

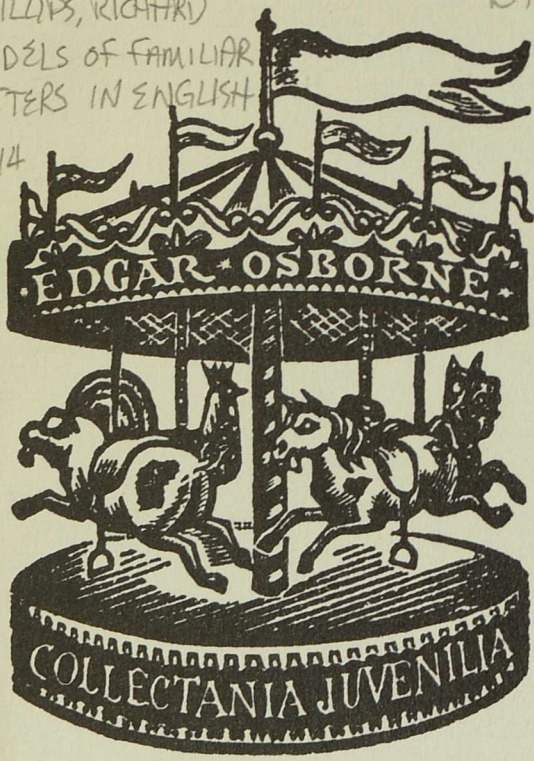




*Robert*

PHILLIPS, RICHARD  
MODELS OF FAMILIAR  
LETTERS IN ENGLISH  
1814

B1



*Shanty*

*my*

*by*

*Frank*

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*Frances, Sharpley.*

**MODELS**  
OF  
**FAMILIAR LETTERS,**  
IN  
**ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN;**  
WITH NUMEROUS  
**EXAMPLES OF CLASSICAL**  
AND  
**COMMERCIAL LETTERS,**  
AND  
**TOPICS**  
FOR THE  
**EXERCISE OF STUDENTS.**

---

BY THE  
**REV. DAVID BLAIR,**  
AUTHOR OF THE UNIVERSAL PRECEPTOR, THE  
CLASS BOOK, ENGLISH GRAMMAR, &c. &c.

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A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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## PREFACE.

---

No intelligent PRECEPTOR or judicious PARENT, will require any commentary on the evident uses of the work which is here submitted to their patronage. Letter writing is so manifestly the object and end of all education, that a work which affords the certain means of acquiring perfection in the practice of this art, necessarily claims a preference over most other books. The Editor is at the same time aware, that the path is not untrodden, and that he has some competitors ; but he rests his pretensions to general preference on the circumstance, THAT HIS WORK IS TOTALLY

UNLIKE EVERY OTHER THAT HAS GONE BEFORE IT!

If it were not thus unlike all others having the same object, he could not expect a better fate than his predecessors, and his book would soon be to be found only in the kitchen drawer, or among collections of works of mere amusement or dry speculation. He has, on the contrary, endeavoured to produce a practical elementary book, which may be used in Schools as a system for Example and Exercise; and he thus hopes to attain the palm of UTILITY, which, as an author, he values above all other distinctions.

The various works called *Complete Letter Writers*, are well known for the *grossness* of their matter, and the *vulgarity* of their manner; while a superior work, called *Elegant*



*Epistles*, and its abridgments are any thing but collections of Letters adapted to the purposes of education; a volume of Essays would answer even a better purpose, because it would not mislead, by pretending to exhibit examples of Letters.

The Topics of Letters calculated to instruct young persons, ought to be perfectly *juvenile* and natural, though the phraseology should combine the *correctness* of maturity, with the *vivacity* of youth.

Far be it from the author to assert that he has, in the following pages, attained even his own standard; having, however, seen and felt the faults of others, he has endeavoured to avoid them, and to produce a work in conformity to what he believes to be a correct principle of instruction.

The Plan of Study which he respect-

fully recommends to the adoption of Preceptors, is to direct the pupil to transcribe every Letter as an exercise, fairly and neatly in a Book ; or, if convenient, on post paper, to be afterwards folded, wafered, and addressed as a real Letter. After the whole have been copied in either of these ways, the pupil will be sufficiently qualified to produce originals from the TOPICS suggested in the forty - six Exercises.

An *original* Letter from the Topics, and a *second copy* from the Examples, may then be produced *alternately*, till the examples have been copied a second time, and the whole of the topics have been exhausted. The pupils will afterwards be able to invent topics, and compose originals for themselves ; and they should for this purpose be encouraged to corres-

pond frequently with their Parents, Relatives, Friends, or absent School Companions, on miscellaneous occurrences.

Some perfection in spelling, a knowledge of Syntax, of pointing, and of the use of Capital Letters, are presumed to have been previously acquired by the study of my English Grammar; the Pupil will, however, be improved in the most effectual manner in all the arts of composition, by the Exercises here recommended.

The FRENCH and ITALIAN Letters, will have very important uses in Seminaries in which those Languages are taught. They exhibit the customary mechanism of Letters among those polished Nations, and they will increase the knowledge of their Idioms; while the EXERCISES, or SETS of TOPICS, are alike applicable

to the business of the French and Italian Student, should original composition in those Languages be deemed requisite.

The Examples and Observations on *Commercial Letter writing*, render the work complete for the various purposes of Tutors.

But to this edition the Author has made what many Tutors will consider an invaluable improvement, by introducing FORTY - FIVE LETTERS, *never before published*, written by the most eminent persons of this and the last age, on subjects of real business, calculated to serve as models for the higher classes.

October, 1814.

## RULES FOR LETTER WRITING.

To be committed to memory.

---

### I.

*A Letter is supposed to be the conversation of persons at a distance; the style should, therefore, be that of conversation,—easy and unaffected, without forced or unnatural sentiments, and free from any affectation of fine words, conceits, or overstrained witticisms.*

### II.

*The first thing to be done, on taking up the pen to write a letter is to consider thoroughly, and to understand well, what is to be its purport. We must feel our topics, and understand them, or we shall be unable to write about them with propriety, and make them intelligible to our correspondent.*

## III.

*In treating on the several topics we should consider them one at a time ; dismiss them in order ; and finish one subject before we enter on another. It will be a good rule to let every subject begin and end in a paragraph ; or to make as many separate paragraphs, as there are topics, in the letter. We shall thus understand ourselves better, and make our letter more intelligible and agreeable to others.*

## IV.

*At the same time that we ought to beware of all affected sentiments or language, we should avoid coarse and vulgar phraseology. We should remember, that what we write will be read at leisure, and may be preserved, and appear against us on some future occasion. Letter writing considered as conversation, ought to possess its ease ; yet, as recorded conversation, it should be more studied and polished.*

## V.

French or Latin phrases, or even quotations from poets, have a pedantic air. Proverbs, and vulgar sayings, ought to be avoided. Indecencies and oaths, are disgraceful in the highest degree. Falsehoods cannot be palliated by other falsehoods, when they have been committed to writing, and, therefore, must entail disgrace on the writers.

## VI.

Commercial Letters should express, as briefly as possible, the precise business in hand, without circumlocution or sentiment. They may be written by any one who knows how to express his wants on general subjects, provided the technical language of the business is well understood. Brevity of expression, and a knowledge of the subject, are the essential features of good commercial letters.

## VII.

Letters should be written on quarto paper ; Notes on octavo paper. To superiors

wax should be used, and the letter is usually enclosed in an envelope. The letters of persons of rank and education are known by the neatness of the folding, the easy flow of the hand writing, and the fulness and correctness of the seal.

## VIII.

Letters afford an opportunity of saying what is kind, just, and amiable; they tend to consolidate friendships, to improve the affections, and to exhibit our best moral feelings. They are, indeed, of such manifold uses for pleasure, profit, and business, that, if asked what were the uses of the arts of reading and writing? we might reply, TO WRITE LETTERS.—And if the uses of grammar and the study of languages? we might again reply, TO WRITE LETTERS, CORRECTLY.—And if the use of all learning and intellectual attainments? we might reply, TO WRITE LETTERS, WITH INTEREST, INFORMATION, AND ELEGANCE!



MODELS  
OF  
JUVENILE LETTERS,

*To be neatly copied.*

---

I.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma, on re-  
turning to School.*

---

Kensington,

Janua y 29th, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

I, and my dear sisters, arrived safely and in great spirits. We were, as usual, very kindly received by our governess, whose best compliments she has charged me to present to you.

Not more than half the young ladies have yet arrived; but the masters will come to-morrow, and the school business will then formally commence.

B

This afternoon we have been recounting to each other our various adventures during the holidays; and learning the names, and forming our opinions of the characters of some of our new scholars.

My governess desires me to enquire, whether Emily is to enter with the drawing-master, and Laura with the music-master? She thinks them old enough; but, she says, she prefers to receive the previous sanction of your approbation.

We all unite in love to you and to our dear Papa; and I am, dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury Square.*

## II.

*Master Richard Smith to his Papa, on his  
return to School.*

---

Twickenham,  
January 30th, 1814.

DEAR PAPA,

Alfred, I, and the two masters Griffiths, reached school at three o'clock, just as Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and the boys, were sitting down to dinner. We gladly joined them, though the cakes which our dear Mamma had given us, and the figs and oranges which you brought to us at the door of the chaise, had pretty well cloyed our appetites.

School had regularly begun this morning, so that I have lost my place in my class, at which I am much mortified; but I am resolved to recover it. Mr. Johnson has just told Alfred, that he is to go into a

higher class,—a promotion which you may suppose has greatly delighted him.

We have been playing a hard game at Prisoner's Base; but I have left it to write this letter, and tell you, and our dear Mamma, how well and happy we are.

I am, dear Papa,

Your dutiful son,

RICHARD SMITH.

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.....  
*Richard Smith, Esq.*  
.....  
.....  
.....

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury Square.*  
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.....

## III.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma, on sundry matters.*

---

Kensington,

February 4th, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

Emily was much delighted on receiving your letter, in which you were pleased to approve of her beginning to learn to draw. Poor Laura was a little disappointed on finding that she is not to commence music at present; but as her friend, Miss Sarah Jackson, is not to begin as was expected, she is now better reconciled to the wishes of the best of Mammias.

I received my second lesson in Italian to-day; and as the Italian master is very good-tempered, I have no doubt I shall make rapid progress under his instructions.

I can already pronounce *Co-me sta-te?*  
as well as *Comment vous portez vous?*

My old friend, Miss Ellen Jamieson,  
has left school; but I am very well off  
with the Williamses; though Ellen was  
so pleasant a companion, that the school  
seems dull without her.

Emily had a slight head-ache yester-  
day, but she is very well to-day; and in  
regard to Laura and myself, we never  
were in better spirits. Our governess  
desires me to present her respectful com-  
pliments to you and our dear Papa.

I am, dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

No. 79,

Bloomsbury-square.

## IV.

*Master Richard Smith to his Mamma,  
relative to sundry matters.*

---

Twickenham,  
February 10th, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

Mr. Johnson desires me to inform you, that Alfred has so much out-grown his dancing-pumps, that you must send him a new pair, one size larger. When I was at home during the holidays, I gave you my pen-knife to take care of; but on coming away I forgot to ask for it. I now want it every day, and shall be much obliged if you will send it by the carrier, tied up with Alfred's new shoes.

We continue very hearty and very happy, which is partly occasioned by my having recovered my old place at the top of my class, and by Alfred's having re-

ceived two rewards since he has been in his new class.

The rainy weather has confined us within doors for the last two days; but we have been travelling all over the world with ROLANDO, in the four delightful volumes which our Grandmamma gave us on New Year's Day.

Yesterday being Mrs. Johnson's birthday, all the boys had a glass of wine and a piece of cake, followed by a dance in the evening, which kept us up so late, that some of us were not in bed till after eleven o'clock! With united love to Papa,

I am, dear Mamma,

Your dutiful son,

RICHARD SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*



## V.

*From Miss Emily Smith, at Kensington,  
to her Brother, at Twickenham School.*

---

Kensington,  
February 18th, 1814.

DEAREST BROTHER,

I have several times begged of dear Eliza to write a kind letter to ask you and Alfred how you do; but as she receives lessons from two masters more than I do, she pleads want of time, and has requested that I will write for myself.

She tells me that I ought to correspond with Mamma also; but as I am not so much used to letter-writing as she is, I scarcely know what to say, even in writing to my dear, dear brothers, except to tell them, how much I love them, and how earnestly I hope they are quite well and quite happy!

O! how I long for Easter, when we shall meet again in Bloomsbury-square; and I

shall then have so much to tell you! We have just been in a great fright about our dear Laura. In running from one room to the other, she thrust her hand through a pane of glass. It was expected she would have been severely punished; but as she cut her thumb, and it bled a great deal, the governess said she was sufficiently warned against similar carelessness, and that the glass must be charged to Papa. It was certainly an unlucky affair; but Laura has nearly done crying, and her thumb having been tied up in some rag, has ceased to bleed.

Mamma has written to tell Eliza that she has made us a cake, and I dare say she has not forgotten our brothers; but if she should, I can truly say, that they will be welcome to the share of, their own

EMILY.

*Master R. Smith,*  
*at the Rev. Mr. Johnson's,*  
*Twickenham.*

## VI.

*Master Richard Smith to his sister Emily,  
in reply.*

---

February 20th, 1814,  
Twickenham.

DEAR EMILY,

Alfred and I have been much pleased with your pretty letter. Tell Eliza she ought to find time to write to us. I dare say, that giddy Miss Laura will be more careful in future; the accident, therefore, may do her good. We have received a letter from mamma, and she has promised us a cake also; and as they were to be baked yesterday, I conclude both are on the road.

Indeed, Alfred, has been looking through the paling above an hour to

watch for the carrier, who generally arrives about this time of the day. I have been telling him he is a foolish fellow to make his mouth water in that manner, because if it should not come to-day, he will not know what to do with himself.

I have several droll stories to tell you and Eliza at Easter; to which it now wants forty-three days; but as this day is almost gone, it will to-morrow be only forty-two.\*

One of the boys got at the British Geography which you lent Alfred, and has torn out one of the views, at which we have been much vexed.

Alfred joins me in love to Eliza, yourself, and Laura; and I am, dearest Emily,

Your affectionate brother,

RICHARD SMITH.

P. S. As I was sealing the letter, Alfred came running to tell me the carrier was in

sight, and we have just received a fine large cake, of which we have already eaten two slices a piece. There were also six oranges from Papa, of which we have eaten one a piece; and though Alfred was so greedy as to want another slice of the cake, I have locked up the whole till to-morrow, or till bed time perhaps.

*Miss Emily Smith,*

*at Mrs. Wilkinson's,*

*Kensington.*

## VII.

*From Eliza Smith to her Mamma, relative  
to the cake, and other matters.*

---

Kensington,  
February 21st, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

We received your delicious cake, and have already eaten more than half of it. We thought it better than all other cakes, and of a flavour more delicate and exquisite, because we knew it had been made by the hands of our dear and beloved Mamma.

I cautioned Emily against eating too much, because she has three or four times, since our return to school, had sick headaches, which our governess ascribes to late hours, mince pies, wine, and twelfth cake, during the vacation. On Sunday she is to have her choice of a dose of salts, or

rhubarb and magnesia; but you know we are always willing to take what will do us good. In justice to Emily I must observe, that three or four of the young ladies have been very ill, as the governess says, from overgorging in the holidays, and four or five others are, therefore, to take medicine on Sunday, to cure them of head-aches, sickness, want of their usual colour, or loss of appetite.

Richard has written a very pretty letter to Emily, which I have enclosed; but as Emily wishes to preserve it, I request you will keep it safe, or return it the next time you send.

You will be entertained with Emily's letter to Richard; she says she can't write a letter, but that is evidently an excuse or a whim, and I shall in future expect her to write relative to her own concerns.

Laura's thumb is getting well, and it was her right thumb, or I should have expected her to send you her own account. I must, however, tell you a little anecdote

relative to this *great* event! One of the young ladies is very fond of writing poetry, and as Laura is a great favourite in the school, the following stanza was written, set to music, and sung by every one.

The next day the glazier came to mend the broken pane, and a thought occurred to me and Miss Dell, our poetess, that it would be a good joke to get him to write the stanza on the new pane with his diamond. Accordingly we mentioned our wish to Mrs. Wilkinson, and she good-naturedly consented, observing, with a grave face, that “*such a record of the circumstance might prevent a similar accident in future.*”

We ran, therefore to the glazier, and the lines are *actually* written on the glass! Your taste on subjects of poetry will occasion you to despise the doggrel lines which have so much entertained us; but as a school anecdote, you must condescend to laugh with us, not at us, and persuade Papa to laugh too.



“ Young Laura was a giddy lass,  
“ As any in this land,  
“ She ran against this pane of glass,  
“ And sadly cut her hand.”

I pray you, dear Mamma, forgive this trifling; but your cake has put us into such good humour, that my spirits have overcome me.

Although I have not yet mentioned Papa's oranges, I beg you to tell him, that we are most sensible of his affectionate remembrance of us, and that we shall endeavour to prove it, by surprizing him at Easter with proofs of our rapid progress in all our studies.

Believe me, dearest Mamma,

Your dutiful daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

*Words by Mrs. Smith  
by  
John Smith*

## VIII.

*Master Alfred Smith to his Mamma, thanking her for the cake.*

---

Twickenham,

February 21st, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

The carrier brought the cake and oranges *exactly* at the time you promised, and I never ate any thing so good. Richard said, I was like Frank Pitt in Mavor's Spelling Book; and, after giving me two slices, and eating two himself, he locked it up in his box. I shall, however, make him give me another slice at bed-time, and another in the morning, when we first awake. Nor would he give me more than one orange; but I am determined to have another at bed-time.

You have made us so happy, Mamma, that we shall not want to come home before Easter, particularly as I am third

in my new class, and I would not loose my place for a week's holidays.

Mr. Johnson told me yesterday, that I was one of his best boys, and that if Richard did not look sharp, I should soon overtake him.

Tell Georgiana that I am drawing a great dog for her,—and inform Horatio, that at Easter I will teach him to spin his humming top.

Richard joins me in love and duty to our dear Papa.

And I am, dear Mamma,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

ALFRED SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## IX.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma, about  
her younger sister's illness.*

---

Kensington,  
February 22d, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

I little thought when I wrote my trifling letter about Laura's verses, that it would find you unhappy, and unable to laugh at them. Poor Augusta! you don't say how long she has been so ill. She is such a dear poppet, so like you, so interesting, and with such a curling head of hair! As you say you had a physician to see her, we fear she is dangerously ill! In short, dear Mamma, we are very unhappy about her, and have all three been crying in my bed-room, for nearly an hour.

Mrs. Wilkinson has kindly condescended to send the footman to town, with

this letter, and we hope, earnestly hope, dearest Mamma, that he will bring an account back that our dear little Augusta is better and in no danger.

If she is not better, we must beg permission to come home, or you must promise to write every morning and afternoon, to let us know how she is.

I am, dear Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## X.

*From Emily Smith to her Mamma, relative  
to the physic and other matters.*

---

Kensington,

February 23d, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

How happy your letter of Saturday morning made us, and how kind it was to send it by a special messenger! So, then, dear little Augusta again plays and laughs as before, and you and Papa are happy again!

The good effects of the doctor's stuff on Augusta, encouraged me and several other ladies yesterday morning, when the clock struck seven, to take our draughts which Mr. Picton, the apothecary, had sent to

make us well. I swallowed mine in a moment, almost without tasting it, and three of the others did the same; but two of them tasted and sipped it, till it made them quite sick, and two others would not touch it. Mrs. W. came herself, but those foolish girls spilled it all over their bedgowns and bedcloths.— Fresh bottles were sent for; and, after giving great trouble to themselves, the governess, and teachers, about nine o'clock they were *made* to swallow it. The governess declared it was so pleasant, that, had it been given them as a *liqueur*, in a wine glass at an entertainment, they would have drank it eagerly; but it had been called *physic*, and this name had created a silly prejudice against it, which no persuasion, threat, or ridicule, could overcome!

I am happy to be able to tell you, my dear Mamma, that my draught has done me much good, that I had a better appetite to my breakfast this morning, and

have no pain in my head, as I had for many days before.

Eliza and Laura are very hearty, and the rag is now taken off Laura's thumb; but we shall long continue to laugh at her about Miss Dell's droll lines on the pane of glass.

I am, dearest Mamma,

Your

EMILY SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*



## XI.

*From Miss Eliza Smith, to Miss Ellen  
Jamieson, a young lady who had  
recently left school.*

---

February 28th, 1814.

MY DEAR ELLEN,

So then, you have ceased to be a school girl, and are now the grave companion of your affectionate Mamma.

I envy her the undivided pleasure of your company, in the unpleasant degree in which we miss you in our society at Kensington. In losing you, I can assure you, the school has lost many of its attractions. Your example was always so encouraging; you smoothened all difficulties so pleasantly; and entertained us

so agreeably with your constant good spirits, and lively observations!

Sarah Williams is, however, as cheerful as ever, and she and her sisters faintly supply your place; at least I am politic enough to cheat myself, by considering the two as some substitute for my beloved Ellen.

