

repealed in England A.D. 1736. But they had not been often enforced there for half a century previous to that time.

Chief Justice Dudley died at home in Roxbury, Jan. 21, 1750-1, and was buried Feb. 1st in the tomb of his father and grandfather Dudley. His wife, whom he married in 1703, was Miss Lucy, daughter of Col. John Wainwright of Ipswich, Mass. Here is one of Judge Paul's love-letters preserved, which he sent when he was in love with Miss Lucy. The point of it is that it shows him deeply anxious to engage himself to the charming lady; but he is awfully bashful, and fearful lest it should be seen by others than those for whom it was intended. He says, "he blushes at the thought" of his design in sending the letter. The original letter is still extant.

#### PAUL DUDLEY'S LOVE LETTER.

DEAR MADAM:—It is impossible but that you must take notice of that most affectionate Respect and Dutiful Passion I Bear to your most charming and amiable Sister, and You as easily Guess at my Design in it, which I Blush at the thought of. But the just Honour and Regard I have and ought to have to Col. Wainwright and His lady in this affair, forbids my pursuing it any further till I have mentioned it to them; for Which Reason it is that I am now going Hither (tho' with a Trembling and heavy heart) and Carry with me a letter from the Governour to your Father that he would Please to allow me to wait upon my Sweetest, fairest, Dearest Lucy. But Unless My Dearest Dame will assist and make An Interest for me I Cant Hope for Success. I Confess I have no grounds To ask or Expect such a favour from you, unless it Be by reminding you of The many obligations you have already laid Me Under, and this is an argument that goes a great way with Noble and Generous minds, and I am sure If you did but Know what I Undergoe Both Day and Night, you would Pity me at least. I Must Beg of You, therefore, If you have any Regard to my Health and happiness, I might say to my life, You would show your Compassion and friendship To me in this matter, and Hereby lay such an obligation upon me as shall not, cannot Ever Be forgotten.\* I Beg a thousand Pardons of my Dame for this freedom; And Pray her not to Expose me folly to any one, tho' If She thinks it proper, or that it will Doe me any Service, She may Read (to the star above) to my Divine Mistress; I know you have smiled all along, and By this time are weary of my Scrawle. I'll have Done, therefore, when I have asked the favour of you to present, as on my knees, my most Sincere, passionate, Dutiful, and Constant Soul to My Charming Nymph, With whom I hope to find It upon My Return, of which I shall be most Impatient. Dear Madam, I once more beg pardon of You, and pray You to think me in Earnest in what I write, for Every Word of It Comes from the Bottom of My Soul, and I hope Before I have done to Convince My Dearest Lucy of the truth of it, tho' as yet She Believes nothing