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THE PUBLISHER,

In One Volume, Price Two Shillings (new),

STERN'S LETTERS

LETTERS

MISCELLANEOUS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

To which is added, His

HISTORY of a WATCH COAST,

YORICK to ELIZA.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Printed by G. Knappe, at No. 46, near Schloss-
hof, in the City of Leipzig, in St. Paul's Church-
yard, and is to be had, near the Balling, in the
Town of Leipzig.



Just Published,

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Printed for G. KEARSLY, at No. 46, near Serjeant's
Inn, Fleet-Street; J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church-
Yard; and T. EVANS, near York Buildings, in the
Strand.

Stowe, Louisa

L E T T E R S

F R O M

YORICK to ELIZA.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N,

Printed for G. KEARSLY, at No. 46, in
Fleet-street; and T. EVANS, near York-
Buildings, Strand. 1775.

L E T T E R S

NO 2

YORICK TO ELINA



243

L O N D O N

Printed by G. Koenig, at No. 46, in
 Fleet Street; and T. Evans, near York
 Buildings Strand. 1772.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD APSLEY,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR
OF ENGLAND,

MY LORD,

THE Editor of the following
Letters is so far from having
tasted your Lordship's bounty, that
he is, and perhaps ever must re-
main, a stranger to your person,
consequently no adulation is to be
apprehended from him—

He leaves it to the weak and op-
pressed, the widow and orphan, to
proclaim your Lordship's virtues in
your public capacity; that which
he



he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is so conspicuous, that he flatters himself a Volume of Letters written by such a person as Mr. STERNE, in which your noble father is placed in a light so truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging your Lordship's gracious acceptance and protection—in this hope, and upon this foundation, he presumes to dedicate these papers to your Lordship, and to have the honour of subscribing himself,

My Lord,

your Lordship's

most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE foul and infamous traffic,
between dishonest booksel-
lers, and profligate scribblers, which
has subsisted for more than a century,
has justly brought posthumous pub-
lications under suspicion, in Eng-
land, France, and more especially
in Holland: ministers of state in
every European court, great gene-
rals, royal mistresses, authors of
established reputation, in a word,
all such as have had the misfortune
to advance themselves to eminence,
have

have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the most secret and important transactions of their times, in which, every fact beyond the information of a news-paper, or coffee-house chat, is so faithfully misrepresented, every character delineated with such punctual deviation from the truth, and causes and effects which have no possible relation, are with such amazing effrontery obtruded upon the public, that it is no wonder if men of sense, who read for instruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour
of

of a perusal,—the publisher of these letters, however, has not the smallest apprehension that any part of this well grounded censure can fall to his share; he deals not in surprising events to astonish the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world; he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in this city, who knew and loved Eliza, carested and ad-
 a mired

mired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them ; from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them, and submits his reputation to the taste and discernment of the commonest reader, who must, in one view, perceive that these letters are genuine, beyond any possibility of doubt,—as the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters, which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable

able

able mention is made, or the publisher is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection, he persuades himself that no party concerned, will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered that without such information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, it would in himself fail in his duty to the public.—Eliza, the lady to whom these letters are addressed, is Mrs.

Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Surat, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe—she is by birth an East-Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them

them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness. If it is asked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it; but this he thinks, so far from
leaving



leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium; since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue.—Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city: their character is too well established to need the aid of the publisher in securing the estimation they so well deserve, and universally possess, yet he cannot restrain one observation;

observation; that to have been respected and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper, is no inconsiderable testimony of their merit, and such as it cannot be displeasing to them to see published to the world. ——— Miss Light, now Mrs. Stratton is on all accounts a very amiable young lady—she was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza, and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem; but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in somewhat of a comparative manner with herself, his partiality for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some
 expref-

expressions, the coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her: she has been lately married to George Stratton, Esq. counsellor at Madras.— The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: here, that great man is social and unreserved, unshackled with that sedulity in supporting a feigned character which exposes
 6 most

