be married, whereas it is generally usual to stay till people really are so, before we offer to make our compliments. But joy is a very transitory thing; therefore I am willing to seize on the first occasion; and as I imagine you are glad you are going to be married, I wish you joy of that gladness; for whether you will be glad after you are married, is more than mortal wight can determine; and having prepared myself, to rejoice with you, I should be loth to defer writing till, perhaps, you were become sorrowful; I must therefore in prudence prevent your espousals. I would not have you imagine I shall treat matrimony in a ludicrous manner; it is impossible for a man who, alas! has had two wives, to look upon it as a jest, or think it a light thing; indeed it has several advantages over a single life. You, that have made many voyages, know that a tempest is better than a dead calm; and matrimony teaches many excellent lessons, particularly patience and submission, and brings with it all the advantages of reproof, and the great profit of remonstrances. These indeed are only temporal benefits; but besides, any wife will save you from purgatory, and a diligent one will secure heaven to you. If you would atone for your sins, and do a work meet for repentance, *marry*. Some people wonder how Cupid has been able to wound a person of your prowess; you, who wept not with the crocodile, listened not to the Sirens, stared the basilisk in the face, whistled to the rattlesnake, went to the masquerade with Proteus, danced the hays with Scylla and Charybdis, taught the dog of the Nile to fetch and carry, walked cheek-by-jowl with a lion, made an inti-

macy with a tiger, wrestled with a bear, and, in short, have lived like an owl in the desert or a pelican in the wilderness; after defying monsters so furious and fell, that you should be overcome by an arrow out of a little urchin's quiver, is amazing! Have you not beheld the mummies of the beauteous Cleopatra, and of the fair consorts of the Ptolemies, without one amorous sigh! And now to fall a victim to a mere modern human widow, is most unworthy of you! What qualities has a woman that you have not vanquished? Her tears are not more apt to betray than those of the crocodile, she is hardly as deceitful as the Siren, less deadly, I believe than the basilisk or rattlesnake, scarce as changeable as Proteus, nor more dangerous than Scylla and Charybdis, as docile and faithful as the dog of the Nile, sociable as the lion, and mild, sure, as the tiger! As her qualities are not more deadly than those of the animals you have despised, what is it that has conquered you? Can it be her beauty? Is she as handsome as the empress of the woods? as well accommodated as the many chambered sailor? or as skilful as the nautilus? You will find many a creature by earth, air, and water, that is more beautiful than a woman; but indeed she is composed of all elements, and

“ Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,
And great's thy danger, Thomas Bruin.”

But you will tell me she has all the beauties in nature united in her person; as ivory in her forehead, diamonds in her eyes, &c.

“ But where’s the sense direct or moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?”

If she is a dowdy what can you do with her? If she is a beauty, what will she do for you? A man of your profession might know the lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin; if she is rich, she won't buy you, if she is poor, I don't see why she should borrow you. But, I fear, I am advising in vain, while your heart, like a fritter, is frying in fat in Cupid's flames. How frail and weak is flesh! else sure, so much might have kept in one little heart; had Cupid struck the lean, or the melancholy, I had not lamented; but true Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, merry Jack Falstaff, *fat Jack Falstaff*, beware the foul fiend, they call it marriage, beware on't! As what I have advanced on the subject of matrimony is absolutely unanswerable, I need not tell you where to direct a letter for me, nor will I, in my pride, declare who I am that give you this excellent counsel; but, that you may not despair of knowing where to address your thanks for such an extraordinary favour, I will promise, that before you find a courtier without deceit, a patriot without spleen, a lawyer without quibble, a philosopher without pride, a wit without vanity, a fool without presumption, or any man without conceit, you shall find the true name of your well-wisher and faithful counsellor,

* * * *

LETTER XVI.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND.

MADAM, *Allerthorpe, Nov. 19, 1742.*

WHAT prophets are my fears! they whispered to me your grace was not well, and I find their suggestions were true. Hard state of things, that one may believe one's fears but cannot rely upon one's hopes! I imagined concern would have an ill effect on your constitution; I know you have many pledges in the hands of fate, and I feared for you, and every thing that was near and dear to you. I am sensible your regard and tenderness for lady Oxford will make you suffer extremely when you see her ill; she has therefore a double portion of my good wishes, on her own and your grace's account. When sensibility of heart and head makes you feel all the outrages that fortune and folly offer, why do you not envy the thoughtless giggle and unmeaning smile? "In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy." Wisdom's cup is often dashed with sorrow, but the nepenthe of stupidity is the only medicine of life; fools neither are troubled with fear nor doubt. What did the wisdom of the wisest man teach him? Verily that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A painful lesson fools will never learn, for they are of all vanities most vain. And there is not so sweet a companion as that same vanity: when we go into the world it leads

us by the hand ; if we retire from it, it follows us ; it meets us at court, and finds us in the country ; commends the hero that gains the world, and the philosopher that forsakes it ; praises the luxury of the prodigal, and the prudence of the penurious ; feasts with the voluptuous, fasts with the abstemious, sits on the pen of the author, and visits the paper of the critic ; reads dedications, and writes them ; makes court to superiors, receives homage of inferiors ; in short, it is useful, it is agreeable, and the very thing needful to happiness : had Solomon felt some inward vanity, sweet sounds had been ever in his ears without the voices of men-singers, or women-singers ; he had not then said of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, what doeth it? vanity, and a good set of teeth, would have taught him the ends and purposes of laughing, that fame may be acquired by it, where, like the proposal for the grinning wager,

“ The frightfullest grinner
Is the winner.”

Did not we think lady C——— would get nothing by that broad grin but the tooth-ache? But vanity, profitable vanity, was her better counsellor ; and as she always imagined the heart of a lover was caught between her teeth, I cannot say his delay is an argument of her charms or his gallantry, but she has him secure by an old proverb, that what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh, and no doubt but this love was bred in the bone, even in the jaw-bone. No wonder if tame, weak man, is subdued by that weapon with which Sampson killed the mighty lion. Mr. Montagu got well

to London on Monday night. I am glad your facetious senator is gone to parliament, where all his conversation will be yea, yea, and nay, nay; and even of that cometh evil sometimes. Time will not allow me to lengthen this epistle with any thing more than my sister's compliments to your grace. I am, madam, your's, &c. E. M.

LETTER XVII.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO MRS. DONNELLAN.

York, August, 1744.

I AM now writing to you from the very place from whence I began my journey of life. You will think that I may feel some uneasiness on the reflection of returning to this place, after so many years wandering through the world, with so little improvement and addition of merit, which is all that time leaves behind it. Too true it is that reflection has given some pain, and cost me a sigh or two; but it is some comfort that my blank page has not been blotted with the stains of vice; if any good deeds shall ever be written there, they will be legible, and suffer no various interpretations even from critics. Twenty-two years and ten months ago I was just the age my son is now: as his way through life will lie through the high roads of ambition and pleasure, he will hardly pass so unspotted, but, I hope, a better-informed traveller than I have done through my little private path.

His account will consist of many articles, pray God the balance may be right ! I would have him think joy is for the pure of heart, and not giddily sacrifice the smallest part of integrity in hope of making large amends by deeds of estimation. But thus it is always with his sex, and a man thinks it is no more necessary to be as innocent as a woman, than to be as fair. Poor little man, may Heaven protect him ! I wish he may be of as contented a spirit at the same age as his mother : and that his cheerfulness too may arise, not from love of himself, but from the possession of good and amiable friends. I would, to this purpose, wish him as many brothers, but I have some private objections arising from self-love against that wish, so I will leave that to his merit and discernment, which to me has arisen from accident. I ought to have epistolized you before I came so near the end of my journey, but we filled up our time with seeing all the places that lay within our route ; the first was Oxford, which you know so well I shall say nothing about it, nor would the Muses permit my grey-goose quill to describe their sacred haunt. From thence we went to Stowe, of which so much has been said and written. I shall only tell you how I was affected by the gardens, of which probably neither verse nor prose writer would ever inform you. It is indeed a princely garden, more like, I believe, to that where the sapient king held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse, than to Paradise,—its beauties are the effects of expense and taste ; the objects you see are various, yet the result is not variety. Lord Cobham has done by his garden as kings do by their subjects, made

difference by title and artificial addition, where nature made none; yet altogether it is a pleasing scene, where a philosophic mind would enjoy full happiness, the disappointed ambitious some consolation. The buildings are many of them censured by connoisseurs as bad; however, their intention and use is good; they are, for the most part, dedicated to the memory of the wise, the good, and great; so they raise in the ambitious a noble emulation, in the humble a virtuous veneration; kinds of homage that mend the heart that pays them. From Stowe we went to my brother Montagu's in Leicestershire, where we passed a week very agreeably. The next place we saw was T—; the house is large, but the company it has of late received makes one see it with prejudice; the luxury of a hogstie must be disgusting; indeed I was glad to get out of the house, every creature in it and every thing one saw was displeasing; as to the park, it wants nature's cheerful livery, the sprightly green; the famous cascade did not please me, who have seen some made by the bounteous hand of Nature, to which man's magnificence is poor and *chetive*. From hence we came to York, where we have just been viewing the cathedral; of all the gothic buildings I ever saw, the most noble, taken together, or considered in parts. Gothic architecture, like gothic government, seems to make strength and power of resistance its chief pride; this noble cathedral looks as if it might defy the consuming power of all-devouring Time. We are to visit the fine assembly-room before we leave York, which, I hear, is built in the manner of an Egyptian hall, or banqueting-

room. Dr. Shaw would tell us in what place Cleopatra would have chosen to sit. I must put an end to my letter, which has been something in the style of the raree-showman, "you shall see what you shall see." I am, dear madam, your most sincere, and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

LETTER XVIII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. CHENEVIX, LORD
BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Spa, July 4, N. S. 1741.*

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill; and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: that virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be willing, to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it; and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them; and I expect still more benefit

from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France : thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards ; do so too, dear doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be, by your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XIX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I PUT nothing at the top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear doctor* would now become me ; because I hope that, by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my lord of Clonfert. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the king, for the bishopric of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it ; therefore do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are till you hear further from me. I assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me ; and what I value still more, your own merits and virtues. Yours sincerely.

LETTER XX.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. CHENEVIX, LORD
BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

MY DEAR LORD, *London, June 18, 1747.*

I THANK you for your letter and for your kind hint, and am heartily glad to hear that you have made up your affair with your predecessor's widow.

What becomes of your intended establishment at Waterford for the reception of foreigners*? Does it go on? It would be of great advantage to the town, and a good example to others. How does Mr. Smith's linen-manufacture flourish with you? If it prospers, I should think it would both invite and employ foreigners. I wish my country-people, for I look upon myself as an Irishman still, would but attend half as much to those useful objects, as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland. Nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drank in their houses; this expence leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine-merchants.

* That scheme intended for the encouragement of French Protestants, did not answer the expectation of those who had formed it.

There was a law in one of the ancient governments, I have forgot which*, that empowered a man to kill his wife if she smelt of wine. I most sincerely wish that there was a law in Ireland, and better executed than most laws are, to empower their wives to kill their husbands in the like case; it would promote sobriety extremely, if the effects of conjugal affection were fully considered.

Do you grow fat? Are Mrs. Chenevix and your children all well? Are you as cheerful and as happy as your good conscience ought to make you? I hope them all; for, upon my word, nobody loves and values you more than your faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XXI.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C. —.

MY DEAR LORD,

1747†.

I AM very glad to hear of your safe arrival upon Irish ground, after your distresses upon the Irish seas: escapes always make people either much bolder or more timid than they were before; yours, I hope, will have the former of these effects, and

* It was that of the ancient Romans. That law, indeed, did not subsist long in all its severity; but even when the ladies had obtained the permission of drinking wine, they were punished for abusing that indulgence; and the wife of a senator having been convicted of drunkenness, was deprived of her marriage portion.

† This date is not in the hand of lord Chesterfield, and I suspect it to be faulty.

encourage you rather to visit your friends in England.

I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is; for I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay there three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* (garden madness) has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey. Be as well and as cheerful as you can; and believe me most faithfully and truly yours, &c.



LETTER XXII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES,
ESQ. AT THE HAGUE.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *London, Jan. 26, O. S. 1748.*

THIS letter goes to you, in that confidence which I always shall, and know that I safely may, place in you: and you will therefore not let one word of it transpire.

What *** wrote to *** I believe will; nay, I am sure must, prove true.

* * * * *

I tell you very truly, I long for rest and quiet, equally necessary to my present state, both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease, and preserve my character. I have gone through

pleasures, while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it the least. And this one consideration would alone disgust one of it, even if one had the sole power; which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy; and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merit. Thus weary of business, you will easily imagine, that in retiring from my present business, I shall not engage in any other; but far from embarking upon any account in cabals and opposition, whenever I do take any part in the House of Lords, it shall be in support of the Government. Do not think neither that I mean a sullen retirement from the world; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself. What day I shall resign the seals is not yet fixed: therefore, I desire that you will not, upon any account, mention one word of this letter, or give the least intimation to any one living, that you know any thing of this resolution. As I know the warmth of your friendship for me, and at the same time the warmth of your temper, I most earnestly recommend to you, nay, I insist upon your being discreet, when this event shall become public. There are those at the Hague, who will be glad to lay hold of any little slip of yours, in order to do you an injury: disappoint them by your

discretion, and say nothing more upon it, than that you knew that my health required exercise, and my temper quiet; and that you know too, that whenever I can, as a private man, be of any use to the king or to the public, I shall act the same out of place as I should have done in. This conduct I shall look upon as a proof of your friendship, and not of your coolness for me. As I shall always have a satisfaction in hearing from you, write to me, from time to time, as usual.

* * * * *

Adieu for this time, my dear Dayrolles; and be convinced that, knowing as I do your merit, your good heart, your truth, and your affection, I shall, though hereafter a very useless one, be ever your very faithful friend.



LETTER XXIII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES,
ESQ. AT THE HAGUE.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *Lond. Feb. 9, O. S. 1748.*
LE sort est jetté (the die is cast): you receive this letter from a sincere friend, but not from a secretary of state; and I know you to be so true a friend too, that I am sure you value it more in the former character than in the latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals into the king's hands, who parted with me in the most gracious manner possible. My health, my spirits, and my character, all concurred in this measure, and made it absolutely necessary for me. I retire without any per-

sonal quarrel with any man whatsoever; and if I disapproved of measures, it was by no means upon account of their authors. Far from engaging in Opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the king and his government; which I can do with more advantage to them, and more honour to myself, when I do not receive five thousand pounds a-year for doing it. I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures: the hurry and plague of business, either in or out of court, succeeded, and continued till now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life,—quiet, liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement I mean solitude and misanthropy: far from it; my philosophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends, will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical: on the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove; but, alas! not so amorous. At least, whatever else you find me, you will always find me with the truest affection, yours, &c.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to my baron, and thank him both for his books and his letter: I will do it myself very soon.

LETTER XXIV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOL. DAYROLLES, ESQ.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *Bath, Feb. 23, O. S. 1748.*

Me voici, mon cher enfant (here I am, my dear boy), enjoying liberty and idleness, but attended with a great cold, which I got upon the road, in the coldest weather, and the deepest snow, that I ever remember. This has hindered me from drinking the waters hitherto: but that is no great matter, as I came here more for the sake of quiet and absence from London, while I was the only subject of conversation there, than for any great occasion that I had for the waters.

Without affectation, I feel most sensibly the comforts of my present free and quiet situation; and if I had much vanity in my composition, of which I really think that I have less than most people, even that vanity would be fully gratified, by the voice of the public upon this occasion. But, upon my word, all the busy tumultuous passions have subsided in me; and that not so much from philosophy, as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

Since my resignation, my brother, as you will

have seen in the newspapers, is appointed commissioner of the Admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling, and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this post; and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather at it was the king's own doing.

George Stanhope too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him; so that it seems I have a much better interest out of place than I had in.

All goes well at Leipzig; the boy applies and improves more than I expected. Count and countess Flemming, who saw him there, and who carried him to the duchess of Courlande's, gave me a very good account of him; and assured me, that he was by no means the awkward English oaf, but *passablement décrotté* (tolerably polished.) He shall stay there a year longer, and then go to Turin. If you should accidentally hear, or can procure, any memoirs of his private character, pray let me know them.

Remember the cautions which I gave you in one of my former letters. When lord Sandwich goes to the congress, you will have a great deal to do, and play a considerable part at the Hague; which, I know, you are able to acquit yourself of very well. This, I think, will put you *en train d'être Monsieur l'Envoyé*, upon lord Sandwich's return to his post here, which will be before it is very long: for, however little peace is at present intended,

necessity will soon make it by the means of the *marêchaux de Sexe et Lowendahl*; and then, being upon the place, I think you may reasonably ask, and probably obtain the character and appointments of envoy.

* * * * *

May you have all you wish! Adieu. Yours.

LETTER XXV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C.

MY DEAR LORD, *Bath, March, 1, 1748.*

I THANK you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life: indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them *uti conviva satur* (as a satisfied guest). This conviction from experience secured me from regret; those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations, languish for their hidden charms, which in my mind soon satiate after possession.

I am very glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family here this summer: I know that I cannot see a truer nor a warmer friend, which, I assure you, you may say too when you see me. I suppose that you will stop in your way in Nottinghamshire to see your son, whom as you return you will probably take with you to Ireland.

I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters; not that I had any great occasion for them, but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being talked to, and talked of, while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town.

Adieu, my dear lord: I cannot tell you how sincerely and affectionately I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

November 30, 1751.

MY reproach by Dr. Thomas, I insist upon it, was a very just one, and your excuse a very lame one: indifferent as I am grown about most things, you could not suppose that I was become so, where the health and happiness of you and your family were concerned; on the contrary I find, that in proportion as one renounces public, one grows more sensible to private, social cares. My circle, thank God, is so much contracted, that my attention can, and does, from its centre extend itself to every point of the circumference. I am very glad to hear that your son goes on so well; and as he does go on so well, why should you move him? The Irish schools and universities are indisputably better than ours, with this additional advantage, that having him within your reach will be much better for him than a better place out of it: a man no more liveth by Latin and Greek, than by bread

alone; but a father's care of his son's morals and manners is surely more useful, than the critical knowledge of Homer and Virgil, supposing that it were, which it very seldom is, acquired at schools: I do not therefore hesitate to advise you, to put your son to the best school, that is, the nearest to your usual place of residence, that you may see and examine him often and strictly, and watch his progress, not only in learning, but in morals and manners, instead of trusting to interested accounts of distant schoolmasters.

His grace of Tuam's recovery has, I find, delayed, if not broke, a long chain of ecclesiastical promotions, of which the first link is the only one I interest myself in; I mean the translation of that good man and citizen, the bishop of Meath*, to Tuam; the more he gets, the more Ireland gets; that being your case too, pray, how goes the copper-mine? Fruitful, and yet inexhaustible, I hope. If it will but supply you with riches, I will answer for your making the best use of them.

I hear with great pleasure that Ireland improves daily, and that a spirit of industry spreads itself, to the great increase of trade and manufactures. I think I interest myself more in that country than in this; this is past its perfection, and seems gradually declining into weakness and caducity; that seems but tending to its vigour and perfection, and engages one's expectations and hopes; one loves a promising youth, one only esteems an old man; the former is a much quicker sentiment than the latter: both those sentiments conspire, I as-

* Dr. Maul.

sure you, in forming that friendship with which I am, my dear lord, your most faithful humble servant, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C——.

MY DEAR LORD, *London, July 14, 1752.*

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it* too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable, not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as fast as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and Christian duties, which I am sure no consideration

* The death of Mrs. Chevenix, the bishop's wife.

upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am with the greatest truth and affection, my dear lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOL. DAYROLLES, ESQ.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *London, Sept. 15, 1752.*

IN the first place I make my compliments to my god-son, who, I hope, sucks and sleeps heartily, and evacuates properly, which is all that can yet be desired, or expected from him. Though you, like a prudent father, I find, carry your thoughts a great deal further, and are already forming the plan of his education, you have still time to consider of it, but yet not so much as people commonly think: for I am very sure, that children are capable of a certain degree of education, long before they are commonly thought to be so. At a year and a half old, I am persuaded that a child might be made to comprehend the injustice of torturing flies and strangling birds; whereas, they are commonly encouraged in both, and their hearts hardened by habit. There is another thing, which, as your family is, I suppose, constituted, may be taught him very early, and save him trouble and you expense: I mean languages. You have cer-

tainly some French servants, men or maids, in your house. Let them be chiefly about him, when he is six or seven months older, and speak nothing but French to him, while you and madame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but English; by which means those two languages will be equally familiar to him. By the time that he is three years old, he will be too heavy and too active for a maid to carry, or to follow him; and one of your footmen must necessarily be appointed to attend him. Let that footman be a Saxon, who speaks nothing but German, and who will, of course, teach him German without any trouble. A Saxon footman costs no more than one of any other country, and you have two or three years to provide yourself with one upon a vacancy. German will, I fear, be always a useful language for an Englishman to know, and it is a very difficult one to learn any other way than by habit. Some silly people will, I am sure, tell you, that you will confound the poor child so with these different languages, that he will jumble them all together and speak no one well; and this will be true for five or six years; but then he will separate them of himself, and speak them all perfectly. This plan, I am sure, is a right one for the first seven years; and before the expiration of that time we will think further.

