



L. G. E. BELL
Collection
of
Children's Books

J217. LILLIPUTIAN LETTER-WRITER, THE, n.d. Pr f EN. Price 6d. One of the 10 vols forming the *Lilliputian Library* (Weedon 57, and no. J218), 'compiled' by Richard Johnson and first publ by Domville et al. It is described at the end as 'the fifth volume' (i.e. of the *Lilliputian Library*). Adv. *Anecdotes of Mary*, 1795.

EN's ed. of this bk is no more than the sheets of the Domville ed. with a new title-leaf, leaf A3 and the wet FP omitted.

See Plate 7. In 12's. 59 leaves. Cancel title-leaf. Pp. viii+[9]-120. Details taken from the Bell copy.

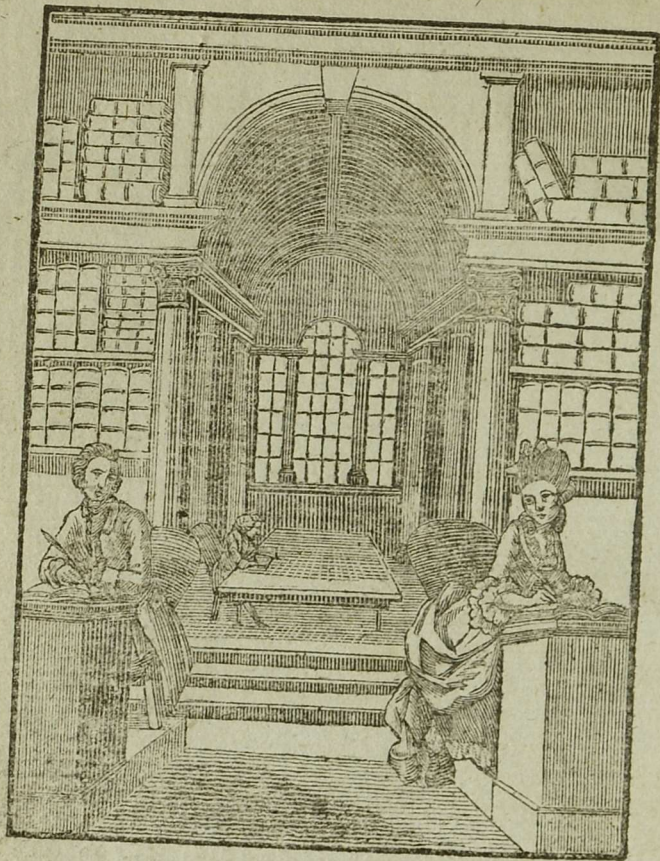
[Bell.

This a reissue of vol. II
of W. Domville's 'Lilliputian Library,
or Gulliver's Museum' 1779.

This seems to have been
a remainder bought up
and issued by Newbery
with a new t.p. as a
single vol.

MS/

Larkia Charles to the
the Gift From.



THE
Lilliputian Letter-Writer,
CONTAINING A
Variety of Pleasing and Interesting
EPISTLES
FROM
YOUNG PEOPLE
TO
EACH OTHER,
And to their
PARENTS and FRIENDS.

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

LONDON :
Printed for E. NEWBERY, at the Corner of St. Paul's
Church Yard.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON
D. C.
JANUARY 1892

APPROVED WITH CORRECTIONS
BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
JANUARY 1892

P R E F A C E.

THERE is not perhaps any branch of knowledge more necessary than that of Letter-Writing; and though it is probable, that many of my little readers may not have yet learned the use of the pen, yet even to such these letters cannot fail to be useful; for, by frequently perusing them, they will not only learn a polite and accurate stile, but also furnish their minds with refined sentiments, and acquire epistolary knowledge before they have learned the use of the pen.

The first part contains twenty letters on juvenile topics, such as little masters and misses usually write when they first begin to form words; and to these I have added different forms of Lilliputian message cards.

The second part contains letters on friendship, advice, and instruction, and are written in a stile a little more elevated than that of the first part; for children must be brought forward by degrees, and great allowances must be made for the little inaccuracies they may fall into.

When my little pupils have made themselves well acquainted with the business of the two first parts, they may then proceed to the third, in which they will meet with different modes of expression, and a more elevated stile. From a proper attention to this little book, my scholars will soon acquire the reputation of being excellent letter-writers, to their own great satisfaction, and to the no small reputation of their good friend Gulliver.

THE

T H E
LILLIPUTIAN LETTER-WRITER.

P A R T I.

*Letters from little Masters and Misses to their
Parents and Friends.*

L E T T E R I.

From a young Lady to her Parents.

PRAY excuse, my dearest mama and papa, the badness of the hand-writing of this letter. I flatter myself you will do so, when you recollect, that this is my first attempt since I have learned to join my letters together. I have long laboured to acquire the pleasure of being able to write to you, and beg you will be pleased to accept of this my first offerings; and be assured,

my constant study has been, and ever shall be,
to convince you how much I am,

Your most happy and dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R II.

From one Brother to another.

YOUR letter, my dear brother, came safe to hand. It gives me great pleasure to find you spend your time so agreeably in the country; and, as our holidays are approaching, I hope soon to partake of that pleasure with you. In waiting to have the happiness of embracing you, believe me to be,

Your most affectionate brother.

L E T T E R III.

From a Brother to a Sister.

I HERE send you, my dear sister, a toy which I bought at the fair: our footman brings it you, and I hope it will prove worthy of your acceptance.

acceptance. Mr. Nichols desires me to convey to you his compliments. Adieu. Sometimes think of me; but always believe me to be,

Your most affectionate Brother.

LETTER IV.

To a Friend.

I AM very sorry, my dear friend, that my papa's commands were so sudden for our departure, that I could not call to take my leave of you; but I hope we shall soon return to London, when I shall have an opportunity of telling you in person, how sincerely I am

Your most faithful and affectionate Friend.

LETTER V.

From a young Lady to her Parents, wishing them a happy new Year.

ACCEPT, my dearest papa and mama, the compliments I pay you on the opening of the new year. May God grant you both

perfect health, spread over you his precious favours, and preserve you to the latest age, for the happiness of your family, and mine in particular, who am, with the utmost respect, my dearest papa and mama,

Your most humble and dutiful daughter.

LETTER VI.

From a young Lady to her Mama.

PERMIT me, my dear mama, as well as my pen permits, or at least as well as my infant hand is able to direct it, to tell you how sensible I am of your goodness. Be persuaded, that by my conduct I will endeavour more and more to deserve your favours. My prayers are day and night offered up to heaven for your preservation, nor are you ever in the day absent from my thoughts. May God preserve you, and grant you every thing you wish for from the good behaviour of

Your most dutiful and affectionate daughter.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

From a young Gentleman to his Uncle.

WE intend next Saturday, my dear uncle, to pay you a visit. We shall take a boat at the Tower, and land at Greenwich; for I have heard much of that fine hospital, and have a great desire to see it. I long to be at your country-house, and to assure you how much I am, my dear uncle,

Your most obedient servant and nephew.

L E T T E R VIII.

From a young Gentleman to his Acquaintance.

My dear Simpson,

WE have been at Windsor, and I must confess it is a most delightful place. We have passed our time very agreeably; yet I must own, that there is nothing like home and my books. I am very much fatigued with the journey, and can only add, that I am

Your sincere friend and humble servant.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

To a young Gentleman on the Recovery of his Health.

I AM happy, my dear Tommy, in hearing of the recovery of your health, and I could not avoid writing to you, to convince you how much I am interested in your preservation. That you may long continue to enjoy the blessings of health, is the most sincere wish of

Your real friend and playfellow.

L E T T E R X.

The Answer to the above.

Dear Sam,

I RECEIVED your obliging letter, which contains a fresh mark of your friendship for me. I am now, I thank God, perfectly recovered. I know not, whether I should not consider my last illness as a punishment for my crime, in robbing Mr. Freeman's orchard, breaking the boughs, and spoiling the hedges. However, be
that

that as it may, I will do so no more. Believe me ever,

Your real friend and schoolfellow.

LETTER XI.

From one young Gentleman to another going a Voyage.

I FIND, my dear Jemmy, that you are to accompany your papa in his voyage to Spain. I earnestly pray for the success of your voyage, and that it may please God to enable you to surmount all difficulties, and at last accomplish your papa's designs. While waiting for your happy return, I shall constantly think of you, hoping that you will not forget me, and the many days of fun we have had together. Farewell,

My dear Jemmy.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I I .

The Answer to the preceding Letter.

My dear Billy,

I AM much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you express your concern for my safety, and believe me, that nothing could console me in my separation from you, but the commands of my kind papa. I never shall forget those joyous hours we have spent together, nor that I am

My dear Billy's for ever.

L E T T E R X I I I .

From a little Miss on her going to Boarding-school.

My pretty Charlotte,

MY clothes are now packing up, and I steal a moment, with tears in my eyes, to take leave of you, to pay you a long farewell. I am now going to be separated from you and my dear parents, to pass an age among strangers, where I fear I shall never meet with a Charlotte.

