

To the Earl of BELMONT.

**H**OW happy would it be for mankind, if every person of your Lordship's rank and fortune governed themselves by the same generous maxims !

It is with infinite pain I see Lord T—— pursuing a plan, which has drawn on him the curse of thousands, and made his estate a scene of desolation. His farms are in the hands of a few men, to whom the sons of the old tenants are either forced to be servants, or to leave the country to get their bread elsewhere. The village, large and once populous, is reduced to about eight families ; a dreary silence reigns over their deserted fields ; the farm houses, once the seats of chearful smiling industry, now useless, are falling in ruins around him ; his tenants are merchants and ingrossers, proud, lazy,