most of his rank to the contempt of wise men, and the ridicule of their valets de chambre; here he appears the same as in his hours of festivity and happiness with Swift and Addison, superior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity, and humanity: methinks, the pleasure of such a gentleman's acquaintance resembles that of conversing with superior beings; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleasing topic, lest it should anticipate the reader's pleasure in perusing the letter itself. One remark however it suggests, which may be useful to old men in general, namely, that it

b appears

appears by his Lordship's example, the four contracted spirit observable in old age, is not specifically an effect of years, altho' they are commonly pleaded in its excuse. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themselves; or, if that must not be, to invent a better apology for it. It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours to obtain her answers to these letters: her wit, penetration, and judgment, her happiness in the epistolary style, so rapturously recommended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the public.

The.

The publisher could not help telling her, that he wished to God she was really possessed of that vanity with which she was charged; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public eye; for altho' Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer he was obliged to be contented; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accomplishment, so peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate understandings

of ladies should be yet so rare, that we can boast of only one Lady Wortley Montagu among us; and that Eliza, in particular, could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired lady.—The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures; sometimes he signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick, and to one or two he signs Her Bramin. Altho' it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet lest any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast comes the priests so famous
for

for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature.—

It remains only to take some notice of the family, marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from some passages in the letters themselves, that

Mrs.

Mrs. Draper could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her perhaps overzealous friend. He, in the heat, or I may say, hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies

Be that as it may, as the publisher is not furnished with sufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chuses to drop the ungrateful subject, heartily wishing, that this family may not only be innocent
of

of the shocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world ; otherwise, that no person may be industrious enough to make known their name.



of the shocking necessity, with
which they are regarded, but may
be able to make their innocence
appear clearly to the world; other-
wise, that no person may be in-
debted to any one, to make known
their names.



LETTER I.

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The sermons came all hot from the heart: I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

B

I know

(26)

I know not how it comes
about, but I am half in love
with you—I ought to be wholly
so; for I never valued (or saw
more good qualities to value)
or thought more of one of your
sex than of you; so adieu,

Yours, faithfully,

if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

L E T T E R II.

I Cannot rest, Eliza, though
I shall call on you at half
past twelve, till I know how
you do.—May thy dear face
smile, as thou risest, like the sun
of this morning. I was much
grieved to hear of your alarm-
ing indisposition yesterday; and
disappointed too, at not be-
ing let in.—Remember, my
dear, that a friend has the same

B 2

right

right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven ; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

L E T-

L E T T E R III.

I Got thy letter last night,
Eliza, on my return from
Lord Bathurst's, where I dined,
and where I was heard (as I
talked of thee an hour without
intermission) with so much plea-
sure and attention, that the
good old lord toasted your
health three different times;
and now he is in his eighty-
fifth year, says he hopes to live
long

long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—The manner in which
his

his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the princess of Wales's court. “ I want to know you, Mr. Sterne ; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard continued he, of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts, have sung and spoken so much : I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast ; but have survived them ; and, despair-

7
ing

ing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again : but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die ; which I now do ; so go home and dine with me.”— This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy ; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever
I knew :

mind, and warmed every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still
thou

thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment!—Fear nothing, my dear!—Hope every thing; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

C 2

And

And so thou hast fixed thy
Bramin's portrait over thy writ-
ing desk ; and will consult it in
all doubts and difficulties.—
Grateful and good girl ! Yo-
rick smiles contentedly over all
thou doest ; his picture does not
do justice to his own compla-
cency !

Thy sweet little plan and dis-
tribution of thy time—how
worthy of thee ! Indeed, Eliza,
thou leavest me nothing to di-
rect thee in ; thou leavest me

no-

nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband, (if he is the good, feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor, dejected face,
with



with more transport, than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty ;—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art !

I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.— I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft
and

and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages.—Though pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee,

most artlessly, most affectionately, if providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe ; for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

Thy Bramin.