* * * * *

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped, little good comes of it. However, I will try every thing, just as I

take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to madame Dayrolles. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

LETTER XXIX.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOL. DAYROLLES, ESQ.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *Bath, Oct. 18, 1752.*

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere upon the road, for I received yours four days after I had sent mine. I think I rather gain ground by the waters and other medicines; but, if I do, it is but slowly, and by inches. I hear the person who sits or stands near me, and who directs his voice in a straight line to me; but I hear no part of a mixed conversation, and consequently am no part of society. However, I bear my misfortune better than I believe most other people would; whether from reason, philosophy, or constitution, I will not pretend to decide. If I have no very cheerful, at least I have no melancholy, moments. Books employ most of my hours agreeably; and some few objects, within my own narrow circle, excite my attention enough to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now with you; and I am very glad that he is, because I expect, from your friendship, a true and confidential account of him. You will have time to analyze him; and I do beg of you to tell me the worst, as well as the best, of your discoveries. When evils are incurable,

ble, it may be the part of one friend to conceal them from another; but at his age, when no defect can have taken so deep a root as to be immovable, if proper care be taken, the friendly part is rather to tell me his defects than his perfections. I promise you, upon my honour, the most inviolable secrecy. Among the defects, that possibly he may have, I know one that I am sure he has; it is, indeed, a negative fault, a fault of omission; but still it is a very great fault, with regard to the world. He wants that engaging address, those pleasing manners, those little attentions, that air, that *abond*, and those graces, which all conspire to make that first advantageous impression upon people's minds which is of such infinite use through the whole course of life. It is a sort of magic power, which prepossesses one at first sight in favour of that person, makes one wish to be acquainted with him, and partial to all he says and does. I will maintain it to be more useful in business than in love. This most necessary varnish we want too much: pray recommend it strongly.

* * * * *

As for my god-son, who, I assure you, without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far beforehand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this:—Pray let my god-son never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would

deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him, for falling down, be-pissing himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for if a poor child is to be whipped equally for telling a lie, or for a dirty nose; he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

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LETTER XXX.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

THIS is only to ask you how you do, and what you do, in both which I need not tell you how truly I interest myself. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed and agreeably amused, you will probably, considering your sobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to answer both those ends. Their establishment should excite your attention; and their conversation and progressive improvement amuse

your leisure hours. Your son is of an age to enable you to guess a little at his turn and disposition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you must certainly send him to some great school; but if you would have him be a better thing, a very honest man, you should have him *à portée* of your own inspection. At those great schools, the heart is wholly neglected by those who ought to form it, and is consequently left open to temptations and ill examples: paternal care and inspection, attended by proper firmness and authority, may prevent great part of that mischief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond; by which I find, with great pleasure, that both the collection and the objects of it, the refugees, increase daily. If the receiving and retrieving those poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and political duty, what must be the guilt and madness of those, who, by persecution for matters of mere speculation, force these poor people to carry their industry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries? I wonder the French government does not rather choose to burn them at home, than persecute them away into other countries; it would be full as just, and much more prudent.

These waters, which I have now used six weeks, in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly: as I do not expect it, if I receive it,

it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate, without either melancholy or murmur; for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the eternal divine Being, who placed them here, I am persuaded, that it is fit and right that they should be here.

Adieu, my dear lord: believe me most truly and affectionately your faithful friend and servant, &c.



LETTER XXXI.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C——.

MY DEAR LORD, *London, Dec. 19, 1752.*

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy the greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects to excite its attention, otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: your son learns what a boy should learn; and your daughters read what girls should read,

history : the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last ; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am, my dear lord, sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Nov. 14, 1754.

KNOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health than I could then have done. I had, just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say, revive me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and, thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and

stomach are entirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope, that the three weeks more, which I purpose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter at least, for at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not sillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet dock to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain; and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

I hope that you, your young family, and *tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am my dear lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C——.

MY DEAR LORD, *Blackheath, June, 26, 1755.*

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who I am sure never meant any to me or any man living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you entertained of any body; and I am the more concerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasiness. I confess myself four letters in your debt; but, to

tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so many debts of that kind, that I am very near a bankruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word ; for I will honestly declare my circumstances ; and then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with me upon reasonable terms. White told you true, when he told you, that I was well, by which he meant all that he could know, which was, that I had no immediate illness ; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed by such weakness and languors, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiae* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some essays and historical tracts. I was soon disappointed ; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked among my fellow-

vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence ; I begin to regain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship ; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth ; but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence, without thinking of the eternal Author of it ; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes, without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true, we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us ; but according to the best notions which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessary to preponderate. Your quotation from archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion ; and, had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion. *Un esprit de corps* is too apt, though I believe often unperceived, to bias their conduct, and inflame an honest though intemperate zeal. It is the same in every society of men ; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by examples and numbers :

you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to this world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted; and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much; and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honester, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word; I mean, trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence; and, if they will be quiet, no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expense of the other, and who have started points that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you; but, I am sure, that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear lord; and be convinced that, while I am at all, I shall be, with the truest esteem and affection, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

LETTER XXXIV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SOL. DAYROLLES ESQ.

DEAR DAYROLLES, *Blackheath, July, 10, 1755.*

IT was my *ennui*, and not my amusements, could I now have any, that occasioned my long silence; depend upon it, nothing else could or should. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate. Spirits consequently fail, for they are the result of health, and I cannot say that, since I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes strong returns of my inveterate giddinesses, sometimes convulsive disorders in my stomach, always languor, weakness, and listlessness. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increases very considerably. But what is to be done? Nothing but patience. Whatever the purest air, constant moderate exercise, and strict regimen can do, I have here; but they serve only to prolong, for a little time, an irksome situation, which my reason tells me, the sooner it is ended, the better. My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing; this cuts me wholly off from the society of others; and my other complaints deny me the society with myself, which I proposed when I came here. I have brought down with me a provision of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amusing myself, and perhaps entertaining or informing posterity, by some historical tracts of my own times, which I

intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons; myself not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, because my mind refused to do its part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with spirit and desire, will be very ill done. All my amusements are therefore reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have a melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised every thing in its true light, and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquisition, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection, and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost.

But *trop de réflexions morales*, (too much of moral reflections.) A man may be too sober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philosophical reflections may be as troublesome in one case, as his extravagancy in the other.

Well then; we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reserved for us in the fifth and last class of this lottery; but if Fortune will take my advice, though ladies are seldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, she will transfer whatever she intended to you or me to my god-son.

* * * * *

The present situation of neither peace nor war is, to be sure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing that we shall be the dupes of it at last.

Surely we, I mean our ministers, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended; and if they meant peace, to have had it concluded; or, if they meant war, to have given them the first blow at sea; for if, instead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immense and useless expense, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamour at our inaction is universal and prodigious, people desiring something for their money. From that, and many other concurring causes, the next session will be a very boisterous one.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles: lady Chesterfield's and my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

LETTER XXXV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DR. R. C——.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

I SHALL make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and solicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my usual illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought myself the better for the waters, which I have drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcass, and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because

I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c.! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead, whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. *Solid folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This upon the whole hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

Does lord Clanbrazil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be in my opinion a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the Papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon

their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the Protestant charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strickly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous ode to king William:

“ Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.”

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden your faithful friend and servant, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

COLLEY CIBBER TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR,

Nov. 19, 1743.

THE devil take the insolent goodness of your imagination! The spirited generosity of sir Charles to the two Danbys and their sister has put me so out of conceit with my own narrow soul, that I cannot be easy for not having been myself the author of your more than mortal history. By the way, don't I almost talk nonsense? But people in rapture never think that common words can express it. And so let me read on a little.

I could not make an end of this letter without having as *handkerchiefly* a feeling of it as Mr. Sylvester himself had. But don't you think it a bold stroke to give such a limb of the dry law so quick a sense of another's virtue and good nature! But it is your having yourself so much more of it than you want, that makes you willing to part with it, where you are sure it *will be wondered at*.

Thus far I had wrote ten days ago; and not being able to admit any interruption into my reading whatever might relate to sir Charles, has prevented me till now from sooner saying a word of your work. Were I to give my opinion at large, it would fill up a larger volume than you would have patience to read; though I should hardly write a line that you would not like. I will not give you a pretence to call me flatterer, by particular praises of *what* I like, nor gratify my own vanity

by finding faults, which, perhaps, it may be my fault if I *don't* like.

But let me at least do you this agreeable justice: that let your merit, as an author, be whatever it may, yet since I was born I cannot say that in all my reading of ancients or moderns, I ever met with such variety of entertainment, so much goodness of heart, and so indefatigable a capacity to give proofs of it! Can any man be a good moral writer that does not take up his pen in the cause of virtue? I had rather have the fame that your amiable zeal for it deserves, than be preferred as a poet to a *Pope*, or his *Homer*.

What a spirited imagination there is in the two keys of lord and lady L——! What a sublime simplicity! What an original picture of matrimonial harmony! And yet how pleasantly provoking is that toying temper of her sister! This is quite a new poetical piece, that no master-hand has been able to come up to. I will reserve finding fault, till I take a voyage to your end of the town, or till the penny-post walks this way, to put you in mind how much I owe to the volumes you have sent to, yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. STRAHAN TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, Aug. 24, 1749.

IF I were to be long at a distance from you, I fancy I should become as troublesome in writing, as you have experienced, to your cost, I have often been

in talking to you ; as every thing I see puts me in mind of you.—What would Mr. Richardson think of this?—here is room for his praise ;—and here for his censure : this would raise his compassion ; this his indignation : this would touch his benevolent heart with joy ; and here he would exercise his charity : this man's solid sense would delight him ; the ladies would, in general, charm him ; and the honest prejudices of many, in favour of their native country, would make him smile. These, and many other such like thoughts, often occur to me, so that I am oftener in your company than you imagine. The civilities I daily meet with, and the hospitality with which I am entertained, are not to be expressed. I have nothing to do but go from feast to feast, the manners of the better part of this country bearing a very near resemblance to those of North-End. I am overwhelmed with their kindness ; so that I must really make my stay here as short as possible, lest living thus riotously should prejudice my health. But no more of this till I see you—a pleasure I truly long for.

At intervals, as I am now almost become a stranger to this country, and am possibly now taking my leave of it, I visit what is ancient or curious. Yesterday I paid my compliments to the remains of king James the Fifth, and shook lord Darnley by the hand ; he was queen Mary's husband, you well know, and was seven feet eight inches in stature : a portly personage once, and now—what we must all be. O what a pleasing melancholy filled me on beholding their venerable remains ! To see the very bodies of two such great

men, who existed two centuries ago, is a curiosity indeed. They are in the chapel of Holyrood House, a very noble structure, but almost entirely demolished at the Revolution, and since utterly neglected. Here monuments of men, like men, decay! But, however, the outside is firm, so that it may easily be repaired, when the government thinks proper.

What else I have seen, with my observations on every thing that occurs, will afford me matter of conversation with you, when my tongue, perhaps, would be more impertinently employed. I shall therefore say no more now. Suffer me only to take every occasion of making my sincere acknowledgments for your continued and uninterrupted kindness and friendship to me. When I think of particular instances of your goodness to me, all I can say to you upon that subject comes so very short of what I feel, that I do myself great injustice in endeavouring to say any thing at all. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. STRAHAN TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 2, 1749.

COULD you communicate to me a very small portion of your lively and creating fancy, my letters would be much more worthy of your perusal. The Israelites, who were obliged to make bricks without straw, were, in my opinion, in a much more tolerable situation than the man who is obliged to

write without genius; because, though they had indeed no allowance of straw delivered cut to them, they had the whole land of Egypt to glean it in; and as that, like Clarissa, was notoriously a most fruitful country, in which there were doubtless many delicious spots, they unquestionably found very pretty pickings in it.

Since my last, I have been at Glasgow, a town greatly altered for the better, in point of trade, since I was there last. Several large manufactories are set on foot, in which the poor of all ages, and both sexes, are usefully employed. From thence I went to Paisley, where Mr. Miller's father is minister, a venerable old man, who, like the church he preaches in, is nodding to his dissolution, but beautiful even in ruins. The town is almost entirely composed of manufacturers, and is in so exceeding thriving a way, that it is, they tell me, considerably increased even since last year when Mr. Miller was there. I returned thence to Sterling, and visited the castle, and went over the noble monuments of the amazing grandeur of our kings, before the union of the crowns, that are crumbling into dust. Here is a fine palace built by king James the Fifth, and a parliament-house, infinitely superior to that of Westminster. Here is a chapel also, purposely erected for the christening of prince Henry, king Charles the First's eldest brother. Had he been preserved, who knows how things might now have been altered from what they are? All these are hastening to decay, as no care is taken of any thing here except the fortifications. I had forgot to tell you, that the great church at Glasgow, and that noble structure at

Paisley, are about 600 years old, and are most authentic proofs of the power of the church, or rather churchmen, in those days, who were able, in times of poverty and rudeness, to erect a variety of piles, any one of which would sensibly distress the whole kingdom, now, in its improved and flourishing state, to finish. On my return to Edinburgh, I passed by the ruins of the abbacy of Culross, part of which is now turned into a stable. The remains of gentlemen's houses, of long standing, occur every where; in which the builders have visibly studied strength and security, preferably to pleasure and conveniency. During this excursion, I was continually comparing past times with the present; the ancient glory of a prince, and a few noble families, supported at the expense of the lives of some, and the liberties of all the rest of the people (who, the clergy excepted, laboured under the last degree of poverty, slavery, and ignorance), with the present economy of things; when our merchants are princes, and tradesmen enjoy the good things of the earth; when property may be acquired and safely enjoyed by the meanest labourer; and when superstition and ignorance can hardly find shelter in our meanest cottages. And yet comfortable as this comparison is, the ruin of these ancient badges of our slavery, by reason of their splendour and magnificence, impresses me with a very deep concern.

I have insensibly spun out a long letter, without saying hardly any thing; and, lest I tire you too much at once, I shall only add, at present, the assurances of my most perfect gratitude and esteem, being always, dear sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

DR. YOUNG TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

Wellwyn, Feb. 18, 1745.

I HAVE been under some pain ever since I received the favour of your last, or so kind a letter should not have been so long without a reply. But pain I have been acquainted with before, and have endeavoured not to be dejected under it. An even mind, undejected by ill, unelated by good, is an advice the wise heathens inculcated as much, if not more than any other. Nor has Scripture shown it less regard. No single piece of wisdom seems to me so strongly guarded there as this equanimity. Two noble barriers are erected against our deviation on either hand: one in the history of Solomon, who, to suppress elevation, assures us, that the best is vain; one in the history of Job, who tells us, the worst is supportable; which truth is the present. I return to the good woman, who favoured me with an ornament to my watch. There is a time when we should not only number *our* days, but our hours. Her present may stand my friend in this view: a measure of time is naturally an instrument of wisdom; but more so is the good example of a valuable and valued friend.

This moment I hear the knell of a young gentleman and neighbour, cut off in his bloom by the small-pox. 'Tis very near us: I am afraid for Caroline, to whose family it has been very fatal. Dear sir, &c.

P.S. As I was going to fold my letter, I heard a second knell. Asking whose it was, it proved my next neighbour's.—What has man to do but to know the vanity, and avoid the vexation, of human life? Evils fly so near and so thick about us, that I'm half persuaded my dear friend, that we should aim at little more than negative good here, and positive in another scene—Escape here, and enjoyment hereafter.

LETTER XL.

DR. YOUNG TO MR. RICHARDSON.

MY VALUED FRIEND, *Bullstrode, Nov. 26, 1745.*

AFTER a very wet journey above and below, I arrived at this family, to arrive at which one would be glad to go through some difficulties. Virtue, prudence, peace, industry, ingenuity, and amiableness, dwell here. You will say I keep very good company ;—but you must know that anxiety has lately intruded, without the least invitation from folly or vice. The duke* has a considerable estate in and about Carlisle, which must have suffered much ; nor can they yet see to the end of the mischief. So that the common calamity makes more than a common impression here. God Almighty send us good news and good hearts.

I was a little struck at my first reading your list of evils in your last letter. Evils they are, but surmountable ones, and not only so, but actually by

* Duke of Portland.

you surmounted, not more to the admiration, than the comfort, of all that know you. But granting them worse than they are, there is great difference between middle and *old age*. Hope is quartered on the middle of life, and fear on the latter end of it; and hope is ever inspiring pleasant dreams, and fear hideous ones.—And if any good arises beyond our hope, we have such a diffidence of its stay, that the apprehension of losing it destroys the pleasure of possessing it: it adds to our fears, rather than increases our joys. What shall we do in this case? Help me to an expedient: there is but one that I know of; which is, that since the things of this life, from their mixture, repetition, defectiveness, and, in age, short duration, are unable to satisfy, we must aid their *natural* by a *moral* pleasure; we must season them with a spice of religion, to make them more palatable; we must consider that 'tis God's will that we should be content and pleased with them; and thus the *thinness* of the *natural* pleasure, by our sense of joining an *obedience to Heaven* to it, will become much more *substantial*, and satisfactory.—We shall find great account in considering content, not only as a prudence but as a *duty* too.

Religion is all; and (happy for us!) it is all-sufficient too in our last extremities; a full proof of which I will steal from yourself. So all-sufficient is religion, that you could not draw, in Clarissa, the strongest object of pity, without giving us in it (thanks to her religion) an object of envy too.

Pray my love and service to all, and to Mr. Groves among the rest, who has lately much obliged, dear sir, &c.

LETTER XLI.

DR. YOUNG TO MR. RICHARDSON.

MY DEAR SIR,

July 17, 1746.

AFTER long absence (long I mean to my feeling), I yesterday returned home, as to a pillow, which gives me that joy in rest, of which you will not be able to entertain any idea these twenty years.

You convince me, every day, more and more, of the singularity of your character; your heart is, I find, set on doing good offices, and to those who are least capable of returning them. If there is any such thing as virtue, it consists in such a conduct; and if there is any such thing as wisdom, it consists in virtue! What else can furnish either joy or peace? For when a man has had years, reflection, and experience enough to take off the mask from men and things, it is impossible for him to propose to himself any true peace, but peace of conscience; or any real joy, but joy in the Holy Ghost. This, another might call preaching; but you, sir, must either condemn the whole tenor of your life, or allow it to be common sense.

On his travels a very old man dines with me this day, the rev. Mr. Watty, whose character may be briefly given by comparing him to a frosty night. There are many thoughts in him that glitter through the dominion of darkness. Though it is night, it is a star-light night; and if you (as you have promised) should succeed him in our little hemisphere, I should welcome Richardson as re-

turning day.—In a word, I love you, and delight in your conversation, which permits me to think of something more than what I see! a favour which the conversation of very few others will indulge to, dear sir, &c.

LETTER XLII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

Wellwyn, Nov. 11, 1746.

I THANK you for enabling me, at my time of day, to think with great pleasure of living another year. A summer bearing such fruits as you kindly give me cause to expect, may excuse me for wishing to see longer days than we at present enjoy. I consider Clarissa as my last amour; I am as tender of her welfare as I am sensible of her charms. This amour differs from all others in one respect—I should rejoice to have all the world my rivals in it.

The waters here are not new things; they were in great vogue fifty years ago; but an eminent physician of this place dying, by degrees they were forgot. We have a physician now near us who drinks them himself all the winter; and a lady comes seven miles every morning for the same purpose. They are the same as Tunbridge; and I myself have found from them just the same effect.

As to the melancholy part of your letter—our Chelsea friend; poor soul!—But God is good; and

we know not what we pity. She is dead to us; she is in another state of existence. We are in the world of reason; she is in the kingdom of imagination: nor can we more judge of her happiness or misery, than we can judge of the joy or sorrow of a person that is asleep. The persons that sleep are, for a time, in the kingdom of imagination too; and she, as they, suffers or enjoys according to the nature of the dreams that prevail.

I heartily rejoice that at length you find benefit from your tar-water. Tar by winter, and steel by summer, are the two champions sent forth by Providence to encounter and subdue the spleen.

In long chronical cases, perseverance is the point: and so it is in the greatest point of all. No man is so profligate, but he is good for moments: perseverance only is wanting to make him a saint. As you persevere in the great point, persevere in this—to a good heart add a good constitution; and then you are (only not an angel) as happy as mortality can admit.

I bless God I am well: and I am composing, but it is in wood and stone; for I am building a steeple to my church; and as a wise man is every thing, I expect from you, as an architect, a critique upon it.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that an Irishman has run away with one of my neighbours, and that with such circumstances of intrigue and distress, that its truth alone hinders it from being an excellent romance: just as fiction alone hinders *yours* from being an excellent history.

You say, my dear friend, that I cannot but think. True! — But to live as one ought, requires constant,

if not intense thinking. The shortness and uncertainty of life is so evident, that all take it for granted it wants no proof: and what follows? why this: because we cannot deny it, therefore we give it no attention; that is, we think not of it at all, for a very odd reason, viz. because we should think of nothing else. This is too strictly expressed, but very near the truth. Ask Cibber if he's of my opinion.

Mr. Prior cautions us about frauds in tar, which will defeat our expectations from it. He says it must be *Norway* tar of a *deep* brown, and pretty thin. Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY BRADSHAIGH TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

You ask, "How can I find time for so much reading," &c.? Those who are not obliged to attend to any particular business, have nothing to do but to look for time, and they are sure to find it. But there are those who sit with their eyes shut, and let it pass unobserved, through wilfulness or negligence. No wonder such do not find time.

O, you—you—you worse than ill-natured! How could you rip up the old story of traversing the park? How could you delight to tear the tender skin off an old wound that never will be quite healed? I was hurt more than you could be. My pain was in the mind, yours only bodily. Did not you forgive me? However (behold the wax I am

made of!) the latter end of this paragraph melts and disarms my intended anger: for the present only; for I shall find further matter for quarrel, I foresee.

The first time my friend saw your picture, he asked, "What honest face have you got there?" And, without staying for an answer, "Do you know I durst trust that man with my life, without further knowledge of him." I answered, "I do know you might do so with safety; and I put you down for a judge of physiognomy."

As I sit at my writing-desk, I cannot look up without viewing your picture; and I had some hopes the looking upon it, as I writ, might a little have restrained, or at least kept me within bounds. I have tried the experiment, when I have been upon the edge of a ranting humour, and heard myself whisper, "What! with that smiling face?"—and found I was encouraged, rather than restrained: so gave you a familiar nod, and ranted on, as I do now, without fear or wit.