I will, however, stick close to my books and my needle, that I may the sooner get back to you. Do let me hear often from you, and fill your letters as full as they can hold, for that only can console

Your unfortunate little but faithful Friend.

L E T T E R X I V .

An Answer to the preceding.

I HOPE this will reach my dear Nancy before she sets off for her boarding-school. Believe me, I am no less unfortunate than yourself in our approaching separation; but I will try all the little arts I am mistress of, to persuade my papa and mama to let me follow you to the same school. Should I succeed, we shall be happy together, and want no other company. Adieu, my dearest Nancy, for the present.

L E T T E R X V .

From a young Gentleman to his afflicted Playfellow.

A LAS! my dear Harry, the great loss you have experienced in the death of a worthy
and

and indulgent father, pierces me to the heart ; for I know how great was your affection for him, and how sensibly you must feel for your loss. I will call upon you to-morrow, and we will cry together ; for as we always enjoyed our sports in company, why should we be separated in our griefs ? They tell me you do not cry, but sit in gloomy silence. I do not like that ; for tears ease the heart, and give a passage to the anguish of the soul. That God may give you patience under this terrible calamity, is the most fervent prayer of

The partner of your misery.

LETTER XVI.

In Answer to the above.

NOTHING but a letter from my dear Billy could awaken me from the deep and melancholy gloom I was sunk into. Your letter forced from my eyes a flood of tears, and my heart is more easy. Am I not wicked in exclaiming against my hard fate, when it is

undoubtedly the work, the pleasure of that great God, to whose will we ought at all times to submit. Others, perhaps better children than myself, have experienced the like loss, and more must hereafter submit to the same. How happy should I have been if I could have died in his stead; but then I should have prevented him going so soon to heaven. My poor mama is inconsolable, and my grief only adds to her's; I will therefore endeavour to conceal it. Let me see you to-morrow, which is all I can say at present, but—what a father have I lost!

L E T T E R X V I I .

From a little Miss to her Brother in the Country.

My dear Sammy,

YOU seem to make good the old proverb, *Out of sight, out of mind*. It is now two months since I received a letter from you, and you seem to forget, that we little maids do not like to be treated with neglect. You must not pretend to tell me, that, however fond you may
be

be of your books, that you could not find time to write to me in all this time. They tell me, that you spend a great part of your leisure time in company with a little miss about eight years of age, with whom you are very fond of reading and conversing. Take care, if I find that to be true, that I do not come down and pull her cap for her; as for yourself, if you were within reach of my little tongue, I would give you such a peal as should make you remember it for some time to come. However, if you will write to me soon, I may possibly forgive all that is past, and still consider myself as

Your most affectionate sister.

L E T T E R XVIII.

In Answer to the preceding Letter.

My dear sister,

I AM sorry I have given you so much reason to complain of my neglect of writing to you; but be assured that I do not love you the less. I freely confess, that the young lady you complain of has, in some measure, been the cause of it.

it. She is as fond of her book as I am, and I believe loves you on my account. I did not tell her what you threatened her with; but I am sure, were you to come here on that errand, instead of pulling her cap, you would embrace and love her. As to what you say, with respect to the effects of your little tongue, I assure you, I do not wish to come within reach of it, when anger sets it in motion. But it is the only weapon you little maids have to make use of in your own defence, and that must not be refused you. However, as the holidays are now approaching, and I shall soon see you, I will do what I can in future to avoid setting your little alarum in motion when I shall pay you a visit. Till then believe me

Your most affectionate brother,

LETTER

L E T T E R XIX.

From a little Master on a sorrowful Occasion.

Dear Billy,

YOU know I always take your advice in matters of difficulty, and I never wanted it more than on the present occasion. You must know, that I was lately concerned in hunting of a cat, which afforded us fine sport. The cat, it since appears, belonged to the justice of the peace, who, finding out that I was concerned in the matter, made his complaint to my papa. I was called up before them, and, being closely charged with the crime, could not deny it: for, you know, we neither of us can bear to tell a lye, be the consequence what it will. My father having promised the justice I should be properly chastised, his worship went away perfectly contented; but certain I am, that I would rather have been soundly beaten, than receive those just reproaches my dear father threw on me. "Tom (said he to me, with a stern air and fixed countenance) I thought I had taught you to believe,

lieve, that he who can be cruel and inhuman to brutes, would not scruple occasionally to be so to human creatures. Amidst the shameful pleasure you took in tormenting an innocent cat, did not your heart once tell you that such sport was inhuman, that those who could take delight in wanton cruelty were worse than the savages they hunted, and that one of the noblest perfections of human nature was the feelings of humanity, even to the most insignificant animals, I may say, from the horse down to the fly? If you do not blush for yourself, I cannot help blushing for you. This, indeed, is the first charge of this nature that has been laid against you, and I hope will be the last; but, as you have raised my anger against you, get from my sight, and confine yourself closely to your chamber for three days. By that time, perhaps, my anger may be cooled, and I may forgive you." I was so ashamed and confused, that so far from being able to make any reply, I dared not to look him in the face; but, after making the most respectful bow, I retired to my chamber drowned in tears. Now, my dear Billy, as
I know

I know my father is fond of you, and will listen to what you shall say, come and tell him that I am truly sensible of my error, that I promise most faithfully never to be again guilty of the like, and that I cannot live three days banished from his sight in anger. I am sensible you are more sedate than I am, and do not suffer wicked boys to tempt you to do what you know is wrong; but pity me, and do not desert me in this day of distress. Your restoring me to my father's favour, will still encrease, if possible, my esteem for you.

L E T T E R XX.

In Answer to the preceding Letter.

My dear Tom,

I AM unhappy at hearing that you have fallen under the displeasure of one of the most indulgent fathers that ever lived; but, as you seem truly sensible of your crime, I will not increase your affliction by reproaches. I will certainly call at your house this evening; and, if I can find

find the means of restoring you to your father's favour, which I hope will not be difficult, I shall consider it as one of the happiest moments in the life of

Your sincere friend and playfellow.

Different Forms of Lilliputian Messages by Cards.



MISS Baldwin presents her compliments to Miss Curtis, and should be proud of the favour of her company this afternoon, at five
Vol. V. B o'clock

o'clock, to assist, as one of the little gossips, at the christening of her new doll.

Miss Lepper presents compliments to Miss Penton, and should esteem her company as a favour this afternoon, at three, if not already engaged, to decide a question on an important piece of needle-work.

Master Goodchild's compliments to Master Lovebook, and should be proud of his attendance to morrow morning at ten, to attend the learned Gulliver, who will then read a lecture on the means of becoming great and wise.

Master Lovebook's compliments to Master Goodchild; should have been proud to attend the learned Gulliver's lecture; but his papa being much indisposed, must beg to be excused attendance.

Miss Playful's compliments to Miss Thoughtful, and begs the favour of her company this evening at six, to have a game at romps, as her papa and mama will be gone out to supper at Mr. and Mrs. Epicure's.

Miss Thoughtful's compliments to Miss Playful, and begs to be excused partaking of the
pro-

proposed game at romps, especially as both her mama and papa are abroad. Miss Thoughtful employs all her leisure hours in reading the Lilliputian Library, from which she gains more in one hour, than she can from any kind of play in a twelvemonth.

Master Temple presents his compliments to Master Busy, and begs the favour of his company this afternoon, as soon as school is finished, to assist him in finishing his new kite.

Miss Aikin presents compliments to Miss Thompson, and will wait on her this afternoon, to drink tea with her, if not engaged. Miss Aikin proposes to bring with her a very pretty story, entitled *The White Cat*, in order to read it to Miss Thompson.

Master Forrester's compliment to Master Carver, and begs the favour of his company, any time to-morrow, it being a holiday, to assist him in making a pair of dump-moulds.

Master Carver's compliments to Master Forrester, and is very unhappy that he cannot attend to his invitation, he being already engaged to attend his papa a little way out of town.

Miss Penton presents compliments to the two Misses Lepper, and should esteem their companies this afternoon as a particular favour, in order to assist her to make up a new cap. Miss Penton can show the young ladies a new-fashioned bonnet.

Master Newton and his brothers present compliments to Master Goodall, and beg leave to acquaint him, that as they have now left school for the holidays, should be glad of his company this evening to partake of some cakes and tarts.

Miss Jackson presents compliments to Miss Johnson on her safe arrival from the country, and proposes, if Miss Johnson is not engaged, to pay her a visit this afternoon, at five.

Miss Simpson's compliments to Miss Howe, and should be proud of her company this afternoon, to attend the Lilliputian concert.

Master Avery presents compliments to Master Jewson, and hopes for the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning at nine, to pay a visit to Col. Browne at Highgate, the coach being ordered to be at the door at that time.

T H E

LILLIPUTIAN LETTER-WRITER.

P A R T II.

*Letters on Friendship, Advice, and Instruction,
for little Masters and Misses, who have
learned to write well.*

L E T T E R I.

On Industry and Idleness.