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

I Write this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will sink thy poor soul,

D and

and body with it, past recovery—
Heaven supply thee with fortitude ! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixt their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The ****'s, by heavens, are worthless ! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them, (or suffer them

them

them to leave you rather,) with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with

such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life,

life, but this blind partiality
for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl,
and allow me a right which
arises only out of that fund of
affection I have, and shall pre-
serve for thee to the hour of
my death! Reflect, Eliza,
what are my motives for per-
petually advising thee? think
whether I can have any, but
what proceed from the cause I
have mentioned! I think you
are a very deserving woman;
and



and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge ; (though to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more ; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with
plea-

(47)

pleasure ; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast. —It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza.

Thine,

YORICK.

brass middle string of your
guitar, which is C.—I have
got you a hammer too, and a
pair of plyers to twist your
wire with ; and may every one
of them, my dear, vibrate
sweet comfort to my hopes ! I
have bought you ten handsome
brass screws, to hang your ne-
cessaries upon : I purchased
twelve ; but stole a couple from
you to put up in my own ca-
bin, at Conwould.—I shall ne-
ver hang, or take my hat off
one of them, but I shall think

every

E

of

of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brafs, for the globes.

I have written, also, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had difpatched thefe in a packet, directed to his care; which I defired he would feek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what fort of an arm-chair you would
want,

want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me. —The journal is as it should be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think

E 2

I spoke

I spoke last night with too much asperity of ****; there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly.—She is alarmed for thee—She says thou looked’st most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town.

town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.—May the God of Kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless ! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Fare-

(54)

Farewell, farewell, Eliza ;
whilst I live, count upon me as
the most warm and disinterested
of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAREST ELIZA !

I Began a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write chearful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be chearful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! How-
7 ever,

ever, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till then, thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'ſt me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what ſort of fortitude Heaven inſpires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon ſeeing me at Deal, with the James's, ſhould you be detained there by contrary

trary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl.—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

F

My

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only

only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.—In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal—appearing the good girl nature made you; which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.—If I remember right, Eliza, you

endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James—Your colour too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe,

lieve, I have uttered before. —
when I first saw you, I beheld
you as an object of compassion,
and as a very plain woman.
The mode of your dress (tho'
fashionable) disfigured you. —
But nothing now could render
you such, but the being solicit-
ous to make yourself admired
as a handsome one — Your are
not handsome, Eliza, nor is
yours a face that will please the
tenth part of your beholders, —
but are something more ; for I
scruple not to tell you, I never
saw



so intelligent, so animated,
so good a countenance; nor
was there, (nor ever will be)
that man of sense, tenderness,
and feeling, in your company
three hours, that was not (or
will not be) your admirer, or
that is, if you assume, or af-
friend, in consequence of it;
fumed, no character foreign to
your own, but appeared the
artless being nature designed
you for. A something in your
eyes, and voice, you possess in
a degree more persuasive than
any

any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds, (if money could purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell
so

so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give nine pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have got executed—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way,
and

and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The ****'s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at

G

Ra-

Ranelagh, to-night.—She answered, she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself.

She

She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman

G 2. man

man that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.



L E T T E R VII.

I Think you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions : and that before Miss Light has failed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times more likely

likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides! —“ *It can no be masser.*” The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it.—Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed

posed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you

So much longer too, out of your apartment ; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.—

I fear the best of your ship-mates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was — you know who! — from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and distant, it is enough ;
and

(73)

and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial! Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever!

H

I am,

(74)

I am, my Eliza, and will
ever be, in the most compre-
hensive sense,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have
an opportunity of writing to me
by some Dutch or French ship,
or from the Cape de Verd
Islands—it will reach me some
how.

L E T T E R VIII.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

O H! I grieve for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy.

H 2

I hope

I hope you will have left the ship ; and that my Letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal.—When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine, are numbered : but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee ; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together

gether under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—
a long

a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them; which speak more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of
of

of me."——With this affe-
vation, made in the presence
of a just God, I pray to him,
that so it may speed with me,
as I deal candidly, and honour-
ably with thee! I would not
mislead thee, Eliza; I would
not injure thee, in the opinion
of a single individual, for the
richest crown the proudest mo-
narch wears.