School affairs proceed with their usual regularity. Mrs. Wilkinson is still our respected foster-mother, and she adds new claims to the affection of her pupils the more and longer they know her. She has, I learn, been on a visit in your family, otherwise, I presume, we should not have been so long without seeing you. Indeed, from some expressions which she dropt the other morning, half in joke, and half in earnest, we have been led to hope that you designed to pay us a visit for a few days.

I confess, therefore, dear Ellen, that the chief purpose of this letter is to satisfy myself in this particular, and to

stimulate you to come soon, and stay long.

Remember me to your Mamma and Papa, and consider me,

My dear friend,

Your's ever,

ELIZA SMITH.

N. B. Bring some new music with you to diversify Dr. K.'s collection, as we have had nothing very striking since our commencement.

*Miss Ellen Jamieson,*

*No. 170,*

*Great Portland-street,*

*London.*

## XII.

*Miss Ellen Jamieson to Miss Eliza Smith.*

---

Great Portland Street,  
March 2d, 1814.

DEAREST ELIZA,

I suspect, my kind friend, that half the virtues which you find in me arise from my excessive partiality for you; and that you consider those traits as forming part of my general character, which are often brought into existence by your own amiable and endearing conduct. I confess, my dear friend, that I always endeavour to make my feelings and conduct towards those *I love best*, the standard of my behaviour towards those for whom I am *comparatively indifferent*. I seem, therefore, to engage the affection of these last, as much as though I had studiously sought it.

My dear mother long ago taught me, that personal dominion is paramount when founded on *love*; but very restricted and uncertain when its basis is *fear*; hence every consideration pleads for a cheerful, obliging and kind deportment.

But I need not preach to my dear Eliza on the advantages of cheerful and courteous behaviour;—to her who is a model of sweetness for the example of others,—to her from whom I have learnt so many lessons of patience, mildness, and forbearance, and in whom I have so often seen the good effects of those endearing virtues.

I shall long treasure your letter as a proud testimony of the opinion of those with whom I passed my earliest—and perhaps also my happiest days. Indeed, I never retrace the events of my school life, and recollect my companions there, without the warmest pleasure; and I assure you, my dear, that I calculate much on the indulgence granted me by

Mrs. Wilkinson, of passing three or four days among you before Easter.

We are going on a visit to my mother's sister, at Croydon, for a week, and on my return I am promised the pleasure of personally proving, dear Eliza, how sincerely I continue your friend,

ELLEN JAMIESON.

P. S. Do me the kindness to send me a long account of school incidents since the vacation; and address at R. S. Grant's, Esq. Croydon; but observe we return on the 10th.

*Miss Eliza Smith,*

*at Mrs. Wilkinson's,*

*Kensington.*

## XIII.

*Miss Eliza Smith to Miss Ellen Jamieson.*



Kensington,  
March 5th, 1814.

DEAR ELLEN,

Your sensible letter has made a deep impression on me, and I hope I may be able to live up to your maxim, which, indeed, is a beautiful paraphrase of our Saviour's doctrine of returning *good for evil*. It is difficult to treat those who are indifferent to us, or who have done us an unkindness, as we do those who specially deserve our love; but I perceive there is much sound policy, an amiable charity, and even a selfish regard to one's own

happiness, in making it a steady rule of conduct.

You ask for an account of school events since the vacation. What can I recount but the daily routine to which you for ten years, and I for eight, have been accustomed? We rise as usual at seven, walk in the garden, say lessons, and take breakfast. At ten, the school-room absorbs thirty out of forty-seven, and I and sixteen others receive in succession our Music, French, Geography, Italian, and Drawing Masters. So it used to be, and so it will continue, as long as there are girls and boarding-schools!

I have, as you know, begun Italian this half year, and I like it much. It tends to improve my French, illustrates many phrases in music and drawing, and even some idioms and roots of our own language.

Our drawing-master, at the instigation of my Papa, allows us to copy landscapes from nature, and this affords us amuse-



ment, exercise, and fresh air. The weather has prevented our having more than two exercises of this kind; but in May we are to take every other lesson in the garden and adjoining fields.

The geography-master has been entertaining us with a few lessons on the planetarium, and has, on two clear evenings, been shewing us the stars and planets. He has also shewn us the moon, and some celestial phenomena, through a telescope, which have equally diverted and surprised us.

Sims, Jane Crawley, R. Sampson, Sarah Chambers, and E. Sharpe, left us this Christmas; but we have an accession of nine new scholars in their place, seven of whom are juniors, and I scarcely yet know their names. I regret the departure of Sims and Chambers; but Crawley and Sampson were cross things, whom nobody loved, and Sharpe was half silly, and made no progress under any of her masters. Her parents blamed

Mrs. W., instead of the mean capacity of their daughter, and have sent her to another school to be convinced of their error.

We talk of nothing but your visit, and for my own part, dear Ellen, I shall count the hours till I see you.

Believe me, always your's,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Miss Ellen Jamieson,*

*No. 170,*

*Great Portland-street.*

## XIV.

*Alfred Smith to his Papa.*

---

DEAR PAPA,

Mr. Johnson has given me permission to write a letter to you on any subject which I prefer ; and in future, by your desire, I find I am to write to you or Mamma every fortnight.

It puzzles me, Papa, to tell what to say, because nothing happens here worth troubling you about. Richard and I, are quite well, and as happy as we can be. I do not want any thing, except dear Papa should choose to send me a large whipping top, as they are now coming in, and I have not got one.

Richard has given another boy eighty marbles for one, so he don't want a top; but he says he shall next month want as

large a kite as the coach will carry, and as you may think he deserves.

I hope, dear Papa, that you will approve of my hand-writing, and that I have committed no faults in grammatical construction, or spelling. I have been anxious to make this letter worth the postage; but I fear it is all about nothing, and that you and my Mamma will laugh at it.

I am, dear Papa,

Your dutiful son,

ALFRED SMITH.

Twickenham,  
March 3, 1814.

*Richard Smith, Esq.*

*No. 97,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XV.

*Master Richard Smith to his Grand-  
mamma.*

---

Twickenham,  
March 5th, 1814.

HONOURED GRANDMAMMA,

I trouble you with this letter, to thank you for the entertainment you have afforded us, in giving me and my brother the Travels of Rolando round the world. He has brought us acquainted with every place where we have yet accompanied him; and I really think, if I were transported in my sleep to any of the distant countries visited by Rolando, I should, on waking, know where I was.

Having made such good use of those four volumes, I hope, dear Grandmamma, that you will pick out some other book,

when you next visit any of the Juvenile Libraries, and give it to Papa or Mamma, to send to us. You gave my sister the Classical Poetry, and we will now borrow that work of her, and send her our entertaining Rolando; with which I have no doubt she will be as much pleased as Alfred and I have been.

It always gratifies me, dear Grandmamma, to hear you say I am like my Father, when he was my age, and that I promise to make as good a man. I hope I shall; at least I will strive hard for it; and I shall then, perhaps, deserve his and your blessing. Papa talks sometimes of putting me into his own counting-house, in the city, and sometimes he says he shall make me a lawyer; but this last I don't like, and I wish to be a merchant. I want you, therefore, dear Grandmamma, to use your influence to fix him in his first intention.

We shall not want any holiday till Easter, till which time it is now five weeks. I

shall then pay my respects, with my brother and sisters, to my beloved and kind Grand-mamma; and till then

I shall continue,

Your dutiful Grandson,

RICHARD SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 86, Hart-street,*

*Bloomsbury.*

## XVI.

*Eliza Smith to her Mamma relative to a  
dreadful accident.*

---

Kensington,  
March 6th, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

I write by order of Mrs. Wilkinson, to apprise you of the harmless termination of an accident which might have been attended with the most afflicting and tragical consequences.

Miss Sophy Glover was standing near the high wire fender, playing with her cup and ball, when the string broke, and the ball fell under the fire. Impatient to get it again, she unhooked the fender, (contrary to positive orders,) and after picking up the ball, in turning about, her clothes were drawn to the bars, and in an instant they were in a blaze! Seeing and feeling



the flames, she screamed violently; two or three others, who were near the fire, screamed also, and in a moment the school-room was a scene of confusion. Glover ran to get out of the room, and go she knew not whither. Mrs. Wilkinson seized on a green-baize cloth, which covered her table, and ran towards her; but the good old lady was so terrified that she almost fainted, and her foot tripping against a work box, which unfortunately lay on the floor, she fell along, and was unable to get up for some minutes.

In the mean time, all the children ran about and screamed, and our dear little affectionate Emily flew to her friend Glover, before any one could prevent her. By this time Glover's clothes were in a general blaze, and Emily's frock caught fire also; and she seemed for a moment to be in as much danger as Glover.

Happily, however, one of the teachers having read in the Monthly Magazine, that the surest way of extinguishing such

flames, is instantly to lie down; she had presence of mind enough to order them *to lie down*, and seizing Glover, she threw her down, and then Emily. The flames now rose no more, nor were they any longer dangerous; and the green baize covering, and two or three jugs of water, quieted all our fears. Emily escaped with a slight scorch on the arm, and a sousing with water; but poor Glover was severely burnt under the arms and throat, and it is the opinion of the doctors, that she could not have survived, if she had remained in an upright posture but one minute longer.

Poor Mrs. Wilkinson was so severely bruised by her fall, and so alarmed, that it became necessary to bleed her and put her to bed. Emily also has been put into a hot bed, to prevent her catching cold from the water that was thrown over her. Glover is pronounced out of danger; but the doctors have ordered her to be kept very quiet to-night, for fear of fever.

We have all of us been sufferers by the

affair, more or less ; some have torn their clothes ; others fell down, and two fainted. In short, we shall not be quite right again for some days.

Lest false reports should spread, and alarm our parents, Mrs. W. has ordered that we shall apprize them of the particulars, and of the happy issue ; and I now obey her injunctions, though my hand trembles so much that I can scarcely hold my pen.

Believe me always,

dear Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XVII.

*From Emily Smith to her Mamma.*

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Kensington,  
March 7th, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

Lest you should be so terrified at the account of Eliza, as to suppose me ill, I write to inform you, that I soon went to sleep after my fright, and did not wake till six o'clock this morning, when I had almost forgotten the affair, and was as well as ever I was in my life.

There is a slight redness on my arm; it smarts now and then, but it is of no consequence.

I have just been to see poor Sophy, and I wish she were as well as I am. She has large blisters under her throat, and arms, and on her bosom; and the doctor says she must lie in bed to day, take physic, and drink nothing but water-gruel.

How fortunate it was that Miss Ball, one of the teachers, pulled me down; if she had not I should have been burnt as badly as Glover, or perhaps we should both have been burnt to death.

Poor Laura was so frightened that she fainted away, and Eliza got a severe bruise on the leg against one of the forms, which was overset. The skirt of my frock, and my petticoat were burnt on one side.

Mrs. Wilkinson sends her congratulations, and begs I will tell you, that she is sufficiently recovered to attend the school to-day, though she is a good deal shaken, and still very nervous.

Present our love to Papa, and believe me, dear Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

EMILY SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XVIII.

*Alfred Smith to his sister Emily.*

Twickenham,  
March 8, 1814.

DEAR SISTER,

Richard has received Eliza's letter, telling about the fire, and how they sousted you with water, as you lay on the floor.

We think it was very lucky that you escaped so well, and that the teacher made you lie down, and thereby prevented the flames from ascending to your neck, face, and throat.

Richard has written to Papa, to ask him to let us meet you for a day in London, as we think Papa, Mamma, and Grandmama, will be desirous of seeing you after the accident. If Papa gets our letter in time, we shall have his answer, so-as to

be in the chaise at your door by three to-morrow, and arrive altogether at Papa's, by four o'clock, to dinner. You must, therefore, not make us wait.

I am, dear Emily,

Your's,

ALFRED.

*Miss Emily Smith,*

*at Mrs. Wilkinson's,*

*Kensington.*

## XIX.

*Master Richard Smith to his Papa.*

---

March 8th, 1814.

DEAR PAPA,

In consequence of the accident which so nearly befel our dear Emily, we wish to meet her, Eliza, and Laura, in Bloomsbury-square, for one day; and shall, therefore, be much obliged to our dear Papa, if he will ask Mr. Johnson for a day's holiday for us. If, therefore, dear Papa, you write directly, we can all dine with you and Mamma in Bloomsbury-square, to-morrow.

I am, dear Papa,

Your dutiful son,

RICHARD SMITH.

*Richard Smith, Esq.*

*Bloomsbury-square.*



## XX.

*Miss Eliza Smith to Miss Ellen Jamieson.*

---

Bloomsbury-square,

March 10, 1814.

DEAR ELLEN,

An odd circumstance or adventure, the particulars of which I will tell you when we meet, having unexpectedly brought us home, my Mamma has consented to my having a small party tomorrow evening; and I write to say how happy I shall be if you will make one.

The Urn is to be on the table at half past six; I intreat of you, therefore, to be with me at six, as I wish to enjoy as much of your company as possible.

I am, dear Ellen,

Your sincere friend,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Miss Jamieson,*

No. 170,

*Great Portland-street.*

## XXI.

*Card of Invitation from Miss Smith to  
Miss Jennings.*

---

Bloomsbury-square,  
March 10, 1814.

Miss Smith presents her kind compliments to Miss Jennings, and being at home for two days, will be happy in the company of her friend to tea to-morrow evening; and, for the sake of a long chat, the Urn will be on the table exactly at half past six.

*Miss Jennings,*

*Tottenham Court.*

*No. 64.*

## XXII.

*From Miss Ellen Jamieson to Miss Smith.*

---

Great Portland Street, March 10, 1814.  
8 o'clock at night.

DEAREST ELIZA,

We have just got out of the carriage on our return from Croydon, and, among other letters, I found your's, with the agreeable appointment for to-morrow evening.

I promise, my dear friend, that I will be punctual at six ; and, in truth, I am on tiptoe to know what sort of adventure it can be, that has dragged you from your numerous duties at school.

I am, dear E.

Your's faithfully,

ELLEN JAMIESON.

*Miss Smith,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

No. 79.

## XXIII.

*A Card from Miss Jennings to Miss Smith.*

---

Tottenham Court,  
March 10, 1814.

Miss Jennings presents her compliments to Miss Smith, and promises herself the pleasure of being able to wait upon her, according to her kind and polite invitation.

*To Miss Smith,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

No. 79.

## XXIV.

*Miss Eliza Smith to Mrs. Wilkinson,  
her governess.*

---

Bloomsbury-square,

March 12, 1814.

HONOURED MADAM,

I address you, by desire of my Papa, to apologize for not returning to school to-day as we engaged. Our arrangements were made with that view, and you know we have always great pleasure in returning under your roof; but a friend of my Papa's, an eminent Naturalist, who happened to be in town, has promised to accompany us before dinner to Bullock's Museum.

The carriage therefore is at the door, and we are going to pass a long morning

viewing the curiosities of all parts of the world; and, for that purpose, dinner is not ordered till half past five.

Yesterday evening my dear Mamma indulged me with a tea party. It consisted of *nineteen*; and I need not inform you, that my dearest friends were those whom I have made in your house. You will suppose we could not have been happy without Ellen, Sarah Chambers, Jennings, Turner, and others of *your children*, as you so kindly call us. I can assure you we did not forget our *mamma* Wilkinson; but you would accuse me of flattery if I said more. Certainly no governess was ever so beloved; but the reason is evident.—Pray forgive me; I should do violence to my feelings if I wholly stifled them, and you are no friend to *violence* of any kind.

How can I adequately apologize to good Mr. Graham, the drawing-master, who was to bring some curious drawings, to shew us to day, a trouble which he

took chiefly at my request? I intreat you to convince him of my chagrin on the subject; and to persuade him to entrust them to your care till my next lesson.

I hear my Papa's step, and the voice of our friend the Naturalist, on the stairs; I am obliged, therefore, hastily to conclude, by assuring you,

Honoured Madam,

how dutifully I am,

Your affectionate pupil,

ELIZA SMITH.

P. S. Emily and Laura desire me to present their duty, and Mamma her respectful compliments. Richard and Alfred are teasing at my elbow; I pray you, therefore to forgive haste and consequent inaccuracy.

*Mrs. Wilkinson,*

*Kensington.*

## XXV.

*Master Richard Smith to the Rev. Mr.  
Johnson of Twickenham Academy.*

---

Bloomsbury Square,  
March 12, 1814.

REVEREND SIR,

When you so kindly consented to allow me to ask my Papa's permission to grant us a day's holiday, I was sufficiently gratified, and had no intention to trespass on your indulgence. I write, however, by desire of my Papa, to inform you, that Dr. S. B\*\*\*\* an eminent Naturalist of Oxford, and a particular friend of my Papa's, breakfasted



here this morning, and kindly offered to walk round Bullock's museum with us, if our return to school could be deferred till to-morrow.

Papa, knowing that you had reserved our places in the classes no longer than to-day, hesitated much; but as Mamma and my Aunt thought it would be an excellent opportunity to receive an instructive lecture in Natural History from the good-natured Doctor, they prevailed on Papa to let us go. I write therefore, by his request, to submit the whole matter to your candid decision.

My Papa desires me to say, that he thinks if you had been here you would have voted with the majority: consequently, he hopes we shall incur no forfeitures because you could not be consulted on the spot relative to a point from which, he thinks, you could not have withheld your kind approbation.

I assure you, Sir, that Alfred and I are too happy in your house to seek occasions

for extending the period of our absence; and I hope you will ascribe the liberty thus taken with your indulgence as not arising from any improper feeling, of

Your grateful pupil,

R. SMITH.

*The Rev. W. Johnson,*

*Twickenham.*

## XXVI.

*Miss Laura Smith to Miss Georgiana  
Jackson.*

---

Thursday morning.

DEAR GEORGIANA,

I can't help jumping for joy to tell you that we are all going with Dr. Somebody, and Papa, and Mamma, to see a curious Museum in Piccadilly. I shall be so happy,—but I wish you were with us. However, I will tell you every thing to-morrow!

Eliza gives me leave to put this letter into her's to Mrs. Wilkinson, and I write chiefly to request that you will take great care of my large wax-

doll, which I forgot to lock up before I came away. It is in the lower part of the corner cupboard in our bed-room.

Good bye.

L. S.

*Miss Georgiana Jackson,*

*at Mrs. Wilkinson's,*

*Kensington.*

## XXVII.

*Master Alfred Smith to his Aunt.*

---

Twickenham,  
March 13, 1814.

DEAR AUNT,

According to your request, I write to beg you will inform my Papa and Mamma, that we arrived safe, after having set our dear sisters down at Kensington.

Mr. Johnson was very kind, and says he has reserved our places in the classes.

I am, dear Aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

ALFRED SMITH.

*Miss Smith,*

*No. 98, Bedford row,*

*London.*

## XXVIII.

*Master Richard Smith to his Grand-  
mamma.*

---

Twickenham,  
March 30th, 1814.

HONOURED GRANDMAMMA,

Alfred unites with me in duty and gratitude for the handsome present of books which you have sent us. The Scripture Biography is already used in our upper form, and Mr. Johnson was so good, on my shewing him your present, as to inform me, that after the holidays I shall be advanced to that form.

Mr. Johnson had not seen "*The Universal Preceptor*," till we shewed it him; and he directly ordered fifty copies for

the first four forms of the school. In future, he says, it shall be a standing text-book for those forms; and the boys are to answer two of the six hundred questions every evening. Mr. J. has taken my copy, but he says he will give me another, and a book of questions, when the fifty copies arrive.

I have observed, dear Grandmamma, that Mr. Johnson always purchases copies of the books which you select for us; and he sometimes asks me whether my Grandmamma has lately been at the Juvenile Library. For our parts, we can give our Grandmamma this proof of the goodness of her choice, that we have read every book which she has sent us, particularly the British Nepos, and Mavor's Natural History?

We are now reading the popular Geography of Goldsmith, which we find as entertaining as Rolando, Robinson Crusoe, or Gulliver. You once told me, dear Grandmamma, that you wished no

thanks if we read the books; you have, however, my best thanks, and an assurance likewise that we read the books, from

Your dutiful grandson,

RICHARD SMITH.

*For Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 86, Hart-street,*

*Bloomsbury.*



## XXIX.

*From Master Alfred Smith to his Papa,  
giving an account of an accident  
that had befallen him.*

---

Twickenham,  
April 18th, 1814.

DEAR PAPA,

You desired me to transmit a letter to you every Saturday, describing whatever I might think worth notice in the course of the week; but I now write on Thursday, by desire of Mr. Johnson, to mention an accident that befel me this morning, such as I hope I may never have occasion to describe again.

As the weather is very fine, and the sun

peeps in at our windows before six in the morning, Mr. Johnson lately gave two of the ushers leave to walk with twenty of us by turns every morning before breakfast.

This morning it was our turn, and we left school about ten minutes before six. The sun shone so beautifully, and the birds sang so delightfully, that I could not but think how foolish it is to lie in bed, when it is in our power to enjoy so great a treat by taking a ramble in the fields and woods before breakfast.

It being proposed that we should go to the top of the grand avenue of Bushy Park, a place of which all the boys are very fond, we made our way to the park-gate as fast as we could, running, whistling, singing, laughing, and playing, till we reached the gate. But one of the ushers having undertaken, when in the Park, to give us some account of the various trees, wild flowers, and deer, we proceeded, on arriving there, in great or-

der, and I was much delighted with the anecdotes he told us, though I had read some of them at home in Rolando and Goldsmith's Popular Geography.