THE Jews have a proverb, that he who breeds not up his son to some trade, makes him a thief; and the Arabians say, that an idle person is the devil's play-fellow. Therefore Mahomet has commanded them to exercise themselves every day in some manual occupation. Neither is the sultan upon his throne any more exempted from obedience to

this universal precept than he who cleans the streets. The soul of man is active as fire, and can no more cease from being busy, than water can withhold itself from running out at every hole of a sieve. Men should be always exerting their faculties one way or other, and there is no medium between good and evil. Whosoever is not employed in one, must necessary fall into the other. These are the points to which all the lines of human actions tend, the centres where all our affairs meet.

May the Being who moves all things, yet is moved of none; who sets all the springs and wheels of nature going, yet remains himself in eternal rest; beholding all things past, present, and to come, with one undivided glance;—guard and protect us here; and give us eternal happiness in the life hereafter.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

The Lilliputian Letter-Writer.

L E T T E R II.

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

Dear Sister,

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

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

From your very affectionate brother,

L E T T E R I I I .

The Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

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

Your ever affectionate sister.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R. IV.

A Father's Advice to his Son at School.

My dear Child,

I COULD not give an higher proof of my affection toward you, than the resolution I was obliged to exert, in sending you from me. I preferred your advantage to my own pleasure, and sacrificed fondness to duty. I should have done this sooner, but waited till my enquiries had found out a person whose character might be responsible for your education; and Mr. ——— was, at length, my choice, for that important trust. He will be a fitter parent to you for the present times, than either of those you left behind you: he will see you, as you are, without the dangerous bias of natural affection: His approbation must be earned by merit; ours might be but the partiality of tender connexion: He is now the substitute of our authority; and you are to consider, that the duty and submission which we had a claim to, is, for a time, transferred to him. Your

obedience, then, will be without murmuring or reluctance; more especially, when you reflect, that a strict attention to his appointments, and an implicit compliance with his commands, are not only to form the rule of your safe conduct in this life, but to be the earnest of your happiness in the next.

With regard to your school connexions, it must be impossible for me to give you any instruction at present; for your affections will form to themselves general attachments, till the improvement of your own sense and virtue may enable you to distinguish respective merit in others: all that I shall observe to you upon this head, is, that it is very probable there may not be many among them who have been better born than you are; but it is also as likely, that there may be as few who will not have the advantages of better fortunes; and I hope that this double consideration will excite you always to act up to that spirit and character which becomes your family; and at the same time to behave with such œconomy and humility, as befits your circumstances.

I am

I am not so vain as to imagine, that you are now capable of comprehending the full scope of this letter ; but I intreat that you will keep it by you till you are. I do not write to your present apprehensions, but to that understanding and virtue, which, I trust in God, and Mr. _____'s tuition, you will very soon acquire. I exercise a fondness, I fulfil a duty, I confer my blessing, and am, my dearest child, your truly affectionate father.

L E T T E R V.

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

Honoured Sir,

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

provement, and your satisfaction, and to show myself upon all occasions,

Your most obedient, and ever dutiful son.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dying young.

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

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

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding
of

of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we then think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but, at the same time, is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the transactions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasure.

When

When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was the honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house, I am only a lodger." When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they used to do. "The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth

in

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

I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

To a Lady, inviting her to a Party of Pleasure.

Dear Madam,

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their parties, because you are sure to make them agreeable: this is a reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a cause of your being solicited oftener than any woman in the world. After you was gone yesterday, Mr. Bohun proposed an expedition to Richmond for to-morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no title to such a liberty himself) to tell you that all understood
you

you to be of the party, though you happened to be out of the way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the weather promises to be favourable, and your company you know how we value. I need not tell you, that we shall suppose it a matter of form if you are absent: what we shall think it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every body thinks who has the pleasure of your company. I beg you will not invent an excuse, but go with us.

I am, with the greatest sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant.

LETTER VIII.

Letter of Thanks, &c.

I Received the favour of yours, with a very kind present; and know not indeed, at this time, any other way to show my gratitude, than by my hearty thanks for the same. Every thing you do carries a charm with it; your
manner

manner of doing it is as agreeable as the thing done. In short, sir, my heart is full, and would overflow with gratitude, did I not stop, and subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,
And obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R IX.

From an elder Brother to a younger, giving good Advice.

Dear Brother,

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

whatsoever, for it will be an ornament in youth, and a comfort in old age.

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

LETTER X.

History of Human Life.

REMEMBER, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety, and with diligence, and travel on awhile, in the strait road of piety, towards

towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire, whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the
remem-

remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

L E T T E R X I.

A short Description of London.

LAST night I arrived at London, after an agreeable journey of two days, and an absence from three months of this scene of hurry and confusion: every place seems to wear a new garb, and every object appears very odd and uncouth to the eye. I cannot, as yet, reconcile my thoughts to so sudden a transition; the pleasing remembrance of the pleasures I
enjoyed

enjoyed with you, are not to be so soon forgotten.

Oh happy shades! delightful walks! With what pleasure have I risen with the sun, to enjoy the cool, the fragrant breeze, that ever breathes around you! To stray through the flowery meads, and verdant fields, where peace and harmless pleasures ever reign! To hear the soaring lark, and all the tuneful choir, in concert sing! This, this, my friend, was joy, a joy unknown to pomp and power! To roam with thee at such an hour as this! To mark each distant scene, and meditate on all that's great and good! It was joy, it was worldly bliss complete!

But now, Oh what a change! Around me all is noise: Ambition here has placed her restless throne; few, very few, enjoy the tranquil hour; they know no bliss but that of power and pride.—Gold, glittering gold, engages every heart. For that, what toils, what cares poor mortals undergo! For that, am I not forced to quit the rural shades, the peaceful groves,

groves, and, more, my dearest friend?—But it is my lot, and I must be content.

L E T T E R XII.

Invitation of a Lady into the Country.

My dear Harriot,

I DO not know whether I flatter myself with an opinion of your speaking to me the other day with an uncommon air of friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that place, of which I should be so ambitious in your esteem. I thought you spoke with concern at our parting for the summer, on our family's retiring into the country. For heaven's sake, my dear, what can you do all the dull season in London? Vauxhall is not for more than twice; and I think Ranelagh one would not see above half a dozen times in the year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty town for four or five months together? I would fain persuade you not to be in love with so disagreeable a place, and I have an interest in it;

for I am a petitioner to you to stay this summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my dear, on Monday: will you go with us? For there is a place in the coach; or will you come when we are settled? I am greatly of opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the invitation.

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

Your affectionate friend.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

LAURA to AURELIA.

COULD your importunity have prevailed with my brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the confidant of all my country adventures; and I hope you will relieve my chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching busy world is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my time in rural shades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the enjoyment of dust, of crowds, and noise, with all the polite hurry of the beau monde!

My brother brought me hither to see a country seat he has lately purchased: he would fain persuade me it is finely situated; but I should think it more finely situated in the Mall, or even in Cheapside, than here. Indeed, I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful distance from the theatre royal, from the opera, from the masquerade, and every thing in this world

world that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your letters ; we are certainly at the end of the earth, on the borders of the continent, the limits of the habitable globe ; under the polar star, among wild people and savages. I thought we should never have come to the end of our pilgrimage ; nor could I forbear asking my brother, if we were to travel by dry land to the *antipodes* ; not a mile but seemed ten, that carried me from London, the centre of all my joys. The country is my aversion ; I hate trees and hedges, steep hills, and silent vallies : the satyrists may laugh, but to me

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

I had rather hear London cries, with the rattle of coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy murmur of purling brooks, or all the wild music of the woods ; the smell of violets give me the hystericks ; fresh air murders me ; my constitution is not robust enough to bear it ; the cooling zephyrs will fan me into a catarrh, if I stay here much longer, If these

are the seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering whimsies, and converse with the visionary beings of their own forming. I have no fancy for dryads and fairies, nor the least prejudice to human society; a mere earthly beau, with an embroidered coat, suits my taste better than an airy lover with his shining tresses and rainbow wings.

The sober twilight, which has employed so many soft descriptions, is with me a very dull period; nor does the moon (on which the poets doat) with all her starry train, delight me half so much as an assembly-room illuminated with wax candles: this is what I should prefer to the glaring sun in his meridian splendour: day-light makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for peasants to make hay in, or country lasses to spin by, than for the use of people of distinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable state; the whole creation is a blank to me, it is all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay images the muses have dressed these rustic abodes, I have not penetration
enough

enough to discover them. Not the flowery field, nor spangled sky, the rosy morn, nor balmy evening, can recreate my thoughts : I am neither a religious nor poetical enthusiast ; and without either of these qualifications, what should I do in silent retreats and pensive shades ? I find myself little at ease in this absence of the noisy diversions of the town ; it is hard for me to keep up my spirits in leisure and retirement ; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my breath flies away : Death, that gaily phantom, perpetually intrudes on my solitude, and some doleful knell, from a neighbouring steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on coffins and funerals, graves and gloomy sepulchres. As these dismal subjects put me in the vapours, and make me start at my own shadow, the sooner I come to town the better ; and I wish, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me so far as to lay a scheme for my escape. Adieu.

L E T T E R X I V .

Proves Women of equal Understanding with Men.