I only meant to joke a little upon Dr. Young; not to be severe. If it has that appearance, pray let him not have it; for he might think me very impertinent. He pretends to be serious upon this.

Dec. 27.—I have, since I wrote to you last, stumbled into Dr. Middleton on the *Miraculous Powers*; and, in truth, I do not like him. Perhaps I do not understand him. But to me he appears a caviller at immaterial points. And I doubt he may do more harm by the controversy he has occasioned, than he can do good by endeavouring to prove many pretended miracles to be either fabulous or the effects of priestcraft. But, seri-

ously, I must own he has lessened these ancients greatly in my opinion; for, what can be said in favour of their countenancing so many impositions, as it plainly appears they did? It is but making a poor compliment to Christianity, to say it wanted such gross abuses to strengthen and propagate it. And though to the rational and well-judging, it shines the clearer, for having struggled through and shaken off these clogs of absurdities; yet its appearing in its native excellence is not owing to those through whose hands it was transmitted to us.

You see, sir, I write upon every subject to you, without considering whether proper or not: but I know, if I am wrong, you will inform me.

Dec. 28. I should be greatly delighted to see the correspondence between you and the young lady you mention. Some time or other, I hope to be favoured with it.

I own I do not approve of great learning in women. I believe it rarely turns out to their advantage. No further would I have them to advance, than to what would enable them to write and converse with ease and propriety, and make themselves useful in every stage of life. I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth. There is something in it, to me, masculine. I could fancy such an one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle.

You say, "the men are hastening apace into dictionary learning." The less occasion still for the ladies to proceed in theirs. I should be ashamed of having more learning than my husband. And could we, do you think, help showing a little con-

tempt, finding ourselves superior in what the husband ought to excel in? Very few women have strength of brain equal to such a trial; and as few men would forego their lordly prerogative, and submit to a woman of better understanding, either natural or acquired. A very uncomfortable life do I see between an ignorant husband and a learned wife. Not that I would have it thought unnecessary for a woman to read, to spell, or speak English; which has been pretty much the case hitherto. I often wonder we can converse at all; much more that we can write to be understood. Thanks to nature for what we have! We have, there, an advantage over your sex. You are in the right to keep us in ignorance. You dare not let us try what we could do. In that, you show your judgment; which I acknowledge to be much stronger than ours, by nature; and that is all you have to boast of, and a little courage, which is oftener shown upon a principle of false honour, than from an innate true bravery.

My employments and amusements at this time of the year are so much the same round, though not disagreeable to me, that they are scarce worth committing to paper, except as you desire it. I rise about seven, sometimes sooner; after my private duties I read or write till nine, then breakfast; work, and converse with my company till about twelve; then, if the weather permit, walk a mile in the garden: dress, and read till dinner; after which, sit and chat till four: from that to the hour of tea drinking, each day, variety of employments. You know what the men say enters with the tea-table; though I will venture to de-

clare, if mine is not an exception, it is as near one as you can imagine.

Here books take place, which I often read to the company; and sometimes we all have our particular studies (sir Roger always has his), which we seldom forsake till the bell warns to supper; after which we have always something to do. We eat fruit, crack nuts, perhaps jokes, now and then music takes place. This is our regular scheme, though it is often broken into, with company and variety of incidents, some pleasing, some otherwise: domestic affairs, too, call for a share of one's time. I know not what the fine ladies mean, when they complain of having too much time; for, I thank God, Barnaby Bright is not too long for me. How should I be despised in the parish of St. James's, if they were to know that, at this time, I glory in the humble title of a cow-doctor! But no matter; if I can do good, I can bear their contempt, and return it to them with interest.

I am afraid, sir, I have given you too much trouble about the poor Magdalen. She is only qualified to wait upon an unmarried lady, or one who has a house-keeper, for she understands nothing of house-keeping; but, where needle-work, dressing and getting up fine linen, are required, I believe she would give satisfaction.

I wish to Heaven, with you, sir, that you could, as I do, make time, or that I could give you some of mine. I want only power to send you a present which I would allow you to call bountiful. It should be another box—a contrast to Pandora's. Time, health, and happiness, should it contain, and these only as leaders to a greater treasure: for,

in the bottom, you should find a plain though distant prospect of eternal bliss. But, though I am poor in power, accept it in sincerest wishes from, good Mr. Richardson, your, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

MR. RICHARDSON TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

DEAR MADAM,

You do not approve of great learning in women. Learning in women may be either rightly or wrongly placed, according to the uses made of it by them. And if the sex is to be brought up with a view to make the individuals of it inferior in knowledge to the husbands they may happen to have, not knowing who those husbands are, or what, or whether sensible or foolish, learned or illiterate, it would be best to keep them from writing and reading, and even from the knowledge of the common idioms of speech. Would it not be very pretty for parents on both sides to make it the first subject of their inquiries whether the girl, as a recommendation, were a greater fool, or more ignorant, than the young fellow; and if not, that they should reject her, for the booby's sake?—and would not your objection stand as strongly against a preference in mother-wit in the girl, as against what is called learning; since linguists (I will not call all linguists learned men) do very seldom make the figure in conversation that even girls, from sixteen to twenty, make?

If a woman has genius, let it take its course, as well as in men; provided she neglect not any thing that is more peculiarly her province. If she has good sense, she will not make the man she chooses, who wants her knowledge, uneasy, nor despise him for that want. Her good sense will teach her what is her duty; nor will she want reminding of the tenor of her marriage vow to him. If she has not, she will find a thousand ways to plague him, though she knew not one word beyond her mother-tongue, nor how to write, read, or speak properly in that. The English, madam, and particularly what we call the plain English, is a very copious and a very expressive language.

But, dear madam, does what you say in the first part of the paragraph under my eye, limiting the genius of women, quite cohere with the advantages which, in the last part, you tell me they have over us? "Men do well," you say, "to keep women in ignorance:" but this is not generally intended to be the case, I believe. Girls, I think you formerly said, were compounded of brittle materials. They are not, they cannot be trusted to be sent abroad to seminaries of learning, as men are. It is necessary that they should be brought up to a knowledge of the domestic duties. A young man's learning-time is from ten to twenty-five, more or less. At fifteen or sixteen, a girl starts into woman; and then she throws her purveying eyes about her: and what is the learning she is desirous to obtain? Dear lady, discourage not the sweet souls from acquiring any learning that may keep them employed, and out of mischief, and that may divert them from attending to the

whisperings within them, and to the flatteries without them, till they have taken in due quantity of ballast, that may hinder them, all their sails unfurled and streamers flying, from being overset at their first entrance upon the voyage of life.

I am charmed with your ladyship's obliging account of your daily employments and amusements. Now do I know at what different parts of the day to obtrude myself. I was not very well this morning. My people neglected me. I was at Haigh, in half a second, and did myself the honour of breakfasting there. But became the more miserable for it; for O how I missed you, on my re-transportation! yet I the sooner recovered myself when I looked up to you and to your dear sir Roger, in the picture. Yet the piercing cold, and the surrounding snow, and my hovered-over fire-side, reminded me, that the piece before me was but a picture. In summer, if it please God to spare me till then, it will be more than a picture. I will then throw myself into your morning walks; and sometimes perhaps you shall find me perched upon one of your pieces of ruins, symbolically to make the ruin still more complete. In hopes of which, I am, &c.

LETTER XLV.

MR. RICHARDSON TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

BUT what a sad thing, say you, my dear lady, that these sober men will not put on the appearance of rakes! Silly creatures! when they know what

would do! Can't they learn to curse and swear in jest? and be good, and true, and faithful, just when a lady wants them to be good, and true, and faithful!—But you would be content, if the good men would dress, only dress, like rakes—But, hold! on looking back to your ladyship's letter, I find the words dress and address: “The good man need only to assume the dress and address of the rake, and you will wager ten to four that he will be preferred to him.” Will you be pleased, madam, to give me particulars of the taking dress of a rake? Will you be pleased to describe the address with which the ladies in general shall be taken? The rake is, must be, generally, in dress a coxcomb; in address, a man of great assurance; thinking highly of himself, meanly of the sex; he must be past blushing, and laugh at those who are not. He must flatter, lie, laugh, sing, caper, be a monkey, and not a man. And can a good man put on these appearances? We have heard that the devil has transformed himself into an angel of light, to bring about his purposes: but never that an angel of light borrowed a coat and waistcoat of the devil, for any purpose whatever. And must the good man thus debase himself, to stand well with the fair sex?

“To reform Lovelace for Clarissa's sake!”—Excellent ladies!—Unbounded charity!—Dear souls! how I love your sex forgiving charmers!—But they acknowledge this, I hope, only among themselves!—If there are any Lovelaces of their acquaintance, I hope they give not to them such an indirect invitation to do their worst, in order to give themselves an opportunity to exercise one of the brightest graces of a Christian.

Well, but for fear I should be called scurrilous again, let me see how your ladyship explains yourself. — “A man may **DESERVE** the name of a rake, without being **QUITE** an *abandoned profligate*; as a man may sometimes drink **A LITTLE TOO MUCH** without being *a sot*.”

And, were I to attempt to draw a good man, are these, madam, the outlines of his character? Must he be a moderate rake?—Must he qualify himself for the ladies’ favour by taking any liberties that are criminal? Only taking care that he stop at a few; “that he be not **QUITE** an *abandoned profligate*; that though he may now and then drink a little too much, yet that he stop short of the **SOT!**”—O my dear lady Bradshaigh—and am I scurrilous for saying, that there is no such thing, at least that it is very difficult, so to draw a good man, that he may be thought agreeable to the ladies in general?

Did I ever tell you, madam, of the contention I had with Mr. Cibber, about the character of a good man, which he undertook to draw, and to whom, at setting out, he gave a mistress, in order to show the virtue of his hero in parting with her, when he had fixed upon a particular lady to whom he made honourable addresses? A male-virgin, said he—ha, ha, ha, hah! when I made my objections to the mistress, and she was another man’s wife too, but ill used by her husband; and he laughed me quite out of countenance!—And it was but yesterday, in company, some of which he never was in before, that he was distinguishing upon a moderate rake (though not one word has he seen or heard of your ladyship’s letter or notion), by urging, that men

might be criminal without being censured!—a doctrine that he had no doubt about, and which he declared that none but divines and prudes would refuse to subscribe to!—Bless me, thought I!—and is this knowing the world?—What an amiable man was Mr. B——, in Pamela, in this light!

But I have this comfort, upon the whole, that I find the good man's character is not impracticable; and I think Mr. Cibber, if I can have weight with him, shall undertake the arduous task. He is a gay and as lively at seventy-nine as he was at twenty-nine; and he is a sober man, who has seen a great deal, and always dressed well, and was noted for his address, and for his success too, on two hundred and fifty occasions,—a little too many, I doubt, for a moderate rake: but then his long life must be considered. I wish we could fix upon the number of times a man might be allowed to be overcome with wine, without being thought a sot. Once a week? Once a fortnight? Once a month? How shall we put it? Youth will have its follies. Why—but I will not ask the question I was going to ask, lest I should provoke your ladyship beyond your strength.

Dear, dear madam, let me beg of you to make your own virtuous sentiments and behaviour in life, which render you equally beloved and revered by all who have the honour to know you, the standard of virtue for all your sex. When you extend your charity too far, and allow for what is, rather than insist upon what should be, in cases of duty and of delicacy, my love for the sex makes me apply to your ladyship's words—"you provoke me beyond my strength."

Just this moment came in my wife.—(Thursday morning, eleven.)—“O, Betsy,” said I, “be-gone! Ask me not what I am writing; I have been cutting your dear lady all to pieces.”—“Dear good lady!” said she, “never will I forgive you, then.” Then looking at you over the chimney, with an eye of love, and my eye following hers, “You can be but in jest,” said she. “Pray make my best compliments to her ladyship, and to her sir Roger.” With which I conclude, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

MR. RICHARDSON TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

North-End, Dec. 26, 1751.

EVER obliging lady Bradshaigh! And was it, could it be, five weeks, almost six, before I paid my duty to my dearest correspondent?—How proud do you make me by your reproaches! You tell me you are angry with me! the first time I have been able to make you so. Yet, sweet bee of Hybla! how you sting, when you tell me, that you suppose I would make no excuses for my long silence, because I would not allow of white fibs in myself!—O my lady! how could you, and in the same sentence in which you were gracious?—but how can I cry out, though hurt, when I revolve the friendly, the condescending, the indulgent motive?

You have seen in the papers, I suppose, that our friend is married: may he be happy! most cordially I wish for it: not only because he is our friend, but because he is our fellow-creature.

“ Much depends upon the lady ; and common sense will not be sufficient to make him so.—She must have sense enough to make him see, that she thinks him her superior in sense,” as you once told me. Proud mortal ! and vain !—And cannot he be content with the greater pride, as a man of sense would think it, to call a richer jewel than he had before, his, while he is all his own !—But, such is the nature of woman if she be not a vixen indeed, that if the man sets out right with her ; if he lets her early know that he is her lord, and that she is but his vassal ; and that he has a stronger sense of his prerogative than of her merit and beauty ; she will succumb : and after a few struggles, a few tears, will make him a more humble, a more passive wife, for his insolent bravery, and high opinion of himself. I am sorry to say it ; but I have too often observed, that fear, as well as love, is necessary on the lady’s part, to make wedlock happy ; and it will generally do it, if the man sets out with asserting his power and her dependance. And now will your ladyship rise upon me ! I expect it. And yet you have yourself allowed the case to be thus, with regard to this husband and his wife.

The struggle would be only at first : and if a man would be obstinate, a woman would be convinced, or seem to be so, and very possibly think the man more a man for his tyranny, and value herself when he condescended to praise, or smile upon her.

I have as good a wife as man need to wish for. I believe your ladyship thinks so.—Yet—shall I

say, O madam! women love not King Logs!—The dear creature, without intending contradiction, is a mistress of it. She is so good as to think me, among men, a tolerable sensible one; but that is only in general; for if we come to particulars, she will always put me right, by the superiority of her own understanding. But I am even with her very often. And how, do you ask, madam? why, by giving up my will to hers; and then the honest soul is puzzled what (in a doubtful case) to resolve upon. And, in mere pity to her puzzlings, I have let her know my wishes; and then at once she resolves, by doing the very contrary to what she thinks them to be. And here again, I am now and then, but not often, too hard for her. — And how? — You guess, my lady.—Need I say, that it is by proposing the very contrary to what I wish;—but so much for—King Log and his frog—How apt are we to bring in our own feelings, by head and shoulders, as the saying is, when we are led to it by cases either similar or opposite to our own!

But one word more of the gentleman, if you please. He may already, if not confoundedly tired of beauty (sameness is a confounded thing to a lover of variety), be growing prudent: since, I am told that he begins to think of retiring somewhere, in order to save expense.

I was sure your ladyship would be pleased with the generosity of my hero, as shown in the two letters I sent you. You blame me for not thinking of publishing in my life-time. You deny me assistance; you depend upon the poor old woman's blinking light; yet I wish I had had the flash of

your torch to light me. If in boisterous weather a flambeau will not stand it, what can a rushlight do?

Your ladyship asks me if I would publish, if my writing ladies would give me each a letter. "Remember," say you, "that we have you in our power." Well, madam! then you will allow me to stop till you do.

Tell you sincerely, which do I think, upon the whole, men or women, have the greatest trials of patience, and which bears them the best? You mean, you say, from one sex to the other only?—What a question is here! Which? why women, to be sure. Man is an animal that must bustle in the world, go abroad, converse, fight battles, encounter other dangers of seas, winds, and I know not what, in order to protect, provide for, maintain, in ease and plenty, women. Bravery, anger, fierceness, occasionally are made familiar to them. They buffet, and are buffeted by the world; are impatient and uncontrollable. They talk of honour, and run their heads against stone walls, to make good their pretensions to it; and often quarrel with one another, and fight duels, upon any other silly thing that happens to raise their choler; with their shadows, if you please.

While women are meek, passive, good creatures who, used to stay at home, set their maids at work, and formerly themselves—get their houses in order, to receive, comfort, oblige, give joy to, their fierce, fighting, bustling, active protectors, providers, maintainers—divert him with pretty pug's tricks, tell him soft tales of love, and of who and who's together, and what has been done in his

absence—bring to him little master, so like his own dear papa; and little pretty miss, a soft, sweet, smiling soul, with her sampler in her hand, so like what her meek mamma was at her years! And with these differences in education, nature, employments, your ladyship asks, whether the man or the woman bears more from each other? has the more patience? Dearest lady! how can you be so severe upon your own sex, yet seem to persuade yourself that you are defending them?

What you say of a lover's pressing his mistress to a declaration of her love for him, is sweetly pretty, and very just; but let a man press as he will, if the lady answers him rather by her obliging manners than in words, she will leave herself something to declare, and she will find herself rather more than less suspected for it: such is the nature of man!—A man hardly ever presumes to press a lady to make this declaration, but when he thinks himself sure of her. He urges her, therefore, to add to his own consequence; and hopes to quit scores with her, when he returns love for love, and favour for favour: and thus “draws the tender-hearted soul to professions which she is often upbraided for all her life after,” says your ladyship. But these must be the most ungenerous of men. All I would suppose is, that pride and triumph is the meaning of the urgency for a declaration which pride and triumph make a man think unnecessary; and perhaps to know how far he may go, and be within allowed compass. A woman who is brought to own her love to the man, must act accordingly towards him; must be more indulgent to him; must, in a word, abate of her own significance,

and add to his. And have you never seen a man strut upon the occasion, and how tame and bashful a woman looks after she has submitted to make the acknowledgment? The behaviour of each to the other, upon it and after it, justifies the caution to the sex, which I would never have a woman forget—always to leave to herself the power of granting something; yet her denials may be so managed as to be more attractive than her compliances. Women, Lovelace says (and he pretends to know them), are fond of ardours; but there is an end of them when a lover is secure. He can then look about him, and be occasionally, if not indifferent, unpunctual, and delight in being missed, expected, and called to tender account for his careless absences; and he will be less and less solicitous about giving good reasons for them, as she is more and more desirous of his company. Poor fool! he has brought her to own that she loves him: and will she not bear with the man she loves? She, herself, as I have observed, will think she must act consistently with her declaration; and he will plead that declaration in his favour, let his neglects or slights be what they will. Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY BRADSHAIGH TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 3, 1752.

I HOPE I shall never be more angry with my valuable correspondent than I appeared to be in my

last letter; though you love to make me angry, and you know how vindictive a heart I have: therefore do not provoke me too far. Remember, a woman is never behind-hand in revenge; and how do you think I mean to complete it? even by keeping my temper. If that does not vex you, I know nothing that will.

You ask, “how could I sting, and be so gracious in the same sentence?” Why, because I expected something in answer that would please me, and I was not disappointed. May I never want a sting to draw such honey from your pen.

Can I, do I, “engage your delight with your attention?” May I ever do so; and I will take upon me to say, I shall never owe you a grain on that score.

Do you really think, sir, that “prerogative from your sex to ours, early exerted in the married state, will sink most women into mere humble passive wives?” How is this, “if he sets out right?”—Right! right! do you call it? Much depends upon the various tempers on both sides. Without being a vixen, indeed, a woman may behave with dignity and with duty, and, at the same time, despise the man who is mean enough to remind her of his prerogative, and that she is his vas——What is the ugly word?—I do not understand it.—Why will you write Greek to the unlearned? And ignorant I may remain; for the man whose happy wife I am, as he never has explained it, would not willingly do it, were I to ask him. Insolent bravery, however, is plain English, and very properly applied. You have “too often observed (too often indeed, if ever) that fear as well as love

is necessary, on the lady's part, to make wedlock happy." I deny not that you may have observed, that a man, by setting out right or wrong, by insolent bravery, and a high opinion of himself, may make fear necessary: nevertheless, it is a necessity of his own creating, and not from the nature of woman.

What would have become of me, had I married a man who would have endeavoured to lay me under that necessity? Endeavoured, I say; for the bravest, and the most insolent of your insolent sex, could never have brought me to it. I am such a vixen, that if I loved my husband, I could not fear him. A governor, a parent, a master, I could love, fear, and honour, at the same time; but to my husband, myself, I must be all love, no mixture of fear; certain hatred would attend it.

How can it be said, what would be the way with most women? Where there are variety of tempers, there ought to be, and you have the power to use, variety of methods. But prerogative is the word, and insolence the motive; whilst we have no choice; submission, submission for ever, or we are vixens, perverse opposers, rebels to our sovereigns, to our tyrants—too often synonymous terms. And yet, I will so far allow your observation, that some of us do seem to submit with pleasure to these sovereigns: but then, in my way of thinking, it must be a submission of love, to be called happy in the least degree; not a spirited fear, like a ——— What is the meaning of that Greek word? I have a notion it is something like servitude: O, ay: "Love, serve, honour, and obey." No fear, though, is mentioned; thank God for that; since, if there had,

I should certainly have broke my marriage vow, one way or the other. There is something of “chaste conversation coupled with fear,” but it is no command.

Surely, no woman of common sense could be convinced the sooner, for a “man’s obstinacy” in using her ill; or think him “more a man” for being a tyrant. A fool, a brute, may be a tyrant; and if a woman is not of the same silly stamp, she must despise him, however he may have brought her to a seeming easiness. We have nothing else for it, when a man is resolved. But then you cannot call it making wedlock happy; hell, indeed, sir; this world’s hell, I call it. There are, who expect their wives to love, serve, honour, and obey, only because they have vowed so to do; but what men are they? And what woman could value such from her heart, or be happy with such a man?—When love is reciprocal, sweet is the bondage, and easy the yoke; where that is, nothing is wanting; for ever banished be fear, the bane of happiness in every shape; at least with one of my temper. We may be fond of power, and it is often our own fault that we have not enough of it: a woman that can seem to despise it, may have it to satiety. And what does this argue? You perverse souls, what does it argue?