Arriving at the great basin we stood some time admiring the figure of Diana, and the other statues in the centre; the usher explaining to us the names and characters of the aquatic plants which grow in the water. But all on a sudden Tom Wilkins spied a large fish in pursuit of a small one, and calling out to the boys near him to look at them, they rushed against me before I was aware, and I and Joe Griffiths were plumped souse into the lake nearly over head.

The lake happened to be very full, and I was at the bottom in a moment, and the water being cold, I lost my breath, and felt it running in at my mouth and up my nose. At first I could not think of any thing; but in a moment rising to the top, I recollected your advice to keep my head up and my arms down, if I ever

tumbled into water ; I began, therefore, to kick and throw my hands about as hard as I could. This motion, all the boys tell me, kept me from sinking again ; but my exertions were not required long, for our good usher, without waiting to pull his clothes off, instantly jumped in after us, and as the water reached no higher than his arms, he was able to throw us out of the lake on the grass.

There we lay like two half-drowned rats. For my part I did not care much about it, and almost wished I had been left a little longer, to try my skill in swimming ; but poor Joe was in terrible plight. He had not kicked and splashed about as I did ; nor did he understand the trick of holding his head up and his arms down ; he was, therefore, in a fit, and did not quite recover his senses till they had rubbed his hands, feet, temples, and breast, for some time. We now made haste to the King' Arms, where Joe, I, and the usher, as our clothes were so wet, went to bed, and had a basin

of hot tea brought to us, to which I got them to add, for me, a round of toast and butter.

Richard was at first sadly frightened, and though he could not swim in his clothes, would have jumped in after me, if three of the boys had not held him. He would not leave me at the inn, but stopped, with Tom Griffiths and two other boys, while Mr. Timms, the other usher, and the rest of them, made the best of their way to Mr. Johnson's, to get some dry clothes. These were brought about nine o'clock, and by ten we arrived safely at Twickenham, though Joe Griffiths complained of a head ache; and having since been very sick, he has been put to bed.

Mr. Johnson told me I need not attend school to-day, so I determined, dear Papa, to send you and Mamma a long account of my adventure, and to assure you, under my own hand, that I am none the worse for the sousing I have had.

Richard also has recovered from his fright, and we both unite in love and duty to the best of parents.

ALFRED SMITH.

*R. Smith, Esq.*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

*No. 79.*

## XXX.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Aunt Sayer,  
about a splendid tea party.*

---

Kensington,  
Thursday evening.

DEAR AUNT,

When you last shook hands with me and begged I would write to you, I referred you to the letters which I constantly send to Mamma; but you told me those did not satisfy you, and that you must have a letter of your own. You are always so good to us that I could refuse you nothing; I, therefore, half promised to comply with your wishes, and I am happy that an occasion has presented itself, which furnishes subject matter not merely complimentary and common-place.

You have heard me speak of a Miss Howard, who left school last Midsummer, and who resides with her Aunt, the Countess Dowager of D——, near Turnham Green. Howard, Jamieson, and myself, when at school, were *inseparables*; we danced, worked, played, sung, walked, and did every thing together. Of course, therefore, as Howard came with her aunt, to make a morning call on Jamieson, during her visit at Mrs. Wilkinson's, I was sent for into the parlour. Her ladyship spoke in the kindest terms of her niece's affection for me; at which you may suppose I was not a little gratified, because Howard is a mild, sweet-tempered, and friendly girl; and next to Jamieson, was the greatest favourite I ever had at school.

But I now come to the best part of the interview; her ladyship told me she had planned a party for her niece, and that she should not consider it complete if I were not one; and that Mrs. Wilkinson had promised to ask the consent of my Mamma, if I accepted



the invitation. Of course, my dear Aunt may guess what she would have done at my age, and by this post, a formal letter is going from Mrs. W. to Mamma, to obtain her approbation.

If she give her consent, six of us are to go from hence in Mrs. Wilkinson's carriage; Howard whispered me, that her Aunt had invited about twenty others, from among the neighbouring families, and had engaged a harp, a violin, and a tambarine. It is, therefore, to be a very smart affair, and you may suppose we are all on tiptoe about it.

About a matter of such *vast* importance, I hope my dear Aunt will, with her usual goodness, consult Mamma;—inform me what I am to wear; and send me any little ornament, or additional article of dress, of which they think I may stand in need.

My fan is become a little shabby, and I left my best necklace at home after the holidays. Mrs. Wilkinson says my dress

frock is quite good enough for any occasion, and that I want nothing, unless my over affectionate Aunt should choose to send me some trifling ornament from the jeweller's. You know, however, my dear aunt, that I am not very fond of shew and finery, and that I should be better pleased at being thought the *neatest*, than the *finest* of the party.

It is fixed for Monday evening, and after it is over, I will write a long letter, and inform my dear Aunt every particular, being always,

Her affectionate

and dutiful niece,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Miss Smith,*

*Bedford-row.*

No. 79.

## XXXI.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Aunt, giving an account of a Visiting Party.*

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Kensington,  
May 21st, 1814.

DEAR AUNT,

Nothing could be more kind than your early attention to my last letter. The bracelets were the neatest and most tasteful things I ever saw, and I shall never fail to think of the liberal donor, whenever I see or wear them. Mamma also was very good in lending me Papa's picture to hang to my necklace, and in sending me so elegant a fan. Emily and Laura, who are the dearest of sisters, looked, as I thought, with some jealousy at the fan, so I have ventured to promise that Mamma should let each of them have one of the same pattern. They de-

clared they entertained no such feeling, and the tears came into Emily's eyes when I mentioned my suspicion; I told her, therefore, that I ought to perform at any rate my promise, not merely to gratify her, but to reward her disinterested affection. I leave it, therefore, to you and Mamma to do as you please in regard to my promise.

Well, then, my dear Aunt, at half past six we left Mrs. Wilkinson's, and at a little after seven we alighted at the Countess Dowager's. The servant announced our names, and Howard received us with a degree of courtesy and ease that divested us at once of all reserve or ceremony. She introduced each of us in due form to her Aunt, and two other relatives, who she said were *her* visitors for that evening, and the Countess smilingly remarked, that the house, that night, was her niece's, and that we must consider ourselves as at Miss Howard's,

who, for the time being, was to be considered as sole mistress of her *late* mansion. We found assembled about a score of young ladies, and more than a dozen young gentlemen, brothers of some of them, with two brothers of Miss Howard, who were sent for from Harrow School on this occasion. Tea and Coffee were handed round, and our friend was indefatigable in her attention to her guests. Before it was dark we walked through the adjoining Green House and Hot House, and saw some curious exotics, among which were several specimens of the plant called Venus's Fly Trap, which much diverted us.

Howard, a Miss Jones, and myself, then played each a glee on the piano forte, accompanied by voices, of which there were some well-formed ones in the party, and by Jamieson on the harp. Nothing could be more delightful, and I heard, almost with regret, the noise of the band in the ball room, into which we were ushered about half past nine o'clock.

Howard selected for me a smart partner, a Master Phillips, the son of a merchant in the city, who told me he knew my Papa. As there were not quite beaux enough, five couple of ladies stood up, but it was settled that we should change partners, so that the beaux should go round. A good deal of merriment took place about this, but I heard of no disagreement or jealousy, as good humour were expected to be paramount, and grave faces were absolutely forbidden by our amiable hostess.

The country dances, reels, &c. continued with uninterrupted pleasure till the clock struck twelve, when the music ceased, and we were told supper was prepared in an adjoining apartment. I parted with Master P. in half an hour, then had a Miss Thompson, a Master Williams, and, lastly, Master Howard, for my partners, and by the latter I was led into the supper room. The fitting up was truly superb, but the eatables were

of the most simple kind, chiefly fruits, preserves, tarts, custards, cheese-cakes, and such things as young people like best, with wine and water, lemonade, &c.

Here we agreeably refreshed and cooled ourselves, and chatted and joked till about one o'clock, when I perceived the company began to thin. At half after one, when not more than a dozen remained, I requested the servant to call our carriage, and having given the good Howard a silent squeeze by the hand, we withdrew, and by a quarter before two, our carriage was on its return towards Kensington.

I was in bed by three, and having slept soundly till ten, find myself after breakfast well enough to perform my promise to my dear Aunt, persuaded that she will kindly sympathize in all my feelings. As I may not write to Mamma to-day, I request you to shew her this letter, or to enclose it by the servant, if you should not walk so far as Bloomsbury Square. Tell her my Papa's portrait is safe, and

that I met with no accident, except from spilling on my frock a few drops of wine, which Mrs. W. says may be taken out without injury by the oxalic acid.

Write soon, and let your letter be a long one.

I am, dearest Aunt,

Your dutiful and affectionate niece,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Miss Smith,*

*No. 98, Bedford-row,*

*London.*



## XXXII.

*Master Richard Smith to his Mamma,  
thanking her for an invitation  
to go to the play.*

---

Twickenham,  
May 24th, 1814.

DEAREST MAMMA,

Alfred and myself are much obliged to you for reminding us of our annual visit to the Theatre, on the benefit night of Mr. Raymond. We mentioned your request to Mr. Johnson, and he says that it depends on circumstances, which he cannot controul, whether he can go or not; but, if possible, he and Mrs. J. will accompany us in a post chaise. Of course, then, with them, or without them, we shall be in time for dinner; but we must return early the next morning, to save our places, and the lessons of some of our masters.

Should we be alone, we will call at Mrs. Wilkinson's to enquire if our sisters are gone, and take them with us if desirable.

With dutiful respects to Papa, and our kind Aunt, I am, dear Mamma,

Your affectionate Son,

R. SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XXXIII.

*Miss Laura Smith to her Mamma, about  
going to the play.*

---

Kensington,  
May 18, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

Eliza says I am not to go to the play unless I write to thank you for inviting me. I will do my best, but as I only began to learn to write last winter, I fear my thanks cannot be read. If I could write as well and as fast as Eliza or Emily, I would say a great deal about the pleasure I shall feel, and about the goodness of my dear Mamma and Papa to their own

LAURA.

P. S. Mrs. Wilkinson says this will do very well; and that I am to present her compliments, and say that Eliza and Emily are in good health.

## XXXIV.

*Miss Eliza Smith to Miss Ellen Jamieson.*

---

Bloomsbury-square,  
June 2d, 1814.

DEAR ELLEN,

I was much concerned that your cold deprived you of the real pleasure we should have had in your company at the play. Mr. Raymond was so polite to my Papa, as to provide us with one of the private boxes, and, though our party was ten in number, we could have made room for three or four more, and your absence was repeatedly spoken of as a matter of concern to our whole family.

Nothing could have been more delightfully varied than the entertainments. We had one of Colman's Comedies, two of

Incedon's manly sea songs between the acts, and a charming duet by him and Braham, at which I cruelly joined in the general encore. The house was brilliant, and so crowded, that we thought ourselves very fortunate in having a private box.

We return to school this morning, but my Mamma has kindly promised to go with us, to pay her respects to Mrs. Wilkinson, and, on the way, we are to stop an hour or two at Miss Linwood's great rooms, in Leicester Square. You must remember how pleasant a morning we had when Mrs. W. took the school to see the same exhibition in Hanover Square; but as there are many new pictures, and I could never be tired of viewing such beautiful works, I promise myself as much pleasure to day as though I had never seen them before. In short, dear Ellen, I shall have too much pleasure to allow myself to be without you to divide it with me, and the principal object of this note is

therefore to request that you will permit us to take you up, and then will accompany us, first to the Linwood gallery, and then to Kensington.

The servant who brings this note will wait for your answer, and I hope it will find you in health and spirits sufficient to lead you to encourage us to expect your company.

Believe me, dear Ellen,

Unalterably your's,

E. S.

*For*

*Miss Jamieson.*

*(The Bearer waits.)*

## XXXV.

*Miss Jamieson to Miss Smith.*

---

Thursday morning,  
9 o'clock.

DEAR ELIZA,

I shall not remark on any of the particulars of your letter, but briefly tell you that I feel myself well enough this morning to accompany you, and shall be ready to step into the carriage when you call.

I am, dear Eliza,

Always your's,

E. JAMIESON.

*Miss Smith.*

## XXXVI.

*Master Richard Smith to his Papa, to  
announce the Midsummer Holidays,  
and the Public Speaking.*

---

Twickenham,  
June 10, 1814.

DEAR PAPA,

Mr. Johnson desires me to inform you, that our Midsummer Vacation begins on Thursday the 19th of June, and ends on Monday, the 27th of July, and to add that, if he does not hear to the contrary, he will send us in a chaise with the two Griffiths's, and Master Wilson, of Russell-street.

The public Recitations are to take place on Tuesday the 18th, and to begin at 12 o'clock precisely; and as I have studied



and am to recite, "Cato's Soliloquy," Mr. Johnson hopes you and Mamma, and my Grandmamma, or Aunt, will be among the auditors.

I am, dear Papa,

Your dutiful Son,

R. SMITH.

*R. Smith, Esq.*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XXXVII.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma,  
announcing the Holidays.*

---

Kensington,  
June 12, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

I am desired by Mrs. Wilkinson to inform you, that the Summer Vacation commences on Friday, the 20th of June, and that the school re-commences on Monday, the 27th of July.

Unless you should send the carriage before twelve, we are to leave at One in a post chaise as usual.

Emily and Laura are in good health, and desire to be remembered in love and

duty to you, Papa, our Aunt, and Grand  
mamma; and Mrs. Wilkinson requests  
me to present her respectful compli-  
ments.

I am, dear Mamma,

Your affectionate,

and dutiful Daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith*

*No. 79,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

## XXXVIII.

*From Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma,  
describing a visit to her Aunt at  
Dorking.*

---

Dorking,  
July 16, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

The Worthing Coach arrived in little better than three hours at Dorking. We did not change horses till we arrived at Epsom, which you know is fifteen miles, and I always understood that horses were never driven in the stages above ten miles. A gentleman in the coach before we arrived

said that they were much exhausted, and as the coachman during the last three miles used his whip very often, it gave me great pain to be a cause of adding to the load of the poor creatures. The gentleman, however, reminded me that they would have driven the stage, had I not been there, and perhaps some heavier person might have filled my place. It might have been so; but I confess I sickened to hear the whip go so often, and could not enjoy myself while I was forced to be in close contact with so much misery.

The fresh horses dragged us briskly over the six miles from Epsom, and I never was more charmed with any country, than with the delightful vales and hanging woods, which command admiration between Leatherhead and Dorking. I have heard Papa describe it as one of the sweetest spots in England, but I had forgotten that this was the same place, till the beauties of the country brought his remarks to my recollection.

By agreement with my cousin, I was up this morning at half past five, and we walked a mile to a delightful house on a hill, and sauntered about on the stiles and gates, and in my aunt's orchard and garden, till half past eight, when we found Mr. B. my Aunt, and the family assembled at breakfast. You may suppose I did not want appetite after so long a walk, and I felt surprized that I had apparently passed a whole day, before the hour when the day usually begins in families which, notwithstanding, do not think themselves among the idlest of mankind.

They laughed at me, when after breakfast I insisted, according to my invariable practice, on collecting all the crumbs for the birds. Mr. B. seems to consider every thing that does not add to his own profit as unfit to live, and he is a sportsman too! One of my cousins seems to have imbibed his unfeeling notions, but the others, and my aunt, joined me, and the sparrows and goldfinches had a majority of voices!

My aunt, dear mamma, in this, and in many other traits, reminded me of your own dear self; and, two or three times, her voice and manner so strongly resembled your's, that on recollecting how many miles separate us, I could scarcely refrain from tears.

At eleven o'clock Mr. B. proposes that my cousins Henry, Sarah, and Betsey, and myself, shall ride as far as Leith Hill before dinner. It is six miles they say, and part of it a very rough road! What a figure shall I cut on horseback! I never was, you know, but twice on horseback for half an hour each time, and I am now called on to ride twelve miles with those who are constantly used to the exercise. I mentioned my fears to Mr. B. but he and my cousins rallied me, and I am promised a poney, which he says is the gentlest thing in England. In short, dear Mamma, I am in my room for the purpose of equipping myself, and I have seized on a vacant half hour to write you this hasty scrawl.

My aunt has just been with me to request that I will present her affectionate love to you, and she also has been rallying me about my fears. She says the poney is véry gentle, and that I have nothing to do but to conform my own motion to his, keep my toe in the stirrup, sit firmly, and fear nothing. She says she would go with us, but that Sarah, who is to ride her horse, is intent on the excursion.

As my uncle is very punctual, and they might ascribe any backwardness of mine to fear, I feel it necessary to conclude—requesting my dear Mamma to remember me, with duty and affection, to Papa, and all my brothers and sisters, to each of whom she is to give a kiss in my name. I subscribe myself,

Dear Mamma,

Your dutiful and devoted daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*Bloomsbury-square.*

No. 79.



## XXXIX.

*Miss Eliza Smith to her Mamma, relative  
to her excursion on horseback.*

---

Dorking,  
July 7, 1814.

DEAR MAMMA,

As my letter of yesterday might have created some anxiety about the issue of my adventure on horseback, I write this morning to say that I never enjoyed any thing more than the ride. I knew I had nothing to fear, and therefore feared nothing. At first I felt as though I should tumble, but I soon balanced myself, and by conforming my own motion to that of the poney, became so expert that on our return I galloped nearly a mile! You may

suppose I am a little stiff to day, and we are therefore not to take another ride till to morrow.

O! this enchanting country! and that enchanting prospect from Leith Hill! No pen, no language in prose or verse, no pencil can pourtray it, or convey but a faint idea of it!

With devoted affection to Papa, Aunt Smith, Grandmamma, and all at home,

I am, dearest Mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA SMITH.

*Mrs. Smith,*

*Bloomsbury-square,*

*London.*

*No. 97.*

MODELS  
OF  
FRENCH LETTERS  
AND  
NOTES.

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THE form of a French Letter differs little from that of an English one, except in the *Superscription* or *Address*, in which the title must be repeated. Thus the English address, *Mr. Thompson, Bedford Square; Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, &c.* but in French it should be

*A Monsieur,*

*Monsieur Thompson,*

*Place de Bedford,*

*Londres.*

*A Madame,*

*Madame Thompson, &c.*

*A Mademoiselle,*

*Mademoiselle Thompson, &c.*

A letter to a Boy is directed with as much formality as to a Man, because the title *Master*, given to a young gentleman in England, is unknown in France. Thus, *Master Henry Stanley, Kensington Square*, should be in French

*A Monsieur,*

*Monsieur Henri Stanley,*

*Place de Kensington.*

Should the Letter, however, be carried by a private messenger, custom does not require the title to be repeated, but it may be expressed as in English :

*Monsieur Stanley,*

*Place de Kensington.*

Familiar Notes, Cards, and Billets, whether in the first or third person, follow the English form.

## I.

*Détails d'Ecole, d'une Fille à sa Mère.*

---

Wilderness-house, Walworth,  
18<sup>e</sup> Février, 1814.

Ma chère Maman,

Vous m'avez fait promettre de vous écrire, dès que j'aurois été un mois chez Madame Jackson ; je vous assure, que je vous tiens parole avec le plus grand plaisir. Vous savez que je pleurai beaucoup en vous quittant, parce que je croyois qu'il étoit impossible de me trouver heureuse, éloignée de vous, surtout dans une école. Et bien, chère Maman, vous apprendrez avec plaisir que je suis très-contente de ma situation ; toutes mes compagnes ont mille complaisances pour moi, et Mde. Jackson est si douce et si bonne, que nous l'aimons presque autant que je vous aime. Nous travaillons beau-

coup, mais nos leçons sont arrangées avec tant d'ordre que nous n'en sommes jamais fatiguées.

Je vous ai des obligations infinies des peines que vous vous êtes données pour m'enseigner le François, car sans cela je me trouverois ici inférieure en tout. La plupart de mes jeunes amies dessinent, brodent, et dansent beaucoup mieux que moi, mais le Maître de François, qui vient deux fois la semaine, me nomme *la petite Parisienne*, et il m'a donné la première place dans notre classe. J'ai commencé à dessiner et à danser, et je vous promets de faire tout mon possible pour vous contenter.

Nous avons dans notre école, une charmante petite fille de huit ans, qui se nomme Emma Wilson ; elle ressemble si fort à ma sœur Charlotte, que je ne puis m'empêcher de l'embrasser vingt fois le jour. C'est d'ailleurs une savante petite fille pour son âge, et j'avoue sans balancer qu'elle sait beaucoup plus de Géographie et d'Histoire que moi ; mais je vous prie de croire, chère Maman, que je n'en suis pas jalouse, je tâche seulement de la suivre et de l'imiter. Je m'applique à l'arithmétique avec le plus grand soin, et j'espère que mon cher Papa sera content de moi aux vacances.

J'ai reçu le petit paquet que vous m'avez en-

voyé, mais il y manque un mouchoir ; c'est sans doute un oubli de Cécile, et je vous prie de lui en parler. Embrassez Papa pour moi, et dites à mon cher Théodore, que je pense souvent à lui. Adieu, ma chère Maman, aimez-moi toujours bien, et croyez-moi avec beaucoup de respect et d'obéissance,

Ma chère Maman,

Votre fille très-soumise

et très-affectionnée,

CAROLINE EARDLEY.