IN ancient times, when mankind began to frame themselves into societies and states, the male part, perceiving they were born with greater bodily strength than the female, vainly concluded, they were originally indued with greater sense, and nobler souls; so, partially arrogated to themselves the superiority, at the same time that they refused, very unfairly, the same law of reason to an horse, though they acknowledge him to be an animal of greater strength than they.

Uneducated, and unimproved; or, what is worse, condemned to a wrong education, it is as unfair to censure us for the weakness of our understandings, as it would be to blame the Chinese women for little feet; for neither is owing to the imperfection of nature, but to the constraint of custom.

When women then associate themselves with men of moderate understandings, it is only because

cause it is natural and reasonable to prefer that degree of sense, which they comprehend, to that which is beyond their apprehension, and this is nothing more than you would do yourself; for I do not know what pleasure you could have in company with a rabbi, merely for his understanding Hebrew, of which you hardly know the type.

I believe that women always prefer men of the best sense, as far as the limits of their own understanding extend; beyond which it would be enthusiasm, not rational affection, to carry their regards. I confess, indeed, that there must be an entire equality between the rivals, with regard to fortune, titles, dress, person, &c. before the superiority of understanding can have the chance of being considered. But then this is owing to the false bias of female education, which directs us to wrong means of happiness; and, instead of being censured for our error, we ought to be pitied for not being rendered capable of judging right.

Henceforward, therefore, I interdict you, wise fools, from the unjustness of any satire,

against our sex, till you have, by a proper and more liberal education, given our noble and ingenuous natures fair play to exert themselves. Do this, if ye dare, ye imperious tyrants, and ye shall see how small we will make you. Oh ! let us once be free ; for know, that arts and sciences cannot raise their heads under despotic sway.

I shall mention but one thing more, which appears to me a very natural thought, that Providence certainly intended women, rather than men, for the study and contemplation of philosophy and scientific knowledge ; as the delicacy of our frame seems fitter for speculation than action ; and our home-province affords us greater leisure than men ; who, from their robust and active natures, seem calculated more for business, labour, and mechanic arts. Out, then, ye vile usurpers of our natural rights and liberties ; and oh ! for an army of Amazons to vindicate our wrongs.

Jane Montague.

LETTER

L E T T E R X V .

A singular Method to drive away Grief.

Dear Harry,

LAST post brought me the pleasing account of your recovery; surely some sylph, whose charge I am, contrived that it should then arrive, even in the blackest hour of all my life, when my spirits were sunk to such an ebb, together with my own uneasiness, and fear for you, that nought within this sublunary sphere, but thou alone, couldst raise them.

Now, give me leave to tell you, that nothing, but the joy I feel at your returning health could make me bear the remainder of your letter with patience; if your physicians had not pronounced you out of danger, I should have done it, from your writing in so peevish a manner; for you say of yourself, and I have once or twice remarked it, that, when you are ill, you feel more tenderness, humanity, and good-nature about you, than at any

C 4

other

other time ; which is contrary to the general observation, that persons in sickness, pain, or age, even at those seasons when they most stand in need of comforts of society, and the assistance of their friends, do then more particularly, and absurdly too, contrive to deprive themselves of both, by ill-humour, and perverseness of temper. Perhaps, Providence has wisely implanted this weakness in human nature, to take off somewhat of the concern, we should otherwise be too sensible of, for the sickness or death of our friends or parents ; which is something like the good-natured expedient I heard made use of by a gentleman, who frequently retired to the country to see his father during his vacation of business at Dublin, and had a little brother there, who was so extremely fond of him, as to cry for a week after his departure ; being informed thereof, he ever after contrived to pick some quarrel with the boy, the morning he was to go away ; this succeeded so well, that the little fellow used to call for his horses, and cry, “ Well, I am glad you are not to stay here

here another day." But, indeed, I generally observe you scold me when you find me melancholy; at least, I perceive it more then as if I was a cross child, to be chid into good-humour. Adieu!



THE
LILLIPUTIAN LETTER-WRIER.

P A R T III.

*Historical and Miscellaneous Letters, to correct
the Style, and improve the Mind.*

LETTER I.

*By Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers
struck dead by the same Flash of Lightning*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 1718.

THE only news that you can expect from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me, except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old authors, of high towers' levelled by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have escaped: the only thing that

that is proof against it is the laurel, which however I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! For unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance, under the shade of a beech tree. John Hewit was a well-set man, of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction. If she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole

whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed, that he had any other views than the lawful possession of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy: perhaps in the intervals of their work, they were now talking of their wedding-clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for

for the safety of his neighbour, and called for one another throughout the field: no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they slept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and spied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was



finged,

singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnish the epitaph, which is as follows:

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

But my Lord is apprehensive that the country people will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

The epitaph was this:

Near

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWITT and MARY DREW,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish ;
who, being at harvest-work,
(with several others,)
were, in one instant, killed by lightning,
the last day of July, 1718.

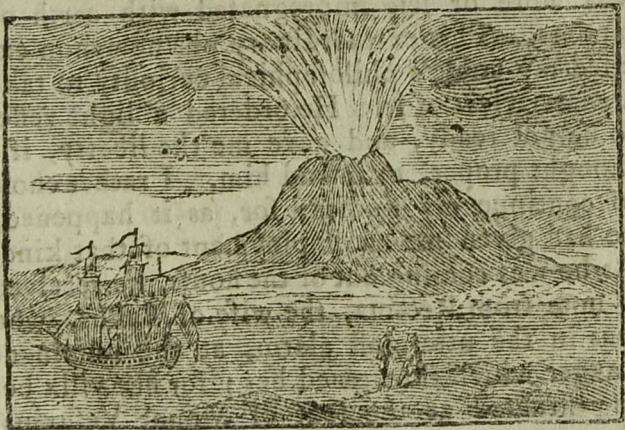
Think not, by rig'rous judgement seis'd,
A pair so faithful could expire ;
Victims so pure heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate ;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue, unmov'd, can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

L E T T E R II.

*Pliny to Tacitus, giving an Account of the great
Eruption of Mount Vefuvius.*

YOUR request, that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact translation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident should be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; and although he has himself composed many and lasting works, yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud, which appeared

peared of a very unusual size and shape: he had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this uncommon appearance. It was not, at that distance, discernable from what mountain this cloud issued; but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius.



I cannot give you a more exact description of
its

its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, and was more or less impregnated with earth or cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the uttermost alarm, at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she
earnestly

earnestly intreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design; and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered the gallies to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting, not only Rectina, but several others (for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast;) when hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terrour, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so near the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger not only of being a ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return
back

back again, to which the pilot advised him: "Fortune (says he) befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabizæ, separated by a gulph, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out from several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed

tributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest; and, it is most certain, he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost full of stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together, whether it would be most prudent to trust to their houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or flee to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction.

struction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two: A resolution, which, while the rest of the company were hurried in, by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate considerations. They went out, then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was now day every where else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drank a draught of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him; when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up, with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated

suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after the melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.

L E T T E R III.

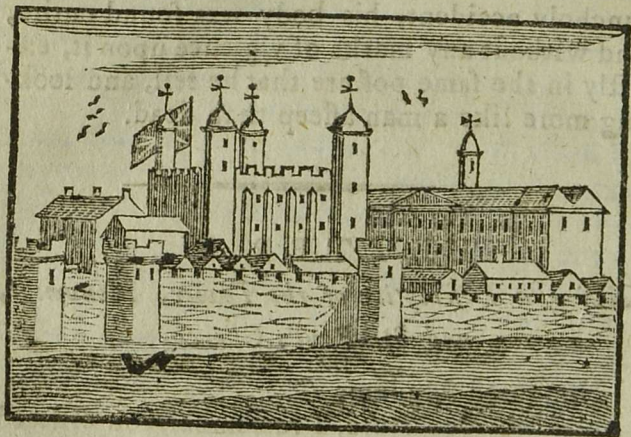
*Giving a Description of the Tower, Monument,
and St. Paul's Church.*

Honoured Madam,

AT my departure, I remember you ordered me to send you accounts of every thing I saw remarkable in London; I will obey your commands, as well as I can; but pray excuse my defects, and let my will plead for my inability to entertain my absent friends.