Remember, that while I have
life and power, whatever is
mine, you may style, and
think, your's.—Though sorry
should

should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.— Money and counters, are of equal use, in my opinion, they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter ; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee ; and knowing it is such a one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

these powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—
Adieu,—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly.

YORICK.

LETTER IX.

I Wish to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India, for another year.—For I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B——has exaggerated matters.—I like not
I 2 his

his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity; or that I shall hate more. He will be an out-cast, alien—In which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put of all thoughts of returning to India this year.—

Write

Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.— If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England, arises only from the dread which has entered his brain, that thou mayst run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them—that such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration

sideration of a few hundreds is too, too hard ! Oh ! my child, that I could, with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him ! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence.—

You owe much, I allow, to your husband,—you owe something

thing to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but, trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself.—Return therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill.—I will prescribe for you, gratis.—You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you, in pursuit of health, to Montpelier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and
make



make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou should’st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee.—“ I’m lost, I’m lost”—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this, was your physician’s prescription: “ Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples

Naples—with the society of friendly gentle beings." Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves.

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which

K if

if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity, or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to insinuate, huffey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to

convince me it is equally fal-
lacious.—I am sure, while I have
my reason, it is not.—Talking
of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever
you are such, do not think of
giving yourself to some wealthy
nabob—because I design to
marry you myself.—My wife
cannot live long—she has sold all
the provinces in France already
—and I know not the woman
I should like so well for her
substitute as yourself. —'Tis
true, I am ninety-five in
constitution, and you but
K 2 twenty-

twenty-five—rather too great
 a disparity this!—but what I
 want in youth, I will make up
 in wit and good humour.—
 Not Swift so loved his Stella,
 Scarron his Maintenon, or Wal-
 ler his Sachariffa, as I will
 love, and sing thee, my wife
 elect! All those names, emi-
 nent as they were, shall give
 place to thine, Eliza. Tell
 me in answer to this, that you
 approve and honour the pro-
 posal, and that you would (like
 the Spectator's mistress) have
 more

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more joy in putting on an old man's slipper than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

I Have been within the verge of the gates of death.—I was ill the last time I wrote to you ; and apprehensive of what would be the consequence.—My fears were but too well founded ; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke

broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it. — It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep, through weakness. At six I awoke; with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room, with a shawl in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my
fate ;



fate ; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke ; but in what a frame ! Oh ! my God ! “ But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle.”—Dear girl ! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me
be

be of comfort : and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears—“ Bless *me* even also, my father ! ”—Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart !

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me ; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger ; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising

L from

from that prophetic impresson
in my imagination, that "all
will terminate to our heart's
content." Comfort thyself eter-
nally with this persuasion, "that
the best of beings (as thou hast
sweetly expressed it) could not,
by a combination of accidents,
produce such a chain of events,
merely to be the source of mi-
sery to the leading person en-
gaged in them." The observ-
ation was very applicable, very
good, and very elegantly ex-
pressed. I wish my memory
did

did justice to the wording of it.

—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?— You have absolutely exalted it to a science! When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, “ by an unfortunate Indian lady.” The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit,

is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer, for it, by any of your country women in your's.—I have shewed your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou could'st acquire
thy

thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected ! so educated ! Nature has, surely, studied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.—

And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me ; because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs ; and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman ! take my last, last farewell !—

Cherish

Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one streight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I center it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza!
May no anguish of heart plant
a wrinkle upon thy face, till I
7 behold

behold it again ! May no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's—and Yorick is thy friend for ever !—Adieu, adieu, adieu !