*A Madame*

*Madame Eardley,*

*Place de Manchester,*

*Londres.*

## II.

*Détails d'École, d'une Nièce à sa Tante.*

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Lymington-house, Clapton,  
10<sup>e</sup> Mars, 1814.

Ma chère Tante,

J'ai reçu ce matin votre obligeante lettre, et je m'empresse de répondre à toutes vos questions ; mais il faut auparavant que je vous remercie de l'excellent gâteau que vous m'avez envoyé. J'ai eu dans une minute toute l'école autour de moi, et votre présent a disparu comme un éclair.— Notre bonne Maitresse m'a fait le plaisir d'en goûter, et elle nous a donné à chacune un verre de son meilleur vin de groseilles, pour boire à votre santé.

Venons à présent à vos questions, ma chère petite Tante, je vais y répondre avec la plus grande sincérité. Madame Wells est contente



de moi pour tous les ouvrages d'aiguille en général, ainsi que pour la danse et le dessin, mais elle se plaint de mon peu de progrès dans la musique. / Le Maître dit que j'ai la main lourde, et que ma voix est enrouée et tremblante. Je tâche cependant de m'appliquer de mon mieux, mais je crains fort de ne pouvoir jamais réussir. J'aime beaucoup l'arithmétique, et je suis à présent la première de ma classe ; mais mon écriture ne vient que lentement, comme vous en pouvez vous-même juger.

Ce qui me réjouit davantage, ma chère Tante, c'est que je n'ai plus rien de cette vilaine humeur hargneuse que vous me reprochiez avec raison ; je n'ai pas eu la moindre querelle depuis que je suis ici, et j'espère que vous n'aurez point à vous plaindre de moi pendant les vacances. Embrassez Maman pour moi, et dites-lui que je lui écrirai une longue lettre de Jeudi en huit. Priez-la de dire bien des choses respectueuses et tendres de ma part, quand elle écrira à mon Papa. Quand-est ce donc qu'il reviendra ? Je m'ennuie de sa longue absence, et je hais ces vilains gens d'Yorkshire, de le retenir si long temps.

J'ai un petit secret à vous dire, ma chère Tante, mais vous pouvez le confier à Maman.---

En jouant hier au Colin-Maillard, dans la chambre de M<sup>lle</sup>. Warley, j'ai eu le malheur de casser son miroir de toilette ; elle ne veut pas que je lui en achète un autre, mais je ne saurois consentir à sa générosité. Faites-moi le plaisir de me prêter une demi-guinée, que je vous rendrai aux vacances. Embrassez pour moi mon petit frère Gaspard, et dites à ma chère Emilie, que je la remercie des soins qu'elle prend de mes oiseaux. Adieu, ma bonne Tante ; écrivez-moi bientôt, puisque vous ne pouvez venir me voir, car je suis avec beaucoup de tendresse et de respect,

Ma chère Tante,

Votre nièce très-soumise

et très-affectionnée,

SOPHIE HARLEY.

*A Mademoiselle*

*Mademoiselle Harley,*

*No. 4, Rue de Burlington,*

*Londres.*

## III.

*D'une jeune Demoiselle à sa Sœur, sur un Bal.*

---

Grove-place, Clapham,

4<sup>e</sup> Avril, 1814.

Ma chère Henriette,

Je me suis levée ce matin à onze heures, devinez pourquoi ; et bien, dépêchez-vous, avez-vous deviné ? Je vois bien que non, et je m'empresse de vous aider, de peur que vous ne vous imaginiez que je suis malade. Non, en vérité, ma chère, mais je suis un peu fatiguée d'avoir trop dansé. Madame Clinton, notre bonne voisine, invita hier toute notre école à un bal, et nous y allâmes à huit heures avec Madame Burdet qui voulut bien se charger de nous. Nous y trouvâmes la plus aimable compagnie du monde, toutes les jeunes Demoiselles, et les

jeunes Messieurs du Voisinage. Nous eûmes d'abord deux ou trois menuets, mais nous en vinmes bientôt à des mouvemens plus vifs et plus variés aux contredanses, aux chères contredanses que vous aimez tant.

Nous formâmes dix-huit couples dans la grande salle verte que vous connoissez, et nous dansâmes jusdu'à près de deux heures du matin. Croiriez-vous que Madame Burdet, notre excellente gouvernante, dansa aussi ! Oui, elle dansa, et très bien je vous assure, aussi agilement que nous toutes. Madame Clinton vint aussi se joindre à la bande joyeuse, ainsi que trois ou quatre dames de ses amies. Nous sentîmes bien que c'étoit pour nous obliger, et nous ne manquâmes pas de les remercier de leur complaisance. Tout se passa à merveille, et il étoit près de trois heures du matin, quand nous arrivâmes à Grove-place. Madame Clinton, qui s'occupe sans cesse de notre santé, nous dit d'un air sérieux : " Je vous ordonne de rester au lit jusqu' à onze heures, et je vous défends de travailler avant midi." Nous éclatâmes de rire, et nous allâmes toutes nous coucher, après avoir embrassé cette excellente maitresse.

Je ne dois pas oublier de vous dire, ma chère sœur que M<sup>de</sup>. Clinton, me demanda de vos

nouvelles avec beaucoup d'intérêt, ainsi que quelques autres dames, et un jeune officier, nommé Stevenson. En vérité tout le monde vous aime ici, et on ne parle jamais de ma chère Henriette sans ajouter : cette aimable demoiselle, cette fille accomplie ! Je suis réellement un peu jalouse. Non, ma bonne amie, non, je ne suis pas jalouse, mais je vais tâcher de vous imiter, pour devenir aussi aimable que vous l'êtes.

Adieu, quand vous écrirez à Maman, ne manquez pas de lui parler de moi, et dites-lui que j'attends son retour avec impatience. Donnez-moi souvent de vos nouvelles, ma chère Henriette, et croyez-moi avec la plus tendre amitié, sincèrement toute à vous.

CLARISSA ARLINGTON.

*A Mademoiselle*

*Mademoiselle Arlington,*

*Rue du Manoir,*

*Walworth,*

*No. 3.*

*Surrey.*

## IV.

*Détails d' Ecole, d' un Fils à son Père.*

---

Penton-house, Putney,  
17<sup>e</sup> Avril, 1814.

Mon cher Père,

Je viens de recevoir votre lettre, et les quatre volumes que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer. Je vous promets de suivre ponctuellement votre avis, et de ne les lire qu' à nos heures de récréation. Vous ne pouviez, selon moi, choisir un livre plus amusant que Don Quichotte, car il est impossible de jamais s'ennuyer avec ce bon Chevalier, et son Sancho Pança. Je dois cependant vous avouer que, quoique j'aie quatorze ans, je lis encore mon ancien ami Robinson Crusoe, avec autant de plaisir que je le fai-

sois à sept. Je m'applique avec soin au Latin et au Grec, mais j'aime mieux le *Vendredi* de Robinson, que tous les héros de l'Iliade et de l'Enéide.

Je vous assure, mon cher Père, que les leçons d'Italien que vous m'avez données pendant les vacances, me deviennent à présent fort utiles ; je suis le premier de ma classe, et Signor Piccini est fort satisfait de ma prononciation.— Vous serez aussi bien-aise d'apprendre que je commence à faire quelques progrès dans les mathématiques ; nous en sommes au cinquième livre d'Euclide, et Mr. Curding m'a fait présent d'un très-beau compas, et d'une règle d'ivoire, pour me prouver sa satisfaction. Nous commencerons l'Algèbre le mois prochain, et je ferai tous mes efforts pour être un des premiers de ma classe.

Je vous aurois donné tous ces détails la semaine dernière, mais j'eus la mal-adresse de me frapper le poignet contre un mur en jouant à la balle, et j'ai été plus de huit jours sans pouvoir écrire. Dites à ma chère Maman, car vous savez qu'elle ne veut pas que je l'appelle *ma mère* avant que j'aie vingt ans, dites donc à cette chère Maman, que je l'embrasse de tout mon cœur, et que je la prie de venir me voir, quand

elle ira chez M<sup>de</sup>. Pontet. Cela ne la détournera que d'un mille, et je lui aurai mille obligations de cette complaisance. Bien des choses affectionnées de ma part à ma sœur Eugénie; je lui enverrai la semaine prochaine un petit paysage que je suis à faire exprès pour elle.

Je finis en vous priant de venir me voir quand vos affaires vous le permettront, et croyez-moi avec tous les sentimens de plus grand respect, et de la plus tendre affection,

Mon cher Père,

Votre-très soumis,

et très-obéissant Fils,

JOSEPH DARLEY.

*A Monsieur*

*Monsieur Darley,*

*Rue du Parlement,*

*Londres.*

No. 17.



## V.

*Petites nouvelles d'Ecole, d'un jeune Enfant à sa  
Mère.*

---

Pleasant Hill, Croydon,  
13<sup>e</sup> Mai, 1814.

Ma chère Maman,

Je me porte très-bien, et j'espère que vous vous portez bien aussi, ainsi que Papa, mes sœurs Sophie et Emilie, et mon petit frère André. N'oubliez pas que j'aurai neuf ans Samedi prochain, et que vous m'avez promis un gâteau pour mon jour de naissance. Envoyez-en un bien grand, ou bien envoyez-en deux, car nous sommes quarante dans notre école, et je serois très-aise d'en donner à tous mes camarades. Guillaume Warton aura le plus grand morceau, car c'est mon meilleur ami. Quoiqu'il ait plus de quatorze ans, et que je n'en aye que neuf, il joue

avec moi et tous les autres petits garçons, et tout le monde l'aime. Il m'explique mes leçons quand je suis embarrassé, et il m'appelle son petit fils. Il a une montre que son Oncle lui a donnée, ainsi je vous prie de dire à ma chère Charlotte de m'envoyer un joli ruban, et j'en ferai présent à mon bon ami Guillaume.

J'ai été très-enrhumé pendant quelques jours, mais Madame Watson a eu grand soin de moi, et je me porte beaucoup mieux. Quand vous m'écrirez, dites-moi, chère Maman, comment vont mes Lapins, et priez Gaspard de ne pas les négliger. J'écrirai à mon Papa la semaine prochaine, la semaine suivante à Charlotte, et puis ce sera encore le tour de Maman. Vous savez bien que vous m'avez promis des poches à mon habit après mon jour de naissance ; tous mes camarades en ont, et cela est fort commode pour mettre des balles, des marbres, et d'autres choses dont nous nous servons pour nous amuser. Que ce soit bientôt, ma bonne petite Maman, et vous me ferez grand plaisir. Madame Tierney vint me voir Lundi, avec ses deux filles, et elle m'apporta une douzaine de très-belles oranges ; elle m'a chargé de vous faire bien des amitiés de sa part.

Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur, ma

chère Maman ; j'embrasse aussi mon Papa,  
Sophie, Emilie, André, et ma bonne Walters.  
Je suis avec beaucoup d'obéissance,

Votre Fils très affectionné

SAMUEL LYNCH.

*A Madame*

*Madame Lynch,*

*Rue de Chandos,*

*Place de Cavendish,*

*No. 5.*

*Londres.*

## VI.

*Lettre d'amitié, du jeune Ormond à son Frère.*

---

High Grove, Hackney,  
4<sup>e</sup> Juin, 1814.

Mon cher Frère,

Maman a eu la bonté de me lire la lettre que vous lui avez écrite, et je suis bien-aise d'apprendre que vous serez avec nous vers la fin de ce mois. Vous trouverez votre jardin en fort bon ordre, car j'en ai pris très-grand soin, et notre jardinier m'a fourni tout ce que je lui ai demandé. J'ai planté des haricots blancs et des laitues romaines qui viennent à merveille, et j'ai mis des marguerites, des giroflées doubles et des œillets d'Inde tout le long des bordures. Votre petit cheval est en très-bon état, mais je crois qu'il devient méchant, car il tâcha de me mordre l'autre jour pendant que je lui donnois de l'avoine; j'espère que vous le mettrez à la raison quand vous serez ici.

Je suis fâché de vous apprendre que nous avons perdu votre joli Serin ; le vilain chat noir de Mr. Trotter, grimpa le long de la fenêtre, et le tua d'un coup de griffe. Je l'ai enterré auprès du myrte de Maman, et j'ai planté des violettes doubles tout autour. J'ai encore un autre malheur à vous annoncer : Paul Wimburn s'est cassé la jambe en tombant du haut du grand amandier qui est au bas du jardin.

Papa a acheté un joli fusil pour nous amuser pendant les vacances, nous commencerons dès que vous serez ici. Monsieur Stanley a fait présent à Caroline d'un charmant petit écureuil ; c'est la plus drôle de créature du monde ; il saute sur le dos du chat, et le fait crier et courir comme un enragé. Adieu, mon cher Arthur, venez vite, nous vous attendons avec impatience, et je me propose de bien m'amuser.

Votre très-affectionné Frère,

PHILIPPE ORMOND.

*A Monsieur*

*Monsieur R. P. Ormond,*

*chez le Rev. A. Byfield,*

*Newington, Surrey.*

## VIII.

*Invitation à un petit Concert, en Famille.*

Harley Street,  
Vendredi 4<sup>e</sup> Mai.

Madame Stanley se propose d'avoir un petit concert Mercredi prochain, et elle sera enchantée d'y voir Madame Babington et ses deux Demoiselles. Comme Montino, le violon favori de Monsieur Babington, a promis de venir, cela pourra peut-être l'engager à être de la partie. On commencera à huit heures précises, mais tout sera absolument en famille, sans cérémonie et sans apprêt.

## IX.

*Réponse au Billet précédent.*

---

Manchester Square,  
Samedi 5<sup>e</sup> Mai.

Madame Babington a l'honneur de remercier Madame Stanley de son obligeante invitation, et elle aura certainement le plaisir de la voir Mercredi prochain sur les huit heures. Monsieur B. dit qu'il aura l'honneur d'être de la partie, mais il supplie Madame S. de croire que ce ne sera point à cause de Montino, mais pour faire sa cour et admirer les talens de l'aimable Eulalie. La pauvre petite Sophie ne pourra pas accompagner sa Sœur ; elle a une toux désolante que rien ne peut arrêter.

## X.

*Envoi de quelques Livres, et complimens d'usage.*

---

Devonshire Square,  
13<sup>e</sup> Juin.

Monsieur Dalby a l'honneur d'envoyer à Madame Pauleton, les deux volumes de Poésie qu'elle lui a fait demander, et il la supplie de les lire parfaitement à son aise. Il y joint un petit recueil d'énigmes et de logogripes qui pourront peut-être amuser Mademoiselle Pauleton ; il sait bien qu'elle s'occupe de choses plus essentielles, mais on ne peut pas toujours étudier, et il faut se délasser quelquefois, surtout au bel âge de 15 ans.



## XI.

*Réponse au Billet précédent.*

Portland-place,  
14<sup>e</sup> Juin.

Mille remerciemens au cher Monsieur Dalby ; toujours aimable, toujours complaisant, il s'occupe sans cesse de ses amis. M<sup>de</sup>. Pauleton aura le plus grand soin de ses livres, et elle les lui renverra dès qu'elle les aura lus. Eulalie le remercie du joli recueil qu'il a eu la complaisance de lui envoyer, et elle se propose de faire un extrait des meilleures énigmes, et des logogripes les plus piquans. Elle ne veut pas qu'on la croie toujours occupée d'études sérieuses, et quand Monsieur D. nous fera le plaisir de nous venir voir, elle lui prouvera qu'elle aime encore à rire et à danser.

## XII.

*Pour fixer un Rendez-vous.*

---

Chapter Coffee-house, 3<sup>e</sup> Juin.

Deux-mots à la hâte, mon cher Dupré; je pars demain pour Paris, si vous avez des lettres à me donner, ou que je puisse vous devenir utile de quelque autre manière, faites le moi savoir, ou venez me trouver ce soir à huit heures chez notre bon ami Blondeau. Ne dites rien de mon départ à Monsieur Bartolin; j'ai mes raisons particulières pour cela, tout à vous,

P. RAINIER.

## XIII.

*Réponse au Billet précédent.*

---

Little Chelsea,

3<sup>e</sup> Juin, 2 heures après Midi.

Comment, vous partez demain pour Paris ! Vous me surprenez. Je serai certainement ce soir chez notre ami Blondeau, à huit heures précises, et vous m'expliquerez tout cela. Ne craignez rien, je ne dirai pas un mot de votre départ à Bartolin ; c'est un assez bon garçon, mais sa langue va sans cesse, et on ne peut rien lui confier. Adieu mon bon ami, jusqu'à ce soir.

J. DUPRE.

## XIV.

*Lydia invite son amie Joséphine à passer la Soirée.*

---

Mercredi, 8<sup>e</sup> Mai.

Viendrez-vous demain avec votre Maman, ma chère Joséphine ? Mon frère dit que la partie ne seroit pas complète sans vous, et je pense comme lui. Si votre Cousine peut vous accompagner, tant mieux, ce nous sera un plaisir de plus. J'ai une petite grace à vous demander, c'est de m'envoyer ce soir ce joli air Italien que vous chantâtes Samedi chez Madame Burnet. Adieu, chère Joséphine, tâchez de venir de bonne heure pour que nous puissions avoir un petit tête-à-tête avant que la compagnie s'assemble.

LYDIA STAPLETON.

## XV.

*Réponse au Billet précédent.*

---

Mercredi au Soir, 8<sup>e</sup> Mai.

Je m'empresse de vous envoyer l'air Italien que vous me demandez, ma chère Lydia, et je serai charmée de vous l'entendre chanter ; je devine avec qui : *il dolce amico* ! n'est-ce pas, ma toute aimable ? Nous serons chez vous de fort bonne heure, et j'en suis très-aise, car j'ai à vous dire bien des choses que je ne puis écrire. Offrez mes humbles respects à votre chère Maman, et priez-la de nous permettre de lui présenter demain une jeune Française, très-intéressante en vérité, qui est venue passer quelques jours avec nous. Mon Frère me tourmente pour vous dire qu'il se jette à vos pieds ; il faut bien

que je lui obéisse. En êtes-vous fâchée ma chère bonne amie ? Que j'aimerois à dire, *ma chère Sœur !* Adieu, adieu, toujours toute à vous.

JOSEPHINE BARTLET.

---

OBSERVATION. Brothers and Sisters, in France, commonly write and speak in the pronoun *thou* to one another, and parents do the same to their children. School-fellows, Brother-officers, and intimate Friends, do the same among themselves at every time of life ; but, as that mode of writing would appear uncouth to an English ear, it has been avoided. However, as it may prove of some advantage to young Students to be acquainted with that peculiar style, it is used as a specimen in the two following Letters.

## XVI.

*Invitation d' une jeune Demoiselle à sa bonne Amie.*

---

Strawberry Hill,

13<sup>e</sup> Août, 1814.

Nous t'attendons avec impatience, ma chère Eugénie, dépêche-toi de laisser la fumée de Londres, et viens te promener dans nos bosquets. Tu ne saurois croire quel plaisir nous avons le matin à faire des bouquets et des guirlandes de mille jolies fleurs sauvages qui croissent de tous côtés ; nous revenons déjeuner neuf heures, et c'est de bon appétit, je t'assure. La matinée se passe à étudier et à lire ; nous faisons toilette de deux jusqu' à trois, et nous nous promenons jusqu' à quatre. Après le dîner nous nous occupons de musique jusqu' à sept ; le thé se prend dans un berceau au bout du jardin, et chacun s'y amuse à sa manière. Le soir nous jouons à quelque petit jeu de société, ou bien nous passons le temps à deviner des Logoglyphes et des Enigmes. Nous nous retirons entre dix et onze

heures, et nous jouissons d'un bon sommeil jusqu' à sept. Que dis-tu de cette vie simple, ma belle amie ? Ne vaut-elle pas bien la Comédie, l'Opéra, les visites de parade, &c. &c. Cent fois, mille fois mieux. Dépêche-toi, ma très chère, dépêche-toi, et viens te joindre à nous.

N'oublie pas, ma chère Eugénie, de nous apporter tous les livres amusans de ta bibliothèque, parce qu'ils nous seront d'un très-grand secours, quand le temps ne nous permettra pas de sortir. Fais-moi aussi le plaisir de me choisir quelque chose d'aisé et de nouveau pour le clavessin ; ne prends que des pièces courtes et enjouées, je hais les airs traînans et mélancholiques. Adieu, mon Eugénie ; Maman, et Amélie t'embrassent, et nous irons tous à ta rencontre jusqu' à la Maison rouge, si tu nous fais savoir le jour et l'heure de ton départ. La jeune Turing est avec nous pour quinze jours ; c'est réellement une fille charmante : belle, aimable, douce, complaisante, bien instruite ; tu l'aimeras, et elle t'aimera aussi, j'en suis sûre. Adieu encore, mon cœur, jusqu' au plaisir de te voir bientôt et de t'embrasser.

ESTHER BEAUCHAMP.



## XVII.

*Lettre d'Amitié d'un jeune Monsieur à son Ami.*

---

Walnut Place, Blackmore,  
17<sup>e</sup> Septembre, 1814.