I am

I am just now come from seeing the Tower, Monument, and St. Paul's cathedral, (places which I remember to have heard much talk of in the country) and which scarce any body that comes to London omits seeing. The Tower,



which stands by the Thames, is a large strong building, surrounded with a high wall, about a mile in compass, and a broad ditch supplied with water out of the river Thames. Round the outward wall are guns planted, which on
extraordinary

extraordinary occasions are fired. At the entrance, the first thing we saw was a collection of wild beasts, viz. lions, panthers, tigers, &c. also eagles and vultures: these are of no sort of use, and kept only for curiosity and show. We next went to the Mint, (which is in the Tower) where we saw the manner of coining money, which is past my art, especially in the compass of a letter, to describe. From thence we went to the Jewel Room, and saw the crown of England, and other regalia, which are well worth seeing, and gave me a great deal of pleasure. The next is the Horse Armory, a grand sight indeed; here are fifteen of our English monarchs on horseback, all dressed in rich armour, and attended by their guards; but I think it not so beautiful as the next thing we saw, which was the Small Armoury: This consists of pikes, muskets, swords, halberds, and pistols, sufficient, as they told us, for threescore thousand men; and are all placed in such beautiful order, and in such different figures, representing the sun, star and garter,

half moons, and such like, that I was greatly delighted with it; and they being all kept clean and scowered, made a most brilliant appearance. Hence we went and saw the train of artillery, in the Grand Storehouse, as they call it, which is filled with cannon and mortars, all extremely fine: here is also a diving-bell, with other curiosities too tedious to mention; which having examined, we came away and went to the Monument, which was built in remembrance of the fire of London: it is a curious lofty pillar, two hundred feet high, and on the top a gallery, to which we went by tedious winding stairs in the inside; from this gallery, we had a survey of the whole city: and here having feasted our eyes with the tops of houses, ships, and a multitude of boats on the river Thames, we came down and went to St. Paul's cathedral, which is a most magnificent pile, and stands on high ground near the centre of the city. This noble building struck me with surprise, and is admired by the whole world, as well for its beautiful architecture as height
and



and magnitude: it has a grand awful choir, chapel, a dome finely painted by that masterly hand Sir James Thornhill, a whispering gallery, and other curiosities. I now proceed to acquaint you with my next excursion, in search of the curiosities of this famous city; which was at Westminster Abbey. This is really a magnificent ancient building: but what most surprised me, was the vast number of beautiful monu-

ments and figures with which the inside is adorned. Among such as were pointed out to me, as being remarkable either for their costliness or beauty, I remember were those of the duke of Newcastle, a magnificent and expensive piece, Sir Isaac Newton, General Stanhope, General Wolfe, and that exquisite statue of Shakspeare, which I am told, is inimitable. When I had for some time enjoyed the pleasure of gazing at these, I was conducted into that part of the church where the royal monuments were placed. These, I thought, were exceeding grand. But nothing surprised and delighted me so much as King Henry the VIIth's chapel, which, for beauty and magnificence, I am told, far surpasses any thing of that kind in Europe. Here too, I saw the chair in which the kings of England are crowned, which, I believe, is more regarded for its antiquity, and the honourable use it is assigned to, than for any great beauty it has, at least that I could discover.

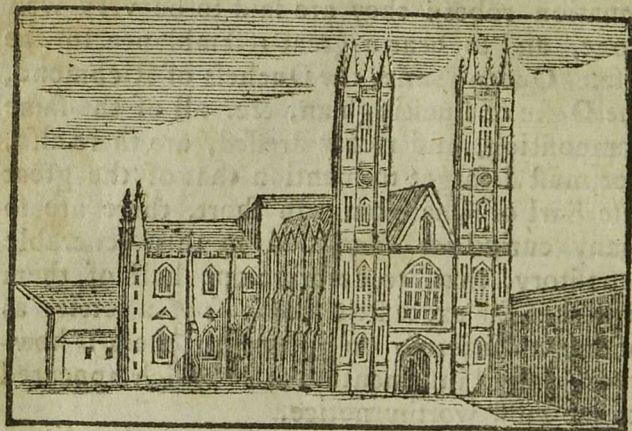
The next sight that entertained me, was the effigies of King William and Queen Mary in wax, as large as the life, standing in their coronation

ronation robes : they are said to be very well done, and to bear a great resemblance to the life. Queen Anne, the Duchess of Richmond, the Duke of Buckingham, &c. all of the same composition, and richly dressed, are there also, nor must I forget to mention that of the great late Earl of Chatham. In short, there are so many curiosities contained in this venerable repository, that, to describe one half of them would as far exceed the compass of a letter, as of my abilities to do justice to them : however, I shall just mention some which appeared to me most worthy notice.

Among the monuments of our ancient kings is that of Henry V. whose effigy has lost its head, which being of silver, I am told, was stolen in the civil wars.

Here are two coffins covered with velvet, in which are said to be the bodies of two ambassadors, detained here for debt ; but what were their names, or what princes they served, I could not learn.

Our guide next showed us the body of King Henry Vth's queen, Catherine, in an open



coffin, who is said to have been a very beautiful princess; but whose shrivelled skin, much resembling discoloured parchment, may now serve as a powerful antidote to that vanity with which frail beauty is apt to inspire its possessors.

Among the waxen effigies, I had almost forgotten to mention King Charles II. and his faithful servant General Monk, whose furious aspect has something terrible in it.

Not

Not far from these is the figure of a lady, one of the maids of honour to Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have bled to death, by only pricking her finger with a needle.

I must now return to those monuments, which are in the open part of the church, and free to every one's sight; for those I have been last speaking of are inclosed, and not to be seen without a small gratuity to the conductor.

Among these then, on the north side, stands a magnificent monument erected to Lady Carteret, for whose death some reports assign a cause something odd, viz. the late French king Lewis the XIVth's saying, that a lady (whom one of his nobles compared to Lady Carteret) was handsomer than she.

Near this stands a grand monument of Lord Courcy, with an inscription, signifying that one of his ancestors had obtained a privilege of wearing his hat before the king.

Next these follow a groupe of statesmen, warriors, musicians, &c. among whom is Colonel Bingfield, who lost his head by a cannon ball, as he was remounting the Duke of Marlborough,

borough, whose horse had been shot under him.

That of the late Admiral Tyrrell is well worthy of observation, though some think it is too much crowded.

The famous musicians Purcell, Gibbons, Blow, and Crofts, have their respective monuments and inscriptions; as hath also that eminent painter Sir Godfrey Kneller, with an elegant epitaph by Mr. Pope. As you enter the west door of the church, on the right hand stands a monument with a curious figure of Secretary Craggs, on whom likewise Mr. Pope has bestowed a beautiful epitaph. On the south side is a costly monument, erected by Queen Anne to the memory of that brave Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly. In the same aisle, and nearly opposite to this, is a beautiful monument of white marble, to the memory of Thomas Thynne, of Long-Leat, in the county of Wilts, Esq. who was shot in his coach, on Sunday the 12th of February, 1682: In the front is cut the figure of him in his coach,

coach, with those of the three assassins who murdered him. At the end of this aisle, and on one side of what is called the poets row, lies covered with a handsome monument, and his effigy as large as the life, the very famous Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School, whose strict discipline and severity were so much talked of.

I must now take notice of the poets, whose monuments stand mostly contiguous. Here are the ancient monuments of Chaucer and Spenser, with those of Ben Johnson, Drayton, Milton, and Butler; also of the great Dryden, the ingenious Phillips, the divine Cowley, the harmonious Prior, and the inimitable Shakspeare, of whose curious effigy I have spoken before, nor must I omit the gentle Mr. John Gay, to whose memory his Grace the Duke of Queensberry erected a noble monument, which Mr. Pope adorned with a very elegant inscription in verse. I must here end my remarks, but cannot take leave of this venerable place without observing, that it has many curious

painted windows, a noble choir, a fine organ,
and a magnificent altar piece. I am,
Honoured Madam, &c.

L E T T E R I V .

*From Aristus, giving his Friend a Relation of
the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized
in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were
performing.*

MY fate will furnish you with a full evidence
of the vanity of human happiness: My
last letter was written in the height of success,
with the most arrogant expectations, and boast
of a lasting felicity; now it is all changed, and
the shadows of night come over me.

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long
pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my
wishes, the very morning she gave me her hand,
before the sacred ceremony was finished, was
surprised with the fatal message of death, and
carried in a swoon from the chapel to her
chamber, where she soon expired in her mother's
arms.



arms. One hour she appeared with all the cost and splendour of a youthful bride ; the next she was pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly shroud : Those charms, that in the morning promised an eternal bloom, before the evening have dropped their smiling pride ; the sparkling eyes are sunk in darkness ; the soft, the tuneful voice, is for ever silent ; while a livid hue sits on the late rosy lips.

Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,

T'allure our souls; till just within thy arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

O death! how cruel was thy triumph! Youth
and beauty, joy and blooming hope, lie here
a victim to thy rage: the darksome prison of
the grave must now confine the gentle captive;
instead of the pomp of a bridal bed, the cold
earth must be her lodging, dust and corruption
her covering.

You will now expect I should practise the
principles I have so often asserted, in exercising
my boasted reason and moderation; or leave
you to insult me, with arguments I lately pro-
duced, to allay your grief, under the pressure
of an uncommon misfortune: this reproach
would be but just, at a period when heaven has
given me a full evidence of the truths I con-
fessed; and set the vanity of human hopes in
the clearest demonstration before me. One
would think I should now, if ever, find it easy
to moralize on these subjects, and act the philo-
sopher from mere necessity, if not from virtue.

Were

Were the case your's, or any body's but my own, how many wise things should I repeat ! How fluently could I talk ! So much more easy is it to dictate than to practise : and yet I am reasonable by intervals ; I am in more than name a christian ; in some bright periods, I feel the force of that profession, and pay homage to its sacred rules : a heavenly ray scatters my grief, and cheers my soul with divine consolations : the gay and the gloomy appearances of mortal things vanish before the gleams of celestial light : immortal pleasures, with gentle invitations, call me to the skies, and all my thoughts ascend.