P. S. Remember, that Hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

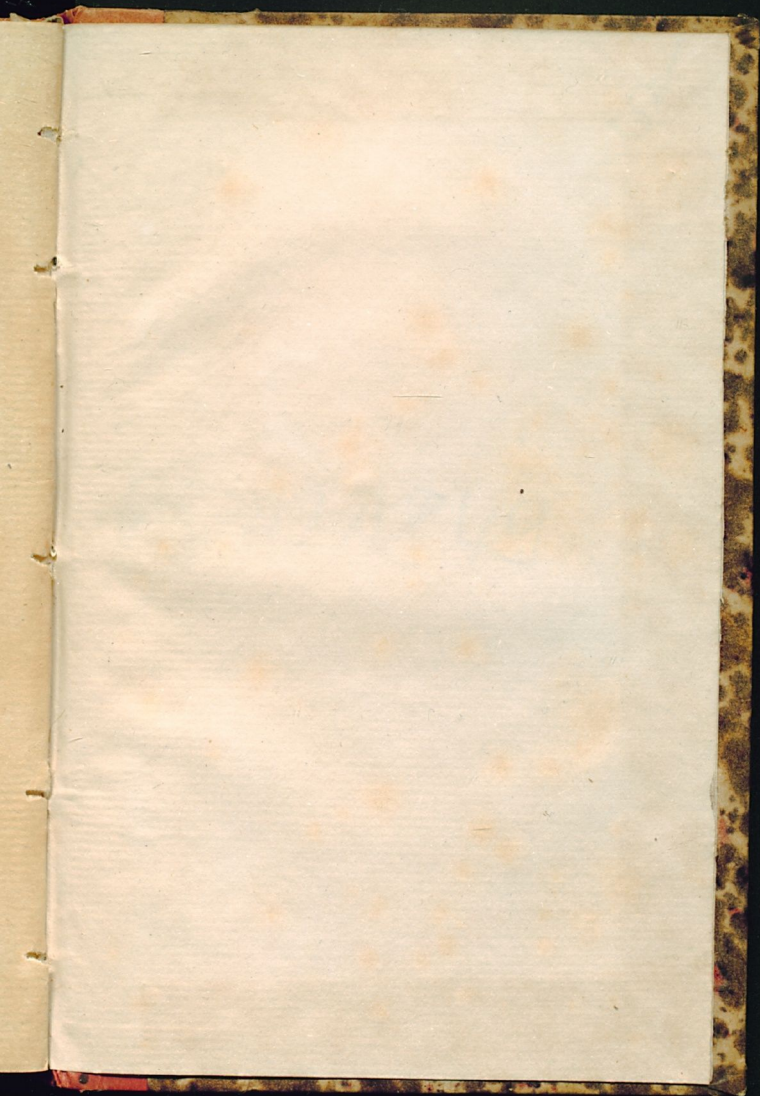
Blessings,

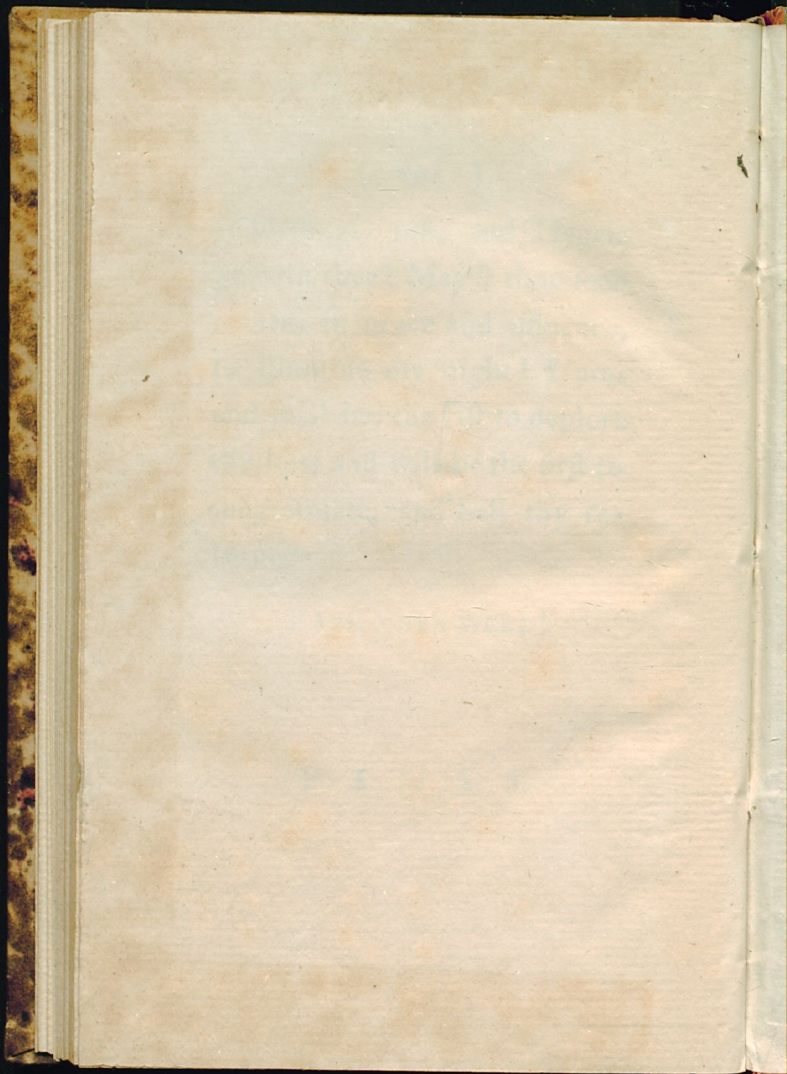
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Blessings, rest, and Hygeia
go with thee! May'st thou soon
return, in peace and affluence,
to illumine my night! I am,
and shall be, the last to deplore
thy loss, and will be the first to
congratulate, and hail thy re-
turn.—