Nous commençons à être inquiets, mon cher Coddington, d'où vient ton retard ? Je reçus ta lettre Samedi dernier, tu m'y promettois d'être Lundi avec nous, nous voici à Jeudi et tu n'as pas encore paru. J'ose espérer, mon cher Henri, qu'aucun accident fâcheux n'est la cause de ce délai ; mais cependant je ne serai tranquille que lorsque tu seras ici, ou au moins jusqu' à ce que je reçoive deux mots de ta part. A propos, sais-tu que ta favorite, la jolie Isabelle Bailey vient de se marier ? Elle a épousé un fort aimable homme de notre connoissance ; je crois que tu as dîné une fois avec lui chez nous. Il se nomme Jérôme

Studley; c'est le fils aîné d'un riche fermier qui n'a rien épargné pour lui donner la meilleure éducation.

J'en étois ici de ma lettre quand on m'a apporté un Billet de ta part. Je suis désolé que la santé de ta respectable mère t'ait empêché de venir : mais, puisqu'elle se porte beaucoup mieux, je compte que tu viendras Vendredi prochain, comme tu nous le laisses espérer. Adieu, mon cher Henri, je t'attends avec impatience, car tu sais combien je t'aime. Bien sincèrement tout à toi,

JAMES STEVENSON.

P. S. Mon père te prie de lui acheter une livre de la meilleure cire à cacheter, deux bâtons noirs, et le reste rouge.

MODELS  
OF  
ITALIAN LETTERS.

---

I.

*Ringraziamenti d'una Fanciulla alla Signora  
madre, con dicerse nuove di scuola.*

---

Richmond,  
ai venti di Marco, 1814.

CARA SIGNORA MADRE,

Con sommo diletto vengo di ricevere la sua graziosa risposta ed il bellissimo cappello che lei si è compiaciuta di mandarmi, quanto è sottile e d' ottimo gusto ! tutte le mie compagne l'hanno ammirato.

Lei puo esser sicura che farò ogni sforzo per darle soddisfazione in tutto quel che lei m'ha comandato ; La padrona della scuola mi fece jeri principiare il Ricamo che avete disegnato, e mi

mi lusingo di potere terminarlo in un modo che le resterà aggradevole.

Seguito di far ogni mese la ricerca di tutta la mia roba giacchè lei desidera ch'io serbi ogni cosa in buon ordine.

Voglio far nel francese progressi bastanti per scrivervi presto in questa lingua. Il maestro m'ha dato un tema da preparar e tanto da imparar a mente, che sono costretta di scrivervi piu breve del solito ; ma, se mi date la licenza, *je vous écrirai encore* la settimana prossima. Badate *chère maman* di non restare sta sera troppo tardi ad innaffiare i vostri fiori per paura d'aver un' infreddatura. Il carteggiare con lei mi diletta tanto che con rincrescimento terminerò pregandola di favorirmi di alcune righe e di credermi per sempre, con tenero affetto,

Carissima Madre,

La sua devotissima Figlia,

ROSINA GIUSTINIANI.

## II.

*D'una Fanciulla al Fratello, toccante una sventura  
accaduta alla sua Fantoccina.*

---

Richmond,  
ai dodici d'Aprile, 1814.

CARO FRATELLO,

Grazie per l'ultima vostra, quando la ricevi io ero nel più gran bisogno di consolazione. Oh! sono certissima che compatirete al caso mio! forse lei si ricorda quella bella fantoccina che il mio zio m'aveva comprata? figuratevi cosa è successo! sapete quanto mi piace il vestirla; jeri sera mentre ch'io mi divertiva nell' adornarla, le mie compagne di scuola mi vennero a cercar per andare con loro in un piccolo Bosco vicino alla nostra casa, ove si ritrovano una quantità di fragole. Prima di seguitarle io terminai di vestire la mia Bambolina, essa era tanta vezzoza, Oimè! pareva una Marquesa, cosa dico! pareva una Regina! io la misi a sedere vicino alla finestra, mentre ch'io sarei fuori. Si figuri, caro fratello,

qual fù mio rammarico al mio ritorno, trovando la mia povera fantoccina nella scuola col naso rotto ; anchè, i suoi belli occhi azzuri sono rotti, i suoi capelli biondi tutt' aruffatti, e la sua ricca vesta ricamata d'oro, stracciata. Oimè ! credo se a quel momento io avessi veduto il maladetto gatto che l'avrei stracinato, credo davvero, forse ! forse ! gli l'avrei dato sopra benbene ; se nostra cara Mamina me ne dia un' altra, non c'è pericolo chio la lasci senza rinserarla quando anderò via.

Ma questa mia sventura mi faceva dimenticare di dirle che ho comprato per lei quantità di pietre curiose e di pezzetti di marmo per il suo gabinetto d'istoria naturale ; mi lusingo che l'aggraderanno. Avrei gusto di scrivervi più lungo ma bisogna ch'io vadi dal maestro di musica a cantare quel benedetto do, rè, mi, fà, sol ; che seccatura ! addio, carissimo fratello, credetemi di cuore tutta vostra ed affezionata sorella.

ROSINA GIUSTINIANI.

## III.

*D'un Fanciullo al Signor padre, toccante il suo ritorno alla scuola.*

---

Eton,

ai dieci di Genajo, 1814.

CARO SIGNOR PADRE,

Per l'appunto vi sono oggi quindici giorni ch'io venni in scuola allontanandomi con sommo rincrescimento di lei, della mia tenera madre, e della nostra cara Rosinetta.

Forse Vossignoria si rammenta quanto mio conduttore pareva stanco; in fatto, quando ci mancava pochissimo per giungere alla casa, egli s'addormentò affatto. Mentre ch'io faceva il calcolo dei mesi che abbiamo da scorrere sino alle feste di natale, viddi il cappello del cocchiere e la sua parrucca, portati via dal vento, senza che egli se n'avvedesse; subito lo svegliai, pareva mezzo morto, però egli ritrovò la sua roba.

Con sommo piacere, caro padre, posso parteci-

piarle ch'il nostro maestro è soddisfatto della mia attenzione agli studj miei, e sono adesso il primo in luogo ; già lei può esser certo che son risoluto di fare quanto potrò per seguir i di lei consigli, mene ricordo perfettamente sino alla minima cosa.

Spero che loro sono così bene di salute che Io son'io ; ogni giorno abbiamo due spasseggiate, e la sera dopo avere terminato i nostri studj ci divertiamo tra noi altri scolari.

Mi raccomando alla vostra bontà, caro Papa, alfine che Giuseppe abbia maggior cura del mio caro cavallino, spero che le darà la biada regolarmente, senza cavalcarlo, perciocchè Giuseppe è assai di peso.

Addio, carissimo padre ; aspettando la sua risposta rimango con rispettoso affetto,

Caro Papa,

Vostro devotissimo Figlio,

CARLO GIUSTINIANI.



## IV.

*D'un Fanciullo alla Signora madre, coi soliti complimenti, e nouvelle di scuola.*

---

Eton Collegii,

ai dieci di Luglio, 1814.

AMATA MADRE,

Temo che lei non potrà mai figurarsi quanto le voglio bene. Oh! quanto mi pareva strano i primi giorni del mio ritorno qui, di non vederla, neppure di sentire il suono della sua voce, ah! cara mamina, con che gusto io sentiva quelle belline favole che ci divertivano tanto la sorella ed io, particolarmente, quelle della Didone et d'Andromache; basta che ne narrerete dell' altre quando ci rivedremo al natale; sicchè, cara mama mia, badate alla vostra salute! siate certissima che voglio mantenere la promessa che v'ho fatta, che se avessi una sete forse da bere l'oceano, non beberò niente di freddo, aspetterò sempre di non aver più caldo, e non mangierò

mai cattiva frutta, benchè mi piace tanto. Quando sarà affatto matura ne comprerò, con quella moneta che lei m'ha regalata a ragione di tre soldi ogni settimana, giacchè ho detto alla povera vedova ch'io le voglio sempre dar i tre altri. Non vi dico nulla intorno agli miei studj, perchè ne ho informato il caro genitore da chi lo sentirete. Spero ch'avete buone nuove della sorella ?

Il tempo è tanto favorevole per vostro giardino che mi pare vedervi d'intorno agli vostri fiori; non ne abbiamo qui, e mi spiace non potere mandarvi un mazzetto. Se mi favorite d'una risposta vene sarò molto tenuto; addio, carissima madre, resterò sempre con tenero affetto e rispetto,

Vostro Devotissimo Figlio,

CARLO GIUSTINIANI.

## V.

*D'una Fanciulla al Signor padre, con complimenti,  
ed una relazione de' suoi progressi  
e divertimenti alla scuola.*

Richmond,  
ai tredici di Maggio, 1814.

CARO SIGNOR PADRE,

Mi rallegro di sentire dall' ultima carta che si è compiaciuto di favorirmi, che la sua infreddatura è guarita e che la mia cara madre è in buonissima salute.

Oimè ! con qual diletto avrei accompagnato vossignoria in questa escursione della quale mi fa un narrativo tanto dilettevole ! con che gusto io avrei cavalcato col mio carissimo Papa, ed avrei ammirato questi bellissimi giardini, quelle fontane, quelle bellissime statue, e finalmente questi maravigliosi quadri ! Forse m'osserverete che una fanciulla non s'intende di queste belle cose ; però, caro genitore, gli occhj miei, ed un certo *non so che* mi fanno subito distinguere il

bello dal brutto. Senza sapere il perchè, almeno sento l'effetto, se la mia inesperienza e la mia ignoranza m'impediscono di scoprirne la causa. Giacchè lei desidera saperlo, l'assicuro che fo quanto posso per contentare la padrona ed i maestri della nostra scuola, e mi pare che eglino restano assai soddisfatti, ed intendo di fare una sorpresa alla mia madre per la musica. Mi lusingo che se lei seguita di giocare a scacchi col nostro malizioso zio, essa vincerà ogni giorno; non abbiamo qui alcuna ragazza chi abbia voglia d'imparar questo bellino giuoco. Quanta pazienza avete avuto, *Cher Papa*, nell'insegnarmelo!

Adesso la sera quando ho terminato tutte le mie lezioni, il mio trastullo è particolarmente nel favellar colla mia fantoccina, e vestirla; altre volte mi diverto coltivando il mio piccolo giardino, fra poco manderò delle mie rose alla mia *mama*, ed a vossignoria de'll'uvaspina.

Addio, caro papa, colla speranza che lei mi farà il favore di scrivermi, rimango con rispettuoso affetto,

Carissimo padre,

La vostra umilissima Figlia,

ROSINA GIUSTINIANI.

## VI.

*D'un Fanciullo alla sorella sua, colla descrizione  
d'un trastullo sulla Tamisi.*

---

Eton Collegii,  
ai venti di Luglio, 1814.

CARA ROSINA,

Bisogna che lei sia molto occupata alla caccia delle farfallette, giacchè in dispetto di tutte le sue promesse non ho ancora ricevuto una riga della vostra bella manina. Non posso immaginare che gli studj di voi altre ragazzine in scuola, si potrebbero paragonare a quelli di noi dotti scolari; vedete dunque, carina, da queste mie righe cosa è il mantener la sua parola! però non c'è gran maraviglia, essendo il vostro maggiore, se vi do il buon esempio.

Domani avremo una piacevole festa, sicchè il nostro collegio essendo stato stabilito da' predecessori del buon sovrano di questo bel paese, ci fa l'onore d'accordarci la sua protezione, e la sua

maestà ci fa ogni anno a questo mese, preparare una cena deliziosa, vicino al fiume Tamigi, sopra il quale verremo domani con piccole barchette; saremo vestiti diversamente, gli uni da marinari, e sono in quel numero, alcuni in Spagnuoli, Turchi, Armeniani, &c.. con la musica. Un mondo di gente vengono a verderci sbarcare, e mangiare la nostra cena, preparata nel piatto; il nostro appetito e tale che in una battuta d'occhio, tutte queste buone cose spariscono. Dopo esserci divertiti un poco, ritorniamo nelle nostre barchette, ed andiamo tre volte a salutare la famiglia reale al modo dei marinari Inglesi; quanto gusto avrei avuto se aveste potuto venire con i nostri cari genitori!

Sapendo quanto vi piacciono gli uccelli, ho comprato per lei una passerina, e gliela manderò con questa mia lettera. Addio, cara Rosinetta, scrivetemi presto, presto; addio, sarò sempre con sincero affetto,

Il vostro fratello,

CARLO GIUSTINIANI.

## COMMERCIAL LETTERS.

---

Youth who have carefully copied the Models given in the early part of this work, and transferred their manner and spirit into some of THE TOPICS, as the efforts of their own minds, at the end, will be able to write Commercial Letters, after being a month in a Counting House, as well as any experienced merchant.

The features of a Commercial Letter are extreme brevity, and a cold and precise attention to the business in hand. Sentiment, choice of expression, figures of rhetoric, or poetical quotations, would be ridiculous and farcical in a correspondence on mere business, and would subject the writer to be laughed at, and to be considered as a pedant or a coxcomb.

The youth, therefore, who has acquired the art of expressing his sentiments, feelings, and opinions, on miscellaneous subjects, is fully qualified for the cor-

responding department of any Counting House, as soon as he has learnt the technical terms peculiar to the particular branch of trade in which he is employed.

Mortimer's Dictionary of Commerce is admirably adapted to teach that technical language, and the general principles of trade; and Morrison's Book Keeping, exhibits Models of the small number of forms which trade requires; but the author, in order to meet what may be thought a *desideratum* in a work like the present, has subjoined a few of the ordinary letters of the Counting House.

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## ORDERS.

---

To Messrs. A. B. and Co.

Gentlemen,

Please to send, as under, per first waggon, to  
your

Humble servants,

X. Y. and Co.

Northampton,

May 17, 1814.

[Then follows the Order.]



To Mr. A. B.

Sir,

Your last parcel suited our market so well, that we have occasion for a repetition of the quantity and quality at the same price; send, therefore, as under, per first vessel, from Gun Wharf.

We are, Sir,

Your humble servants,

X. Y. and Co.

Hull,

May 3, 1814.

---

To Messrs. C. and D.

Gentlemen,

I enclose A. B. on X. Y. at 40 days, for 173*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.* and H. N. on O. P. and Co. for 149*l.* 6*s.* at 30 days' sight, which place to the credit of Messrs. A. B. and Co. and please to send, as under, per first ship.

I am, Gentlemen,

For Messrs. A. B. and Co.

Your humble servant,

T. M.

Liverpool,

June 6, 1814.

---

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

I am desired by Mr. A. T. to request you will

■

forward by Canal, as beneath, and that you will take care the qualities are as per last parcel.

I am, Sir,

(For Mr. A. B.)

Your humble servant,

W. B.

*Birmingham,*  
*July 3, 1814.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

*To Messrs. T. B. and Co.*

Gentlemen,

We have given you credit for S. L. and Co. on T. G. for 217*l.* enclosed per your T. W. and are much obliged to you. The goods, as beneath, were this day shipped by the Betsey, Simpson, from Bear Key, and we hope they will please.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your very humble servants,

L. E. and Co.

*London,*  
*August 17, 1814.*

[*Then follows the bill of parcels.*]

[*Invoice at top.*]

*To Mr. R. S.*

Sir,

I have this day delivered, as above, at Jones's

Waggon Warehouse, and I hope they will arrive safe, and give satisfaction.

Your future favours will always command the early attention of

Sir,

Your obliged, humble servant,

S. M.

*York,*

*March 11, 1814.*

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### ADVICES.

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*To Messrs T. B. and Co.*

Gentlemen,

I have taken the liberty to enclose my account for the last half year, and soliciting the continuance of your favours,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obliged, humble servant,

S. R.

*London,*

*January 2, 1814.*

---

*To Mr. T. W.*

Sir,

Y. Z. on G. H. and Co. for 152*l.* due yesterday, being this morning returned unpaid, with

3s. 6d. expences, I enclose it, and have placed the amount to your debit, being

Sir,

Your humble servant,

P. D.

*London,*  
*August 16, 1814.*

---

*To R. Y. and Co.*

Gentleman,

We thank you for your obliging order, but feel it necessary to advise you, for your government, that, since our last invoice, fine Linens have got up three pence per yard, and we daily expect a further advance.

We wait your answer before we ship, and are,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble servants,

L. C. and Co.

*London,*  
*September 30th, 1814.*

---

*To C. L.*

Sir,

We feel it necessary, owing to the general

scarcity of money in London, to remind you, that 62*l.* 3*s.* remains due on our last half year's balance, and that we shall feel obliged by an early remittance.

I am, Sir,  
(For Self and Partner,)  
Your humble servant,

L. M.

London,  
March 26, 1814.

To X. Y. and Co.

Gentlemen,

We have this day drawn upon you, in three bills, as under, for the amount of last invoice, and relying on due honour,

We are,  
Your humble servants,  
T. S. Son, and Co.

Leeds,  
February 10 1814.

180	Os.	0 <i>d.</i>	favour of A. B.—65 days.
212	5	0	Ditto, C. D.—40 days.
73	10	6	Ditto, E. F.—2 months.

---

£456 15 6 Net Amount of Invoice.

*To C. R. and Co.*

Gentlemen,

Our A. B. being on his northern journey, will reach your city about the 20th current; we have, therefore, taken the liberty to enclose your account, in course, and shall be obliged by a settlement of the same, and by your further favours.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your very humble servants,

T. W. and Co.

*Birmingham,*

*May 12, 1814.*

---

Youth designed for trade may derive some advantage from fairly copying the preceding letters two or three times, and they will be able readily to transfer the same style of manner to any particular business in which they may afterwards be engaged.

# REAL LETTERS AND NOTES

OF  
DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

*Now first printed from the original Manuscripts.*

---

*As many Tutors, in the form of Letters, prefer the sanction of high authority, and as many compilers of collections of Letters lay undue stress on the epistolary compositions of names of celebrity, however unlike real life they may be, the Editor has complied with the predilection in favour of such Letters; and has selected from his own original, and never published collections, a variety of Letters and Notes which really passed between the several parties, on points of real business, or occurrences of real life.*

*These may be advantageously copied by the pupil, before he proceeds to the Topics, or while he is engaged in composing from them.*

---

## I.

*Mr. Pitt, Prime Minister, to Mr. Wilkes.*

Mr. Pitt presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, and is extremely obliged to him for the edition of Catullus, which Mr. Wilkes has done him the honor to send this morning.

Downing Street,  
15th July, 1788.

## II.

*Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, to  
John Wilkes, Esq.*

Sir Joseph Banks presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, and returns him many thanks for his very obliging and agreeable present, which he shall always carefully preserve as a testimony of his friendship, which, though he has had but few opportunities of deserving, he shall ever cherish with respect for superior abilities, and gratitude for the enjoyment of brilliant conversation.

Soho Square,

July 18th, 1788.

## III.

*From Earl Spencer to John Wilkes, Esq.*

Althorp,

October 17th, 1790.

SIR,

Though I have not the advantage of being personally acquainted with you, I cannot avoid taking the liberty of troubling you with a few lines, to return you my most sincere acknowledgements for the very obliging manner in which you have done me the honour to send me your beautiful edition of Theophrastus upon vellum. I esteem myself peculiarly fortunate, as a collector of scarce and valuable books; that in consequence of my having purchased Count Rinczky's



Collection, I am become the possessor of two books, not more desirable on account of the correctness and beauty of their execution, than from the name and reputation of their Editor, whose talents and abilities having already made so distinguished a subject for our political, must, in future, be equally celebrated by our literary, historians.

I have the honour to be,  
Your most obedient humble servant,

SPENCER.

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IV.

*Mr. Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

Tuesday.

If your ladyship shall be at home this evening, I will take it as a favor to bring my mother to wait on you. If not I could be very glad to wait on you myself in the morning. Methinks I have less of your company than any body else; and I have besides, a favour to beg of you for Mr. Vernon and myself. I am truly, Madam,

Your most faithful and most  
humble Servant,

*To the Right Honourable the  
Lady Mary Wortley:*

A. POPE.

## V.

*Mr. Pope to Dr. Berkeley.*

DEAR SIR,

Sunday.

My Lord Bishop was much concerned at missing you yesterday ; he desired me to engage you and myself to dine with him this day, but I was unluckily pre-engaged. And (upon my telling him I should carry you out of town to-morrow and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has desired that we will not fail to dine with him next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this to intreat you will provide yourself with linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week : for, as I take you to be the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you to be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum, because I can assure you it is no less your's, and hope you will use it as your own country villa, the ensuing season.

I am faithfully your's,

*To the Rev. Mr. Berkeley,  
Gerard-street.*

A. POPE.

## VI.

*From Sir Horatio, afterwards Lord Nelson, to John Wilkes, Esq. Chamberlain of the City of London.*

Sir Horatio Nelson presents his most respectful compliments to the Chamberlain of the city of London, and begs leave to acquaint him that he will attend at his office on Tuesday next, at one o'clock, unless any other hour should be more agreeable.

Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1797.

## VII.

*Admiral Lord Howe to Mr. Wilkes, Chamberlain of London.*

Grafton Street,

7th March, 1796.