But how short my triumph ! how easy the transition from reason to madness ! Of what surprising variety is a human mind capable ! light and darkness, heaven and hell, seem blended within ; it is all chaos, and wild disorder : that reason, which one moment relieves me, the next seems with a just train of ideas to torment me.

See there, all pale and dead she lies ;
For ever flow my streaming eyes ;

Fly

Fly Hymen, with extinguish'd fires ;
Fly nuptial bliss, and chaste desires :
Ermina's fled, the loveliest mind,
Faith, sweetness, wit, together join'd.

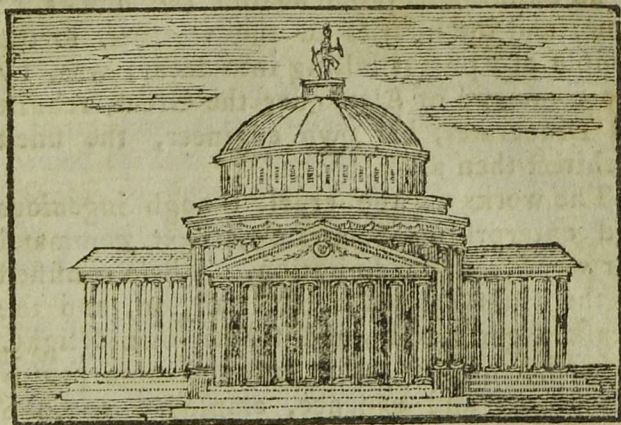
Dwelt faith, and wit, and sweetness there ?
Oh ! view the change, and drop a tear !

Adieu.

L E T T E R V.

Description of the Seven Wonders of the World.

THE first of these Seven Wonders was the temple of Ephesus, founded by Ctesiphon, consecrated to Diana, and (according to the conjectures of natural philosophers) situated in a marshy soil, for no other reason than that it might not be exposed to the violent shocks of earthquakes and volcanos. This noble structure, which was 425 feet long, and 220 feet broad, had not its bulk alone to raise it above the most stately monuments of art, since it was adorned with 127 lofty and well-proportioned pillars of Parian marble, each of which had an opulent monarch for its erector
and



and finisher : and so high did the spirit of emulation run in this point, that each succeeding potentate endeavoured to outstrip his predecessor in the richness, grandeur, and magnificence of his respective pillar. As it is impossible for a modern to form a just and adequate idea of such a stupendous piece of art, it is sufficient to inform him, that the rearing the temple of Ephesus employed several thousands of the finest workmen in the age for 200 years : but

as

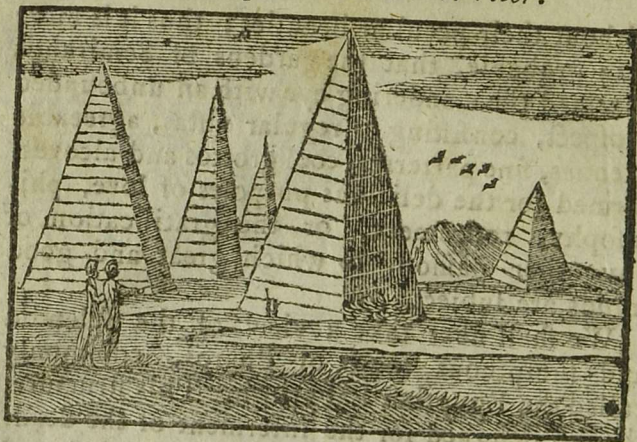
as no building is proof against the shocks of time, and the injuries of the weather, so the temple of Ephesus falling into decay, was, by the command of Alexander the Great, rebuilt by Dinocrates, his own engineer, the finest architect then alive.

The works of the cruel, though ingenious and enterprising Semiramis, next command our wonder and admiration. These consisted of the walls erected about Babylon, and the pleasant gardens formed for her own delight. This immense, or rather inconceivable profusion of art and expence, employed 300,000 men for many years successively, so that we need not wonder when we are told by historians, that these walls were 300 or 350 stadia in circumference (which amount to 22 English miles) fifty cubits high, and so broad that they could afford room for two or three coaches abreast without any danger. Though ancient record gives us no particular accounts of the gardens, yet we may reasonably presume, that if so much time and treasure were laid out upon the walls, the gardens must not have remained without

without their peculiar beauties : thus it is more than probable, that the gardens of Semiramis charmed the wondering eye with an unbounded prospect, consisting of regular vistas, agreeable avenues, fine parterres, cool grottos and alcoves, formed for the delicious purposes of love, philosophy, retirement, or the gratification of any other passion, to which great and good minds are subject.

We shall next take a view of the splendid and sumptuous tomb of Pharos, commonly called the Egyptian Labyrinth. This structure, though designed for the interment of the dead, had nevertheless the pomp of a palace designed for a monarch, who thought he was to live for ever ; since it contained sixteen magnificent apartments, corresponding to the sixteen provinces of Egypt ; and it so struck the fancy of the celebrated Dedalus, that from it he took the model of that renowned labyrinth which he built in Crete, and which has eternized his name, for one of the finest artists in the world.

If the amazing bulk, the regular form, and the almost inconceivable duration of publick or
monumental



monumental buildings call for surprise and astonishment, we have certainly just reason to give the Pyramids of Egypt a place among the seven wonders. These buildings remain almost as strong and beautiful as ever, till this very time. There are three of them; the largest of which was erected by Chemnis, one of the kings of Egypt, as a monument of his power while alive, and a receptacle of his body when dead. It was situated about 16 English miles from Memphis, now known by the name of Grand Cairo,

Cairo, and was about 1440 feet in height, and about 143 feet long, on each side of the square basis. It was built of hard Arabian stones, each of which is about 30 feet long. The building of it is said to have employed 600,000 men for twenty years. Chemnis however was not interred in this lofty monument, but was barbarously torn to pieces in a mutiny of his people. Cephus, his brother, succeeding him, discovered an equally culpable vanity, and erected another, though a less magnificent pyramid. The third was built by King Mycernius according to some, but according to others by the celebrated courtesan Rhodope. This structure is rendered still more surprising, by having placed upon its top a head of black marble, 102 feet round the temples, and about 60 feet from the chin to the crown of the head.

The next is that celebrated monument of conjugal love, known by the name of Mausoleum, and erected by Artemisia, queen of Caria, in honour of her husband Mausolus, whom she loved so tenderly, that, after his death, she ordered his body to be burnt, and put its
ashes

ashes in a cup of wine, and drank it, that she might lodge the remains of her husband as near to her heart as she possibly could. This structure she enriched with such a profusion of art and expence, that it was justly looked upon as one of the greatest wonders of the world, and ever since magnificent funeral monuments are called mausoleums.

It stood in Halicarnassus, capital of the kingdom of Caria, between the king's palace, and the temple of Venus. Its breadth from N. to S. was 63 feet, and in circumference 411, and about 100 feet high. Pyrrhus raised a pyramid on the top of it, and placed thereon a marble chariot drawn by four horses. The whole was admired by all who saw it, except the philosopher Anaxagoras, who, at the sight of it, cried, "There is a great deal of money changed into stone."

The Sixth of these is justly accounted the Colossus of Rhodes, a statue of so prodigious a bulk, that it could not have been believed, had it not been recorded by the best historians. It was made of brass by one Chares of Asia Minor, who consumed 12 years in finishing it.

It



It was erected over the entry of the harbour of the city, with the right-foot on one side, and the left on the other. The largest ships could pass between the legs without lowering their masts. It is said to have cost 44,000l. English money. It was 800 feet in height, and all its members proportionable; so that when it was thrown down by an earthquake, after having stood 50 years, few men were able to embrace its little finger. When the Saracens, who in 684 conquered the island, had broken this
immense

immense statue to pieces, they are said to have loaded above 900 camels with the brass of it.

The last, most elegant, and curious of all these works, known by the name of the Seven Wonders, was the incomparable statue of Jupiter Olympus, erected by the Elians, a people of Greece, and placed in a magnificent temple consecrated to Jupiter. This statue represented Jupiter sitting in a chair, with his upper part naked, but covered down from the girdle, in his right-hand holding an eagle, and in his left a sceptre. This statue was made by the celebrated Phidias, and was 150 cubits high. The body is said to have been of brass, and the head of pure gold. Caligula endeavoured to get it transported to Rome, but the persons employed in that attempt, were frightened from their purpose by some unlucky accident.

L E T T E R VI.

On City Luxury.

SIR,

I WAS many years resident in London; but an old uncle, in the year 1729, dying, and leaving me a tolerable estate in Gloucestershire,

I pre-

I preferred ease to affluence, and retired from noise and bustle, to peace and quiet.