I do believe, sir, you have as good a wife as any man “need to wish for;” and yet—What would you say? Nay, you have said. I will tell, I am resolved. Mrs. R——n, he says you are a mistress of contradiction. In close argument, you give him to understand that you think your judgment superior; that when you have brought him

to declare his wishes, you at once resolve to act directly opposite. Are these things so? Positively they are not. I cannot believe it, indeed, sir. I am very sure you would not utter a falsehood, black or white; nevertheless, I cannot believe it. There is some misconstruction; some words, or tone of voice, wrong understood; mistakes on one side or the other: but, in short, she appears to me grossly abused. And yet that cannot be, by the man in whom is no abuse. I know not how to behave between you: if I take her part, she will quarrel with me, I am sure; and if I take yours, so will you too. The third person in matrimonial disputes, always comes off the worst. So God bless you both! and I advise you to go on in the same way, lest you should change for the worse.

Have you but *now* found out the way to make me an advocate for my sex? You forget, sir, the same thing has happened before. I believe we have both owned that we love a little contradiction, as a spur to each other. So I am not only like "my wife," but like my wife's husband. In short, and seriously, we are all like one another, in some degree:—if faults we have, we had them from you. I know a gentleman, who, when he was speaking of any one who had the misfortune to be born of wicked parents, always said, "I have no opinion of him; he is made of bad stuff." And this puts me in mind of our original, the *rib*, the *rib*! And there's a *bone* for you to pick! Pardon the pun, and pertness.

No, sir, I cannot hope that what I have said will amount to a proof of women's superiority, in goodness, to men; any more than I hope for an

acknowledgment of it without a proof. Nevertheless, as you have more power, and do very often abuse that power, we, without doubt, have more to bear from you, than you from us. Without doubt, I say; because you cannot make me believe otherwise.

And have I, do you think, “been severe upon my own sex, yet seem to persuade myself that I was defending them?”

What a blundering brain have I! for ever producing dirt to be thrown in my own face! Though, please to hold your hand a little, for I am not yet sensible of what you accuse me. If any being but man could speak, I would allow that being to talk of women’s consciences.

I once had some small acquaintance with lord Orrery, at the time when he was in disgrace with his father, his doating father, as you gently term him—for he had not so just an excuse as dotage, for his behaviour to his son. Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO A FRIEND.

From Mr. Wintle’s, Perfumer, near Temple-Bar, &c. 6th Feb. 1740.

DEAR SIR,

I AM now, with regard to the town, pretty much in the same state in which I expect to be always with regard to the world; sometimes exclaiming and railing against it; sometimes giving it a good word, and even admiring it. A sunshiny-day, a

tavern-supper after a play well-acted, and now and then an invigorating breath of air in the Mall, never fail of producing a cheerful effect. I do not know whether I gave you any account of Quin's acting Falstaff in my former letter; I really imagined that I saw you tittering on one side me, shaking your sides, and sometimes scarce containing yourself. You will pardon the attitude in which I placed you, since it was what seemed natural at that circumstance of time.—Comus I have once been at, for the sake of the songs, though I detest it in any light; but as a dramatic piece, the taking of it seems a prodigy; yet indeed such a one, as was pretty tolerably accounted for by a gentleman who sat by me in the boxes. This learned sage, being asked how he liked the play, made answer, "He could not tell—pretty well, he thought—or indeed as well as any other play—he always took it, that people only came there to see and be seen—for as for what was said, he owned, he never understood any thing of the matter." I told him, I thought a great many of its admirers were in his case, if they would but own it.

On the other hand, it is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people made pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair, or hackney coachman, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature. Chimney-sweepers damn the convention, and black-shoe boys cry up the genius of Shakspeare. "The Danger of writing Verse" is a very good thing; if you have not read it, I would recommend it to you as poetical. But now I talk of learning, I must not omit an interview which I accidentally had the other night

in company with lord D — and one Mr. C —. We were taken to sup at a private house, where I found a person whom I had never seen before. The man behaved exceeding modestly and well; till, growing a little merry over a bottle (and being a little countenanced by the subject we were upon), he pulls out of his pocket about half a dozen ballads, and distributes them amongst the company. I (not finding at first they were of his own composition) read one over, and finding it a dull piece of stuff, contented myself with observing that it was exceedingly well printed. But to see the man's face on this occasion would make you pity the circumstance of an author as long as you live. His jollity ceased (as a flame would do should you pour water upon it); and, I believe, for about five minutes, he spoke not a syllable. At length recovering himself, he began to talk about his country-seat, about Houghton-hall, and soon after desired a health, imagining (as I found afterwards) that lord D — would have given sir Robert's. But he did not, naming sir T — L —. Mine, which followed, was that of Mr. L —. Now, who do you think this should be, but honest Ralph Freeman (at least the writer of the paper so subscribed), your father's old friend and intimate, sir Robert's right hand, a person that lives elegantly, drives six of the best horses in the town, and plays on St. John's organ (you know Mr. L — is not only sir Robert's greatest enemy, but the *Gazeteer's* proper antagonist.) We were invited to see him very civilly; and indeed the man behaved with the utmost good-humour, without arrogance, or any attempts at wit, which probably

would not have been very successful.— Ask your father what he would say to me, if I should join in the cause with his old friend, and take a good annuity under sir Robert, which, I believe, I might have; and little encouragement, God knows, have I met with on the other side of the question. I say, I believe I might have, because I know a certain person gives pensions of three pounds a week to porters and the most illiterate stupid fellows you can imagine, to talk in his behalf at ale-houses; where they sit so long a time, and are as regularly relieved as one sentry relieves another.— At least tell him that I expect in his answer to my letter (which I shall not allow him to assign to you), he write something to confirm me in my integrity, and to make me prefer him, and you, and honesty, to lace, brocade, and the smiles of the ladies.

Et Veneri, et cunis, et plumis Sardanapali.

But I hope to keep my Hercules in view, whether in print or manuscript; and though I am as fond of pleasure as most people, yet I shall observe the rule,

Positam sic tangere noli.

I desire I may hear from you next post: I have a line or two, which I intend for the sons of utter darkness (as you call them) next magazine: I would send them to you, for your advice, but cannot readily find them. I like every thing in Mr. Somerville's, but the running of the last line. I think to insert them. Should be glad to have a line or two of yours, that one may make a bold attack. I look on it as fun, without the least emotion, I assure you. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. JAGO,

*On the Death of his Father.*DEAR MR. JAGO, *Leasowes, Aug. 28, 1740.*

I FIND some difficulty in writing to you on this melancholy occasion. No one can be more unfit to attempt to lessen your grief than myself, because no one has a deeper sense of the cause of your affliction. Though I would by no means be numbered by you amongst the common herd of your acquaintance that tell you they are sorry, yet it were impertinent in me to mention a mere friend's concern to a person interested by so many more tender regards. Besides, I should be glad to alleviate your sorrow, and such sort of condolence tends but little to promote that end. I do not choose to flatter you; neither could I, more especially at this time; but though I could perhaps find enough to say to persons of less sense than you, I know of nothing but what your own reason must have suggested. Concern indeed may have suspended the power of that faculty; and upon that pretence, I have a few things that I would suggest to you. After all, it is time alone that can and will cure all afflictions, but such as are the consequence of vice; and yours, I am sure, proceeds from a contrary principle.

I heard accidentally of this sorrowful event, and accompanied you to London with the utmost concern. I wished it was in my power to mitigate

your griefs by sharing them, as I have often found it in yours to augment my pleasure by so doing.

All that I can recommend to you is, not to confine your eye to any single event in life, but to take in your whole circumstances before you repine.

When you reflect that you have lost one of the best of men in a father, you ought to comfort yourself that you had such a father; to whom I cannot forbear applying these lines from Milton:

—————“ Since to part;
Go, heav’nly guest, ethereal messenger!
Sent by whose sovereign goodness we adore!
Gentle to me and affable has been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour’d ever
With grateful’st memory——”

End of Book viii. PAR. LOST.

I would have you by all means come over hither as soon as you can. I will endeavour to render the time you spend here as satisfactory as it is in my power; and I hope you will ever look upon me as your hearty friend, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Jago and your brother. I am, &c.

LETTER L.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

Leasowes, Aug. 1740.

WONDERFUL were the dangers and difficulties through which I went, the night I left you at Barrels; which I looked upon as ordained by fate for

the temporal punishment of obstinacy. It was very kind, and in character, for you to endeavour to deter me from the ways of darkness; but having a sort of *penchant* for needless difficulties, I have an undoubted right to indulge myself in them so long as I do not insist upon any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree: they should be *lenia tormenta*; and I must own the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god, I owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little ale-house about ten o'clock, and lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more safely swear to than to either bed or blanket. For further particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth. Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to show you any civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance: and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your chance will be but small this year, &c. If the former part of this news gives you any pleasure, I assure you it gives me no less to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle which

would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power. I saw Mr. Lyttelton last week: he is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somerville will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-half-penny piece of ribboning: but that it will

“ High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
Usurp the head, and push the wig away.”

I hope it will prove ominous, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it would entirely quadruple with the sincere wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somerville, Mrs. Knight, and your family.

LETTER LI.

MR. SHENSTONE TO A FRIEND,

*Expressing his Dissatisfaction at the Manner of Life in
which he is engaged,*

DEAR SIR,

1741.

I WONDER I have not heard from you lately—of you indeed I have, from Mr. W—. If you could

come over, probably I might go back with you for a day or two; for my horse, I think, gets rather better, and may, with indulgence, perform such a journey. I want to advise with you about several matters;—to have your opinion about a building that I have built, and about a journey which I design to Bath; and about numberless things, which, as they are numberless, cannot be comprehended in this paper. I am, your, &c.

Now I am come home from a visit—every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry, and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, "that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." My soul is no more suited to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle:—I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and relish so much more than those that have them. Nothing can give me patience but the soothing sympathy of a friend, and that will only turn my rage into simple melancholy.—I believe soon I shall bear to see nobody. I do hate all hereabouts already, except one or two. I will have my dinner brought upon my table in my absence, and the plates fetched away in my absence; and nobody shall see me; for I can never bear to appear in the same stupid mediocrity for years together, and gain no

ground. As Mr. G—— complained to me (and, I think, you too, both unjustly), “I am no character.”—I have in my temper some rakishness, but it is checked by want of spirits; some solidity, but it is softened by vanity; some esteem of learning, but it is broke in upon by laziness, imagination, and want of memory, &c. I could reckon up twenty things throughout my whole circumstances wherein I am thus tantalized. Your fancy will present them. Not that all I say here will signify to you: I am only under a fit of dissatisfaction, and to grumble does me good—only excuse me, that I cure myself at your expense. Adieu!

LETTER LII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. ——,

With an Invitation to accompany him to town.

DEAR SIR, *Leasowes, Nov. 25, 1741.*

THE reason why I write to you so suddenly is, that I have a proposal to make to you. If you could contrive to be in London for about a month from the end of December, I imagine you would spend it agreeably enough along with me, Mr. Outing, and Mr. Whistler. According to my calculations, we should be a very happy party at a play, coffee-house, or tavern. Do not let your supercilious friends come in upon you with their prudential maxims. Consider you are now of the proper age for pleasure, and have not above four or five whimsical years left. You have not struck one bold

stroke yet, that I know of. Saddle your mule, and let us be jogging to the great city. I will be answerable for amusement. Let me have the pleasure of seeing you in the pit, in a laughter as cordial and singular as your friendship.—Come—let us go forth into the Opera-house; let us hear how the eunuch-folk sing. Turn your eye upon the lilies and roses, diamonds and rubies; the Belindas and the Sylvias of gay life! Think upon Mrs. Clive's inexpressible comicalness; not to mention Hippesley's joke-abounding physiognomy! Think, I say, now; for the time cometh when you shall say, "I have no pleasure in them."

I am conscious of much merit in bringing about the interview betwixt Mr. L.— and Mr. S.—; but merit, as Sir John Falstaff says, is not regarded in these coster-monger days.

Pray now do not write me word that your business will not allow you ten minutes in a fortnight to write to me; an excuse fit for none but a cobbler who has ten children dependant upon a waxen thread. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES,
On Benevolence and Friendship.

DEAR MR. GRAVES, *Leasowes, Jan. 19, 1741. 2.*

I CANNOT forbear immediately writing to you: the pleasure your last letter gave me, put it out of my power to restrain the overflowings of my benevo-

lence. I can easily conceive that, upon some extraordinary instances of friendship, my heart might be *si fort attendri*, that I could not bear any restraint upon my ability to show my gratitude. It is an observation I made upon reading to-day's paper, which contains an account of C. Khevenhuller's success in favour of the queen of Hungary. To think what sublime affection must influence that poor unfortunate queen, should a faithful and zealous general revenge her upon her enemies, and restore her ruined affairs!

Had a person shown an esteem and affection for me, joined with any elegance or without any elegance in the expression of it, I should have been in acute pain till I had given some sign of my willingness to serve him. From all this, I conclude that I have more humanity than some others.

Probably enough I shall never meet with a larger share of happiness than I feel at present. If not, I am thoroughly convinced, my pain is greatly superior to my pleasure. That pleasure is not absolutely dependant on the mind, I know from this, that I have enjoyed happier scenes in the company of some friends than I can possibly at present;—but alas! all the time you and I shall enjoy together, abstracted from the rest of our lives, and lumped, will not perhaps amount to a solid year and a half. How small a proportion!

People will say to one that talks thus, "Would you die?" To set the case upon a right footing, they must take away the hopes of greater happiness in this life, the fears of greater misery hereafter, together with the bodily pain of dying, and address me in a disposition betwixt mirth and melancholy; and I could easily resolve them.

I do not know how I am launched out so far into this complaint : it is, perhaps, a strain of constitutional whining ; the effect of the wind—did it come from the winds ? to the winds will I deliver it :

*Tradam protervis in mare Creticum,
Porture ventis——*

I will be as happy as my fortune will permit, and make others so ;

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura——*

I will be so. The joke is, that the description which you gave of that country was, that you had few trees about you ; so that I shall trick fortune if she should grant my petition implicitly. But, in earnest, I intend to come and stay a day or two with you next summer.

Mr. Whistler is at Mr. Gosling's, bookseller, at the Mitre and Crown, in Fleet-street, and inquired much after you in his last letter to me. He writes to me ; but I believe his affection for one weighs less with him while the town is in the other scale ; though he is very obliging. I do not know whether I do right, when I say I believe we three, that is, in solitary circumstances, have an equal idea of, and affection for, each other. I say, supposing each to be alone, or in the country, which is nearly the same ; for scenes alter minds as much as the air influences bodies. For instance, when Mr. Whistler is in town, I suppose we love him better than he does us, and when we are in town, I suppose the same may be said in regard to him.

The true burlesque of Spenser (whose characteristic is simplicity) seems to consist in a simple

representation of such things as one laughs to see or to observe one's self, rather than in any monstrous contrast betwixt the thoughts and words. I cannot help thinking that my added stanzas have more of his manner than what you saw before, which you are not a judge of till you have read him.

LETTER LIV.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES.

DEAR SIR,

1743.

I LONG heartily to talk over affairs with you *tête-à-tête*; but am an utter enemy to the fatigue of transcribing what might pass well enough in conversation. I shall say nothing more concerning my departure from L—, than that it was necessary, and therefore excusable. I have been since with a gentleman upon the borders of Wales, Bishop's Castle, from whence I made a digression one day beyond Offa's Dyke; saw mountains which converted all that I had seen into mole-hills; and houses which changed the Leasowes into Hampton-Court: where they talk of a glazed window as a piece of magnificence; and where their highest idea of his majesty is, that he can ride in such a coach as 'squire Jones or 'squire Pryce's. The woman of the inn, at one place, said, "Glass (in windows) was very genteel, that it was; but she could not afford such finery."

You agree with the rest of the married world in a propensity to make proselytes. This inclination

in some people gives one a kind of dread of the matter. They are ill-natured, and can only wish one in their own state because they are unhappy; like persons that have the plague, who, they say, are ever desirous to propagate the infection. I make a contrary conclusion when you commend marriage, as you seem to do, when you wish miss — may reconcile me to more than the name of wife. I know not what you have heard of my amour; probably more than I can thoroughly confirm to you. And what if I should say to you, that marriage was not once the subject of our conversation?

— *Nec conjugis unquam
Pratendi tadas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.*

Do not you think every thing in nature strangely improved since you were married, from the tea-table to the warming-pan?

I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper; but she must write something in my praise. Pray see you to it, in your next letter.

I could parodize my lord Cartaret's letter from Dettingen, if I had it by me. "Mrs. Arnold (thanks be praised!) has this day gained a very considerable victory. The scold lasted two hours. Mrs. S — e was posted in the hall, and Mrs. Arnold upon the stair-case; which superiority of ground was of no small service to her in the engagement. The fire lasted the whole space, without intermission; at the close of which the enemy was routed, and Mrs. Arnold kept the field."

Did you hear the song to the tune of "The Cuckow?"

“ The Baron stood behind a tree,
In woful plight, for nought heard he
But cannon, cannon, &c.
O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a German ear.”

The notes that fall upon the word “ cannon” express the sound with its echo admirably. I send you my pastoral elegy (or ballad, if you think that name more proper), on condition that you return it with ample remarks in your next letter: I say “ return it,” because I have no other copy, and am too indolent to take one. Adieu!

LETTER LV.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES,

With Thoughts on Advice.

DEAR MR. GRAVES, *Leasowes, Sept. 21, 1747.*

I AM under some apprehension that you dread the sight of a letter from me, as it seems to lay claim to the compliment of an answer. I will therefore write you one that shall wave its privilege, at least till such time as your leisure encourages, or your present dissipation does not forbid you to send one. I dare now no longer expatiate upon the affair you have in hand; it is enough for me if you will excuse the freedom I have taken. I have often known delay produce good effects in some cases which even sagacity itself could not surmount; and, if I thought I did not go too far, would presume to recommend it now. You know

I have very little of the temper of an alderman. I almost hate the idea of wealthiness as much as the word. It seems to me to carry a notion of fulness, stagnation, and insignificancy. It is this disposition of mine that can alone give any weight to the advice I send you, as it proves me not to give it through any partiality to fortune. As to what remains, you are, I hope, assured of the value I must ever have for you in any circumstances, and the regard I shall always show for any that belongs to you. I cannot like you less or more. I now drop into other matters. Bergen, I see, is taken at last—pray what are the sentiments of your political companions? I dined some time ago with Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt, who both agreed it was worth twenty thousand men to the French; which is a light in which I never used to consider it. Any little intimation that you please to confer upon me, enables me to seem wise in this country for a month; particularly if I take care to adjust my face accordingly. As I was returning last Sunday from church, whom should I meet in my way, but that sweet-souled bard Mr. James Thomson, in a chaise drawn by two horses length-ways; I welcomed him into the country, and asked him to accompany Mr. Lyttelton to the Leasowes (who had offered me a visit), which he promised to do. So I am in daily expectations of them and all the world this week. I fancy they will lavish all their praises upon nature, reserving none for poor art and me. But if I ever live, and am able to perfect my schemes, I shall not despair of pleasing the few I first began with, the few friends prejudiced in my favour; and then *Fico por los malignatores*.

Censures will not affect me; for I am armed so strong in vanity, that they will pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not,—I think it pretty near equal, in a country place, whether you gain the small number of tasters, or the large crowd of the vulgar. The latter are more frequently met with, and gape, stupent, and stare much more. But one would choose to please a few friends of taste before mob or gentry, the great vulgar or the small; because therein one gratifies both one's social passions and one's pride, that is, one's self-love. Above all things, I would wish to please you; and if I have a wish that projects or is prominent beyond the rest, it is to see you placed to your satisfaction near me; but Fortune must vary from her usual treatment before she favors me so far. And yet there was a time, when one might probably have prevailed on her. I knew not what to do. The affair was so intricately circumstanced—your surprising silence after the hint I gave. Mr. D— offering to serve any friend of mine; nay, pressing me to use the opportunity. His other relations, his guardians, teasing him with sure symptoms of a rupture in case of a refusal on their side. Mr. P— soliciting me if the place were sold, which it could not legally be. Friendship, propriety, impartiality, self-interest (which I little regarded), endeavouring to distract me; I think I never spent so disagreeable a half-year since I was born. To close the whole, I could not foresee the event, which is almost foretold in your last letter, and I knew I could not serve you; but I must render it a necessary one. In short, when I can tell you the whole affair at leisure, you will own it

to be of such a nature, that I must be ever in suspense concerning my behaviour, and of course shall never reflect on it with pleasure. Believe me, with the truest affection, yours.

LETTER LVI.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. JAGO.

DEAR SIR, *The Leasowes, March 23, 1747-8.*

I HAVE sent Tom over for the papers which I left under your inspection; having nothing to add upon this head, but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge.

I shall be very glad if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions; in regard to which, I will observe any commands which you shall please to lay upon me.

I am favoured with a certain correspondence, by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate; and I find it very entertaining.

Pray did you receive my answer to your last letter, sent by way of London? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post, as often I feel a violent propensity to describe the notable incidents of my life; which amount to about as much as the tinsel of your little boy's hobby-horse.

I am on the point of purchasing a couple of busts for the niches of my hall; and believe me, my good friend, I never proceed one step in ornamenting

my little farm, but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it more agreeable to you, and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favour me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Mr. Fancourt when the trees are green; that is, in May; but I would not have you content yourself with a single visit this summer. If Mr. Hardy (to whom you will make my compliments) inclines to favour me so far, you must calculate so as to wait on him whenever he finds it convenient, though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my lord Dudley comes down. I wonder how he would like the scheme I am upon, of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish.