As Lord Howe must have appeared quite insensible of the delicate compliments in Mr. Chamberlain's address on the presentation of the City freedom yesterday, which his defect of hearing prevented him from having at that time perfectly comprehended, he begs to trouble Mr. Chamberlain with the acknowledgments he would have wished to express on that occasion, viz.

“ I am much flattered, Sir, by the favourable sentiments my worthy fellow-citizens have done me the honour to entertain of my professional endeavours on the occasion you have mentioned; the impression of which, has been increased by the assurance of your obliging concurrence in them.”

## VIII.

*Warren Hastings, Esq. to John Wilkes, Esq.*

Park Place, 29th May.

DEAR SIR,

I return you many thanks for the valuable present which I have this moment received of your new edition of Theophastrus. Its value to me consists in its being a memorial, and not the first of the kind, of your friendship. As such I shall ever sacredly pre-

serve it, and shall contemplate it with more pleasure than the perusal of it could afford to many who possess the knowledge which I have unfortunately lost, if I can pretend to have ever attained it, of the languages in which its contents are written.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and

Most faithful Servant,

W. HASTINGS.

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IX.

*From the Right Hon. Edmund Burke to Mr. Wilkes.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I come at your requisition, to the service of a cause rendered dearer to me by your accession to it. Since you will have it so, I will eat venison in honour of Old England; let me know at Gerard-street when and where. You make too much of the prattle of the world, and the effect of any opinion of mine, whether real or supposed. The libels and the panegyrics of the newspapers can neither frighten nor flatter me out of my principles; but (except for the evil of example) it is no matter at all if they did. However, since you think my appearance something, you shall have me in my blue and buff; we all, indeed, long very much to see you, and are much your humble servants. I am just going to dine with

the Duke of Portland, in company with the great American, Paine, whom I take with me.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful, affectionate friend,

Beaconsfield, Aug. 18, 1788.

E. BURKE.

X.

*Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister, to Mr. Wortley.*

SIR,

Tuesday Morning.

I find I shall not be able to go down to the House of Commons to day as I expected; my foot swelled so last night, by going up stairs yesterday to Court, that I must manage it to day. I was unwilling you should have the least doubt about my readiness to receive your commands, and as I cannot imagine that a day's or two difference in our meeting can be of any consequence, I beg your excuse, till I have an opportunity of assuring you in person, that I am, with great respect,

Sir, your most faithful,

Humble Servant,

R. WALPOLE.

XI.

*Mr. Fox to Sir Richard Phillips.*

SIR,

I received, a few days since, your's of the 11th. I am about a history of the Times immediately preceding and succeeding the Revolution, but I have made very little progress; and, as it is chiefly a matter

of amusement to me, it may be a long time before I publish, and, of course, the time when it may happen is altogether uncertain. I should, therefore, be very sorry to have any thing announced upon the subject at present. When the work is in more forwardness, I may give notice of it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.

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XII.

*The same to the same.*

SIR,

I received, yesterday, your's of the 27th. I am sorry to say, in answer to it, that your information with respect to the rapidity of my progress, is wholly unfounded. It will be at least a year before I shall be ready to publish any part of the work, and then it will not be, as I guess, more than one quarto volume, with a small appendix, which may be added to the volume, or printed separately, according to the bulk of the volume itself.

I am still unengaged with respect to a publisher, and mean to remain so for some time. I have not given any other person any reason to expect that I shall employ them.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Sunday.

## XIII.

*The same to the same.*

SIR,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, with the communication with respect to the late pretender's papers. I have often heard of them, and I have little doubt but, if they could be obtained, they would prove a valuable publication. But as I have many years work before me, before *I can come to the Brunswick reigns*, to which only, as I imagine, these papers can relate; and, as I very much doubt even whether I shall ever go beyond the reign of Anne, they are not to me particularly material. I should think, as you seem to do, that money would be the best means of coming at them.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, Thursday.

## XIV.

*The Duke of Bedford to the Lord Mayor of London.*

The Duke of Bedford presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor Elect and the Sheriffs, and regrets that, being under the necessity of leaving town on Monday the 9th inst. it will not be in his power to have the honour of waiting upon them on that day.

Stanhope Street, Nov. 6, 1807.

## XV.

*Sir Joseph Banks to the Remembrancer of London.*

Sir Joseph Banks presents his compliments to the Remembrancer of the City of London, and requests he will do him the favour to express to the Lord Mayor Elect and to the Sheriffs, his mortification at finding himself unable, from the feeble state of his health, and the very strict regimen he has been under the necessity to submit to, to do himself the honour of accepting their very flattering and obliging invitation to dine at Guildhall on the Lord Mayor's Day.

Soho Square, Nov. 7, 1807.

## XVI.

*From Dr. Beattie to Mr. Pratt.*

SIR,

Be pleased to accept of my grateful acknowledgements, for the honour you have done me in sending me your *excellent* poem on *Sympathy*: which I have read with attention and very great pleasure. The language is elegant, and the numbers are harmonious; the images discover a happy talent for the observation of nature: and the general tenor of the invention and sentiments must to every reader of *taste* convey the most favourable idea of the heart and imagination of the author.

Permit me also to thank you, Sir, for the kind partiality with which you have looked into my attempts



in the poetical way. The compliments you pay me, and my poor *minstrel*, are indeed far beyond our merit: but however much they may remind me of my imperfection, it is still a most pleasing circumstance to be approved and applauded by such a man and such a *muse*, as the author of *Sympathy*. I am sorry you took the trouble to send a copy to my house in Scotland. I have been from home these three months. Next week I set out on my return. But wherever I am, I shall always be, with the greatest respect and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful servant,

J. BEATTIE.

London,  
June 29th, 1781.

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XVII.

*Lord Chesterfield to the Rev. Mr. Berkeley.*

SIR,

I can assure you with great truth that I hardly ever wrote a letter with greater uneasiness in my life, than I now write this. It must be very irksome to me, to refuse so slight a favour as you ask, to the man in the world to whom I should the most earnestly wish to do the most essential services. I know too that a refusal strikes more than all the reasons for it, be they never so strong, can counterbalance. But I hope for more justice from you, when I tell you

mine. I never spoke to Lord Bute in my life but twice, and that was six years ago, and consequently before he was a minister, so that I am by no means entitled now that he is one, to write him a letter, that looks the least like a recommendatory one. Another much stronger reason is, that since his exaltation, I have had three solicitations exactly the same as your's, and one of them from a near relation of mine, which I was obliged to refuse, partly from the above-mentioned reason, and partly because I saw that they would grow frequent on account of my near relation to Lady Bute, to whom by the way I never spoke one word in my whole life. I the more easily flatter myself that these reasons will have weight with you, as upon my word my conscience does not accuse me, but tells me I am, with the truest sentiments of esteem and friendship,

Your most faithful  
humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Bath,

February 10th, 1761.

I heartily congratulate Mrs. Irwin upon the recovery of her gun dog, who was sad dog enough to leave her and follow me five or six miles from Reading, till her Servant came and served him with a writ of *ne exeat*. He is a pretty springing spaniel, and I proposed great diversion with him for the remainder of the shooting season here.

## XVIII.

*Philip Dormer, Lord Chesterfield, to Aaron Hill, Esq.*

London,

Oct. 27, 1747.

SIR,

As my inclinations have not the disposal of my time, I have been obliged to delay till now my acknowledgments of the pleasure which both your letters gave me. I immediately communicated to the proper persons the recipe contained in the former, and they answered me, that the butter melted to oil was one of the standing medicines in their hospital, but was made more effectual by mixing some wax with it.

I entirely agree with you in thinking that there are many very valuable discoveries of various kinds already made, which are neglected on account of their simplicity, or blasted by the interest which the profession has in mystery. Mr. Boyle's little Treatise upon simple Medicines proves this truth.

I have read with great pleasure your tragedy of Julius Cæsar; the sentiments are noble and just, and the diction worthy of your former productions; but yet, (to be free with you) I much doubt whether it will stand representation. For you must consider that you combat notions, which, whether true or false, have been uninterruptedly received and entertained for eighteen successive centuries. Cæsar has, from his own time to this hour, been unanimously considered as the destroyer of the liberties of his country; and

though I will agree with you that many others at that time betrayed those liberties as much as Cæsar did, yet I confess I cannot bring myself to believe that Cæsar intended ill. I will allow, if you please, that Cæsar was an amiable tyrant, and Brutus a most disagreeable patriot. But surely, the former was really a tyrant, and the latter a patriot. That Cæsar (if I may use the expression) was the least tyrannical tyrant that ever lived, I ascribe to his having been the ablest tyrant that ever lived. But that he had early premeditated and predetermined the slavery of Rome, is an article of my classical and historical faith, which I have so long believed, that nothing less than Cato's or Brutus's rising from the dead, to prove the contrary, could make me renounce it.

However, I will own that Cæsar has found a very able advocate in you, and that you preach your heresy in the manner which is the most likely to propagate it. His virtues, which undid his country, have also seduced you.

As the manuscript which you have sent me seems to be the fair one, I desire your instructions where, and to whom I am to return it. I shall accompany it with my wishes, that it may have the success which I think it deserves.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,  
Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

## XIX.

*Dr. E. Young to Mr. Samuel Richardson.*

April 9, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

I gratefully accept the kind offer you made me of living under your roof for some days, while I transact an affair in town. I shall be with you on Monday next, God willing. That God willing, who this moment sets a thousand angels at work for my salvation, of which I know nothing, though they are all within me; and should any one of them cease to work, it would prove the instant death of my animal functions! Yet how merry should I make the world were they to hear me say, "If it please God I will rise from my seat;" or "I will open my mouth;" or "if it please God, I will set pen to paper, &c." So ignorant are our wise ones both of God and man. And now, Sir, which is the most respectable being, a monarch on his throne, or a beggar's brat at the breast, whose ignorance is not its crime?

You will say I treat you very familiarly, by permitting every thought that rises in my mind to run through my pen, to the interruption of those thoughts of your's, for which I hope the world will soon be the better. Mrs. Hallows salutes you and your's.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

E. YOUNG.

## XX.

*Lord Lyttleton to the Rev. Mr. Berkeley.*

Arley,

Nov. 28, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

In returning you my best thanks for your very kind and friendly congratulations on the pleasing event that has happened in my family, I must condole with you most sincerely on the melancholy situation of poor Miss Talbot, a situation which shews that the reward of the good is not in this world. I much fear the sad office of attending her in this state, may hurt Mrs. Berkeley's health and your's, but I know you both prefer the duties of friendship to health itself. I wrote to her last post, and directed my letter to her in Grosvenor-street, from whence she dated her's. If she is at Mrs. Talbot's, I fear it may have miscarried; I beg you, Sir, to assure that most venerable and most amiable lady, your mother, of my best respects and grateful sense of the kind and favourable sentiments she has the goodness to express for me.

Believe me, with the highest esteem and regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and affectionate

Humble Servant,

LYTTLETON.

A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Hagley and some of the neighbouring parts on Friday last,

about four in the morning. We did not feel it at Arley, so my daughter escaped a fright which might have done her much harm. She and her child (God be praised) continue well.

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 XXI.

*From Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson.*

December 20, 1750.

SIR,

I am desired by the young authoress of these books,\* to intreat your acceptance of a copy, for though she has received some compliments from her friends, she cannot think her success complete, unless their opinion is ratified by the author of *Clarissa*. As she certainly shews her judgment by this instance of ambition, I hope you will not deject her by refusing to gratify it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

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 XXII.

*From the same to the same.*

March 9, 1750-1.

DEAR SIR,

Though *Clarissa* wants no help from external splendour, I was glad to see her improved in her appear-

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\* Alluding to Mrs. Charlotte Lennox.—EDIT.

ance, but more glad to find that she was now got above all fears of prolixity, and confident enough of success, to supply whatever had been hitherto suppressed. I never indeed heard a hint of any such defalcation, but I regretted it, for though the story is long, every letter is short.

I wish you would add an *Index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident, he may easily find it, which at present he cannot do, unless he knows in which volume it is told; for *Clarissa* is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious, and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

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XXIII.

*The same to the same.*

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely obliged by the favour you have done me. To quarrel with what is received, because one does not receive more, is not justifiable. Yet I have almost a mind to retain these sheets. Will you send me the next volume? To wish you to go on as you have begun, would to many be a very kind wish, but you,



Sir, have beyond all other men, the art of improving on yourself; I know not, therefore, how much to wish, as I know not how much to expect, but of this be certain, that much is expected from the author of *Clarissa*.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

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XXIV.

*From the same to the same.*

DEAR SIR,

I return you my sincerest thanks for the two volumes of your new work, but it is a kind of tyrannical kindness to give only so much at a time as makes more longed for; but that will probably be thought even of the whole, when you have given it.

I have no objection but to the preface, in which you first mention the letters as fallen by some chance into your hands, and afterwards mention your *health* as such, that you almost despaired of going through your plan. If you were to require my opinion which part should be changed, I should be inclined to the suppression of that part which seems to disclaim the composition. What is modesty if it departs from truth? Of what use is the disguise by which nothing is concealed?

You must forgive this because it is meant well—and then I have another favour to ask. Mr. Martinnelli, an Italian gentleman, who seems a man of

merit, has on his hands two hundred sets of a large edition of Machiavel, which he published in Holland, and wants some Bookseller to take them from him at a low price. If you think it convenient to recommend him to a Bookseller, it will be a great kindness to him.

I thank you once more, dear Sir, for your books, but cannot I prevail this time for an Index? such I wished, and still wish, to *Clarissa*. Suppose that in one volume an accurate Index were made to the three Works;—but while I am writing an objection arises, such an Index to the three would look like the preclusion of a fourth, to which I will never contribute; for if I cannot benefit mankind I hope never to injure them.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

September 26th, 1753.

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XXV.

*From Miss Dewes, then eight years old, afterwards  
Mrs. Port of Islam, to Mr. Samuel Richardson,  
with his answer.*

DEAR SIR,

I am vastly obliged to you for being troubled last Saturday with such an insignificant girl, and for so many favours, and pleasures, and for desiring my silly letters, which I shall certainly do myself the honour to send you. I know I do not deserve that

honour, but as you desired me to write, I hope you design to make me wiser and better.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

Feb. 4, 1754.

MARY DEWES.

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XXVI.

*Answer of Mr. Richardson.*

Salisbury Court, Fleet Street,  
March 5, 1754.

How much, my dearest Miss Dewes, am I obliged to your excellent Mamma and Aunt for permitting you to write to me; and to you for favouring me with so pretty a letter, in pursuance of so kind a permission.

You call yourself, my dear, an insignificant girl, you cannot be insignificant while you are good. See you not how your Papa, your Mamma, your Uncle, your Aunt,\* every body, love you? And why do they love you? Because they have hopes, from what they already see amiable in you, of your daily improvement; and that you will more and more deserve their love. You, my dear, who have such good and worthy Parents, and so excellent an Uncle and Aunt, highly compliment me, when you tell me, "you hope I design to make you wiser and better." Their watchful cares are employed for you good. Pray to God to preserve them to you: and do you resolve to pay a

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\* Alluding to Dr. and Mrs. Delany.—EDIT.

regard to their precepts, and you will be wiser and wiser every day you live. Then will you be their delight, and the admiration of their friends and neighbours; who perhaps will say to their children, "see what a dutiful, what a justly-beloved young Lady is Miss Dewes! Take example by Miss Dewes! How well are her parents rewarded for the pains they have taken in her education! O that you, my Sally, my Kitty, my Nancy, were like Miss Dewes!"

And then, my dear, it will be so pretty, so delightful, to your parents and friends, instead of being puffed-up when you hear of these praises, to have you say "I thank, my dear, my kind neighbours for their good opinion of me. But what do I more than my duty? I should have been an ungrateful child to the best of parents, had I not profited by their indulgent goodness. I will by God's grace, which I will pray for morning, noon, and night, be all, and if possible more than all, I am thought to be. Continue to love me, my dear neighbours and friends, as I will endeavour to deserve your love." So resolving, so acting, what a credit will you be to every one, who under the eye of your tender parents shall assist in your education, as well as to them." O, my dear, how much is it in your power, I may venture to say, to be the delight of all who know you; that you may be so, my dear Miss Dewes, is the prayer of,

Your true friend and

Affectionate humble servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

## XXVII.

*Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, to  
Bishop Berkeley.*

MY LORD,

I have had the honour of your lordship's obliging letter, and think myself much indebted to you for the assurance which it brings me of your favourable opinion; I venture to thank you for it more readily, as having received the strongest proof of it, which one of your Lordship's character could give me, the care of so dear and deserving a son. I am persuaded that his doing well is the greatest object of your worldly wishes. I hope and I think your care will not be disappointed; from the acquaintance which I have had with young men, I know how dangerous it is to pronounce concerning them, but I can venture to say, I never met with one who seemed to have received such strong impressions of religion and virtue. As far as I am concerned in this good work, your Lordship may depend on my best endeavours, both on Mr. Berkeley's own account, and because I shall be happy in contributing a little to the satisfaction of one who deserves so well of mankind. I am much obliged to those whose kind report of me has introduced me to your Lordship's notice, and consider this opportunity as one of the fortunate accidents of my life. I hope the journey and change of air will give you that increase of health and spirits which every

good patriot wishes you, and am with great truth,  
your Lordship's

Most obedient and

Obliged Servant,

WILLIAM MARKHAM.

Oxford, June 12th, 1752.

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XXVIII.

*Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, to the Rev. Mr.  
Berkeley.*

Bath,

May 28, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In negotiations of the matrimonial kind, *multa cadunt inter, &c.\** and therefore I think it better to say nothing of the matter till the newspapers tell every body at once that the thing is done, and there's an end of it. I always desired my girls to secure three points in a husband, good temper, good sense, and good principles; if they met with a good person and a good fortune, they might be thrown in, and no harm. In the present instance, as far as I can judge, we are well off throughout, and all parties pleased, and so God bless them! To see a little of the world before they settle, they are gone for three or four months upon the continent. We must therefore wait,

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\* Many things fall between the cup and the lip.

I believe, for a *slice* of right *national*, for they set off upon the evening of the wedding day, and the trusty Betty, on her return to Eltham, deposed that she had seen them under sail for the coast of France. Best thanks to Mrs. Berkeley for her very kind letter, which has found its way hither. My wife is passing a few days at Otham, after the hurry and heat of Sackville-street. I bless God the waters and weather here carry me on charmingly ; I write you see, nearly *as well as ever I did*, and as to utterance, hope to be a match for Norwich cathedral, by the end of July, when I am engaged there for the infirmary. Once a year, by God's blessing, I purpose to refresh nature at Bath, and keep things going. I hope when we can get rid of these cold winds, Mr. Berkeley's gout will melt away *like ice in the fair warm weather*. The doctors want me to have a fit, but I wish to leave that matter to God's good providence. I soothe my mind, and settle my temper, every night, with a page or two of *Boxzy* \* and always meet with something to the purpose — my sleep is sweet after it.

God bless you all—so prayeth my dear friend,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. NORWICH.

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\* Alluding to Boswell's Life of Johnson just then published.—EDIT.

## XXIX.

*Dr. Robert Smith, author of the Elements of Optics,  
to Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.*

MY LORD,

This is to thank your Lordship for your presents of the Analyst, and of the defence of it; and to ask pardon for so late an acknowledgment of the former. As to the answer to the Analyst, which your Lordship seems to impute to a *Cantabrigian professor*, I must assure you for my own part, (and dare almost venture to answer for my brethren) I am so far from being the author of it, that I had not the least knowledge of any such design till I saw it in print; nor was it sent to me as a present from the author, but I bought it of my bookseller. Your Lordship will pardon me if I seem to be too solicitous in clearing myself from this imputation. I have lived and conversed in a friendly manner above 20 years in one of the most eminent societies of divines; I have lately received many personal favours, and public civilities from your Lordship's hands, and have frequently mentioned them with pleasure. Have I not reason, then, to be concerned, if after all this I should be thought capable of allowing myself those liberties which Philaethes has taken with your Lordship. I don't understand, indeed, how your Lordship can take me to be Philaethes, who has expressly declared himself *an utter stranger to your person*, but others who are ignorant of this circum-



stance, and have any such suspicion of me, I fear will be quite confirmed in it by that expression of your Lordship's which I hinted above. I guess from what ground such suspicion may have risen. About a year ago I printed some remarks upon your theory of vision, which having been talked of, I suppose, among my friends, may probably have been mistaken by others for the answer to the Analyst. If this be the case, it is indeed a misfortune, but not a fault of mine; and when my remarks are made public, I am sure your Lordship will find no cause to complain that I have not treated you with respect and good manners.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

And most humble Servant,

ROBT. SMITH.

Cambridge, 24th March, 1734.

Your Lordship will observe I don't hereby in the least enter into the merit of the dispute between your Lordship and Philalethes. Be pleased to present my very humble service to your good lady, and to Master Harry. I was at Tunbridge Wells again last year, and found much benefit by the waters, but was very sensible of the want of the same good company I enjoyed there before.

## XXX.

*Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Berkeley.*

Sandleford, Sept. 11th.