Among my friends in town was one Mr. Holland, a draper, in Cheapside: he was a good, honest, pains-taking man; if you dined with him, a joint of meat and a pudding was the utmost of his entertainment; I never saw wine in his house but at Christmas, or on a wedding-day; we had a glass of good ale, and after dinner we went to our business, and did not sit three or four hours as you do now. He wore his cap the greatest part of the day, and was not ashamed to take the broom and the scraper and clean before his door. He had a good understanding, and was honest to a degree of admiration: I fear I shall never see his like again: he is dead, poor man; he died in July 1750, leaving ten thousand seven hundred pounds, all got by care and industry, between seven children, share and share alike.

Business, sir, calling me to town this spring, (my daughter's marriage, good sir, if you must know) I resolved to enquire after my old friend's

friend's family: He had three sons; the eldest I found was ruined by horse-racing and went to settle at Lisbon; the next, Tom by name, became a bankrupt in 1760, by vice and extravagance, and went to America. I got a direc-



tion for Jack, a haberdasher near the 'Change; I trudged to see him last Wednesday morning; I asked for Mr. John Holland, and, to my very great surprise, was introduced to a gentleman as fine as my Lord Cockatoo, and his hair

hair dressed as high and powdered as white ; I begged pardon, and told him, I supposed the man had made a mistake ; on which he, recollecting me, called me by my name, and run across the room and kissed me (the devil take his French fashions) ; he expressed great joy, indeed, at seeing me, and insisted on my dining with him at his house in the country ; “ My coach (said he) will be at the door directly ; Miss Pattypan, and her papa, the great city cook, will favour us with their company, and you shall make one.” Not being engaged, curiosity induced me to take the spare corner of the coach, and go with them into the country, as they called it ; that is, to Highgate. I will not trouble you with all the particulars of our journey and dinner, but only tell you, that it cut me to the heart to see my friend’s son so great a contrast to his father. On the road they entertained me with all that passed in publick ; they all belonged, I understood, to the city concert, and the assembly ; never failed at Mrs. Thing-a-my’s, in Soho-square ; had been at two *ridottos* this winter ; loved the

opera; and Miss Pattypan sung us an Italian air; an impudent mynx! I could have knocked her empty pate against her father's jolter! When we arrived, we were introduced to Madam Holland; how she was dressed in jewels and gold! and then her hair curled six inches from her head, (God forgive me if I am mistaken, but I believe it was a wig.) Then, when the dinner came in, how was I amazed to see the table covered with seven dishes, and more so when I was told there was a second course! The turbot cost eighteen shillings, the turkey poults fourteen shillings, madam told us; for she gloried in her shame.

I beg pardon, sir, for having detained you thus long with such trifles, but you know old people will be prating. What I meant to tell you was our discourse after dinner. As I came from the country, Mr. Holland and Mr. Pattypan attacked me on the high price of provisions: "An't it a shame (says Mr. Holland) that we poor Londoners should be paying such extravagant prices, when we live in the land of plenty; poultry, meat, and butter, double the

the price they were twenty years ago ; oats twenty shillings a quarter, hay three pounds ten shillings ; it costs me more in one month than it did my father in a year. I shall, instead of saving ten thousand pounds, be obliged to run away, if something an't done to reduce the price of provisions." My blood boiled with indignation ; I hastily replied, " Whether something is done or no, Mr. Holland, you must run away, if you live thus ; do not name your poor father, his table would have been furnished for a week for the money your turbot cost : provisions were less, you say, by a half in your father's time : but why were they so ? Because people lived with more frugality, and the consumption was less : a city haberdasher, in those days, would have thought he had entertained his friends nobly with a piece of beef and potatoes in the pan ; but I see fourteen dishes, in these luxurious times, are scarcely sufficient : if your father, even in those cheaper times, had furnished his table like the prodigals of the present, he must, instead of leaving ten thousand pounds, have lived

and died a beggar; your father had no country house; he had a saying, that,

“Those who do two houses keep,

“Must often wake when others sleep.

“Though the verse is not extraordinary,

the moral is good; he had no coach, therefore the price of oats or hay hurt not him; he neither subscribed to, nor idled his time at public assemblies; I may say to you, as the friend in Dan Prior says to the fat man, You are making the very evil you complain of. In my younger days there was not a shopkeeper in London kept his coach; now scarce one is to be found who condescends to walk; and not only shopkeepers, but dancing-masters, and fidlers have their equipages; you use a hundred times as much butter as was used formerly, with your sauces, fricasses, and teas; your vanity employs five hundred times the horses; you confound more of God's good creatures at one dinner, than would have feasted your ancestors for a month, and yet pretend to be amazed that things are not so plentiful as they were: the same ground cannot keep cows, grow oats, breed cattle,

cattle, produce hay, pasture your horses, and supply you with grain; the consequence of which is, you fetch your luxuries at great expence from seventy miles distance; whereas in our time, ten miles round London supplied the town with all necessaries." I was going on, when Mr. Pattypan yawned, and said, "He did not come here for a lecture;" and before I could answer him, Mr. Jackanapes, the haberdasher, said, "Let us take a turn in the garden, and leave old Square Toes to swallow his spittle." I here grew too angry to stay with the empty coxcombs; I took up my hat and cane, and marched to the door; when the Pastry Cook called out, "You had better go back in Mr. Holland's coach, for it is too late to walk, and it will break your frugal heart to spend a shilling for a place in the stage." Says I, "No, Mr. Puff-Paste, though I am an enemy to profusion, I spend my money as chearfully as any body when my convenience requires it. Though I cannot live at the expence of either of you, I believe I have estate enough to buy all the pies, and tapes in your two shops. I

I mean to live, and give my children something at my death; but you cannot support your profusion long, you will be bankrupts soon, and cheat your creditors out of nineteen shillings in the pound. You will live to feast on gravy-beef instead of having sauces, and at last die in a jail or feed hogs, and eat the husks, like your brother prodigal in the gospel." Here I flounced out of the room, and so ended our scolding. I am, sir, yours, &c.

Peter Moderation.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Cousin Sam to Cousin Sue.

Cousin Sue,

I TOLD thee I would write, and so I will, and send you all the news about London. Well, it is a strange place as ever was seen, that is for certain! The first day I came, the streets were so thronged, that I stood up to let folks go by, but there was no end of them, so I was obliged to shove on with the rest; but I never was so bumped and thrust about in my life.

I put

I put off my hat to all the gentlefolks, but they only laughed at me; and one queer old put cried, twig the countryman: so I smoked the joke, and put my hat on, and kept him as close as if he was nailed to my head. John Williams got me a place to live with a nobleman, but I was mortally frightened at first; for I thought as how if I should make him angry I should be hanged or beheaded; but I vow and protest he is as civil a spoken gentleman as ever I see in my life, and has no more pride than our justice of peace, nor half so much neither; and we all love him, and his business is the better done for it; for we serve him not through fear, but affection, Sue!

I am hugely improved in my learning since I came to London, and might have got to be a critic; but Mr. Thomas, my lord's gentleman, persuaded me off. There is a whole club of them meets at the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes, just by our stables, every week; and our coachman, and Dick the helper, belongs to them: they will be mortal great authors if they live; for all the critical papers and

pamphlets they have a hand in. Poetry and politicks is their study, and that is what every body understands in London. Some poetry of theirs I have sent you, and may-hap by and by you may have some politicks from,

Your loving Cousin,

S A M.

LETTER IX.

From Cousin Sam to Cousin Sue.

Loving Cousin,

WHAT I am going to say will amaze you, but it is very true: the great folks here are not half so wise as I thought they were; nor indeed are the people in London a bit better, or honefter, than our poor neighbours in the country. They so little regard the truth, that some of our great ones will send word they are not at home, though you see them; nay, will perhaps look out at window, and tell you so themselves; and yet they expect nothing but truth from their servants: there's the jest.

Bwt

But when I think upon our old copy, Sue, that “ Evil communications corrupt good manners,” I wonder how any of those, who lead dissolute lives, can expect their servants to lead good ones. The great business of the great ones here is to kill time, as they call it; and the places frequented for this purpose are the Auctions, Plays, Operas, Masquerades, Balls, Assemblies, Routs, Drums, the Park, the Gardens, and sometimes the Church. Ah, Sue! Honesty’s the best policy still: that I know. And if our great people would be good, the little people would be better than they are; for we all copy our superiors; which is a hint though from a poor footman, not unworthy the consideration of the great ones, and even of the legislature itself. A few great examples would make even religion and virtue in fashion; and what a deal of trouble that would save the poor lawyers!

I am,

Dear Cousin Sue,

E 5

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

From Cousin Sam to Cousin Sue.

Ah, Cousin Sue!

IT is all over at our house!—We have nothing but trouble and confusion: my lady, who you know was a fine woman, is become now an ugly bloated creature, and has screwed up her face so a gaming, that she is as full of wrinkles as Mother Shipton. Cards may well be called the devil's books! I am sure they have played the devil with her, and destroyed both her temper and constitution.—Up a gaming all night, and the horrors all day, will soon put an end to her life, that's certain.—And my poor master is absolutely undone, all is lost irrecoverably! He, poor young gentleman, has been admitted into the club of a pack of gamblers at this righteous end of the town, who have stripped him of every thing but his title, and with that he may go a begging. Oh for a thunder-bolt to destroy such a pest of infernals! And, would you believe it, Sue, some of these pillagers



pillagers are great people; so great, and of such high employments, that I am told that dispatches of the utmost consequences are sent from * * *. A fine political society truly! Suppose any of these wise ones should take it into their heads to bet upon the affairs of Europe; what may, or rather what may not, be the consequence? This is a worse club than that where the members meet to drink porter, and rectify the writings of Moses and the prophets. There are many things that want mend-
 E 6 ing

ing in London, Sue, but the people are too infatuated, too full of themselves, and too much regard their own private interest, to take advice or put any good scheme in execution.