FARE THEE WELL!

F I N I S.

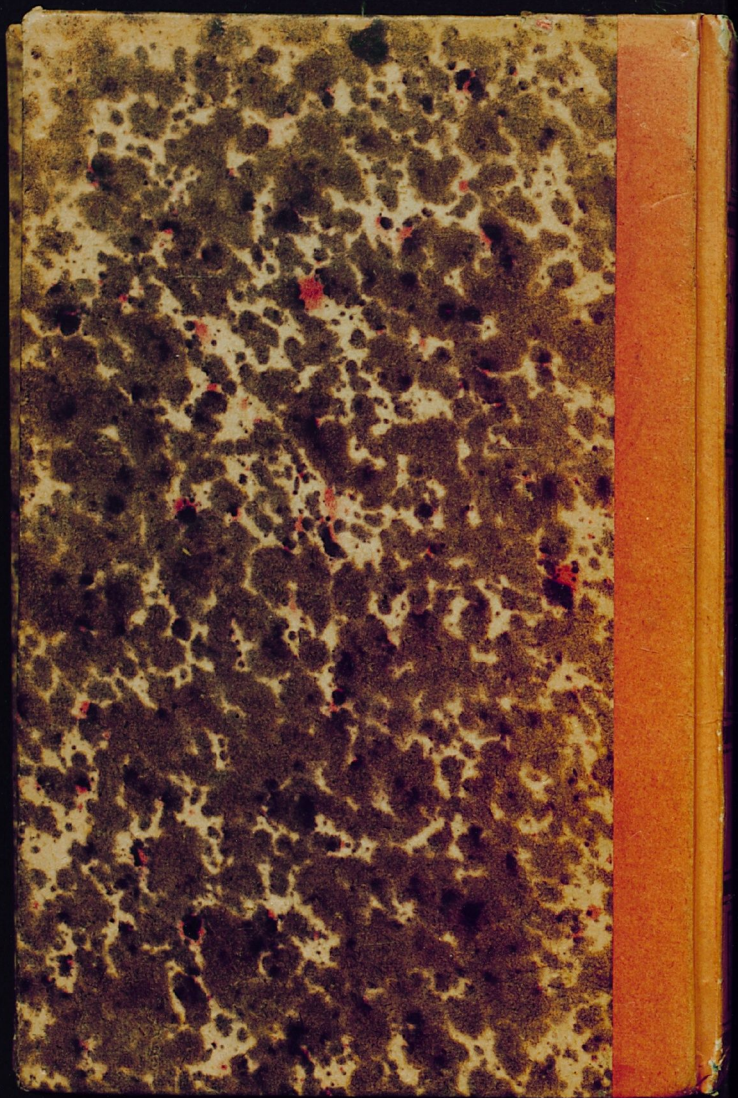




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ON

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