DEAR MADAM,

I am apprehensive I must have appeared so unworthy of the honour you did, and the favour you intended me, that you will hardly deign to cast your eyes on my apology ; indeed, I should not have courage to intercede for pardon, if I was not conscious that my offence was involuntary. The obliging and polite letter you did me the honour to send me by Mr. Berkeley, was not delivered till the day before I left London, to which place I did not return till the day before my nephew Montagu's marriage, and he and his bride accompanied me to this place on the wedding day. If, my dear Madam, you have supposed I could receive with insensibility the flattering marks of your's and Mr. Berkeley's partial opinion of me, or be indifferent to the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a person of his character, you have done me great injustice. I confess I ought to have returned thanks for your letter, though I could not avail myself of the kind intention with which it was written, but that the St. Anthony's fire which I had in my face last spring, left such a weakness in my eyes, that writing has been very painful to me ; and from the first report of my nephew's marriage, till some weeks after it took place,

I had such an inundation of congratulatory letters, pouring in upon me from all quarters of the world, that I hardly knew how to answer them. If I had been going to London even for so long as a week, I would have endeavoured to have begun my acquaintance with Mr. Berkeley, but as I only staid one day there, it was impossible for me to have that pleasure ; but I hope that as soon as I am settled in Portman-square for the winter, he will afford me the pleasure of his society very often, to make me amends for the mortification I have suffered by the long delay which has happened. His great personal merit and character, and hereditary fame, will makè me very impatient to begin an intimacy which promises so much honour and pleasure to me. I believe I shall go to London early in November, unless a friend of mine, who is in a bad state of health at Bath, should wish to have me there for some time. Mr. Berkeley's bookseller did not execute his orders, so that I have not had the pleasure of seeing his Maria. I recollect having heard it spoken of with great commendation, but I read so few of the new publications, that, unluckily for me, I never got it, but I ordered a bookseller some time ago to send it with some other books, and expect it every day, for your acquainting me with the author gives me confidence in the merit of the work, and made me impatient to read it. Indulgence is apt to create presumption ; will you not, therefore, forgive me, if I cannot resist this oppor-

tunity to beg that if Dr. Berkeley and you come to London in winter or spring, you will have the goodness to inform me where I may have the honour of waiting on you. My best compliments attend Dr. Berkeley and Mrs. Berkeley.

With the greatest respect,

I am, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and obedient

Humble Servant,

E. MONTAGU.

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XXXI.

*From Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mr. Wortley.*

Avignon,

Jan. 10, N. S.

I return you many thanks for the trouble you have taken in sending me Miss Fielding's books, they would have been much welcomer, had they been accompanied with a letter from yourself. I received at the same time, (which was but two days ago) one from Mr. Muilman, who informed me that you were at the Waters of Pymont; the date is so old, I suppose you have long since returned to England. I hope your journey has been rather for pleasure than necessity of health; I suppose your travelling, (of which I never had any notice from you) has occasioned the

miscarriage of the many letters I have written to you. I directed them all to Cavendish Square, (which perhaps you have left) excepting the last which I enclosed to my daughter. I have never heard from her since, nor from any other person in England, which gives me the greatest uneasiness; but the most sensible part of it is in regard to your health, which is truly and sincerely the dearest concern I have in this world. I am very impatient to leave this town, which has been highly disagreeable to me ever since the beginning of this war, but the impossibility of returning into Italy, and the law in France which gives to the King all the effects any person deceased dies possessed of, and I own that I am very desirous my jewels, and some little necessary plate that I have bought, should be safely delivered into your hands, hoping you will be so good as to dispose of them to my daughter. The Duke of Richelieu flattered me for some time, that he would obtain for me permission to dispose of my goods, but has not yet done it, and you know the uncertainty of court promises. I beg you to write, though it is but two lines; 'tis now many months since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you.

## XXXII.

*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mr. Wortley.*

Dijon,

Aug. 22, N. S.

This is a very agreeable town, and I find the air agree with me extremely. Here is a great deal of good company, and I meet with more civilities than I had any reason to expect; I should like to pass the winter here if it was not for the expence, but it is utterly impossible for me to live decently within my allowance. I have been entertained by all the considerable people, French and English, and can have no excuse for not returning their courtesy; but being on the road, the lodgings are excessively dear, and every thing else in proportion.

Lord Mansel has been so particularly obliging to me, that if you see him, or Mrs. Blackwood his mother, I think it would be proper to give him thanks; I did not mention it in my last letter, because I thought you might be alarmed, and I hoped it would be over before I wrote again, as it now is—but I was then in some difficulties. I believe I told you in my last, I accidentally met Lady Peterborough at St. Omers, by going to the same inn where she lodged; we supped together, and in discourse I told her I had brought guineas with me from England; she assured me they would not pass without a loss, and in going from

Flanders to France, if I was searched, all foreign money might be seized; she offered me the assistance of her banker, whom she immediately sent for; he confirmed what she said, but told me he would give me a bill on Mr. *Waters* at Paris, which would be paid at sight in any town in France; not knowing how to do better, I accepted of this expedient, only reserving in money what was necessary for my journey to Dijon, which was at an end as soon as I arrived here. I gave my bill the next morning to my landlord, to carry to the chief banker of the town; he came back very blank, saying the banker knew neither Mr. *Waters*, nor the person who had drawn upon him, and that he could advance no money till the return of letters from Paris, which would be at least eight days. I suppose Lord Mansel heard of this disappointment by the landlord, and without mentioning it to me, went immediately himself to the banker, and passed his word for whatever sum I pleased to take up, and then came to wait on me, and told me with great respect what he had done, and desired me to make use of his credit. Though I am sensible he acted thus by the direction of his Governor, who came with him to see me, and is a very reasonable man, yet I think it deserves some acknowledgment, though I did not judge it fit to make use of it, chusing rather to live a few days upon trust—my bill was accepted at Paris, and paid me here last Sunday. I think now of moving very soon, but am yet undetermined as to

my place of residence ; I receive as many different councils as I see people ; what I would avoid are the crowds of English who are spread all over France. A daughter of Lord Bathurst's is here (Mrs. Whitcote) and has entertained me.

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XXXIII.

*Mr. Pope to John Caryll, Esq.*

London,

March 1, 1712.

DEAR SIR,

I take the opportunity of a fit of the head-ache, which confines me to my chamber, to enjoy the pleasure at least, of writing to you. Most men in this town are every where but at their own houses, and mind every thing but their own business. Infected with this humour, I here saunter my time away in every thing but just what I should think of, and be employed in ; I am talking whole days to men I have no value for, and neglect writing to those for whom I have the greatest ; I am carrying on the ceremonials of civility, and forgetting the essentials of friendship. But sickness, which often makes us regard our duty when nothing else will, has now that good effect upon me, that 'tis literally in sober sadness I assure you how truly I love you. This alone is a sufficient reason to me, not to wonder in the least that you have so long



denied me the pleasure of a line, that you are in company you like ; while I would have you take it for a reason for my silence, that I am in company I do not like (generally speaking). Were it not for the hours I pass with Mr. Caryll every day, I should be wishing for my shades and solitude again ; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that the greatest pleasure I have, is in the same place where I feel the greatest concern, the one in his conversation, and the other in his confinement. I heartily wish him in health, though it be at the expense of losing him, and though rather than lose him, I would lose my own health.

Being conscious that I have nothing to say worth hearing, I hope this epistle will find you in the properest place, at a vacant hour, and at your full ease, in the castle ; you may there open it instantly and opportunely ; but I should be much concerned if at the arrival of it you should leave off a game at shuttlecock, or any such important employments as I hear you are taken up with. Indeed, should the bell be just ringing to prayers, I might hope you would not only prefer the perusal hereof to any such foreign avocation, but even read it twice, or perhaps thrice over, leisurely and patiently.

I was in hopes of seeing you some time this winter in town, and am sorry you are so obstinately bent in defrauding it of your company. There are many dozens of melancholy ladies more this winter here than there were the last, when they had your regards.

Since you will needs be in the right before your time, and be so wise at five-and-twenty as to love your lady, I beg it of your humanity to recommend me to one or two dozen of them, which will serve my ordinary occasions well enough : but if you know one particular nymph that can carry herself and me, better than usually, whom you can give upon your word, pray acquaint me, that I may wear her chain forthwith ; I fancy my size and abilities may qualify me to match her monkey very well. But let me know this, I beg of you, by the very first post, for fear my ardour and inclination should be quite gone before hand.

To be serious, dear Sir, I very much desire to hear from you, upon any subject whatever, nor let it be an excuse that you have little to say, after such stuff as I have sent you. The most welcome thing you can possibly say, is that you are so good as to be a friend to me, and to take in good part the freedom I use with you, as well as the profession I shall ever be proud to make, of my being, with all real affection and sincerity, and without all punctilio or compliment,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful  
and obedient humble Servant,

A POPE.

*To John Caryll, jun. Esq.  
at Ladyholt, in Sussex.*

## XXXIV.

*The same to the same.*

DEAR SIR,

Binfield, Oct. 14, 1712.

Though I wrote to you but the last post, I shall not pretend I am ashamed or concerned to trouble you so soon again, as the common phrase is, since (to speak fairly) no man, not you yourself, can at every hour be so well employed, but that you may look over a letter without much loss of time, though of ever so small moment. And, indeed, the making of apologies is only an art people have found out to be impertinent twice, under pretence of understanding that they have been so once. How soon Mr. Caryll may return from abroad I cannot tell, and I send the enclosed now that he may not be the last man that knows how grateful his two most kind letters were to me. Methinks I may be admitted to talk to him upon paper now, though possibly he may not hear me these three weeks; as well as I talk and converse with you all, almost every night in my sleeping dreams, no less than every day in my waking ones. As the prospect and scenes of Ladyholt have something visionary in them, even when I really see them, so methinks my very ideas, and traces of memory, in what relates to your family, have something so like reality, that the bare remembrance is more lively and agreeable than the present fruition of all other conversation.

But what particularly moves me to accost you so presently a second time, is a period or two of your

most pleasing letter, which demands another sort of reply than was any way of a piece with the idle raillery and frank impertinence of my last. It is no affectation to say, that when I write to some few in the world, whom I love too well to be always telling them so, my soul flows out in every word, without the least shadow of art or thought, my natural humour takes its course, and whether I am gay, or uneasy, I write myself out to the end of the paper, just as I then am. In my last, I had a whimsical fit upon me, which might proceed from the good humour of two letters from Mr. Caryll, and one just arrived from you, had spread over me; and I was so pleased with your kind expression of friendship, as to forget even to thank you for them. It is not very natural for a man to make a fine bow to a fair mistress, just after she has granted him the highest favour; there is an abruptness in true gratitude; we swallow the kindness whole which we greedily receive, and express our sense of it at leisure afterwards. Be then assured, Sir, in one word, that I really value you, and heartily love you; that you was not mistaken in what you are pleased to say you observed of my manner of taking leave of your family, which indeed was not void of some confusion, as well as concern. For, in truth, I cannot but feel some confusion when I am sensible of an obligation which I know I can no way return; and it is in those moments only that I could curse my narrow fortune, and repine at Providence. All things

else I am pretty easy under, even under injuries or calumnies (some of which kind I have been lately a sufferer by, and from a certain lady you and I talked of). But two lines of that admirable master of human life, Horace, are sufficient (well considered) at any time to comfort a man in those circumstances.

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,  
Quem? nisi mendosum, et mendacem?\*

As I shall ever wish for what may be pleasing to you, so I hope you have by this time the company of Mr. Stafford, for whom the extreme friendship you professed, together with a certain *je ne sçai quoi* in the looks of that gentleman, which bespoke an unusual benevolence in me at first sight towards him, have imprinted in me a strange desire to be happy in his acquaintance. As it is natural for men who enjoy but little present happiness, to let their thoughts run forwards to some other in reversion, so I cannot but hope it may not be impossible for us to meet some time this winter in London, and (if you will be so kind to give me notice) your time shall be mine, since I never go thither for any other business than to find those I love—of which number I beg you to think none has a greater share than yourself, in the sincere affection and esteem of,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

A. POPE.

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\* False honour aids, and calumny deters, none but the vicious and the liar.—EDITOR.

## XXXV.

*From the same to the same.*

Nov. 8, 1712.

DEAR SIR,

There is a passage in your last letter which I may reasonably say makes it the kindest I ever received ; but as people are never more apt to take little exceptions than when they love most, so there are two things in your's which I will blame no further than in barely mentioning them. That compliment you pass upon my wit, as if I wrote rather to sooth my own vanity, than to prove my affection ; and the excuse you seem to make for not writing sooner ; as if I pretended to so ridiculous a dominion over your time, or expected you to be very punctual, where you are not in debt. One might as well be displeas'd at the sun for not shining out every day we would wish him to do so, though he be always serviceable to us when most he seems retired ; as at a friend, who is ever in a kind disposition towards us, for not manifesting it every day by writing. But if the inclination of a friend towards us, and his bare good will and benevolence, be ever to be acknowledged ; how much more that convincing rhetoric of action ; and protection ! which you so gallantly slur over with the gay term of *wrestling for a friend* ? But consider, Sir, your person and limbs are not absolutely your

own, there is a lady has her part-in them, who would lament much more, if but a nerve of your's were sprained, than all the friends I have would ever do, though my brains were beaten out. For (to tell you the plain truth) this is the opinion I entertain of almost all those who generally are styled such in the world ; our nominal, unperforming friends ! As for my own part, whom have I been ever able to oblige ? whom have I ever served to that degree ? by what right or merit can I pretend to expect a signal service from any man ? I am seriously far from imagining, that because people have twice or thrice been civil to me, they are bound always to serve me ; the prior obligation was mine, not theirs. Or (if they like my poetry) that because they *laugh with me*, they will therefore *cry for me*. But I must be content to take my fortune, with all my own sins upon my own head. Sir Plume blusters, I hear ; nay, the celebrated lady herself is offended, and which is stranger, not at herself but me ; Mr. W. (they say) is gloomy upon the matter, the tyrant meditates revenge, nay the distressed dame herself has been taught to suspect I served her but by halves, and without prudence. Is not this enough to make a man for the future neither presume to blame injustice, nor pity innocence ; as in Mr. W.'s case, to make a writer never be fender of another's character or fame ? as in Belinda's. To act with more reserve, and write with less ? I have another storm too, rising from the bigots, the most

violent of animals, on the score of not having altered some true lines in the second edition of the Essay on Criticism. Yet (as to the two first quarrels) I can be satisfied in my conscience of having acted with honour, and (as to the last) I dare stand to posterity in the character of an unbogged Roman Catholic and impartial critic; I dare trust future times, and lie down contented under the impotence of my present censurers. As to my writings, I pray God they may never have other enemies than those they have yet met with; which are, first, priests, secondly women, (who are the fools of priests) and thirdly beaux and fops (who are the fools of women).

You see, I write in some heat; but I would not do so, if I had not a great opinion of the friendship of him to whom I write. This frankness, the more indiscreet it is, is the more an act of trust in me to you. My temper is really a little sowered by all this, and yet more by a piece of surprising news Mr. Southcote yesterday sent me, that the wicked scribbler of the Flying Post has maliciously reflected upon Mr. Caryl, on account of his crossing the seas at this time. Whether he is yet returned I know not, but if he be, I beg you to offer him my utmost service (if he can think me capable of any) with the only weapon I have, my pen, in reply to, or raillery upon, that scoundrel; and in whatever method he thinks most proper. I am on fire to snatch the first opportunity I ever had of doing something (at least endeavouring to do some-



thing) for your father, and my friend. I hope he is not now to be told with what ardour I love, and with what esteem I honour him, any more than you how sincerely and affectionately I shall ever be,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful, obedient,  
and obliged humble Servant,

To *John Caryll, jun. Esq. at  
Ladyholt, in Sussex.*

A. POPE.

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XXXVI.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Caryll.*

Binfield, Dec. 5, 1712.

DEAR SIR,

While you are pursuing the sprightly delights of the field, springing up with activity at the dawning day, rousing a whole country with shouts and horns, and inspiring animals and rationals with like fury and ardour; while your blood boils in every vein, your heart bounds in your breast, and as vigorous a confluence of spirits rushes to it at the sight of a fox, as could be stirred up by that of an army of invaders; while the zeal of the chase devours the whole man, and moves him no less than the love of our country, or the defence of our altars could do.—While, I say, (and I think I say it like a modern orator, considering the length of my period and the little sense that is to follow it)—while you are thus employed, I am just in the reverse of all this spirit and life, confined to a narrow closet, lolling on an arm chair, nodding away

my days over a fire, like the picture of January in an old Salisbury Primer.

It is a serious truth I tell you, when I say that my days and nights are so much alike, so equally insensible of any moving power but fancy, that I have sometimes spoke of things in our family as truths and real accidents, which I only dreamt of; and again, when some things that actually happened came into my head, have thought (till I enquired) that I had only dreamt of them. This will shew you how little I feel in this state either of pleasure or pain; I am fixed in a stupid settled medium between both.

What you mention of the satisfaction I may take in seeing an enemy punish himself and become ridiculous by attacking me, I must honestly tell you is, and can be, none to me. I can hate no man so much as to feel a pleasure in what can possibly do my person no good, his exposing himself. I am no way the wiser for another's being a fool, and receive no addition of credit from another's loss of it.—As to the other case which you own would give a man the spleen, (the being misconstrued by the very people we endeavour to serve), I have ever made it my fixed maxim never to seek for any thing from a good action, but the action itself, and the conscious pleasure of a sincere intention.

I beg you to believe I am very sensible of your good will towards me, which you express so much in taking notice of every thing which I seem concerned

about. I could be very glad to be with you and Mr. Stafford at Finden, though I verily believe you would run away from me as fast as your horses could carry you. Besides two accidental reasons that make me very desirous of knowing Mr. Stafford, (one, that he is much your friend, and the other, that I have particular obligations to his father) I have a general one, which is likewise a very strong inducement; that universal good character which I find he has, even among people that scarce commend any man. I make him no compliment when I say, that I have heard the vain commend him for his modesty, and the drunkard for his temperance. And a man in these days must have excellent qualities indeed, who gains the esteem of the world, without complying with its vices and follies. I am, with all truth, most heartily,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and  
obliged Servant,

A. POPE.

*To Mr. Caryll, jun. at Finden.*

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XXXVII.

*The Earl of Chatham to Lord Cardross.*

Burton Pynsent, June 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

The honour of your very obliging remembrance, and the kind part you are so good as to take in a health of little use but to the owner, are too interesting to

my feelings for me not to embrace, with particular pleasure, the occasion of renewing to Lord Cardross the assurances of esteem and affection, and of returning him many sincere acknowledgments.

My health has been, I thank God, better than usual since I came here, the air of this place agreeing with me. I am much grieved to hear so unfavourable an account of Lord Buchan's health, which I hope is much better than when your lordship writ, and for the perfect and speedy recovery of which, I offer the most cordial wishes.

Though I have not the honour to know the person of Sir James Stuart, I am far from being a stranger to the reputation of that gentleman's learning and abilities. What then must I do, but feel in all its extent the honour of such a suffrage, and blush to think how poorly a man in St. Stephen's chapel classes with the noble wonders of Italy. I am anxious to hear more of the harmless giants of Patagonia; as for the figurative and less innocent giant of Africa, the conqueror, with his Arabic secretaries at war, I wish him and his triumphs as far as may be from our ports.

I beg to present my respectful compliments to Lord Buchan, and to assure your lordship of the perfect esteem and consideration with which I am,

My dear Lord,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

WILLIAM PITT.

Lady Chatham desires her best compliments to Lord Cardross.

## XXXVIII.

*Earl Camden to Mr. Almon.*

SIR,

I am indebted to your obliging correspondence for many letters, and a great deal of interesting intelligence during the alarming period when the nation was astonished at the appearance of the combined fleet off Plymouth; but I doubt whether I shall easily obtain your pardon for having waited so long before I acknowledged your several favours. It was some time before I knew how to direct to you, for Sidmouth was no market town, and till I received your last letter, did not know it was near Honiton; besides, as your letters contained only intelligence, I wished for an opportunity of paying you in kind by some information from this side of the country, if I could have obtained it; but now since the fleets have disappeared, and the common opinion is, that we shall hear no more of them this year, I shall wait no longer, but return my best thanks for your communications, and beg you will excuse my tardiness, and impute it to any other cause than neglect or indifference. I wish your business, or the health of your family, or any other cause, had called you nearer London, to have given me an opportunity of a personal acquaintance, instead of this distant conversation by the means of an imperfect correspondence, and to have known more fully your sentiments upon the political state of Ireland, which I presume will make an important part of our business next session. Do you intend to publish that tract

upon the commerce of that country that you favoured me with the sight of? I think it would be seasonable and useful. I am happy to concur with all your ideas upon that subject, and that makes me very desirous of further instruction, for he who has for so many years applied his thoughts to one great object, must be the best judge of what measures are the likeliest to attain it. If I have the happiness to hear from you, I promise to thank you for the favour by a speedy answer, and in the mean time, beg leave to assure you, that I am,

With the greatest respect,

Your most obedient faithful Servant,

Camden Place, Sept. 19, 1779.

CAMDEN.

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XXXIX.