I am,

My dear Sue,

Your ever loving Cousin.

P. S. I was yesterday surpris'd to hear one of these gambling gentlemen lay down this as a maxim, That he would never be a good politician who could not play well at cards; and I think he might with as much propriety have said, that no one could make a good general who had not cocked a pistol upon Hounslow-heath. With what weak arguments is vice obliged to defend itself?

LETTER

LETTER XI.

On the Pleasures and Advantages of Religion.

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terrour and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths

paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree, the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my excrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“ Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings,

beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the wind blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace.

At

At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful sun-shine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look

“ Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest ranks of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

“ What (cried I) is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlabourious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue,

tue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes ?”

“ The true enjoyments of a reasonable being (answered she mildly) do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living an animal and trifling one debases it ; both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms. Joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Being conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race

race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amending and improving heart. —So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph in which thou wast but just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have ever encouragement to mend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experiences of human infirmities ; supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to out-grow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep—

deep laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled, under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable; and the aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart,

heart, useful to others, and improving itself. Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities: but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, which link the welfare of every particular with that of

the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being is by such a chearful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new rising sun, darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.



A D D E N D A.

NECESSARY OBSERVATIONS.

FIRST worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day;

Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
And serve him first whence all things did begin.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend;
Tho' all such truth defend, do thou lose rather
The truth awhile, than lose their loves for ever.
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

Think that is just, 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

Defend the truth, for that who would not
die,
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

Honour

Honour the king, as sons their parents do,
For he's thy father, and thy country's too.

A friend is gold; if true, he'll never leave
thee:

Yet both without a touch-stone, may deceive
thee.

Suspicious men think others false, but he
Cozens himself that will too cred'lous be.

Take well whate'er shall chance; though bad
it be,

Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

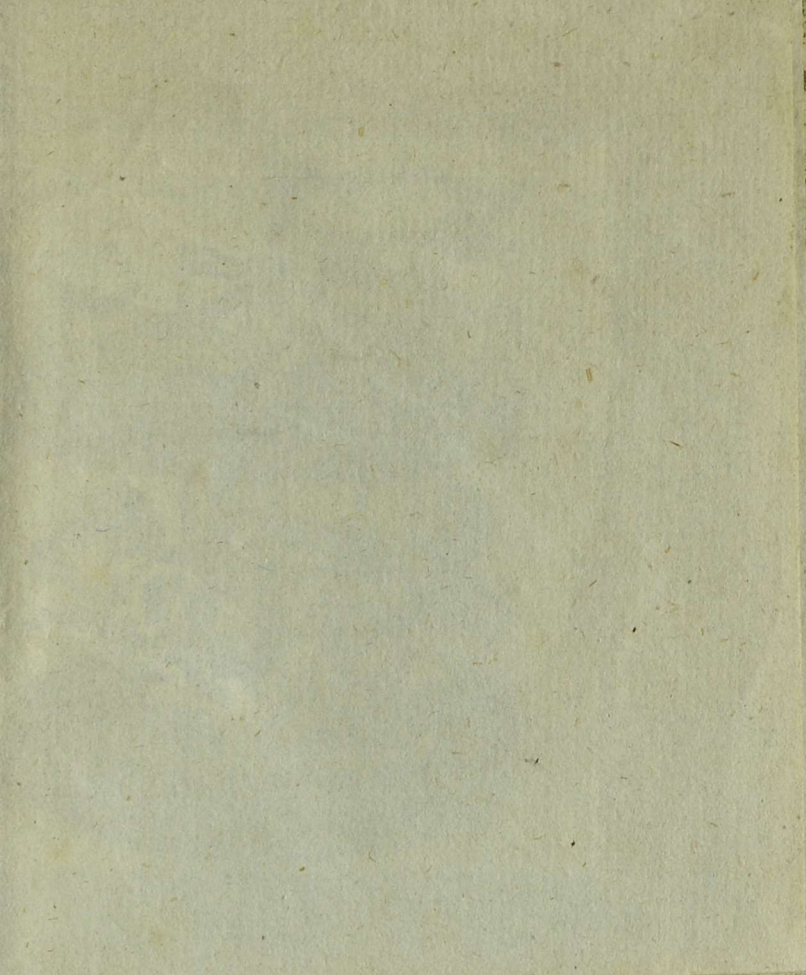
Swear not; an oath is like a dangerous dart,
Which shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's
heart.

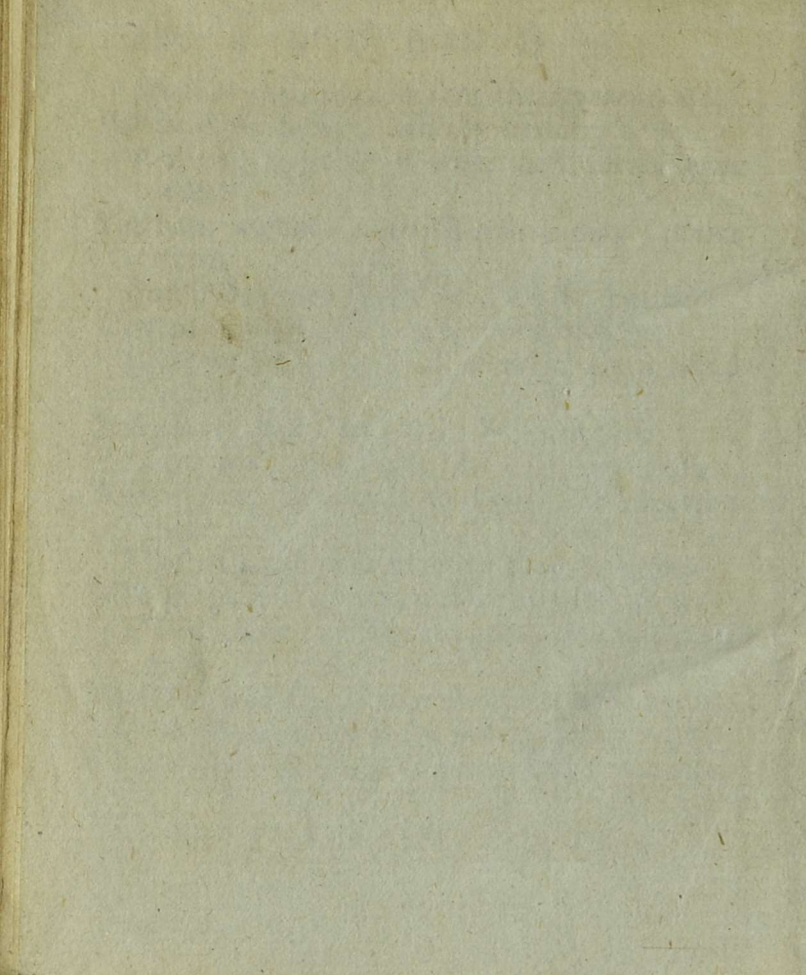
The law's the path of life; then that obey;
Who keeps it not, hath, wand'ring, lost his way.

Thank those that do thee good, so shalt thou
gain

Their second help, if thou should'st need again.

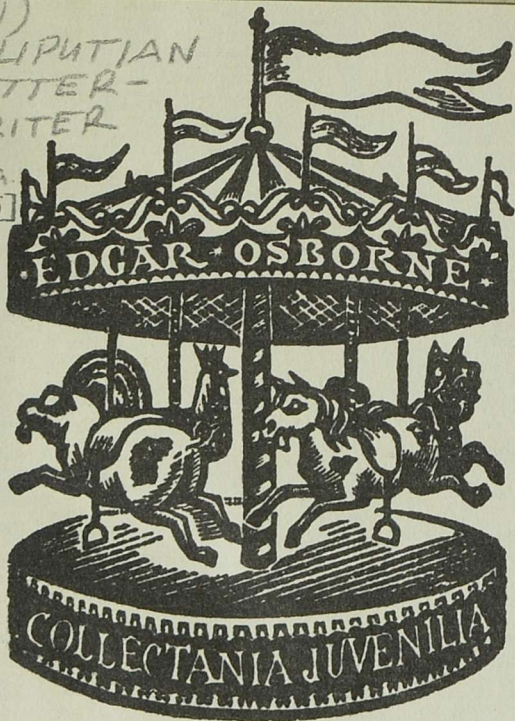
To doubtful matters do not headlong run:
What's well left off were better not begun.





(B1)
LILLIPUTIAN
LETTER-
WRITER
[c.g.
795]

clp BA ONE



37131 062 562 301