I have had a couple of paintings given me since you were here. One of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would hardly purchase at the price of five shillings. However, I am endeavouring to make it out to be one of Carlo Maratt's, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonnas; even so as to be nick-named *Cartuccio delle Madonne*, by Salvator Rosa. Two letters of the cypher (CM) agree; what shall I do with regard to the third? It is a small piece, and sadly blackened. It is about the size (though not quite the shape) of the Bacchus over the parlour door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry; geese, turkeys, pullets, ducks, &c. I am also somewhat smitten with a black-bird which I have purchased: a very fine one;

brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not fail to send me; —but as I said before, one may easily habituate one's self to cheap amusements; that is, rural ones (for all town amusements are horridly expensive); —I would have you cultivate your garden; plant flowers; have a bird or two in the hall (they will at least amuse your children); write now and then a song; buy now and then a book; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend, and affectionate servant.

P. S. I hope you have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter; for I am ashamed to think, that you, in particular, should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago.—She can go a little abroad, you say.—Tell her, I should be proud to show her the Leasowes. Adieu!

LETTER LVII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. —, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

*This was written August 21, 1748; but
not sent till the 28th.*

DEAR SIR,

How little soever I am inclined to write at this time, I cannot bear that you should censure me of unkindness in seeming to overlook the late change in your situation. It will, I hope, be esteemed

superfluous in me to send you my most cordial wishes that you may be happy; but it will, perhaps, be something more significant to say, that I believe you will: building my opinion on the knowledge I have long had of your own temper, and the account you gave me of the person whom you have made choice of, to whom I desire you to pay my sincere and most affectionate compliments.

I shall always be glad to find you *præsentibus æquum*, though I should always be pleased when I saw you *tentantem majora*. I think you should neglect no opportunity at this time of life to push your fortune so far as an elegant competency, that you be not embarrassed with those kind of solitudes towards the evening of your day:

*Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes!*

I would have you acquire, if possible, what the world calls with some propriety, an easy fortune; and what I interpret, such a fortune as allows of some inaccuracy and inattention, that one may not be continually in suspense about the laying out a shilling:—this kind of advice may seem extremely dogmatical in me; but, if it carries any haughty air, I will obviate it by owning that I never acted as I say. I have lost my road to happiness, I confess; and instead of pursuing the way to the fine lawns and venerable oaks which distinguish the region of it, I am got into the pitiful parterre-garden of amusement, and view the nobler scenes at a distance. I think I can see the road too that leads the better way, and can show it others; but I have many miles to measure back

before I can get into it myself, and no kind of resolution to take a single step. My chief amusements at present are the same they have long been, and lie scattered about my farm. The French have what they call a *parque ornée*; I suppose, approaching about as near to a garden as the park at Hagley. I give my place the title of a *ferme ornée*; though, if I had money, I should hardly confine myself to such decorations as that name requires. I have made great improvements; and the consequence is, that I long to have you see them.

I have not heard whether Miss —'s match proceeded.—I suppose your objections were grounded on the person's age and temper; and that they had the less weight, as they supposed you acted indiscreetly yourself; I can say but little on the occasion. You know — better than I do. Only this I must add, that I have so great an esteem for your sister, that it will be necessary to my ease, that whoever marries her she should be happy.

I have little hopes that I shall now see you often in this country; though it would be you, in all probability, as soon as any, that would take a journey of fifty miles,

“ To see the poorest of the sons of men.”

The truth is, my affairs are miserably embroiled, by my own negligence, and the non-payment of tenants. I believe I shall be forced to seize on one next week for three years and a half's rent, due last Lady-day; an affair to which I am greatly averse, both through indolence and compassion.

I hope, however, I shall be always able (as I am sure I shall be desirous) to entertain a friend of a philosophical regimen, such as you and Mr. Whistler; and that will be all I can do.

Hagley park is considerably improved since you were here, and they have built a castle by way of ruin on the highest part of it, which is just seen from my wood: but by the removal of a tree or two (growing in a wood that joins to the park, and which, fortunately enough, belongs to Mr. Dolman and me), I believe it may be rendered a considerable object here.

I purpose to write to Mr. Whistler either this post or the next. The fears you seemed in upon my account are very kind, but have no grounds. I am, dear Mr.——, habitually and sincerely your, &c.

My humble service to your neighbours.——
Smith (whom you knew at Derby) will publish a print of my grove in a small collection.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. JAGO,

With an Invitation to the Leasowes.

DEAR MR. JAGO, *Sept. 3, Saturday night, 1748.*

I HARDLY know whether it will be prudent in me to own, that I wrote you a long letter upon the receipt of your last, which I have now upon my table. I condemn this habit in myself entirely, and

should, I am sure, be very unhappy, if my friends, by my example, should be induced to contract the same. The truth is, I had not expressed myself in it to my mind, and it was full of blots, and blunders, and interlinings; yet, such as it was, it had wearied my attention, and given me disinclination to begin it afresh. I am now impatient to remove any scruple you may have concerning my grateful sense of all your favours, and the invariable continuance of my affection and esteem.—I find by your last obliging letter, that my machinations and devices are not entirely private.—You knew of my draught of Hagley Castle about the bigness of a barley-corn; you knew of our intended visit to lady Luxborough's; and I must add, Mr. Thomas Hall knew of my contrivance for the embellishment of Mr. Hardy's house. Nothing is there hid that shall not be revealed.—Our visit to Barrels is now over and past.—Lady Luxborough has seen Hagley Castle in the original:—and as to my desire that my draught might be shown to no Christian soul, you surely did but ill comply with it, when you showed that drawing to a clergyman. However, you may have acted up to my real meaning, if you have taken care not to show it to any connoisseur. I meant chiefly to guard against any one that knows the rules; in whose eyes, I am sure, it could not turn to my credit. Pray how do you like the festoons dangling over the oval windows? It is the chief advantage in repairing an old house, that one may deviate from the rules without any extraordinary censure.

I will not trouble you now with many particulars. The intent of Tom's coming is, to desire

your company and Mrs. Jago's this week.--I should be extremely glad if your convenience would allow you to come on Monday or Tuesday ; but if it is entirely impracticable, I would beseech you not to put off the visit longer than the Monday following, for the leaves of my groves begin to fall a great pace.--I beg once more, you would let no small inconvenience prevent your being here on Monday.--As to my visit at Icheneton, you may depend upon it soon aiter ; and I hope you will not stand upon punctilio, when I mention my inclination that you may all take a walk through my coppices before their beauty is much impaired. Were I in a sprightly vein, I would aim at saying something genteel by way of answer to Mrs. Jago's compliment.--As it is, I can only thank her for the substance, and applaud the politeness of it.--I postpone all other matters till I see you. I am, habitually, and sincerely, your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Hardy.

P.S. I am not accustomed, my dear friend, to send you a blank page ; nor can I be content to do so now.

I thank you very sensibly for the verses with which you honour me. I think them good lines, and so do others that have seen them ; but you will give me leave when I see you to propose some little alteration. As to an epistle it would be executed with difficulty, and I would have it turn to your credit as well as my own. But you have certainly of late acquired an ease in writing ; and I am tempted to think, that what you write henceforth will be universally good.

Persons that have seen your Elegies, like “The Black-birds” best as it is most assuredly the most correct; but I, who pretend to great penetration, can foresee that “The Linnets” will be made to excel—More of this when I see you. — Poor Miss G—, J— R— says, is married; and poor Mr. Thomson, Mr. Pitt tells me, is dead.—He was to have been at Hagley this week, and then I should probably have seen him here.—As it is, I will erect an urn in Virgil’s Grove to his memory.—I was really as much shocked to hear of his death, as if I had known and loved him for a number of years:—God knows, I lean on a very few friends: and if they drop me, I become a wretched misanthrope.

LETTER LIX.

MR. SHENSTONE TO C——— W———, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *The Leasowes, Nov. 2, 1753.*
 IT never can be that I owe you for three letters: as to two, I will agree with you; one that I received together with my books, and the other soon after; but that I am indebted for more than these—

*Credat Judæus Apella,
 Non ego.*

Even that same *Judæus Apella*, who affords me this very opportunity of sending my compliments to you and Mrs. W—, and of assuring you that if I had not purposed to have seen you, I had wrote to you long ago.

Master Harris talks very respectfully of your

garden ; and we have no dispute, save only in one point—he says, that you labour very hard in your vocation ; whereas I am not willing to allow that all the work you ever did, or will do in it, is worth a single bunch of radishes. However, I dare not contradict him too much, because he waits for my letter.

How happy are you that can hold up your spade, and cry “Avaunt Satan!” when a toyman offers you his deceitful vanities ! Do not you rejoice inwardly, and pride yourself greatly in your own philosophy ?

“Twas thus—

The wise Athenian cross'd a glitt'ring fair :
Unmov'd by tongues and sights he walk'd the place,
Through tape, tags, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace ;
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And, 'What a world I never want!' he cries.”

PARNELL.

Meantime do not despise others that can find any needful amusement in what, I think, Bunyan very aptly calls Vanity Fair ; I have been at it many times this season, and have bought many kinds of merchandise there. It is a part of philosophy, to adapt one's passions to one's way of life ; and the solitary unsocial sphere in which I move makes me think it happy that I can retain a relish for such trifles as I can draw into it. Meantime I dare not reason too much upon this head. Reason, like the famous concave mirror at Paris, would, in two minutes, vitrify all the Jew's pack : I mean that it would immediately destroy all the form, colour, and beauty, of every thing that is not merely useful.—But I ramble too far, and you do

not want such speculations. My intent when I sat down, was to tell you that I shall probably see you very soon, and certainly remain in the mean times, and at all times, sir, your, &c.

LETTER LX.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES,

On the Death of Mr. Shenstone's Brother.

DEAR MR. GRAVES, *Leasowes, Feb. 14, 1752.*

YOU will be amazed at my long silence, and it might reasonably excite some disgust, if my days had passed of late in the manner they used to do: but I am not the man I was; perhaps I never shall be. Alas! my dearest friend! I have lost my only brother! and, since the fatal close of November, I have had neither peace nor respite from agonizing thoughts!

You, I think, have seen my brother; but perhaps had no opportunity of distinguishing him from the group of others whom we called good-natured men. This part of his character, was so visible in his countenance, that he was generally beloved at sight: I, who must be allowed to know him, do assure you, that his understanding was no way inferior to his benevolence. He had not only a sound judgment, but a lively wit and genuine humour. As these were many times eclipsed by his native bashfulness, so his benevolence only suffered by being shown to an excess. I here mean his giving too indiscriminately into those jovial meetings of

company, where the warmth of a social temper is discovered with least reserve ; but the virtues of his head and heart would soon have shone without alloy. The foibles of his youth were wearing off ; and his affection for me and regard to my advice, with his own good sense, would soon have rendered him all that I could have wished in a successor. I never in my life knew a person more sincere in the expression of his love or dislike. But it was the former that suited the propensity of his heart ; the latter was as transient as the starts of passion that occasioned it. In short, with much true genius and real fortitude, he was, according to the English acceptation “ a truly honest man ;” and I think I may also add, a truly English character ; but “ *Habeo, dixi? immo habuifratrem etamicum, Chreme!*” All this have I lost in him. He is now in regard to this world no more than a mere idea ; and this idea, therefore, though deeply tinged with melancholy, I must, and surely ought to, cherish and preserve.

I believe I wrote you some account of his illness last spring ; from which to all appearance he was tolerably well recovered. He took the air, and visited about with me, during the warmer months of summer ; but my pleasure was of short duration. “ *Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo!*” The peripneumony under which he laboured in the spring had terminated in an adhesion of the lungs to the pleura, so that he could never lie but upon his right side ; and this, as the weather grew colder, occasioned an obstruction that could never be surmounted.

Though my reason forewarned me of the event,

I was not the more prepared for it.—Let me not dwell upon it.—It is altogether insupportable in every respect, and my imagination seems more assiduous in educing pain from this occasion, than I ever yet found it in administering to my pleasure.—This hurts me to no purpose—I know it; and yet, when I have avocated my thoughts, and fixed them for a while upon common amusements, I suffer the same sort of consciousness as if I were guilty of a crime. Believe me, this has been the most sensible affliction I ever felt in my life; and you, who know my anxiety when I had far less reason to complain, will more easily conceive it now, than I am able to describe it.

I cannot pretend to fill up my paper with my usual subjects.—I should thank you for your remarks upon my poetry; but I despise poetry: and I might tell you of all my little rural improvements; but I hate them.—What can I now expect from my solitary rambles through them, but a series of melancholy reflections and irksome anticipations?—Even the pleasure I should take in showing them to you, the greatest they can afford me, must be now greatly inferior to what it might formerly have been.

How have I prostituted my sorrow on occasions that little concerned me! I am ashamed to think of that idle “Elegy upon Autumn,” when I have so much more important cause to hate and to condemn it now: but the glare and gaiety of the spring is what I principally dread; when I shall find all things restored but my poor brother, and something like those lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

“ Thus, with the year,
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
A brother's cordial smile, at eve or morn.”

I shall then seem to wake from amusements, company, every sort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief asleep, as from a dream ; and I shall feel as if I were, that instant, despoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together ; of all my present happiness, and all my future prospects. The melody of birds, which he no more must hear ; the cheerful beams of the sun, of which he no more must partake ; every wonted pleasure will produce that sort of pain to which my temper is most obnoxious. Do not consider this as poetry.—Poetry on such occasions is no more than literal truth. In the present case it is less ; for half the tenderness I feel is altogether shapeless and inexpressible.

After all, the wisdom of the world may perhaps esteem me a gainer. Ill do they judge of this event, who think that any shadow of amends can be made for the death of a brother, and the disappointment of all my schemes, by the accession of some fortune, which I never can enjoy !

This is a mournful narrative : I will not, therefore, enlarge it. Amongst all changes and chances, I often think of you ; and pray there may be no suspicion or jealousy betwixt us during the rest of our lives. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

LETTER LXI.

MR. SHENSTONE TO C—— W——, ESQ.

DEAR MR. W—,

July, 22, 1752.

I do not know why I made you a promise of a pretty long letter. What I now write will be but a moderate one, both in regard to length and style; yet write I must, *par maniere d'acquit*; and you have brought four-pence expense upon yourself for a parcel of nonsense, and to no manner of purpose. This is not tautology, you must observe; for nonsense sometimes answers very considerable purposes.—In love, it is eloquence itself.—In friendship, therefore by all the rules of sound logic, you must allow it to be something; what, I cannot say, “*nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*” The principal part of a correspondence betwixt two idle men consists in two important inquiries—what we do, and how we do: but as all persons ought to give satisfaction before they expect to receive it, I am to tell you in the first place, that my own health is tolerably good, or rather what I must call good, being, I think, much better than it has been this last half year.—Then as touching my occupation, alas! “Othello’s occupation’s gone.” I neither read nor write aught besides a few letters, and I give myself up entirely to scenes of dissipation; lounge at my lord Dudley’s for near a week together; make dinners; accept of invitations; sit up till three o’clock in the morning with young sprightly married women, over white port and *vin de paysans*; ramble over my fields;

issue out orders to my hay-makers ; foretell rain and fair weather ; enjoy the fragrance of hay, the cocks, and the wind-rows ; admire that universal lawn which is produced by the scythe ; sometimes inspect and draw mouldings for my carpenters ; sometimes paper my walls, and at other times my ceilings ; do every social office that falls in my way, but never seek out for any.

“ *Sed vos quid tandem? quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est!*” In short, what do you? and how do you do? that is all.

Tell my young pupil, your son, he must by all manner of means send me a Latin letter : and if he have any billet in French for Miss Lea at The Grange, or even in Hebrew, Coptic, or Syriac, I will engage it shall be received very graciously. Thither am I going to dinner this day, and there “ *implebor veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.*”

All this looks like extreme jollity ; but is this the true state of the case, or may I not more properly apply the

“ *Spem vultu simulat, premit atrum corde dolorem?*”

Accept this scrawl in place of a letter, and believe me yours, &c.

LETTER LXII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES,

On the Death of Mr. Whistler.

DEAR MR. GRAVES,

Leasowes, June 7, 1754.

THE melancholy account of our dear friend Whistler's death was conveyed to me, at the same instant,

by yours and by his brother's letter. I have written to his brother this post; though I am very ill able to write upon the subject, and would willingly have waved it longer, but for decency. The triumvirate, which was the greatest happiness and the greatest pride of my life, is broken! The fabric of an ingenuous and disinterested friendship has lost a noble column! yet it may, and will, I trust, endure till one of us be laid as low. In truth, one can so little satisfy one's self with what we say upon such sad occasions, that I made three or four essays before I could endure what I had written to his brother. Be so good as excuse me to him as well as you can, and establish me in the good opinion of him and Mr. Walker.

Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our little strifes and bickerments appear to us at this time! yet we may with comfort reflect, that they were not of a sort that touched the vitals of our friendship; and I may say, that we fondly loved and esteemed each other, of necessity.—“*Tales animas oportuit esse concordēs.*” Poor Mr. Whistler! not a single acquaintance have I made, not a single picture or curiosity have I purchased, not a single embellishment have I given to my place, since he was last here, but I have had his approbation and his amusement in my eye. I will assuredly inscribe my larger urn to his memory; nor shall I pass it without a pleasing melancholy during the remainder of my days. We have each of us received a pleasure from his conversation, which no other conversation can afford us at our present time of life.

Adieu! my dear friend! may our remembrance

of the person we have lost be the strong and everlasting cement of our affection ! Assure Mr. John Whistler of the regard I have for him, upon his own account, as well as his brother's. Write to me ; directly if you have opportunity. Whether you have or no, believe me to be ever most affectionately yours.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Graves.

LETTER LXIII.

MR. SHENSTONE TO MR. GRAVES,

On hearing that his Letters to Mr. Whistler were destroyed.

DEAR MR. GRAVES, *Leasowes, Oct. 23, 1754.*

IT is certainly some argument of a peculiarity in the esteem I bear you, that I feel a readiness to acquaint you with more of my foibles than I care to trust with any other person. I believe nothing shows us more plainly either the different degrees or kinds of regard that we entertain for our several friends (I may also add the difference of their characters), than the ordinary style and tenor of the letters we address to them.

I confess to you, that I am considerably mortified by Mr. John W——'s conduct in regard to my letters to his brother ; and, rather than they should have been so unnecessarily destroyed, would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef-d'œuvres* ; and, could I be supposed to have the least pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must

appear principally in my letters to his brother, and one or two more friends. I considered them as the records of a friendship that will be always dear to me, and as the history of my mind for these twenty years last past. The amusement I should have found in the perusal of them would have been altogether innocent; and I would gladly have preserved them, if it were only to explain those which I shall preserve of his brother's. Why he should allow either me or them so very little weight as not to consult me with regard to them, I can by no means conceive. I suppose it is not uncustomary to return them to the surviving friend. I had no answer to the letter which I wrote Mr. J. W—. I received a ring from him; but as I thought it an inadequate memorial of the friendship which his brother had for me, I gave it to my servant the moment I received it; at the same time I have a neat standish, on which I caused the lines Mr. W— left with it to be inscribed, and which appears to be a much more agreeable remembrancer:

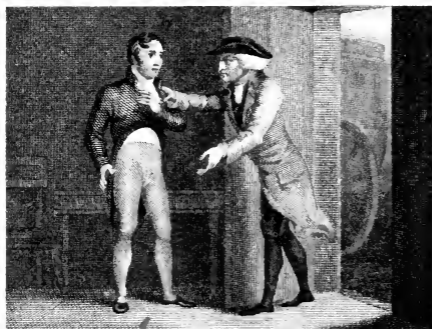
* * * * *

Adieu! in other words, God bless you!—I have company at the table all the time I am writing.
Your ever most affectionate, &c.

ELEGANT EPIS TLES

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
WRITERS,
BOOK V. PART II.

MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.



Drawn by J. T. Smith

Engraved by Duncanson

Page 274

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ELEGANT EPISTLES.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Middle of the last Century.

PART II.

LETTER I.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY

Christ-Church, Nov. 14, 1735.

YOU use me very cruelly : you have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing ; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your *quondam* school-fellow ; in behalf of one who

has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to yours, &c.

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively *, a history of your own time.

LETTER II.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

PERMIT me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty; and forgive my brevity, when I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at farthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your

* Alluding to his grandfather's History.

goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet, it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c. for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives ; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business ; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life ; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill ; only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress, and gets some ground ; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was ; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this ; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the Reformation*. However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there : it is asking you to an old play, indeed ; but

* Carrying on the allusion to the other History written by Mr. West's grandfather.

you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius: we yesterday had a game of quoits together: you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him. I send you my translation*, which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I mispend my days.

Third in the labours of the Disc came on,
 With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
 Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
 By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.
 His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
 Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
 Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
 Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
 The orb on high tenacious of its course,
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
 Its ancient lord secure of victory.
 The theatre's green height and woody wall
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
 The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
 As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
 The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
 Where ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
 And parting surges round the vessel roar;
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
 And scarce Ulysses 'scap'd his giant arm.

* This consisted of about 110 lines, which were sent separately: and as it was Mr. Gray's first attempt in English verse, it is a curiosity not to be entirely withheld from the reader.

A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd.
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold, &c.

LETTER III.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Peterhouse, Dec. 1736.

YOU must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly, since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being

like him. Surely it was of this place (now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon), that the Prophet spoke when he said, "The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest." You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle; and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles: however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway:

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own, at least for our sakes, and do not be soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than yours most sincerely, &c.

LETTER IV.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

Christ-Church, Dec. 22, 1736.

I CONGRATULATE you on your being about to leave college, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have you dignified, and I not, for the world; you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical nor mathematical; I have, nevertheless, a great respect for your connoisseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals pleased me much; but Oxford, I can assure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well you are leaving this dismal land of bondage; and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you; but what will you do with your classic companion? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dulness as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like a nauseous weed away;" cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law: *misce stultitiam consiliis brevem: dulce est desipere in loco*; so said Horace to Virgil, those two sons of Anac in poetry, and so say I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

In one of these hours, I hope, dear sir, you will sometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω,

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you; and to give you a proof of it I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus, translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesie, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise, but too real, alas! and I fear, constitutional) "have tun'd my heart to elegies of woe;" and this likewise is the reason why I am the most irregular thing alive at college, for you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call discipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy pray criticise it unmercifully, for I send it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me; but I know you are not more able to excel others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, especially when it is found in the productions of your most sincere friend.