*The Earl of Sandwich to Edward Wortley, Esq. M. P.*

DEAR SIR,

I beg pardon for troubling you, but knowing your inclination for the public good, and being in relation to an affair in which our Board is concerned, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take to inform you, that there is a motion made this day in the House, for an address to the King, to order the Lords of the Admiralty to examine Admiral Mathews and Lestock, and report the issue of their examination to the House; how far this is intended to distress us I do not know, but am much of opinion it is calculated for that pur-

pose; if you should think the affair worthy your attendance, you would infinitely oblige,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

SANDWICH.

Admiralty Office, Wednesday, 3 o'clock,

March 6, 1745.

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XL.

*Letters from Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

DEAR SIR,

July 23, 1700.

I am now at Chateau Dun, where I shall expect your company, or a letter from you, with some impatience. Here is one of the prettiest views in the world, if that can tempt you, and a ruin of about fourscore houses, which I know you would think a pleasanter prospect than the other, if it was not so modern. The inhabitants tell you the fire, that has been the occasion of it, was put out by a miracle, and that in its full rage, it immediately ceased at the sight of him, that in his life time, rebuked the winds and the waves with a look. He was brought thither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I don't question, with several tuns of water. It would have been a very fair occasion to have signalized your holy tear at Vendome, if the very sight of a single drop could have quenched such a terrible fire. This is all the news I can write you from this place,

where I have been hitherto taken up with the company of strangers that lodge in the same inn.

I shall hope to see you within about a week hence, though I desire you not to hasten against your own inclinations, for much as I esteem your company, I cannot desire it unless it be for your own convenience.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very faithful, humble Servant,

Auxtrois Rois à Château Dun.

J. ADDISON.

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XLI.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

DEAR SIR,

I am just now arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together, shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you cannot imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage over the mountains, I made a rhyming epistle to my Lord Halifax, which, perhaps, I will trouble you with the sight of, if I don't find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps, as to write an heroic poem in a hackney coach;



and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus or Mount Cenis. At Florence I had the honour to have about three days conversation with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which made me some amends for the missing Sir Thomas Alston's company, who had taken another road for Rome. I find I am very much obliged to yourself and him, but will not be so troublesome in my acknowledgments as I *justly might* be. I shall only assure you that I think Mr. Montague's acquaintance the luckiest adventure that I could possibly have met with in my travels. I suppose you are in England as full of politics as we are of religion at Geneva, which I hope you will give me a little touch of in your letters. The rake Wood is grown a man of a very regular life and conversation, and often drinks our good friends health in England.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

Geneva, Oct. 9, 1701.

I have taken care to manage myself according to your kind intimations.

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XLII.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

DEAR SIR,

The last time I had the honour to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you I had been.

talking of you tête-à-tête to my Lord Halifax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiment. We think here, as you do in the country, that France is upon her last legs. By a mail just now arrived, we hear the Duke of Marlborough had made a movement to prevent the junction of the two armies under the Dukes of Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all rather than lose Lille; and they are of opinion at the army, that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de Villars and the Duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come by Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it, for the French letters own that immediately after their pretended success, the Duke of Savoy took Exilles.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and most  
Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

August 17, 1708.

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XLIII.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

DEAR SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for the honour of

your letter, and am glad to hear that there is no occasion for acquainting you with the issuing out of the writs, which I hear will be on Thursday next. I send you enclosed a print, that is thought to be well written—I fancy it is Manwaring's. We hear that the Duke of Florence furnished the Pope with the money that he contributed toward the intended expedition. If so, his minister will be sent hence very suddenly. You have, doubtless, heard of the affront offered your cousin Manchester in searching his gondola for English cloth, which was found in some quantity on board of it, by the corruption of his servants. It was done at the time when the Venetians had heard that the invasion had succeeded. Their ambassador is banished our court, and though he has desired audience to explain the matter, it is refused till your cousin Manchester has had the satisfaction he demands, which is, that the searchers stand in the pillory, and the cloth be put into the gondola in the place where it was taken out. I long for some of your conversation in country air, and am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Sir,

Your most faithful and

Most obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

Whitehall, April 20, 1708.

Steel shall write to you by the next post.

## XLIV.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

DEAR SIR,

Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son, I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will be probably like his. I have within this twelve month lost a place of 2000*l.* per annum; an estate in the Indies worth 14,000*l.* and what is more than all the rest, my mistress.

Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy: I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too, to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that Stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full—I long to take an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and, perhaps, would pass a month with you if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant—Dick Steel and I often remember you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's eternally, &c.

J. ADDISON.

July 21, 1711.

## XLV.

*Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley.*

Sept. 28, 1717.

DEAR SIR,

Having been confined to my chamber some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find upon my coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the secretary to the ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson being convinced that forms of law would, in their ordinary course, be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and himself, after which, if an ejection ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejection, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender makes such proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of opinion, that upon your being possest (which they look upon as sure and sudden), it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country, than to live at Constantinople. For this reason, they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the imperial court, and of joining Sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks. I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at Vienna, and how necessary it is to

humour that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honour to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of your first ministers, who told me that he believed Sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation which was carried on by my Lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favour and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person, than at the distance you are from him at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could know your mind as to these several particulars, by a more speedy and certain conveyance, that I might act accordingly to the utmost of my power. Madame Kilmanseck and my Lady Harvey desire me to forward the enclosed to my Lady Mary Wortley, to whom I beg you will deliver them, with my most humble respects.

I am, ever, Sir,

Your most obedient

and most humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

TOPICS  
FOR  
EXERCISE.\*

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I.

Write to your Mamma, indicating your wish to pass the day at home on her birth day; requesting also that your sisters or brothers may meet you. Finish always with duty to Papa, and love to other relatives and family friends.

II.

Write to your Papa to inform him that some Philosophical Lectures are about to be delivered, and that your Master, or Governess, wishes you to subscribe to them, with his permission; mention the terms; speak of the beauty of particular parts of the apparatus, which you have seen, and express your anxiety to be one of the auditors.

III.

Write a letter of general enquiry to your sister at another school; mention your own health, and that of your brother;---and express the pleasure you shall feel on meeting them at the holidays.

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\* Of course these will suit for Exercises in English, French, or Italian.

## IV.

Write to your Grandmamma, and thank her for some presents, (specifying them) which she has made you; express your hope that her rheumatism or other complaint is better; and your wishes that she may enjoy health and long life.

## V.

Write to your Mamma an account of an accident that has befallen you at play; express the opinion of the Doctor; describe your feelings; mention that you are better or worse; quiet her alarms; ask to see her, or to go home.

## VI.

Write to an old schoolfellow a description of your present school; how situated; the size of the play-ground; the number and characters of the scholars; mention your favourites, and specify why they are so: give an account of your studies and progress; and express your hope that you shall see him in the next holidays.

## VII.

Write to your Mamma to request she will send you the Universal Preceptor; mention the cause of your wishing to have it; expatiate on its contents and excellencies; acquaint her with the present state of all your studies; express your



pleasure in having so useful an education; and your hope that she and you will in your future life reap the full advantages of it.

## VIII.

Write to Papa to relieve your alarms on hearing of a fire in his street; express your hope that he has not been injured; that Mamma and all the family are safe, &c.

## IX.

Write to your brother, or sister, a full account of a long walk you and the school have had; mention what struck you by the way; enumerate some incidents that occurred.

## X.

Write to your Mamma an account of the Dancing Master's Ball; give an account of the preparations, and of your feelings; describe and name the company; mention your own performance; and name him or her who acquired the greatest applause.

## XI.

The family of one of your school-fellows having invited you to dinner on the following Sunday, write a card accepting the invitation.

## XII.

Inform your Mamma, that having finished her Urn Rug, you wait for her to signify what else she would wish you to work for her.

## XIII.

Write to Mamma to request that she will send you a cake; mention the name and address of the carrier; add also duty, love, and respect, separately, to all branches of the family at home.

## XIV.

Write to Papa to describe your progress in drawing, in music, or in Latin or French, and ask him to present you with some utensils or books appropriate to your studies, specifying some particular objects, and explain why you want them.

## XV.

Write to Papa, explaining your rapid improvements in your various studies; the number of your class, and place in it; and ask for a small addition to your allowance of pocket money, granted to the senior scholars, and to those who are equally advanced.

## XVI.

Write from home to your master or governess, mentioning your safe arrival, and the health of the family; and ask to have sent to you, by the carrier or coach, some articles of dress, or books, left at school, for which you have occasion.

## XVII.

Write at home a card of invitation to one of your school-fellows to a ball and supper on your birth day.

## XVIII.

Write to your Mamma, telling her how you were caught in a thunder storm while walking; mention where you took refuge, how long, &c. whether you were wet, &c. recite any incidents, &c. Express your hope that she was not alarmed, &c. &c.

## XIX.

Write to your Papa, naming the authors you have read in Latin or French, and the opinion of your master, or governess, that you are now qualified to begin Greek or Italian, provided he approves.

## XX.

Write to your uncle or guardian, and inform him how you pass your time at school; beginning on Monday, and mentioning the succession and variations of business and masters through the week, till Saturday night.

## XXI.

Write to your brother, or sister, a description of the various walks round your school; their length,—the places they lead to,—their beauties,

your preference of particular ones, and your reason.

## XXII.

Write to your Grandmamma, and, in answer to her inquiries, give her an account of the way in which you pass your Sundays;—describe the church, or chapel, and the clergyman, and mention the text, and the heads and object of his last sermon.

## XXIII.

Write to Mamma to inform her the day the Dancing Master has fixed for the Ball; mention the dances in which you are to be; request some ornament, new dress, &c. as may be wanted; ask for the company of Papa, and other friends.

## XXIV.

Write to Mamma, and give her a full account of the needle work performed by yourself and sisters; mention the opinions of your governess, state what you find difficult, and your feelings about it.

## XXV.

Write to your Papa, and inform him of your progress in Arithmetic; tell him the rule you like best, and give him a specimen of some curious calculation you have made.

## XXVI.

Write to your Papa, and express your solici-

tude and affliction on hearing of the illness of your Mamma; describe her endearing qualities; request him to write often, &c. &c.

## XXVII.

Write a card to the friends of one of your school-fellows, who had invited you to tea, declining the invitation on account of the illness of your Mamma.

## XXVIII.

Write to your Mamma on hearing from her that she is better; express, feelingly, your satisfaction on her convalescence; request her to write further, &c.

## XXIX.

Write to your brother or sister, giving an account of a little journey you have made to see a relation; mention the incidents on the road; your reception; the health of the family; the situation of the house; your opinions, feelings, &c. &c.

## XXX.

Write from home to your brother or sister at school, giving an account of trivial incidents and changes; of visits and visitors; health of the family, &c. &c.

## XXXI.

Write to a brother, sister, or old school-fellow,

describing a visit to a fair: mention the places seen; the incidents, and the things bought.

## XXXII.

Write to Papa or Mamma asking for Rolando's Travels, and some books of entertainment, describe those already read, and mention those now wanted.

## XXXIII.

Write to Papa or Mamma, describing an invitation to go on a visit to the parents of a school-fellow; ask permission to go, and mention any clothes or ornaments wanted.

## XXXIV.

Write to Papa or Mamma asking for some money; state how much you had lately; and specify what you have done with it: mention also what you intend to do with the sum solicited.

## XXXV.

Write to Papa or Mamma, enquiring whether you may begin with a new master; express your wish to do it, and your ideas of the value of the science or art taught by that master; mention also the entrance, and the annual charge.

## XXXVI.

Write to a young friend, enquiring his, or her, health, describing the changes in your own family or school, and mention any incident in which he, or she, is likely to be interested.

## XXXVII.

Write a letter from a young sister at home to an elder sister or cousin at a distance, describing a new doll, and the dress or dresses that have been made for it by Mamma, Aunt, or other relatives.

## XXXVIII.

Write a letter from a boy to another boy, describing a large kite which his father, or uncle, has made for him, and some adventures they have had in flying it.

## XXXIX.

From a young lady to her Mamma, describing a visit to some relations at a distance: mentioning occurrences on the road, and asking to have some articles of dress, books, and ornaments, sent, which had been forgotten.

## XL.

From a young lady to the Mamma of her young friend, to ask her permission to allow her young friend to pass a few days with her, founded on some promises, or some approaching festivity, or on some visit of a friend of both.

## XLI.

From one boy in the Country to another in Town, a fortnight after the commencement of the Midsummer Holidays, describing his employ-

ment since the breaking up, and his plans for the remainder of the vacation.

#### XLII.

An answer describing the same objects in Town.

#### XLIII.

To a Guardian, who had complained of bad writing, explaining the cause, and promising greater care in future.

#### XLIV.

To a Father in reply to an enquiry, whether his Son had fixed on the Trade or Profession of his future life; explaining the ground of preference, the prospect of success in that line, and any other particulars.

#### XLV.

To a Father soliciting permission to learn a modern language, mentioning the reason, its apparent advantages, the terms of the Master, his hours of attendance, &c.

#### XLVI.

Write a series of commercial letters according to each of the forms given, varying the names, sums, conveyance, business, &c.



M O D E  
O F  
E X P R E S S I N G T I T L E S .

---

An external address to **THE KING** is, *To the King's most excellent Majesty*; and internally *May it please your Majesty, or Sire*, and at foot, *your Majesty's dutiful subject*.

An external address to one of the **PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL** is, *To his Royal Highness the Duke of, &c.* and internally, *May it please your Royal Highness, or Sir*. In a card it is usual to address *your Royal Highness*, and not *his Royal Highness*.

The female branches simply require the change of pronoun.

An external address to a **DUKE** or **DUCHESS** is, *To his Grace the Duke of, &c. or to her Grace the Duchess of, &c.* The internal address is, *My Lord Duke, or Your Grace, or Madam*.

An external address to a **MARQUIS** is, *To the Most Noble, (or Most Honourable) the Marquis of, &c. or to the Most Noble the Marchioness*. Internally, *My Lord Marquis, My Lord, Your Lordship, Your Ladyship, or Madam*.

An external address to an EARL is, *To the Right Honourable the Earl of, &c.* and internally, *My Lord, or Your Lordship.* To the wife of an EARL the external address is, *To the Right Honourable the Countess of, &c.* and the internal, *My Lady, or Your Ladyship.*

The external address of a VISCOUNT is, *To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount A. &c.;* or to his lady, *To the Right Honourable the Viscountess A. &c.;* and within, *My Lord or Your Lordship; My Lady, or Your Ladyship.*

The external address to a BARON, if a member of the House of Peers, is, *To the Right Honourable Lord A.;* or to his Lady, *To the Right Honourable Lady A.* And internally, *My Lord, or Your Lordship; or My Lady, or Your Ladyship.*

TITULAR LORDS, or LORDS by COURTESY, as the Sons of Peers, or Scotch or Irish Peers, not members of the House of Peers, or of the Privy Council, are addressed according to their titles, but commonly without the words Right Honourable

BARONETS and KNIGHTS are externally addressed with *Sir* before their Christian names, as *Sir George* or *Sir William;* and their wives

as *Lady A.* or *Lady B.* Internally as, *Sir*; or *My Lady*, or *Your Ladyship*.

Persons of independent fortune, or having establishments distinct from their place of trade, are usually addressed as **ESQUIRES**, which is abridged into *Esq.*

Many persons are **ESQUIRES** by *creation*, by *fortune*, by *office*, or by *promotion*. Esquires by creation are enrolled at Herald's College; an independent fortune in land of 300*l.* per annum, being the qualification of a member of Parliament, gives the title of *Esquire*; Magistrates, Barristers at Law, Sons of Knights and Baronets, and Lieutenants in the Army and Navy, are all addressed as *Esquires*.

Many titles of office are esteemed superior to that of *Esquire*, and then are to be preferred; such as officers in the Army and Navy of the rank of *Captain* and upwards; *Sheriffs* of counties are usually called *Mr. Sheriff A.* or *B.*; *Serjeants* at Law are usually called *Mr. Serjeant A.* or *B.*; and *Doctors* of Law, Physic, or Music, are usually addressed *Dr. A.* or *B.* In addressing Captains of the Navy, it is deemed complimentary to add *R. N.* (for Royal Navy) after their name.

In the Church the external address to a

BISHOP is, *To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of A. or B.*; and internally, *My Lord* and *Your Lordship*. For an ARCHBISHOP it should be, *To his Grace the Archbishop of C. or Y.*; and internally, *My Lord*, or *May it please your Grace*; or, *To the Right Reverend Father in God, W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, My Lord*, or *your Grace*; *To the Right Reverend Father in God, W. Lord Bishop of S---*, or *My Lord*.

DOCTORS of DIVINITY are addressed externally as *The Reverend Dr. A. or B.*; and internally as *Reverend Sir*. Other Clergymen, or persons licensed to preach, are addressed as *The Reverend John* or *William*, or *Mr. A. or B.* and internally, as *Sir*, or *Reverend Sir*.

In the Law, the Judges, who are addressed on the bench as *My Lord*, or *Your Lordship*, out of Court are addressed under their private titles, whether Peers, Baronets, Knights, or Esquires; the Judges of the King's Bench are usually called *Mr. Justice A. or B.* and of the Exchequer *Mr. Baron A. or B.*

The LORD MAYORS of London, York, and Dublin, are addressed, while in office, as *My Lord* or *Your Lordship*; and the Lord Mayor of London being, as such, of the Privy council, is

addressed as *The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London*.

All Privy Counsellors, of whatever rank, are addressed as *Right Honourable*.

In addressing persons of nearly equal rank, it is polite to prefer the superior rank, thus, *Vice* and *Rear Admirals*; are addressed as *Admirals*; and *Lieutenant* or *Major-Generals* are addressed as *Generals*; so also the ancient title of gentleman is lost in that of *Esquire*.

Mr. is an abbreviation of *Master*, pronounced *Mister*, and is prefixed to the names of all persons below the title of *Esquire*. It is still written at length as *Master*, when applied to young gentlemen.

Mrs. an abbreviation of *Mistress*, is prefixed to the names of all females whose husbands are below the rank of *Knight*. Unmarried women and girls are called *Miss*.

Sons and Daughters of Barons are called *Honourable Mr.* and *Honourable Miss*. The Sons and Daughters of Earls, Marquises, and Dukes, are called *Lords* or *Ladies*, followed by their Christian name, as *Lord John*, *Lord William*, or *Lady Eliza*, *Lady Emily*, &c.

The sons of *Dukes*, *Marquises*, and the eldest sons of *Earls*, have, by courtesy, the title of *Lord*

and *Right Honourable*; and the title of *Lady* is given to their daughters. The younger sons of *Earls*, the sons of *Viscounts* and *Barons*, are styled *Honourable*, and all their daughters, *Honourable*.

The wives of ARCHBISHOPS and BISHOPS retain the family name, and are simply called *Mrs. A.* or *B.* like the wives of private persons.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT have *M. P.* put after their names, and it is usual to put after the names of persons of rank, or in office, the character, &c. &c. after their names, as the *Right Honourable the Earl of Arminster*, &c. &c. Or, *George Singleton, Esq. M. P.* &c. &c.

Professors at the *Universities* are addressed as *Mr. Professor A.* or *B.*

AMBASSADORS, GOVERNORS, and DEPUTIES of the King, are usually addressed, externally, as *His Excellency*, and internally as *Sir*, or, *May it please your Excellency*; or, *Your Excellency*.

Several men are addressed as *Gentlemen* or *Messieurs*; and several women, as *Ladies* or *Mesdames*.

Aged relatives are often addressed formally as *Honoured Sir*, or *Honoured Madam*; and servants and inferiors often address their superiors in that form.

Friendly or familiar addresses admit the word *Dear*, as *Dear Sir*, *Dear Madam*; or *my Dear Lord*; or *Dear Lady A.* or *B.*

In familiar and easy correspondence, formal words are sometimes omitted at the beginning and ending of a letter, and the hand writing is presumed to be so well known to the party addressed, as not to require even a signature.

Petitions and addresses to Magistrates are frequently addressed *To the Worshipful the Mayor*, &c.; and internally, *May it please your Worship*.

In some cases, to persons in power, *Your Honour*, and *His Honour*, is used in the formal style.

It is usual, in like manner, to call a *Baronet* and a *Knight Honourable*.

The House of Lords is addressed, *To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in the Parliament of the United Kingdom assembled, My Lords*, or *May it please your Lordships*.

The House of Commons is addressed, *To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, assembled, Gentlemen*, or *May it please your Honours*.

THE OFFICERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD are addressed according to their rank or quality, as, *My Lord Chamberlain*, *Mr. Vice Chamberlain*.

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

*The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp Office, Salt Duty, Navy, &c. are styled Honourable.*

Their are many contractions used both in print and writing, which ought to be known to letter writers.

1. Titles and characters of men, as *Adm.* Admiral; *Bart.* Baronet; *Capt.* Captain; *Col.* Colonel; *Esq.* Esquire; *Gen.* General; *Gent.* Gentleman; *Prof.* Professor; *Dr.* Doctor; *Rev.* Reverend; *R. R.* Right Reverend; *Rt. Honble.* Right Honourable; *Knt.* Knight; *G. P. O.* General Post Office; *T. C. S.* Tea, Cards, Supper; *Co.* County, &c. &c.

2. Proper Names of persons and places, as *Abr.* Abraham; *Geo.* George; *Wm.* William; *Lond.* London; *Southton.* Southampton, &c. &c.



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