LETTER V.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Peterhouse, Dec. 23, 1736.

YOU can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness; since that has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasinesses mixed with it: but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your *gouût*; and alas! you know I am by trade a grocer*. Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandise you do not profess dealing in; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two

* (*i.e.*) A man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares.

heads of 1st, You; 2dly, I: the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what I do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you should hear no more of it than that it is ever yours.

LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, Aug. 22, 1737.

AFTER a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them! If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn,

nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow, should persuade me to part with them: but, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account obliges me to have done, in reminding you that I am yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

September, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but

* At Burnham in Buckinghamshire.

myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices ; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff ; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous : both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetable, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate ;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve ; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you ; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us ; he is now seventy-seven years old*, and

* He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste or mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy.

has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.*

Burnham, Sept. 1737.

I SYMPATHIZE with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part, I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do; but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and, Heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it: while our evils are no more, I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather choose to converse with the living dead, that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; and prefer a picture of still life to the realities of a noisy one; and, as I guess, will imitate what you prefer, and for an hour or two at noon will stick yourself up as formal as if you had been fixed in your frame for these hundred years, with a pink or rose in one hand, and a great

* Mr. Walpole was at this time with his father at Houghton. Mr. Gray writes from his uncle's house in Buckinghamshire.

seal ring on the other. Your name, I assure you, has been propagated in these countries by a convert of yours, one — ; he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now they are absolute Walpolians. We have hardly any body in the parish but knows exactly the dimensions of the hall and saloon at Houghton, and begin to believe that the lantern* is not so great a consumer of the fat of the land as disaffected persons have said; for your reputation, we keep to ourselves your not hunting nor drinking hogan, either of which here would be sufficient to lay your honour in the dust. To-morrow se'nnight I hope to be in town, and not long after at Cambridge. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

August, 1738.

MY dear sir, I should say Mr. Inspector General of the exports and imports †; but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas et amor.*

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live

* A favourite object of Tory satire at that time.

† Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of usher of the exchequer.

at the Custom-house. However, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified, or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a bur, and you can no more get quit of these and your Christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or (Dr. Longically* speaking) oscillatory. I swing from chapel or hall home, and from home to chapel or hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enlighten the view all around. The country is exceedingly fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude yours, &c.

* Dr. Long, the master of Pembroke-hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.

LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Sept. 1738.

I AM coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me, without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out,—all is one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little proctorlings to see its order executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley* and his gilt tub should come to the fair and seduce their young ones: but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in *Pastor Fido* that begins, “*Care selve beati.*”

* Orator Henley.

LETTER XI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I TRUST to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits; and doubt not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fire-side, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that Tacitus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject: and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pannonian affairs are tedious in his hands, in another's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon be over, and he will make ample amends. A man, who could join the brilliant of wit and concise sententiousness peculiar to that age, with the truth and gravity of better times, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his "Agricola," that (concise as it is) I always admired for saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will of that general, where he had

made him coheir with his wife and daughter, "*Satis constabat lætatum eum, velut honore, judicioque: tam cæca et corrupta mens assiduï adulationibus erat, ut nesciret à bono patre non scribi hæredem, nisi malum principem.*"

As to the *Dunċiad*, it is greatly admired: the *Genii* of operas and schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the *Virtuosos* and *Florists*, and the yawn of *Dullness* in the end are as fine as any thing he has written. The *Metaphysician's* part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of *Agrippina*; much too long, but I could be glad you would retrench it. *Aceronia*, you may remember, had been giving quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of *Nat. Lee's Bedlam Tragedy*, which had twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

LETTER XII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, April, Thursday.

YOU are the first who ever made a *Muse* of a cough; to me it seems a much more easy task to versify in one's sleep (that indeed you were of old famous for*), than for want of it. Not the wakeful *nightingale* (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you

* At Eton school.

could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise ; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake ; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the *Dunciad* as concluding you had seen it ; if you have not, do you choose I should get and send it to you ? I have myself, upon your recommendation, been reading "*Joseph Andrews*." The incidents are ill laid and without invention : but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well ; so is Mrs. Slip-slop, and the Story of Wilson : and throughout he shows himself well read in stage-coaches, country squires, inns, and inns of court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things (I mean such as characterize and paint nature), yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind*, the passions, and what not. Now, as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris,

* He seems here to glance at Hutchinson, the disciple of Shaftesbury ; of whom he had not a much better opinion than of his master.

be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the trouble to read and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse you treating me any otherwise; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. As to matter of style, I have this to say: the language of the age is never the language of poetry: except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives; nay, sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakspeare and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue. Full of *museful mopings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his *mood*—with knots and *knares* deformed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—*disarray* and shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field—the *foiled dodered* oaks—*disherited*—*smouldering* flames—*retchless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-hag*—*villanize* his father's fame. But they are infinite: and our language

not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakspeare's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern dramatics:

“ But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature, by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world scarce half made up—”

and what follows. To me they appear untranslatable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakspeare may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty expression may be these — *silken* — son of *dalliance* — *drowsier* pretensions — wrinkled *beldams* — *arched* the hearer's brow and *riveted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted; and indeed if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the

best* ; and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus: only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines: such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion, *una litura* may do the business better than a dozen; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of spider; and have little else to do but to spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself. I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks. But no matter; it makes the hours pass; and is better than *ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμυνίᾳ καταβιῶναι*. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, May, 27, 1742.

MINE, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser*. The only fault of it is insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing.

* The lines which he means here are from—*thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection—to Rubellius lives*. For the part of the scene, which he sent in his former letter, began there.

But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo, quia impossibile est* ; for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful ; and, on the other hand, excludes and shut its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable ; from this the Lord deliver us ! for none but He and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society : so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens : "*Poulets à la broche poulets en ragoût, poulets en hâchis, poulets en fricassées.*—Reading here, reading there ; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then ; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation ; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses.

Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.

I shall see Mr. — and his wife, nay, and his child too, for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father ? There are my lords — and —, they are statesmen ; do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket ? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then ; no, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you ?

LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON*.

Cambridge, December 27, 1742.

I OUGHT to have returned you my thanks a long time ago for the pleasure, I should say prodigy, of your letter; for such a thing has not happened above twice within this last age to mortal man, and no one here can conceive what it may portend. You have heard, I suppose, how I have been employed a part of the time; how, by my own indefatigable application for these ten years past, and by the care and vigilance of that worthy magistrate the man in blue † (who, I assure you, has not spared his labour, nor could have done more for his own son), I am got half way to the top of jurisprudence ‡, and bid as fair as another body to open a case of impotency with all decency and circumspection. You see my ambition. I do not doubt but some thirty years hence I shall convince the world and you that I am a very

* Of Old-park, near Durham. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early; and though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the doctor was fellow of Pembroke-hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death.

† A servant of the vice-chancellor's for the time being usually known by the name of Blue Coat, whose business it is to attend acts for degrees, &c.

‡ (*i. e.*) Bachelor of civil law.

pretty young fellow ; and may come to shine in a profession, perhaps the noblest of all except man-midwifery. As for you, if your distemper and you can but agree about going to London, I may reasonably expect in a much shorter time to see you in your three-cornered villa, doing the honours of a well-furnished table with as much dignity, as rich a mien, and as capacious a belly, as Dr. Mead. Methinks I see Dr. — at the lower end of it, lost in admiration of your goodly person and parts, cramming down his envy (for it will rise) with the wing of a pheasant, and drowning it in neat Burgundy. But not to tempt your asthma too much with such a prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy and as great as this even in the country. But you know best, and I should be sorry to say any thing that might stop you in the career of glory ; far be it from me to hamper the wheels of your gilded chariot. Go on, sir Thomas ; and when you die (for even physicians must die) may the faculty in Warwick-lane erect your statue in the very niche of sir John Cutler's.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your illness, but I hope it is too late now : I can only say that I really was very sorry. May you live a hundred Christmasses, and eat as many collars of brawn stuck with rosemary. Adieu, &c.

LETTER XV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Peterhouse, April 26, 1744.

YOU write so feelingly to Mr. Brown, and represent your abandoned condition in terms so touching, that what gratitude could not effect in several months, compassion has brought about in a few days; and broke that strong attachment, or rather allegiance, which I and all here owe to our sovereign lady and mistress, the president of presidents and head of heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her name, that ineffable Octogrammaton), the power of Laziness. You must know she had been pleased to appoint me (in preference to so many old servants of hers who had spent their whole lives in qualifying themselves for the office) grand picker of straws and push-pin player to her Supinity (for that is her title). The first is much in the nature of the lord president of the council; and the other like a groom-porter, only without the profit; but as they are both things of very great honour in this country, I considered with myself the load of envy attending such great charges; and besides (between you and me), I found myself unable to support the fatigue of keeping up the appearance that persons of such dignity must do; so I thought proper to decline it, and excused myself as well as I could. However as you see such an affair must take up a good deal of time, and it has always been the policy of

this court to proceed slowly, like the Imperial and that of Spain, in the dispatch of business, you will on this account the easier forgive me, if I have not answered your letter before.

You desire to know, it seems, what character the poem of your young friend bears here*. I wonder that you ask the opinion of a nation, where those who pretend to judge, do not judge at all; and the rest (the wiser part) wait to catch the judgment of the world immediately above them; that is, Dick's and the Rainbow coffee-houses. Your readier way would be to ask the ladies that keep the bars in these two theatres of criticism. However, to show you that I am a judge, as well as my countrymen, I will tell you, though I have rather turned it over than read it (but no matter; no more have they), that it seems to me above the middling; and now and then, for a little while, rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible; and too much infected with the Hutchinson jargon. In short, its great fault is, that it was published at least nine years too early. And so methinks in a few words (*a la mode du Temple*), I have very pertly dispatched what perhaps may for several years have employed a very ingenious man worth fifty of myself.

You are much in the right to have a taste for

* "Pleasures of the Imagination." From the posthumous publication of Dr. Akenside's Poems, it should seem that the author had very much the same opinion afterwards of his own work, which Mr. Gray here expresses; since he undertook a reform of it, which must have given him, had he concluded it, as much trouble as if he had written it entirely new.

Socrates; he was a divine man. I must tell you, by way of news of the place, that the other day a certain new professor made an apology for him an hour long in the schools; and all the world brought in Socrates guilty, except the people of his own college.

The Muse is gone and left me in far worse company; if she returns, you will hear of her. As to her child* (since you are as good as to inquire after it), it is but a puling chit yet, not a bit grown to speak of; I believe, poor thing, it has got the worms that will carry it off at last. Mr. Trollope and I are in a course of tar-water; he for his present, and I for my future distempers. If you think it will kill me, send away a man and horse directly; for I drink like a fish. Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Cambridge, Dec. 11, 1746.

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave any credit to myself in these cases; but I know they are never true. Nothing so silly as indolence when it hopes to disguise itself: every one knows it by its saunter, as they do his majesty (God bless him!) at a masquerade, by the firmness of his tread and the elevation of his chin. However, somewhat I

* He here means his poem *De Principiis Cogitandi*.

had to say that has a little shadow of reason in it. I have been in town (I suppose you know) flaunting about at all kind of public places with two friends lately returned from abroad. The world itself has some attractions in it to a solitary of six years standing; and agreeable well-meaning people of sense (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar magnet. It is no wonder then if I felt some reluctance at parting with them so soon; or if my spirits, when I returned back to my cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to storm and tempest, but a good deal below changeable. Besides Seneca says (and my pitch of philosophy does not pretend to be much above Seneca) "*Nunquam mores, quos extuli, refero. Aliquid ex eo quod composui, turbatur: aliquid ex his quæ fugavi, redit.*" And it will happen to such as us, mere imps of science. Well it may, when Wisdom herself is forced often

In sweet retired solitude
To plume her feathers, and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

It is a foolish thing that without money one cannot either live as one pleases, or where and with whom one pleases. Swift somewhere says, that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great, though an ill-natured, comfort, to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.

I am not altogether of your opinion as to your historical consolation in time of trouble: a calm

melancholy it may produce, a stiller sort of despair (and that only in some circumstances, and on some constitutions); but I doubt no real comfort or content can ever arise in the human mind, but from hope.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth year of the war*, and yet say nothing of the retreat before Syracuse: is it, or is it not, the finest thing you ever read in your life? And how does Xenophon or Plutarch agree with you? For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals; though I do not well know which is which. In the first place, he is the hardest author by far I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness, that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and, what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribblers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you are to expect from him.

* Thucydides, lib. vii.

LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima?) or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or, if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

“Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris.”

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours*.

* Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

This is only a beginning ; I reckon next week we shall hear you a free-mason, or gormogon at least. Heigh-ho ! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it ; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feué Mademoiselle Selime*, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows ***** †. There's a poem for you, it is rather too long for an epitaph.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Dec. 19, 1752.

HAVE you read Madame de Maintenon's Letters? They are undoubtedly genuine ; they begin very early in her life, before she married Scarron, and continue after the king's death to within a little while of her own ; they bear all the marks of a noble spirit (in her adversity particularly), of virtue, and unaffected devotion ; insomuch, that I am almost persuaded she was actually married to Lewis the XIVth, and never his mistress ; and this not out of any policy or ambition, but conscience ; for she was what we should call a bigot, yet with great good sense : in short, she was too good for a court. Misfortunes in the beginning of her life had formed her mind (naturally lively and impatient) to reflection and a habit of piety. She was always miserable while she had the care of

† The reader need hardly be told, that the fourth Ode in the collection of his Poems was inserted in the place of these asterisks.

Madame de Montespan's children; timid and very cautious of making use of that unlimited power she rose to afterwards, for fear of trespassing on the king's friendship for her; and after his death not at all afraid of meeting her own.

I do not know what to say to you with regard to Racine; it sounds to me as if any body should fall upon Shakspeare, who indeed lies infinitely more open to criticism of all kinds; but I should not care to be the person that undertook it. If you do not like Athaliah or Britannicus, there is no more to be said. I have done.

Bishop Hall's satires, called *Virgidemiæ*, are lately republished. They are full of spirit and poetry; as much of the first as Dr. Donne, and far more of the latter: they were written at the university when he was about twenty-three years old, and in queen Elizabeth's time.

You do not say whether you have read the *Crito**. I only recommend the dramatic part of the *Phædo* to you, not the argumentative. The subject of the *Erastæ* is good; it treats of that peculiar character and turn of mind which belongs to a true philosopher, but it is shorter than one would wish. The *Euthyphro* I would not read at all.

* Of Plato.

LETTER XIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.

A LITTLE while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of the sad events you mention*. I know what it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to ; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand : and that your father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness ; and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness ; for I know it is impossible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves.—Let me desire you not to expose yourself to any further danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death ; but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country ; for I do not, in the least, like the situation you are in. I do not attempt to console you on the situation

* The death of Mr. Mason's father, and of Dr. Marmaduk Pricket, a young physician of his own age, with whom he was brought up from infancy, who died of the same infectious fever

your fortune is left in ; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me, you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself ; and consequently I cannot pity you on this account ; but I sincerely do on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is : I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts ; the deeper it is engraved the better.

LETTER XX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, March 25, 1756.

THOUGH I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one, having been taken up in quarrelling with Peter-house*, and in

* The reason of Mr. Gray's changing his college, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this : Two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the Society ; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the college. The slight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his most intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his disposition.

removing myself from thence to Pembroke. This may be looked upon as a sort of æra in a life so barren of events as mine; yet I shall treat in Voltaire's manner, and only tell you that I left my lodgings because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil. This is all I would choose to have said about it; but if you in private should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts and minute circumstances, the bearer, who was witness to them, will probably satisfy you. All I shall say more is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grand Chartreuse; and that every body (even Dr. Long himself) are as civil as they could be to Mary of Valens* in person.

With regard to any advice I can give you about your being physician to the hospital, I frankly own it ought to give way to a much better judge, especially so disinterested a one as Dr. Heberden. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your fears of effluvia, I maintain that one sick rich patient has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.

The similitude between the Italian republics and those of ancient Greece has often struck me, as it does you. I do not wonder that Sully's Memoirs have highly entertained you; but cannot agree with you in thinking him or his master two of the best men in the world. The king was indeed one of the best-natured men that ever lived; but it is owing only to chance that his intended marriage with madame d'Estrées, or with

* Foundress of the college.

the marquise de Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the most inextricable confusion; and his design upon the princess of Condé (in his old age) was worse still. As to the minister, his base application to Concini, after the murder of Henry, has quite ruined him in my esteem, and destroyed all the merit of that honest surly pride for which I honoured him before; yet I own that, as kings and ministers go, they were both extraordinary men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of sir J. Edmonds, for the character of the French court at that time; it is written by sir George Carew.

You should have received Mason's present* last Saturday. I desire you to tell me your critical opinion of the new Odes, and also whether you have found out two lines which he has inserted in his third to a friend, which are superlativet. We do not expect the world, which is just going to be invaded, will bestow much attention to them; if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

LETTER XXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

Cambridge, May 1757.

YOU are so forgetful of me that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the

* The four Odes which Mr. Mason had just published separately.

* While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

better for it. Yet I hear nothing from him neither, in spite of his promises: there is no faith in man, no not in a Welchman; and yet Mr. Parry* has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choak you, as have set all this learned body a-dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has put my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. It is to him, therefore, that you owe the treat which I send you inclosed; namely, the breast and merry-thought, and rump too, of the chicken which I have been chewing so long, that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel.

You will observe in the beginning of this thing, some alteration of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes; yet I have not got rid of them all, the six last lines of the fifth stanza are new; tell me whether they will do. I am well aware of many weakly things towards the conclusion, but I hope the end itself will do; give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd himself allows that *Lion port* is not too bold for queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a man-

* A capital performer on the Welch harp, and who was either born blind or had been so from his infancy.

ner that shows the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about: and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas.

* * * *

LETTER XXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

Cambridge, August 18, 1758.

I AM as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long-debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependant beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, with equal conviction, that we are not merely such; that there is a power within, that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call habit; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong), to that least material of all agents, a thought. I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and

opens to us a full license for doing whatever we please ; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been) : their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on any body that hurt them, was nothing mitigated : in short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart ; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence), that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek sophist that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves ; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue ; I will tell you : 1st, he was a lord ; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers ; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand : 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it ; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where ; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons ? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks but with commoners : vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for

the new road is become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of ruffs and farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked: primness and affectation of style, like the good-breeding of queen Anne's court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I AM equally sensible of your affliction*, and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment: would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour: what, indeed, is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered

* Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at that time his only) son.

worse ; or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrived at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support ; and when he might chance to have been your only support ; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father. I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce ; but I think you must own the other to be a stronger and a more overwhelming sorrow. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of spirits, which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of a voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days : as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you ; and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know : the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair ; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure we have great power over our own minds, when we choose to exert it ; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possi-

ble, and still more so to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, which we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health; I will not talk to you more upon this subject till I hear you are both well; for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing I can do*, could at all alleviate the just concern your loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty in question, is by no means voluntary; it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE †.

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I DO not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice, near me, to send

* His friend had requested him to write an epitaph on the child.

† Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

you; they do not grow in the south; but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash-windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honeysuckles round a bason of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the savage, the rude, and the tremendous. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself: and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil: half a word fixed upon or near a spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination. God

forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality), is it so much warmer on the other side of the Swale (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vast old oaks and thick groves in Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my inquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advance northward. You must tell me, though, about Melross, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your *portfeuille* must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

LETTER XXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.

London, July 24, 1759.

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by Broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet,

however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

I this day passed through the jaws of a great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, 1st, a man that writes for lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only fourscore; that they have 900*l.* a year income, and spend 1300*l.* and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read lord Clarendon's continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. *'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

London, June 22, 1760.

I AM not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have of hearing often from you; and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's self business, I am persuaded, is the great art of life; I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself: I say a man, for women commonly speaking, never feel this distemper, they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies); a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As to myself, I have again found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room*,

* The house in Southampton-row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal estate at Old-Park, near Durham.

and hope that you will find at least an equal satisfaction at Old-Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven I shall see no occasion to pity you, and only wish you may brew no worse than I bake.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses: I know I am no conjurer in these things; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined; and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason when he tells me that he understands these things. The prophetic eye of taste (as Mr. Pitt calls it) sees all the beauties that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Crossfall or Warden-law.

I am much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipped here and there); and it is strange to me that people who would give thousands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors, done on the spot, and in strong, though simple colours. In the succeeding century Froissard, I find, was read with great satisfaction

by every body that could read; and on the same footing with king Arthur, sir Tristram, and archbishop Turpin; not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic historians; to so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth. Pray, are you come to the four Irish kings that went to school to king Richard the Second's master of the ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's purgatory?

The town are reading the king of Prussia's poetry (*La Philosophe sans Souci*), and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of of it as I am: it is all the scum of Voltaire and lord Bolingbroke, the *crambe-recocta* of our worst freethinkers, tossed up in German French rhyme. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book: one is invited to dinner, where he dined a fortnight before; as to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his Sermons, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves*. It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the discourses on elocution, and on the liberty of music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the castle of a chief (himself a principal bard); each goes in his turn to observe the face of things,

* Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.

and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan! yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says :

Ghosts ride on the tempest to night!
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
Their songs are of other worlds!

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes; he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his *Winter*. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides:
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the reeking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come,
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. CLARKE*.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) doing something, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill † like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. —— (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at college.

† Near Henley.

to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner ; but his fare was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week ! but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed ? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best ; though there are some others that are excellent too.

LETTER XXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family ; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one apiece to all the others ; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small), as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this

month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry-grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-Down*. In these parts the whole soil is chalk; and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholomew-fair by the sea-side), Ramsgate, and other places there; and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a

* At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, esq. late member for Canterbury, then resided.

shipless sea, but every where peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion ; and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night (ay and at day too) several times in June ; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family : I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

LETTER XXX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

March 28, 1767.

I BREAK in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me : but if the last struggle be over ; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures

and of our pains, preserve and support you!
Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.*

Jermyn-street, Aug. 3, 1768.

THAT Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers: and also, that I your humble servant, have kissed the king's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following his grace the duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant professorship †, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more, too high for me to transcribe: so on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body that goes to court, does so; besides, the day was so hot, and

* Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

† Regius professor of modern history.

the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

LETTER XXXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

I WAS absent from college, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident: to sympathize with you in such a loss* is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy: can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow: but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

* The death of his uncle, governor Floyer.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession: you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is still greater; and this, with independence (no vulgar blessing), are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I speak from experience.

In the mean time, while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: that situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenor of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little further than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarise your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worst name: but remember that "*Honestas res est lata paupertas.*" I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind. There is but one real evil in it (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind well-intentioned

people belonging to you; many acquaintances of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu! I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytic disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befall a man far worse than poverty or death.

LETTER XXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-lane, or Camomile-street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate*, and got a thousand guineas, and four-score pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the Treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window-curtains: are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again†, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music-meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retire-

* Consisting of houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London. Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.

† Ode for Music on the duke of Grafton's Installation.

ment, and in a place which his taste had adorned ; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it ; his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped : I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter ; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use on some great occasion.

“ *Dear Sir,*

“ After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault : how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign ?” &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Nov. 19, 1769.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton ; and as I would wish to treat every body according to their

own rule and measure of good-breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey-lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies be-

neath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye: only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge: but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun,

or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before. I hardly believe it.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.* Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I

* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing-apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them: it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom by his will he bequeathed them.

hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence the eye catches some long reach of the Thames and Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but no matter; you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudden sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Browne is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. STERNE TO MISS L——.

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly love!— what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldst thou not open the door,

and be melted with compassion?—I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom.—Sweetest, and best of all human passions! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of Affliction, and soften the darkest shades of Misery! I have re-considered this apology, and, alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things—very true—so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident; and what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke.—If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate.—These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence often make the best of human hearts complain.—Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring!—God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and what is more excellent, an honest man. My L! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of ——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L, thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over.—At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and

the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge.—
In such a situation the poet might well say,

“The soul uneasy,” &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country—may a kind angel guide thy steps hither!—Solitude at length grows tiresome—Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with—I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou hast reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. STERNE to J—H—S—, ESQ.

DEAR H—, *Coxwold, [about August] 1761.*

I REJOICE you are in London—rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil—You was a good prophet—I wish myself back again, as you told me I should—but not because a thin, death-doing, pestiferous, north-east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-castle turret full upon me in this cuckoldy retreat (for I value the north-east wind and all its powers not a straw),—but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest, was too violent.—I should have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through, before I entered upon my rest.—I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man—and if God, for my consolation under them had not poured forth the spirit of Shand-ism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else just now lie down and die—die—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea I shall be as merry as a monkey—and as mischievous too, and forget it all—so that this is but a copy of the present train running across my brain.—And so you think this cursed stupid—but that, my dear H., depends much upon the *quotâ horâ* of your shabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—I give it up—or if the day is obscured by dark engendering

clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost—but who knows but it may be five—and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom—and peradventure your honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placidulish and blandulish amalgama—to bear nonsense—So much for that.

'Tis as cold and churlish just now, as (if God had not pleased it to be so) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wish I was also—Curse of poverty, and absence from those we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things—and yet with the first I am not haunted much.—As to matrimony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy—but the world is not—and had I staid from her a second longer it would have been a burning shame—else she declares herself happier without me—but not in anger is this declaration made—but in pure sober good sense, built on sound experience—she hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this hope from you, I verily believe it is, that you are so high in her favour at present—she swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny jolly soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold*—how do you like the simile?—Oh, Lord! now you are going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting, sorrowful as the prophet was when the voice cried out to him and said, “What dost thou here, Elijah!”—’Tis well

the spirit does not make the same at Coxwould—for unless for the few sheep left me to take care of, in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—When we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *vale of Jehosophat*?—As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face—so tell the two colonels if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them—Present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace—Why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum*!

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy—I care not a curse for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods he sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it—no bad rant!—God above bless you! You know I am your affectionate cousin.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet —, and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. STERNE TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

THINK not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badi-nage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish or at least your faith give credit to—by-the-bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands.—My application to the count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by-the-bye sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the count de Limbourg—the baron d'Hoibach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogne, than you will do.—This baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *Sçavans* who are not wits—keeps open house three days a week—his house is now as yours was to me

my own—he lives at great expense.—’Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the count de Bis-sie, which I was at his desire.—I found him reading Tristram—this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the duke of Orleans’ collections, every day I have time.—I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *sçavoir-vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation. I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Claron, in *Iphigene*—she is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but ’tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper all happy——I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good-breeding and good-nature—in a post or two, I will write again—Foley is an honest soul—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days—but more of this hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remise*—bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. STERNE TO LADY D——.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, Shandean-like, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the police, and began to tell my story in French, which was,

that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, his master, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that it had neither had corn, nor hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled, as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's *Lilabulero*—being not understood because of its purity; but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing, by the way, in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled.—I wish she may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well; and that you will be kind enough to direct for me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity, your ladyship's most faithful, &c.

LETTER XL.

MR. STERNE TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, *Toulouse, August 14, 1762.*

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digressions), to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.—In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it.—I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes,

half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should break a hind wheel in ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any?—To mend the matter, my two postilions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—Nothing was to be done! By Heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post, for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves.—Our luggage weighed ten quintals—'twas the fair of Bancaire—all the world was going or returning—we were asked by every soul who passed by us, if we were going to the fair of Bancaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well here we are after all, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnished, and elegant beyond any thing I looked for—'tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards

the town—and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent—"the more the merrier."—The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above-stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing-rooms to them—below-stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town; so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.—My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more nor less than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very, very little.—I dined yesterday with Mr. H.——; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them. I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily—but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for I am most truly yours.—My wife and girl join in compliments to you—

My best respects to my worthy baron d'Holbach and all that society—remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XLI.

MR. STERNE TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

DEAR FOLEY,

Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

—THOUGH that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—“How does Tristram do?” you say in yours to him—'Faith, but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lie—for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand *per cent*. I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l. I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grille*. P—— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice. My kind respects to baron d'Holbach, and all his household—say all that is kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours.

I have not five louis with in this land of coxcombs—my wife's compliments.

LETTER XLII.

MR. STERNE TO MR. FOLEY AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Montpellier, Jan. 5, 1761.*

You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you and writing to you—The last is a periodical habit—The first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember—however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well. You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his first intention of leaving business—I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long-wished-for retreat of tranquillity and silence—When you have got to your fire-side, and into your arm chair (and, by-the-bye, have another to spare for a friend), and are so much a sovereign as to sit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I should not (for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dressed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you—and in a very unghost-like fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

Jan. 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness—I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment

upon me, for taking all this liberty with ghosts—Be it as it may—I took a ride, when the first part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a shivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as unmovable as Don Quixote's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him. This, quoth I, is inhuman—No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home—so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas reedless—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot.—But to return; this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly—but unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me—I shall not die but live—in the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but as innocently, as we can—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishopric to me—and I desire no other—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours.

Please to give the inclosed to Mr. T—, and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great good-will.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. STERNE TO MRS. F.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F., to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it—That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend

Yorick.—I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—If you stay any longer here, sir, it will be fatal to you—And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.—The states of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-show, with their usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shows.—I believe I shall step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits; and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourself.—My wife chooses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truly passive—If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfil your commissions—and so adieu—Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever yours.

P.S. My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons rarafichissants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds,

then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve—There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XLIV.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

Paris, May 15, 1764.

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition—You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mo-

ther's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject your mother will say). There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days.—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——;—they are good and generous souls—tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XLV.

MR. STERNE TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recal it—but failed—You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool,

coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way—I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—O ! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.— The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark ! I tell it you—by some magic, irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever.—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised ! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powel ; good Heaven !—give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu !—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorsically—but most sentimentally

and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

LETTER XLVI.

MR. STERNE TO MR. W.

Coxwold, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it pleaseth me—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some *Dulcinea* in my head—it harmonizes the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—“*L'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment.*”——Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annexed to it—And so much for the same subject called love.—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know

what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by-the-bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*—My answer was, “Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.”—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean—that is, a flat refusal—I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate’s wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have, I can never call it my own.—Adieu, my dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible. Yours sincerely.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER XLVII.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR GIRL,

Naples, Feb. 3, 1760.

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague; and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated

between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health within me, which I have been long a stranger to—but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then—The account you give me of Mrs. C—is truly amiable—I shall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the marquis de — is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live the produce of my pen shall be yours—If fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwold—your winters at York—You know my publications call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. C—are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father.

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. STERNE TO J—H—S—, ESQ.

DEAR ANTHONY, *May 25, near Dijon, 1766.*

MY desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turned me out of my road towards a delicious chateau of the countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies—her ladyship has the best of hearts—a valuable present not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—so I hope to sup with you the king's birth-day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing.—Never man has been such a wildgoose chase after a wife as I have been—after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compte*—Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so—my Lydia pleases me much—I found her greatly improved in every thing I wished her—I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical —'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days, that I must take up again the pen—In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Anthony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that

account. This is a delicious part of the world ; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here.—Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Castle, before I reach town—The summer here is set in in good earnest —'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alm-works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you, and all your undertakings.—I am, my dear cousin, most affectionately yours.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XLIX.

IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR,

[1766.]

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, 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 Geo. 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 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.

LETTER L.

MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwold, July 27, 1766.

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 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 'em 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 in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my uncle Toby, the more he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote 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. Yours, &c.

LETTER LI.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-street, Feb. 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts—I envy you the sweet situation. Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to—the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful—I am also much pleased with the account you give of the abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in such a neighbour—I am glad he is so good as to correct the translation of my Sermons—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work—but why not the House of Mourning? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the Life of Petrarch, and his *Laura*, by your abbé;

but I am out of all patience with the answer the marquis made the abbé ;—'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any Christian patience. But to the subject of your letter—I do not wish to know who was the busy fool who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. ——— ; 'tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to discern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer—“ that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject.”—Why do you say that your mother wants money ?—whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have nine-pence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours—I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwold—I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track,—I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—not Mrs. ——— but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both.—He possesses every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances—I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the book you desired—and it is well worth your reading ; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one ; he pays no man a compliment at the expense of truth. Mrs. J—— is kind and friendly—of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in—Just God ! if all were like her, what a life would

this be! Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings—I wish my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter—write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones—write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have sent some of Huxham's tincture of the bark. I will order you a guitar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately.

LETTER LII.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

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 cheerful 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 whilst 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 altered—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 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 show
 An idle scene of decorated woe :
 The sweet companion and the friend sincere,
 Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
 In heartfelt 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.

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 LIII.

MR. STERNE TO J. D——N, ESQ.

Old Pond-street, Friday morning.

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind inquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal settlement—I am ill, very ill—I languish most affectingly—I am sick both in soul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D. whilst I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yesterday with lord and lady S——; we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation—You rogue! you have locked up my boots—and I go bootless home, and I fear I shall go bootless all my life—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls—adieu, I am yours most affectionately.

LETTER LIV.

MR. STERNE TO J— H—, ESQ.

MY DEAR COUSIN, *Newark, Monday,
ten o'clock in the morn.*

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out—I am worn out; but press on to Barnaby Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be upset this bout.—My love to G—. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few—I am, dear H., truly yours.

 LETTER LV.

MR. STERNE TO A. L—E, ESQ.

DEAR L—E, *Coxwold, June 7, 1767.*

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good-will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to inquire after her,

unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even howd'yes to invalids, or those who have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return—at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty; I sit down alone to venison, fish, wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation—but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other! Yours truly.

LETTER LVI.

MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

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, 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 upon (if I choose 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 befalls 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. Farewel—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.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwold, August 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother and thyself—it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you—yet I will show you more real politeness than any you have meet with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart. I am sorry you are not here at the races but *les fêtes champêtres* of the marquis de Sade have made you amends. I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but so so here—You are right—he studies nature more than any, or rather most, of the French comedians—If the empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off. The folly of staying till after twelve for supper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—“his conscience would not let it be served before.” Surely the marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it. I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have seen the *petits maîtres et maî-*

tresses go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing. As to my pleasures, they are few in compass. My poor cat sets purring beside me—your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused—in short I will have nothing devilish about me—a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the *Sorgue* before you set out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as _____ did her silver *feringue* or glister equipage which she lost in a certain river—but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge—I have been three days ago bad again—with a spitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute ***** came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—Z——ds, what a fine kettle of fish have you brought yourself to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice, I bade him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner.—Tell your mother I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occasion not to be lost—so write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever shall be, your affectionate father.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—Once more, adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. STERNE TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwold, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troublesome in writing something betwixt a letter and a card, to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of.—I think so, however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas. I long sadly to see you—and my friend Mr. J——. I am still at Coxwold—my wife and girl here. She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and most elegant in body and mind—she is all Heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.—Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a slut as France can produce. You shall excuse all this—if you won't, I desire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge—whom I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly

heart.—No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does—few so much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honest affection, my dear Mrs. J——, your ever faithful, &c.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J——, and my Lydia—I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past—I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER LIX.

MR. STERNE TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L.

Coxwold, December 7, 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon lord ——'s promises,—he will take care of you in the best manner he can; and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department—If his lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east, or the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and

mind—But more of this when we meet—Now to my own affairs. I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwold, and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have consulted with you and my other friends. I have great offers too in Ireland—the bishops of C—— and R—— are both my friends—but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. —— and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the sake of my girl, and, with her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get fast up the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow. Mrs. S——’s health is insupportable in England. She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me. My heart bleeds, L—e, when I think of parting with my child—’twill be like the separation of soul and body—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another. You will laugh at my weakness—but I cannot help it—for she is a dear, disinterested girl—As a proof of it—when she left Coxwold, and I bade her adieu, I pulled out my purse, and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures—her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: “No, my dear papa, our expenses of coming from France may have straitened you—I

would rather put a hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it."—I burst into tears—but why do I practise on your feelings—by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L—e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh—God bless you—I shall hope to greet you by new-year's day in perfect health—Adieu, my dear friend—I am most truly and cordially yours.

LETTER LX.

MR. STERNE TO MR. AND MRS. J.

York, December 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little blossom, was drooping—or that some of you were ill, by not having the pleasure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to inquire after you all—when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks—when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do—as well as for all your professions and proofs of good-will to me. I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this. All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth—and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother—but, good God! are we not

all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for your afflictions upon the score of your dear little one.—I am worn down to a shadow; but as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town—I need not tell my friends in Gerard-street, I shall do myself the honour to visit them, before either lord ——— or lord ———, &c. &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter—it shows your good heart; for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you—but when she is known to you,—she shall win it fairly—but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. S—— has hired a house ready furnished at York, till she returns to France, and my Lydia must not leave her.

What a sad scratch of a letter!—but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind—so God bless you—you will see me enter like a ghost—so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours.

LETTER LXI.

MR. STERNE TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAREST LYDIA, *Old Bond-street, Feb. 20.*

MY Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—but what is

the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast—this vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.—The subject of thy letter has astonished me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I should entrust my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account.—I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother.—I am never alone.—The kindness of my friends is ever the same—I wish though I had thee to nurse me—but

I am denied that.—Write to me twice a week, at least.—God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father.

LETTER LXII.

MR. STERNE TO MRS. J.

Tuesday.

YOUR poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blistered on Friday—The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone through half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times—Mr. J—— was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you. Do, dear Mrs. J—, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—my spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear lady,—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness, prove your handmaids!—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart,

not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if, she is left parentless) take her to your bosom!—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action. I wrote to her a fortnight ago*, and told her what I trust she will find in you. Mr. J—— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. Adieu—All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J——. Your poor affectionate friend.

LETTER LXIII.

MR. STERNE TO *****.

—I BEHELD her tender look,—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid dissolution drowned those once-bright orbs—the late sympathetic features, so pleasing in their harmony, are now blasted—withered—and are dead;—her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity. Yes—my friend—our once sprightly and vivacious Harriet is that very object that must thrill your soul. How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the

* From this circumstance it may be conjectured, that this letter was written on Tuesday the 8th of March, 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon!—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villany gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him. —T*****, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid scheme, so far ingratiated himself into the good graces of the old man—that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themselves), could not perceive his drift; and, like the goodness of his own heart, believed him honourable:—had I known his pretensions—I would have flown on the wings of friendship—of regard—of affection—and rescued the lovely innocent from the hands of the spoiler:—be not alarmed at my declaration—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection;—but it is of a more delicate stamp than the gross materials nature has planted in us for procreation—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her still:—I would love the whole sex where they equally deserving.

————— taking her by the hand—the other thrown round her waist—after an intimacy allowing such freedoms—with a look deceitfully pleasing, the villain poured out a torrent of protestations—and though oaths are sacred—swore, with all the fortitude of a conscientious man—the depth of his love—the height of his esteem—the strength of his attachment; by these, and other artful means, to answer his abandoned purpose (for which you

know he is but too well qualified)—gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriet, and robbed her of her brightest jewel. Oh, England! where are your senators?—where are your laws?—Ye heavens! where rests your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts restrained from o'erwhelming with vengeance this vile seducer?—I,—my friend,—I, was the minister sent by justice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I disclaim it—to redress her wrongs. The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and posted to ****, where forgetting my character—this is the style of the enthusiast—it most became my character—I saw him in his retreat—I flew out of the chaise—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of passion—demanded:—sure, if anger is excusable, it must be when it is exerted by a detestation of vice—I demanded him to restore—alas! what was not in his power to return—Vengeance!—and shall these vermin—these spoilers of the fair—these murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens, secure to themselves, and pillage all around them?—Distracted with my rage—I charged him with his crime—exploded his baseness—condemned his villany—while coward guilt sat on his sullen brow, and, like a criminal conscious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear. He hoped means might be found for a sufficient atonement—offered a tender of his hand as a satisfaction, and a life devoted to her service as a recompense for his error. His humiliation struck me—'twas the only means he could have contrived to assuage my anger.—I hesitated—paused—thought—and still must think on so important a concern:—assist me—I

am half afraid of trusting my Harriet in the hands of a man, whose character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriet's—He all fire and dissipation;—she all meekness and sentiment! nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation;—the offer proceeds more from surprise or fear, than justice and sincerity. The world—the world will exclaim, and my Harriet be a cast-off from society—Let her—I had rather see her thus, than miserably linked for life to a lump of vice—She shall retire to some corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in sorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abused her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who consoles her in retirement. You, my dear Charles, shall bear a part with me in the delightful task of whispering “peace to those who are in trouble, and healing the broken in spirit.” Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

MR. STERNE TO *****.

SIR,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendship has laid upon me; and if it should never be in my power to make you a recompense, I hope you will be recompensed at the “resurrection of the just.” I hope, sir, we shall both be found in that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham’s faith, even “against hope.”—I think there is, at least, as much proba

bility of our reaching, and rejoicing in the “haven where we would be,” as there was of the old patriarch’s having a child by his old wife. There is not any person living or dead, whom I have so strong a desire to see and converse with as yourself: indeed I have no inclination to visit, or say a syllable to, but a few persons in this lower vale of vanity and tears, beside you;—but I often derive a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and speak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think me often alone,—and yet at such times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes—each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs—quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by uttering of words. They always keep the distance from me which I direct,—and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I please. I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like:—they never complain of ill-usage, and when dismissed from my presence—though ever so abruptly—take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor such liberty to be taken with the living:—we are bound, in point of good manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and dispense with all the nonsense or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently opposing their sentiments, without exciting their disgust, and being in danger of their splenetic representation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the many,—who though quick of hearing—are so “slow of heart to believe”—propositions which are next to self-evident;—you and I were not cast in one mould—corporal comparison will attest it,—and yet we are fashioned so much alike, that we may pass for twins:—were it possible to take an inventory of all our sentiments and feelings—just and unjust—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between instinct and reason—or—wit and madness: the barriers which separate these—like the real essence of bodies—escape the piercing eye of metaphysics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a straight line, which is said to have length without breadth.—O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to instruct other aggregates! be as candid as the sage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

—— I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different subjects—my mountain will be in labour till I see you—and then—what then?—why you must expect to see it bring forth—a mouse.—I therefore beseech you to have a watchful eye to the cats;—but it is said that mice were designed to be killed by cats—cats to be worried by dogs, &c. This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of sound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or—you with my cough?

I am, sir, with the most perfect affection and esteem, your humble servant, &c.

LETTER LXV.

MR. STERNE TO ****.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely for half a day together: sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good nature knew how to tell me, especially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the solemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by me. Mr. F—, whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of critics and well-wishers, preaches daily to me on the same text: “Get your preferment first, Lory,” he says, “and then write and welcome.” But suppose preferment is long a-coming—and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the resurrection of the just—and am all that time in labour, how must I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or, rather like able philosophers, knowing that one passion is only to be combated with another? But to be serious (if I can), I will use all reasonable caution,—only with this caution along with it, not to spoil my book, that is, the air and originality of it, which must resemble the author; and I fear it is the

number of these slighter touches, which make the resemblance, and identify it from all others of the same stamp, which this under-strapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to strike out. A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over *Tristram*, made answer, upon my saying I would consider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat. Still I promise to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due distance from *Rabelais*; I keep a due distance from him. Swift has said a hundred things I durst not say, unless I was dean of *St. Patrick's*.

I like your caution, "*ambitiosa recides ornamenta.*" As I revise my book I will shrive my conscience upon that sin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind shall be defaced without mercy. *Ovid* is justly censured for being "*ingenii sui amator*;" and it is a reasonable hint to me, as I'm not sure I am clear of it. To sport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is surfeiting; like toying with a man's mistress, it may be very delightful solacement to the innamorato, but little to the bystander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime if my readers knew how much I have suppressed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have published, on that very account, since I began to avoid the fault, I fear I may yet have given proofs of.—I will reconsider *Slop's* fall, and my too minute description of it; but, in general, I am persuaded that the happiness of the Cervantic humour arises from this very

thing,—of describing silly and trifling events with the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can ease it. I have a project of getting Tristram put into the hands of the archbishop, if he comes down this autumn, which will ease my mind of all trouble upon the topic of discretion. I am, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. J—W—E.

Charles-street, Feb. 11, 1768.

MY worthy and much respected friend, Pope, observes,

“ Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.”

Your friendly letter convinced me that you are still the same—and gave in that conviction a ten-fold pleasure?—you carried out (through God’s grace) an honest friendly heart, a clear discerning head, and a soul impressed with very humane feeling. That you are still the same, I repeat it, gives me more joy, than the certainty would of your being worth ten jaghires:—I dare say you will ever remember that the truest worth is that of the mind—the best rectitude of the heart—the conscience unsullied with guilt—the undaunted noble eye, enriched with innocence, and shining with social glee—peace dancing in the heart—and health smiling in the face—May these be ever thy companions! and for riches you will ever be more

than vulgarly rich—while you thankfully enjoy—and gratefully assist the wants (as far as you are able) of your fellow-creatures. But I think (and so will you) that I am preaching. I only meant in truth to thank you, which I most sincerely do, for your kind letter:—believe me, it gratifies a better principle than vanity—to know that you remember your dark-faced friend at such a distance. But what would have been your feelings—could you have beheld your worthy, thrice worthy, father—joy sitting triumphant in his honest face—speeding from house to house, amongst his numerous friends, with the pleasing testimonials of his son's love and duty in his hands—every one congratulating him, and joining in good wishes—while the starting tear plainly proved that overjoy and grief give the same livery?

You met with an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. G——. I am glad to hear he is well: but, when I knew him, he was young, and not so *wise* as *knowing*; I hope he will take example by what he sees in you—and you, young man, remember, if you should unhappily fall into bad company, that example is only the fool's plea, and the rogue's excuse for doing *wrong* things:—you have a turn for reflection, and a steadiness, which, aided by the best of social dispositions, must make your company much coveted, and your person loved. Forgive me for presuming to dictate, when I well know you have many friends much more able, from knowledge and better sense—though I deny—a better will.

You will of course make men and things your study—their different genius, aims, and passions:—

you will also note climes, buildings, soils, and products, which will be neither tedious nor unpleasant. If you adopt the rule of writing every evening your remarks on the past day, it will be a kind of friendly *tête-à-tête* between you and yourself, wherein you may sometimes happily become your own monitor;—and hereafter those little notes will afford you a rich fund, whenever you shall be inclined to re-trace past times and places. I say nothing upon the score of religion—for, I am clear, every good affection, every sweet sensibility, every heart-felt joy—humanity, politeness, charity—all, all, are streams from that sacred spring;—so that to say you are good-tempered, honest, social, &c. &c. is only in fact saying, you live according to your divine Master's rules, and are a Christian.

Your B—— friends are all well, excepting the good Mrs. C——, who is at this time but so so. Miss C—— still as agreeable as when you knew her, if not more so. Mr. R——, as usual, never so happy, never so gay, nor so much in true pleasure, as when he is doing good—he enjoys the hope of your well-doing as much as any of your family. His brother John has been lucky—his abilities, address, good nature, and good sense, have got him a surgency in the battalion of guards, which is reckoned a very good thing.

As to news, what we have is so encumbered with falsehoods, I think it, as Bobadil says, “a service of danger” to meddle with: this I know for truth, that the late great Dagon of the people has totally lost all his worshippers, and walks the streets as unregarded as Ignatius Sancho, and I

believe almost as poor—such is the stability of popular greatness :

“ One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of idle starers, or of loud huzzas,” &c.

Your brother and sister C——d sometimes look in upon us ; her boys are fine, well, and thriving ; and my honest cousin Joe increases in sense and stature ; he promises to be as good as clever. He brought me your first letter, which, though first wrote, had the fate to come last ; the little man came from Red-lion court to Charles-street by himself, and seemed the taller for what he had done ; he is indeed a sweet boy, but I fear every body will be telling him so. I know the folly of so doing, and yet am as guilty as any one.

There is sent out in the Besborough, along with fresh governors, and other strange commodities, a little Blacky, whom you must either have seen or heard of ; his name is S——. He goes out upon a rational, well-digested plan, to settle either at Madras or Bengal, to teach fencing and riding—he is expert at both. If he should chance to fall in your way, do not fail to give the rattlepate what wholesome advice you can ; but remember I do strictly caution you against lending him money upon any account, for he has every thing but—principle : he will never pay you ; I am sorry to say so much of one whom I have had a friendship for, but it is needful. Serve him, if you can—but do not trust him. There is in the same ship, belonging to the captain's band of music, one C——L——n, whom I think you have seen in Privy Gardens : he is honest, trusty, good-natured, and

civil; if you see him, take notice of him, and I will regard it as a kindness to me. I have nothing more to say. Continue in right thinking, you will of course act well; in well doing, you will insure the favour of God, and the love of your friends, amongst whom pray reckon yours faithfully, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. M——.

March 21, 1770.

“ He who cannot stem his anger’s tide,
Doth a wild horse without a bridle ride.”

IT is, my dear M——, the same with the rest of our passions; we have reason given us for our rudder—religion is our sheet anchor—our fixed star, hope—conscience our faithful monitor—and happiness the grand reward. We all in this manner can preach up trite maxims:—ask any jackass the way to happiness—and like me they will give vent to picked-up common-place sayings—but mark how they act—why just as you and I do—content with acknowledging a slight acquaintance with Wisdom, but ashamed of appearing to act under her sacred guidance—You do me much more honour than I deserve, in wishing to correspond with me—the balance is entirely in your favour—but I fancy you were under the malady of your country, hypp’d for want of fresh air and exercise—so, sitting in a pensive attitude, with lack-lustre eye, and vacant countenance—the

thought obtruded on your fancy to give Sancho a letter—and after a hard conflict 'twixt laziness and inclination—the deed was done. I verily believe you commit errors—only for the sake of handsomely apologizing for them, as tumblers oft make slips to surprise beholders with their agility in recovering themselves. I saw Mr. B—— last night—who, by the way, I like much—the man I mean—and not the genius (though of the first rate)—he chattered and laughed like a soul ignorant of evil.—He asked about a motley creature at —— . I told him with more truth than wit—that you was hypp'd—I inclose you a proof print:—and how does mad M——, &c. &c.? Is Miss S—— better?—Is Mrs. H——, Mrs. T——, Mrs. H——? Lord preserve me! what in the name of mischief have I to do with all this combustible matter? Is it not enough for me that I am fast sliding down the vale of years? Have not I a gout? six brats, and a wife?—Oh reason! where art thou? you see by this how much easier it is to preach than to do! But stop—we know good from evil; and, in serious truth, we have powers sufficient to withstand vice, if we will choose to exert ourselves. In the field, if we know the strength and situation of the enemy, we place out-posts and sentinels—and take every prudent method to avoid surprise. In common life, we must do the same;—and trust me, my honest friend, a victory gained over passion, immorality, and pride, deserves *Te Deums*, better than those gained in the fields of ambition and blood. Here's letter for letter, and so farewell. Yours—as you behave.

LETTER LXVIII.

IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. B——.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, July 18, 1772.

NOTHING could possibly be more welcome than the favour of your truly obliging letter, which I received the day before yesterday. Know, my worthy young man—that it is the pride of my heart when I reflect that, through the favour of Providence, I was the humble means of good to so worthy an object. May you live to be a credit to your great and good friends, and a blessing and comfort to your honest parents!—May you, my child, pursue, through God's mercy, the right paths of humility, candour, temperance, benevolence—with an early piety, gratitude, and praise to the Almighty Giver of all your good!—gratitude—and love for the noble and generous benefactors his providence has so kindly moved in your behalf! Ever let your actions be such as your own heart can approve—always think before you speak, and pause before you act—always suppose yourself before the eyes of sir William—and Mr. Garrick.—To think justly, is the way to do rightly—and by that means you will ever be at peace within. I am happy to hear sir W—— cares so much about your welfare—his character is great, because it is good; as to your noble friend Mr. Garrick—his virtues are above all praise—he has not only the best head in the world, but the best heart also;—he delights in doing good. Your father and mother called on me last week, to show

me a letter which Mr. Garrick has wrote to you—keep it, my dear boy, as a treasure beyond all price—it would do honour to the pen of a divine—it breathes the spirit of father—friend—and Christian;—indeed I know no earthly being that I can reverence so much as your exalted and noble friend and patron Mr. Garrick. Your father and mother, I told you, I saw lately—they were both well, and their eyes overflowed at the goodness of your noble patrons—and with the honest hope that you would prove yourself not unworthy of their kindness.

I thank you for your kindness to my poor black brethren—I flatter myself you will find them not ungrateful—they act commonly from their feelings: I have observed a dog will love those who use him kindly—and surely if so, negroes in their state of ignorance and bondage will not act less generously, if I may judge them by myself—I should suppose kindness would do any thing with them;—my soul melts at kindness—but the contrary, I own with shame, makes me almost a savage.—If you can with conveniency—when you write again—send me half a dozen cocoa-nuts, I shall esteem them for your sake—but do not think of it if there is the least difficulty. In regard to wages, I think you acted quite right—do not seek too hastily to be independent—it is quite time enough yet for one of your age to be your own master. Read Mr. Garrick's letter night and morning—put it next your heart—impress it on your memory—and may the God of all mercy give you grace to follow his friendly dictates!—I shall ever truly rejoice to hear from you, and

your well-doing will be a comfort for me ever; it is not in your own power and option to command riches—wisdom and health are immediately the gift of God—but it is in your own breast to be good—therefore, my dear child, make the only right election—be good, and trust the rest to God; and remember he is about your bed, and about your paths, and spieth out all your ways. I am, with pride and delight, your true friend.

LETTER LXIX.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

Afterwards Lord Camelford.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sound and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example, *Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia relinquimus arva; Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ Formosam resonare*

doces Amaryllida sylvas. “ We leave our native land, these fields so sweet; our country leave: at ease, in cool retreat, You, Thyrsis, bid the woods fair Daphne’s name repeat.” I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write *smoaks* in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leech to carry you quite through Virgil’s *Æneid* from beginning to ending. Pray show him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope’s translation of Homer, and Dryden’s *Fables* in particular. I am not sure if they are not called *Tales*, instead of *Fables*. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake if you will, has read Virgil’s *Æneid* quite through, and much of Horace’s *Epistles*. Terence’s *Plays* I would also desire Mr. Leech to make you a perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on, my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good, that I have nothing to wish, but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child. Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER LXX.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Bath, Oct. 12, 1751.

As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath, but very lately, after making a considerable circuit to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt but you will become at least a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's Iliad; and have made so great a progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much: they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity; and in one word, virtue in its true signification.

Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: *Ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram.*

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection, my dear child, your loving uncle.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Bath, Jan. 12, 1754-

YOUR letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and, above all, I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all

the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me; namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tuâ virtute*: go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est improba Siren, Desidia*, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of: and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred-fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which

you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the path in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave, therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out may be read. They are as follow: Euclid; a Course of Logic; a Course of experimental Philosophy; Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; his Treatise also on the Understanding; his Treatise on Government, and Letters on Toleration. I desire, for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil: of Horace the Odes, but above all, the Epistles and *Ars Poetica*. These parts, *Nocturnâ versate manu*,

versate diurnâ. Tully de Officiis, de Amicitia, de Senectute. His Catilinarian Orations and Philippics. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgment of the History of England to be run through, in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings: proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with great care. Father Paul on beneficiary Matters, in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request that you will forbear drawing, totally, while you are at Cambridge; and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French; nor to meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

Believe me, with the truest affection, my dear nephew, ever yours.

Keep this letter, and read it again.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

YOU will hardly have read over one very long letter from me before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have writ soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If any thing, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit) which has opened to you at your college, and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheler*; and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, general love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule. Cultivate the

* The Rev. John Wheler, prebendary of Westminster. The friendship formed between this gentleman and lord Camelford at so early a period of their lives, was founded in mutual esteem, and continued uninterrupted till lord Camelford's death.

acquaintance with Mr. Wheler which you have so fortunately begun: and in general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars whenever you can: but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge; namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty: to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire further information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as, "begging pardon," "begging leave to doubt," and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity: but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be

presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truth, prejudices for principles: and when that is once done (no matter how vainly and weakly), the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting, for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good-breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt. I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn;

I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit*. If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is big with the deepest wisdom: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and, an upright heart, that is understanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered constitution. Hold fast therefore by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as precious as you will fly, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last, the deprivation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of

faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you : *Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world ! I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly I am yours.

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

Bath, Jan. 21, 1754.

I WILL not lose a moment before I return my most tender and warm thanks to the most amiable, valuable, and noble-minded of youths, for the infinite pleasure his letter gives me. My dear nephew, what a beautiful thing is genuine goodness, and how lovely does the human mind appear in its native purity (in a nature as happy as yours), before the taints of a corrupted world have touched it ! To guard you from the fatal effects of all the dangers that surround and beset youth (and many they are, *nam varicæ illudunt pestes*), I thank God, is become my pleasing and very important charge ; your own choice, and our nearness in blood, and still more, a dearer and nearer relation of hearts, which I feel between us, all concur to make it so. I shall seek then every occasion, my dear young friend, of being useful to you, by offering you

those lights, which one must have lived some years in the world to see the full force and extent of, and which the best mind and clearest understanding will suggest imperfectly, in any case, and in the most difficult, delicate, and essential points perhaps not at all, till experience, that dear-bought instructor, comes to our assistance. What I shall therefore make my task (a happy delightful task, if I prove a safeguard to so much opening virtue), is to be for some years, what you cannot be to yourself, your experience; experience anticipated, and ready digested for your use. Thus we will endeavour, my dear child, to join the two best seasons of life, to establish your virtue and your happiness upon solid foundations: *miscens autumni et veris honores*. So much in general. I will now, my dear nephew, say a few things to you upon a matter where you have surprisingly little to learn, considering you have seen nothing but Boconnock; I mean, behaviour. Behaviour is of infinite advantage or prejudice to a man, as he happens to have formed it to a graceful, noble, engaging, and proper manner, or to a vulgar, coarse, ill-bred, or awkward and ungenteel one. Behaviour, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues: though I have known instances of good men, with something very revolting and offensive in their manner of behaviour, especially when they have the misfortune to be naturally very awkward and ungenteel; and which their mistaken friends have helped to confirm them in, by telling them, they were above such trifles, as being genteel, dancing, fencing, riding,

and doing all manly exercises with grace and vigour. As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man ; and the proper, easy, ready and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man. You are in no danger of falling into this preposterous error ; and I had a great pleasure in finding you, when I first saw you in London, so well disposed by nature, and so properly attentive to make yourself genteel in person, and well-bred in behaviour. I am very glad you have taken a fencing-master : that exercise will give you some manly, firm and graceful attitudes : open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it : but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence : and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of a man of virtue, in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping : nothing has so poor a look : above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter : it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily, when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it ; but the trick of laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided ; *Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.* Now as to politeness ; many have attempted definitions

of it: I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would however venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us), to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues. Nothing is so incompatible with politeness as any trick of absence of mind. I would trouble you with a word or two more upon some branches of behaviour, which have a more serious moral obligation in them, than those of mere politeness; which are equally important in the eye of the world. I mean a proper behaviour, adapted to the respective relations we stand in, towards the different ranks of superiors, equals, and inferiors. Let your behaviour towards superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with

gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things intrusted to it, and an inviolable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good, we should consider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow Christians, *ut conservi*; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware, my dear child, of Anger, that dæmon, that destroyer of our peace. *Ira furor brevis est: animum rege: qui, nisi paret, imperat: hunc franis, hunc tu compesce catena.*

Write soon, and tell me of your studies. Your ever affectionate.

LETTER LXXIV.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Bath, May 4, 1754.

I USE a pen with some difficulty, being still lame in my hand with the gout: I cannot however delay writing this line to you on the course of English history I propose for you. If you have finished the Abridgment of English History, and of Burnet's History of the Reformation, I recommend to you next (before any other reading of history) Old-

castle's Remarks on the History of England, by lord Bolingbroke. Let me apprise you of one thing before you read them ; and that is, that the author has bent some passages to make them invidious parallels to the times he wrote in ; therefore be aware of that, and depend, in general, on finding the truest constitutional doctrines : and that the facts of history (though warped) are no where falsified. I also recommend Nathaniel Bacon's Historical and Political Observations * ; it is, without exception, the best and most instructive book we have on matters of that kind. They are both to be read with much attention, and twice over ; Oldcastle's Remarks to be studied and almost got by heart ; for the inimitable beauty of the style, as well as the matter. Bacon for the matter chiefly ; the style being

* This book, though at present little known, formerly enjoyed a very high reputation. It is written with a very evident bias to the principles of the parliamentary party to which Bacon adhered ; but contains a great deal of very useful and valuable matter. It was published in two parts, the 1st in 1647, the 2nd in 1651, and was secretly reprinted in 1672, and again in 1682 ; for which edition the publisher was indicted and out-lawed. After the Revolution, a fourth edition was printed, with an advertisement, asserting, on the authority of lord chief justice Vaughan, one of Selden's executors, that the ground work of this book was laid by that great and learned man. And it is probably on the ground of this assertion, that in the folio edition of Bacon's book, printed in 1739, it is said in the title-page to have been " collected from some manuscript notes of John Selden, esq." But it does not appear that this notion rests on any sufficient evidence. It is however manifest from some expressions in the very unjust and disparaging account given of this work in Nicholson's Historical Library, (part i. p. 150), that Nathaniel Bacon was generally considered as an imitator and follower of Selden.

uncouth, but the expression forcible and striking. I can write no more, and you will hardly read what is writ.

Adieu, my dear child. Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, *Astrop, Wells, Sept. 5, 1754.*

I HAVE been a long time without conversing with you, and thanking you for the pleasure of your last letter. You may possibly be about to return to the seat of learning on the banks of the Cam; but I will not defer discoursing to you on literary matters till you leave Cornwall, not doubting but you are mindful of the Muses amidst the very savage rocks and moors, and yet more savage natives, of the ancient and respectable dutchy. First, with regard to the opinion you desire concerning a common-place book; in general I much disapprove the use of it; it is chiefly intended for persons who mean to be authors, and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready, extempore use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be common-placed in order to be of any use; dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance,

Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can: but in general my advice to you is, not to common-place upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodize in your head what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually to fix matter in the memory. I desired you some time since to read lord Clarendon's History of the civil wars. I have lately read a much honester and more instructive book, of the same period of history; it is the History of the Parliament, by Thomas May*, esq. &c. I will send it to you as soon as you return to Cambridge. If you have not read Burnet's History of his own Times, I beg you will. I hope your father is well. My love to the girls. Your ever affectionate.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW,
THOMAS PITT, ESQ.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, *Pay-Office, April 9, 1755.*

I REJOICE extremely to hear that your father and the girls are not unentertained in their travels:

* May, the translator of Lucan, had been much countenanced by Charles the First, but quitted the court on some personal disgust, and afterwards became secretary to the parliament. His History was published in 1647, under their authority and license, and cannot by any means be considered as an impartial work. It is however well worthy of being attentively read; and the contemptuous character given of it by Clarendon (*Life, vol. i. p. 35.*) is as much below its real merit as Clarendon's own History is superior to it.

in the mean time your travels through the paths of literature, arts, and sciences (a road, sometimes set with flowers, and sometimes difficult, laborious, and arduous), are not only infinitely more profitable in future, but at present, upon the whole, infinitely more delightful. My own travels at present are none of the pleasantest; I am going through a fit of the gout; with much proper pain, and what proper patience I may. *Avis au lecteur*, my sweet boy: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let no excesses lay the foundations of gout and the rest of Pandora's box; nor any immoralities or vicious courses sow the seeds of a too late and painful repentance. Here ends my sermon, which, I trust, you are not fine gentleman enough, or in plain English, silly fellow enough, to laugh at. Lady Hester is much yours. Let me hear some account of your intercourse with the Muses; and believe me ever, your truly most affectionate.

LETTER LXXVII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Pay-Office, April 15, 1755.

A THOUSAND thanks to my dear boy for a very pretty letter. I like extremely the account you give of your literary life; the reflections you make upon some West Saxon actors in the times you are reading, are natural, manly, and sensible, and flow from a heart that will make you far superior to any of them. I am content you should be interrupted (provided the interruption be not long) in the

course of your reading, by declaiming in defence of the thesis you have so wisely chosen to maintain. It is true indeed that the affirmative maxim, *Omne solum forti patria est*, has supported some great and good men under the persecutions of faction and party injustice, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land, to an unnatural mother-country. Some few such maybe found in ancient times : in our own country also some ; such was Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others. But how dangerous is it to trust frail, corrupt man, with such an aphorism ! What fatal casuistry is it big with ! How many a villain might, and has, masked himself in sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws divine and human ! How easy the transition from this political to some impious ecclesiastical aphorisms ! If all soils are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all churches and modes of worship ; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country ; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind. Such was the late Bolingbroke of impious memory. Let me know when your declamation is over. Pardon an observation on style : “ I received yours ” is vulgar and mercantile ; “ Your letter ” is the way of writing. Inclose your letters in a cover ; it is more polite.

END OF VOL. V.





Dr. J. J. [unclear]

1862

Dr. J. J. [unclear]

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